

# The Formidable Son-In-Law: The Charismatic Lucas Gray

## - Chapter 267 – 298

### Can't Make Him Stay

Chapter 267: Can't Make Him Stay

*W-what's going on?*

The ten-odd bodyguards who barged in glared at Lucas like he was a great enemy.

On the ground, Preston gritted his teeth resentfully as he struggled to raise his head to look at the bodyguards and ordered, "Kill... kill him!"

The punch Lucas threw at his abdomen left Preston in so much pain that he was on the verge of throwing up all the food he had eaten for the past few days. The slightest movement made him feel intense pain in his stomach.

For the past few decades of his life, Preston had never been beaten up like this or suffered such a huge loss before!

If Lucas could still leave Preston's turf under the siege of so many bodyguards, Preston would be thoroughly embarrassed!

The ten-odd bodyguards and Preston's personal bodyguard acknowledged and immediately surrounded Lucas.

Lucas smiled coldly and raised his leg to kick the bald bodyguard who rushed in front of him, sending him flying!

"Ah!" The bald bodyguard let out a miserable cry as his body was propelled upward before slamming hard against the distant wall. He then bounced off the wall and crashed onto the glass coffee table.

It was the same for the other bodyguards. Each of them got kicked in the chest and sent flying. In just a few seconds, all of them were lying motionlessly on the ground and clutching their chests while wincing in pain. They couldn't get up at all.

Even Preston's personal bodyguard, whose proficiency in combat skills was better than ordinary bodyguards, was no match for Lucas at all. When facing Lucas, whose power was way above that of ordinary people, he couldn't take a blow from him either. After taking a kick from Lucas, he spat out a mouthful of blood and laid motionlessly in the corner of the room, unable to get up at all.

Huddled on the ground, Preston stared at the scene in front of him with his eyeballs on the verge of falling out.

He didn't expect that the numerous bodyguards he had hired for so much money would be that useless. Lucas kicked each of them away effortlessly, as though they were all inferior to ordinary people who didn't know any combat skills.

"Good-for-nothings... Argh, all of you... a bunch of good-for-nothings!" Preston seethed and then let out a low, helpless roar of exasperation from his diaphragm.

*Bang!*

*Bang!*

Lucas walked towards Preston unhurriedly.

Preston had one side of his face lying against the ground, and his pupils constricted as he watched Lucas approach him bit by bit. He felt as if Lucas was a ferocious beast walking over toward him unhurriedly in a bid to rip apart his already defenseless prey.

He desperately wanted to huddle up and retreat back even more, but the space of the room was limited, and he couldn't move any farther because there was a large and heavy couch behind him.

"You... Don't come over... I-I'm the successor of the Taylors. If you dare to lay a finger on me, we won't let you off!"

Overwhelmed with fear, Preston broke out in a cold sweat and struggled to say something threatening while ignoring the pain in his chest and abdomen.

The pistol was useless against Lucas, who had even twisted and bent it into a ball of scrap metal, while the ten-odd bodyguards were completely defenseless when facing Lucas, like children who couldn't fight back. Preston no longer had anything to rely on, and he was truly scared at this point!

Seeing how cowardly and terrified Preston was, Lucas sneered and chuckled softly. Of course, he wouldn't choose to do something to him now. Rather, he just wanted him to understand that he was not to be threatened or held back by force.

Lucas stood in front of Preston and looked down at him condescendingly. “Mr. Taylor, do you still want to hold me back forcefully?”

“N-n-no! I wouldn’t dare to!” Preston shook his head profusely. At this point, he was afraid that Lucas would kill him in a fit of anger, so how could he dare to continue to make things hard for Lucas?

“Okay, in that case, I can give you one more night to think about it. The condition I just raised will remain the same. Come to the Ocean Bathhouse at nine o’clock tomorrow morning and give me an answer. Do you understand?”

Preston obviously no longer dared to turn him down. He hurriedly nodded in a flustered manner.

Only when he saw Lucas leave the private room did he completely relax. His body was drenched in cold sweat, and he shivered several times.

While Preston was furious and aggrieved, Lucas called an Uber and returned to the villa in the middle of Pearl Lake.

At this time, the sky was already completely dark, and Cheyenne and her family had long since returned home.

“Lucas! You’re finally home!”

As soon as Lucas arrived home, Charlotte scurried out and held onto his arm while grinning widely. “Cheyenne cooked a lot of delicious food today to celebrate us escaping unscathed and returning unharmed!”

Feeling the warmth on his arm, Lucas subconsciously wanted to pull his arm away, but Cheyenne happened to hear the noise and walked to the front of the villa too.

“Lucas, you’re back!” The gaze in Cheyenne’s eyes flickered a little when she saw Charlotte hugging Lucas’s arm. But she soon walked forward with a beautiful smile and pulled Lucas away a little. “Hurry up and go wash your hands. Dinner is ready. We can dig in after you wash your hands.”

Lucas immediately said, “Okay.” He then quickly retracted his arm and hurriedly strode toward the bathroom.

Soon, all of them gathered at the dining table. Both Cheyenne and Charlotte were grateful that Lucas had saved Charlotte today, so they kept helping him to the food.

Seeing this scene, Karen was immediately displeased. “Hmph, you’re just a good-for-nothing who sponges off of us. Who are you to let my daughters help you to the food?”

Karen glared daggers at Lucas before yelling at her daughters in displeasure, "I've painstakingly raised the both of you, but I've never seen you helping me to food at all. Yet you're so caring towards an outsider, huh?! You two are just ingrates!"

After hearing these words, Charlotte immediately flew into a rage. She had had such a dangerous encounter today, but Karen didn't even show her any concern!

Ever since that incident in the hotel restaurant, Charlotte had been completely disappointed in Karen, who had broken her heart.

But deep down, she still had a glimmer of hope that her mother cared about her.

So at first, she had thought that Karen wasn't aware of it. But she soon found Karen sitting on the couch and watching television, on which there were news subtitles about the incident that she was involved in at the Stardust Corporation today!

Feeling aggrieved, Charlotte asked, "Mom, why didn't you ask me what happened to me today?"

But to her surprise, Karen merely rolled her eyes at her while chewing on a snack before asking in displeasure, "What's there to ask? You came back in one piece, didn't you?"

Her words made Charlotte so furious that she almost questioned Karen if she was her biological mother.

She had never seen anyone like Karen who didn't show any concern for her daughter who had been held hostage and had almost fallen to her death from a great height! Karen's attitude was worse than that of a stranger!

Now, Charlotte and Cheyenne were just helping Lucas to the food to thank him for saving her life. Yet Karen started making such sarcastic remarks, leaving Charlotte speechless.

"Mom, Lucas saved my life today. Can't I help him to some food? Also, don't forget that you're now living in Lucas's villa. Why are you always so mean to him?" Charlotte asked in exasperation.

Karen immediately rolled her eyes again. "Hmph, bullshit! This good-for-nothing didn't buy this villa. It was a gift from Ethan Sawyer!"

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Chapter 268: Revealing The Truth

In fact, Karen didn't know how the ostentatious and luxurious villa came about. But she subconsciously felt that Lucas was a good-for-nothing who certainly wouldn't be able to afford such a villa.

It happened that she had created a misunderstanding in front of Ethan during the banquet at the Intercontinental Hotel some time ago. She had mistakenly thought that Ethan wanted Charlotte to be his daughter-in-law, only to find out later that Lucas had inadvertently done the Sawyers a huge favor. Thus, Ethan had decided to give Lucas many hefty gifts, including a luxurious sports car and properties worth several million dollars.

So Karen also took it for granted that the villa was a gift to Lucas from Ethan.

Cheyenne couldn't stand it any longer. She clarified sternly, "Mom, Lucas bought this villa, and it has nothing to do with the Sawyers."

But Karen didn't believe her at all as she humphed in disdain. "Hmph, do you take me for a fool? Six years ago, he was just a penniless man who stole fifty thousand dollars from us while he was our live-in son-in-law! Now that he has returned from the military, he's suddenly able to afford a villa worth over a hundred million dollars. Who would believe that?"

When Lucas heard Karen once again accusing him of stealing 50,000 dollars from the Carters, his face turned gloomy.

Karen had mentioned that matter once when he had just returned to Orange County and went to the Carter residence to see Cheyenne. At the time, he had even explained it. But unfortunately, Cheyenne seemed to be the only person who suspected that the truth might not be like what they thought. The rest of the Carters refused to believe him.

"Karen, shut up!" William flew into a rage, threw his cutlery onto the table, and said with a stern expression, "I must make things clear today so that Lucas will no longer be falsely accused of this!"

"Six years ago, Lucas did borrow fifty thousand from me for the medical treatment of his seriously ill mother, who was hospitalized at the time. Unfortunately, he couldn't make it in time to bring the money to the hospital, and his mother passed away before he arrived. He didn't use the money and returned the entire sum to me on the very same night."

William glanced at Karen. "You are aware of this matter too. Back then, you even had a huge fight with me because you were mad that I had lent the money to Lucas. You only shut up after you saw Lucas return all of it to me without a single cent less. Less than two days later, your nephew wanted to borrow money from you, and you lent it to him without even discussing it with me! Six years have passed, and till now, your nephew still hasn't returned the money!"

“After Lucas left at that time, we encountered all sorts of problems, including some financial difficulties. But you couldn’t tell Cheyenne and Charlotte that you lent so much money to your nephew, who hasn’t returned it yet, so you made Lucas the scapegoat and accused him of stealing the money before absconding with it!”

William revealed the truth of the matter in a single breath.

In fact, he had been keeping it to himself for a long time. Especially after seeing how Lucas was wholeheartedly doing his best to care for their family, he felt even more guilty for mistreating him at the beginning. He also felt really bad for accusing Lucas of stealing money in front of both his daughters.

So he decided to take the opportunity today to reveal the truth and clear Lucas’s name!

After hearing this, both Cheyenne and Charlotte were astonished!

It wasn’t too bad for Cheyenne. After all, she had been having doubts about the truth of this matter since she heard Lucas say that he didn’t steal the money. On the other hand, Charlotte was flabbergasted because it was the first time she heard the truth about this matter.

Fortunately, her impression and opinion of Lucas had changed drastically during this period of time. Otherwise, she might still be one of the people who pointed fingers at Lucas and berated him!

At the thought of all the misunderstandings and harsh remarks she had made to Lucas in the past, Charlotte couldn’t help but feel a strong sense of embarrassment as she blushed ashamedly.

But Karen wasn’t guilty nor embarrassed at all. After she heard William tell the truth, the first thing she did was slam the table hard and holler furiously, “Bullshit! William Carter, what are you talking about? When did my nephew ever come to borrow money?”

William snorted coldly and retorted, “You should know very well whether or not your nephew has taken fifty thousand dollars from you! Anyway, Lucas definitely didn’t take the money, so don’t put the blame on him!”

Seeing William also siding with Lucas, Karen flew into a rage and snapped, “William Carter, you heartless thing! I’ve been married to you for more than two decades, and throughout our marriage, I’ve suffered so much hardship and worked hard every day to wash your clothes and cook for you. I even raised your daughters to adulthood! Even if I lent some money to my nephew, what’s the big deal?! Don’t forget. That money was part of our matrimonial assets, and it belonged to both of us. I have the right to spend it too!”

“I really have such a miserable life. Not only did I marry such a useless man, but he’s even reprimanding me to no end for lending money to my nephew! I did lend him some money, so what? William Carter, you scoundrel, what else do you want?!”

Whenever something happened, Karen would scream and yell at the top of her lungs like a shrew. Usually, William, Cheyenne, and Charlotte would simply ignore her and let her rattle on.

Over time, this trick had almost become Karen’s trump card, as she mistakenly thought that everyone would be scared and not dare to provoke her as long as she yelled at them loudly.

But today, William didn’t want to put up with her any longer.

“Throughout the years, you’ve given a lot of money to your relatives to cope with their financial difficulties. But the fifty thousand you lent your nephew six years ago was a large sum of money that I had scrimped and saved to accumulate over the years. I intended to use it for Charlotte’s wedding and for Cheyenne and Amelia’s living expenses!

“But what about you? You gave the money to your nephew without saying a word! Your nephew didn’t even need the money for an emergency. He just squandered it! He even bragged about it to me!

“At that time, Cheyenne was pregnant with Amelia, and people would show up at the Brilliance Corporation to look for trouble every other day. Charlotte was still in college then, so we really needed money for many things! You lied to them and said that Lucas stole the money from us because you couldn’t afford to cover those expenses! I told you to go to your nephew to urge him to return the money. Yet you vehemently refused, and you even lashed out at me. You said that I’m stingy and disregarded kinship!

“I’ve really put up with you for so many years! When Cheyenne and Charlotte were kids, I worked hard all day, while you spent all your time playing cards with your friends. You didn’t cook or did any household chores. If my mother hadn’t come over to look after them every once in a while, they might have starved to death when they were young!

“When both of our daughters were in college, I gave you money to pay for their tuition, laptops, and cell phones because I didn’t want them to fall far behind other children. But what did you do? You took the money and used it to buy computers and air conditioners for your family! If I hadn’t asked about it afterward, you would have squandered away all the money meant for their college tuition!

“Later on, when the Carters snatched Cheyenne’s company away from her when she was late into her pregnancy, she was so furious that she went into premature labor. But despite being her mother, you stayed at home to take a nap every day and refused to

go to the hospital to take care of her! Yet you have the cheek to say that you raised the both of them painstakingly?"

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William had been bottling up these emotions within him for way too long. So he took the opportunity to vent his anger today, revealing the truth of several incidents that he had never mentioned before in the past decade or so.

Meanwhile, Cheyenne and Charlotte looked at Karen in utter shock and disbelief!

They were aware of some of the things William exposed, but most of them were unheard of to them. In fact, they never dared to imagine it either.

But they knew that William was telling the truth, and the motherly image of Karen in their hearts was utterly ruined!

#### Chapter 269: How to Stop Someone Crying

Seeing William mercilessly exposing many of her secrets from the past and the look of disappointment in Cheyenne's and Charlotte's eyes, Karen immediately felt a little flustered.

"Cheyenne, Charlotte, these are all just lies that William Carter made up to deceive you! I'm your mother. How could I have mistreated you? Even if I was negligent when I took care of you two in the past, it was just an understandable mistake. I didn't do it on purpose!" Karen said anxiously.

But when she saw her daughters still staring at her heartbrokenly, she was furious and ashamed. She then yelled at William, "William Carter, what intentions are you harboring?! I raised both our daughters to adulthood, and yet you're making things up now to drive a wedge between me and them!

"Are you thinking of sucking up to your daughters now that they are old enough to support you? I'm no longer of any use to you, right? You're so evil and vicious. Why exactly are you doing this to me?!"

While speaking, she reached out to scratch William's face.

William blocked Karen's hand and sneered. "You know better than I do whether or not I made up those facts just to sow discord!"

With that, he directly stood up and left the dining table to return to his own room, not giving Karen a chance to throw a fit at all.



There were many rooms in this villa that Lucas bought. Since William returned yesterday, Karen hadn't asked him anything about his two-week absence or shown him any concern, which was very much to his disappointment. Thus, he chose to stay in an empty room to be away from her.

After William left, Karen again desperately pulled Cheyenne's and Charlotte's hands while weeping miserably and lamenting about how hard it had been for her to keep the family together while raising the both of them. She anxiously tried to convince them not to believe William's words by claiming that he was lying.

But Cheyenne and Charlotte were now absolutely disappointed in Karen. They were no longer children and could tell right from wrong, so they had already come to a conclusion about who was lying based on their own judgment.

They didn't want to listen to Karen's explanations, nor were they in the mood to continue eating. They struggled to break free from Karen and then carried Amelia upstairs.

Soon, only Karen and Lucas were left in the spacious dining room.

Lucas glanced at Karen coldly. He wasn't even aware of many of the incidents that William had just mentioned. Although his mother had died at a young age due to her severe illness, she had always exerted her utmost effort to teach him to be an upright person.

Lucas almost dared not imagine that Karen, who was likewise a mother, would have such a horrid personality.

Karen's actions and behavior made her unworthy of being a mother at all.

After glaring at her coldly, he stood up and turned around to leave the dining room.

"Hold it!" Seeing that everyone was ignoring her, Karen got increasingly furious, and she flew into a rage. She scurried to Lucas and stopped in front of him before raising her hand to slap him. "You're the reason for everything that just happened, you good-for-nothing!"

Karen had always been uncouth and tyrannical. She was clearly the one who started stirring up trouble and accusing Lucas while everyone was enjoying the meal just now, which eventually led to William's decision to expose her lies and the shameless acts she had committed in the past! Yet she refused to admit that it was her mistake and even put the blame on Lucas.

She dared to do so only because Lucas was her son-in-law, who wouldn't contradict her or hit her back whenever she berated and even hit him. So she had developed the habit of putting the blame on him for everything and venting her anger on him.

Just as she was about to slap Lucas, he raised his hand and firmly grabbed Karen's wrist.

With an icy cold gaze in his eyes, Lucas said indifferently, "You're Cheyenne's mother, so I'm being tolerant to you for her sake. But that doesn't mean that I'll keep letting you trample all over me!

"Also, this villa belongs to me, and no matter how it came about, my name is written on the title deed. This is the home I've prepared for my wife, her family, and our daughter. If you behave yourself and stop stirring trouble, I won't bother with you. But if you continue to wreak havoc at home every other day, you'd better get lost from here before it's too late!"

Then he stopped looking at Karen and turned around to leave.

Lucas was harsh with his words this time.

In fact, it was the first time he had given Karen such a stern warning throughout the years that he had been married to Cheyenne.

Karen was so stunned by Lucas's words that it took her a long time to react and realize what he meant. She flew into a rage and was fuming mad.

*Bang!*

Staring at Lucas's back as he headed upstairs, Karen clenched her jaw with all her might while she grimaced and grabbed her bowl to smash hard against the ground. "Lucas Gray, how dare you speak to me like that? I must make you pay the price for it!"

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When Lucas walked into the room, Cheyenne was sitting on the edge of the bed and wiping her tears while Amelia sat beside her sensibly. Wiping Cheyenne's tears with a piece of tissue paper, Amelia said softly, "Mommy, don't cry. Your eyes will hurt."

Lucas sighed. *Cheyenne is really unlucky to have a mother like Karen.*

He walked over, took his lovely daughter into his arms, and patted Cheyenne's back to console her.

Cheyenne raised her head and looked at Lucas, only to have tears flow out of her eyes again. Gazing at him apologetically, she said, "I'm sorry. Mom has always been so harsh to you, and we had the wrong idea about you for such a long time."

Lucas shook his head. "We are a family. You don't need to apologize to me. Besides, Karen is your mother, and you don't have to apologize to me for her misdeeds. Take it easy. Some people just don't care much for kinship. Don't take it to heart."

After Cheyenne heard his comforting words, she felt touched and aggrieved and cried even more miserably.

"Uh..." Lucas was suddenly at a loss for what to do.

"It's okay. I'll be fine in a while." Then Cheyenne hurriedly rushed into the bathroom, and soon, the sound of water gushing out of the faucet came.

"Ugh." Lucas covered his forehead and let out a low sigh.

He had always been domineering and powerful. But whenever he faced the woman he loved, he often felt powerless and clueless about what to do.

Just now, he clearly wanted to comfort Cheyenne, but he ended up causing her to weep even more, which was truly terrible.

The intelligent and powerful captain of the Falcon Regiment was too inexperienced in dealing with women.

"Daddy," Amelia called out and suddenly raised her head while laying in Lucas's arms. She blinked and said, "Daddy, hug and kiss mommy later! She would hug me, kiss me, and comfort me whenever I cried, and that made me not want to cry anymore!"

"..."

Caught between laughter and tears, Lucas pinched Amelia's little nose while thinking to himself that if he had done that to Cheyenne, she might stop crying, but she'd definitely beat him up and kick him out of the room!

Chapter 270: Move Out of the Villa

Soon, Cheyenne came out of the washroom.

She just rinsed her face with cold water and stopped her tears from flowing, but her eyes were still red. Besides, despite being barefaced, she was still incredibly beautiful now.

Lucas recalled what Amelia said just now and couldn't help feeling a little uneasy. After coughing gently, he looked away.

But Amelia tugged on Lucas's sleeve in displeasure and urged, "Daddy, hurry up!"

Lucas was instantly even more shy.

Cheyenne had gotten a grip on her emotions, and when she saw their strange behavior, she couldn't help asking curiously, "What are you two playing?"

Amelia immediately looked at Lucas with her large eyes that seemed to have the ability to speak, urging him to hurry up and coax Cheyenne.

Lucas sighed helplessly and pretended not to be bothered. "Amelia is telling me how to coax you!"

"Huh? Coax me? How?" Cheyenne asked curiously.

Lucas coughed a little. Of course, he wouldn't tell her what Amelia said. He merely glanced at Amelia to show that it was her idea.

Cheyenne sat beside Amelia and asked amusedly, "Amelia, you're still a little child, but you already know how to coax me?"

Hanging on Lucas's neck, Amelia grinned and said, "Of course I do! Mommy, I usually stop crying after you hug and kiss me! So I asked Daddy to hug and kiss you too so that you won't cry anymore!"

Cheyenne froze in shock.

By the time she processed what Amelia said, she immediately blushed shyly in amusement.

She finally understood why Lucas didn't tell her how he was going to coax her.

Caught between laughter and tears and blushing shyly, Cheyenne reached out to pinch Amelia's soft and tender cheeks, only to catch a glimpse of the redness on Lucas's ears. Her heart skipped a beat and soon began ricocheting against her chest.

In an instant, Cheyenne and Lucas both felt uneasy.

Sitting between Lucas and Cheyenne, Amelia looked up at the both of them and asked in surprise, "Dad, Mom, why are you two blushing? Is it because it's too hot here?"

After hearing Amelia's puerile voice, they immediately felt even more embarrassed.

But the misery and aggrievance Cheyenne felt because of Karen's behavior had unknowingly dissipated as a warm and fuzzy feeling arose in her heart.

*Knock knock.*

There was rhythmic knocking on the door of their bedroom.

Lucas held Amelia in his arms while Cheyenne immediately stood up and walked over to open the door. She saw William standing outside the room, seemingly hesitant to speak.

“Dad, it’s so late now. Is there something wrong?” Cheyenne hurriedly let William into the room.

After entering, William hesitated for a moment before suddenly saying, “Lucas, Cheyenne, I’ve already made up my mind. I will move out with your mother early tomorrow morning.”

Both of them were extremely surprised to hear this. But they knew that it had to be because of what Karen had just done during dinner that made William decide to move out with her.

Lucas quickly said, “William, you don’t have to think too much about it. This villa is huge, and it’s more than enough for us. Why bother moving out?”

Cheyenne chimed in and tried to dissuade him, “Yes, Dad, our old house is no longer habitable. Where can you move to now?”

William sighed, held Lucas’s hand, and said sincerely, “Lucas, I know you’re a great kid. Despite all the terrible things we’ve done to you in the past, you didn’t hold it against us and even spared a thought for us in every aspect. You’re such a good son-in-law!

“However, I can’t just take advantage of your kindness and good intentions and shamelessly pretend that nothing has happened. When I think about those things in the past, I feel really sorry to have let you down. How can I have the cheek to continue living in your home?”

Lucas hurriedly shook William’s hand and said very seriously, “William, let’s leave those things in the past. We are now a family. It’s good enough if we can live together harmoniously in joy. If you move out, Cheyenne and I will be really worried.”

William shook his head and said bitterly, “I know you’re filial, but it’s because of how obedient you two are that I can’t bring myself to continue staying here anymore. I don’t want to let this mess affect and disturb your lives.

“Besides, I’ve finally figured out a lot of things now, and I want to try living on my own terms by relying on my own abilities. I’ve already made up my mind. I just looked at some properties for rent on the internet, and the rent isn’t expensive. We’ll move out tomorrow.”

Lucas still wanted to continue persuading him to stay, but Cheyenne suddenly stopped him and said, "Lucas, don't try to stop Dad anymore. Since he's already decided, we should respect his wishes!"

Actually, she could tell that while Karen was certainly one of the reasons William insisted on moving out, it was also because he wanted to make some achievements with his own abilities after he came to his senses a while ago.

For example, he wanted to work hard to sustain a livelihood for himself. Previously, he lived in the old residence belonging to the Carters, and now, he was living in his son-in-law's house. So he wanted to move out and rely on his own efforts to have a roof over his head. Even if he had to rent a place temporarily, he had at least earned the money for the rent himself.

