

MY FGB 111

Chapter 111

At the Allen mansion, Tuckson was resting with his eyes closed in the study. Suddenly, a middle-aged man barged into the study, his face pale.

Slowly, Tuckson opened his eyes and asked, "What is it?" "Sir..." The middle-aged man got down on his knees fearfully. He dared not to say what he was going to say next. Tuckson squinted his eyes and stared at the middle-aged man coldly. Then, with a deep but regal voice, he said, "Speak!"

"Sir Allen and... his son are dead!"

Tuckson had always been known as someone who could keep his composure no matter what happened. However, when he heard what the middle-aged man had said, his pupils constricted.

"Who did it?" he asked, his voice filled with rage.

"K... Kayson." "Kayson..." Tuckson's expression was dark. "What about Samuel?" "Mr. Fothergill is dead too! And Master Jo! Kayson killed them all!"

"That's impossible!" Tuckson said, his face filled with disbelief. He could accept Tony's death since Tony was not one of the strongest fighters of the Allens, even though he was quite powerful in his own right.

However, he couldn't accept it at all when he found out that Master Jo was dead.

After all, Master Jo was a master of manipulating inner energy. No one could match his skills in Clouspring. Unless... Kayson was stronger than him!

When the thought popped into Tuckson's mind, he took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down.

"Okay, I got it. You're dismissed."

"There... is one more thing..." "What is it?" Tuckson frowned deeply.

"Kayson said that five workers were dead because of Young Master Hector, and he demanded that the Allens pay each of them \$15,000,000."

"Nonsense!" Tuckson growled, his face red with anger. "Does he really think we Allens are a bunch of pushovers? Does he really think we can't find someone better than him at using inner energy? How dare he demand an exorbitant price just because of a few lowly lives? Ignorant fool! I must show him that there will always be someone who's stronger than him!"

Tuckson got to his feet and exited the study.

He drove his car until he reached the woods behind the mansion.

Standing in front of a cave, he shouted, "Master Wood, I'm Tuckson Allen, and I need your help!"

"What is it?" A wizened voice erupted from the cave.

“My brother was killed by someone who’s suspected to be a master of inner energy. I hope you will come out of the mountain and help me kill him!”

“\$50,000,000!” The voice came again.

“Deal!” Tuckson replied without any hesitation.

“Give me his photo and basic information. Come and claim his head tomorrow evening.”

Tuckson bowed before him respectfully, “Sure! Thank you very much, Master Wood.”

After Kayson left Hector’s mansion, he returned to the company. Just as he was about to enter the building, someone called his name.

“Mr. Yarde! Mr. Yarde!!

Kayson turned his head around and frowned.

“You again?”

The man who had called his name was none other than Gabriel. “Mr. Yarde! You’ve got to help me!”

Gabriel got down on his knees, even though everyone was looking at him with a strange look on their faces.

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“I’m not your friend,” Kayson said.

Just as he was about to turn his head around and ignore him, Gabriel added, “Mr. Yarde! Wilson and the Allens are joining forces to attack Wolfenden Corp. Are you sure you don’t want to hear about that?”

Kayson stopped in his tracks and frowned. “What’s it about?”

Gabriel let out a sigh of relief and continued hastily. “The Allens sent someone to take over the forces left by Sir Horacio.

“After that person rose to power, the first thing he did was ask us to investigate Sadie’s schedule and your information.

“I couldn’t betray you, so I came here to inform you.”

“When did I say you were my subordinate?” Kayson squinted his eyes.

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Gabriel gave him an ingratiating smile and said, “Of course I’m not your subordinate. I’m your dog!

“Mr. Yarde, I can be your most loyal dog. All you need to do is give me something to eat.” Kayson frowned. Gabriel was right. To him, they were weak. However, it was a completely different case for an ordinary person like Sadie.

“Show me the way,” Kayson said faintly.

Since it was the Allens, he figured that he should get rid of them first..

When Gabriel heard what Kayson said, he was beyond happy. He hastily got up from the ground and opened the door.

“After you!”

After Kayson went into the car, Gabriel got in the driving seat and drove away.

Roughly about 40 minutes later, Gabriel led Kayson to an old factory.

When Gabriel opened the gate, his expression changed.

There was a dozen people inside the factory. All of them were holding weapons and grinning coldly.

