

MY FGB 101

Chapter 101

When Lindsay saw Queenie coming in and talking to Kayson, her heart skipped a beat. Thus, she hurriedly hugged Kayson's arm. After that, she looked at Queenie, who was much taller than her, with hostility.

It went without saying that Queenie noticed her hostility. However, she did not care about her and smiled faintly. "Mr. Yarde, don't forget that you still have to go to my bestie's appointment."

When Lindsay heard what she said, she chimed in. "We'll be there after we take our meal!" Zachary knew what his granddaughter was trying to do, so he hastily said, "Kayson, if you're not in a hurry, why don't you stay back for a meal?" Since Zachary had invited him, it was inappropriate for him to reject him. Seeing that the Ewells made Kayson stay behind, Queenie just smiled knowingly and said, "Then I'll come to you this afternoon."

"Okay." Kayson nodded.

Sean then said thoughtfully, "Please go ahead and attend to your business, Mr. Kace. I'll take care of the rest over here."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Batley." "Don't mention it. This is what I should do!"

Sean and Queenie left Bwell Therapeutics.

When Sean saw that Queenie's complexion had improved and she was in better shape, he said curiously, "Queeny, you seem a lot better now."

"Mr. Yarde gave me an acupuncture treatment earlier."

When Queenie remembered the moment she was stripped down to two pieces of underwear in front of Kayson, her pretty face turned red with embarrassment.

"Acupuncture? This is awesome. I didn't expect that Mr. Yarder would know something like that." Suddenly, something crossed Sean's head.

'If he's so great, then what did Ms. Wolfenden assign him to The Tetrad? This is strange...'

Meanwhile, at Bwell Therapeutics...

While Lindsay was munching on her food, she asked indifferently, "Kayson, who was that woman?"

"Woman? She's Queenie. That man is her brother and my superior."

"Is she sick?"

Kayson nodded.

"Her friend caught a cold and infected her. I noticed her brother was also affected when I was at the company."

"I see..." Lindsay let out a sigh of relief. 'So she's his patient. It seems like I'm worrying too much.' "Kayson, what do you like to eat? I'm the best cook in the world!" Kayson smiled. "You just cook

anything you like. I'm not a picky eater." "Alright then!" Lindsay became excited and put in more effort when she thought Kayson would eat the food she made.

About roughly 11:30 a.m., Lindsay brought all the dishes to the table.

"They all look good!" Kayson commented as he glanced across the dishes in front of him. He could feel that he was salivating.

Lindsay was happy when she heard Kayson's compliment.

Zachary took his seat, and after Kayson popped a piece of meat into his mouth, he smiled and asked, "What do you think about the food my granddaughter made?"

"It's good. It's even better than the food made by the chef in a restaurant."

"Oh please, you're just exaggerating!" said Lindsay, but the smile on her face grew wider,

Since Queenie was coming to meet him, Kayson stayed back at Bwell Therapeutics and waited for her after finishing his lunch.

Sadie had been busy for a whole morning, and she finally had a chance to take a breather.

"Chelsea, can you get me something to eat, please?" Since they were looking for a capable CFO, she searched and screened on her own after posting the job.

Soon, Chelsea came into her office with a lunchbox.

Sadie stopped and turned to take out her phone to read the news.

Suddenly, a headline caught her attention. 'Miracle doctor? The only person worthy of that title in Clouspring is Dr. Ewell, right?'

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She tapped onto the news article and quickly skimmed through those overstated lines. There were some photos captured by the passersby in the news as well. "Huh? Kayson?"

Suddenly, Sadie saw Kayson in one of the photos. He was standing beside Lindsay.

