

When Kayson returned to the mansion, Beatrice cooked him some noodles. She had been comforting him along the way and had shown no sign of blaming him. Kayson could not help thinking that she was really a sweet and gentle woman. Sadie was fine, so she returned to the mansion around 10:00 p.m. She was naturally scowling at Kayson, and the repulsion for him in her gaze grew stronger. She chatted with her best friend after she lay in bed. When Wanda learned about what her best friend went through today, she was angry on behalf of her and thought that she ought to teach Kayson a lesson to vent the anger for Sadie. Sadie was indifferent to it now and did not agree. She did not even have the interest to teach Kayson a lesson now. A man like this was not worth wasting her time on! The chauffeur took Kayson to the company the following day since Sadie would be leaving a little later. Kayson was walking in when a man in glasses approached him. "Kid, Sir Horacio asks for you. Come with me." The bespectacled man squinted with a rather fierce gaze. 'Sir Horacio? The one those who ambushed Sadie mentioned yesterday?' Kayson smiled nonchalantly. "Lead the way." The bespectacled man was Sir Horacio's godson, Gabriel Bayfield. He took Kayson to his car and went straight to Horacio. "Who's Sir Horacio?" asked Kayson. Gabriel looked surprised. "You don't know who Sir Horacio is, yet you dare poke your nose into his business? It's no wonder you'd seek your own death!" Kayson asked indifferently, "He's impressive?" "Of course!" Gabriel smirked. "My godfather, Horacio Palfrey, is the top in Clouspring's mafia world! Anyone with power and authority would have to greet him by 'Sir Horacio'!" "Wilson Gillete asked him to kill Ms. Wolfenden?" Kayson asked again. "Why are you still so stupid when you already know everything?" Gabriel chuckled. Kayson smiled without saying anything. A while later, Gabriel took him to a suite. When they entered, Kayson saw a plump middle-aged man around 40 years old with numerous rings on his fingers sitting on the center couch. He was the so-called Sir Horacio, Horacio Palfrey. The four thugs who had ambushed Sadie yesterday stood behind him. These four people were Horacio's right-hand men and were true thugs. People called them The Quad Falcons—the moniker of the one who was the leader of the group was Falcon himself. Horacio narrowed his eyes with a sharp gaze. "Falcon, this is the one who foiled my plan?" Falcon still felt his back throbbing as he answered in a deep tone, "Sir Horacio, that's him! He's skilled!" Horacio scoffed. "Skilled? So? Nothing beats weapons! All we have are ways to take him down!" Horacio then told Kayson directly, "Are you getting on your knees to beg for mercy, or are you fighting to the end?" Kayson smiled. "Me? I'm not choosing. You, though, what's your choice?" Horacio harrumphed and sneered. "It looks like you're determined to die. Let me send you on your way then!" Falcon and his men's hands went to their back with that. The sight prompted Kayson to swing his hand up and flip the heavy stone table toward The Quad Falcons. The four men did not expect Kayson to be so savage that he would flip the table with his bare hands! The heavy table knocked them to the floor and caused them to cough blood under its weight. Horacio was stunned. He pulled out his phone to ask for backup with a shocked expression, but Kayson chortled and kicked him, sending him flying through the air. This Sir Horacio, who everyone found intimidating, was slammed against the wall. Kayson looked at the pale man calmly and asked, "Will you take revenge on me?" "Of course not..." Horacio answered shakily with the corners of his lips quivering. "You're lying." Kayson shook his head and delivered another kick, flipping the heavy table up again and causing it to land on Horacio. "Don't kill me..." The fearful plea rang before a crisp crack sounded from Horacio's body. The famous Sir Horacio died just like this. Before his death, his expression was a mix of regret and resentment. Kayson picked up a shard of glass from the

floor and flicked it lightly while The Quad Falcons watched him in terror. “Have mercy—” The four men’s voices stopped abruptly. “Mercy my *ss. You guys are to be blamed for running away and making me the scapegoat!” Kayson complained in a mutter and turned back to look at Horacio’s godson, Gabriel, who had driven him here and was currently frightened, paralyzed on the floor. Upon seeing that Kayson was looking at him, Gabriel was terrified and stammered, “H-Have mercy!” Kayson approached and kicked him, not exactly hard, but it scared Gabriel into soiling himself. Kayson was rendered speechless. He was so cowardly, yet he was in the gang? He had been under the impression Gabriel was some intimidating person since he looked so lofty and composed in the car earlier! “You did this. It has nothing to do with me, got it?” Kayson pointed at Horacio and The Quad Falcons, who were dead. Gabriel paused. He would not kill him!?! Gabriel shuddered before quickly replying, “I killed Sir Horacio and his men to take his place! You haven’t come tonight! We don’t know each other outside of this door!”