“Just as I expected,” the man standing in the deepest part of the center of the factory said. He was wearing a tank top, and there was a sardonic smile on his face. “Gabriel, thank you for bringing him here,” the man said sarcastically. “Langley, you set me up!” Gabriel said, his face drunk. He hurriedly turned around and explained to Kayson. “Mr. Yarde, I’m not with them. I didn’t know that they’d be here!” He was worried that Kayson would misunderstand him.

“It’s fine.” Kayson smiled. He then looked at Langley and said, “You’re one of the Allens?”

“The name’s Langley Borse, and I’m a member of the Allen Guardians.” The man put on a pair of boxing gloves, his gaze turning cold. “Sir Allen said that he would award anyone who brought your head to him handsomely! So don’t blame me, kid. Blame your bad fortune!”

“Come and try this yourself,” Kayson said with a nod.

“Alright, then. All of you stand back. Otherwise, you might get stained with blood.”

His subordinates around him all took a step back.

They all looked at Kayson with amused grins on their faces. Langley had made them submit to him with strength. He was the one who had shown them what it meant to be powerful.

Without any hesitation, Langley charged over at Kayson with his arms raised high in the air. He moved his fists so fast that they seemed to be able to cleave through the air.

Gabriel took a step back and hid behind Kayson. There was a worried expression on his face as help!”

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well, for he did not know if he had bet on the right side or not.

After all, he had heard that Langley was the second strongest fighter of the Allens, and not long ago, he had defeated all of the people there within 30 seconds.

Kayson channeled his inner energy and threw a punch at Langley.

Although it seemed like a normal punch, Langley's expression changed, and he said with his voice laced thick with fear, "You... You can unleash your inner energy at will?"

He wanted to withdraw his punch, but it was too late.

Langley's hand burst into a plume of blood. Before he could block it, Kayson's second punch had already reached his face.

Another loud noise came. Langley's legs gave way, and he fell to the ground on his knees. The light was leaving his eyes as he slowly slid on the ground.

The rest of the people threw the bats in their hands on the ground. Gone were all the high-and -mighty, big burly men, and there was nothing but fear on their faces. After all, Langley was invincible, but Kayson had been able to kill him with just two punches.

"He's so much weaker than Master Jo." Kayson shook his head.

Then, he turned his head around to look at the dumbfounded Gabriel. Gabriel shuddered and hastily walked over to Kayson. "Is there anything I can help you with, Mr. Yarde?" he said, putting on an ingratiating grin. "If he's dead, you can be their boss, right?" Kayson asked. "Well..." Gabriel turned his head around to look at the crowd. All of them felt a chill down their spines and said fretfully, "We will follow all your orders and instructions loyally, Mr. Yarde, Mr. Bayfield!" Gabriel's eyes glowed with delight, and he said, "You hear that, Mr. Yarde?" Kayson nodded. Suddenly, something crossed his mind, and he said, "Two days ago, I gave Wilson ten days to deliver the shares of the Gillete Group to Ms. Wolfenden. However, it seems to me that he didn't consider my suggestion seriously. I guess he must have been rather busy. "I hope he can stay at his company and think carefully over the next eight days." It went without saying that Gabriel knew what Kayson was implying. Thus, he said, "Don't worry, Mr. Yarde. Wilson won't be able to set a foot out of his company in the next eight days."

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Trevor and Miles had been having some bad days recently. Initially, they had thought that Wolfenden Corp. would go bankrupt very soon, as they had brought all the shareholders away and they were being chased by the banks, who wanted them to pay their debt.

In the meantime, they could take the money and build a company of their own. After all, if they needed money, they could get it from Chandler, Daryl, and the others. Then, they would use their new company to take over the construction sites left behind by Wolfenden Corp. after they went bankrupt.

However, little did they expect that not only would Wolfenden Corp. not go bankrupt, as they'd expected, but it would instead rise.

The fund injected by the Apex Investment Partners had revived Wolfenden Corp, and the shareholders that had withdrawn from Wolfenden Corp. with the Lawsons were upset over this and had been bugging them since.

That day, the Lawsons had just completed the registration of the company. However, because it was a bit troublesome to develop a new network of relations, Trevor thought of the Gillete Group.

"Dad, do you think Mr. Gillete will say yes?" Miles asked, his voice filled with trepidation.

He had come in contact with Wilson before. For example, during the meeting with Archer. It had been set up by Wilson, and he'd only told them after he had finished all the preparations.