Hearing that Cheyenne understood his intentions, William felt heartened, and he said with a smile, "Cheyenne understands me best. Don't worry. Even if we move out, we are still a family. We can visit each other when we're free. That makes it more comfortable for all of us."

Seeing that they had both made up their minds, Lucas could only sigh inwardly.

In fact, it was not that he didn't understand what William was thinking. His luxurious villa did offer an excellent shelter and living environment, but it didn't belong to William at the end of the day. So he would inevitably feel uncomfortable about living under someone else's roof.

In the past, William probably would have never felt like that. All he used to want was to have a roof over his head, a source of entertainment, and a steady supply of alcohol while he muddled through life.

But William had now come to his senses and developed his own views and determination to achieve some of his personal goals. Thus, all Lucas could do was give him his support.

## **Chapter 271: A Ruckus and a Scuffle**

"Okay, William, since you've already decided, I'll naturally respect your opinion. But you must be mindful of the safety of the place you rent and don't let yourself suffer any mistreatment!"

Lucas then took out a credit card and handed it over to William, but the latter immediately refused.

"No, please. I still have enough money to spare, and I'm now getting paid quite a high salary working as the general manager in your company. After working for some time, I should have enough money for the down payment of an apartment, and I'll be a

homeowner soon," William said smilingly. He didn't seem to be forcing it at all, and in fact, he seemed to have high hopes for a promising future.

Seeing that William had the right mindset, Lucas didn't say anything else.

Knowing that William wasn't willing to accept the money, Cheyenne said earnestly, "Dad, be careful when you're out there. If you really face any difficulties, you have to seek help from us! No matter what, I'm your daughter, and it's only right for me to be filial to you!"

"Don't worry. We will take care of ourselves! It's getting late. I'll go back to my room and pack my belongings. You guys go to bed early too." Then William turned around and left the room.

Cheyenne stared at his back for a long time before sighing. "It seems that Dad has already come to his senses. If only my mother would kick her old habits and change her ways like Dad has!"

Lucas didn't say anything.

Karen was different from William. Given her character, it would be best if she could behave herself without making trouble for a period of time. Making her repent would probably be impossible.

Indeed, they soon heard Karen screaming and cursing loudly, as well as the sounds of things getting smashed onto the ground.

Astounded by the ruckus, Lucas was just about to put Amelia on the bed and go downstairs to check out the situation when he heard panicky footsteps coming from the corridor outside the door.

Charlotte anxiously pushed open the door from outside and exclaimed in panic, "Cheyenne, Lucas! Mom and Dad are fighting!"

By the time the trio hurried downstairs, the scuffle had already ended.

Karen was sitting on the carpet in the living room, her hair unkempt and her face covered in tears and mucus. She was stomping her feet against the ground and cursing while bawling loudly.

Standing near her, William seemed to be in a much more miserable state. There were a few obvious scratch marks on his face, and his collar had also been torn.

Karen had clearly scratched William hard during the fight just now.

“Enough! You’re so old, yet you’re still rolling on the ground and sobbing. Aren’t you embarrassed of yourself at all?!” William snapped furiously while touching the burning wounds on his face.

Karen immediately retorted, “Embarrassed? You think I’m embarrassing now, huh? If you’re so ashamed of me, you shouldn’t have married me more than two decades ago! People say that if you marry a man, he should give you a good life. Other women get to live in the lap of luxury after marrying good men! But what about me? What have I gotten after marrying a good-for-nothing like you and slogging my guts out for decades? Nothing!

“Now that I’ve raised my daughters to adulthood and can live a slightly better life, you want me to move out with you after I just got to live in a villa for a few days! Where are you going to move to? Can you afford a mansion or a villa? You’re just a good-for-nothing who’s going to rent a shabby and lousy apartment for us! I’m telling you, I’m not moving out to live in a horrible place with you. If you want to move out, do so yourself! I’m not leaving!” Karen was cursing incessantly like a machine gun.

Only then did Cheyenne and Charlotte realize that Karen and William had gotten into a fight because of Karen’s refusal to move out.

Lucas looked extremely calm. For a greedy and mercenary person like Karen who wanted to live a life of luxury, she definitely wouldn’t be willing to move out of a luxurious and comfortable villa to live in a cramped and tiny rented house.

“You still have the cheek to criticize me for being incompetent, huh? Yes, I may be incompetent, but have you fulfilled your duties? No! You’re staying in Lucas’s house, but you’re always lashing out at him as if he owes you millions of dollars. You don’t cook or do any household chores. All you do is eat and then lie down on the couch to watch TV all day! If you stay here, you’ll become a burden that harms them sooner or later!

“I don’t care what you think. Anyway, you have to move out with me!” William was vehement and stood firm to his decision.

He had only stayed in the lake villa for two days. But within those two days, he had seen thoroughly everything that Karen had done. If he let her continue staying here, she would continue to pick on Lucas and insult him. No matter how good-tempered Lucas might be, he wouldn’t be able to tolerate it! Cheyenne would also be put in a difficult spot, and Lucas and Cheyenne’s marriage would end up being affected!

So no matter what, he had to take this troublemaker Karen away for the sake of Lucas and Cheyenne’s happiness!

“I said, I’m not leaving! It took me great efforts to raise the both of them, and it’s now their turn to be filial to me and let me enjoy life! Hmph, I’m their mother, not their maid. If they need someone to cook and do the laundry and household chores, they should hire



a maid. What does it have to do with me?" Karen retorted scornfully while seating on the carpet.

Extremely infuriated, William snapped, "Do you have any shame? How was it difficult for you? All these years, when have you ever taken good care of Cheyenne and Charlotte? What right do you have to pretend to be noble and make my daughters serve you? Are you worthy of it?"

Lucas frowned slightly and subconsciously felt that William's words seemed a bit strange. *What does he mean by his daughters? Shouldn't he say that Charlotte and Cheyenne are their daughters?*

But Cheyenne and Charlotte didn't notice that something was amiss, and they simply stood at the side nervously, trying to find a chance to stop them from fighting.

After hearing what William said, Karen looked a bit flustered and looked away. Clearly lacking in confidence, she said, "Anyway... I'm not leaving. At most, I'll do more household chores in the future!"

Refusing to compromise, William stared at Karen and decided to go all out. "You don't want to leave, huh? We'll get a divorce tomorrow, and I'll see how you can have the cheek to continue staying here!"

With that, William turned around and left to return to his own room to pack up.

Karen panicked when she heard William mention a divorce. She was already almost 50 years old, and if she divorced William, she wouldn't know what to do.

Karen immediately placed her hands on the ground and got up. She leaped toward Cheyenne and grabbed both her hands before saying anxiously, "Cheyenne, your father said he wants to divorce me! We've been married for decades. If we get divorced now, it won't reflect well on you two either!"

Cheyenne had always been gentle and approachable, unlike the feisty Charlotte, who had a quick temper. So Karen immediately grabbed Cheyenne tightly and asked her to help plead with William on her behalf.

But to Karen's surprise, Cheyenne stayed still without panicking in the slightest. She then said coldly, "Mom, I think Dad is right too. You've been married to him for a couple of decades. Now that he wants to move out, you can't leave him alone!"

"You!" Karen was exasperated and glowered at Cheyenne.

Chapter 272: Apologizing One After Another

“Cheyenne Carter, are you thinking of kicking me, your mother, out of this house too? You don’t want me anymore?” Karen questioned menacingly while pointing at Cheyenne.

She rarely called Cheyenne by her full name, but she was probably too livid at this point.

Cheyenne ignored her and maintained her composure as she said, “No, I just want you to stay with Dad.”

With that, she stopped talking and turned around to leave while pulling the dumbfounded Charlotte along with her.

Lucas naturally wouldn’t stay either. Soon, Karen was left alone in the luxurious hall again.

She looked around at the opulent and exquisite decor of the villa with a reluctant gaze in her eyes. She couldn’t bear to part with the villa. But when she stared at the backs of Cheyenne, Lucas, and Charlotte, her eyes were full of immense hatred again.

“Bastards! You’re just a bunch of ingrates abandoning your mother now that you’re all grown up! Sooner or later, I will make you all regret it one day!” Karen clenched her fist and muttered with great resentment. Unfortunately, no one else saw this scene.

...

Bright early the next morning, the sky had just turned bright after dawn, but Lucas could already hear the bustle going on downstairs.

By the time he and Cheyenne went downstairs, they saw three suitcases already filled with belongings in the middle of the living room. William was still stuffing some clothes and small belongings into one of them.

Reluctant to see him leave, Cheyenne stepped forward and said to William, “Dad, there’s actually no need for you to move out...”

William chuckled twice and said in an unprecedentedly relaxed tone, “Don’t worry. I’ve been feeling the best I’ve ever been lately! I’ll come back to see you guys when I’m free. The place I’m moving to isn’t far away from here either. I’ve spoken to your mother, and she’s agreed to move out with me. Rest assured! But I’ll have to trouble you to take care of Charlotte. She can’t live with us.”

Lucas nodded. “Of course we will. Charlotte’s our younger sister, so we’ll definitely take good care of her. Don’t worry. Call us immediately if you encounter any trouble!”

After giving each other instructions, William noticed that it was about time to go, but Karen was still in her room, so he had to go and urge her to leave.

Soon, Karen followed William out sulkily.

Unlike when she first moved into the villa, Karen didn't take a truckload of luggage with her. Instead, she was carrying only a small exquisite purse. In fact, she didn't even take a single piece of clothing.

Actually, deep down, she didn't want to move out of the villa at all. Besides, she intended to move out with William only for a day. After which, she would complain about the poor accommodations and say that it was too uncomfortable for her so that she could find an excuse to move back into the villa.

When William saw that Karen was only carrying a small purse, he understood what intentions she was harboring. He sneered and said, "Karen, don't think you'll come back soon. Since I've decided to move out and live on my own, I won't change my mind in a day or two. If you don't bring some clothes and personal belongings with you, don't think I'll give you money to buy some after we move out!"

Having her scheme exposed by William, Karen cursed under her breath, "Petty miser!" She then turned around to return to her room, where she stuffed a huge pile of clothes into a suitcase before dragging it out furiously.

"Mom, let me help you."

Cheyenne reached out to help Karen with the suitcase, but Karen slapped her hand away relentlessly. "I don't need your hypocrisy! Go away. I'll take it that my efforts to raise you have gone in vain!"

Karen already bore a grudge against Cheyenne for refusing to help her to persuade William.

The back of Cheyenne's hand reddened, and Lucas's face turned sullen. William seemed angered too.

"Karen, if you keep creating so much trouble, you won't have to move out with me reluctantly anymore. We'll just go to a lawyer and get a divorce!" William barked furiously.

Karen pursed her lips, humphed coldly, and stormed off while dragging her suitcase along.

Cheyenne insisted on sending William and Karen to their new residence so that she could have a look at it herself and have peace of mind. Since William couldn't persuade her, he could only agree.

Lucas said to Cheyenne, "Okay then. Send your parents to their new place while I send Charlotte and Amelia to the office and kindergarten. I'll come look for you guys after I'm done handling some matters."

Cheyenne and William both nodded.

"Are we leaving or not? You kept rushing me just now, but now you're the one who's dilly-dallying!" Karen barked in disgruntlement as she stood outside the door.

Cheyenne and William stopped talking and moved the luggage to the trunk of the car. Cheyenne then drove the two of them to the new residence that William rented.

Meanwhile, Lucas also started his car and took Charlotte and Amelia with him.

Because they didn't have breakfast this morning, Lucas bought some sandwiches and coffee from a café along the way for them.

Sitting in the backseat of the car and drinking the coffee distractedly, Charlotte suddenly said, "Lucas, I feel so sorry!"

Lucas was slightly stunned, and he asked smilingly, "What are you sorry for?"

Clenching her jaw, Charlotte explained, "Actually, I should have apologized to you a long time ago. From the time you just got married to Cheyenne till when you returned from the military more than two months ago, I've been rather rude to you, and I even did lots of detestable things. But you didn't hold it against me, and you even rescued me on several occasions. I feel really guilty about it!

"My mother has always been like that. She says mean things to you all the time and has done so many awful things. I apologize to you on her behalf!"

Lucas laughed, unaffected by these things at all. "It's okay. All of it has long passed. Yesterday, Cheyenne said something similar to me. But Karen is a separate individual from you guys. She does treat me terribly, but as long as she doesn't go overboard, I won't hold it against her since she's yours and Cheyenne's mother. Don't worry too much about it."

Only then did Charlotte smile gently. "Okay."

During this period of time, the more she interacted with Lucas, the more she felt that he was a good man. So she didn't want him to have ill feelings towards their family because of Karen and her misdeeds.

Lucas was quite emotional too.

Karen was a mean person who would never admit to her mistakes or change for the better. Yet both her daughters felt ashamed and guilty for what she had done and even apologized to him. He wondered who they had taken after because it clearly wasn't Karen.

After sending Charlotte to the Stardust Corporation office building, Lucas didn't stay long and sent Amelia to the kindergarten.

Seeing that it was almost 9 a.m., Lucas drove to the Ocean Bathhouse.

Back in Snowflake Entertainment yesterday, Preston had promised him that he would give him an answer before 9, so Lucas wondered if he would be getting a satisfactory answer today.

### Chapter 273: Secret Business

Soon after, Lucas's car pulled over at the entrance of the Ocean Bathhouse, and it happened to be 9 a.m. sharp.

Lucas pushed open the door and walked into the lobby, only to see Preston quickly stand up from the couch at the side of the lobby and greet politely, "Mr. Gray, you're here."

Preston had tried to force Lucas to stay behind at Snowflake Entertainment, but he had instead been punched in the stomach by Lucas, causing him so much pain that he nearly passed out. But he asked someone to send him to the hospital last night for a checkup and found that although his abdominal pain was unbearable, there was no obvious damage done to his internal organs. And even on his belly, there were no bruises or welts.

Although he couldn't find any visible wounds, the pain was still overwhelming and unbearable. So the doctor had no choice but to prescribe him some painkillers and let him recuperate.

He had clearly been beaten up into a pulp, yet there were no visible traces. So Preston was even more scrupulous toward Lucas.

"Mr. Gray, about the matter you mentioned yesterday..."

Preston was about to bring up the subject when Lucas interrupted him, "Mr. Taylor, let's go to the private room and talk."

Zane, the new manager of the Ocean Bathhouse, immediately ushered Lucas and Preston to the dubious and secretive private room that Lucas had been in previously.

After all, what Lucas wanted to talk to Preston about involved some confidential matters that were not at all trivial.

When only the two of them were left in the private room, Lucas took the lead and sat down on the couch. Pointing to the one across from him, he said to Preston, "Have a seat."

Only then did Preston carefully sit down.

After what happened last night, Preston considered Lucas an enemy, but he didn't dare to offend him at all. After all, Lucas's combat skills were too terrifying. Besides, Preston also vaguely sensed that what happened to the Hales previously seemed to be related to Lucas, so naturally, he didn't dare to offend Lucas even more.

"Mr. Taylor, how's your consideration of my proposal yesterday?" Lucas took the initiative to broach the subject.

Preston hurriedly said, "Mr. Gray, I've thought about it. I can try to help introduce my partners to you, but I can't guarantee the outcome of your negotiation with them and whether they will agree to it or not."

Lucas raised his eyebrows. "So, does this mean that they have high demands?"

Preston explained, "After all, the profits of this business are high, and so are the risks. It's understandable that both parties have to be very careful."

Lucas nodded indifferently.

In fact, it was an utterly sordid business. Moreover, since Joe installed tracking devices and listening bugs in their cars previously but was quickly shaken off by that group of people, Lucas understood how cautious they really were.

"Mr. Taylor, since you've been doing business with them for nearly twenty years, you must be very clear of their background, right?" Lucas asked and pretended to be nonchalant as he picked up a cup of coffee and sipped on it.

Preston chuckled bitterly and shook his head. "Actually, we don't know a thing about their background either!"

Lucas asked in surprise, "How is that possible?"

Preston said, "I wouldn't dare to lie to you, Mr. Gray. This is the truth. We may have had business dealings for more than a decade, but they've always been very conscientious and have never revealed any of their personal information. Whenever they send their people over, they would arrive in different vehicles, and during the process, they would

change vehicles several times. The transactions are also done in cash, so it's very difficult to find out their whereabouts.

"To be honest, many years ago, we also secretly tried to shadow them and investigate their background out of curiosity. But that one time, we sent several experts, and none of them returned. We even received a stern warning from them and almost lost the deal. Since then, we've never dared to find out their background again."

Lucas frowned slightly. He could tell that Preston was telling the truth.

But this meant that the other party was indeed extremely cautious, so it seemed that it would be a tall order to get some information about them from the Taylors.

"So, don't you have any contacts?" Lucas asked again.

Preston shook his head. "No. This business between us was first established by chance due to an incident eighteen years ago. But after that, they would contact us unilaterally for the deals, but we can't contact them.

"So even if I promise to introduce you to them today, I will have to wait for them to contact me first. But whether they will agree to let you join them or not and the matters after that are uncertain."

Lucas's face sank. "I thought you were dealing fairly with each other on equal terms. But after hearing what you said, it seems that the Taylors are completely in a passive position in this partnership! You have to wait for them to contact you first for everything. If they decide to sever the business with you one day, wouldn't you be unable to do anything?"

Preston nodded helplessly. "That's indeed the case. They hold the resources and connections to get those women, so they already have control in the first place. Besides, the risks are too great, and there's really nothing we can do."

It seemed that the Taylors really didn't have any extra information.

Finding it a pity, Lucas sighed. "Ah, it seems there's nothing we can do. When they contact you again next time, help me make arrangements to get in touch with them. Let me know the outcome. I'm very interested in this business."

Then Lucas handed one of his business cards to Preston.

Of course, given Lucas's position, he wasn't doing it for the sake of being able to run that sordid business. But rather, he wanted to get rid of this business and the people behind it entirely.

“Okay, when they contact me, I will definitely introduce you to them immediately and inform you.”

Preston took Lucas’s business card with both hands, but he remained seated and asked nervously, “Um... Mr. Gray, when will you hand the Ocean Bathhouse back to me?”

The reason he had agreed to Lucas’s request was simply that he wanted to get the bathhouse back.

“It depends on you. Once you get the job done, I’ll give it back to you.” Lucas stood up and gestured for Preston to leave.

Preston had no choice but to take a few more glances at the Ocean Bathhouse that originally belonged to him before leaving indignantly.

## **Chapter 274: Meeting An Evil Shrew**

Meanwhile, Cheyenne, William, and Karen had already arrived in the neighborhood of William’s new rented apartment.

It was in the western part of Orange County. Although the housing estate seemed a little old, it wasn’t dilapidated, and there was a plethora of amenities and stores nearby, such as a supermarket, mall, hospital, and other lifestyle facilities. The traffic was good too, and it was generally quite a suitable residential area.

The vehicles of non-residents were not allowed to enter the housing estate, so Cheyenne parked her car in the parking lot outside. She then took out a large suitcase from the trunk, followed by Karen’s backpack, which Cheyenne carried on her back. William then carried the other two smaller suitcases, while Karen was much more relaxed, as all she held was her small little purse. She began to scan and survey her surroundings with a picky and impatient expression.

“Dad, this estate looks pretty nice, and there are quite a few fitness facilities inside. The overall neighborhood and living environment aren’t bad either,” Cheyenne remarked while walking.

She saw an average-sized artificial lake in the middle of the housing estate, with lots of greenery by the lake and quite a few people sitting on the benches along the banks. Some of them were chatting, some were fishing by the lake, while some were working out. They all seemed to be relaxed and enjoying themselves.

William said smilingly, “Yes, this is really not bad. It happens to be near the office too. I can walk to and from work every day. Besides, there are many residents here, so I can easily find someone to chat and exercise with when I’m bored.”



He was full of expectations and looking forward to his future life, and his face seemed to be glowing with vitality.

On the other hand, Karen humphed coldly and snapped in disdain, "Hmph, good my foot! It's so noisy everywhere, and this estate is so old and shabby. I bet the people here all relocated from a demolished estate, and they must be horrible, lowly people! This lake is so small, filthy, and stinky. It's worlds apart from the large lake around the villa!"

She didn't want to move away from the luxurious and comfortable villa in the first place. After looking at the ordinary housing estate, she felt that everything about it was inferior and too lousy for her. *William Carter is such a dimwit. He chose to move out of a wonderful villa and come to this lousy and shabby place. He even dragged me down with him. This is unacceptable!*

William pursed his lips, frowned unhappily, and bellowed at Karen, "Mind your words! We've just moved here. Don't end up offending everyone in this estate!"

If others heard her criticizing the residents here for being lowly and inferior, they would feel uncomfortable.

Karen continued to murmur for a while. She chose not to fight with him right on the spot because she could tell that he wasn't in a good mood.

"Hey, look who this is. You're the noble and prestigious Mrs. Carter, aren't you?" At this moment, a sarcastic remark suddenly sounded from behind them.

Karen, Cheyenne, and William turned around in unison and saw a chubby woman in her thirties glowering at them scornfully.

Karen and Cheyenne immediately recognized who she was.

She was Sharon Hart, the wife of James Wilson, the general manager of the Titanium Corporation, whom they had gotten into a conflict with on several occasions.

In particular, when they had a meal at the hotel previously, Karen had bumped into Sharon in the washroom and got into an altercation with her over the exquisite bracelet Karen was wearing. Sharon had taken a liking to the bracelet, so she tried to cheat Karen out of it by claiming that Karen had damaged the bracelet she was wearing and thus demanded that the latter compensate for it.

Karen naturally refused to let herself lose out, so she immediately made a big fuss and kicked up a ruckus that eventually led to a fight with Sharon. Charlotte was unaware of the truth and even helped Karen beat Sharon up. Afterward, when Karen learned that Sharon was James Wilson's wife, she got scared and hurriedly gave the bracelet away while also pushing Charlotte out to get hit by Karen.

Since that incident, Charlotte was thoroughly disappointed in Karen, and her disappointment intensified as time passed.

Later on, because of Lucas's intervention, Sharon had no choice but to apologize to Karen under Wilson's coercion. She even had to return the bracelet that she had painstakingly gotten from Karen after being taught a hard lesson by Wilson. She could be said to have suffered a double loss.

Sharon had been bearing this grudge in mind, and she was just waiting for the right time to take revenge!

Coincidentally, she just happened to run into Karen today, and it was a godsend opportunity because Lucas wasn't around!

"Karen, do you know each other? Is she your friend?" William chuckled and asked. William wasn't around when that incident took place at the hotel, so he wasn't aware of the feud between them and merely thought that they were friends.

Before Karen could refute, Sharon flew into a rage and hollered at William with a scornful expression, "Who are you to call me that?!"

William froze on the spot and looked at Karen in bewilderment. "I was speaking to my wife. What's the matter? Do you have a problem?"

Only then did Sharon realize that she had misheard and that William was talking to the sharp-tongued wench Karen, not her!

*Ugh, why do our names sound so similar?*

*I got embarrassed again!*

Needless to say, Sharon's disgust and hatred for Karen's family instantly intensified.

Karen burst into laughter, thoroughly amused by Sharon's blunder.

"Bitch, what the hell are you laughing at?" Sharon snapped.

Karen's face immediately turned pale. Given her character, she'd definitely clap back at anyone who called her a bitch in public and curse at them.

But since the incident at the hotel, Karen already knew Sharon's identity as Wilson's wife. So despite being insulted by Sharon, she didn't dare to say anything else and merely shrank back to hide behind Cheyenne, completely pretending that she hadn't heard anything.

But Cheyenne couldn't stand by and watch her mother being insulted without doing anything.

She said seriously, "Ms. Hart, please mind your words."

Sharon didn't take Cheyenne seriously at all, especially after she knew that Cheyenne was Lucas's wife. She was brimming with so much resentment that she decided to vent all the anger she had developed due to Lucas onto Cheyenne.

Sharon had already forgotten all about Wilson's previous admonishments for her not to provoke Lucas again. "Who are you to lecture me? Little bitch, it seems that if I don't teach you a lesson today, you won't know who I am!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she raised her hand and slapped Cheyenne on her face before anyone could react!

*Smack!*

Chapter 275: Are You Fit To Be a Mother?

No one expected Sharon to suddenly get physical. Cheyenne was completely caught off guard by the hard slap, and her head cocked to the side. She was thrown off balance and almost fell down.