Chapter 12

A smart man—it was a skill to be sharp and tactful too. Kayson grinned and left the place. At the same time, the chairman of the Gillete Group, Wilson, barged into the general manager’s office in Wolfenden Corp to see Sadie. “Ms. Wolfenden, how does it feel to survive after the crash? Nice?” Wilson mocked the girl who was said to be the prettiest in Clouspring. Sadie scowled. “Do you have to resort to something so despicable, Mr. Gillete?” Wilson smiled nonchalantly. “Listen to yourself. You wouldn’t not know what I did when I was younger, right? “I was just utilizing some old tactics. How was that despicable?” Once Sadie thought of the accident yesterday, she could still feel a lingering fear and found it hard to recover from that. Wilson’s gaze turned savage. “Sadie Wolfenden, give up on Dickinson International, or you’ll pay for it! “You know very well who Horacio Palfrey is. Anger me, and one Horacio Palfrey is enough to ruin you!” Sadie felt her heart lurch, but she gnashed her teeth and refused to back down. Wilson was getting impatient, but his phone rang, so he answered it aggressively, “What?” The other end of the line said something that caused him to spring up in shock. “Horacio Palfrey’s dead!?” He regretted it as soon as the words left his mouth, but it was too late to say anything. He hung up and leveled an unnerving stare at Sadie. “Sadie Wolfenden, consider yourself lucky! But it’s just one Horacio Palfrey. I can get another one! We’ll see if you insist on fighting for Dickinson International!” Wilson threatened and left Sadie’s office in haste. It took Sadie a while to recover. She found it hard to believe that the mafia boss of Clouspring, Horacio Palfrey, was dead. It was a tremendously good piece of news to her! She quickly called her father to share the news, the father and daughter rejoicing in it. After all, this meant that Wilson’s threat level had decreased! Sadie was in a good mood and hummed a tune. She even felt that the boring documents became interesting. When she was about to finish work, she called her best friend to ask her out for a drink in celebration, but the latter was busy. She came to the project department to see The Tetrad but could not help the frown when she opened the door and did not see Kayson. Easton got up promptly and grinned obsequiously, “Ms. Sade, what brings you here?” Sadie asked flatly, “Where’s Kayson?” Easton swallowed the term “Mr. Kace” just in time to put on a despising expression. “That fella? I haven’t seen him for the whole day! Who knows where he’s gone to!” “Skipping work, huh? Deduct \$1,500 off his pay then.” First, it was Horacio’s sudden death, and then she got to deduct \$1,500 from the jerk’s salary. Good things came in pairs today! Sadie hooked a finger. “Easton, let’s go! Come drink with me!” She was here specifically for Easton. It was not like it was the latter’s first time to go drink with her. “Sure thing, Ms. Sade!” Easton agreed cheerily. It had been days since he went out for a drink too. Sadie could care less that

Kayson had skipped work. She took Easton for dinner and headed straight to a bar. Where was Kayson? He was at Bwell Therapeutics. After settling Horacio's matter, Zachary summoned him to Bwell Therapeutics. Zachary passed the treatment fee that the Tinsleys had paid to him—it was not much, just \$15,000. Kayson did not accept it but left it with Zachary when he was unable to refuse it. It was inevitable that he would buy herbs there anyway. Jeremy looked hesitant, like he had something to say but ultimately stayed quiet. After he left, Zachary probed, "Kayson, Mr. Tinsley Sr. has a birthday party at the Emerald Manor in the western suburb the day after tomorrow. Are you interested in going together?" Realization struck Kayson. This was probably what Jeremy wanted to say just now. "I might as well since I'm free." Zachary's gaze turned warm and loving. He was aware that Kayson was doing him a favor. "Alright, I'll call Jeremy and inform him later." When it came to dinnertime, Lindsay asked Kayson to stay, so the latter did after sending Sadie a text. After dinner, he was on his way home to the Wolfenden mansion when he received a text from Easton. [Mr. Kace, Ms. Sade and I are at the Nightyan Bar. Grab the chance. Come quickly!] Kayson was rendered speechless. 'Grab what chance?' He was not interested in the heiress. Despite that, Easton had already texted him, and he could not just ignore it, so he went to the bar. ... It was not exactly late, but plenty of people were already in the bar. Sadie was drinking at the bar counter while Easton waited on her from the side. What else could he do? This was Ms. Sade to him! A living and breathing beauty was certainly eye-catching in a place like this. Be it the men who had gotten seated or the ones who just came in, their eyes flitted to Sadie. Sadie drank without care and kept texting Wanda. It was kind of boring to drink alone, but with two pieces of good news in a day, it would be a pity not to celebrate it. Hence, she pestered her best friend, hoping she could come as soon as she could. Easton was actually there to be the designated driver, so he did not get to drink. His eyes kept drifting to the door, and he was delighted when he finally saw Kayson. "Eh? Ms. Sade, look, is that Kayson?"

Chapter 13

Sadie turned to look with a frown before pulling a long face and snorting. "A bumpkin would come here too? I've underestimated him." "Let's get him here?" Easton tried to persuade her. Sadie looked cold and shifted her gaze away from Kayson. "Do not. It's already unlucky enough to just look at him." Easton could not say more. His original intention had been to let the two of them spend more time together, but he did not expect Sadie to be so hostile to Kayson. Sadie glanced at Kayson and could not help the mental scoff when she saw that he played with his phone after finding a spot to sit. How interesting to come all the way here just to toy with his phone—was he stupid? The bar gradually entered its peak, and Easton was quick to ask, "Ms. Sade, the place is getting busier. Let's head back?" Sadie nodded. Just when they were about to leave, seven men who looked and acted pretty much like thugs walked in. Easton's face fell at the sight of them, and he frantically ducked his head not to meet eyes with them. In spite of it, Sadie was simply too eye-catching, and the muscular man around 1.9 meters in height who stood front and center looked over and took his underlings to come to them. "Hmm?" He suddenly spotted Easton, who had his head lowered, and narrowed his eyes. "You! Lift up your head!" Easton braced himself to look up and chuckled dryly. "P-Pete..." Pete cackled. "It's really you, huh! Mr. Gillete's been looking for you for a long time, only for me to run into you here today! "Good, I'll take you to him and let him do what he wants with you!" Easton paled but dared not fight back. Mr. Gillete, whom Pete mentioned, was Wilson's son. Ever since Easton had offended Wilson's son, he had rarely been out. Sadie's heart sank, but she asked calmly, "Pete, Easton's offended you? He's like my younger brother. Let me apologize on his behalf. You're the bigger person here, so can you not get even with him?" She