However, he was still scared of Wilson. After all, he had heard that Wilson was the king of the underworld of Clouspring when he was younger.

Beating and killing people was the norm for him, and he was the cruelest and meanest man of their time. "Don't worry. We still have Westcity Plot No. 8 in our hands. He won't reject it," Trevor said confidently. "He wanted Westcity Plot No. 8, but Jason took it away.

"If we share half of it with him and ask him to get some projects for us, it'll only benefit our company."

Miles thought for a while and felt that Trevor was right. Westcity Plot No. 8 was located in a great location, not to mention that the ministry would not set a limit on the selling price. It was not difficult to imagine the profit that one could gain, and there was no reason for Wilson to reject it.

The two of them went to the Gillete Group and headed upstairs to look for Wilson straight away.

"Mr. Gillete, it's a pleasure to meet you!" Trevor greeted Wilson and stretched his hand forward.

Wilson looked at them indifferently and said, "I heard that you founded a new company, Mr. Lawson, Congratulations!"

"It's just a small company. It can't be compared to the Gillete Group," Trevor replied modestly.

"Have a seat." Wilson pointed with his chin. It seemed like he was not welcoming the arrival of the Lawsons.

"If you have anything to say, then shoot. I'm busy. Besides, I need to meet with Sir Allen later," Wilson said.

Trevor was startled, "Sir Allen? Are you talking about Sir Allen of the Allens?"

Wilson sneered. "Other than one of the Allens, who else do you think would call themselves Sir Allen?"

Trevor was stunned. He had not expected that Wilson would already have the Allens to support him.

This is great! I believe the Gillete Group will certainly grow into the size of Triumph Land Corp. in the future. I must get them to help me!

"Congratulations for getting the help of the Allens, Mr. Gillete. The Gillete Group will surely become one of the best construction companies in Clouspring one day!"

Wilson paid his compliment no mind. He had heard from Patrick that he would be able to see Kayson's head today, so he wanted to go look for Patrick and his son right away.

"If you have anything to tell me, tell me now," Wilson said coldly.

Trevor then put on an ingratiating smile and said, "I'm sure you know that I just founded a new company, but Sadie had the guts to set me up! "Therefore, I'd like to work with Mr. Gillete to crush Wolfenden Corp."

After hearing what he'd said, Wilson scoffed, "You? You want to work with me to crush Wolfenden? Who do you think you are?" Trevor hastily added, "Mr. Gillete, do you think we would come to you unprepared?"

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"To be honest, before leaving Wolfenden Corp, I already got Westcity Plot No. 8 from Mr. Queen."

Wilson was dumbfounded, and his expression changed. "Westcity Plot No. 8?"

He'd had his eyes on this land for a long time, but Jason had taken it away from him. He was upset about it, but the person supporting him from the back had told him not to fight with Jason.

Therefore, he had no other choice but to forget about it. "There's no way Jason would've given it to you!" Wilson said, his voice thick with disbelief.

"Of course he wouldn't give it to me under normal circumstances. However, I know a friend of Mr. Queen, and he helped him at the lowest point of his life.

"I asked that man to put in a good word for me, and Mr. Queen decided to transfer the ownership of the plot to me at the original price."

Wilson was shocked. It was true that a few people had stepped forward and helped Jason when he had nearly gone bankrupt.

His heart beat faster, and he said, "If you show me Westcity Plot No. 8, I'll work with you."

The eyes of Trevor and Miles, who had been standing frozen stiff on the side, glowed with delight.

Just as they had expected, Wilson was not able to resist the temptation of Westcity Plot No.8.

“Rest assured, Mr. Gillete. I’ll certainly get the plot for you,” Trevor said with a smile. “But I don’t have enough cash on hand now, and I can only take out half of the money for Plot No. 8, so if you can contribute the other half, Mr. Gillete...

“We can develop the plot together!”

A hint of coldness crossed Wilson’s eyes when he heard what Trevor said. However, he did not allow his true emotions to show on his face.

“Sure!” Wilson said. “But words alone can’t convince me. If you call Jason right now and have him admit it himself, I’ll believe you.”

Honestly, he was not very happy about Jason. After all, he was the one who had disgraced him at the Shengville Hotel last time.

“No problem!” Trevor pulled his phone out. Wilson was worried that he was lying to him, so he took a look at his phone to confirm that it was Jason’s phone number. Very soon, the call was connected.