The photo below was a photo of Lindsay holding Kayson's arm. However, it seemed like a candid shot as the photo was captured from a bad angle. "Dr. Ewell's granddaughter?" A weird feeling filled Sadie's heart. When Sadie returned to work, she headed to the projects department with a stern face. Sean had already returned. "Ms. Wolfenden!" Sean hurriedly rose to his feet. "Hmm," Sadie responded and headed to The Tetrad. When she pushed the door open, Easton and the group were thrown into confusion. "Ms. Sade!" Easton greeted Sadie. "Where is Kayson?" Sadie asked coldly. "Huh? Kayson? I have no idea where he is!" replied Easton. However, he thought he should inform Kayson that Sadie was there looking for him. Sadie let out a cold laugh and said, "Easton, I remember that I told you to teach Kayson a lesson. Did you really beat him up at that time?" Easton's heart skipped a beat, and he hastily replied, "Of course! I beat him so hard that he knelt on the floor and begged for mercy!" Sadie did not believe him at all, and she became even more furious. It seemed to her that Easton had already submitted to Kayson.

And to think that I really thought Easton had taught Kayson a lesson... I'm really such a fool!

She glared at Easton and hissed. "Stop lying! I'll come back for you later!" "Ah! Ms. Sade—"

Sadie closed the door and left.

With a troubled expression on his face, Easton said, "Oh gosh, oh gosh! Are we busted? Will Mr. Kace get angry at me?"

Reva hastily said, "Should we call Mr. Kace now?" "You're right..." They were all of talking loudly, and none of them noticed that Sadie hadn't gone away yet. She was standing right outside the door and overheard their conversation. 'Mr. Kace? They're calling him Mr. Kace? Great, this is just great, Kayson!

She took a deep breath and approached Sean. Then, she said coldly, "Kayson Yarde, the deputy team leader of The Tetrad, is absent from work for no reason. Deduct \$1,000 from his salary."

Sean was startled, "But Ms. Wolfenden, Mr. Yarde"

"What? Even you don't want to listen to me now?"

"No..." Sean replied helplessly. 'What is wrong with Ms. Wolfenden today? It seems like I need to pay Mr. Yarde \$1,000 out of my own pocket.'

Sadie glanced at him. She did not expect that even Sean was putting in good words for Kayson.

After returning to her office, she called Kayson.

"Are you at Bwell Therapeutics now?" asked Sadie.

Kayson could sense that she was unhappy through her voice. "Yeah. What's wrong?"

Sadie did not know why she was so angry. She gnashed her teeth and said, "What's wrong? Your visit to Bwell Therapeutics to pick up girls has been posted on the Internet! "Yarde, don't forget about this. Even though we faked our marriage and you can go out to meet any woman you like, don't make it so obvious!

"If my grandfather finds out and gets angry, I won't let you off the hook that easily!"

"On the Internet?" repeated Kayson, his voice filled with confusion.

Sadie did not want to talk to Kayson anymore. When she heard Kayson's voice, she did not know why but she became even more furious.

She hung up the call and took a deep breath.

Then, as if controlled by a mysterious force, she tapped the news article again. She did not know if she or something else was controlling her, but she scrolled and stopped at the photo in which Lindsay grabbed Kayson's arm.

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Kayson was confused. He looked at Lindsay and asked, "How can we delete a photo that other people uploaded to the Internet?" "What's wrong?" asked Lindsay, her voice thick with confusion. "Nothing. I'm just asking."

"Well, to get this done, you'll need to look for the relevant network supervision department or find a tech-savvy person to help you."

Kayson thought for a while, and it seemed to him that the only people he could look for were the Whitmans.

He came out of Bwell Therapeutics and made a call to Michael.

"Mr. Yarde?" Michael greeted him respectfully. i

After Kayson told him his request, Michael said, "Don't worry, Mr. Yarde. In ten minutes, those photos will be gone from the Internet.

"Alright. Thank you."

"Don't mention it. What else can I help you with?"

"That's all for now."

After he ended the call with Michael, he returned to Bwell Therapeutics.

Soon, Queenie arrived.

"Mr. Yarde," Queenie greeted him with a sweet smile, earning herself a glance from Lindsay.

"Ms. Batley," replied Kayson. "You can call me Queenie, Mr. Yarde."

"Then you can call me by my name."

"Alright, then. Kayson," Queenie replied as she glanced provocatively at Lindsay. After that, she turned back to Kayson and asked, "Can we go now, Kayson?" "Sure." When Kayson rose to his feet, Lindsay hurriedly said, "I'm coming with you!" "You're coming with me? Then what about Bwell Therapeutics?"