took a glimpse at Kayson's spot as she spoke and found that it was empty. A fire of rage was ignited within her. 'That jerk, coward! He actually ran off!' Pete chuckled. "Sure, have a drink or two with me, and I'll pretend I never saw him tonight." He ordered two strong drinks and took a seat next to Sadie. "Babe, I'll buy you the drink. Anything's negotiable as long as you drink to my satisfaction!" Pete's gaze was heated. It was not common to come across a beautiful girl like this! Sadie had a high alcohol tolerance, so she emptied the glass with a smile. Pete cackled happily and refilled her glass, but he himself barely touched the drink. "What's your name, babe?" "Sadie Wolfenden." "Sadie Wolfenden, huh? What a pretty name and a prettier owner. Do you have a boyfriend?" Pete thought that he had heard the name before, but he did not mind it as he extended an arm to pull Sadie over. There was a slight grimace as Sadie shifted to the side to avoid him. That made Pete's face fall. "What's the matter? You want this kid's limbs to be chopped?" Pete raised his hand, and two of his underlings pinned Easton down. Sadie looked troubled. "Pete, I'm the GM of Wolfenden Corp. I'm willing to pay for the trouble. Name me your price." Delight filled Pete's face. This was the woman Horacio had said that they could have their way with if they ran into her. "F*ck, a rich and pretty boss? I like it! Pin her down and send her to the room upstairs!" Pete was thrilled. The prize had sent herself right to his doorstep. Was there anything better than this? Sir Horacio would back him up after what he would do anyway! "Don't touch Ms. Sade!" Easton cried with reddened eyes. Pete's underling went up and slapped Easton twice, making his ears ring. Sadie turned pale. She did not expect that the man was not buying her offer when she was willing to pay. She pulled out her phone to call the police, but Pete snatched it and slammed it on the table before slapping her. "Ms. Wolfenden, no need to be stubborn when there's an easy way out! You might turn out fine after pleasing me!" Sadie's head buzzed, and fear rushed into her. She was doomed! She thought of Kayson again and felt furious. That piece of trash was worse than Easton! "Haha, come on, come upstairs with me! I'm going to enjoy my time today!" Pete grabbed Sadie to head upstairs when a relaxed voice rang. "Hey, hands off Ms. Wolfenden!" Pete paused and turned around. "Who the f*ck—" A kick greeted him and flung this 1.9 meters tall man three to four meters away. "Kayson?" Sadie looked at Kayson in disbelief as he pulled back his leg. "Ms. Wolfenden, it's best you frequent places like this less in the future." Kayson winced. He could only hurry over when he saw the commotion right after coming out of the washroom. Before Sadie could say anything, Pete's holler was deafening. "Why the f*ck are you guys not doing anything? Get him!" Pete's underlings rushed toward Kayson immediately. Kayson stepped forward and threw punches casually. It felt like he was an adult beating up kids as he defeated all of them swiftly. Pete widened his eyes and threatened frantically, "You can f*cking fight, huh? Do you know whose place this is? It's Gabe's territory here!" "Doesn't matter even if it's your dad's place," retorted Kayson. Pete snarled, "Okay! Let's see how brazen you can get! I'll call Gabriel right now!" Suddenly, a clamor broke out from the back. "Gabe!" "Gabriel's here!" The crowd automatically parted to give way before a glowering bespectacled man walked over intimidatingly. When Kayson turned to look, he could not help making a curious sound. That was Gabriel Bayfield, who had soiled himself from how terrified he was of him!

Chapter 14

Gabriel was taking over Horacio's territories after his death and had an appointment with several bigshots at the Nightyan Bar tonight. He came over to have a look when he was informed that there was a fight in the bar. He was just fretting about not having a chance to establish his intimidation and authority, yet one came knocking on his door. That threw him over the moon! Blood left Sadie's face. 'Gabriel? Why him!? He's Horacio's godson!' Without question, Gabriel would be replacing Horacio after

