

MY FGB 151

**Chapter 151** "Rowan..."

Lincoln was already dumbfounded that his senior had been defeated with one punch!

"Y-You killed my senior..."

At that very moment, how could Rowan possibly not realize that Kayson was talking about his senior, Atticus?

"Ah, I think so!" said Kayson derisively. It was a good thing that Rowan was still alive.

He had already reduced his strength substantially. He would be in an even worse mood if he were to beat Rowan to death with one punch despite his effort.

**It was** fortunate that Rowan did not disappoint him.

"Run, Lincoln, quickly!"

Rowan's expression changed ever so slightly. Then, he perked up abruptly and wrapped his arms around Kayson's legs. Lincoln's face turned ghastly pale. At the same time, he gnashed his teeth, spread his legs, and ran!

"Tell our mentor... to avenge us!"

Rowan cracked a smile as soon as he realized that Kayson did not attempt to pursue Lincoln, who was running away. "Is your mentor more skilled than you?" Kayson lowered his head to look at Rowan, who was holding his legs. "Of course. I'm more than a thousand times weaker than my mentor!" Rowan coughed and said with a disapproving gaze, "Just wait and see. My mentor and senior will come and avenge me!"

Kayson could not contain the excitement in his eyes. "That's awesome. I shall wait for them!"

It would be great for more of them to come so he could learn to control his strength. "You're going to die without a doubt!" Rowan's eyes widened upon saying that, and he stopped breathing. Sadie's face turned ghastly pale. She composed herself with great effort and reminded Kayson, saying, "Kayson, Lincoln got away!" "It's fine. I let him escape on purpose." Kayson said with a faint smile, "I want to annihilate all of them, so it's a good thing that he's going back to bring the reinforcement."

"But

"

**Sadie wanted to say something**, but Kayson's phone rang. "Lindsay?" Kayson picked up the phone.

**"Kayson! Someone has beaten up Mr. Walton Sr., and he is severely injured. Come, quickly!"**

Kayson's expression turned cold, and he said, "I'll be there at once." After hanging up the call, Kayson said, "Ms. Wolfenden, I would like to apply for a leave of absence." "You..." Sadie paused for a moment before waving her hand in slight agitation. "Go!" "You're not going to give me a pay cut, right?" asked Kayson in an exploratory manner. Sadie barked, "I'm not going to!" Kayson left with a content smile. Sadie sat on the office chair and said, "Captain Yeager, please... clean up here."

“Sure, Ms. Wolfenden...” Captain Yeager suppressed the excitement in his heart because he did not expect that such an amazing person was hiding in the company!

‘Mr. Yarde is actually such an impressive fighter!

Kayson arrived at Bwell Therapeutics in a rush. “The state of his injuries...”

Kayson furrowed his eyebrows when he sensed the presence of that old man he had killed!

Moreover, the injuries on Bradley matched the old man’s method. “Dr. Yarde, you must save my father! I’ll do anything for you for the rest of my life!” Hogan pleaded. He did not want his healthy father to die so unexpectedly. Yulene was standing by the side. She had just recovered from her illness and had yet to travel the world with her grandfather.

“If Grandpa is gone, I’ll be so sad I could die.”

“Don’t worry, he won’t die.” As Kayson was speaking, he ordered Lindsay to be his assistant.

Then, Kayson dressed Bradley’s wounds and performed a needling technique. He hustled about for an hour in total before walking out of the treatment room.

## **Chapter 152**

Hogan and the others cast their hopeful gaze at him.

Kayson was rendered speechless. He said, “He’s injured from being beaten up, not dead. Why are all of you so anxious?”

Yulene said emotionally, “Is my grandfather alright, Mr. Yarde?”

Kayson nodded. “He will need to rest and recuperate for a month. He’s not allowed to fight during this period.” Yulene wept tears of joy. She was still in a wheelchair because her muscles had yet to adapt to standing fully “Thank you, Dr. Yarde.” “Don’t mention it.” Hogan hastily pulled out a credit card and said, “This is a small token of our appreciation. Please take it, Dr. Yarde.”

Kayson felt reluctant. “Money again?”

Hogan hurriedly said, “If you have something else that you prefer, please let us know. I will figure out a way to do it!”

**Kayson** shook his head. “That’s not what I mean. Forget it. I shall accept it.” He figured that the Waltons would be anxious and overthink the situation if he didn’t take it. Zachary was no longer astonished and surprised by Kayson’s capability. He chuckled and said, “Kayson, are you interested in having a chat with Mr. Larson?” “Mr. Larson?” Kayson was stunned for a moment. Joaquin was standing next to Zachary and said, “Not a chat, but I wish to seek guidance from you! Hello, Dr. Yarde. I’m Joaquin Larson!”