Zachary let out a chuckle and chimed in. "Just let her go with you. She can give you a hand as well. I can take care of the things here myself."

Since Zachary had said so, Kayson had no other choice but nod.

Queenie had come here on foot. so the trio headed toward their destination in Lindsay's Beetle.

Queenie's bestie was called Yulene. She lived in the Waterway Residence, a medium to high end neighborhood developed by the Gillete Group.

When Kayson emerged from the elevator, he frowned slightly and turned to look at the doors of another two units.

"Queenie, how much do you know about your friend?" asked Kayson. "Huh?" Queenie was stunned. She did not understand why Kayson was asking a question like that.

"Yeah. She's just a normal girl," replied Queenie.

Kayson did not say anything. He could sense the presence of a few skilled fighters in the other two units.

'It seems like this friend of Queenie didn't tell her everything about herself.' Queenie walked to Unit No. 1901 and pressed the bell. She turned her head around and said, "My bestie's name is Yulene. We were roommates while studying in college, and we've been good friends since then." Kayson nodded. He did not say anything in return, but Lindsay's expression changed. "Yulene..." Lindsay mumbled, "Why does she have the same name as Ms. Walton?"

Kayson was stunned when he heard what she said. He looked at her and asked, "Ms. Walton?"

'Weren't the people that made a commotion at Bwell Therapeutics from the Waltons?'

Queenie frowned and replied, "That's impossible. My bestie isn't Ms. Walton."

At that moment, the door to Unit No. 1901 opened, and a sweet-looking girl in a wheelchair appeared in front of them.

"Queeny," said Yulene, her smile so warm that it could melt everyone's heart.

"Yulene, this is Mr. Yarde. He's the one that I mentioned to you on the phone."

Yulene turned her head around and looked at Kayson with a smile on her face. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Yarde. I'm Yulene."

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Kayson nodded. "Pleasure to meet you. You're Ms. Walton, right?" The smile on Yulene's face froze. She did not expect Kayson to know her identity and that he would expose her instantly. "Yes, I am," Yulene admitted after pondering for a while. Queenie, who was standing on the side, was stunned. It was only now that she knew her best friend was a member of a prestigious family. Lindsay's expression changed. She would never forget what the Waltons had done today.

Kayson glanced at her legs and said, "You've been suffering from this illness for at least five or six years. Your muscles and blood vessels have been greatly damaged.

"Besides, it must have gotten serious enough to affect your normal life recently. Let me guess, you haven't had a good night's sleep for at least five days. Am I right, Ms. Walton?" The indifferent expression faded from Yulene's face, and she became agitated as she said, "Mr. Yarde, I can't believe that you can see through the signs of my illness in the last few days at a glance!"

Yulene was shocked. She found it difficult to believe that Kayson was able to see through the illness that had been torturing her for years. Not even Zachary had been able to do that!

"Can you cure me, Mr. Yarde?"

"Yes, I can," Kayson replied faintly.

Yulene's heart skipped a beat, and she nearly fell from her wheelchair.

"If you can cure my illness, the Waltons will —"

"I'm sorry, but I decline."

After that, Kayson turned to Lindsay and said, "Let's head back."

If the Waltons had not come and caused a mess at Bwell Therapeutics, he would have certainly cured her without any hesitation.

However, things were different now. Before the Waltons apologized to Zachary and his granddaughter, he would never help them.

Queenie knew about the things that had taken place at Bwell Therapeutics. Therefore, she couldn't bring herself to beg Kayson. : Yulene was dumbfounded. Just when she did not know what to say, the doors of Unit No. 1902 and Unit No. 1903 opened, and a group of skilled fighters glared at Kayson and Lindsay intimidatingly. Seeing them, Yulene hastily shouted, "Stop! Don't be rude to Mr. Yarde!" Looking at the group of men that exuded an imposing aura before them, Lindsay was so scared that she grabbed Kayson's arm tightly.

This group of men was no threat to Kayson. He paid them no mind and pressed the button.

Soon, the elevator arrived, and he stepped into it and left with Lindsay.

At the same time, Queenie recounted everything that had happened at Bwell Therapeutics this morning. After listening to Queenie's explanation, Yulene sighed in disappointment. "I can see why he refused to help me. I can't believe that the people from my family would do that to them."