the latter died. She was not expecting to pull this man into the picture either. Sh*t was going down!” “Which damned—” Gabriel looked toward where Kayson was, and his expression froze. The rejoice he felt left him in the blink of an eye. ‘K-Kayson!?’ It was as if a bucket of ice was dumped over Gabriel’s head as he paled visibly. He was just going to call out “Mr. Yarde” and went over to bow before he remembered that Kayson had said they did not know each other after he killed Horacio. “Gabriel! Gabe! Be the judge of this! He is disrespecting you! You’ve got to teach him a lesson!” Gabriel felt tingles on his head. He would love to slap Pete to his death right now. That sc*m, did he want him to be Horacio’s company? While Gabriel was caught in a dilemma, he spotted Sadie standing next to Kayson and suddenly had an idea. He marched forward and kicked Pete. “Who the f*ck asked you to offend Ms. Wolfenden? Don’t you know that she’s a famous entrepreneur in our city? “A sc*m like you isn’t worthy of coveting her!” “Ah! I’m wrong, Gabe! I’m wrong!” “Annoying! Guys! Drag him out and give him a good beating!” barked Gabriel. Sadie and Easton were baffled. The latter, especially, wondered since when was Sadie so influential that the infamous Gabriel was so respectful of her. Gabriel bowed courteously. “Ms. Wolfenden, my underlings don’t know better. Don’t mind them.” Sadie was a little stupefied. “I-It’s okay... You’re too polite, Mr. Bayfield...” Gabriel did not dare look at Kayson and braced himself to keep saying, “Ms. Wolfenden, let me buy your drinks tonight. Feel free to visit any of the places under my care, for free!” “Huh?” Sadie was lost. What was going on? “Well, Ms. Wolfenden, I still have things to take care of. I’ll leave you to enjoy the night!” Gabriel did not want to stay a moment longer as he snapped at the crowd and dissipated them before hurrying upstairs. “Ms. Sade, you’re amazing!” exclaimed Easton. “R-Really...” Sadie was still dazed. At that moment, Kayson spoke up. “Gabriel is scared of me. You guys don’t have to worry about him in the future.” That jolted Sadie as she snapped her head to glare at him. “Stop bullsh*tting, will you? If Gabriel hears you, we’ll be in trouble if he goes back on his word!” “I’m telling the truth!” retorted Kayson. Sadie chuckled coldly. “Would Gabriel know who a bumpkin like you is? Stop flattering yourself!” Kayson gave up on arguing. She could believe whatever she wanted. Easton kept quiet as he contemplated on the side. Sadie lost her mood to drink and dismissed Easton before going home with Kayson. Once she arrived at the mansion, Liam summoned her to his study. Liam started grimly. “I’ve heard that Dickinson International has internally decided to be given to the Gillete Group...” “W-What do we do then? Won’t our efforts be wasted?” Sadie exclaimed in alarm. Liam shook his head. “We still have a shot. I heard that Asoss’ Mr. Tinsley Sr. is having a birthday party in Clouspring the day after tomorrow. Your grandfather’s contacted Mr. Johnson Zigler and asked for a favor to get us the invitation.” Sadie wondered in worry, “Will Mr. Zigler really help us?” “He promised verbally. I think he will,” said Liam. The father and daughter were disheartened. Sadie was even more so when she returned to her room and saw Kayson on the floor. The next day when Kayson went to the office, Easton was even more respectful to him. After work, he went back to the mansion in Sadie and Liam’s car. The father and daughter seemed to have run into some good news as they were in a good mood. They got Hugh to the study once they arrived home. Liam announced, “Dad, we’ve gotten the invitations to Mr. Tinsley Sr.’s birthday party!” Hugh was delighted as well. “Really? It seems that Johnson still acknowledges the favor from back then.” “We get to attend Mr. Tinsley Sr.’s birthday party tomorrow and have the chance to talk to him!” Sadie cheered happily. “That’s right. But it’s too bad there are only four invitations!” Hugh sighed. He wanted to take Kayson along otherwise. Sadie frowned. “Grandpa, why do you keep thinking of him? It’d be embarrassing to take him to an important event like this!” “Embarrassing? Kayson’s pretty decent!” Sadie was not in the mood to argue, so she headed straight to her room.

The day of the birthday party, Kayson went to Bwell Therapeutics after he finished work and was driven to Tyrone's party. Both Tyrone and Jeremy were incredibly polite to him. Jeremy's change of attitude, especially, surprised Kayson. What he did not know was that the father and son had found out about Horacio's death. Although the mafia boss was nothing to them, he was still an influential figure in Clouspring. It was also because of their regard for Kayson that they had sent the Wolfendens four invitations. Otherwise, even the best businessmen in Clouspring could hardly get the chance to attend the birthday party tonight. "Kayson, have a seat," Tyrone said with a kind smile. "Thank you for coming to my birthday party. "I heard that you're staying with the Wolfendens and wonder what's your relationship with them." Kayson answered, "My mentor owes Mr. Wolfenden Sr. a favor, and I'm here to return it." "I see..." Realization struck Tyrone, so he told Jeremy, "Tell Daniel to pass the Dickinson International project to the Wolfendens." Jeremy nodded. "I've already called him." Kayson was surprised. "You guys have a say in the Dickinson International project?" Zachary chortled from the side. "Kayson, it seems that you don't quite know the Tinsleys. There are rarely things in Skyriv that the Tinsleys don't have a say in." Kayson hesitated before responding, "Thank you, but I mustn't receive the favor without earning it." Tyrone spoke straight away. "If you feel bad about it, save me once more when I collapse again in the future." Kayson thought about it and nodded. "Sure." Tyrone was delighted upon seeing that he agreed. "Right, Kayson, I plan to deliver a short speech later and thank you in front of everyone. I'd like you to go up on stage so that they can get to know you. What do you think?" Tyrone glanced at Zachary when he sensed that Kayson was going to reject it. Zachary understood and spoke up. "Kayson, don't you reject Mr. Tinsley Sr.'s kind gesture." "Alright then..." Kayson could only agree since there was nothing else he could do. Tyrone wore a pleased smile at that. At the banquet hall... Sadie and her family found a place to sit. Liam hummed grimly. "I wonder if Mr. Tinsley Sr. will see us later." Hugh replied just as seriously, "Let's get someone to ask about it later." At that moment, a man in a suit and leather shoes approached them and asked politely, "Are you Mr. Hugh Wolfenden?" "I am," Hugh answered in confusion. "I'm Mr. Daniel Chappell's secretary, Harry. Mr. Chappell has asked me to inform you that the Dickinson International project has been internally decided to be given to Wolfenden Corp. You're asked to meet him in his hotel room after the party." Liam and Sadie looked shocked before their eyes shone in delight and disbelief. Hugh replied quite emotionally, "R-Really? Harry, thank Mr. Chappell for me!" The young secretary smiled. "I will. Mr. Chappell is staying at Shengville Hotel 2002." "I'll keep it in mind. Thank you so much!" After Harry left, Hugh's smile was wide when he looked at Liam and Sadie. "It's done... It's done just like this!" Sadie was incredibly thrilled too. "Grandpa, it must be Mr. Zigler who helped us!" Her grandfather's old friend must have done a lot to get them the invitations and the project! Sadie believed that it must be the case. Even Liam was convinced that this was what had happened. Hugh took a deep breath. "This is a huge favor..." As he spoke, he saw Johnson and his son from afar. "I see Johnson. Come on, let's go thank him properly!" Johnson, who was enjoying his wine, was astonished when he saw Hugh and his family coming to him. His son, Kuhn Zigler, asked in a low whisper, "Dad, why are the Wolfendens here?" They had not actually helped the Wolfendens, so they were not expecting to see them here. To owe the Tinsleys a favor for the Wolfendens that did not pose too much value? Johnson had not lost his sanity yet. "I don't know." Johnson's frown was tightly knitted. "Johnson!" Hugh looked thrilled as his tone was grateful. "It's all thanks to your help tonight!" Johnson thought quickly. Hugh seemed to assume that he had helped them. Despite his confusion, he smiled and gave a vague reply, "Nothing like that. I didn't do much." Hugh was even more thankful. "My treat next time. You've got to come!" Among the people Hugh knew, Johnson was the only one with significant status and could go up and talk to Tyrone. He had also