Naturally, Kayson **remembered the man. It was this man who had triggered a** full-blown exacerbation of Yulene’s condition.

“Hello. Since you’re acquainted with Mr. Ewell, you may call me by my name just like him.” “That won’t do!” Joaquin said in all apparent seriousness, “How can you address a master by his first name?”

**Kayson was frustrated.** Still, he asked, "What would you like to know about?" Joaquin replied, "It's regarding Ms. Walton's cold. I read through all sorts of books and determined that Eriocauli Flos should be the most suitable treatment option. "Yet, I didn't expect it would be **useless to treat** the condition. On the contrary, it also resulted in an exacerbation of the cold.

"I still can't figure out what the rationale behind this is. If you can, I would like to seek guidance from you, Dr. Yarde." "It's not really guidance. You're just trapped in a fallacy."

Joaquin and Zachary were stunned!

A fallacy?'

Kayson said, "In truth, Ms. Walton's condition is not purely a cold, but she showed the symptoms of a cold.

"In reality, that is the result of two types of toxins combined. One is a neurotoxin, while the other is a cold toxin."

Joaquin was wise enough to understand what his mistake was immediately after Kayson's explanation! "I understand now!"

Joaquin said in excitement, "The Eriocauli Flos did heal the cold. However, the other toxin was let loose under the circumstances!

"Then, the toxin began to damage the nervous system, resulting in Ms. Walton's piercing pain and loss of consciousness. So, that was the case!"

Kayson said smilingly, "The ratio of these two toxins is about 1:100. If the ratio were maintained, she would only suffer from paraplegia at most.

"The two toxins must be removed simultaneously. Otherwise, the loss of balance by removing either of the toxins would result in Ms. Walton's body being damaged by the other toxin." Joaquin exclaimed emotionally, "I'm still lacking in experience, and I've been given a lesson today!"

Upon saying that, he bowed to express his gratitude.

Kayson considered for a moment but did not stop Joaquin from bowing. He figured that it was only normal for a mentee who received guidance on skills and knowledge to bow to their mentor.

That would ease the mood of the **mentee**.

"Dr. Yarde, I would like to take you out to dinner if you're free tonight!" Joaquin was very grateful for Kayson's help. Hogan said, "It should be me who takes both of you out to dinner!"

"Here, I shall be the host to take you and Dr. Yarde to dinner as an appreciation to both of you!"

Hogan now understood the advantage of being acquaintances with capable doctors like Kayson and Joaquin. Hence, he would not possibly miss the opportunity to do so!

**Chapter 153** Kayson failed to dissuade the enthusiastic Hogan, so he could only nod to accept the invitation.

It did not take long before Bradley regained consciousness. He was so grateful when he learned that Kayson saved him that he wanted to get out of bed to bow.

Kayson could not allow himself to accept an old man's bow.

Yulene stared closely at Kayson and thought about how he had cured her illness and saved her grandfather's life within two short days.

Theoretically, Kayson could totally seek hefty remuneration based on these two huge favors he did, but he did not.

Kayson was rather charming in view of his exceptional skill in the art of healing, had a good personality, and was extremely gentle-tempered. Bradley exclaimed emotionally, "I am out of practice indeed. I was focused on finding a cure for Yulene over the past few years. Otherwise, Atticus wouldn't be able to catch up and surpass me for sure. I wouldn't be so weak that I would be defeated with one strike today either."

Kayson asked, "You mentioned Atticus. Is that the person who achieved steelification and is as tough as a tortoise's shell?"

He also described Atticus' outlook.

Bradley said in astonishment, "That's correct, that's him! How do you know about him, Dr. Yarde?"

"Ah... He was commissioned to kill Grandpa Hendrick, and Uncle Michael sought my help to protect them. We fought with each other." Bradley said in shock, "That explained the matter... So, he dropped by for a spar with me while he was in town! Atticus is outstanding in fighting and has already achieved the highest form of martial arts training. Not even a master-level powerhouse can shake his tough body."

Kayson nodded approvingly. "He was outstanding indeed."

"So, what happened to Atticus?" asked Bradley. He could not determine Kayson's capability, but he figured Kayson could not possibly be more skilled than Atticus.

"Dead," said Kayson.