Not to mention that Cheyenne was dumbfounded, even William and Karen froze right on the spot in shock.

"Hmph, you'll pay me back for the slaps your sister owes me from last time!"

After Sharon slapped her, she was in an extremely pleasant mood, and she even felt the thrill of taking revenge. She raised her hand to slap Cheyenne's face again.

"Stop!" William finally reacted. He grabbed Sharon's wrist and reprimanded furiously, "What's wrong with you? Why did you hit someone for no reason?"

At this point, he finally understood that Sharon wasn't Karen's friend at all but an enemy she had gotten into a conflict with before.

"Let go! How dare you touch me, you garbage? Be careful, or else I'll get someone to cripple you!" Sharon struggled to break free from William's grip. Ignoring whoever this person in front of her was, she raised her hand to slap William's face.

William was also enraged by Sharon's shrewish behavior. He grabbed her wrist again and raised his hand to slap her.

*Smack!*

When the slap landed on Sharon's face, she shrieked in pain as a bright red fingerprint immediately appeared on her face.

"I'm giving this slap back to you! My daughter isn't a pushover, and no one is to bully her!" William glared at Sharon in disgust before turning around to look at the red and swollen fingerprint on Cheyenne's face. Feeling heartbroken, he asked, "Cheyenne, are you alright?"

Cheyenne shook her head and pulled William away. "Dad, I'm fine. Let's go."

Even though the dispute lasted for only a short moment, many people were already looking over from a distance. Cheyenne didn't want her parents to leave a bad impression on their soon-to-be neighbors, so she chose to let the matter rest.

William obviously also thought of this point. After taking a look at Sharon, who was clutching her face, he said coldly, "You started getting physical first, so you have no one to blame but yourself. I don't care who you are. Next time you dare to bully my daughter again, I won't care if you are a woman or not!"

With that, Cheyenne and William turned around to leave.

As for Karen, she jumped backward and retreated several meters the moment William hit Sharon, wishing she could completely draw a clear line between her and William.

Seeing William and Cheyenne leaving, Karen looked at the resentful and furious expression on Sharon's face and hurriedly scurried forward to catch up with William. She berated in a sharp voice, "William Carter, are you out of your mind? That woman just now is Sharon Hart, and her husband is James Wilson! How dare you slap her? Are you tired of living? You'd better go back and apologize to her and then beg her to forgive you. Otherwise, she'll definitely take revenge on you! When the time comes, you'll implicate me too!"

When William heard what Karen said, he immediately flew into a rage and stopped in his tracks. He barked, "Karen, are you blind? Did you not see that just now? That woman came for you. You must have offended her before! She slapped Cheyenne just now merely because she said something. As Cheyenne's mother, you simply cowered behind her and watched her get slapped! Don't you think I didn't see that!"

"You watched your daughter get bullied, and you hid behind her without saying a word. Are you even human? Are you still worthy of being a mother? It's good enough that I don't blame you for causing trouble and standing at the side without doing anything. Yet you still want me to apologize to that woman? Karen, what's going on inside your head? Will that woman let us off just because of an apology?"

“Hmph, if you are afraid of being implicated by me, let’s go get divorced now! No matter what I do, you won’t be implicated, okay? Are you satisfied now?! Come on. Let’s go now!”

William didn’t want to go to the rented apartment anymore, so he pulled his suitcase along and turned around to walk toward the gate of the housing estate. He seemed to want to go to a lawyer’s office to get a divorce with Karen.

Karen’s actions had been testing William’s limits ever since he came back to his senses.

As soon as Karen heard William mention a divorce, she was no longer confident and pursed her lips before saying awkwardly, “I’m just worried that you might get into trouble. I really am! We’ve been married for so many years. Why mention a divorce? We’re going to become a laughingstock!”

Of course, she wasn’t willing to divorce William.

For the past few years, she might not have lived in the lap of luxury with William, and she had also always resented William for failing to let her do so. But she had actually lived quite a good and carefree life where everything was provided for her, and she had even managed to save quite a hefty sum of money.

If it was more than 20 years ago, Karen might have been able to use her beauty to attract a richer man, but she was now almost 50 years old. After leaving William, she might not be able to find another man.

Besides, now that both her daughters were becoming more and more successful working as executives in established companies, she could foresee her life getting better and better. She couldn’t afford to divorce William at this time!

Even if she had to leave, she had to reap some benefits before doing so!

Seeing Karen not say anything, William stopped paying attention to her and brought Cheyenne to an apartment building where they boarded the elevator up to the fifth floor.

William opened the door of the apartment and introduced it to Cheyenne as though he was showing her a treasure. “Cheyenne, look. How does this apartment look?”

Cheyenne walked around the apartment and looked at it carefully. There were two bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen, and a bathroom, occupying a total floor area of only about 60 to 70 square meters. Although it was a small apartment, the decor was beautiful, and there was good lighting and ventilation. The furniture and appliances were also mostly new, and the interior was spick and span. They could really move in right away.

Cheyenne took a few more careful looks at the kitchen equipment, bathroom faucet, sewer pipes, the fire extinguisher placed at the door, and some other miscellaneous items. After discovering that there were no issues, she nodded in satisfaction.

“Dad, this apartment is great. It might be a little small, but it should be enough for you and Mom.”

William chuckled in satisfaction. “Exactly! I chose this place after browsing through all the available apartments for a long time. Of course it’s good!”

At this moment, an abrupt voice sounded from the side. “Hmph, it’s tiny and shabby, just like a snail’s shell. Only poor people with narrow horizons will like it!”

Karen frowned in disgust, hating every detail about the apartment.

#### Chapter 276: Arrived at the Door

In Karen’s opinion, only Lucas’s villa could be considered a good house. The area of this apartment was far inferior to the living room of Lucas’s villa. How could they be pleased with it?

But Karen failed to consider that Lucas’s villa was unique in Orange County, so it didn’t make sense to compare other residences with it. If she used Lucas’s villa as a standard for comparison, she obviously wouldn’t take a liking to other properties.

William didn’t want to continue indulging Karen, so he snapped, “If you think it’s too small, you can move to a larger place and pay for the rent yourself! As long as you can afford it, I won’t stop you!”

His words made Karen speechless.

Although she had money, she wasn’t willing to pay at least \$10,000 a month on renting a villa.

“Hmph, there’s clearly a large villa for us to live in, but you insisted that we move out to this small and shabby apartment. You’re so cheap you don’t even know how to enjoy life!”

William happened to hear Karen’s incessant complaints.

William pointed at the door and said nonchalantly, “Do you still have any shame at all? Even when we were living in the villa, you were picking on everything and creating trouble all day long! If you’re still not satisfied, we’ll get a divorce right away! I don’t care where you’re going. It’s up to you!”

When Karen saw that William wasn't saving her from any embarrassment at all, her face turned sullen, and she immediately sat on the floor. She then began to smack the floor and wail loudly. "William Carter, you heartless thing! You've been married to me for decades, and now you think I'm old, so you're being so mean to me! What sin have I committed? I worked so hard to raise our daughters, and now you're treating me like this. Have you got a conscience at all?!"

With a look of annoyance, William ignored her and said to Cheyenne, "Cheyenne, now that you've seen the place, you can put your mind at ease, right? Quick, get to work. You don't have to worry about me anymore."

Normally, Cheyenne would definitely go up and persuade Karen if she saw her throwing a tantrum and bawling to William. But she was now extremely disappointed with Karen, and she could also tell that Karen just wanted to live in luxury, but she didn't dare to divorce William. So she decided not to bother about her.

"Dad, go back in. Let me know if there's anything you need. I'm going to work now." Cheyenne walked toward the door and got ready to leave.

William looked at Karen making a fuss and throwing a tantrum on the floor. "There's nothing much to unpack. I'll go to work first and clean up when I come back in the evening. Let's go together."

Neither of them was willing to take Karen's nonsense, so they stood by the door, ready to leave.

At this moment, the elevator outside the door suddenly opened, and they heard the voices of the people inside before they even walked out.

"I saw them enter this building. No matter where they are, search every floor!"

William's and Cheyenne's expressions changed because they could recognize the voice. It belonged to Sharon Hart!

Before they could react, Sharon came out of the elevator with four tall and burly men behind her.

There were two apartments on the floor of William's apartment, including his. The elevator was near the doors of both apartments, and William and Cheyenne were standing right next to it. So they saw Sharon and her men as soon as they came out of the elevator.

As expected, Sharon's eyes were full of joy and exhilaration when she saw Cheyenne and William standing a meter away from her.

She reached her hand out and pointed at them excitedly. "Quick, it's them!"

The four strong men behind her immediately walked toward William and Cheyenne aggressively.

“Quick, go in!”

Seeing that the situation wasn't right, William immediately pushed Cheyenne into the apartment before closing the door with a loud bang. He then stuck the key into the keyhole and twisted it a few times before pulling it out, locking the door with a loud bang.

William completed the entire process quickly in one go. He was so fast that Cheyenne didn't even manage to react in time. It was the fastest he had ever been in his life.

The four burly men tried to stop William but to no avail. All they could do was grab William's hair tightly while punching him hard on the face.

“Mmph!”

The punch landed right smack onto William's nose. Being big and strong, they broke his nose immediately, and bright red blood instantly gushed out from his nostrils.

“Dad!” When Cheyenne saw this scene, she was so frightened that she hurriedly reached out to twist open the handle of the door to try and stop the violence.

But she only managed to hear the clanging of metal. She couldn't open the solid metal door because William had already locked it from the outside, and she couldn't open it from the inside at all!

When Karen heard the commotion outside, she stopped crying and got up from the floor. She then pushed Cheyenne aside and peeked outside through the peephole, only to see William getting beaten up by the few burly men Sharon brought.

She was horrified but thankful and glad that William had locked the door so that they couldn't rush in to harm her.

Seeing how anxious Cheyenne was and how hard she was trying to get out, Karen sneered and then pushed Cheyenne's hand away. She mocked, “What are you trying to do? Do you want to go out there and get beaten up too? Don't drag me down with you! Well, at least your jerk father has the conscience to lock the door! Otherwise, we wouldn't have been able to escape the beating either!”

“I told him to apologize to Sharon Hart just now, but he refused to listen! He totally deserves to get beaten up by them now!”

Even though Cheyenne was usually good-tempered, she was still angered by Karen's shameless words. She glowered at her with bloodshot eyes. “Dad is getting beaten up



outside, and you're gloating?! Besides, if you hadn't hit Sharon in the restaurant that time, would she have come here to create trouble?"

Karen immediately sneered and retorted, "Bullshit! Are you blaming me for it? If you hadn't offended Sharon Hart just now, she wouldn't have slapped you. Your father slapped her for your sake. What does it have to do with me?"

Karen would never admit to her mistake, and in her opinion, she would never be at fault.

Cheyenne looked at Karen with her eyes full of disappointment.

She had always known that Karen was an incompetent mother who never felt much maternal love for her and Charlotte. But William was her husband, with whom she had spent decades. Now that he was getting beaten up outside, she wasn't concerned at all. Instead, she was just being cold and selfish!

Hearing the sound of kicking and punching from outside, as well as her father's suppressed groans of pain, Cheyenne felt as if her heart was being stabbed by a thousand daggers. She felt utterly powerless.

Suddenly, she thought of Lucas!

All the things that Lucas had done during this period of time had made Cheyenne trust him completely. Besides, during the incident at the hotel, Sharon's husband, James Wilson, also seemed to be afraid of Lucas, so he had brought Sharon to go and apologize to Karen.

With this thought in mind, Cheyenne immediately rummaged through her bag for her phone with shaky hands as though she had found a straw to clutch at. She then called Lucas.

"Lucas, bad news. My father is being surrounded and beaten up. Quickly come and save him! We're at Block 26, unit #501 of Golden Garden Estate!"

Chapter 277: Emergency Rescue

Lucas had just finished negotiating with Preston and sent him away, so he was still in the private room of the Ocean Bathhouse and discussing the following plans with Joe.

After Lucas received Cheyenne's call for help, his expression changed, and he suddenly stood up and said in a deep voice, "How are you? Are you in danger?"

When Lucas heard that such a thing had happened, the first thing he was worried about was Cheyenne's safety.

"I'm fine. My dad locked me in the apartment, and I can't get out. But they're beating my dad up badly at the door, and I'm really scared that something might happen to him..."

"Don't be afraid. I'll be right there! Stay in the apartment, and don't come out!" Then Lucas hurriedly strode out of the private room.

Seeing that something was wrong, Joe hurried to catch up with Lucas. He asked concernedly, "Mr. Gray, what happened? Is there anything I can do to help?"

Lucas immediately thought about Golden Garden Estate, which was more than ten kilometers away from the Ocean Bathhouse. It was now the morning rush hour, so there was definitely traffic congestion. Even if he drove at the fastest speed possible, it would take him at least twenty minutes.

"Do you have any subordinates near Golden Garden Estate?" Lucas asked while walking.

Joe immediately replied, "I run a cyber cafe outside Golden Garden Estate."

Lucas immediately ordered without turning around, "Hurry up and get someone to rush to Block 26, unit #501 of Golden Garden Estate to help my father-in-law. He's being beaten up!"

Joe was astonished. He hurriedly took out his phone to make a call and give an explanation about the matter. "Zach, take the security guards and managers of the cyber cafe with you and rush to Block 26, unit #501 of Golden Garden Estate to stop a fight. Rescue a middle-aged man who's about fifty years old! Go now, immediately!"

By the time Joe hung up and rushed out of the Ocean Bathhouse, Lucas had already gotten into his black Jaguar and left.

Seeing Lucas leaving in a hurry, Joe naturally didn't dare to slow down. He quickly ordered his bodyguards, took a few security guards of the Ocean Bathhouse with him as well, and drove to Golden Garden Estate.

At this moment, William had already been beaten up into a pulp at the entrance of his apartment in Block 26 of Golden Garden Estate. His face was battered with bruises, and the blood from his nose had flowed down his chin all the way to his chest, staining his lapel. He had taken numerous punches and kicks to his body, and he was almost unable to get up anymore.

If not for the fact that one of the men was still holding William by his collar and hitting him, William would have probably long fallen onto the ground immobile.

Seeing how miserable William was, Sharon felt that she had finally vented all her anger. To Sharon, getting insulted by William was extremely shameful!

“There are two more bitches in there! You two, don’t think I can’t do anything just because you’re hiding in there! Immediately find the key from this old good-for-nothing and open the door!”

Listening to the commotion outside while leaning close against the door, Karen had her heart skip a beat. Afraid that Sharon would rush in from outside with her subordinates and beat her up, she paced back and forth around the room. “What should we do? What should we do? They’re about to rush in! Cheyenne, you... just stand here and don’t tell them that I’m here!”

Then Karen turned around and dashed into a bedroom. She quickly locked the door and looked around anxiously before finally cursing softly and curling up into the closet.

Cheyenne wasn’t at all surprised that Karen chose to flee when there was danger because she had already gotten used to it. She stood nervously by the door and gripped her phone tightly while praying that Lucas would arrive sooner.

But she also knew that Lucas couldn’t possibly arrive in such a short period of time since she had just called him.

After hearing Sharon’s instructions, the few burly men at the door immediately reached out to frisk William to find his keys.

William was currently so seriously injured that he was about to be unable to open his eyes anymore. But at this moment, he suddenly felt a burst of strength, and he suddenly broke free from the burly man holding his collar. He then tossed the key he had been holding tightly in his hand out of the ventilation window in the middle of the stairwell.

“Damn it! This old bastard threw the key away!” The burly man immediately flew into a rage and slapped William’s face twice.

“Two of you, go downstairs and find the key. I don’t believe that we can’t catch those two bitches!” Sharon barked menacingly.

The two burly men agreed immediately. Just as they were about to go downstairs, another man suddenly yelled at him in shock.

“Shit, this old man passed out. He looks like he’s about to die. Something might happen!”

Sharon and the three remaining burly men were frightened when they saw that William’s eyes had already rolled back into his head, and he had passed out. His body was covered in bruises and blood. He seemed to be in an extremely terrible condition.

The few burly men were getting a little scared because they were just teaching William a lesson under Sharon’s orders. But they weren’t planning to kill him.

When Sharon saw the miserable state William was in, her heart skipped a beat, but she soon humphed coldly and said nonchalantly, “Hmph, he’s indeed an old foggy. He can’t take a beating at all. Let’s spare them this time. Let’s go!”

With that, she took the four burly men with her and left in the elevator.

“Dad, how are you doing? Dad! Say something! Can you hear me?”

Cheyenne was in the apartment, and when she saw William lying in the doorway covered in blood through the peephole, she was so flustered that she anxiously slapped the door and yelled while crying incessantly.

Shortly after Sharon and the others left, the door of the elevator on the fifth floor opened again, and eight equally strong and burly young men rushed out from inside. They were the security guards and managers of the cyber cafe outside Golden Garden Estate, who had come over under Joe’s order.

“Huh?” To their surprise, they didn’t see the brawl that they had expected. Instead, it was rather peaceful because there wasn’t a fight but a person lying motionlessly on the ground, covered in blood.

“Damn it! We’re too late!” yelled the leader of the young men, who had tattooed arms and was wearing ear studs.

Judging from the appearance of the middle-aged man on the ground, they reckoned that he should be the person Joe had told them to save. But the perpetrators had already fled, and William was the only one lying on the ground. They were unsure if he was dead or alive, and the floor was covered in bloodstains. The scene was extremely terrifying.

One of the men rushed to William’s side and tried to feel his breathing and his pulse.

“Boss, he’s still breathing!”

“Quick, hurry up and send him to the hospital! He needs treatment immediately!” the man with the ear studs hurriedly exclaimed.

The other young men didn’t dare to be slow. They immediately picked William up to carry him to the elevator and then headed downstairs.

Seeing that a group of people had arrived and carried William away, Cheyenne banged the door harder while yelling, “Can you hear me outside? Hello! How is my father? Who are you people?”

Chapter 278: About The Douglas Family

Only then did the man with the ear studs realize that there was someone in the apartment next to them. He guessed that she must be related to the middle-aged man they were tasked to save. So he walked to the door and asked loudly, "We were sent to save someone. Is the injured man who passed out your father?"

Cheyenne hurriedly said, "Yes! I was locked inside, and my father threw the key out of the ventilation window over the stairs. Please help me find the key and let me go out!"

Since Joe was the one who sent them to rescue William, he naturally didn't dare to neglect William's daughter. He hurriedly instructed the three young people beside him. "Did you hear her? Hurry and go downstairs to find the key!"

The three young people looked at the ventilation window and immediately ran downstairs.

At this moment, the man with the ear studs called Joe and explained the situation to him in detail.

When Joe heard that his subordinates were too late to stop the fight and that William was already seriously wounded to the point of lying unconsciously on the ground, he immediately cursed furiously, "Are you a bunch of useless trash? I told you to rush there and save him immediately. Why were you still late? You even let the assailants escape!"

The man with the ear studs felt extremely vexed as well. He had immediately gathered his men and rushed to Golden Garden Estate to save William after receiving Joe's call. But he had indeed come late, and there was nothing he could do!

"Forget it. Since things have come to this, let's not waste time on nonsense! The perpetrators have already left, so hurry up and check the surveillance camera footage of the estate to find out who they are and where they've gone! Hurry up and investigate! If you mess up, you don't have to work for me anymore!"

With that, Joe hung up furiously before urging the driver to drive faster.

After hearing Joe lose his temper, the man with the ear studs tensed up. He then hurriedly called the estate management office to have them check the surveillance camera footage.

When his men found the key from the bushes downstairs and brought it up, Lucas happened to arrive at the fifth floor.

As soon as the door opened, Cheyenne leaped out from inside.

"Cheyenne, are you alright?" Lucas held onto Cheyenne and scanned her from head to toe.

Cheyenne's face was covered in tears, and she was extremely flustered. When she saw Lucas, she felt as if she had found her pillar of support, and she leaped into his arms and cried, "Lucas! Dad was seriously injured by them! I don't know how he's doing now! I'm really scared that something might happen to him! When he saw those people coming just now, he pushed me into the apartment and locked the door before throwing the key away to prevent them from coming in. I watched him get beaten up alone outside, but there was nothing I could do to help! I'm so useless..."

Cheyenne was worried and overwhelmed with self-reproach as she hugged Lucas and wept hysterically.

Lucas hugged Cheyenne, patted her on the back, and comforted softly, "It'll be fine. William was just worried that you might be hurt, so he locked you inside. You're a defenseless woman. If you had come out, you would definitely have been injured. At that time, William would have been in greater misery. William will only be at ease if you're fine. Don't think too much about it.

"If you're worried about William, I'll have someone send you to the hospital to visit him. He'll definitely be fine."

While being comforted by Lucas, Cheyenne gradually calmed down, wiped the tears on her face with her hand, and nodded.

Lucas asked, "Who are those people who came?"

Because Lucas was in a rush just now, he hadn't had time to ask Cheyenne the details of what had happened over the phone. Only after he arrived did he realize that the perpetrators had fled.

Cheyenne said with bloodshot eyes, "It's Sharon Hart, James Wilson's wife, who got into a conflict with my mom at the hotel restaurant over the bracelet the other day. We happened to run into each other in the estate today and got into a conflict. She then brought four men over and beat Dad up."

There was an icy cold glint in Lucas's eyes!

Those two had had several conflicts with Lucas, but he had decided to let them off because Wilson had personally apologized and promised not to provoke them again. But unexpectedly, Sharon didn't know any better and even had the audacity to bring people over to beat William and Cheyenne up.

If William hadn't locked Cheyenne up in time, she would have been bullied and humiliated by Sharon. Besides, Cheyenne was a girl, so who knows what would have happened to her.

The thought of that scene made Lucas want to kill people!

He took a deep breath and suppressed the immense murderous intent within him. He then said to Cheyenne, "Okay, I know. Go to the hospital and take a look at William. Leave the rest to me."

Lucas turned around and quickly explained to Joe, who had also hurriedly arrived at the door. "Take my wife to the hospital now and take good care of her. I don't want any problems to occur this time!"

Joe's heart almost jumped out of his chest when he heard the anger in Lucas's tone. He quickly said, "Yes! I will definitely protect Miss Carter and ensure that nothing happens to her!"

Face all red and swollen, Cheyenne was very worried about William's situation, so she frantically nodded and walked to the elevator.

At this moment, the sound of a door opening softly came. Karen finally peeked through the crack in the door before craning her neck to take a look outside.

When she realized that Sharon and the menacing henchmen had left and that her good-for-nothing son-in-law Lucas was standing at the door with a few men, she finally heaved a sigh of relief and walked out of the bedroom.

But Lucas and Cheyenne merely glanced at her coldly before looking away, as if they hadn't seen her.

Cheyenne didn't even ask Karen if she wanted to go to the hospital with her to check on William's condition. She was afraid that she would hear Karen say some nasty things and no longer be able to suppress the anger in her heart.

When Karen saw their reactions, not only did she not feel ashamed at all, but she also pursed her lips and rolled her eyes in disdain.

Just as Cheyenne and Joe were about to go downstairs, the phone of the man with the ear studs rang. After he saw the caller ID, he answered immediately. "What? Have you watched all the surveillance camera videos?"

Hearing that they had already found some clues in the videos, the few of them stopped and listened to what he had to say.

"Okay, I know. Continue to keep tabs on it!" After hanging up, the man with the ear studs immediately reported to Joe and Lucas, "My men discovered that that woman brought her people to the Douglasses' villa. Her men are also bodyguards of the Douglasses."

*The Douglasses? Why would she go there?*

As far as Lucas knew, the Douglasses didn't seem to be nearby, so he wondered how Joe's subordinates managed to find out.

Seemingly having noticed Lucas's puzzlement, the man with the ear studs hurriedly said, "The Douglasses own a villa in the Golden Palm Villa cluster nearby. They headed there!"

Lucas said coldly, "I'll go there to see them now!"

## Chapter 279: Douglasses' Villa

Hearing that Lucas wanted to go to the Douglasses' villa, the man with the ear studs' heart skipped a beat. Because unlike Joe, he didn't know how powerful and domineering Lucas was.

In his opinion, the Douglasses were a top family in Orange County, second only to the four top families. If Lucas demanded an explanation from them, he would be inviting trouble.

Suddenly, Joe said, "Zach, you will be responsible for taking Mr. Gray to the Douglasses' villa!"

Zach, the man with the ear studs, widened his mouth in shock and pointed at himself before exclaiming in disbelief, "Me?!" Immediately afterward, he grimaced and stared at Joe in hopes that Joe would change his mind.