only asked for help from Johnson, so who else could it be if not the latter who helped? "A meal is fine." Johnson's frown was still locked in place when the hall brightened up. A pretty host who was dressed glamorously went up on stage. Her melodious voice resounded in the hall. "Dear respected guests, welcome to Mr. Tyrone Tinsley's 70th birthday. "He's thankful you've graced his party with your presence and hopes you enjoy the food and wine served tonight. "Mr. Tyrone Tinsley has something to say. Do keep the volume down a little, please." The hall that had been buzzing with a slight clamor fell silent immediately. Tyrone went up on stage and smiled at his guests. "I almost didn't have the chance to spend my 70th birthday, but luckily, I met a young man who saved me. "He's the key person that this birthday party could happen today. "For this reason, I'd like to thank him in public and for you guys to get to know him." Tyrone slowly turned to the right, and the spotlight was focused on where he was looking. Kayson, who was the focus, walked up the stage slowly, looking a little helpless. At the same time, Sadie and Liam froze among the crowd as they stared at the man going on stage in disbelief. How was it Kayson!?

Chapter 16

Sadie and Liam were in disbelief as they watched Kayson walk up the stage to stand next to Tyrone under the spotlight. Hugh's eyes widened as well, staring at Kayson on the stage. He was unable to believe what was happening

To meet someone like Tyrone was harder than anything. What was more, to stand next to him!

Kayson was kind of bumped. He really did not like showing up in such a high profile. His old man of a mentor used to say that staying low profile in carrying oneself was the truth to life. If it were not because Tyrone had given Dickinson International to Wolfenden Corp., he would have never agreed to this.

Tyrone asked with a smile, "Kayson, would you like to say something?" Kayson shook his head, not looking too keen. Tyrone, who was wise and experienced, was quick to catch up on that and smiled. "Since Kayson has no plan of saying anything, let me do the talking..." After some pleasantries, Tyrone asked the waiters to serve the food for his guests to dig in. The crowd who thought that Tyrone would speak more felt a little amused. It seemed to them that the young man, Kayson, was not exactly prioritized. Tyrone had probably only mentioned him as a favor to Zachary.

The crowd knew that Tyrone was in Clouspring to seek treatment from Zachary. They thought that Kayson must either be Zachary's heir or his disciple. It was simply normal for Zachary to pave the young man's way by leveraging Tyrone's status.

As Kayson went off stage, he found Zachary and told him, "Mr. Ewell, please try not to involve me in the case of saving Mr. Tinsley Sr. Just say that it was you who saved him and that it doesn't have much to do with me. "I won't spend too long in Clouspring, probably three months to half a year, and I'll return to the countryside. My mentor likes it quiet and peaceful. If people find out and come to me for treatment, I'll be dead." Zachary paused. "Kayson's mentor... He must be a reclusive master! Zachary could not help asking, "You're only staying for such a short time? Didn't you marry Mr. Wolfenden Sr.'s granddaughter?"

"Nothing like that." Kayson shook his head. No way!

Zachary could not help raising a brow. His heartbeat quickened. He had been there when Hugh ordered Sadie and Kayson to marry. He had been under the impression that it was decided, but that did not happen? This was good news! Zachary held back his delight and promised with a serious face, "Sure, don't worry! I'll take care of Mr. Tinsley Sr. regarding this too!"

Kayson brightened up. "Thank you, Mr. Ewell!"

Lindsay approached with blushed cheeks and hopeful eyes. "Kayson, I heard that this manor has a beautiful lights setup. Would you go have a look at it with me?"

Kayson agreed, thinking that he was free anyway, "Sure." Zachary was happy that both of them were close. "You youngsters go ahead. I'll go look for Mr. Tinsley Sr." Lindsay replied cheerily, "We're off then, Grandpa!" As both Lindsay and Kayson walked away, Zachary sighed. "There goes the girl.. He was ready to go look for Tyrone in the booth when someone called for him from the back. "Dr. Ewell, hold on, please!"

Zachary paused and turned back to look at the source of the voice.

'Eh? It's Hugh and his family.'

Hugh was the first to approach Zachary with a slight pant and asked after looking around, "Where's Kayson?"

"He has something else to attend to and left first," Zachary answered after giving it a thought.

Sadie asked, "Did you bring Kayson here?" The cogs in Zachary's head started to work. It seemed that Hugh and his family had no idea about Kayson helping Wolfenden Corp.

Should he tell them?

Soon, Zachary made up his mind.

