

MY FGB 141

**Chapter 141** At Wolfenden Corp.'s chairman's office...

"Dad, it's so odd. It's said that Wilson hasn't even left his company building these few days."

Sadie had been worried about Wilson picking on the company since she could not manage the company matters these two days, but she did not expect that nothing had happened. It was as if Wilson had disappeared!

After some investigation, she discovered that Wilson was living in the company now. What bewildered them was that Gillete Group was caught deep in scandals recently—either about the quality of its projects, safety issues at the construction sites, or illegal procedures. Despite that, Wilson did not seem to care about it, as he allowed the scandals to ferment and **aggravate**. Some of the banks that had provided his company loans were asking for repayment from him now too. "Yes! It feels so good!" Liam barked a hearty laugh. "Serves Wilson Gillete right!" Sadie was also in a good mood. "I don't know what he's doing. There are so many things going on, but he doesn't care."

"Well, it's got nothing to do with us. The more trouble the Gillete Group is in, the bigger our chance to rise is!" When a whale fell, lives flourished. Although the Gillete Group was not exactly a whale, its businesses would be distributed when it fell.

In Clouspring itself, Wolfenden Corp. was the second contender after the Gillete Group. The one that would benefit the most would be none other than Wolfenden Corp.

"Pay close attention to the Gillete Group. We can't afford to be careless now. Who knows what Wilson's planning!" While the father and daughter were talking, Sadie's secretary, Chelsea, came in.

"Ms. Wolfenden, Mr. Yarde is here."

Kayson?

Sadie frowned a little before replying, "Let him come in."

**Kayson entered shortly.**

"What's the matter?" Sadie's tone was a little impassive, but it was much warmer than before. Before this, she had always acted superior and proud when interacting with Kayson. "I'm taking the day off to gather the herbs needed for Grandpa Hugh," answered Kayson. Sadie turned serious upon hearing that it concerned her grandfather. "Do you need me to send someone with you?"

"No, I'm fine alone. It'd be troublesome to take others along." "How much should I give you then?" asked Sadie,

Kayson chuckled. "It's fine. I have money.

Bradley had given him \$75,000,000 for healing Yulene—not that Sadie knew about it, so she rolled her eyes and said, "Let me know when you've found what you need."

"Sure." Kayson turned **to leave**.

**There was a pause before** Liam asked, “Sade, you talk to Kayson more. Tell me, what’s he like?” Sadie panicked and asked, “Dad, what are you asking this for!?” “Kayson is just a regular guy. He’s not that great looking, and he’s from the countryside, so he’s a bumpkin.

**“You know, unsophisticated and naive!”**

After settling his leave of absence, Kayson left the company and went to the forest he had chased Titus to and met Bradley at. Bradley had found the Eriocauli Flos there. It was a relatively rare herb, and since the forest could nurture it, it might have what he needed. **There were three main** aspects to Hugh’s injuries. One was his broken tendons, probably because his fight had stirred Titus’ apprehension.

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Secondly, his blood and energy were largely depleted. He was aged and had sustained injuries back when he was younger, so it was a matter of course that the loss was serious.

Thirdly, his nerves were traumatized. They required specific needling and herbs to nourish them back to recovery.

The easiest to treat among the three was actually the severed tendons, as Kayson had already reconnected them for Hugh. The hardest was the third—he knew the needling method, but the herb was a challenge to find.

He was in the forest to try his luck.

After a long time of strolling in there, he only managed to find some aiding herbs, but the main herb was nowhere **to be seen.**

Kayson could only call Michael. “Uncle Michael, can I ask for your help to look for a herb named Ennead–Liche?” “Of course!” Michael was more than happy to do that for Kayson. Kayson chortled. “Remember to let me know when you’ve found it.” “Don’t worry! I’ll get it as soon as I can!” Kayson then described the appearance and characteristics of the Ennead–Liche to Michael. “Right, Kayson...” Michael’s tone turned hesitant. “I might need your help with something.” “Do tell, Uncle Michael!” “My father received a death threat just now.” Michael’s tone was grim. “Mr. Whitman Sr. will be ambushed tonight?” asked Kayson. “It’s possible. Are you free tonight?” “I am. Why don’t you give me the address? I’ll go there directly.” The Whitmans had been consistently providing him intelligence and information, so it was only reasonable for Kayson to repay them. “That’d be great!”