Joe turned gloomy and hollered furiously, "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and show Mr. Gray the way."

Joe glared at Zach, as if he had expected better from him.

Of course, he knew what Zach was worried about. But after witnessing with his own eyes what Lucas had done to Preston, the future helmsman of the Taylors, one of the four great families in Orange County, Joe admired Lucas greatly. And he was even confident that Lucas wouldn't be on the losing end if he confronted the four top families, let alone the Douglasses.

If Lucas hadn't ordered Joe to escort Cheyenne to the hospital, he would have followed Lucas to the Douglasses' villa.

It was a rare opportunity that not everyone could have. Yet Zach still hadn't realized how lucky he was and was even acting as if he had to go to face a terrible situation.



The infuriated Joe smacked Zach on the head and warned, "Remember not to be disrespectful to Mr. Gray in any way. His orders are more important than mine. Do whatever you are told to do, do you understand?"

Seeing the warning gaze in Joe's eyes and realizing what he meant, Zach then understood how powerful the young man in front of him was. He thought that Lucas had to be at least a big shot even more powerful than Joe, whom Joe dared not disobey since Joe said that his orders were secondary to Lucas's.

In that case, following such a powerful figure to the Douglasses' villa wouldn't be an attempt to court death but an excellent opportunity!

When Zach figured this out, his conflicted expression and look of dismay immediately turned into excitement written all over his face. He guaranteed, "Yes! I will definitely follow Mr. Gray and obey all his orders!"

At this point, Lucas had long lost his patience and headed downstairs with Cheyenne while Joe and Zach hurried to catch up.

Soon, they moved quickly. Joe drove Cheyenne to the hospital where William was, while Lucas, led by Zach and several of his subordinates, headed to the Golden Palm Villa cluster where the Douglasses' villa was.

The Golden Palm Villa cluster was just a stone's throw away from the Golden Garden Estate, so it only took them a few minutes to drive to the Douglasses' villa.

As soon as they alighted, a young redhead jumped out from behind a rose bush near the villa and hurried to Zach. He reported softly, "Zach, that woman brought her four bodyguards with her to this villa. I've been watching outside, so they shouldn't have come out yet."

Zach nodded and waved his hand to get his man to stand down. He bowed to Lucas and asked, "Mr. Gray, should I... send a few of my subordinates to sneak in and see what's going on?"

Although the Douglasses' villa was in front of him and letting his subordinates sneak in would be dangerous, Zach thought of what Joe had said to him just now and felt that even the Douglas family might be inferior to the mysterious and unpredictable Mr. Gray right in front of him.

Lucas narrowed his eyes and observed the luxurious and majestic villa in front of him.

Although it was a property owned by the Douglasses, it was not part of their main residence, though it was just as opulent. It was also equipped with amenities like a garden, a fountain, a swimming pool, several expensive cars, and a large stone monument with the Douglas family name engraved on it.

There were two tall bodyguards standing at the entrance of the villa and staring at the group of uninvited guests outside the villa with hostile expressions.

Although Lucas and company had yet to step within the boundaries of the Douglasses' villa, one of the bodyguards took two steps forward and said scornfully in a deep voice, "This villa belongs to the Douglasses. Get lost. Don't loiter at the door!"

"The Douglasses are really arrogant, huh?"

Lucas sighed calmly. Then with a sudden snap of his fingers, a black afterimage immediately darted toward the stone monument.

*Bang!*

The nearly two-meter-tall stone monument with the Douglas family name carved on it shattered into pieces, and countless stone debris shot in all directions. In the blink of an eye, it completely collapsed.

The few young men beside Zach widened their eyes in disbelief as they looked at the scene in front of them!

Lucas was obviously still several meters away from the stone monument a moment ago, so how on earth did it shatter into pieces?!

Even the bullet shot from a gun might not be able to achieve this outcome. It was as if the stone monument had been bombed!

Of course, how Lucas managed to do it wasn't the point. The point was that Lucas had shattered the Douglasses' stone monument right in front of them. It was plain and blatant provocation!

Most of the subordinates were unclear of Lucas's identity and merely knew that Zach was accompanying him to the Douglasses' villa. Seeing this, they were all visibly horrified.

"Holy shit! He smashed the stone monument of the Douglasses as soon as he arrived. Isn't he inviting trouble?"

"Zach, who the hell is this punk? He'd better not get us all killed!"

"Yeah! The Douglasses are one of the top families in Orange County, and they own lots of properties and have a lot of manpower. We only run a small cyber cafe. We'll definitely die!"

"Zach, I still have some things to handle at home. I'll get going now!"

"I... I suddenly remembered that my wife is ill today, so I have to send her to the hospital. I'm leaving now, Zach!"

...

After seeing Lucas destroy the stone monument at the entrance of the Douglasses' villa, Zach's subordinates panicked and wished they could curse at Lucas out loud. Of course, those who thought they were smart fled right away.

Compared to offending the prestigious Douglas family, they would rather offend Zach and Joe!

"Damn it! All of you are just a bunch of fools!"

Seeing his subordinates fleeing like cowards, Zach was infuriated and embarrassed, and he couldn't help cursing.

They might not have seen it, but Zach had seen clearly how Lucas shattered the massive stone monument using just a small pebble that he had casually picked up the ground when he got out of the car.

With a tiny pebble, he managed to achieve the effect of an explosive, despite launching it from a few meters away. He reckoned that Lucas's strength had to be far beyond the imagination of ordinary people like them!

The two bodyguards at the entrance of the Douglasses' villa were also stunned by Lucas's strike. No one had ever dared to make trouble at the Douglasses' doorstep before. They finally realized what was going on.

But from their perspective, they didn't see exactly how Lucas had broken the stone monument. All they knew was that Lucas was here to cause trouble!

"Punk, you're here to cause trouble on purpose, aren't you? Look where you are!" the bodyguards hollered and then picked up a rod each before charging toward Lucas.

Chapter 280: The Dogs Who Get in the Way

Seeing this, Zach voluntarily rushed up to stop the bodyguards before Lucas said anything.

But to be honest, he was only someone in charge of a cyber cafe who had a martial arts background. Compared to these official bodyguards trained by the Douglasses, he was far from comparable. So in just a short while, Zach's arm was hit twice by the bodyguards' rods, causing him to grimace in pain.

The redhead who had watched Douglasses' villa was still somewhat loyal, as he didn't flee as soon as he saw that they were offending the Douglasses. Instead, when he saw that Zach was no match for the two bodyguards, he clenched his jaw and dashed forward to help Zach block some of the attacks.

Lucas looked at the both of them in surprise, finding them quite loyal.

Of course, he wouldn't stand at the side and watch them get beaten up. He strode forward and appeared in front of the two bodyguards almost immediately. He raised his hands and grabbed one of them while twisting the other, causing them to shriek in pain. Their wrists were in so much pain that they dropped the rods in their hands.

Immediately afterward, before Zach and the redhead could even get a clear glimpse of Lucas's movements, the two bodyguards were already shrieking in pain and then collapsed in front of Lucas one after another. They couldn't get up at all, and the entire process didn't take more than two seconds.

Lucas stepped on the wrist of one of the bodyguards. "Just ten minutes ago, a woman came here with four bodyguards. Who did she come look for? Where is she now? Tell me, or I'll break your arms!"

Feeling the immense pain in his wrist that felt like it was about to break, the bodyguard turned pale in shock and hurriedly exclaimed, "I'll tell you! I don't know that fat woman, but she came here to look for Chris Douglas, the helmsman of the family. This villa belongs to him too, and they... they're now in the master bedroom on the second floor of the villa. I don't know about the rest!"

He was just a bodyguard who was only responsible for guarding the entrance of the villa, so he had no idea about the situation inside!

Lucas narrowed his eyes. *Turns out the owner of this villa is Chris Douglas. In that case, I should be able to meet this ruthless and vicious man soon.*

Suddenly, the other bodyguard on the ground whipped out the walkie-talkie from his waist with difficulty while Lucas was questioning the first bodyguard. He was just about to call someone to come over, but Zach, who was beside him, saw it and immediately went over to kick the walkie-talkie out of his hand.

"You still want to call someone to come to your rescue, huh?" Zach kicked the bodyguard twice and then asked Lucas for instructions, "Mr. Gray, in order to avoid any more trouble, I think we'd better knock them both out!"

Lucas nodded indifferently and moved his foot away while Zach and his subordinate immediately came forward to pick up the rods that the bodyguards had dropped. They then smashed them hard against the back of the bodyguards' heads to knock them out.

Of course, the bodyguard who answered Lucas's questions cooperatively had merely been hit once by the rod, while the other who tried to call for help was in a miserable state. After being knocked out, he was hit by the rods a few more times.

Lucas pushed open the door of the villa and walked in, followed by Zach and the young redhead.

Chris Douglas' private villa had extravagant and opulent decor. Although it couldn't hold a candle to Lucas's lake villa, it was still an incredibly beautiful luxury property.

Besides, the sound insulation of this villa was clearly impressive, as the people inside didn't know anything about the commotion that just happened outside. Even when the three of them reached the staircase at the end of the living room, the bodyguards standing in the corridor on the second floor by the stairway and chatting with each other still didn't notice them.

"Tsk, tsk, we're always told to guard the door, but what's there to guard? No outsider dares to come into this villa anyway."

"Hahahaha, you must be envious, huh? Our boss is enjoying himself in there, but all you can do is stay here and guard the place. Are you having a dry spell? When it's time to change shifts, I bet you'll dash out and find someone to satisfy your needs!"

"Hmph, I don't believe you're not envious! But seriously, Mr. Douglas has such unique taste in women. If I were him, I wouldn't want such a fat woman! I'd definitely get a woman who has a nice figure."

"Hehehe, there are plenty of women out there who have great figures. Mr. Douglas must have gotten sick of them. What do you know? This is called an occasional change of taste!"

...

While the bodyguards were chuckling lewdly over this topic with an unspoken mutual understanding, they were completely relaxed and failed to notice the commotion going on downstairs.

The redhead had sharp eyes, and as soon as he saw them, he said to Lucas softly, "Mr. Gray, those four bodyguards up there are the ones who followed that woman to Golden Garden Estate to beat that man up just now!"

Lucas looked up at the stairway of the second floor with an icy cold gaze.

They were the ones who had beat up his father-in-law, William, knocked him unconscious, and caused him to be hospitalized. They had even tried to harm Cheyenne!

Lucas sneered and quickly stomped his foot on the ground before pressing his hand against the handrail of the staircase. He then propelled upward like a bird with light wings, leaping up from the first floor to the second floor.

“So fast!”

Zach and the redhead were both stunned by the move Lucas just pulled! They looked at each other and hurriedly followed Lucas up the stairs.

Of course, they didn't have such amazing skills and could only run up the stairs.

At this moment, the pupils of four bodyguards, who were slacking off and chatting in the corridor on the second floor, constricted when they saw Lucas suddenly appear in front of them. They quickly got into a ready state and hollered, “Who are you?!”

Lucas said coldly with a hostile gaze, “You must be the ones who severely injured my father-in-law!”

Hearing the word ‘father-in-law’, they were stunned for a moment, but they soon understood.

One of the bodyguards spat a mouthful of saliva and said in disdain, “It turns out you're the son-in-law of that old fogy. Are you thinking of taking revenge on us?”

“Punk, you're really bold to have barged into the villa! We have to teach you a good lesson, or Mr. Douglas will blame us for failing our duties!”

Another bodyguard raised his fist in front of him and clenched it tightly, causing his knuckles to pop loudly. It was clearly a threat. “Hah, I can beat ten of you weaklings alone!”

The other bodyguard looked at Lucas's lean body and snorted with contemptuous laughter. He didn't take Lucas's words seriously at all. As soon as he finished speaking, he charged toward Lucas and swung his fist against Lucas's face!

Chapter 281: Cuckold

Facing these people who had injured his father-in-law, Lucas lifted his leg to kick them viciously without any emotion.

“Ah!” The bodyguard shrieked as his body suddenly flew backward and slammed hard against the wall behind him with a loud thud. He then fell to the ground and passed out without saying a single word.

The remaining three bodyguards widened their eyes, clearly shocked to see this.

The fact that Lucas could kick such a strong and burly man away and knock him unconscious was a remarkable feat that no ordinary people could do!

They finally understood now that the slim young man in front of them was actually a tough nut to crack.

They stopped being contemptuous and instead exchanged glances with each other before rushing at Lucas!

One of the bodyguards reached his arms out toward Lucas's arm to clamp down on it. Another one focused on attacking Lucas's lower body, half-crouching and trying to sweep Lucas to make him fall to the ground. And the last one wanted to go past Lucas to attack his vital points from behind.

These bodyguards usually trained hard and could coordinate very well with each other. Within a short period of time, they managed to execute three different moves in a bid to take down Lucas.

An ordinary person would definitely be flustered and end up being defeated when facing three professional bodyguards who had been through rigorous training and could coordinate very well with each other.

But Lucas was not an ordinary person. In his eyes, their coordination was just like child's play. Besides, their strength and skills were so insignificant to him that they posed no threat at all.

Lucas stood still and watched them coldly. The moment these three bodyguards were about to surround him, he shifted his weight onto his left leg and threw a high kick into the air, sending all three of them flying away!

*Bang! Bang! Bang!*

With three thuds, the massive impact of Lucas's power kick instantly swept the three tall and strong bodyguards away, as though a fierce gust of wind swept away fallen leaves. Their bodies slammed against the wall behind them one after another!

The moment they collided with the wall, their heads tilted, and their eyes rolled into the backs of their heads, passing out immediately.

"This..." Zach and the redhead, who hurried upstairs after Lucas, stared at the four unconscious brawny bodyguards lying motionlessly on the ground. Their jaws dropped in shock, and their mouths were wide enough to fit an egg. They were utterly dumbfounded.

Within the brief ten seconds t they took to go upstairs, Lucas had already dealt with the four professional bodyguards. This wasn't something that ordinary people could do.

Even though they were already somewhat mentally prepared for Lucas's powerful and domineering strength, his actions were continually changing the definition of 'formidable' to them.

Zach gulped as he looked at Lucas with great respect and awe in his eyes.

Now, he finally genuinely understood why Joe looked at Lucas with such a reverent gaze when he had arranged for him to tag along with Lucas earlier.

*Joe is such a good boss. He has given me a godsend opportunity!*

Lucas didn't have the time to bother about what Zach and the redhead were thinking. He looked at the corridor and saw that only the room facing south was locked.

Sharon Hart and Chris Douglas were most likely in that room.

Lucas walked over and kicked the heavy walnut door, causing it to fall off its hinges and crash onto the ground.

*Bang!* The door collapsed, and Lucas was greeted with the scene inside the room.

There was a man and a woman lying stark naked on the large bed in the center of the room, engaged in an unsightly position while staring at the door in utter astonishment.

Lucas sneered in derision.

This adulterous pair, who was quite an eyesore, were Chris and Sharon.

After a fleeting moment of silence, Sharon immediately let out an ear-piercing scream. "Ah! Who are you? Quickly get lost!"

Sharon shrieked and frantically pulled the sheet on the bed over her fair body and wrapped herself tightly in it.

Chris's face turned gloomy, and he bellowed furiously at the strangers who suddenly appeared at the door, "Get lost!"

Anyone who was suddenly interrupted by someone kicking the door off its hinges while they were performing an intimate act with their partner would definitely be displeased.

However, Chris couldn't recognize Lucas, who was standing at the door.



Even though he had met Lucas previously, he had brought his younger brother, Gordon Douglas, along to apologize to Lucas to put the blame of causing trouble to the family on Gordon.

He actually didn't give a hoot about whether the crisis that struck the Douglasses at that time was because of Lucas or not. He didn't care if Lucas was a bigwig or not either.

At that time, Chris was bent on clinching the position of the head of the Douglas family from Hugo's son, Gordon. So he had painstakingly planned and created a series of premeditated accidents that caused Brad Douglas to die in the hospital. Subsequently, Chris had even fatally struck Hugo with an ashtray and claimed that the latter died from an accident. Eventually, he took firm control of the entire Douglas family.

Now that he had become the helmsman of the Douglas family and held great power and authority, he lived a happy, carefree life. So he naturally forgot about Lucas, a trivial pawn that he had once 'used'.

Staring at the chaotic scene and the clothes messily strewn on the floor, Lucas mocked, "The helmsman of the Douglas family really has such unique taste, eh? I wonder if James Wilson knows that you've cuckolded him."

Lucas was not trying to be mean. In fact, regardless of what kind of woman Chris wanted to sleep with, it had nothing to do with him at all. But it turned out that Chris had slept with the wife of James Wilson, who belonged to a top family of Orange County too. This just made things even more interesting and intriguing.

It seemed that he no longer needed to take action himself because Chris and Sharon had already done themselves a disservice.

After hearing Lucas mention James Wilson, Chris narrowed his eyes and glared at Lucas with a threatening gaze.

His personal bodyguards were the only ones who were aware of his adulterous affair with Sharon, and yet a young brat who popped out of nowhere had walked in on them. If word about this got out, the consequences would definitely be terrible, especially if James caught wind of it.

No man would allow himself to be made a cuckold, especially a man like James, who was extremely powerful and was the most promising candidate for the next successor of the equally powerful Wilson family. Of course, the reason Chris decided to have an illicit affair with Sharon was precisely that he enjoyed the thrill of sleeping with someone else's wife.

The Douglasses were currently in talks with the Wilsons for a major project. If this matter was exposed, the cooperation would definitely fall through, and they might even turn against each other to become enemies.

So Chris would never allow anyone to tell the truth about this incident today!

With the sheet tightly wrapped around her, Sharon screamed, "Chris, you must kill this bastard! Or else, if our affair is exposed, James will definitely not spare us! Quick, get someone to kill him!"

Chapter 282: What Is the Truth?

In fact, Chris was thinking the same thing. He decided that he couldn't let this man leave easily!

But he now had lots of doubts within him.

In order to keep his affair with Sharon a secret, he had chosen to stay in this private villa away from the Douglasses' main residence. Not only were there a couple of bodyguards guarding the entrance, but there were also some of his personal bodyguards guarding the door to this room.

Yet this stranger actually managed to kick the heavy door of the room off its hinges and barge right in, while his bodyguards outside did nothing to stop him. Perhaps they were caught off guard. But now that Lucas was already standing in front of him and had said so many things to him, those bodyguards were still nowhere in sight.

That could only mean that his bodyguards had been incapacitated!

At this point, Chris was frightened.

His personal bodyguards were not weaklings but professional bodyguards that he had hired at great cost! If even they were incapacitated, it just went to show that the strength of this young man in front of him was not to be underestimated!

Countless thoughts crossed Chris's mind, and he tried to be as calm as possible. "Who exactly are you? What do you want by suddenly barging into my villa?"

Lucas raised his eyebrows and smiled faintly. "Chris Douglas, now that you've become the helmsman of your family, have you forgotten that you personally brought that brother of yours, Gordon, to apologize to me not long ago?"

Hearing Lucas mention Gordon and the matter of the apology, Chris finally remembered who Lucas was. "Oh, it's you! You're the live-in son-in-law of the Carters, aren't you? What's your name again? I can't recall your name now."

With a much more relaxed expression, Chris picked up a bath towel that had fallen under the bedside table and wrapped it around his waist.

After learning that Lucas was just someone he thought was far inferior to him, a sense of superiority surged within Chris's heart.

Sharon finally recognized Lucas too, and she hurriedly exclaimed, "He's Lucas Gray, the good-for-nothing who got kicked out by the Carters!"

She absolutely abhorred Lucas to the core, and she merely failed to recognize him just now because she was overwhelmed with panic and nervousness.

During their first encounter at the kindergarten, Lucas had humiliated her in public and stopped her from hitting Charlotte. Following this incident was an altercation at the hotel restaurant, where Lucas had slapped her mercilessly and snatched away the top-quality bracelet that she had painstakingly obtained. She was even forced to swallow her pride and apologize to Karen, that uncouth shrew. In the end, her husband, James, even gave her several stern warnings.

These incidents were a huge insult to the snobbish and arrogant Sharon, and the cause of it all was the man in front of her!

Although James had previously warned her not to mess with Lucas or confront him, Sharon obviously couldn't take it lying down.

Her husband had yet to gain complete control of the Wilson family, so he didn't have enough authority or power at the moment. Others nitpicked on him all the time, but he had to bear with it. But Chris, who was beside her, was much different. He was already the rightful helmsman of the Douglas family, whom no one could disobey.

Sharon wanted to take advantage of Chris's power today to get rid of Lucas completely!

Chris looked at Lucas and suddenly said with a grin, "So it's you. I remember that my nephew, Brad, was severely injured by you and ended up dying during his hospitalization.

"That younger brother of mine, Gordon, also had his legs broken by my father because of you. Later on, he was grief-stricken by the death of his beloved son, and his injuries relapsed, so he passed away too.

"And my father, the former head of my family, also fell into shock and infuriation after hearing of the consecutive deaths of my nephew and brother. He accidentally had a fall at home and suffered a hemorrhage in his brain, causing him to pass away too.

"Within two days, three of my family members died, and you are the reason for it. Lucas Gray, I was planning to do justice to my family, but I didn't expect you to come looking for me before I went to you."

Chris spoke gloomily while staring at Lucas with a sinister gaze, as if Lucas was the one who caused those deaths.

Of course, if others heard Chris's one-sided claim, it might really seem that he was telling the truth.

But Lucas had already thoroughly investigated Chris a long time ago. In fact, he also had evidence of Chris secretly sending someone to kill Gordon and Brad during their hospitalization.

So after hearing Chris's accusation, Lucas couldn't help bursting into laughter. "Mr. Douglas, have you been brainwashing yourself for too long and forgotten exactly how they died?"

Chris's expression abruptly changed, and he narrowed his eyes while staring at Lucas in shock and apprehension.

Hearing what Lucas said, he wondered, *Does Lucas Gray know my secret?*

"I don't understand what you mean," Chris said after calming down, feigning ignorance. But he slowly reached his right hand under the pillow.

"Hah, you must be joking, Mr. Douglas. You've already done everything, and now you're telling me you don't understand? With Hugo, Gordon, and Brad Douglas dead, you would become the next successor in line. After their deaths, didn't you, an illegitimate son with no blood ties to the Douglas family, succeed as the helmsman?" Lucas said nonchalantly with a derisive smirk.

He had long since asked Jordan to investigate everything thoroughly. Hugo had two sons, namely Chris and Gordon, but actually only Gordon was related to him by blood.

As for Chris, he was the child that Hugo's wife had with her illicit lover.

After learning the truth, Hugo had been infuriated, and he had even thought of killing Chris, this bastard. But later on, he had no choice but to suppress those thoughts for the sake of maintaining the pride of the family and satisfying his desire for revenge. Not only did he not disclose Chris's marred birth status, but he had even sung praises about Chris and told everyone that he would make Chris his successor.

Hugo's decision to do that was just to promote Chris to a higher position and make him think that he would become the next successor of the Douglas family before ruthlessly shattering his beautiful dream.

But he didn't expect that Chris had learned the truth a long time ago and had just been enduring it while making use of what Hugo said to kill him, his son, and his grandson to gain control of the family.

Hugo had been outwitted by Chris, who was ruthless, merciless, and vicious.

When Chris heard Lucas say the words 'illegitimate son', his facial muscles twitched fiercely, and the gaze in his eyes became sinister and dangerous.

Chris's lowly birth status would forever be a thorn in his heart!

But not many people knew about this matter, especially since the three Douglas family members had died. So how did Lucas, a live-in son-in-law of the Carters, find out about it?

"Lucas Gray, who exactly are you?" Chris questioned domineeringly with a menacing expression as his hand reached out to grab something under the pillow.

Chapter 283: I'm Here To Look For Her

But Lucas ignored Chris and instead looked at Sharon, who was wrapped tightly in the sheet. He said coldly, "Call James Wilson now and get him to come here immediately!"

A trace of obvious panic immediately appeared on Sharon's chubby face. The last thing she would do was to let her husband find out about her illicit affair with Chris. Why would she call him to come here?

With a vicious expression, she shrieked in a sharp voice, "Chris, quick, kill him!"

Chris was also wary and full of murderous intent toward Lucas. He suddenly pulled out the hand under the pillow. In his hand was a bright black pistol he aimed at Lucas.

Lucas was not surprised by his action at all because when he saw Chris reaching his hand under the pillow quietly, he already knew that Chris must have hidden something under it. He could tell what it was without even guessing.