Nope!

There was no other reason except that he wanted to matchmake his granddaughter, Lindsay, with Kayson. Since Sadie and Kayson were not married, he would not give Kayson to the Wolfendens. "Hmm, Kayson gave me a hand when I treated Mr. Wolfenden Sr. the last time. I just thought that I'd recommend him to Mr. Tinsley Sr."

'Oh...' Liam and Sadie were both relieved.

Sadie calmed herself down. She had nearly had a heart attack upon thinking that Kayson and Tyrone were somehow acquainted. It seemed that she was overthinking. How could a country bumpkin possibly know someone in the high society like Tyrone? Hugh was a little disappointed. There was a brief moment he really thought Kayson was related to the Tinsleys. "I should get going. Let's talk some other time." Zachary did not want to speak more lest he exposed himself, so he hastily excused himself and left. "Sure, Dr. Ewell!"

Hugh then sighed. "I thought that Kayson's somehow related to the Tinsleys..." "Dad, don't you think that it's too far-fetched?" Liam said seriously, "Look at Mr. Tinsley Sr.'s status. How could Kayson know him?" "Exactly!" Sadie chimed in. "Speaking of which, he's got to attend Mr. Tinsley Sr.'s birthday

party tonight indirectly, thanks to you, Grandpa! “If he didn’t have a little medical knowledge and helped Dr. Ewell treat Grandpa, would Dr. Ewell have brought him here?”

For some reason, Sadie was reluctant to acknowledge it once she recalled Tyrone asking Kayson to go up on stage. “Alright! Enough! I’ll ask Mr. Chappell after the party...” Hugh snapped, silencing both Liam and Sadie. The old man was aged, but he was still authoritative.

Chapter 17

After the birthday party, Hugh and his family went to the Shengville Hotel.

Daniel’s secretary, Harry, had been waiting for them downstairs and quickly approached them when he saw them entering the lobby. “Mr. Wolfenden Sr.!” Harry smiled warmly.

“Harry!” Hugh extended a hand. Harry shook it briefly and told him with a smile, “Mr. Chappell is already waiting upstairs. I’ll take you to him.”

“Sure, thank you!”

Hugh was a little anxious and excited. In the presidential suite, Room 2002... As Harry led them in, they saw a poised middle-aged man with graying sideburns. He was Daniel Chappell, the man who could decide who would receive the Dickinson International project! “Mr. Wolfenden Sr., I’ve long heard of you!”

Hugh went up to him promptly. “Mr. Chappell, sorry to keep you waiting!”

“No worries. Come, have a seat.”

Hugh and his family were reserved. Daniel was a notable man in Springside, and there was no way they could meet him without connections. “It’s getting late, so I’ll skip the courtesies. After all, I’ve heard you’re not doing well healthwise and need to rest early.”

“It’s not a big deal!”

Daniel chuckled and went straight to the point. “Dickinson International isn’t a big project. It’s no trouble to make it an internal decision to give it to you. “Nonetheless, this is an open tendering project, so the procedures will have to be followed.”

Hugh spoke up quickly. “Of course, we understand!”

“That’s good. There’s basically no issue about this then. Don’t forget to make a trip to Springside for the tendering then, Mr. Wolfenden.”

“Of course not, don’t worry, Mr. Chappell.” Liam was immensely thrilled right now as well. They had worked hard for too long in order to get the project.

Daniel nodded and lifted his arm to glance at his watch. Hugh got up and said, “Thank you for going through the trouble, Mr. Chappell. We’ll thank you properly when we’re in Springside.”

Daniel smiled without providing any response.

Hugh looked hesitant before he gnashed his teeth and probed. “Mr. Chappell, do you mind

disclosing who contacted Mr. Tinsley Sr. for me?

He asked to figure out who had helped speak for him to Tyrone. Daniel was taken aback before chortling. "Mr. Tinsley has only told me to give the project to you. He didn't mention anything else.

"There are plenty of eyes on Dickinson International. It was decided to be given to the Gillete Group, but you're pretty good for making Mr. Tinsley speak on your behalf. "What's the matter? You don't know who you've asked help from?" Daniel was confused as well. Jeremy had called him personally to tell him this. Had the Wolfendens not pulled any strings? Liam spoke up. "My father asked Mr. Johnson Zigler." "Johnson Zigler?" Daniel paused and frowned, "Impossible Johnson's quite influential in Clouspring, but to have Mr. Tinsley get involved in a perry project like Dickinson International? He's not yet qualified."

The Wolfendens were stunned The Zigler father and son had not helped? What was going on!?

Chapter 18 Hugh and his family left the hotel and went home with questions in their heads. Sadie was curious. "Grandpa, should we ask Mr. Tinsley about it?"

Hugh shook his head. "It wouldn't be appropriate. Johnson Zigler, though. Hmph! I thought he had helped us and was so thankful and polite to him at the birthday party. "But it's got nothing to do with him at all! That old man is shameless!"

Hugh was furious when he thought about how Johnson had just taken the credit for nothing.

What a shameless old man! Despite that, he was still curious about who had helped them. Could it be Kayson?

When they returned, Hugh saw that the mansion was lit up and muttered, "Kayson's probably home."

Sadie looked horrified when she entered and did not see Kayson downstairs. After going upstairs frantically and pushing the door to her room open, she saw Kayson sleeping on the floor as expected.

Sadie was flushed and slammed the door as she looked at her underwear on the bed. She glared at Kayson while she rolled up her duvet to cover them in haste. "Who let you come up here!?"