“Yeali?” Jason’s voice wasted from the other side of the call. Wilson squinted his eyes when he heard Jason’s voice. “Mr. Queen, it’s me. Trevor!”

Jason was stunned for a moment before he replied coldly, “Oh, how can I help you?”

Trevor was startled a bit when he noticed the indifference on the edge of Jason’s voice.

‘What is happening? He didn’t sound like this when we talked last time.’ “Mr. Queen, I want to ask you about the transfer of the ownership of Westcity Plot No. 8. When can we sign the contract?”

“We heard that you’ve been here in Clouspring for two days. We wanted to invite you to dinner, but we couldn’t get to you by phone...” “I can’t believe you still had the nerve to bring that up in front of me!” Jason shouted, his voice filled with rage.

“Trevor, you should be grateful that I spared your life. The bracelet you gave my wife nearly killed her, and you have the nerve to ask about Westcity Plot No. 8?”

Trevor felt nervous. “What do you mean, Mr. Queen? Has there been some kind of misunderstanding?”

“There is no misunderstanding! You should count your lucky stars that I didn’t do anything to you because of Richard! Don’t make me do what I shouldn’t do to you!” Both Trevor and Miles’s faces turned pale. Not only was Westcity Plot No.8 their bargaining chip with Wilson, but it was also the only thing that could support them when they left Wolfenden Corp.

But now, it seemed to them that they were losing the plot. “Mr. Queen...” “Get lost!” Jason shouted angrily before he hung up the call.

Trevor’s face was pale, and he was dumbfounded. There was not even a single voice in Wilson’s office.

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Wilson’s expression was darker than the dark sky.

“Are you two kidding me?” He got to his feet and hissed.

Both Trevor and his son’s expression changed.

“Mr. Gillete, you’ve got to listen to me. I’m sure this is just a misunderstanding!” Trevor’s heart was trembling vigorously. Right now, he just wanted to go to Greenspring and ask Jason what had happened.

He did not dare imagine what kind of consequences he would need to face if he lost Westcity Plot No.8.

Wilson went forward and sent a kick his way.

“Argh!”

Trevor flew several feet away and covered his stomach with his arms in pain.

“Mr. Gillete...”

Slap! Wilson slapped Miles’s face without waiting for him to say anything. He glared at them angrily and snarled, “I’m busy, and you two have wasted too much of my time!”

After he finished speaking, he ignored both of them and walked to the door.

He wanted to meet with Patrick. Right now, the only thing that could appease his anger was Kayson’s head. However, he bumped into Gabriel as soon as he stepped out of his office. He frowned slightly and asked, “What are you doing here, Gabriel? Do you have anything to report to me?” Gabriel looked at him gloomily and sneered coldly, “Mr. Yarde said that you can’t step out of this company for the next eight days.” Wilson’s pupils constricted, and he growled, “Gabriel, do you know what you’re talking about? Do you have a death wish?” It went without saying that Wilson knew who Mr. Yarde, the man Gabriel was talking about, was.

Gabriel looked at him amusingly and added, “Mr. Gillete, considering our relationship, here is a piece of advice.

“Hand over the Gillete Group. If you do not, Mr. Yarde will be coming for your life!”

After hearing what Gabriel said, Wilson flew into a rage. “Are you crazy? Fine then! From this day onward, you’re no longer part of my team!” As soon as he finished speaking, he stretched his arms toward Gabriel. However, just as he went closer to Gabriel, two muscular men appeared behind him.

Bam! Bam! Wilson was thrown off guard and looked at the two men in disbelief. Both of them were his subordinates! “Simba! Lenox! Do you have any idea what you’re doing?” Holding a bat in his hand, Simba said sternly, “I suggest you do what Mr. Yarde said, Mr. Gillete.

“You!”