The two people who followed Lucas, Zach and the redhead, turned pale as soon as they saw the pistol in Chris's hand.

*It's a gun!*

For low-level gangsters like them, the deterrence of a real gun in front of them was undoubtedly massive.

When Zach saw Chris pointing the terrifying pistol at Lucas, his heart pounded rapidly. He was overwhelmed with horror and fear even though he wasn't the one being held at gunpoint. He swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

He looked around and suddenly fixed his gaze on a decorative shield hanging on the wall of the corridor outside the door. The shield was gold-plated and a standard size of 50 centimeters in height with a narrow bottom.

Not having the luxury of time to think about it, Zach dashed into the room as soon as he took the shields off the wall and stood in front of Lucas.

“Mr. Gray, leave quickly!” Zach used the shield to protect himself and Lucas, revealing only half of his eyes as he watched Chris’s movements nervously.

Lucas was slightly surprised.

He glanced at Zach in front of him, only to find that his hands were trembling while holding onto the shield, as well as his calves. He was obviously terrified and scared, yet he dashed in front of Lucas to shield him.

Zach’s actions honestly made Lucas change his opinion about him.

Chris looked at the few people in front of him and sneered. “Hah, rest assured. None of you can escape!”

Then Chris aimed the muzzle at Zach’s lower abdomen, which was not covered by the shield.

Although the shield covered the vital points of his upper body, there would also be extremely serious consequences if his lower abdomen was shot by a gun.

Once the ignorant person in front of him felt pain, he would naturally fall to the ground and curl up into a ball. By then, he would be able to deal with Lucas easily!

Zach watched as Gordon’s index finger pushed against the trigger, slowly sliding it back. His entire body stiffened, and his back was drenched in cold sweat.

At this moment, he had no idea why he had dashed out impulsively, nor did he know whether what he was doing at the moment was right or wrong. All he knew was that he might be on the brink of death now!

The trigger was just about to touch the bottom.

*Bang!*

There was a loud gunshot.

Zach shuddered and shut his eyes tightly. But after waiting for a while, he still didn’t feel any pain coming from anywhere on his body.

*Did... he miss?*

He mustered the courage to open his eyes a little.

He saw Chris in front of him had a wide-open mouth and a shocked expression.

“Ah.”

Lucas chuckled and casually tossed the copper bullet shell he was holding between his index and middle fingers onto the ground.

He then pushed Zach, who was holding the shield, aside and walked straight toward Gordon, one step at a time.

1

At this point, Gordon was more than astounded. His eyes couldn't be any wider as he stared in horror and shock at the small bullet shell Lucas had casually tossed onto the ground.

Someone actually managed to catch the bullet he had shot from his pistol!

Was this something that ordinary people could do?

*Is Lucas Gray even human?!*

Gordon's heart was full of horror as he watched Lucas approach him. He raised his pistol and pulled the trigger again to shoot Lucas.

He didn't believe that Lucas would be able to block another bullet!

But before he could shoot, Lucas's figure abruptly flickered, and he immediately appeared in front of Gordon even though he was more than two meters away a moment ago!

Gordon's pupils suddenly constricted, and before he could even react, he felt an extremely excruciating pain in his wrist!

*Snap!*

The crisp sound of bones being broken filled the air!

“Ah! My hand!” Chris, who had been holding the pistol in his right hand, wailed in misery from Lucas completely ripping off his right hand, exposing his white bone and arteries!

1

Blood instantly gushed out from the torn arteries of his wrist. And in just a few seconds, it stained half of Chris's clothes and half of the bed, soaking it in bright red blood.

"Ah! There's so much blood! Murder! Someone's committing murder!" Cowering on the other side of the bed, Sharon paled as she gaped and screamed in horror after seeing the gruesome and bloody scene in front of her.

"Shut up!" Lucas hollered. Sharon's sharp, ear-piercing shriek immediately ceased.

1

She looked at Lucas with terror written all over her face, and she didn't dare to make a single sound at all. She simply curled up even more, fearing that Lucas would tear off her hand too.

Drenched in sweat and seething and wailing in pain, Chris clenched his jaw and gritted his teeth to stop himself from making another sound after hearing Lucas's holler.

He had lived for decades, but he had never suffered so much misery before!

But Lucas was now in a dominant position, so Chris didn't dare to vent his anger anymore and could only bear with the displeasure.

"Chris Douglas, you wanted to shoot me, and I merely tore off your hand. I'm doing you a favor, aren't I?" Lucas sat down on the couch near the bed and pulled out a few pieces of tissue from the tissue box on the desk next to him. He then slowly wiped away the bloodstain on his hand.

Chris turned as pale as a sheet, and he was shivering incessantly from the immense pain and cold sweat. He was struggling to say, "Lucas... Lucas Gray, what exactly do you want? How... how have I offended you?"

Sitting on the couch, Lucas said indifferently, "I didn't come here for you today. My original intention was to look for this woman. Just over twenty minutes ago, she brought a few of your bodyguards and beat up my father-in-law, causing him to end up in the hospital. I'm just here to demand an explanation from her."

When Chris heard this, he turned to glower at Sharon in fury, wishing he could kill her right now!

Chapter 284: James Wilson Arrives

Chris had been doing very well recently and focusing all his attention on acquiring all of the businesses, properties, and subordinates left behind by Hugo, so he hadn't had the



time to put the blame on Lucas yet. So he had wondered why Lucas had suddenly showed up.

It turned out that he had been implicated by this ugly woman, Sharon!

Earlier, she had called to tell him that she had been bullied while on her way to him and wanted to borrow a few of his bodyguards to help her get revenge. Chris sent his bodyguards over to help without hesitation, but who knew he would end up provoking this demon?!

At this moment, Chris was full of regret and wished he could strangle Sharon to death!

3

If it wasn't for her, his hand wouldn't have been torn off.

If his hand had been severed neatly by a knife, it might still have been able to reconnect to his arm given the current advanced medical technology. But Lucas had forcefully torn off his hand and caused his flesh, blood vessels, and nerves to be badly mangled. How could he not hate Sharon for getting him into this?

Seeing Chris's terrifying expression that seemed to want to devour her, Sharon panicked and was at a complete loss for words.

She didn't expect to end up provoking such a terrifying person after just teaching William Carter a lesson. She hadn't even taken revenge on Karen and Charlotte yet.

*Lucas Gray is just a good-for-nothing live-in son-in-law of the Carters. How dare he barge into Chris's villa and even assault him like this? Chris is the helmsman of the Douglas family! Isn't Lucas Gray afraid that the Douglases will take revenge?*

But regardless of how much she didn't want to believe it, the truth was clearly right in front of her.

"Call James Wilson immediately and tell him to rush here within ten minutes! Otherwise, don't blame me for blowing things up."

After saying this coldly, he said to the dumbfounded Zach beside him, "Go take some photos and videos of the current scene."

"Huh? Oh... okay!" Zach took a long while to react and process the instructions that Lucas gave him. He then frantically pulled out his phone from his pocket to take several photos of Chris and Sharon on the bed. He even recorded a video of the both of them with the sheets wrapped tightly around them.

Sharon was terribly frightened and petrified. If those photos and videos got out, her adulterous affair would become a scandal that everyone knew. Given James's character, he wouldn't let her off the hook for cuckolding him!

From now on, she wouldn't be able to face anyone in Orange County anymore!

Horrified and scared out of her wits, Sharon quickly scrambled out of the bed and kneeled in front of Lucas to beg him miserably with tears and snot all over her face. "Lu-Lucas. I was wrong. It was my fault! Please don't take photos of me. Don't send them to others!"

As she did this, the thin bedsheet she was covering herself with got caught on something and slipped away, revealing a large patch of her fair and chubby flesh.

Sharon was severely obese. Although she used to be a gorgeous woman, which was how she managed to marry James, she was now in her forties and flabby everywhere. She weighed over 100 kilograms, and now that she was kneeling in front of Lucas and begging with tears all over her face, she looked grotesque.

"Get lost!" Lucas shouted gloomily.

Sharon had a great fright. When she saw the disgust and disdain in Zach's and the redhead's eyes, she finally realized that the sheet she had covered herself with had fallen off her body. She hurriedly grabbed the sheet and curled up under it again.

"Call him now," Lucas said indifferently.

With an ashen expression, Sharon dared not disobey Lucas and had no choice but to grab her phone with trembling hands and call James. She then put it on speaker according to Lucas's instructions.

"Hello, Honey... I-I'm now in the Douglasses' villa in the Golden Palm Villa cluster... Could... Could you come over right now?" Sharon stammered in a shaky voice.

"What? What are you doing in the Douglasses' villa?"

Lucas could tell that the impatient voice coming from the other end indeed belonged to James.

With shifty eyes, Sharon couldn't bring herself to tell the truth. She looked up at Lucas pleadingly in hopes that he would change his mind and spare her from having to come clean with James over the phone.

But Lucas didn't waver.

Not to mention the things that Sharon had done before, the fact that she had slapped Cheyenne today and also led those bodyguards to William's place to beat him up to the point of being hospitalized made Lucas decide that he wouldn't let her off.

*Now that she knows that it's shameful, she's begging me for mercy. Why didn't she feel ashamed when she was cheating on her husband with Chris Douglas? Why didn't she think of the consequences when she haughtily confronted William and brought those bodyguards to beat him up?*

Lucas would never have any sympathy for a woman like Sharon.

"Tell him what you and Chris Douglas did today. Every single detail. If you dare to hide the truth and lie about anything, you know what the consequences are," Lucas said with an icy cold expression.

Sharon shuddered, but she could only go all out. While trembling, she said, "Honey, I... I'm having an affair with Chris Douglas, and we... we're naked now. Hurry up and come here immediately!"

Toward the end, Sharon closed her eyes and seemed to be saying her last words with all her might. By the time she finished, her body went limp, and she laid on the bed feebly, drenched in sweat. She had full-face makeup on when she arrived, but it was now smudged by her cold sweat, making her look like a mess.

"What?! You bitch, say it again!" James roared in disbelief. He never thought that his fat wife would have the guts to cheat on him. To make matters worse, her adulterous lover was Chris Douglas!

The more infuriating thing was she even had the gall to call him personally to tell him about her affair with someone else. *Is she provoking me and mocking me?!*

No man could tolerate something like this!

Hearing how enraged James was, Sharon was even more frightened. She shivered in fear and didn't dare to say a single word.

"Bitch, just you wait! I'm going there right now. Damn it!" James hung up furiously.

Although Sharon didn't say the exact address, the Wilsons were also a top family in Orange County, so it was naturally not difficult for him to find out where Chris's villa was.

While Sharon was on the phone, Chris was gritting his teeth and secretly taking out his phone to call the police, the ambulance, or his other subordinates. Whichever was fine because he couldn't hold on for much longer.

“What are you doing?!” Zach was right beside him. When he saw this, he hurriedly snatched the phone away from Chris’s hand.

Chris clenched his jaw and said feebly, “Mr. Gray... Please, can you let me go to the hospital first? I feel... feel like I’m about to die.”

Lucas had ripped off his hand and broken his arteries, thus causing a large amount of blood loss that made Chris turn pale and dizzy.

Lucas glanced at him and knew that Chris wouldn’t die soon. He said indifferently, “Let James Wilson decide if you die or not. Blame it on yourself for sleeping with someone else’s wife.”

As soon as Chris heard this, his face turned even paler.

James was not a good-tempered and tolerant person. He definitely wouldn’t let Chris off!

In fact, if Chris were in James’s place, he definitely wouldn’t forgive the man his wife cheated on him with!

Soon, the sounds of noisy and erratic footsteps came from downstairs, and James’s furious roar came from the hall downstairs. “Sharon Hart, Chris Douglas! You adulterers, get your asses out here!”

#### Chapter 285: Repeat Yourself

After Sharon heard his roar, she shuddered and wished she could stuff herself into the cracks of the bed.

But when she saw Lucas’s intimidating gaze, she could only speak up regardless of how unwilling she was. “I... I’m upstairs!”

Soon, James and several bodyguards rushed aggressively to the door of the room upstairs.

He had bloodshot eyes and anger written all over his face. As soon as he entered the room, he saw his wife wrapped in a thin bedsheet and cowering in the corner of the large bed in the middle of the bedroom. Only her arms were exposed, but anyone could tell that she was naked below the sheet.

The weak and feeble Chris, who was similarly naked, was beside her, but he only had a bath towel covering his lower body. Their clothes were strewn messily all over the ground, and it was obvious what they had been doing just now.

But they weren't the only ones in the room. Lucas and two other people were present as well.

Among them, the most eye-catching one was Lucas, who was sitting leisurely on the couch across the bed, with the two roguish young men beside him.

When James glanced at Lucas, he naturally recognized him.

Previously at the hotel restaurant, he had brought his men with him with the intention to stand up for Sharon. But in the end, Lucas had single-handedly defeated all ten-odd bodyguards as soon as they fought.

Since then, James had been wary and scared of Lucas, whom he had added to his list of people not to be trifled with.

Although he didn't know why Lucas had appeared where his wife and Chris were having an affair, James believed that Lucas was absolutely not one of Sharon's adulterous lovers!

So he merely glanced at Lucas before venting all his anger on the shameless pair of adulterers on the bed.

"Chris Douglas, I've always respected you for being a prestigious figure. And when you succeeded as the head of the Douglas family just a while ago, I even personally went to give you an expensive congratulatory gift. Now, we're also business partners. Is this how you f\*cking treat me? You actually slept with my wife?! Damn it. Can't you get another woman? Or are you deliberately trying to humiliate me? How have I ever offended you?" James cursed furiously with bloodshot eyes while wishing he could strangle Chris dead right on the spot!

Chris naturally didn't know what to say, and he could only muster the energy to say with great difficulty, "James, well... I have nothing to say about this. I've indeed let you down. I'm sorry. I... I will... definitely make it up to you! Even if... even if I have to give you half of my businesses and assets, I will! Now, I just hope you can send me to the hospital as soon as possible... I'm really about to die..."

Only then did James realize that Chris's face was terribly pale and that cold sweat covered his forehead.

He moved his gaze downward, only to finally notice the blood that had gushed out of Chris's badly mangled wrist to stain half of the bedsheets and the hand on it.

The bloody scene made James's pupils constrict. Someone had actually torn Chris's hand off... But he soon felt the thrill of seeing Chris get his just desserts.

“Haha, you deserve this! Chris Douglas, having your hand torn off is what you get for sleeping with my wife! You actually want me to send you to the hospital? No way! Dream on!”

James was not a saint who would send the man who cuckolded him to the hospital to get treated.

He would never do such a lowly thing!

“What are you still standing there for? Beat him up!”

With James’s order, his bodyguards immediately charged toward Chris and hit him as hard as they could.

Having lost too much blood from his torn-off hand, Chris was simply powerless to fight back. To make matters worse, his face was bruised and swollen after getting beaten up by the bodyguards, making him unable to scream or shout.

At this moment, James stormed menacingly toward Sharon, who was trembling at the side. He grabbed her hair, dragged her off the bed, and kicked her hard. “Bitch! Have I ever mistreated you? I provide all your living expenses and put a roof over your head. Yet you dared to fool around with another man! I must beat you to death today!”

Sharon was being kicked so brutally that she kept shrieking, and she suffered several hard slaps that made her face burn with stinging pain. She wept incessantly and begged for mercy, “Honey, I know I was wrong! I won’t dare to do it again! Ah! Please forgive me, Honey!”

After giving Sharon a brutal beating, James finally vented some of his anger.

“Hurry up and put on your clothes, and then come home with me! I’ll deal with you again when we get home!”

No matter what, Sharon was still his woman after all, and it would be too embarrassing to continue hitting her in front of outsiders, as that would reflect badly on James too. He glared at Sharon viciously and thought to himself, *Once we get home, I’ll teach this promiscuous and shameless bitch who had the guts to cuckold me a hard lesson!*

Sharon shuddered and hurriedly put on her clothes. At this point, Chris had already passed out from the severe beating of the bodyguards.

With shaky limbs, Sharon cowered behind James. Suddenly remembering something, she pointed at Lucas. “Honey, he... Lucas Gray got his subordinate to take photos and videos of me... and Chris. What should I do...”

James was once again enraged.

But even though he was so furious that he wished he could strangle Sharon to death on the spot, he had to get those photos and videos from Lucas.

No matter what, Sharon was still his wife. If those indecent and explicit photographic content of her were leaked, Sharon would not be the only one getting humiliated. It would be a huge disgrace to James and his entire Wilson family.

James turned to face Lucas and demanded in displeasure, "Lucas Gray, hand me those photos and videos!"

Because he was burning with rage, he was displeased with everyone now and thus spoke to Lucas in a commanding tone.

Lucas naturally wouldn't give in to James and allow him to talk to him scornfully. He remained seated and said, "James Wilson, why don't you ask me the reason I took those unsightly photos of your wife?"

"I don't care what the reason is. Those photos are of my wife, so you don't have the right to keep them! Hurry up and give them to me. Otherwise, don't blame me for being nasty!" James threatened with great animosity.

Zach immediately stood out and interjected loudly, "James Wilson, watch your tone with Mr. Gray. You didn't even ask about what happened, but you're just demanding that we hand the photos over?"

James glanced disdainfully at the row of ear studs on Zach's ears, as well as the dragon tattoo on his arm, and sneered. "You're just a lowly gangster. Who are you to speak to me? Your owner hasn't even spoken yet, so what are you barking for? Get lost!"

"You!" Zach was so infuriated that he turned beet red.

Before he could say anything, Lucas's figure suddenly flashed like a phantom and arrived in front of James in the blink of an eye.

*Smack!*

He gave James a loud, hard slap on his face.

Lucas narrowed his eyes while James stared at him with shock and disbelief in his eyes.

"Try repeating what you just said."

Chapter 286: Not Allowed To Show Up

After receiving a sudden slap on his face by Lucas, James was naturally incredibly enraged. But when he saw Lucas's cold gaze, he felt as though ice-cold water had been poured over his head, and his anger dissipated a little.

James finally regained some rationality, and he subconsciously recalled the several conflicts that he had had with Lucas, as well as the consequences that he had had to bear after each of them.

During the first dispute they had at Amelia's kindergarten, Lucas kicked him away without mercy. And his subordinate Jordan, who was just as terrifying, managed to beat up James's underlings all by himself. Until now, those underlings had still yet to be discharged from the hospital.

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Later on, during the conflict at the hotel restaurant, Lucas had beat the living daylights out of James's elite bodyguards, whom he had spent a bomb on. Since then, James knew that Lucas was not to be provoked.

But he had forgotten about all of this in a moment of rage just now!

Now, he had also figured out that Lucas must have been the one who tore off Chris's hand into this gruesome state!

A sudden chill surged in James's heart.

For someone who had the ability and was enough fearless to casually rip off the hand of the helmsman of the Douglas family, it probably would be a piece of a cake for him to deal with James!

"Damn it. You must have a death wish!" Seeing James being shamed in public, his bodyguards immediately surrounded Lucas.

"Stop! Get lost!" James hurriedly roared furiously and chased his bodyguards out of the room. *Damn it. I would be in a worse plight if I let these foolish bodyguards get into a fight with Lucas Gray!*

James finally had the time to think carefully about what Lucas had said earlier and figure out why he had kept Sharon's photos and videos... *It must have something to do with this shameless bitch!*

James yanked at Sharon's hair and slapped her face twice. He barked sternly, "Bitch, what exactly did you do to Mr. Gray? Have you provoked him again?"

Sharon screamed in a shrill voice. Her face had long become swollen, and her lips were also bleeding from the beating she got from James. At this point, she was full of fear



and horror, but in the face of James's angry questioning, she dared not hide a single thing.

"I... I ran into his wife and her parents, and we got into a scuffle. I-I was furious, and I couldn't take it lying down, so I looked for Chris and borrowed a few of his bodyguards to go beat up his... father-in-law. His father-in-law passed out, and afterward... I have no clue what happened after that..."

Sharon stammered. James glared at her murderously while she shuddered, and her voice became softer. Toward the end, she was almost inaudible.

"As expected, you're the cause of all of this again, you bitch! I've already warned you several times before not to provoke Mr. Gray and his family again. Why can't you just listen to me?! Are your brains not working?! Damn it. If not for the sake of my son, I would have kicked you out a long time ago!"

James was livid. After berating Sharon, he turned around and apologized to Lucas softly. "Mr. Gray, I didn't expect this bitch to be so unrepentant and actually have the nerve to provoke you and your family. I've clearly given her several warnings, and this matter is a result of my failure to take her in hand. I'm really sorry. I'll pay for all the medical expenses of your injured father-in-law. As for this shameless troublemaker, you can kill her or do whatever you wish!"

James couldn't be any more infuriated with Sharon. He had long fallen out of Sharon, whose weight had gotten out of control and whose family had declined to the point that they were no longer of any help to him. Yet she still went around causing trouble and giving him more problems everywhere. He had long wanted to kick her out.

James's words made Sharon panic. Her family had already declined, and if James divorced her, what could she do for the rest of her life?

Besides, James was even intending to let Lucas deal with her as he pleased. The bloody scene of Lucas ripping off Chris's hand resurfaced in Sharon's mind, causing her to turn ashen.

Overwhelmed with fear, Sharon fell to her knees with a loud thud, no longer caring about her pride and dignity anymore.

Kneeling in front of Lucas, she wept and pleaded for mercy, "Mr. Gray, please spare me! I promise I will never dare to do anything like this again!"

Lucas didn't pay any attention to her and simply said to James, "From now on, I don't want to see this woman in Orange County again."

Taken aback by his answer, James blurted out, "That's all?"

“Do you think I should be harsher?” Lucas asked sneeringly.

“No, no.” James hurriedly shook his head. “Thank you so much for your generosity and magnanimity, Mr. Gray. I promise that this woman will never step foot into this city again, and she will never bother you anymore!”

Then James kicked Sharon with his toes and hollered, “What are you waiting for? Hurry up and thank Mr. Gray for being kind and magnanimous to spare your lowly life!”

At this point, Sharon finally recovered from her shock, and she realized that Lucas didn't intend to give her any unbearable punishment and merely wanted her to never appear in Orange County again. Compared to all the gruesome and brutal scenes she had imagined just now, this was simply better than an amnesty!

“Yes, thank you so much, Mr. Gray. Thank you so much!” Sharon thanked profusely while still kneeling on the ground.

But Lucas no longer had the patience to argue with them. He simply walked out of the door, followed by Zach and the redhead hurriedly chasing after him.

When they headed downstairs and reached the entrance of the villa, they could still hear the noises coming from upstairs.

“You're such a disgraceful bitch! Once we get home, pack up immediately and stay far, far away from Orange County. You're not allowed to step foot here again!”

“Okay, I'll go, I'll go. But... our son is still so young. He...”

“Shut up! Bitch, trust you to have the cheek to bring up our son. Did you remember that you're our son's mother when you were getting intimate with Chris Douglas on this bed? Scram! You're not allowed to see our son again either!”

“Ah!”

...

The redhead pursed his lips. Everything he had seen and experienced alongside Lucas today was a huge eye-opener for him and would always remain as an unforgettable encounter that he would talk about for the rest of his life!

As soon as Lucas stepped out of the villa, his phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Cheyenne.

“Hello, Cheyenne, how's William?” Lucas asked concernedly after answering.

## Chapter 287: Meeting by Chance at the Hospital

Lucas didn't get to see William's injuries for himself. By the time he had arrived at the fifth floor of Block 26 of Golden Garden Estate, William had already been sent to the hospital by Zach's subordinates. He merely heard that William had been beaten up to the point of losing consciousness, so he reckoned that his injuries should be severe.

In fact, William was already in his fifties, so he must have been severely wounded after the harsh beating by the four strong bodyguards. Lucas was worried about him.

"Lucas, Dad woke up just now, and I accompanied him for a checkup in the hospital. He only suffered some abrasions and superficial tissue injuries. Although he still has to remain in the hospital to recuperate for a while, his internal organs and bones are fine. It's a huge blessing!"

There was some relief and joy in Cheyenne's voice, and she was immediately much more relaxed after learning that there was nothing major wrong with William.

God knows how worried she was when they were rushing to the hospital. She had even made mental preparations for the worst-case scenario.

Lucas finally felt relieved. "I've just finished dealing with the matters on my side. I'll go to the hospital to pick you up now and visit William."

"Is everything... okay on your side?" Cheyenne asked with some concern.