Queenie gnashed her teeth and said, "I'll call my brother, and we'll go to beg him together!"

Yulene shook her head. "That's not necessary. I'm the one who started this, so I should be the one to apologize to them." After that, she pulled her phone out and called her father. "Dad, did you ask Acson to go to Bwell Therapeutics?" The head of the Waltons replied, "Yeah. I was going to ask Dr. Ewell to treat you..." Yulene told her father everything, and he replied coldly, "Hah! How dare a doctor of unknown origin act all high and mighty before the Waltons!? "Since Zachary can't cure you, I'm no longer going to ask him. Your grandfather has invited a famous doctor from Metrocity.

"We cannot let a stranger cure your illness!" "But, Dad—" "Alright, that's decided. Hurry up and come back. It took your grandfather a lot of effort to get in touch with this famous doctor.

"I'm sure that this Mr. Yarde is just a liar. You shouldn't care about him!"

After that, her father hung up the call, and Yulene looked at her phone speechlessly.

"Queenie, please help me to apologize to Mr. Yarde. I need to go home now. My family has found a doctor for me.

"I'll personally visit Dr. Ewell and apologize to him afterward." "Alright then, but Yulene, Kayson isn't a liar. He really has cured me," said Queenie.

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“Got it.” Kayson was still calm.

Michael felt guilty. “Mr. Yarde, the Whitmans are really weak in terms of martial experts. I’m afraid we can barely be of help...” “Thank you, but I think I can handle it,” replied Kayson. There was a pause before he said, “I’ll remember this kind favor, though.”

“Don’t worry about it!” Michael was quick to answer.

Kayson got up after hanging up the call. Easton and the others were frightened by his sharp gaze and dared not say much. He went directly to the general manager’s office.

Chelsea still remembered that Kayson had asked her to print the divestment and withdrawal agreement at the last board meeting, so she asked instantly, “Mr. Yarde, here for Ms. Wolfenden?”

Kayson nodded.

“I’ll inform Ms. Wolfenden.” Chelsea darted into the office and came out a while later with a strange expression.

“Mr. Yarde, Ms. Wolfenden said that she doesn’t want to see you...”

The secretary wondered about Kayson and Sadie’s relationship when the latter said that she did not want to meet Kayson. Her expression was quite unlike when she rejected others,

Kayson was taken aback. ‘Is the woman still mad about the photos on the Internet?’

“Let her know that the photos online have been removed.”

Chelsea looked lost but went in to inform anyway.

“Ms. Wolfenden asks for you,” said Chelsea when she came out.

Kayson nodded and entered. “Thank you.”

“These two are so odd,” muttered Chelsea. “The photos online too, what photos!?’ The secretary’s gossiping heart was aching.

In the office...

Sadie's expression was still icy. "What do you need me for?"

Kayson was about to speak when Sadie's phone on the desk rang. She picked it up straightaway. "Sadie Wolfenden." The person on the other end of the line said something upsetting enough that Sadie looked dismayed. "I'll come right now!"

She grabbed her jacket and headed out hastily with that. Kayson followed, prompting her to turn around and snap, "Why are you following me!?" "I'll go with you lest you get in danger," said Kayson. "It's just an accident. What danger could there be?" Sadie then thought of something and

mocked, "You aren't thinking to placate me due to your guilt, are you? There's no need! We're not real husband and wife!"

'Why is the woman acting like she has ingested firecrackers?'

Kayson explained, "You're thinking too much. I just don't want Grandpa Hugh to be sad if anything happens to you." Sadie did not even have it in her to reply as she went straight to the basement parking lot and drove to the construction site.

When they arrived, it felt strange that there were not many reporters around! Usually, the site would have been thronged by the media and press. Kayson looked up. This was a building with nine floors built, but a whole side of the structure had collapsed! There were a number of workers gathered farther away, making Sadie rush there with a frown.

Kayson went with her and soon saw a few scattered corpses. His heart sank. He had picked up plenty of things to know that deaths on a construction site were immensely serious and terrifying accidents. Was this the Allen family's doing?