Michael heaved in relief. He felt more assured with Kayson’s promise. Kayson left the forest and went to the address Michael had given him.

Meanwhile...

A Maybach with the highest specifications was zooming down the highway from Skyspring to Clouspring. Four people were in the car, including the driver—a middle-aged man around 40 years old, an older man around 60 years old, and a younger man about 25–26 years old.

The younger man was Tuckson’s son, Lincoln Allen. Lincoln had been sent to learn martial arts from a master many years ago, and he rarely contacted home since the recent years were pivotal to him.

Just a few days ago, though, he had completed his mentor's request, and he could leave. Needless to say, he first called home during the happiest moment in his life, only to be struck by a thunderbolt!

His uncle, Patrick, and younger cousin, Hector, were dead! His father, Tuckson, was wheelchair-bound as a paralyzed handicap. This nearly made him lose his mind, and he asked his seniors to go back to Clouspring with him to take revenge.

"Lincoln, we're reaching your hometown Clouspring soon. Are you nervous since you haven't been back for so long?"

"A little. I wonder if it has changed a lot," Lincoln answered with a resentful expression. The change was no longer important as there were too many changes in the Allens itself!

His senior, Rowan Todd, smiled. "Don't worry, Lincoln. Since I'm here with you, it means the end for Kayson Yarde!"

"I'll give you a hand in your revenge. You can torture him all you want after I immobilize him."

There was burning hatred in Lincoln's eyes as he breathed in deeply. "That's certain with you around! I'll make sure death doesn't come easy to Kayson Yarde!"

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"Oh yeah, Atticus, you mentioned that you have something personal to take care of here in Clouspring. Can you tell us now?" Lincoln asked curiously.

He had three older seniors who were like his uncles, and the one in front of him was the oldest one among the three, Atticus Goldman.

Lincoln had only asked his senior, Rowan, to come along back then, but Atticus claimed that he needed to go to Clouspring as well and came with him. He had not said what it was for.

"To kill someone," Atticus answered impassively. Lincoln and Rowan were surprised. "Who in Clouspring requires your personal attention?" How could a small place like Clouspring have master-level bigshots?

"Clouspring isn't a famous place, but it's interesting," said Atticus. "Titus Wood, Bradley Walton, the extended family of the Wolfenden, and the one I want to kill this time." Lincoln asked in astonishment, "Bradley Walton... the old patriarch of the Waltons?" "That's right," replied Atticus. "Bradley was a practitioner when he was younger, and we fought before.

"I was defeated back then, and he's really something. "Since I'm here today, I shall redress the humiliation of my loss back then!" Lincoln pandered to him. "Bradley Walton will surely be incapacitated if not dead with your attack!"

As they spoke, the car sped out of the highway into Clouspring.

At the Waltons...

For some reason, Bradley was on pins and needles with a sense of foreboding. "Father, what's wrong?"

"I keep feeling like something's going to happen today." Hogan chuckled. "You're just overthinking it—" A loud noise came from the gate outside of the mansion.

Hogan sobered up while Bradley, who felt a strong presence, looked appalled. "Bradley Walton! Come on out and meet your old friend!" said a loud, powerful voice. Bradley sprang up abruptly. It was an intimidating presence. He hurried out while his guards surrounded the three men currently stepping on the fallen gate.

"You're..." Bradley could not recognize Atticus for a moment since both of them had aged.

Atticus asked flatly, "You can't recognize me anymore?"

Bradley took some time to study the man before he widened his eyes. "Atticus Goldman!"

"Not bad. Looks like you don't have dementia yet." Atticus stood with his hands on his back

and said plainly, "Bradley, I lost to you when we were younger. I'm fighting you again today!"

Bradley was silent for a few seconds before he replied, "Sure!" Atticus removed his outerwear, leaving a fitting tank on him. His slightly wrinkly skin tensed suddenly as if he had regained his youth.

"Come on! Let's see how long you can last now!" Atticus' tone was confident. "Looks like you must've improved plenty to sound so smug!"