Previously, when they were outside William's rented apartment, she had heard that Sharon, James Wilson's wife, who had beaten William up, had gone to the Douglasses' villa. She was now a little worried that Lucas would get into trouble with both the Wilsons and the Douglasses, two of the most powerful families in Orange County. She was also worried that Lucas might go overboard and get into more trouble instead.

Lucas naturally wouldn't tell Cheyenne that he had already torn off Chris's hand. He said to her gently, "Don't worry. It's settled. Everything will be alright. I'll come to the hospital to look for you soon."

After Lucas ended the call, Zach was smart enough to tag along and said subserviently, "Mr. Gray, I'm familiar with the route to that hospital. Why don't I send you there?"

After experiencing everything that happened just now, Zach was already in awe of Lucas.

When Lucas slapped James just for cursing at Zach, Zach felt especially touched, and he even made up his mind that he would stay by Lucas's side and work for him.

Seeing this, Lucas smiled and tossed his car key over to him.

Zach caught the key gleefully and immediately opened the doors of the Jaguar. After respectfully asking Lucas to enter, he walked to the driver's seat and fastened his seatbelt.

He yelled at the redhead outside the car. "Go wait for me at the cyber cafe!"

Then he stepped on the gas pedal and drove off with Lucas.

Zach was quite a good driver, and they soon arrived at the entrance of Orange Coast Medical Center.

After Lucas alighted, he called Cheyenne and said, "I'm here. Which ward are you and William in?"

"We're at Ward No. 15 on the ninth floor of the inpatient wing. Take the elevator up and walk all the way toward the left," Cheyenne answered briefly.

"Okay, got it."

After hanging up, Lucas walked toward the inpatient wing next to the outpatient wing of the hospital. Soon, he boarded the elevator to the ninth floor and found William's ward.

In the ward, William was lying on a bed clad in a blue and white patient's gown with his head wrapped in bandages. There were plasters and dressings on the various abrasions on his body, and the exposed skin of his body was bruised and swollen. He seemed to be in a miserable state.

Fortunately, William was quite energetic. When he saw Lucas enter with a bag of fruits and supplements in hand, he couldn't help saying with some heartache, "You're already taking time out of your busy schedule to visit me. You didn't have to buy me anything. I've only suffered some abrasions. There's no need for these health supplements."

William's speech was a little slow now, and his voice was very nasally too, probably because he had taken several painful punches to his nose.

Lucas put the fruits and health supplements on the bedside cabinet and said with a smile, "These things aren't expensive anyway. You're injured, so you should take more supplements to nourish your body so that you can recover sooner."

As Lucas approached William, he carefully scrutinized William's complexion and wounds. After seeing that there was indeed no major problem, he finally felt relieved.

William smiled bitterly. "Before you came, I told Cheyenne to hurry back to work and not end up disrupting her work for me."

Lucas smiled. "William, don't worry about it. You're already injured. As your daughter and son-in-law, we should come here and take care of you. Family comes first. Besides, this isn't taking up much time anyway."

Cheyenne also smiled. "Exactly. I've said it several times before, but Dad keeps wanting to chase me away."

"I... I'm just worried that I might hold you up!" William said awkwardly.

Cheyenne peeled an apple and a banana and cut them and a watermelon into smaller pieces to make a simple fruit salad for William. She then fed it to him using a toothpick.

They chatted for a while, and during the conversation, William asked about Sharon and the men she had brought over to beat him up.

In front of Cheyenne, Lucas chose not to mention that Sharon and Chris had cheated on James Wilson with each other. Instead, he briefly said that he had found Sharon's husband, James, and told him to take his wife in hand, as well as the fact that James had chased Sharon out of Orange County.

"In short, you no longer have to worry about that malicious wench in the future anymore," Lucas said.

"Well then... Will the Wilsons take it out on you?" asked William, who had the same thoughts as Cheyenne.

"No, they wouldn't dare to come after me," Lucas said indifferently, his tone full of confidence and certainty.

Hearing this, William stopped asking questions. And deep down, he was even more satisfied with his son-in-law.

Cheyenne should be safe with a husband that even the Wilsons didn't dare to provoke.

At noon, Charlotte also received the news and rushed to the hospital to see William. After William had lunch, he felt extremely uncomfortable, as if he had turned into a soft and feeble porcelain doll.

He racked his brains to think of a solution. But in the end, he sulked, and his daughters finally agreed to go to work and head back to the office.

But he couldn't chase Lucas away.

"William, I have nothing to do this afternoon, so I'll stay at the hospital to chat with you. If you want to rest now, I'll take a walk around the hospital. If there's anything, give me a call, and I'll rush over immediately," Lucas said insistently.

First, he indeed didn't have anything important to do in the afternoon, and second, when Cheyenne just left, she was still particularly worried about William's condition. So Lucas decided to stay here so that he could tell her about William's condition from time to time in order to put her at ease.

William couldn't convince Lucas, so he could only agree.

Soon, he fell asleep on the bed.

Seeing this, Lucas simply walked around the inpatient wing of the hospital.

When he passed by one of the wards, he suddenly heard a voice that sounded somewhat familiar.

"Dr. Jones, you must save my mother. I'll try my best to get enough money for her medical bills as soon as possible. Please don't terminate her treatment!"

Lucas stopped and turned to look over curiously, only to see a familiar face facing a doctor in a white coat and pleading with him miserably.

#### Chapter 288: Donation to the Hospital

The doctor in the white coat seemed to be in a difficult spot too. After hesitating for a while, she said, "Miss Keller, I understand the situation that you're in, but your mother's illness requires a long period of time and a lot of medication to treat. I can only say that I will try my best to help you and find a way to help your mother apply for some financial aid to reduce the pressure on you."

Miss Keller nodded and thanked the doctor. "Thank you so much, Dr. Jones!"

Dr. Jones smiled. "It's my duty." Then she said some comforting words to Miss Keller and left.

Lucas was a little surprised because the familiar-looking Miss Keller in front of him now was none other than Grace Keller, whom Lucas had once met previously.

Just about a month ago, Scarlet had tricked Amelia into leaving the kindergarten with her for the sake of taking revenge on Lucas. Amelia had then been brought to Logan Hale's villa, where there was another young woman whom Logan had abducted. She was none other than Grace.

In those few hours that Amelia was held in the villa, Grace took great care of her. And for the sake of protecting Amelia, Grace even gave in to Logan's despicable request. If

Lucas hadn't arrived in the nick of time, Grace might have really been violated by Logan.

When they returned home from Logan's villa, Amelia also sang praises about the gentle and beautiful Grace. So Lucas had been very grateful to Grace, who was willing to sacrifice her chastity in order to protect his daughter, Amelia.

For this reason, Lucas even specially gave Grace his business card and told her that she could seek help from him if she ever encountered any difficulties in the future.

However, it seemed that Grace was indeed encountering some difficulties, but she didn't call him to ask for help.

After thinking about it, Lucas didn't go up to greet Grace or ask about her situation but instead followed behind Dr. Jones to the entrance of an office.

"Hello, Dr. Jones," Lucas greeted at the door.

Dr. Jones turned around and sized up Lucas before pushing her glasses up her nose bridge and asking in puzzlement, "Who are you?"

Lucas answered politely, "Dr. Jones, I'm a friend of Grace Keller. I overheard you talking to her just now. May I ask if Grace's mother is suffering from some serious illness?"

Having a hunch that Lucas was an upright person because of the look in his eyes, and coupled with the fact that Lucas managed to say Grace's name, Dr. Jones no longer doubted his identity. She sighed, pointed to a chair in the office, and asked Lucas to have a seat so they could talk.

Dr. Jones was a kind-looking female doctor in her late forties whose hair was graying a little.

After sitting down on the chair in front of her desk, she said, "Since you are Grace's friend, I'll be frank with you. Her mother has developed kidney failure due to excessive labor that has put a strain on her body. She needs a large amount of medication and dialysis for her condition to improve slowly. She is prone to developing uremia or even acute kidney failure, so her condition is not very optimistic.

"The best treatment for patients like her is a kidney transplant. However, it's difficult to find a suitable donor, and the costs of treatment are extremely high as well. I'm afraid Miss Keller can't afford it at all."

When Lucas heard the words 'kidney failure', his entire body stiffened.

Six years ago, his mother had developed kidney failure precisely because of years of excessive labor and fatigue. She had only visited the hospital when her illness put her in

a life-threatening situation several times. But by the time she was diagnosed, her illness had already developed to a critical stage.

At that time, Lucas was just a fresh graduate who didn't have enough money for his mother's treatment. Out of desperation, he had no choice but to go all out and seek help from the Huttons, only to receive their mockery and scoldings.

Later on, while he was working hard to earn money for his mother's medical expenses, he somehow got involved in that scandal with Cheyenne, causing him to become the live-in son-in-law of the Carters. In the end, he swallowed his pride and borrowed 50,000 dollars from William to save his mother.

Unfortunately, by the time he rushed to the hospital, it was already too late. His mother had lost the fight to her illness.

This would forever be an agonizing memory for Lucas.

Now, he could easily afford the tens of thousands, but his mother would never come back to life.

A tinge of sorrow and misery appeared in Lucas's eyes.

He suddenly said, "Dr. Jones, I would like to donate fifteen million dollars to the hospital specifically to support treatment for patients diagnosed with kidney failure. What are the procedures that I have to go through to make the donation?"

Dr. Jones sprung up from her chair immediately and asked in disbelief, "What did you say? You want to donate fifteen million dollars to the hospital to support treatment for patients diagnosed with kidney failure?"

Lucas nodded solemnly.

Lucas wasn't short of this 15 million dollars now. But he knew very well how much pain people would be in after developing kidney failure, as well as how much pressure would be put on the family members of patients with kidney failure.

If he had been able to receive such financial help when his mother was ill, she would probably have survived.

But it was impossible to turn back time. If his donation could help more patients with kidney failure, he would feel much more relieved and heartened. He was certain that his late mother would definitely support his decision too.

After confirming that Lucas wasn't joking, Dr. Jones was exhilarated. She immediately took Lucas to the director's office to let them discuss this matter personally.



Fifteen million dollars was an enormous donation!

The elderly director of the hospital was extremely excited as well. He grabbed Lucas's hand and praised him incessantly.

They were doctors whose duties were to save lives and treat the injured, so none of them were willing to watch their patients pass away due to their inability to pay for treatment. But the treatment of some diseases truly required a large sum of money, medication, and equipment. So sometimes, they really had no choice but to watch sadly as those patients passed away.

But now that Lucas was going to donate 15 million dollars, there would be hope for many patients suffering from kidney failure but couldn't afford treatment!

Soon, the director called some people to his office for a brief conference to talk about Lucas's donation. It was stipulated clearly that a special kidney failure foundation would be established and that the 15 million dollars Lucas was going to donate would be used to help those suffering from kidney failure and facing financial difficulties.

The director also invited Lucas to be the person in charge of the foundation, thus giving him the right to audit and supervise the usage of the funds.

Lucas didn't want to interfere with the operation of the foundation, so he declined the offer. Instead, he made a small request. "I just want the money to be used for each and every person who needs help, and I also hope that the hospital will keep my donation confidential and not mention it to anyone."

#### Chapter 289: Pestering and Threatening

Both Dr. Jones and the director were quite surprised by Lucas's request.

In fact, in this society, there are many philanthropists who often did charity work and established all kinds of medical foundations. But most of them wanted the world to know about their kind deeds, and there were even quite a few foundations named after the donor.

It was their first time meeting a donor like Lucas, whose only request after donating such a large sum of money was for his identity to be kept secret.

Although such a request was rare, it wouldn't affect anything, so the director naturally happily agreed to it.

After signing the donation agreement, Lucas quickly transferred 15 million dollars to the account number provided by the hospital.

After doing this, Lucas heaved a long sigh of relief and seemed to have suddenly felt a little less guilty toward his mother.

But when he thought of his mother, Lucas was inevitably reminded of the Huttons, who were far away in DC. A strong sense of hatred and resentment surged from the bottom of his heart.

No matter how much time had passed, Lucas would forever remember how cold and ruthless the Huttons were to him at the time.

If they were just strangers who stood by and left him in the lurch, Lucas wouldn't hate them. But the Huttons had snatched the Stardust Corporation away from his mother and even drove them to Orange County. They had even suppressed his mother and made things hard for her whenever they could.

As a result, his mother had no choice but to resort to doing hard labor to make ends meet, which put a great strain on her body and eventually caused her to develop kidney failure. Without enough money for her treatment, she passed away.

Thus, the cause of all the problems was the Huttons!

Lucas had decided that he would one day return to the Huttons and make them pay for everything they had done!

Right after Lucas left the director's office and was about to head back to William's ward to check on him, he suddenly heard some people talking, and they happened to mention Grace's name.

"Grace, regarding the matter I talked to you about previously, what's your decision?"

"I... I'm actually very sincere about this, and I'm sure you know that I've been carrying a torch for you for a long time. As long as you agree to be my girlfriend, I promise I'll pay for your mother's treatment and provide the best conditions for her. I can even help find a suitable donor for her and cover the expenses of her kidney transplant surgery! How does that sound?"

"Why are you still hesitating? You know very well that your mother's condition is deteriorating every day. And if you keep on delaying, it might be too late for regrets by then! Think this over carefully!"

Lucas immediately frowned.

The person who spoke was a man who sounded relatively young but somewhat frivolous. Besides, he was obviously trying to take advantage of Grace's plight of her seriously ill mother to coerce her into becoming his girlfriend.

His last sentence, in particular, obviously sounded like a threat.

A few seconds later, Grace said with some fatigue in her voice, "Liam, I told you a long time ago that it's impossible between us. We can only remain as ordinary friends. If you can help me and my mother today, I will be very grateful to you, and I'll try my best to return the money to you as soon as possible. But if you're here just to say these things to me, I'm very sorry, but I will not agree to it. I have to go see my mother now. Goodbye."

Then Grace turned around to leave.

"Wait a minute!" Liam Wallace grabbed Grace's hand and questioned loudly, "Why? Why do you reject me time and time again? What do you mean we're not suitable for each other? That's just your excuse! You've never tried dating me, so how are you so sure that we're not suitable for each other? I'm at least the scion of the Wallaces and have a high status and great wealth. Is there any reason I'm not good enough for you?"

Feeling speechless, Grace struggled hard to break away from Liam and frowned. "Just as you said, you are the scion of the Wallaces, while I'm just a girl from a poor family. Our upbringing and values are different, so of course we're not compatible with each other! Putting aside the other reasons, do you think you can marry me?"

"This..." Liam was immediately at a loss for words.

He wanted to woo Grace and make her his girlfriend only because he thought she was pretty. He never thought of marrying her before because it was simply impossible.

His status was far superior to Grace's, and his parents would never allow him to marry a helpless woman from a poor family like Grace.

Seeing this, Grace said with a derisive gaze, "See, your identity as the scion of a rich family is precisely the reason you can get together with just any woman you like. All you want is to toy with them, not a serious relationship. But I'm different from you. I want a partner who genuinely loves me and will spend the rest of his life with me. Mr. Wallace, we're not the same, so you'd better look for someone else!"

Grace was very clear about the situation she was in, and she knew that a scion like Liam was just a playboy who wasn't serious about his romantic relationships. She knew that he just wanted to toy with her because she was pretty, and he was even willing to spend some money to help her pay for her mother's treatment in order to court her.

But if Grace gave in, what would become of her? Someone who would be willing to become a man's plaything for a small sum of money? Her pride and upbringing would never allow her to do such a thing!

If her mother knew that Grace had used such a method to get money to save her life, she would rather die than agree to it!

Liam hurriedly said, "I didn't say I wouldn't marry you. Who said I'm just going to toy with you? I really adore you. Otherwise, I wouldn't have courted you for such a long time, would I? I may be a wealthy scion, but I also have the right to pursue love! I'm not like those playboys who are just out to have fun! Grace, as long as you become my woman, I guarantee that I will make you the happiest you've ever been for the rest of your life!"

But Grace didn't believe Liam's frivolous sweet talk.

She was not a naive and childish young girl who would believe in fairytales such as Cinderella and Prince Charming. Besides, Liam was far from being a prince. He was just a rich second-generation heir who had a terrible personality and a penchant for toying with women.

In the two weeks that Logan had locked her up in his villa, he had also said countless similar things to Grace. So Grace had long seen through the tricks that these rich playboys would use to cheat women out of their feelings, which she absolutely loathed and found repulsive.

"You don't have to say anything further. I won't change my mind. Please don't pester me again." Then Grace turned around to leave.

Behind her, Liam's face became hostile and menacing as he narrowed his eyes and revealed his true colors. He blatantly threatened, "Grace Keller, seems like you want to do this the hard way! Having a suitor like me is the greatest honor of your life, so you'd better not push your limits! No woman I fancy has ever been able to escape my hands!

"I'm telling you, you have to agree to be my girlfriend today, or I'll make a call, and your sick mother will be thrown out of this hospital immediately! None of the other hospitals in this city will dare to admit your mother either! If you choose to reject me again, be prepared to watch your mother die in front of you!"

"How dare you?!"

Liam's shameless words put Grace on the verge of tears, but she was also panic-stricken. She knew that with Liam's status as the scion of the Wallaces, he was indeed capable of doing this.

"Hah, you'll see if I dare to do it or not!" Liam threatened with a smirk.

Unable to tolerate it any longer, Lucas walked out from the corridor beside the stairwell, stood beside Grace, and stared at Liam sneeringly. "How despicable of you to be threatening a girl with her mother's life!"

Lucas's sudden appearance surprised both of them, who were in the stairwell.

Grace turned around and immediately recognized Lucas. "It's you!"

There was a trace of surprise in her gaze.

Since the time Lucas had saved her from the villa that Logan had locked her up in, she had been especially grateful to him. If Lucas hadn't arrived in time that day, she would have been reduced to being Logan's plaything.

Lucas smiled and greeted Grace, "It's been some time since we've met."

It had been a month since Lucas last saw Grace, and she looked about the same as before. Just like the previous time, she was similarly dressed in a simple outfit with her long and silky hair tied into a casual ponytail behind her head. She was barefaced but still as stunningly gorgeous as ever.

But compared to the last time they met, Grace seemed to have lost a significant amount of weight, and she now had dark under-eye circles. Clearly, she had been very stressed out by her mother's condition lately.

After watching their interaction, Liam immediately narrowed his eyes and glared at Lucas antagonistically. He questioned with great displeasure, "Grace, who is this person to you?"

Grace turned sullen and retorted hostilely, "What does that have to do with you?"

Liam glared at Lucas and then said to Grace, "Of course it has something to do with me! You're the woman I fancy, so you're not allowed to have anything to do with any one of the opposite sex! Do you hear me?"

Grace almost laughed after hearing Liam's ridiculous words.

She said seriously, "Liam Wallace, I already told you that there's nothing between us. I'm not your woman, and my affairs are none of your concern! Did you hear me clearly?"

Liam spat on the ground and roared, "Bullshit! I said I adore you, so you're mine now, and you can't go anywhere else! Tell me, are you in love with this pretty boy? You rejected me time and time again because you're fond of him, and you two have long been having an affair, haven't you?!"

Liam's logic was truly strange and nonsensical. He was the scion of the Wallace family and had always gotten whatever he wanted, so many of his former girlfriends had either been after his money or had agreed to date him out of fear of his power. In short, none of them had rejected him, and even if a few of them had turned him down at first, they were just playing hard to get.

Grace was the only one who had outrightly rejected him so adamantly!

Liam would never be willing to believe that he just wasn't charming enough to win Grace's heart, especially since Lucas, who had just appeared, was obviously someone she knew. So he immediately attributed the reason for the rejection to Lucas.

Grace had always abhorred Liam, who had started pestering her insistently after meeting her once somewhere. Tried as she might, she couldn't get him to leave her alone.

After hearing what Liam said, Grace wanted to lash out at him immediately, but she suddenly thought of something that made her change her mind.

She took a step to the side and suddenly reached out to hold onto Lucas's arm tightly while smiling at him beautifully. She then turned to look at Liam. "Liam Wallace, since you already know, I'll be frank with you. Yes, I like Lucas, and we became an item a long time ago! So I hope you'll stop pestering me."

Lucas froze for a moment and subconsciously felt an urge to retract his arm. But after catching the hint in Grace's pleading gaze, he understood that she was just trying to use him as a shield to fend off Liam, who kept pestering her.

After figuring this out, Lucas played along and stood still, allowing Grace to hold his arm while he smiled.

But Lucas's smile was an eyesore to Liam, who immediately became enraged.

Liam hollered, "Grace Keller! You're indeed a bitch! So much for thinking that you're a virtuous woman with a clean background! How dare you hug another man in front of me now? You don't take me seriously at all, do you? Aren't you scared that I'll throw your mother out of this hospital in anger?"

Lucas frowned. "You'd better watch your words. Also, Grace's mother is a patient, and she's rightfully undergoing treatment here. You don't have the right to throw her out at all."

"Hmph, who are you to lecture me? If I demand that the hospital throw her out, they won't dare to disobey me! If you don't believe me, just give it a try now!" Liam pointed his finger at Lucas with an arrogant and menacing expression.

Lucas sneered. "Hah, you're just a wastrel who sponges off your family and throws your weight around because of your family's power. I suggest you stop putting on airs in front of me now, or else you won't be able to afford to bear the consequences."

"Damn it. How dare you insult me, you bastard?!"

Being threatened and called a wastrel was something that the arrogant Liam, who had always had a sense of superiority, obviously couldn't tolerate at all.

He shouted in fury, clenched his fist, and swung it at Lucas's face.

"Ah! Watch out!" Grace immediately shrieked in horror when she saw the ruthless expression on Liam's face.

But Lucas would never take a small fry like Liam seriously. All it took for Liam to fall backward was a single kick from Lucas.

"Ah!"

But he fell right into an unfavorable spot by the edge of the stairs. He tried to prop himself up from the ground using his arms, but he failed to do so and lost his balance immediately. Then he rolled down the stairs while shrieking in pain.

Liam was in a terrible plight. His face became bruised and swollen after rolling down more than ten steps of the staircase, all the way to the bottom of the flight of stairs. He couldn't get back on his feet for a long time.

Grace looked down worriedly and began to panic. "Oh dear! He's had a really bad fall, so he'll definitely hold a grudge against you. He won't let you off! He's one of the Wallaces! Lucas... run quickly! He doesn't know your name and identity yet, so he definitely won't be able to find you!"

She hurriedly pushed Lucas's arm to urge him to run faster.

At this moment, Grace's heart was also full of regret. She merely wanted to use Lucas as a shield to make Liam back off after knowing that she had a boyfriend. But she never intended for Lucas to get into a feud with Liam!

The Wallaces were a powerful family on par with the Sawyers, the Hales, and the Taylors!

If Lucas really offended a Wallace because of her, the powerful Wallaces would definitely not let him off the hook. She would be a great sinner then!

But Lucas smiled and comforted her. "Don't worry. The Wallaces aren't significant enough to harm me."

Chapter 291: Cheyenne Gets The Wrong Idea

Seeing how confident and unfazed Lucas was, Grace froze for a moment. But then she suddenly remembered that Lucas's subordinate, Jordan, had managed to break Logan's legs and drag him out of the villa like a dead dog. He had managed to do so even though Logan's family was one of the four most powerful families in the county.

Since then, she hadn't heard any news of the Hales going to confront Lucas, who was now standing right in front of her, alive and well. This just went to show that the Hales hadn't exacted revenge on Lucas.

In that case, Lucas was really fearless of the Hales and the other three most powerful families!

*Who exactly is Lucas Gray...* Grace suddenly became engrossed in her thoughts and froze right on the spot.

Lucas gently patted her shoulder and said, "Let's go."

He stopped paying attention to Liam, who was still lying in the corner of the stairwell and wailing in pain, and turned around to leave.

"Uh, wait for me!" Grace snapped back to her senses and immediately chased after Lucas.

"I'm so sorry for what just happened. I-I didn't mean to use you as a shield. I just... Liam Wallace keeps pestering me, and I can't get rid of him no matter what I do. That's why I resorted to that method. I'm really sorry!" Grace hung her head low with an extremely apologetic expression.

Lucas shook his head and laughed. "It's alright. It's just a trivial matter. Don't worry too much about it. Speaking of which, I still have to thank you for going out of your way to protect my daughter, Amelia, at Logan Hale's villa the other day. I've been wanting to thank you properly."