Chapter 105

At Bwell Therapeutics...

"The person that girl named Queenie asked you to cure is Yulene Walton, the eldest daughter of the Waltons?" Zachary was shocked. Lindsay chimed in and said proudly, "Grandpa, Kayson just turned around and left without batting an eye!"

It went without saying she knew why Kayson would do that, so she was very happy about it.

However, Zachary said worriedly, "Kayson, you were too impulsive. All of the Waltons are skilled fighters, and their strength is unfathomable! "You can see how powerful they are from the fact that the Whitman's and the Allens have not dared to extend their claws into the Waltons' industry despite being low-profile in the past few years."

Kayson replied indifferently, "Mr. Ewell, if everyone from the Waltons is a skilled fighter, then what about the Whitmans or the Allens?"

"The Whitmans have the most extensive and strongest connections in the world of politics, and the Allens are almost on the same level as the Whitmans in terms of wealth," replied Zachary. "Although the Waltons are arrogant, Yulene is a nice girl. You guys should be good friends instead." Zachary lamented.

Honestly, Zachary would disregard the Waltons' earlier action if Kayson could form a good relationship with them. After all, everyone from the Waltons was a skilled fighter.

No matter how proficient Kayson was in fighting, there was no way he could defeat the head, of the Waltons.

If Kayson refused to help Yulene today, it would make the Waltons have a bad impression of him.

"Mr. Ewell, I have to return to my company now. If the Waltons come to apologize to you, remember to inform me."

He would not cure Yulene's illness before the Waltons came to apologize to them.

"Well..." Zachary let out a bitter laugh. The Waltons were notoriously known for their arrogance, so how was there any possibility they would come and apologize to him? He was worried that the Waltons would behave even more arrogantly when they came to him next time.

However, he knew that Kayson was just helping him, so he was not going to say anything. After Kayson left, Lindsay hummed a tune as she put on her nurse uniform. She looked toward the entrance and giggled sweetly. Zachary sighed inwardly when he saw how much his granddaughter liked Kayson.

Kayson was an outstanding young man, so he was not confident his granddaughter would be a good match for him.

At Wolfenden Corp.... Easton felt his savior had returned when he saw Kayson.

"Mr. Kace, you're finally back!" shouted Easton.

"What's wrong? Why do you look like you've seen a ghost?" Kayson smiled.

"It's even worse than seeing a ghost, Mr. Kace! There's no way I can hold Ms. Sade back when she gets angry!"

"I'm your team member, so you must protect me when the time comes!"

Reva hastily chimed in. "Me too!"

"Don't worry. She won't do anything to you guys." Kayson said flatly.

After all, judging from the fact that Sadie had not done anything bad to him even though she hated him to her core, he was confident that she wouldn't do anything to Easton and the others either.

As soon as Kayson took his seat, he received a call from Michael.

"Mr. Whitman?"

"This is bad, Mr. Yarde!" said Michael, his voice filled with anxiety. "Patrick sent someone to Wolfenden Corp.'s construction site. I don't know what he is doing, but I think he's up for something bad." "Hmm?" Kayson lifted his eyebrows. "You killed Tony. Tony's brother is known as Ezekiel 'Tre-strike' Turner, and no one can survive a third strike from him. Although the Allens are powerful, they can't abate Ezekiel's rage."

"I received news that Tuckson, the patriarch of the Allens, asked Wilson to give \$45,000,000 to Ezekiel as a form of apology. "And this isn't enough. Since you're the one who killed Tony, if the Allens can't get your head, they might not be able to appease Ezekiel's anger." "So why are they targeting Wolfenden Corp.? Shouldn't they come at me instead?" Kayson frowned.

"This is what I'm going to tell you about. Tuckson seems to have chosen Wilson, so they want to take down the Wolfendens!

"I'm afraid their objective of targeting Wolfenden Corp. is to lure you there!"

If anything happened at the construction site, Sadie would have to go there. Then, if Kayson knew that Sadie was going to the construction site, he would also follow her there.

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"Ms. Wolfenden! You're finally here!"