Bradley's expression turned solemn as he charged forward, launching a powerful palm strike on Atticus.

There was a low-toned collision, but Atticus was unaffected.

Bradley's face fell as blood trickled out of the corner of his lips due to the rebounding force that shocked his internal organs. "You..." Bradley was in disbelief.

"Looks like you've abandoned practice now!" Atticus commented briefly with an aloof gaze before he threw his upper body forward. Bradley stumbled back, his left hand holding his right wrist with a bloodied palm.

**Chapter 144** "You've already achieved steelification!"

"That's right!" Atticus nodded. "You aren't ever my rival now." With that, Atticus stepped forward and punched Bradley in the chest. A crack echoed as a fist mark appeared on Bradley's chest as he flew tens of meters backward!

"Father!" Hogan hurried to him frantically.

Atticus pulled his fist back slowly and announced in pride, "This is how weak you are. You no longer deserve to be my enemy!"

After that, Atticus left with a long stride, followed by Lincoln and Rowan. They were thrilled at how amazing their senior was.

Hogan paid them no mind as his eyes were reddened looking at his father, who kept coughing blood.

"Hurry! Start the car! To Bwell Therapeutics!"

"Atticus, you're amazing!" Lincoln sighed in admiration. "I wonder when I can be as good as you are."

Atticus smiled. "You're talented. You'll be on my level in less than 20 years. By that time, you'll be a master too."

“And you’ll be hundreds of times better than you are now!” said Lincoln.

They reached the Allens’ residence.

“Hmm? Someone’s watching your place!” Atticus focused his gaze and directed it to a hidden corner all of a sudden.

Lincoln glowered. “It must be men from Kayson Yarde!”

“Hmph! I’ll take care of them!” Rowan got out of the car and made a beeline to the corner, where the Walton guards were hiding. He came back a moment later. “Only a few pieces of trash. I’ve taken care of them!”

The three of them then entered the Allen mansion.

Lincoln felt his grudge and resentment soar when he saw his father. “Dad!”

Tuckson’s gaze was anguished. Lincoln’s expression was icy, his eyes bloodshot. “Damn you, Kayson Yarde! I’m going to rip you into bits!”

“Let me have a look.” Atticus went up to the old man to check him.

“He’s quite good. He’s left an injury within your father’s body.

“It’s not harsh, but it clashes with my practice. I can’t undo it. You can ask your other senior. He will be able to heal your father.”

“Really?!” Lincoln was overjoyed. “I’ll contact him right now.” “I shall be leaving then. I’m going to kill my target for this trip to Clouspring.”

“Do you need help from the Allens, Atticus?”

“No!” Atticus held himself with pride as he said, “After I kill this person, your senior will come and heal your father.

“The Allens will have a chance to shoot up to success by then!

“The person who I was asked to kill is Hendrick Whitman from Clouspring’s Whitmans!” Lincoln’s gaze was fervent. “It’s the Whitmans...” He turned a little ecstatic. “I wish you victory, Atticus! Rowan and I will be off to kill Kayson Yarde then.”

“Alright.” Atticus left breezily.

Tuckson cried out incoherently. Lincoln could more or less make out what he was trying to say, but he assured his father, “Dad, don’t worry. Rowan is very skilled!”

Tuckson kept shaking his head. He wanted to say that Kayson had even killed Titus Wood! At the lobby of Michael’s office building...

Kayson was received genially by the secretary upon entering, and Michael came down after a while.

“Kayson, let’s go to my father’s place first?”

“Sure!” Kayson nodded.

Kayson asked in the car, "Uncle Michael, have you found out who's secretly targeting Mr. Whitman Sr.?"

"Sigh! It's not easy finding out! My father has offended quite a lot of people." Michael chuckled wryly. Kayson replied, "That's fine. I'll make sure of Mr. Whitman Sr.'s safety no matter who it is."

## **Chapter 145**

If it were not for Kayson, Hendrick would have been harmed the last time in Primrose Deck. The best they had back then was Captain Raymond Campell, but he was not Kayson's opponent,

Raymond was also around this time, but the main duty fell on Kayson now. Michael took Kayson to a heavily guarded porch.

"Dad! Kayson's here!" "Oh? That's wonderful!" Hendrick's voice rang.