Bradley expressed his astoundment. His pupils constricted, and he said incredulously, "Dead, he's dead? Dr. Yarde, did you... Did you beat him to death?" Kayson nodded. "There was nothing I could do. I didn't control my strength well enough." Bradley inhaled sharply and wondered if that was the key point. 'I couldn't possibly beat Atticus to death even if I were to exert every ounce of strength I have!' Bradley and Hogan were overwhelmed with emotions in their hearts at this very moment. It **seemed** that they were no longer able to predict Kayson's capability!

They were envious of the Whitmans as well. 'How did Kayson address Hendrick earlier? He called him Grandpa Hendrick! He addressed Michael as Uncle Michael!

'They have an unusually close relationship with each other!' Hogan hastily called up the Shengville Hotel to book a private room for dinner. He had already made up his mind to treat Kayson well so that he would have a closer relationship with the Waltons. Meanwhile, Kayson, Joaquin, and Zachary sat down to discuss their medical practices.

Even though Joaquin made a misdiagnosis once, it did not mean that he was not a skilled doctor.

On the contrary, through the interaction, Kayson discovered that both Zachary and Joaquin had relatively rich experience and knowledge of their professional field. On the other hand, the more Joaquin and Zachary interacted with Kayson, the more shocked **they were**.

They wondered who Kayson's erudite mentor was and how he had managed to produce a young freak. After comparing their knowledge accumulated over decades with Kayson, they discovered that the disparity between them and Kayson was akin to a high schooler and a university student!

Lindsay's admiration for Kayson grew as she stared at Kayson in a daze throughout the process. Hogan called out to the others to depart for the hotel after 6:00 p.m. Soon, the group of people arrived at the Shengville Hotel. The general manager of the Shengville Hotel, Jonathan, welcomed them in person. He was under the assumption that only the Waltons' patriarch would be coming, but he was stunned instantly by the sight of Kayson.

He could not help inhaling sharply when he saw Hogan open the door personally for Kayson and Bradley walk with Kayson with a kind **expression**. 'How did Mr. Yarde mingle with the Waltons!?' Moreover, the two generations of Waltons' patriarchs treated Kayson with so much respect and modesty!

Jonathan was scared out of his wits. 'Kayson came with the real estate mogul Jason previously, and he's with the Waltons' patriarchs this time.'

#### **Chapter 154** 'What sort of person is he?'

Jonathan stepped forward to welcome them in haste.

"Mr. Walton Sr., Mr. Walton, Mr. Yarde!" Hogan said in astonishment, "Are you acquainted with Dr. Yarde as well, Mr. Walker?"

"I suppose so." Jonathan said courteously, "I hosted the dinner when Mr. Queen from Triumph Land came here with Mr. Yarde for a meal previously."

"Jason Queen?" Hogan expressed his astonishment.

Even though the Waltons were an influential family in Clouspring, Jason was the owner of a real estate company ranked top three in Skyriv!

In fact, the Queens **had even surpassed the Waltons in a comparison of connections and financial status**.

"Yes." Jonathan said smilingly, "Shall I take you upstairs, Mr. Walton?" "Sure." Hogan suppressed the shock in his heart and followed Jonathan's lead to the private **room**.

They entered the elevator.

"Oh right, there's a distinguished guest from Skyspring boarding in our hotel today too." Jonathan said, "It's possible that you might have heard of the guest's family, Mr. Walton Sr."

"Oh?" Bradley expressed his curiosity.

"It's the Wolfendens from Skyspring."

Bradley's expression was filled with shock. "Who is the guest from that family?"

"The third heir of the Wolfendens."

Bradley exclaimed, "That's impressive!"

"If you're interested, I can introduce you to him, Mr. Walton Sr." Upon hearing that, Bradley shook his head and said, "It's fine. The third heir of the Wolfendens won't be interested in meeting a nobody like me."

"However, what is the third heir of the Wolfendens doing in Clouspring?"

"I am not aware of that."

"I believe that it's not a trivial matter anymore since an important person is here to make an appearance," said Bradley.

Kayson did not pay too much attention to the matter after listening to their conversation.

Soon, the group arrived at the reserved private room.

*Meanwhile...*

A handsome, tall young man stood in front of the window in a luxury suite on the hotel's top floor. A few people stood behind him.

The young man nonchalantly asked, "Why hasn't Wilson Gillete come to meet me?"

His face was tainted with a tinge of noble arrogance and pride. The young man was Dawson Wolfenden, the third heir of the Wolfendens Jonathan had mentioned

A middle-aged subordinate answered, "Someone has sealed off the Gillete Group, and Wilson can't get out."

"What a useless piece of sh\*t." Dawson's tone was cold.

"It has been a year. Not only has he failed to acquire Wolfenden Corp., but he can't even get out of his own company. "Have you looked into the situation?"