A middle-aged man with a white hat ran over. This was the manager of the company's workplace safety department, Wade Drummond. A side of the external frame had collapsed on the site, and the workers who stood on the frame had fallen as a consequence.

Wade had been scared, paralyzed in his office, and nearly peed his pants. Sadie had put exceptional emphasis on site safety, so the assessment in the workplace safety department was the strictest out of all departments,

Wade had been doing well these past two to three years. No one was expecting such a serious accident. He could already foresee how he would end up. "How many died, and how many are injured?" Sadie asked sternly. Wade answered shakily, "F-Five dead... and seven injured badly..."

Sadie stumbled, looking appalled,

Kayson's eyes darkened at the answer as well—five innocent lives! He took a glance at the mangled bodies on the ground. They all looked to be in their 30s and 40s and were possibly the breadwinners at home.

The Allens... They really had no regard for human life! The other construction workers looked grieved. They had been working, eating, and drinking together. No one had thought of losing five pals in one go. "Compensation!" shouted a middle-aged man who was burned from the sun with reddened eyes. "Yes! Compensation! We're not working if you don't recompense!" yelled another worker. "Timothy's daughter is still in high school, and he has no wife. He's his daughter's only support. What will happen to his daughter now that he's gone?!"

The tanned man seemed to be close to one of the deceased.

"If you don't recompense Timothy's family, I'll expose you! I'll fight to the end with my life!"

Sadie took in the emotional workers and hurried to assure them, "We'll definitely bear the responsibilities and make reasonable compensation according to the law!"

"Who are you? Can you call the shots?" asked the tanned middle-aged man. "I'm the GM of Wolfenden Corp., Sadie Wolfenden. Mister, do you mind telling me your name?"

“I’m Max Elford!”

Sadie nodded and told Wade, “Understand the family condition of the... late members from Mr. Elford.

“The daughter of Timothy who he’s mentioned... If that’s the real situation, the company will bear all her high school and university fees and food expenditure!” Wade nodded. “I understand. Don’t worry, Ms. Wolfenden!” It was only then Max looked a little better. Sadie spoke seriously. “Do not worry. I’ll get to the bottom of today’s accident! “There will not be any excuses for the compensation to happen! Wolfenden Corp. has never delayed any payment all these years. I ask for your trust!” This was the time that reflected the company’s emphasis on its reputation and impression. The workers were obviously aware of it, so they did not make a big fuss. As for Sadie, she could not get herself to look at the gory sight and walked toward the fallen frame in anger. How did an accident like this happen? Wade knew how much regard she had for the safety aspect, so she believed that the man dared not slack either.

Moreover, even if there was an issue of the frame not being set up correctly, the whole of it should not have fallen directly like this...

None of the workers left, watching not too far at the back. Kayson went up and commented curtly, “It’s intentional.” Sadie froze and snapped her head back. “How did you know?” “Because—” Kayson was going to answer when the workers behind them screamed in horror. As if having a hunch, he looked up and widened his eyes—a few steel bars were falling off from the top!

They were coming down at him and Sadie!

Sadie looked up as well. She turned pale and froze in shock! Kayson carried her directly and sprinted forward.

Chapter 108

Seven to eight steel bars landed heavily on the ground, causing dust and rubble to be flung up into the air.

“Ah!” It was only then Sadie shrieked.

Kayson comforted her. “It’s okay.”

Before Sadie could recover from the shock, Kayson narrowed his eyes and put her down before he picked up a steel bar and hurled it across the air.

The steel bar knocked off a flying dagger!

Kayson’s eyes were icy as he looked at the flashing silhouette on the eighth floor. “Kayson...” Sadie was pale as she looked at the flying dagger that was hit.

“I’ll take care of you. Go into hiding with the workers.” Sadie gnashed her teeth. “Be careful...” Kayson nodded and entered the construction building. He moved incredibly fast to capture the other person’s energy vibration, catching up to the person at the field behind the site a while

later.

It was a middle-aged man with a crewcut and exuded a sense of savageness.

Kayson asked flatly, "You're the one who damaged the frame?"

The middle-aged man squinted. He had not expected Kayson's speed to be this fast. The expert from the Allens, Samuel Fothergill, snorted. "So what if I did?"