Grace blushed. "Don't say that. I actually didn't even help much, and I have you to thank for rescuing me in time. Otherwise, I would have been doomed. Today, you've helped me once again. I really don't know what to say."

Lucas burst into laughter and said, "We should stop being so polite with each other. By the way, I heard Liam Wallace mention that your mother is ill. What happened to her?"

Although he had already inquired about Grace's mother's condition from Dr. Jones, he naturally couldn't tell her the truth.

At the mention of her mother's condition, Grace immediately seemed worried. "My mother developed kidney failure because of over-exhaustion, and she's currently



undergoing treatment here. The doctor said that it'd be difficult to continue with the subsequent treatments if I don't have enough money to cover her medical expenses."

"So that's why that scoundrel tried to take advantage of the situation by threatening you with your mother's condition and forcing you to be his girlfriend, right?"

"Well... yes."

Lucas sighed. "Didn't I give you my business card the other day and told you to come look for me should you ever need help with any difficulties? Why didn't you call me?"

Grace lowered her head in embarrassment. "After all, the medical expenses for my mother's condition are really high, and you and I have only met once... I... I couldn't bring myself to ask you for money..."

In Grace's opinion, asking to borrow money from someone was an extremely difficult task, especially since they weren't blood-related. They had merely gotten acquainted after a brief encounter during an incident. Besides, she wasn't clear about Lucas's financial situation and naturally wouldn't ask someone she had only met once for a loan out of the blue.

Her mindset might seem silly to others, but Lucas could tell from her thinking and actions that she was a kindhearted and down-to-earth girl.

"There's no need to be so formal with me. I gave you my business card precisely because I was hoping that I could give you help when you needed some. Don't think too much about it. Oh, by the way, I heard some good news from Dr. Jones. Someone has donated a large sum of money to the hospital specifically to help patients who suffer from kidney failure. I reckon that you'll no longer have to worry about your mother's medical expenses soon," Lucas said with a smile.

"Really?" Grace's eyes lit up, and she was so excited that she grabbed both of Lucas's hands and asked again, "Is that true? Are you really not lying to me to make me happy?"

Seeing Grace overjoyed and excited but still a little apprehensive as she tried to confirm it with him, Lucas felt extremely emotional.

Back then, he had been in the exact same predicament as Grace. He had also gone around trying to borrow money from others with a glimmer of hope within him. Although his efforts were futile most of the time, he occasionally met some kind people who agreed to lend him some money. After each successful attempt, he would be extremely grateful but also in disbelief, for fear that he was just dreaming.

Now, he was finally able to help someone subjected to adverse circumstances and show her some kindness.

“Of course it’s true. Why would I lie to you?” Lucas smiled.

“Lucas, you... you guys!” A familiar voice sounded from a spot near him, and it was also full of disbelief and some shock and anger.

Lucas turned around abruptly, only to meet Cheyenne’s eyes that were full of astonishment and fury.

She was carrying a bag of things and had obviously just arrived at the hospital. She was now glaring at him and his hands furiously.

Only then did Lucas realize that Grace had unknowingly grabbed his hands out of excitement, and Cheyenne happened to see it!

Grace turned her head to the side to look at Cheyenne before looking down and realizing that she was still holding Lucas’s hands tightly. She cried softly, quickly let go of his hands, and stepped back to move away from Lucas.

But in Cheyenne’s opinion, Grace was just trying to cover up something, which made her even more furious. Fuming with anger, she turned around to leave.

Knowing that Cheyenne must have misunderstood, Lucas hurriedly ran after her and grabbed her arm. “Cheyenne, listen to my explanation. This is all a misunderstanding!”

“What misunderstanding? You two are already holding hands, and you even promised her that you didn’t lie to her. I saw and heard everything with my own eyes and ears. What else do you have to say?”

Then Cheyenne shrugged his hand off forcefully and dashed forward.

“Cheyenne, listen to me. We’re really not...”

“Shut up! I don’t want to talk to you right now! Don’t follow me!” After lashing out at Lucas, Cheyenne ran toward William’s ward while feeling extremely aggrieved and bursting into tears.

Lucas immediately felt vexed.

It was the first time in his life that he had caused such an awkward misunderstanding that left him at a loss for what to do.

He wanted to catch up to Cheyenne and explain to her, but she had already dashed into William’s ward. So if he went after her now, he would definitely disturb William from resting. Besides, now that Cheyenne was piqued, she might not even listen to his explanation.

“Ahhhh!” Feeling helpless, Lucas could only let out a long sigh. He was the respectable leader of the Falcon Regiment, who could kill thousands of enemies without batting an eyelid. But now that he had encountered such a matter, he was completely powerless and at a loss.

## Chapter 292: Yet Another Misunderstanding

1

“Lucas, is that lady... Amelia’s mother?” Grace didn’t know Cheyenne, but she made this guess based on Cheyenne’s reaction after seeing the both of them just now.

Lucas nodded. “Yes.”

“Uh, I’m sorry! It’s all my fault. I was so excited just now that I got carried away and grabbed your hands without realizing it. I caused her to get the wrong idea about us!” Feeling extremely guilty, Grace hurriedly tried to find a way to make things better. “Why don’t I go over and explain it to her?”

Lucas hurriedly shook his head. “It’s alright. You didn’t mean to do it anyway. Besides, you might make the situation even more complicated if you go over. Once she calms down later, I’ll go explain everything to her.”

“Um... okay then. I’m really so sorry!” Grace exclaimed, still overwhelmed with guilt.

“Mr. Gray... Ah, Miss Keller, you’re here too!” At this moment, Dr. Jones walked over from the corridor near them. She had seen Lucas from afar and so decided to come over to say hello.

“Hello, Dr. Jones!” As soon as Grace saw Dr. Jones, she immediately remembered the good news that Lucas had told her earlier. She quickly asked, “Dr. Jones, Lucas told me just now that a kind soul has donated to the hospital to provide free medical aid to patients suffering from kidney failure. Is it true?”

Grace’s eyes were full of eagerness and expectation, mixed with a tinge of vulnerable disbelief, for fear that she would hear some bad news from Dr. Jones.

Dr. Jones glanced at Lucas, well aware that he hadn’t told Grace that he was the donor even though he had told her about the donation. She naturally wouldn’t spill the beans and merely nodded with a smile. “Yes, Miss Keller, I came here especially to deliver the good news to you. That Samaritan donated fifteen million dollars to our hospital specifically to provide financial aid for patients who need treatment for kidney failure. You’ll no longer have to worry about the medical expenses for the treatment of your mother’s illness!”

Tears of joy welled up in Grace's eyes. She was so agitated that she was at a loss for words. "Thank you, thank you, Dr. Jones! I'm so grateful to the hospital and to that Samaritan! I'm so glad my mother can receive treatment soon!"

Tears of gratification streamed down Grace's cheeks. She felt as though a boulder had finally been lifted off her chest after a long time.

Dr. Jones looked at Grace's excited expression with some empathy. As a doctor, she could understand the emotions of the family members of her patients.

After a long time, Grace finally realized that she had been overly agitated and lost her composure. She quickly wiped her tears off her face with her hand and said embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, Dr. Jones. I was just too excited. But I still want to ask you about that Samaritan. Who is he? What is his name? I'd like to thank him in person!"

Dr. Jones subtly glanced at Lucas, who was standing beside Grace, and coughed twice before saying, "Miss Keller, I'm afraid I can't agree to your request. That kind-hearted Samaritan has opted to donate anonymously and specifically instructed us not to disclose his personal information. I reckon he just wants to do some charity while keeping a low profile so that others won't pay attention to him. So, I'm sorry, Miss Keller."

There was some disappointment in Grace's eyes. But she thought that since the Samaritan had specifically instructed the hospital to keep his identity a secret, she reckoned that he probably didn't want to be disturbed.

There was nothing Grace could do about that.

Dr. Jones looked at Lucas and Grace, who were standing side by side and exchanging glances. She found them particularly compatible with each other, especially since Lucas was handsome and tall while Grace was gorgeous.

Recalling that Lucas had donated 15 million dollars to the hospital to help Grace with the treatment of her mother's illness, Dr. Jones had a hunch that she discovered something. "Grace, he must be your boyfriend, right? You two are both so good-looking. You're really a match made in heaven! When are you getting married? Remember to invite me to your wedding."

Dr. Jones was in her fifties, and her children were also at marriageable age, so she usually liked encouraging young couples to get married.

Grace blushed and quickly clarified, "Dr. Jones, we're just ordinary friends. It's not what you think!"

Thinking that Grace was just being shy, she immediately looked at her as if to say, 'It's okay, I understand.' She chuckled and said, "Okay, okay, I get it. I hope your

relationship blossoms. Remember to inform me when you've settled on a date to get married!"

With that, she left smilingly with a folder of medical records in hand and headed to the wards downstairs to do her rounds.

Grace was shy and panicky, but she couldn't rush forward to chase after Dr. Jones and explain it to her. She blushed in embarrassment.

She raised her head to look at Lucas, and for some reason, she suddenly felt her face getting warmer.

Lucas could tell how awkward Grace was feeling, so he changed the topic. "Let's go visit your mother. You can also inform her about the good news so that she can relax and recuperate well."

Grace immediately nodded and led Lucas to her mother's ward.

Grace's mother was also in her fifties. But now that she was wearing a hospital gown and lying on the white hospital bed, she looked even more haggard and aged, seeming frail and feeble.

"Mom, I'm here to see you. This is my friend, Lucas," Grace said gently as she sat by the bed.

Grace's mother immediately opened her eyes and looked at Lucas.

"Ma'am, how are you doing?" Lucas greeted.

Grace's mother smiled gently and said softly, "Hello, Lucas. Have a seat!"

Grace took out a small stool from under the bed, put it next to Lucas, and asked him to sit down. Then she poured her mother a glass of warm water and placed it at the bedside table.

"Mom, I have a piece of good news for you! Dr. Jones told me just now that a Samaritan donated a large sum of money to the hospital today specifically to provide financial aid for patients diagnosed with kidney failure! That means you no longer have to worry about the expenses of your treatment!" Grace announced the wonderful news to her mother gleefully.

"What? Is... is this true?" Grace's mother began to get agitated.

"It's true! Dr. Jones told me personally. The hospital staff will probably come over to help us with the administrative procedures soon!"

“Wonderful! Grace, you can finally feel less pressured! You no longer have to go around borrowing money or worrying about my medical expenses! Thank God for that Samaritan!”

“Yeah!”

...

Extremely elated and excited, Grace and her mother hugged each other while laughing and crying.

Watching the touching scene in front of him, Lucas had mixed emotions that he couldn't put into words.

After the two of them got a grip on themselves, Grace's mother appeared to be in a better mood.

Lucas was just about to bid them farewell and take his leave, but Grace's mother suddenly pulled him to stop him. She asked smilingly, “Lucas, where are you from?”

“I was born and bred in Orange County,” Lucas answered with a smile.

“How old are you this year?”

“I'm turning twenty-eight.”

“Oh, you're a few years older than Grace. You're not getting any younger. It's time to get married soon. Lucas, who else do you have in your family? Are they all in Orange County?”

“...”

Only then did Lucas realize that Grace's mother had also mistakenly thought that he was her boyfriend.

He was suddenly caught between laughter and tears.

Chapter 293: Consecutive Slaps

At the side, Grace finally reacted at this moment. She was ashamed and hurriedly grabbed her mother's hand to stop her from constantly probing about Lucas's background. “Mom, stop asking Lucas such questions! What are you doing?”

Grace's mother looked at Lucas with great satisfaction and then turned to look at her blushing daughter. She whispered smilingly, "I'm just concerned about you. When did you two start dating? Why didn't you tell me?"

Grace felt even more embarrassed.

The ward was only that big. Although Grace's mother spoke as softly as she could, she was certain that Lucas must have heard everything!

"Mom, don't spout nonsense. Lucas is just an ordinary friend. He's already married and has a lovely five-year-old daughter!"

"Huh? Lucas is already married?" Grace's mother said with a look of extreme disappointment. *What a fine young man. Why is he already married? How wonderful would it be if he could become my son-in-law!*

Lucas couldn't sit any longer and hurriedly got up to leave. "Ma'am, rest well. I gotta get going."

Only after walking Lucas to the corridor outside did Grace finally stop blushing. She said embarrassedly, "Sorry, my mother is just like that. She's always worried that I'll be left on the shelf, so don't take it to heart."

Lucas smiled and was about to speak when he suddenly heard a rough voice coming from the other end of the corridor.

"It's that bastard! Stop him!"

The two of them turned around and saw Liam, who had rolled down the stairs earlier, sauntering over aggressively toward Lucas with two burly bodyguards beside him.

"Oh no! Liam must have brought his men here to take revenge. Lucas, hurry up and flee!" Grace panicked and hurriedly tried to push Lucas away.

Although she already knew that Lucas probably wasn't scared of the Wallaces, he was now alone, while Liam had brought two strong and burly bodyguards with him. She was afraid that Lucas would be outnumbered and overwhelmed.

"You want to flee? No way!" While speaking, Liam had already rushed over with his bodyguards and surrounded Lucas and Grace.

"Liam Wallace, what are you trying to do?" Grace yelled angrily.

"Hah, what am I trying to do? You adulterers ganged up on me just now and pushed me down the stairs. Someone has to be responsible for these injuries I've sustained!" Liam barked with a grimace.

His face was bruised and covered in abrasions from tumbling down the stairs earlier.

“We didn’t push you. You accidentally fell down on your own!” Grace rebuked furiously with reddened cheeks.

“Shut up!” Liam hollered, interrupting Grace. “Stay at the side. I’ll deal with him first before I settle scores with you!”

Lucas narrowed his eyes and scanned his surroundings. He saw that some people had been startled by the commotion and had come out of the wards to find out what was going on.

Lucas said, “This is a hospital, and the patients need to get their rest. If there’s anything, let’s go outside to settle it!”

But Liam was obviously not the type who would take others’ advice.

He wished he could make the commotion as rowdy as possible, especially since Lucas was his enemy. He thought that it would be best if everyone could witness the consequences that would entail after offending him!

“Cut the crap! Who the hell do you think you are? Guys, break his limbs!” Liam ordered loudly.

“Yes!” The two bodyguards immediately pounced onto Lucas.

“Ah!” Grace cried out in shock, her heart full of nervousness when she saw the aggressive bodyguards. *What should I do? What should I do now?*

At this moment, Lucas’s body flickered, and with two loud bangs, he hit the back of the necks of two bodyguards with his hands as though they were knives.

The two burly bodyguards’ eyes rolled backward, and they passed out without making another sound.

Liam’s eyes were so wide open that his eyeballs seemed to be on the verge of falling out. He didn’t expect the two bodyguards he had brought with him, who were extremely powerful among the Wallaces’ team of bodyguards, to be knocked out by Lucas even before they could lay a finger on him!

*This is outrageous!*

*This thin young man actually managed to knock out my powerful bodyguards almost instantly?!*



"I told you not to disturb the patients while they're resting here." Lucas took out a piece of tissue and used it to wipe his hands. He then looked at Liam and said calmly, "Now, can you follow me outside to settle this?"

At this moment, Liam was no longer as arrogant as he was just ten seconds ago. Without the protection of his bodyguards, he was just like a weak chicken.

After hearing what Lucas said, he instinctively felt that he would be in trouble because he had projected his own shortcomings onto others and was certain that Lucas was definitely going to take him outside to a secluded place and then beat him up severely to take revenge, just like what he had intended to do to Lucas.

"What... are you trying to do? I-I'm the scion of the Wallace family. If you lay a finger on me, you'll be in trouble!" Liam shouted menacingly at Lucas to intimidate him. If the trembling of his voice wasn't that obvious, he might have been a little more convincing.

Lucas sneered. "Hah, is that a big deal? I've already beaten up countless people like you."

Lucas was not bragging but stating a fact. Since he had returned to Orange County more than two months ago, the scions and members of various powerful families—like the Carters, the Wilsons, the Taylors, the Hales, the Brookes, the Douglasses, and many others—who were all stuck-up snobs that put on airs and acted like tyrants by leveraging their families' power and wealth all ended up getting beaten up by Lucas.

Thus, these so-called scions were the ones whom Lucas was the least worried about.

He had already beaten up many of them and long gotten sick of hearing taunts and threats like the ones Liam was issuing now.

But Liam felt that Lucas was bragging. He snorted and snapped, "Hmph, if you dare to touch me again, I'll call my grandfather to come here and kill you! My grandfather is..."

*Smack!*

Before he could finish speaking, Lucas slapped him hard on his face. Soon, bright red fingerprints appeared on his face.

"What about your grandfather?" Lucas said indifferently as he stood in front of Liam.

"You!" Liam was boiling with fury!

He had never been slapped by anyone all his life!

It was simply a huge insult!

“Damn it. You’ve got some nerve. Just you wait…”

*Smack!*

Lucas gave Liam another hard slap on the other side of his face, and the fingerprints on his face now were perfectly symmetrical.

Liam was livid and in pain. To make matters worse, he felt a great sense of humiliation that emerged from within his heart, making him feel like vomiting blood!

He got slapped as soon as he started threatening Lucas. But unfortunately for him, his bodyguards had been knocked out by Lucas. So even if he wanted to threaten Lucas, he couldn’t do so. He was so frustrated that he was about to lose his mind!

“What are you waiting for? For me to give you another slap?” Lucas glared at Liam with a cold and hostile gaze, making Liam subconsciously shudder!

Chapter 294: The Donor

The commotion had alarmed many people in the wards at the very beginning. Due to the fact that the inpatient wing of the hospital was supposed to be kept quiet at all times in order to allow patients to rest and recuperate properly, the slightest noise would be heard clearly even if it came from afar. In particular, when Liam and his bodyguards charged forward to confront Lucas, his arrogant and furious bellowing almost resounded through the entire floor.

When they got into a scuffle, many people hurried out of the wards. They glared furiously at them for creating such a huge ruckus and wanted to demand that they quiet down.

But after hearing Liam announce that he was the scion of the Wallaces, many people dismissed the idea of going forward to confront him and tell him to keep his voice down.

They didn’t have a death wish, and no one was willing to offend Liam, a true scion of a wealthy family.

But after Liam announced his identity, many more people began to stand around him and discuss him from afar, including some patients who were not particularly ill, some family members of the patients interested in the gossip, and a few medical staff.

They didn’t dare to go forward to stop Liam. But deep down, they were lamenting and thinking to themselves that Lucas was going to be in trouble.

But the way things subsequently unfolded made their jaws drop in shock!

No one expected Lucas to be that powerful. Not only did he instantly knock down the two bodyguards, but he also slapped Liam hard twice on his face. He even looked as though he would continue to slap Liam for every nasty thing he said.

This was simply too flabbergasting!

Everyone was astonished. Compared to the cool and collected Lucas, Liam was hopping mad and on the verge of losing his mind!

He couldn't beat Lucas, and there was nothing he could do about him at all. To make matters worse, a bunch of the surrounding onlookers were pointing fingers and making remarks about him, making him feel incredibly embarrassed!

"Bastard, you... just you wait!" Liam quickly said and then turned around to flee.

He decided that once he left the hospital, he would definitely call a large group of subordinates to come over and help him. Since two bodyguards couldn't do anything to Lucas, he believed that 20 or perhaps even 200 would be enough! What could an inexperienced punk do to the Wallaces!?!

*Hmph, I'm not being a coward. This is a tactical retreat!*

"Hold it right there. Did I say you could leave?" Lucas suddenly stopped Liam and obstructed him from leaving.

"You... What exactly do you want?" Liam asked, feeling a little flustered. He started mentioning his family again, "My grandfather is the family head of the Wallaces, and there are so many eyewitnesses here. If you dare to do anything to me, my grandfather will definitely not let you off!"

"Have you said enough nonsense?" Lucas glanced at him coldly. "Good. It happens that there are so many people here now. I want you to swear in front of them that you will never pester Grace Keller again in the future, and then I'll let you go."

Liam's face suddenly became even more sullen, and his expression kept changing.

Lucas was the first person ever to dare to force him to swear!

*How dare this bitch Grace Keller get someone to humiliate me?!*

All of a sudden, his eyes were full of hatred.

Grace knew that Lucas was doing this for her own good because he wanted Liam to drop the idea of ever pestering her again. But when she saw how livid Liam was, she was worried that he would hold a grudge against Lucas for it. Feeling uneasy, she whispered, "Lucas, why don't we... forget about it?"

Lucas shook his head.

Liam had no choice but to grit his teeth and say while feeling incredibly humiliated, "Fine, I, Liam Wallace, swear that I will never pester this woman again! Is that enough?"

"Remember what you said today. Otherwise, I won't let you off so easily next time! Now get lost," Lucas warned, glaring at Liam sternly.

Liam felt extremely ashamed. He glowered at Lucas and turned around to leave, completely ignoring his bodyguards, who were still lying unconscious on the ground.

Grace felt uneasy because when she saw the look on Liam's face when he was about to leave, she had a hunch that he wasn't going to just let things end here. Besides, considering how haughty and prideful he was, she knew that he would certainly try to take revenge on Lucas by all means after suffering such embarrassment and humiliation today.

This matter had nothing to do with Lucas in the first place. But he got implicated because of her and even formed a feud with Liam, as well as the Wallaces. Grace felt incredibly apologetic and guilty.

"Lucas, I'm sorry for getting you involved in this dispute. Liam Wallace is a vengeful person who will surely come looking for you for revenge, so you'd better hurry up and leave. Find a safe place to lay low for the time being and wait for things to blow over," Grace said worriedly.

"Got it. You be careful too. If anything happens, call me immediately," Lucas said with a smile. Then he suddenly asked, "You still have my number, right?"

Grace blushed slightly. "Yes, I saved your number since you gave it to me the other day."

"Okay, then remember to call me if you need anything. You don't have to be so polite with me. I'll get going now. Bye." Lucas waved his hand smilingly and then turned around to leave.

Grace stood still on the spot, watching Lucas leave. Only after he vanished into the elevator did she look away and ponder for a while. She then turned around to walk toward Dr. Jones's office.

After hearing the good news from Dr. Jones earlier, she hadn't had a chance to thank her properly yet. Moreover, she also wanted to ask about the Samaritan who had donated the large sum of money.

The Samaritan's kind gesture was a life-saving favor to her and her mother, so she was bent on expressing her appreciation. Even if it wasn't convenient for the donor to reveal

their identity, Grace still intended to ask Dr. Jones to send a small gift on her behalf to thank the donor.

After she entered Dr. Jones's office and made her intentions clear to her, the latter seemed very conflicted.

"If it's really inconvenient for you to disclose their information, I won't impose on you any longer..." Grace said with her head hung low, her voice full of disappointment.

Just as she was about to say goodbye and leave, Dr. Jones suddenly sighed. "Actually, if it was someone else who came to ask me this, I would definitely insist on respecting the wishes of that kind donor and keep his identity a secret. However, this donation actually has a lot to do with you, so I thought about it and decided that I should tell you."

Grace suddenly raised her head in confusion. "It has something to do with me?"

Dr. Jones nodded. "That's right. In fact, the Samaritan who donated fifteen million dollars to the hospital specifically to provide financial aid to patients suffering from kidney failure is Mr. Lucas Gray."

Grace's eyes widened in disbelief.

Dr. Jones continued, "But he wanted to keep his identity a secret and told us not to reveal it to you. He's probably afraid that you might feel burdened and pressured or indebted to him.

"However, I understand your character well. You're a wonderful girl who knows to be grateful and insists on repaying every single tinge of kindness shown to you. You will never be at ease until you find out who that kind donor is, and I'm sure you'll try to find him by all means to repay him. That's why I just told you straight.

"Actually, both of you are good people who spare thoughts for others. I just don't want to see you two getting embroiled in so much hassle because of this. That's why I quietly told you despite of Mr. Gray's request for us to keep his identity confidential. However, please keep everything I just told you to yourself. Don't tell a single soul about it."

## Chapter 295: The Two Women Meet

Full of extremely complicated emotions, Grace nodded in shock.

It turned out that the person who had kindly donated that enormous sum of money and saved her mother's life was also Lucas.

Furthermore, he even chose to keep his identity a secret for fear that she would feel pressured. Even when he told her the news just now, he didn't mention that he was that kind donor at all.

Yet she had used Lucas in a bid to make Liam stop harassing her by pretending that Lucas was her boyfriend, causing him to be implicated in the end.

When she thought about this, Grace felt even more guilty and full of self-reproach.