The middle-aged man answered, "A person named Kayson Yarde is involved. Kayson seems to be quite capable as he subdued Wilson's subordinate named Gabriel Bayfield.

"Gabriel brought his underlings and trapped Wilson in the company."

"Kayson Yarde..." Dawson chuckled upon hearing the name. "Who is this person? Does he deserve to have a 'son' in his name too?"

"Sir, Kayson is quite an interesting man. I found out that he's working in Wolfenden Corp."

Dawson narrowed his eyes upon hearing that. "Interesting. So, this Kayson is actually working in my cousin's company? "It seems that my fourth great-uncle still won't give up, huh?"

“I suppose he’s still trying to return to the Wolfendens so he can come back to Skyspring to be with his ancestors.” “What an obsessive family. Why would they insist on seeking doom willingly?”

**Chapter 155** Dawson Wolfenden was here for Hugh’s family. They were the ones that financed the magnificent expansion of the Gillete Group. Their goal was to suppress Wolfenden Corp. In fact, they wanted to acquire Wolfenden Corp. before the company could expand.

It was a waste that Wilson failed to accomplish that all this time. The Skyspring Wolfendens could no longer sit still and watch Apex Investment Partners investing in Wolfenden Corp.

Apex Investment Partners was a renowned investment company with rich funding, influence, and resources.

With Apex Investment Partners’ help, the Gillete Group had completely lost the opportunity to acquire Wolfenden Corp.

The Skyspring Wolfendens would never tolerate the rise of Wolfenden Corp. Hence, the Skyspring Wolfendens sent Dawson to handle the situation. Naturally, Dawson did not go in blind. Before taking action, he looked into the situation between Wolfenden Corp. and the Gillete Group. ‘One who knows his own strength and that of the enemy is invincible.’

“Deal with that Gabriel, and send Wilson to see me.”

Dawson could not be bothered to comment further, so he gave an order instead.

The middle-aged man turned around and left to handle the task.

They couldn’t care less about Wilson’s life.

However, Wilson knew about the local information more than anybody else, and Dawson wanted to find out more. He was used to drafting a plan before taking action. He pulled out his phone and brought up Sadie’s photo. “I didn’t expect that you’ve already grown into such a beautiful, attractive woman. It’s a waste that you’re my cousin.” He then recalled Kayson, the person his subordinate mentioned earlier. “Reckless son of ab\*tch, how dare you meddle with my family matters? Are you trying to get yourself killed?” A cold glint flashed past his eyes. “Forget it. He’s just a clown and not worthy of my attention.” Then, Dawson dialed Sadie’s number.

Sadie and Liam were on their way to the hospital. All of a sudden, Sadie’s phone rang, displaying an unknown Skyspring-registered number.

Chapter 155

She was stunned for a moment because she had very few friends in Skyspring. She picked up the call. “Hello, Sadie speaking.” “Can you recognize me by my voice, my cousin?” Sadie’s expression froze on her face, and her body was shaking. She said, “D-Dawson.” “That’s rude of you to address me by my name when I’m your elder cousin. Why are you so vulgar?”

Terror appeared in Sadie’s eyes. She was nervous and bewildered. “Why are you calling me?” “It has been **many years since we last** met each other. Come and meet me at the Shengville Hotel with my uncle and fourth great-uncle.” Sadie’s expression changed drastically. “Y-You’re in Clouspring?” “You have an hour and can’t bear the consequences of being late.” Upon saying that, Dawson hung up the call

right away. Liam's **expression was especially somber**, and he spoke angrily. "We've already settled down in Clouspring. What else are they displeased with?" "Dad... He's at the Shengville Hotel. A--Are we going to meet him?" Liam was infuriated and spoke through his gritted teeth. "Are we allowed not to go?" Sadie kept quiet. No one understood the Skyspring Wolfendens' influence more than them. They had the terrifying power to make Wolfenden Corp. announce its bankruptcy **tomorrow** with just one word tonight. The father and daughter took a detour and headed to the Shengville Hotel.

At the Gillete Group... Wilson's eyes were bloodshot, his face ghastly pale, and he had bags under his eyes. It was apparent that he had not been sleeping well.

## Chapter 156

**Streaks of scratch marks** could be seen on Wilson's body.

He had scratched himself so hard that he opened up those wounds. He would feel an ineffable itch over his entire body frequently in the middle of the night for the past two days, and it was agonizing

His entire body would be itchy for three hours, followed by a piercing pain all over his body **for three hours**. It felt as if **worms were gnawing** on his body.

He had no idea what was happening and wanted to run out of here, yet he ended up being beaten up by Gabriel and the others.