Kayson stepped into the living room and was greeted by Hendrick, Layla, and Raymond. There was also a young woman who looked quite like Layla.

"Mr. Whitman Sr.," Kayson greeted.

"Kayson, come, let me introduce you to someone! This is my granddaughter, Noella Whitman."

"Grandpa, this is the Kayson Yarde you've been talking to me about?" Noella checked Kayson out. She thought that he was some elusive master, but he was only a man slightly older than her. She doubted whether he could be better than Raymond with his size.

"Hi," Kayson greeted Noella. "Thank you for saving my grandfather the last time." Noella extended her hand for a handshake openly without showing the character of a spoiled heiress.

There was a pause before Kayson shook her hand gently. He could not help marveling at how soft Noella's hand was, as if she had no bone.

"But I don't think you'll be needed tonight. I heard that someone is targeting my grandfather, so I asked my senior to get an old master here."

Michael was surprised. "Really? Who did you get? Why didn't you inform me?" Hendrick chuckled.

"Noella's a big girl now. She actually knows the Killicks' heir from Skyspring. "She's gotten help from the Killicks this time, and they sent a master." Michael was astonished. The Killicks from Skyspring? Was his daughter this resourceful? "He's nice. He offered to help, seeing that I was worried about Grandpa." Noella seemed to have only gotten into university as she still had an innocent and naive air around her. Hendrick chuckled. "The master is quite famous in Skyriv. You know him too."

"Oh?" Michael looked curious.

"It's Keagan Yale, the one people call the Ironhand."

Michael widened his eyes. "It's Master Yale!?"

While he exclaimed, an old man no more than 1.65 meters tall walked in with his hands behind him.

"Master Yale." Hendrick got up to greet him courteously.

“No need to be polite, Mr. Whitman Sr.” Keagan smiled with the loftiness of a master. “Nice to meet you, Master Yale!” Michael bowed. A master ought to receive the highest greeting wherever they were. “Same to you, Mr. Whitman.” Keagan was not an arrogant man. He knew Michael was still in charge, and chances were abundant for him to rise to Skyspring. There was no harm in being acquainted and on friendly terms with someone like him. Michael thought to get Kayson acquainted with Keagan, so he introduced them, “Master Yale, this is a junior of mine, Kayson Yarde. He’s also incredibly skilled.” “Oh?” It was only then Keagan scanned Kayson. He had not minded the latter too much since he did not feel any strong presence from him. Raymond spoke up. “Master Yale, Mr. Yarde is much better than me. I’m not his opponent.” “Is it?” Keagan smiled. “He’s got a good base, but it’s unfortunate that I don’t accept mentees anymore, or I could’ve taken him back for some training.” Noella quipped, “You’re a master, though. You can’t just simply take in mentees!” Hendrick chortled. “Kayson, thank you so much for coming tonight, but I don’t think I’ll encounter much danger with Master Yale here.” “It’s fine. Kayson can watch what a master’s like. It’s a good experience for him too,” said Michael.

“That’s right. Others wouldn’t even have the chance to watch a master in action!” Noella puffed her chest in pride. This was a master she had gotten through her own connections!

**Chapter 146** ‘My grandfather and father are going to be proud of me for sure!’

Kayson smiled. In truth, he did not mind it that much. He found it delightful if there was no need for him to engage in a fight, and he could be free.

All of a sudden, the sound of footsteps could be heard clearly.

Kayson shifted his gaze ever so slightly. He could tell that even Titus was no match for the incoming person in a fight based on the strong footsteps. Sensing the person’s gait’s strength and heaviness, Kayson realized Keagan was no match for the person coming to kill Hendrick. “Sir, the person is very skilled in fighting. I think I should take over the fight,” said Kayson. Keagan’s expression turned somber—he was displeased! Hendrick’s expression changed, and he hastily said, “Please don’t be angry, Master Yale. Kayson bears no ill intention, but he doesn’t know any better because he’s young.” “Hey! Do you know what it takes to become a master? How dare you make such a rude remark!? That’s really naive of you!” Noella said, “You’re clueless. It’d be best just to keep quiet and watch!”

Kayson furrowed his eyebrows. He looked toward Michael and was about to speak when Keagan let out a heavy grunt.