"It's time to sleep..." "You!" Sadie felt like she could cough blood. She actually could not argue against this reason! 'Ugh, it's taking a toll on me!!! She had to get used to the life of having a man in her room, or she would just suffer through her days.

"You can't come into my room when I'm not home next time!" Sadie ordered harshly.

"Oh, okay." Sadie bit her lips as she stared at Kayson, feeling wronged yet powerless. She could only keep her clothes with a huff.

The night went by without another conversation...

Hugh reminded his son during breakfast, "Liam, it's internally decided that Dickinson International is ours, but we can't let words about it get out yet, lest it causes problems to Mr. Chappell. Remember to keep it confidential.

"There are mainly two focuses for the company recently. One is to contact decent suppliers, and the other is to concentrate on important projects that we have so there's no quality issue.

“The payment due to be collected from some companies shouldn’t be dragged out any longer either!”

Liam nodded. “Don’t worry, Dad. I’ll get them done.”

“Also, watch out for Wilson Gillete’s activities. Mr. Chappell definitely won’t disclose that Dickinson International is already ours, but Wilson will do everything he can against our company if he finds out about it elsewhere.”

Kayson did not interrupt but remembered all the pointers.

After breakfast, he followed Liam and Sadie to the company as usual.

“Good morning, Mr. Batley.” Upon entering the office floor of the project department, Kayson met the first person he had reported to since he joined the company.

The manager of the project department, Sean, managed all four teams that were under the department.

Sean was startled before he replied with a smile, “You look like you’re doing great, Mr. Yarde. Have you been well in The Tetrad?”

Sean was kind of perplexed since Kayson did not look like he had gotten beaten up. Had the seven princes of The Tetrad changed for the better?

“Not too bad.” Kayson paused and grinned. “Mr. Oxley’s just very strict on me.”

“Easton, huh? He’s just a chaotic devil. Just try to stay out of his way. He wouldn’t dare step over the line in the company,” Sean told Kayson kindly since he had a decent impression of the latter.

“I see. I understand. Thank you, Mr. Batley.”

“No problem.”

Kayson went to The Tetrad’s office, but no one was there. The chaotic group would never come so early. With nothing to do, he took a look at the company’s internal rules and regulations.

It was office hours, yet Easton and his friends were still nowhere to be seen. Kayson was a little puzzled. Had all of them taken the day off together? He did not mind it too much as it was not exactly odd that they were absent.

It was past 10:00 a.m. when Easton called Kayson.

Kayson answered, “Hello ” Easton’s weak voice came from the other end of the line. “Mr. Kace... The Walnut on Crimsun Street...”

Chapter 19 Before Easton finished his sentence, a loud noise came from his end, and the call was cut.

Kayson looked a little grim as he searched for the location and rushed to the bar that Easton had mentioned.

At The Walnut, Crimsun Street...

Kayson pushed the door open and entered upon arrival. It was dim inside the bar, stinking with various odors.

The light was turned on all of a sudden and flooded the bar with brightness.

“Oh, came here to die alone?” said a mocking voice, prompting Kayson to look at one of the couches..

The man who had talked was sitting on the couch. There were also Easton, Reva, Natalie, and others. Easton had a fresh bleeding wound while the person who spoke had his foot on top of Easton’s head.

The man was scanning Kayson with a sneer. Several muscular men stood on his left and right. There were also a few others who looked slightly less intimidating. Mason Gillete scoffed. “What a scare. I f*cking thought that the kid was calling for some help, but this is it? One man?”

His underlings broke out in a guffaw.

“Kayson...”

Reva’s face was red with a clear handprint on it. There was not just one handprint but several overlapping each other. Her cheek was already swollen.

Natalie and the others were injured and had already passed out. Who knew how serious their injuries were?

Reva fell in despair when she saw Kayson coming alone. What could he do when he was here alone!?

Kayson nodded and looked at Mason. “I’ll take your legs.”

Reva, who was in despair, jolted and looked up at Kayson in disbelief. ‘What!?! Has Kayson gone crazy? Can he not see the muscular men?’

Apparently, Mason was taken aback before snorting and laughing while covering his face.” Nice one! F*cking wild!”

Mason was tearing up from laughter as he shook his head and waved his hand. “Trash the boy and toss him in the bin!”

‘How boring. I thought that someone impressive would show up, yet this is it?’ One of the muscular men got up. His chest muscles were incredibly pronounced like a boxer’s. He grinned and threatened menacingly, “Kid, don’t you worry. My punch is swift and brutal. I promise your bones will be shattered right away!” The man swung his fist toward Kayson’s shoulder once he spoke. As he had said, he was swift

and brutal.

Unfortunately, it was still too slow in Kayson’s eyes.

Hugh had asked him before about the level of his medical knowledge, and he said that he had only picked up the surface. He was not being humble as it was the truth. What he was the best at was actually martial arts and fighting.

As Kayson sidestepped to avoid the punch, he slapped the man and sent a few teeth flying out of his mouth. He then grabbed the man’s wrist and punched his chest, throwing him into the air. The man flew and landed on the couch with a loud thud.

Mason was shocked before he glowered.

“Attack together!”

The rest of the men grabbed their weapons and charged toward Kayson. As Kayson moved with his hands and legs, silhouette after silhouette flew off. Not expecting this, Mason growled, “If you f*cking fight back again, I’ll crush Easton’s head right now!”

Chapter 20

Kayson paused as an icy glint flashed across his eyes. Like an arrow released from the bow, he sprang forward and kicked Mason. The latter fell to the couch with a heavy thud before the couch collapsed under the weight and force.

“Argh!” Mason let out a pained cry before he coughed up blood. –

“Goodness!” Admiration glittered in Reva’s eyes. She was dumbstruck. She did not know that Kayson was actually this awesome!