"A life for a life." Kayson's gaze was frosty.

Samuel mocked, "You? A young, immature kid? Don't think that you can fight me just because you've blocked my flying dagger!"

Kayson said nothing else. With a spring of foot, he reached Samuel within a breath and dealt a palm strike.

Samuel avoided it and smirked. This kid was attacking from the front and was doing it so slowly. Did he really think he would not be able to avoid it? However, a solid punch greeted his chest as soon as the smirk appeared.

The sound of bones breaking rang as Samuel was sent flying tens of meters away and coughed up blood. "How is this possible!?" Samuel's eyes bulged in terror. He failed to notice the punch that followed!

Kayson appeared before him and said lightly, "Who gave the order, and where is that person? Tell me, and I'll give you a swift death."

"Do you think I'll tell you- Blergh!" Kayson stepped on where Samuel's liver was, and a rush of energy vibration shot into the latter, causing him to cough another mouthful of blood.

"I can make you suffer while you're on the brink of death," said Kayson. "Manipulating the energy vibration so easily..." Samuel's eyes were filled with disbelief. He finally knew why he was defeated!

"I'm Samuel Fothergill, one of Allen's guards. It's Sir Allen's son, Hector, who instructed me to do what happened today..."

Kayson's energy vibration erupted within Samuel, crushing all his internal organs and killing him on the spot.

'Patrick and Hector Allen!' An icy glint flashed across Kayson's eyes. Later, he asked Michael to take care of the aftermath.

Sadie sprang up when he returned and opened the door. "Kayson!" Her lurching heart was finally back in place after seeing him. "It's fine now, Ms. Wolfenden." Kayson did not hide the truth as he spoke directly. "Mr. Drummond isn't to be blamed for the collapsed frame. Someone did it intentionally."

Chapter 109

"Hector, have you given Samuel the order?"

"Dad, don't worry. Everything's arranged. Even if Kayson could beat Tony, could he be better than Samuel?"

“Don’t fail in this. Your uncle won’t be happy about it otherwise.” Hector assured confidently, “Don’t worry. I’ve created a site accident to lure them.

“Samuel will be waiting in ambush. There’s no way Kayson will be able to escape. Samuel’s the third-best practitioner in our family. Tony couldn’t even last five exchanges against him.

“Kayson will die today, for sure. Sadie Wolfenden will die with him. I’d like to see how Liam will have the heart to manage Wolfenden Corp. when he loses Sadie.”. Patrick had planned to orchestrate the matter personally, but Hector had not done anything worthy of mention since he came of age. With the latter volunteering, too, Patrick thought he could let his son build up his merit through this matter and gain favors from his elder brother.

They had already decided that Samuel would do it, so the matter was basically a done deal. What was there to be worried about?

“Alright then. I believe in your capability. Your uncle will shower you with praises once this is accomplished.”

Hector was rather excited. “I’ll make sure Uncle Tuckson sees me in a new light!”

“Come back with Samuel after it’s completed.”

After hanging up, Hector pulled out his cell phone ecstatically to ask Samuel how it was going, but his guard’s voice rang outside the door just then. “How did you come in? Get out right now!” There was a loud boom after a sound of collision, and his door was kicked flying. Hector was shocked. “F*ck, who are you? Do you not know that this is Hector Allen’s mansion!?”

“You’re Hector Allen?”

Kayson looked up to see a man around 24-25 years old. “You – Kayson Yarde!?” Hector was appalled. “You’re not dead!?”

Samuel should have already killed Kayson, yet the latter appeared in Hector’s house.

‘Has Samuel failed? Or perhaps, Kayson did not get lured to the construction site? That should not be! Wilson mentioned that Kayson and Sadie have a complicated relationship!’

“The one dying is you,” Kayson said flatly. Hector calmed down as well. “I’m the heir of the Allens. Lay a finger on me, and the Allens will make sure you rot in hell! “Don’t think that Tony Turner represents the Allens’ standard. Turner barely got into the top ten in the family!”

“You sent Samuel Fothergill, yes?” asked Kayson. “How did you know?” Hector jolted and was suddenly anxious. “You went to the site, but you didn’t die...”