“I can understand that young people are wildly conceited and clueless.” Keagan said nonchalantly, “Do you know that my hearing is shockingly sensitive, and I have an even sharper sense of danger? “The incoming person is impressive indeed and also a master-level powerhouse. But if you claim that I’m no match for **the person, you’ve underestimated me.**”

Michael hastily tugged at Kayson and beckoned not to make any remark that would expose himself to contempt anymore.

“The master is no ordinary person!”

Kayson felt even more frustrated after noticing the situation. ‘Forget it. Even if Keagan is utterly defeated in the fight, as long as I’m here, the incoming enemy won’t be able to hurt Hendrick for the slightest bit.’

A figure with an exceptional presence appeared before the crowd of people. It was precisely Atticus who had followed Lincoln back to Skyspring and had gone ahead to defeat Bradley in a fight at once!

Atticus stepped into the courtyard holding a photograph in his hand. "You're Hendrick Whitman, right?" "I am." Hendrick nodded, his expression solemn. "There's no mistake then. Someone has hired me to kill you."

Upon saying that, Atticus swung his hand casually, sending the photograph flying into the air and producing a loud whoosh. "Hmph!"

Keagan raised his hand and made a chopping gesture to cut the photograph that could cut through a tree into two halves. Atticus' gaze changed slightly. "No wonder all the agents I sent over previously were killed. So, it's because a master-level powerhouse protects you.

"I was wondering how the captain of Team Azure Dracon could take out all of them.

"It makes total sense if it's a master-level powerhouse. Their deaths are justified."

Keagan sneered coldly. "You're a master just like me, so I believe that you're not a nobody. My name is Keagan Yale. How about you?"

"You don't deserve to know my name." Atticus was extremely arrogant. Keagan's pupils constricted. Soon afterward, he snarled, "You're conceited!" He moved so swiftly that he turned into a shadow and ran forward abruptly! He delivered a strike at Atticus as swift as lightning with his palm hard as steel!

Atticus stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his expression nonchalant. He took a long stride forward with his chest puffed up. Keagan's iron hand struck heavily onto Atticus' chest.

"Is that all you can do? It feels no different than a tickle." Atticus sniggered, and his chest shook!

"Blurgh!"

Keagan staggered backward and spat out a mouthful of fresh blood in disbelief. "Y-You've achieved steelification!"

### **Chapter 147 Keagan was defeated!**

**The expressions on Michael and Hendrick's faces were already frozen. They were completely astounded.**

The master-level powerhouse Keagan was actually no match for the man? Noella was dumbfounded as well. 'Didn't they say that this is a master that only very few people in the whole of Skyriv can fight against? 'Yet, judging by the current situation, why does he seem different from how they describe him to be?'

Keagan wiped away the blood on his mouth and looked at the man in terror. The man had achieved steelification that turned his body harder than steel.

It was difficult for a master like Keagan to break the man's skin!



On the other hand, a person who could achieve this state in the martial arts world was known as a 'steel fighter'. Steel fighters were outrageously terrifying because they had skin hard as **bronze and bones as hard as iron**.

'If I were to know that such a terrifying powerhouse was coming to kill Hendrick from the start, I wouldn't have agreed to come here. 'I'm going to get myself killed!' Atticus said nonchalantly, "Your iron hand is pretty impressive. If only you're a little better at it, you'd be able to rattle me. "It's a waste that you're still not skillful enough. Kill yourself! You must pay the price for the deaths of those people previously." Keagan's expression changed drastically. He hurriedly said, "I didn't kill those people! I'm not involved in that!

"My friend, I don't have a close relationship with the Whitmans! I'm only here today by coincidence! Whoever you wish to kill is none of my business!"

Keagan did not want to die, so he cleared his name right there and then. "Master Yale!" Noella looked at Keagan in disbelief. She was furious.

'Isn't... Isn't he a master-level powerhouse? How could he be so shameless!?'

"Why are you shouting? Do I even know you?" Keagan said in a mocking tone, "I wouldn't have helped you if not because of my employer trying to get you to sleep with him. "Do you think that you can charm my employer just because of your family background?"