The whole bar was left with pained groans and a few underlings who dared not make a move. Kayson checked Easton and realized that the latter had suffered serious internal injuries. Apparently, he must have been beaten up brutally, but his life was not at risk.

“Send Easton and the others to the hospital.”

Reva snapped out of her trance and replied timidly, “Can we not go to the hospital? We dare not let our families know...”

Kayson frowned, helpless against Reva’s pitiful expression. “Send them to Bwell Therapeutics then.”
“Okay!”

Reva quickly went to help prop Easton up when Kayson told her, “Bring the car over. I’ll carry > them.”

With her face stained with tear tracks, the girl quickly ran off.

After Kayson got them in the car, they departed for Bwell Therapeutics.

Mason, who took a long time to recover after they left, pulled out his phone at once. He called a number and growled while coughing blood, “Gabriel! I don’t care what you’re doing right now! Take the best men you have and go to Bwell Therapeutics!”

“Nutcase!”

Gabriel tossed his phone to the side, cursing. He had gotten a woman to vent his frustration immediately after leaving Tyron’s birthday party the previous night. He had not even gotten up properly right now when he received the great Mr. Mason Gillete’s call. Horacio had just died, and he had yet to take over the connections and territories Horacio had left. ‘Can this rich heir like take a break or something?’

Despite Gabriel’s curses, he had to listen to Mason still since he depended on the Gillete Group. Hence, he called his lackeys and asked them to go to Bwell Therapeutics, wondering which blind fool had offended the rich heir.

Kayson had already called Lindsay on the way to ask her to close Bwell Therapeutics for the day to take in Easton and friends. There was no way that Lindsay would reject his request.

Soon, they arrived at Bwell Therapeutics, and Lindsay became anxious upon seeing the blood on Kayson. She only recomposed herself when she realized that Kayson was not the injured party. Lindsay helped take care of superficial wounds, disinfect them, take the group's temperature, concoct some medicine, and move speedily through them all. As for Kayson, he grabbed some herbs to cook them while Reva sat stiffly like she was a little lost.

Lindsay asked in worry, "Kayson, what happened?"

As she spoke, the engine sound of motorbikes and cars sounded noisily at the door.

Lindsay checked the surveillance monitor and paled instantly.

There were at least 20–30 people outside of Bwell Therapeutics. A furious man stepped out of the crowd as he yelled, "Gabriel Bayfield! Where the f*ck are you!?"

"Mr. Gillete! Here!" Gabriel, who had finally rushed his way there, approached with an apologetic smile. Mason pointed at Bwell Therapeutics' door and snarled, "Crash this f*cking place, or you can get your *ss off Horacio's place!"

Gabriel was pissed. After all, he was being ordered around in front of so many of his lackeys but could not say anything.

"Don't worry, Mr. Gillete! I'll make sure the job is done and dusted!" Gabriel replied with an obsequious smile before he hollered, "What are you guys still waiting for? Hurry—" When the roller shutters went up and a person wearing a bloodstained shirt walked out, Gabriel's voice stopped abruptly.

It was as if thunder had struck Gabriel, and he trembled when he took in the nonchalant face.

"It's you?" Kayson chuckled. This smile seemed as scary as a grim reaper's smile to Gabriel. "M—Mr. Yarde..." Gabriel's legs were giving out.

How Horacio had died was still stuck in his mind. How could he not be scared when he ran into Kayson again now?

Kayson asked faintly, "You're going to take me out?"

Gabriel jumped before he quickly cleared his name. "Nothing like that! Mr. Yarde, this is a misunderstanding!"

"Gabriel, you sc*m! What are you doing?!" Mason was infuriated. What did the piece of trash mean? Kayson grinned. "Since you're not here against me, you're here to help me then?" He pointed at Mason and said leisurely, "Take him out, or you won't get to leave this place today."

Mason widened his eyes. Things did not seem right!

Suddenly, Mason was kicked and fell to the ground. He looked at Gabriel in disbelief and growled, "Sc*m! How dare you lay a finger on me!? Have you f*cking gone crazy!?"

Gabriel was silent. Was it important if he took over Horacio's place? Yes! But his life was even more important!

Kayson could already kill skilled people like Horacio and The Quad Falcons. Even if Gabriel replaced Horacio with Mason's support, so what? Power and wealth would mean nothing when he was no longer alive!

Gabriel swung up a steel bar and hurled it down.

"Ahh!"

Agonized cries resonated in front of the medical center.

A few minutes later, Mason lay on the ground on the brink of death.

Gabriel was pale when he looked at Kayson. "Mr. Yarde... is this okay?"

Kayson nodded. "Clean up a bit, and you can go." "Okay!"

Kayson turned and went back inside.

Lindsay popped her head to peek outside and asked softly, "Are they... Are they leaving soon?" "Don't worry. They won't dare do anything." Kayson comforted her, seeing how frightened

she was. , "Oh..." Lindsay breathed in relief.

A while later, Gabriel left with his underlings.

Since the herbs were not ready yet, Kayson ground up a few other herbs to make some poultice. The task took him over two hours. He applied the poultice evenly on Easton and looked at the time before calling for Reva to understand what happened.

The previous night, the group had been drinking in the bar, and Easton had seen Mason spiking a high school girl's drink. Hence, he went up to expose Mason and got into a conflict with him.

Mason was Wilson's son, and his men had all been at the bar. As such, Easton and his friends were naturally not their opponents.

While Kayson thought about it, Reva looked at him in trouble before asking in a bare whisper, "Kayson, can you keep the fight a secret for us?"