Wilson’s heart skipped a beat. He could totally understand if Gabriel had betrayed him. After all, he was not familiar with him, and Gabriel was only Horacio’s godson. However, both Simba and Lenox had been following him for years. They were the people who had built his empire with him, but now, even the two of them had betrayed him, and he did not have a good feeling about this. “Where’s Langley?” Wilson asked, his face grim. “Mr. Gillete, Langley is dead,” Gabriel replied faintly. “He was killed by Mr. Yarde.” Wilson’s face turned pale. “That’s impossible!” he shouted fearfully. “Langley is the second strongest

fighter of the Allens...” He pulled his phone out in an attempt to call Langley. However, Gabriel took Langley’s phone and waved it in front of him, sending a chill down Wilson’s spine. “Kayson was even able to kill Langley...!!! Wilson knew that he could not get out of the company anymore. That being said, he was not too worried about it. The Allens wouldn’t sit by and do nothing when they found out about Langley’s death. The patriarch of the Allens was not a good person and would certainly do something about it. “Gabriel, if you stop whatever you’re doing right now, I can still give you one more chance,” Wilson said coldly. “No matter how powerful Kayson is, he’s no match for the Allens. “I’m sure Horacio has told you about the Allens, right?” Gabriel was stunned. Just like Wilson had said, the Allens were indeed terrifying.

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He vaguely felt that Kayson could be more terrifying, though. “Mr. Gillete, please leave!” Gabriel asked grimly. Wilson frowned and narrowed his eyes, “Never mind. Since you’re determined to die, I’ll let you be.

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

He returned to his office.

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

Simba and Lenox exchanged a look and saw the panic reflected in each other’s eyes. Trevor and Miles looked delighted when they saw Wilson coming back, thinking that the latter was giving them another chance.

“Mr. Gillete!” Trevor hurried forward.

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

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

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

“Maybe they’re busy sending men to tackle Kayson, so they aren’t free to answer my call... . After all, Langley is dead. The head of the Allens must be fuming!” Wilson dropped the phone after giving himself an explanation and looked at the Lawson father and son. Since Wilson was temporarily constrained within the company, Trevor and Miles could be toys for him to pass some time.

Meanwhile, at Wolfenden Corp...

Kayson went back to the office after leaving Gabriel’s place. The receptionist told him that Sadie had asked for him at the general manager’s office. “Ms. Wolfenden.” Kayson entered.

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

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

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

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

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

"Most likely." Kayson nodded.

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

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

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

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

Kayson chuckled. The woman truly had a kind heart.

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

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

"\$15,000,000?!" Sadie was shocked. "What kind of nonsense are you talking about? How could the Allens possibly admit this and fork out \$75,000,000 as compensation?" It was impossible without a second thought! How could the Allens leave any evidence that would point to them behind? Even though they knew that the Allens were behind this, Wolfenden Corp. was not qualified enough to challenge them. They could only swallow this grievance. Kayson smiled. "Just wait and see, Ms. Wolfenden."

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

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

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

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

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

Kayson smiled. "I forgot to mention it previously. You should have a bowl of the medicinal soup brewed too." "Got it!" Sean nodded gratefully. "If you're free, I'd like to treat you to dinner tonight to thank you!"

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

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

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

“Kayson, what did Sadie say?” Easton asked anxiously.

“She’s not that scary. She’s a kindhearted person. You guys don’t have to worry so much.”

“Sadie is scary. She’ll deduct our salary...” Reva murmured softly.

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

After work, Kayson went to the basement parking lot to wait for Sadie, as she had texted him. As he opened the door, Sadie arched a brow and asked, “Have you gotten your driver’s license?” Kayson jolted. “No. Why would I need that?” “What? Are you planning for me to be your driver forever? I’m the GM here!” Sadie glared at Kayson. “I’ll get Chelsea to sign you up for driving school. Go get your driver’s license.”

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

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

“Are you treated with so much respect just for defeating him?” Sadie asked curiously, “I guess so,” Kayson replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Go look for Raymond when I go out.” Kayson’s tone was cold, and rage was simmering in his eyes. Sadie, who was terrified, asked in fear, “Why’s this happening...”

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“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of it.” Kayson placated her and pulled the car door open to go out. At the same time, a leaf shuttled over with immense force, making the damage it would deal no weaker than the metal rod earlier.

Kayson was already holding a piece of glass shard somehow. With an icy gaze, he flicked his fingers and the shard of glass flew out like a line of white. The glass shard and the leaf shattered simultaneously. Kayson headed to Wolfenden Mansion No.8. Meanwhile, Sadie shook in fear but gritted her teeth, driving the car without a windscreen to seek Raymond. At Wolfenden Mansion No.8, the hall was a mess, an evident sign that a fight must have happened there.

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

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

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

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

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

“I didn’t expect you to be able to control your energy so easily at such a young age. Seems like it has not been a waste for me, Titus Wood, to act personally.” Kayson took a deep breath and asked, “You could’ve lived, but why must you attack Grandpa Hugh and the others?”