"This sucks! I was under the assumption this would be an easy trip, and I'd help get you in bed with my employer while I was at it. "I truly didn't expect to encounter such a powerful person. You and your Whitman family have only yourself to blame for being in this situation!"

Noella's face turned ghastly pale, and tears welled up in her eyes. She was furious, ashamed, and humiliated!

She was under the assumption that the friend she regarded as her idol was dependable and worthy of her flattery.

"This is preposterous!" Hendrick could not stand to watch his granddaughter being bullied." Your employer is such a bully!"

Keagan could not be bothered to speak further, so he turned around in preparation to leave.

"Have I given permission for you to leave?" Atticus spoke calmly. His tone was indifferent, but Keagan was so scared that he stopped moving.

"It's none of my business whether you're close to the Whitmans or not. However, you must die because you attacked me." Keagan's pupils constricted in fear. He said in a flurry, "Please don't go too far. I'm Keagan, the welcome guest of the Jowetts in Skyspring..."

"Such a loudmouth."

Atticus furrowed his eyebrows. He then exerted strength in his leg and stamped a deep footprint into the ground.

Keagan's expression changed drastically, and he begged for mercy. "Please spare me, master

—

Keagan's iron hands were broken instantly. Then, Atticus lifted him off the ground before slamming him heavily to the ground.

The immense impact shook the ground.

Keagan's mouth was frothing with blood. He died with his eyes open and bulged out.

After finishing off Keagan, Atticus turned around and looked toward the ghostly pale Whitmans.

"Even though I'm only ordered to kill Hendrick alone, you may join him since you're all here, in case he gets lonely in the afterlife."

Hendrick's expression was tainted with affection. He was planning on begging Atticus to show mercy by freeing Kayson and Noella when he saw Kayson step forward. "K-Kayson..." Hendrick was startled.

'Is Kayson still planning on fighting this man?

"This is a super powerhouse capable of beating a master to death with two to three strikes!' Noella looked toward Kayson in fear.

"This man's boldness is worthy of my praise!

'It's a waste that he can't change anything no matter how bold he is.' Kayson spoke nonchalantly. "Uncle Michael, since I've already assured you that I'll keep you safe, I will keep my word." He then looked at Atticus,

**Chapter 148** "It's not easy for you to achieve steelification. Tell me **who sent you and I shall spare your life.**"

**Atticus' eyes glowed brightly when he said in a deep voice,** "You're wildly conceited, boy."

**"It seems that you're reluctant to accept my suggestion."**

**Kayson shook his head. Soon afterward, the ground underneath his feet shook as he left a footprint on the ground just like Atticus, and his body shot into the air. "Hmm?"**

**Atticus expressed his astonishment and met Kayson's attack by sticking his chest out! Kayson's palm landed on his chest and produced a thunder-like rumbling noise. The floor tiles underneath Atticus' feet cracked right there and then.**

"Hmph..."

Atticus looked at Kayson in slight disbelief, his face flushed. Atticus was blasted away, and his steelification failed him. A pit about the size of a fist **appeared on his chest.**

**Hendrick and the others shook in fear as they witnessed the scene in a daze.**

'A-Am I dreaming? Kayson crippled the man who beat the master to death with a few strikes!?' Noella's charming face was frozen stiff. She was shell-shocked after witnessing the scene.

"Dad..." Michael's voice was shaky, filled with excitement and delight!

Hendrick's hands were tightly clenched, and he was having trouble holding back his **excitement**. **He was convinced now that the master mark he found in the Wolfenden's house** previously was Kayson's!

"W-Who are you..."

Atticus slumped on the wall next to him. His breathing was shallow, and he was staring closely **at Kayson on the brink of his death**. "Me? I'm Kayson."

"Blurgh." Atticus spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. "My companions... They won't let you off easily..." Atticus' head tilted to the side upon saying that, and he stopped breathing.

"Come at me if you can. I'll send your companions to meet you."

**Kayson pursed his lips and took a glance at his fist in a slightly annoyed manner.**

**He turned around and returned** to the Whitmans.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Michael, I didn't manage to keep him alive. "The man's **body was too hard**, and I couldn't control the intensity of my strength when I hit him."