As he spoke, he was aghast. “Where’s Samuel!?”

“Dead.” An icy gleam flashed in Kayson’s eyes before he raised a hand and slapped Hector, sending him flying off the floor. Hector’s teeth flew off in splattering blood before he crashed against the wall and landed on the floor with a heavy thump. “Mmh! Argh! Oww!” Hector curled up with a hand over his mouth, moaning.

“You shouldn’t have killed five innocent workers.” Kayson walked up and stepped on Hector’s arm. Directing his energy flow, he pushed down on his foot and broke Hector’s arm.

“Here’s a chance for you to get help. Get your father here.”

Hector glared at Kayson begrudgingly. He swore that he would skin Kayson alive and chop him into pieces.

“Hector...”

Hector shouted the moment the call was connected, “Dad! Samuel’s dead, and Kayson’s trying to kill me. Come save me!”

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the line before Patrick’s angered voice reverberated. “Kayson Yarde! I’ll make you pay painfully if anything happens to my son.”

Chapter 110

Kayson chuckled. “Be here in half an hour, or you might not get to see your son for the last time before he dies.”

Kayson crushed the phone by stepping on it and looked at Hector. “What are you going to do?” Hector felt chills down his spine just from Kayson’s gaze.

“Have you seen hell?” Kayson chortled and went up, crippling Hector’s four limbs amidst the latter’s anguished cries. He then pulled out three needles and pushed them into three different pressure points.

Hector’s tormented, blood-curdling shrieks resonated in the mansion.

Over half an hour later, Patrick got to the mansion. Upon entering, he was greeted by Hector, who was soaked in blood and had died with bulging eyes. Patrick’s resentment soared like tidal waves.

“Kayson Yarde! You’re going to die horribly!” Patrick’s eyes were crimson as he was overwhelmed by anguish.

Kayson commented indifferently, “You feel pain too? Have you thought of how much pain the families of those five workers are in?”

“How could those five lowly workers be compared to my son!?” growled Patrick.

“Master Jo, I want him paralyzed and kept alive for torture!”

An old man with a white beard and white hair appeared at the door as soon as Patrick spoke. He was the Allens’ best expert.

Kayson glanced at him with a blank face.

Master Jo had a lofty air as he sighed. “Young man, you shouldn’t have offended the Allens.”

“Because of you?” Kayson shook his head. “Show me what you got.”

Master Jo smiled upon seeing how nonchalant Kayson was. He was a fearless young man who would soon suffer from his ignorance and naivety!

“Remember to grow a brain in your next life. Don’t offend everyone you see!” Master Jo moved so swiftly that he barely left a shadow as he dashed to swing a palm strike down at Kayson.

Kayson’s expression was frosty as his right hand flew out in a punch. Its force smashed Master Jo’s chest, leaving a deep imprint.

Master Jo was flung into a wall with all his chest bones broken as he was caught in disbelief.

“I didn’t expect you to be at such ease with manipulating your energy... I was blind.” With that, Master Jo’s head fell limp as he died right away. Patrick watched the scene in disbelief. “Master Jo...”

Suddenly, a gale struck him. Patrick quivered and felt vertigo hit him before he collapsed on the floor with his eyes rolled, mouth skewed, and saliva drooled. Like his son, he convulsed in

pain like his head was going to explode. Kayson left the mansion and called Michael.

“Patrick and Hector Allen, as well as a so-called Master Jo, are dead. Can you take care of it?”

Michael seemed to be doused in extreme shock as Kayson failed to receive any response as half a minute lapsed. “Mr. Whitman?” he repeated with furrowed brows. It was only then Michael replied hastily, “Yes! Of course! “But Mr. Yarde, the head of the Allens, Tuckson, might go berserk due to Patrick’s death...” Kayson answered indifferently, “Doesn’t matter. He doesn’t have many days left anyway.” Michael froze in bafflement, not even realizing when he had hung up.

Kayson patted Hector’s unconscious guard to wake him up. The latter was filled with terror the moment he saw him, but Kayson smiled. “Go back and tell Tuckson Allen that five workers have died. Compensate them \$15,000,000 per person.”