“I’m so mad. You could’ve survived. You can’t anymore.”

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

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

Kayson commented icily, “You can take your reputation with you to hell!” As soon as he finished speaking, he and Titus moved together, crushing the tile below their feet.

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

“You-how’s this possible?” Titus looked at Kayson in disbelief. Kayson furrowed his brows a bit and flicked his slightly numb arm. “You’re really hard. Have you already achieved steelification?” Titus looked aghast. “You’re no ordinary kid. Who are you?!”

Damn it! Tuckson had not mentioned that the person he was to kill possessed such abilities! “Just a countryside kid repaying his mentor’s debt,” Kayson said before he went up, planning to finish Titus off

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

He threw a punch hard as steel at Kayson.

"Do you think it'd be tough to crack your tortoise shell?" An icy gleam flashed across Kayson's eyes as he maneuvered his energy into his fist. Their fists suddenly met! Titus' bones were shattered as he coughed blood with disbelief filling his face.

Chapter 119

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hugh and Beatrice were not dead, but they were already on the brink of death. There was no way Kayson was letting this go just like this. "Hah! Very funny! I can't beat you in a fight, but it's impossible for you to stop me from leaving!" Titus jumped back and left through the window. Kayson threw a piece of glass, the shard gliding through the air like a frosty glint and hitting Titus' back.

"Ugh..." Titus scowled in pain but held it in to escape. Instead of going after him immediately, Kayson went to Hugh and Beatrice to speedily perform some needlework on them to keep them alive. He then delivered some energy to keep their hearts beating. After that, he went after Titus. Not too long after he gave chase, Sadie and Raymond arrived at the mansion.

"Grandpa! Mom!"

Sadie was in tears upon seeing the sight in her house, while Raymond sucked in a cold breath, not realizing that something had happened in Mansion No.8 at all! This was his failure at work! He was appalled as he called the emergency number at once.

When Raymond saw the silver needles on both Hugh and Beatrice, his heart lurched and he hurried over to check their pulse, sighing in relief. "Ms. Wolfenden, Mr. Wolfenden Sr. and your mother are still alive. Once the ambulance arrives, they'll be sent to the hospital immediately!"

Sadie's eyes reddened as she replied hoarsely, "Thank you..." She took in the silver needles on her grandfather and mother as well, wondering if Kayson was behind this. She remembered that he had barged into the room and saved her grandfather when he had nearly passed on previously, so the guy had to know something. Right.... Kayson!

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

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

A pathetic-looking shadow hopped and scurried agilely in a frenzy in the forest. It was Titus. "I was careless! I didn't expect the kid to be so good! "He's definitely above me in terms of ability, but he shouldn't be much better off! "Humph! Let me train for a few more days so I can break through my current level and kill

you!"

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

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

Titus looked back and widened his eyes.

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

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

Chapter 120

Titus was injured on multiple parts of his body.

At the same time, Kayson showed himself.

"How... The kid caught up?!"

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

Titus was baffled.

As Kayson landed a punch on Titus, the latter made a huge pit on the ground. "Mercy!" Titus begged frantically.

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

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

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

Kayson flicked the twig off his hand softly after what he said, but the twig flew off like a speeding arrow. Titus put up his arms to block the attack, but the twig went through his arms and penetrated his forehead. As his blood flowed crimson, he fell to the ground in indignation and horror. Kayson hopped off the tree and said with a sideways glance, “Stop hiding. Come out.” A lively old man walked out from behind a tree holding a stem of dotted leaves.

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

The old man sucked in a deep breath.

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

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

Kayson answered without looking back, “The Eriocauli Flos won’t work. No need to waste your effort.” Bradley was stunned, but Kayson had disappeared just when he’d wanted to ask what the latter meant.

“What does he mean...”

Bradley furrowed his brows before he turned and walked over to see who was the person killed. He was shocked by what he saw! Widening his eyes and gasping, Bradley was incredibly stunned. “M-Master Titus Wood?!” He looked up again in the direction Kayson had left. “Who’s this young man?! He actually killed Titus... If word got out, I’m afraid chaos would ensue!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Creak!

The window was suddenly opened. As Tuckson turned to check, he was greeted by Kayson, who was sitting at the window and looking at him impassively. Although there was a summer breeze, it felt unnervingly chilling.