He felt remorseful and angry at himself for not being a good fighter. If his mentor fought in his place, he was certain that his mentor would be able to control his strength well!

"That's... That's fine..." Michael was at a loss for words in the meantime.

Hendrick inhaled a deep breath. "You saved my life once again, Kayson!"

"It's what I should do. After all, Uncle Michael helped me a great deal recently," said Michael casually.

He felt rather upset in his heart. "Mr. Whitman Sr., Uncle Michael, I shall make a move first." He wanted to go home so he could train. Otherwise, his mentor would certainly berate him. "I'll send you," said Michael in excitement. "Thank you for taking the trouble to do this, Uncle Michael."

After Kayson left, Hendrick exclaimed emotionally, "I truly didn't expect that Kayson is actually so powerful. I've underestimated him, after all."

Noella had just recovered from the lingering fear of her narrow escape. She muttered to herself, "Grandpa... How is he so skilled in fighting?" "I have no idea." Hendrick shook his head. Then, he looked at his granddaughter and thought it would be great if he could match Noella with Kayson.

'It's a waste that the Wolfendens beat me to it!'

Noella looked at the courtyard entrance, and she could not refrain from recalling the scene of Kayson beating Atticus earlier.

Kayson is truly impressive!'

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"Is Kayson working there?" asked Rowan with a faint smile on his face as he stood by the street looking up at the Wolfenden Corp. building.

Lincoln's eyes glowed with resentment. "Yes, that sc\*mbag is right up there!

"I'm counting on you, Rowan!"

"It's just a trivial matter. I'm going to beat him to death with three punches!" said Rowan confidently, letting out a sneer.

"Please remember to spare his life, Rowan. I want to punish him," said Lincoln with determination.

"My father has been turned into that state while my uncle and cousin are dead. I won't allow myself not to get even with him!"

"Sure."

Soon afterward, they walked into the lobby on the first floor.

The receptionist asked, "May I inquire who you're here to see, sir?"

Lincoln looked toward the receptionist and said with a smile, "You're rather pretty. Are you interested in pleasuring my friend here? What do you think about \$4,500 a night?"

The receptionist's expression changed drastically. She said in an embarrassed yet furious manner, "Don't be ridiculous!" "Heh. My friend here is not an ordinary man. If you can please him, you're going to rise to a position of great importance in the near future!"

The receptionist scolded him with a blushing face. "You're insane!"

Rowan threw a punch instantly. His punch was strong as a gale, and the impact shattered the surface of the desk. A few shards flew into the air and cut the receptionist's cheek.

"How dare you call me names when you're just a measly receptionist? You're going to get yourself killed."

The receptionist screamed in agony. She bawled while the security guards posted at the entrance realized that these two people were here to make trouble! Hence, they pulled out their walkie-talkies to summon the other security guards over and **swarmed forward to these two men.**

Lincoln looked at these people with a mocking expression and found their courage admirable. Rowan took out one man with one strike from each of his hands.

"Pieces of sh\*t!"

Rowan sniggered and walked into an elevator to get upstairs under the terrified gaze of the crowd.

"This is bad, Ms. Wolfenden!" Chelsea charged into the general manager's office in a rush.

"Some people are stirring up trouble downstairs. They've injured the receptionist and security

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guards! It seems that they're here for Mr. Yarde!"

"Here for Kayson?" Sadie was momentarily stunned. "Send Captain Yeager to deal with them." Speaking of the devil, Captain Yeager arrived coincidentally. There was also Jack, who protected Sadie, and two

others who came with Captain Yeager. “Ms. Wolfenden, the intruders are highly–skilled in fighting, and I’m afraid that we’re no match for them!” Jack took the lead to say, “It would best if you could summon Mr. Yarde.”

Sadie’s expression turned somber. Trying to get me to call up Kayson so I can beg for his **favor**? This is preposterous. What sort of b\*llsh\*t idea is that!?’

She was about to speak when two figures walked into the office. “You’re Sadie?” Lincoln’s eyes lit up when he walked into the office. He did not expect Wolfenden Corp.’s general manager to be so pretty! **Anywhere Sadie** went, she would be the most alluring girl in the **room in view of her beauty** and figure! He did not expect that there would be such exquisite beauty in the tiny Clouspring. Rowan’s eyes were glowing as well. He had encountered plenty of women in his life, but it was his first **time meeting a woman as beautiful** as Sadie.