"Ah, you youngsters just like being so secretive all the time. You secretly do these kind and touching gestures while choosing to hide your feelings from each other. Haha, I think you two should hurry up and make your relationship public! You're both great people. Lucas is a fine young man. He's handsome, rich, responsible, and very compassionate. You two will definitely live in bliss in the future!" Dr. Jones said smilingly.

But Grace suddenly looked a little sad. "No, Dr. Jones, it's impossible between us..."

Thinking otherwise, Dr. Jones said, "How is it impossible? You're a wonderful girl. You're pretty, smart, kind-hearted, and strong. You're the girl of every man's dream. Don't be so quick to jump to conclusions!"

Grace smiled bitterly. "Lucas is already married to a beautiful wife, and they also have a lovely daughter. They're leading a blissful life."

"Huh? Oh, I see..." Dr. Jones widened her mouth in surprise. After a long while, she finally sighed and said, "That's such a pity."

...

At this moment, Lucas had already walked to the door of William's ward.

He pushed open the door and entered. Cheyenne, who was talking to William inside, turned to look at him angrily. With a harrumph, she quickly turned away and ignored him.

"Dad, it's getting late. I'll head back to the office now. I'll come visit you again after picking Amelia up in the evening." Cheyenne stood up and picked up her handbag.

"Don't bring Amelia to the hospital late at night. Besides, I'm doing fine. I'll be discharged in a couple of days, and I can go home then. So just stay home and rest with Amelia. Don't go through such a hassle," William advised.

After resting for most of the day, he felt much better and couldn't wait to get discharged from the hospital so that he could go home.

Lucas hurriedly said, "Cheyenne, I'll go with you to pick up Amelia. I happen to have something to tell you too..."

"I have nothing to say to you! Get out of the way." Cheyenne sulked, brushed past Lucas, and quickly strode out of the ward without looking back.

Lucas was just about to chase after Cheyenne, but she suddenly turned around and snapped, "Don't follow me!"

Then she strutted out in her heels and soon vanished around the corner of the corridor.

"..."

Recalling the look of repulsion and anger on Cheyenne's face, Lucas couldn't help sighing.

William was shocked to see their unusual reactions and conversation.

Since Lucas had returned to Orange County, Cheyenne and his relationship had improved tremendously, apart from the first two days where she had given him the cold shoulder. They had been getting along well and never had a major fight over anything.

"Lucas, what happened between you and Cheyenne? Did you get into a tiff?" William frowned. "When Cheyenne came in just now, her eyes were red. I asked her about it, but she merely said that something got in her eyes, and they turned red because she had been rubbing them."

Facing his father-in-law's question, Lucas answered helplessly, "There's just a small misunderstanding between us. Everything will be alright after I explain it to her tonight."

"You... didn't do anything to let Cheyenne down, did you?" William suddenly asked apprehensively with some suspicions.

As someone who had experienced a lot in life, he was naturally very clear about his daughter's character. He could tell based on how furious Cheyenne was that things definitely weren't simple.

Besides, considering Lucas's current status and the fact that he was no longer his live-in son-in-law but a mega-rich tycoon who owned several large corporations, William couldn't help getting a little worried. He knew that men tended to go astray once they were rich.

Caught between laughter and tears, Lucas said, "Do you think I'm such a person? Cheyenne is my wife. How could I let her down? It's really just a trivial misunderstanding."

William finally felt relieved. "Okay then. If there's any misunderstanding between you two, just clear things up. There aren't any major issues with me now. I've only sustained some minor injuries. You'd better hurry back."

"Okay. I'll leave when it's about time to pick Amelia up from the kindergarten," Lucas said with a smile.

...

Meanwhile, Cheyenne was waiting to board the elevator when she suddenly heard a soft and gentle voice from behind her.

"Hello, Miss Carter."

Cheyenne turned around and saw a familiar-looking and beautiful woman walking toward her.

She seemed between 23 to 24 years old, just a little younger than Cheyenne and about the same height. There wasn't any makeup on her tiny face, but she was a natural beauty. She even exuded the aura of a classic beauty that made her even more gorgeous.

She was undoubtedly a stunning, ravishing beauty.

Even though she wasn't wearing any makeup, her long hair was tied back into a simple ponytail, and she was dressed in cheap and simple clothes with signs of wear and tear at her sleeves, she was still very pretty.

Cheyenne naturally recognized the beautiful woman in front of her to be the one who had grabbed Lucas's hands tightly and said that Lucas lied to her to coax her.

A surge of anger arose in Cheyenne's heart as she wondered, *Why is this woman here? To show her prowess? Or to thrash things out with me?*

"Why are you looking for me?" Cheyenne questioned coldly.

Grace saw the hostility in Cheyenne's eyes and hurriedly explained, "Miss Carter, please don't get the wrong idea. I just came to explain to you clearly that there's nothing between me and Mr. Lucas Gray. If I had caused any unnecessary misunderstanding to arise between you two, I'm truly sorry!"

Cheyenne pursed her lips and said with contempt, "Sorry? Misunderstanding? Are you trying to say that I have dim eyes and dull ears and that what I saw you two do and heard you two say was wrong? Besides, he even told you my name. How can you still have the cheek to say that there's nothing between you two?"



Grace looked extremely anxious, and she hurriedly waved her hands while trying to clarify things, “No, no, Miss Carter, it’s really a misunderstanding! I’m really sorry about it! Mr. Gray wasn’t the one who told me your name but your daughter, Amelia!”

“What? You actually met Amelia? You... you guys are outrageous!” Cheyenne was exasperated and aggrieved. *Amelia is my and Lucas’s daughter and also my precious baby! Yet he brought her to see this woman. What does he mean by that?!*

## Chapter 296: Grace Has a Mishap

Seeing that the situation seemed to be getting worse, Grace panicked and hurriedly said, “It’s not what you think! My name is Grace Keller, and I was abducted by Logan Hale a month or so ago. Logan Hale kept me locked in an extremely remote villa, and later on, your daughter was somehow brought there too. Amelia and I spent a few hours together, during which she told me your name!”

Cheyenne was obviously shocked the moment she heard these words.

Of course, she wouldn’t forget this incident!

That day, Lucas and Amelia had come home late at night, and Amelia had kept mentioning an ‘Aunt Grace’ and complimenting her for being a nice person. Amelia had even said that she wanted to go to Aunt Grace’s place to play again, making Cheyenne upset because she misunderstood that Lucas was having an affair with another woman.

But afterward, Charlotte inadvertently revealed the truth of the matter. And only then did Cheyenne find out that her daughter, Amelia, had been taken away by Scarlet and brought to Logan’s villa, all because they wanted to threaten Lucas with Amelia’s safety.

Lucas naturally managed to find Logan’s villa in the end and successfully rescue Amelia. But during the few hours that Amelia had been held captive in the villa, she was accompanied by Grace, who had been very patient with Amelia and took great care of her. When Logan threatened to harm Amelia, Grace was even willing to sacrifice her own chastity!

Thus, although Cheyenne had never met Grace before, she had always been grateful to her for being so kind as to take such great care of Amelia and protect her. She had always wanted to thank Grace in person. But unfortunately, Lucas didn’t have her contact number, so she hadn’t had the chance to do so.

But she didn’t expect the woman in front of her was Grace!

“Are you Grace Keller? Great! I’ve finally met you!”

The hostility on Cheyenne's face instantly vanished as she went forward and grabbed Grace's hands. She said gratefully with excitement, "I know who you are! After Amelia came home back then, she kept telling me about how nice you were. You don't even know my daughter, but you were willing to let yourself get violated in order to protect her. I'll forever remember your kindness!"

"I've always wanted to thank you, but I don't know where you live. I didn't expect to run into you in this hospital! Thank you, Grace! You're mine and Amelia's great benefactor!"

With shock written all over her face, Grace watched as Cheyenne grabbed her hands tightly and thanked her profusely. She had been anxious and eagerly trying to clear the misunderstanding, but she was now at a loss for what to do.

Of course, she understood that Cheyenne was extremely agitated and thankful because the matter concerned her daughter. Children always meant the world to their mothers.

But Grace felt ashamed when she saw how grateful Cheyenne was. "Miss Carter, please don't say that! It's only right for me to do what I did. Amelia is such an adorable little girl, and I believe anyone would want to protect her. Speaking of benefactors, your husband Lucas is the one who saved my life! If it wasn't for him, I might still be trapped in that villa now, and who knows what would have happened to me. I should be thanking you guys instead!"

Grace shook Cheyenne's hands earnestly.

While they were shaking each other's hands, Cheyenne suddenly burst into laughter, and so did Grace.

The tension and hostility between them had vanished within minutes.

"Miss Carter, there's really nothing between me and Mr. Gray..." Grace still tried to give a clear explanation of the matter to resolve the previous misunderstanding.

Cheyenne held Grace's hands and stopped her from explaining further. She said with a somewhat awkward expression, "You don't have to explain any further. I've actually already figured it out. I've really misunderstood you two. I'm so sorry for making such an embarrassing blunder."

In fact, when Cheyenne had heard Lucas and Grace's conversation and saw them holding hands earlier, a strong sense of jealousy and anger surged in her heart. But she soon figured out that she must have misunderstood something.

After all, given all that Lucas had done for her during this period of time, it was impossible that he would be unfaithful to her.

But after she stormed off in a fury, she was actually waiting for Lucas to chase after her and explain things to her clearly. Yet Lucas didn't do so, so she remained in William's ward for a long time. The more she thought about it, the more infuriated she was. And when she saw Lucas, she decided to give him the cold shoulder, and when she met Grace again, she was full of animosity.

But now that Grace had revealed her identity, Cheyenne believed that a kind girl like her wouldn't have an illicit affair with Lucas.

Seeing that the misunderstanding had been resolved, Grace felt extremely relieved, as though a boulder had been lifted off of her chest.

Lucas had rescued her several times and was a huge benefactor to her. If she caused any misunderstanding or conflict to arise between Lucas and Cheyenne, she would definitely be overwhelmed with guilt.

But looking at Cheyenne's beautiful face and her kind smile, Grace felt that Cheyenne and Lucas were simply a match made in heaven. At the thought of this, Grace felt a little envious.

Gazing at Grace, Cheyenne suddenly asked, "What are you doing at the hospital? Is someone in your family ill and hospitalized too?"

She asked out of concern.

She had already noticed Grace's extremely plain and simple outfit just now, leading her to guess that Grace was probably facing some financial difficulties. So she wondered if Grace needed any help.

Grace answered, "My mother was diagnosed with kidney failure, and she's receiving treatment in this hospital."

"Kidney failure?" Cheyenne asked in shock.

Kidney failure was not an ordinary disease, and in some severe cases, it was fatal. As far as Cheyenne knew, the costs of treatment for kidney failure were extremely high, as it required expensive drugs and frequent dialysis. Many families collapsed because of such hefty medical bills.

With a look of concern in her beautiful eyes, Cheyenne asked, "Well then, is there anything I can do to help you?"

Grace hurriedly shook her head. "Not anymore. Uh... a kind person donated a large sum of money to the hospital and also set up a foundation specifically to provide financial aid for patients suffering from kidney failure like my mother. So all medical

expenses my mother will incur will be provided for by this foundation, and I no longer have to worry about her bills.

“Speaking of which, Mr. Gray happened to be telling me about this piece of wonderful news at the time, and I got so worked up that I unknowingly grabbed his hands while asking him if it was true... Then... you happened to see us,” Grace said with some embarrassment.

After hearing this, Cheyenne came to a sudden realization. *No wonder Grace asked Lucas if he was lying to her at the time. It turns out it’s because she heard this good news and got too excited.*

Cheyenne immediately felt embarrassed and amused.

At the same time, she also suddenly became closer to Grace.

They exchanged numbers and then decided to board the elevator to go downstairs together, as Cheyenne had to head back to the Brilliance Corporation, while Grace had to go downstairs to get something for her mother.

“Grace, I’ll get going now. I’ll invite you to our place for dinner someday. Amelia has been missing you!” Cheyenne bade farewell to Grace smilingly.

“Sure, I’ll come over when I have time!” Grace answered with a smile.

They parted ways at the entrance of the hospital and went in different directions.

Suddenly, something happened!

*Screech!*

With the ear-piercing screech of car tires coming to a sudden halt, a pure black Passat suddenly pulled over beside Grace. The doors opened, and a pair of large hands reached out to grab Grace and drag her into the backseat of the car!

Cheyenne happened to see this in the corner of her eye and immediately exclaimed in shock, “Grace!”

Chapter 297: In Front of the Club

Everything happened way too quickly. Grace didn’t even have the time to scream. Before she knew it, someone swiftly covered her mouth and dragged her into the car. The next second, the car door slammed shut with a loud bang, and the engine of the black Passat roared before it sped off quickly.

The entire process lasted only a few seconds!

By the time Cheyenne reacted and chased after the car, she only managed to get a vague glimpse of the license plate number.

It was an abduction that actually happened in broad daylight!

Cheyenne was at a loss for what to do, and the only thing she could think of was to call Lucas immediately!

At this moment, Lucas was in William's ward when his cell phone suddenly rang.

When Lucas saw that it was Cheyenne calling him, his expression immediately became serious.

Cheyenne had just left the ward angrily and given him the cold shoulder because of the earlier misunderstanding. She had even stopped him from following her and refused to give him a chance to explain himself. Now that she suddenly called him, he was certain that something serious must have happened!

Lucas immediately answered the call, only to hear Cheyenne's anxious voice as she hurriedly exclaimed in panic on the other end, "Lucas, bad news! Someone forcefully dragged Grace into a car at the entrance of the hospital just now!

"It was a black Passat with the license plate AHT617, and it headed east."

Cheyenne quickly told Lucas all the information she had and said anxiously, "Lucas, quickly find a way to save her!"

"Okay, I got it. I'll go now!" Lucas didn't have time to think about how Cheyenne got to know Grace. He simply sprung up immediately with a terrifying aura and strode out of the ward.

"William, I have something important to attend to now. Call me if you need anything!"

After informing William, Lucas immediately left the ward. At the same time, he made a call. While walking, he gave his instructions over the phone, "Quickly help me check this license plate, AHT617, belonging to a black Passat. It just left the entrance of Orange Coast Medical Center and is headed east. Hurry up and find out the current location of this car and the information of the people inside this car now! Keep a close tab on them!"

When he finished giving these instructions, he had already arrived at the elevator.

Lucas soon arrived downstairs and quickly ran out of the elevator. When Zach, who had been waiting near the entrance of the hospital, saw Lucas, he immediately walked over. "Mr. Gray, where are you headed? I'll give you a ride!"

Zach had sent Lucas to the hospital earlier. At this time, Lucas couldn't care less about politeness. He quickly got in the car and said to Zach, "Head east along the road in front of the hospital!"

Seeing the cold and austere expression on Lucas's face and sensing his formidable aura, Zach dared not utter another word of nonsense and swiftly got into the driver's seat. He started the black Jaguar and sped toward the main road right outside the hospital.

During the journey, Lucas's phone rang. When he answered the call, Jordan said, "Lucas, I've got all the information. That car belongs to the Wallaces, and it has now pulled over in front of Club Splendor. It didn't make any stops in between, so the people in the car should have entered the club too."

*Wallaces? The Wallaces again?!*

Lucas's gaze turned cold, and a murderous intent appeared in his eyes.

Liam Wallace had been pestering Grace, and after getting rejected by her, he had even put the blame on Lucas. Now that Grace had been forcibly taken away in a car belonging to the Wallaces, Lucas was absolutely certain that it had something to do with Liam!

A short while ago, he had just warned Liam not to harass Grace again. And yet, Liam was getting up to such a trick now. It seemed that the punishment he had given Liam was too light, so much that the latter didn't take it seriously at all!

Lucas instructed Zach coldly, "Drive to Club Splendor immediately! As fast as you can!"

"Yes!" Zach was astonished. As a born and bred native of Orange County who also worked in that industry, he was naturally well aware of the businesses owned by some major families, just in case he accidentally offended someone he couldn't provoke.

Club Splendor belonged to the Wallaces, one of the four most powerful families in Orange County. It was also an extremely famous entertainment joint in the city.

Judging from the solemn and murderous expression on Lucas's face, Zach knew that Lucas had to be going to Club Splendor to deal with some trouble!

*Lucas might be going to confront the Wallaces!*

Zach thought about what happened this morning. He had followed Lucas to the Douglasses' villa this morning and witnessed with his own eyes Lucas ripping off Chris Douglas's hand, followed by him slapping James Wilson to the point the latter had no choice but to succumb. He couldn't help but feel a strange sense of pride, and he was even full of expectations!

Within just a day of following Lucas around, he had managed to witness many eye-opening events that he would never have been able to imagine in his entire life!

*It's too thrilling!*

Zach was quite a good driver. After speeding up, the Jaguar sped through the endless flow of traffic on the streets of the bustling city and arrived at Club Splendor in just about ten minutes.

As soon as Lucas got out of the car, a young man who was just as tall as him walked over.

"Lucas." The young man was none other than Jordan, Lucas's best friend.

Lucas nodded at him silently.

Although Lucas didn't ask Jordan to come here, being Lucas's competent subordinate and close friend of many years, Jordan naturally understood that something must have happened. So after he reported to Lucas the information of the black Passat, he immediately headed to Club Splendor to meet him.

Lucas looked at Club Splendor in front of him.

There was a wide range of facilities offered in the club, including almost all entertainment services and amenities such as a swimming pool and a golf course. It was also extremely large and spacious, just like a manor.

At this moment, there were cars driving past the busy road in front of Club Splendor, and Lucas noticed that the majority of the vehicles parked in front of the club today were luxury cars of makes such as Maserati, Lamborghini, Rolls Royce, Ferrari, Porsche, and so on. There were almost no low-end cars in sight.

Lucas's eyes narrowed, and a strange feeling arose in his heart.

Even if most of the customers of Club Splendor were wealthy, most of the clientele should mainly be of the upper-middle class since it was an entertainment joint. There shouldn't be a fleet of solely luxury cars lined up at the entrance.

Unless... there was a special event in Club Splendor today, resulting in such a special sight. The cars parked at the entrance were all expensive cars that only the extremely rich could afford.

While Lucas was deep in thought, a fragrant scent of perfume wafted up to Lucas's nose, and a woman dressed in an exquisite, strapless Chanel little black dress suddenly extended her fair arms to hold onto Lucas's arm!

## Chapter 298: He Bullied Me

Lucas frowned, stopped in his tracks, and swiftly dodged the woman attempting to hold him.

There was a trace of shock and some displeasure in the woman's eyes.

This woman was about 25 to 26 years old and voluptuous. Her face was covered in thick, exaggerated makeup, with shiny eyeshadow covering a large area of her eyelids all the way up to her eyebrows. Her lips were also covered in bright red lipstick.

If she dressed like this at a banquet, she would definitely be a gorgeous stunner at the center of attention. Unfortunately, she now had a look of displeasure and annoyance on her face, making her look malicious and much less beautiful.

"Put on an act for me. I'll pay you!" the woman ordered in a low voice.

Without further ado, she took out a wad of bills amounting to at least a few thousand dollars from her pearl purse and stuffed it into Lucas's clothes.

She glanced at Lucas condescendingly with an arrogant gaze, as if Lucas was obliged to help her. After giving him the money, she leaned closer again to try and hold onto his arm.

"No!" Lucas refused coldly and then tossed aside the wad of bills stuffed into his pocket.

He was not a saint or a Samaritan, so he naturally wouldn't help just anyone who approached him, especially since he was now worried about Grace's situation and thinking about how to rescue her from Club Splendor. He naturally didn't have time to pay attention to the request of this woman who had appeared out of nowhere.

"You! I'm Gisele Taylor, and I'm just asking you to do me a small favor! Are you even a man?" Gisele Taylor gritted her teeth and glared at Lucas viciously.



If that annoying jerk hadn't started pestering her all of a sudden, and if she had been able to arrange a suitable candidate, she wouldn't have pulled a random decent-looking man on the streets over and asked him to be her shield.

*This idiot still seems so adamant and unwilling to help me out!*

*Hmph, I've already revealed my identity. I won't believe this atrocious man still has the guts to reject me!*

Except for the three other families just as powerful as the Taylors, most people in Orange County would rush to curry favor with them and try to get into their good books once they revealed their identity!

Unfortunately, Gisele was destined to be disappointed.

Even after Lucas heard her identity, his expression remained unchanged, and he even barked at her coldly, "Get lost!"

*So what if she's a Taylor? I've even taught the direct descendants, Scott and Preston Taylor, a hard lesson. What is a small fry like her to me?*

Lucas would never be pressured by the power of someone else's family, nor let someone use their family's status to order him around!

Besides, he now had something urgent to attend to, so he obviously didn't have the time to bother about a pointless trick pulled by a woman of a wealthy family.

After being rejected by Lucas mercilessly, Gisele retorted in rage, "Bastard! I'm doing you a favor by asking you to help me! How dare you talk to me like that? Are you tired of living?"

Lucas stared at her coldly like she was an idiot before turning around to leave.

"Gisele, you're finally here!"

At that moment, the door of a Pagani sports car opened, and a scion with a greasy face and hair and wearing a suit came out of it. He then scurried toward Gisele with a smile on his face.

A look of disgust appeared in Gisele's eyes for a fleeting moment before she quickly concealed it. Staring at the back of Lucas, who was walking away, she suddenly looked extremely aggrieved while pointing to the bills scattered all over the ground.

With pouted lips, she complained to the young man, "Kyle, that bastard... He bullied me and tried to take liberties with me. He even called me a hooker and threw money at me while demanding that I sleep with him for a night!"

Gisele even pointed her finger at Lucas, who had just left and was now a few steps away.

Kyle Kingston stared at the bills amounting to at least a few thousand dollars scattered all over the ground. When he got out of the car just now, he did witness Gisele talking to Lucas with a sullen expression on her face.

So Kyle immediately believed what Gisele said, and his expression became cold and austere.

He had been carrying a torch for Gisele for a long time. She was beautiful, and her family was one of the top families of Orange County. If he could marry Gisele, his position in his family would rise by a notch too!

Unfortunately, Gisele had always been indifferent and aloof toward him. She seemed to never pay attention to him.

But she was now pouting aggrievedly and complaining to him in a coquettish manner, making him feel a strong sense of accomplishment and a tremendous urge to protect her!

At the same time, he was overwhelmed with fury!

*Damn it. How dare another man covet the woman I haven't even gotten my hands on?! He even had the audacity to call my woman a hooker. He must have a death wish!*

"Damn it. You're trying to flee after bullying my woman? Stop right there!" Kyle was zealous and livid as he dashed forward to stop Lucas.

At the same time, two of Kyle's bodyguards were getting out of the car behind his car. When they saw this, they immediately sprinted forward to form a triangle around Lucas, hindering him from leaving.

Lucas's face immediately darkened.

Not far behind Lucas, Jordan had an aggressive and murderous gaze in his eyes. He squeezed his fingers and cracked his knuckles. *How dare they surround Lucas? They must be tired of living!*

Club Splendor was located at the intersection of two main roads, with many shopping malls and movie theaters in the vicinity. So there was generally quite high pedestrian traffic.

Seeing that a conflict was about to break out here, many people who enjoyed gossiping stopped to watch the commotion.

Some of them recognized Kyle and couldn't help exclaiming in shock. "Oh my goodness, it's Kyle Kingston! How dare that young man offend Kyle Kingston? This young man is going to be in trouble!"

"What? Mr. Kingston is here in Orange County too? The Kingstons are much more powerful than the four top families in this county!"

"Exactly. After all, they're one of the top few families in the entire state!"

"Looks like that young man is in trouble!"

"Haha. He deserves it for having the guts to offend Mr. Kingston!"

...

Everyone soon found out Kyle's identity and were all casting envious gazes at him.

In this era, the rich and powerful could do whatever they wanted. And for commoners who were far inferior to them, being able to witness such legendary scions confronting others with their very own eyes was quite a rare opportunity.

They obviously didn't care about the cause of the conflict and who was at fault. They merely hoped that the commotion would escalate and things would blow up.

So they naturally praised and flattered Kyle while despising and undermining Lucas.

Well, it was all because Lucas was wearing ordinary clothes, and no one knew who he really was.

Hearing the chatter around her, Gisele glanced at Lucas with the pleasure of taking revenge. *Hmph, how dare he turn me down and tell me to get lost? I must make this ignorant and brazen man pay the consequences!*

Looking at the three people surrounding him, Lucas remained calm and said to Jordan, who was standing near him, "I'll leave it to you."