“Lincoln, I’m taking this woman,” **said Rowan with no room** for doubt. Lincoln was attracted to her too, but he could only **choose to yield to Rowan since he had** spoken first.

Hence, he said nonchalantly, “It’s her honor that you’ve **taken a fancy** to her.” Sadie was shivering in anger. ‘What the heck is going on with these two people? Are they actually objectifying me in my presence?’ Jack and Captain Yeager exchanged one glance upon witnessing the situation. They had to practice professionalism and work ethic as security guards. Soon afterward, Captain Yeager, Jack, and the two others attacked the intruders without hesitation!

Rowan did not hide or dodge after noticing the situation. He said in contempt, “You won’t even be able to take me out even if I stand here and let you attack me!”

**Chapter 150** Jack and the others punched Rowan’s chest, but their expressions changed drastically in unison one second later.

Jack, Captain Yeager, and the others felt like they had punched steel. ‘Is this still a f\*ck\*ng human body. How is it so hard?’ “Hmph!”

Rowan sneered. He then stepped forward, clutched two people by their throats, and lifted them into the air before smashing their heads together.

Sadie’s face was ghastly pale when she realized Captain Yeager, Jack, and the others were no match for Rowan!

“Heh...” Rowan stared at Sadie smilingly

“Come here and rub my shoulders.” “In your dreams!” How could Sadie possibly endure humiliation like that?

Lincoln’s expression turned cold upon noticing the situation, “My friend is not having a discussion with you. It’s an order!”

He took a long stride forward.

“If you won’t obey, I’ll beat you until you obey!” At that moment, a cold, nonchalant voice came from the door. “If you have the audacity to touch Ms. Wolfenden, I assure you that you won’t live to see the **next sunrise.**”

Lincoln's feet halted to a stop. He turned around to look, and his eyes instantly lit up with **murderous intent**.

He had seen Kayson's photo before, so he could recognize the enemy at one glance. "Kayson!" said Lincoln with hatred through his gritted teeth. "Who are you again?" asked Kayson nonchalantly "I'm Lincoln Allen! Tuckson is my father!" "Ah... The Allens, huh?" Kayson nodded, "There's nothing much to say then." "Hehehe, so you're Kayson, huh? How dare you hurt my friend's father yet still have the audacity to talk wildly here as if I'm not here?" "Who are you?" asked **Kayson**. "Rowan Todd!"

"Don't know you."

**Kayson was in a** really bad mood because of his failure to control his strength which resulted in Atticus' death.

He was in a worse mood now that someone had come and stirred up trouble in the company. "You'll know soon enough."

Rowan attacked Kayson while he was speaking. Kayson furrowed his eyebrows after noticing that Rowan's speed was rather impressive and threw a punch in the instant. Their fists collided. Kayson was initially in a bad mood, but his eyes lit up now. "You're very tough too!" Kayson said in excitement, "I beat a person much tougher than you to death today! Are you related?" , Rowan momentarily was stunned and thought of his senior, Atticus. However, he pondered further and realized that it would be impossible! 'My senior is a master who has achieved steelification. How can he possibly be beaten to death?'

"Hmph! I have no idea who you're talking about! However, my senior is much more **impressive than** me indeed! His name is Atticus Goldman."

Kayson said in excitement, "Train with me!"

Then, Kayson threw a punch! Rowan was extremely confident in himself and puffed up his chest instantly. Kayson said in puzzlement, "I'm certain that both of you are taught by the same mentor. You even have the same pose."

Rowan's expression turned cold. He was about to dodge, but it was too late as Kayson's punch had already landed.

The sound of bones breaking echoed. Rowan's face distorted in pain as his body hit the ground, breaking the floor tiles. "Blurgh!"

"How can that be possible!?" Rowan's face was filled with terror.

He was defeated with one punch! Kayson said joyously, "You're still alive! That's awesome! I didn't beat you to death with one

punch!"

Upon hearing that, Rowan was so furious that his body was shaking. 'What sort of f\*ck\*ng nonsense is this fellow spouting!'