He initially wanted to yield because he failed to get in touch with the Allens all this time. Yet, a call from Dawson ignited his hope once again.

He realized that the Skyspring Wolfendens were not pleased with his progress, so they sent Dawson to make things difficult for him.

However, he could not care **anymore because he wanted Dawson to take action instead. He wanted Dawson** to kill Sadie and Kayson!

Hence, he chose to put up with it!

He was convinced that Dawson wanted to meet him in person, so he would be on the winning **side when Dawson was here!**

'I'm going to make the traitor Gabriel suffer by then!'

Gabriel did not have the courage to slack even for a moment in the past few days. He kept watch on Wilson at all times outside his office.

He was afraid that Wilson would sneak out at any moment. There was nothing he could do to justify to Kayson if he allowed Wilson to escape. As for Wilson's agonizing screams in the middle of the night, he couldn't care less.

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Perhaps Wilson was feigning it.

Meanwhile, a few figures appeared at the front of the elevator. Gabriel raised an eyebrow while the few people behind him stood up. "Stay there! What are you doing here?" Gabriel berated with a solemn



expression. The leading middle-aged man stepped forward and kicked him with a nonchalant expression on his face.

Gabriel was blasted away by the kick and was spitting fresh blood from his mouth.

Upon noticing the situation, Gabriel's men took action **in succession**. **As a result**, they were beaten up by the Wolfendens' subordinates until they were badly injured. Gabriel expressed his terror. 'Who are these people!?'

The disheveled Wilson ran out of the room in a flurry and got down on his knees with a loud thud.

"Is Mr. Wolfenden here? Is he asking to see me?" The Wolfendens' subordinates frowned at the sight of Wilson's strange, sickly appearance. "Come with us. Mr. Wolfenden wants to know about your situation."

"Sure, sure! I'll come with you!"

However, he looked toward Gabriel as soon as he got up on his feet. Then, he ran toward Gabriel and began lashing out against him. The leading middle-aged man stepped forward, stopped Wilson, and said coldly, "Let him be the messenger to notify them that Mr. Wolfenden wants to finish off Wolfenden Corp. personally."

Even though Wilson was unwilling, it was apparent he did not have the courage to disobey **Dawson's order**.

Gabriel did not expect he would be able to survive the incident. He curled up on the floor without having the courage to make a sound. He waited until they were gone before he pulled out his phone and dialed Kayson's number.

*Meanwhile...*

Kayson was having dinner with Hogan and the others. Jonathan had yet to leave as he personally tended to his guests' needs. In the past, the Waltons would visit the restaurant here, but Jonathan would never join them personally. Any person with discerning eyes could tell that Jonathan was sucking up to Kayson so that he would take notice of him!

At that moment, Kayson's phone rang. He picked up the call. "What is it?" asked Kayson. "Mr. Yarde, a group of people came and injured us. They took Wilson!

"I heard them talking about a Mr. Wolfenden that intends to deal with Wolfenden Corp. personally. They kept alive to be the messenger!"

**Kayson was stunned**. 'Mr. Wolfenden?' "Noted. Send the casualties to Bwell Therapeutics," said Kayson calmly.

"Yes, sir!"

Kayson then looked toward Jonathan and asked, "Are my employers, the Wolfendens, related to the Wolfendens from Skyspring?" Jonathan was stunned upon hearing that. "I don't think so. If they were related, how could Wolfenden Corp. possibly have grown to its current scale?" Zachary asked, "Why? Did something happen?"

**Chapter 157** “Frankly, I don’t know much either.”

**Kayson shook** his head. “It seems the third heir of the Wolfendens that Mr. Walker mentioned earlier is **planning on** going against Wolfenden Corp.”

“What?”

**The crowd** of people turned pale with fear upon hearing the **remark—even Bradley assumed a solemn expression.**

“That’s troubling. The Wolfendens is a huge household that has reigned over the provincial capital of Skyspring for decades, with countless skilled fighters working for them.

“On the other hand, the Wolfendens not only have a huge influence in Skyspring, but it is also **one of the** top families in the whole of Skyriv,” said Bradley solemnly. The Waltons were not so bad either, but their influence was only limited to Clouspring. Clouspring was not a feeble city, but it was only ranked third amongst the cities of the entire **Skyriv province.**

Bradley ventured from place to place when he was young, and so he had built his small fame in **some cities.**

**However, he was well** aware of his family status. His small fame was nothing compared to **those real** influential figures out there.

“Isn’t there a Tinsley family in Sunspring?” asked Kayson.

Zachary’s gaze shifted. Even though the Tinsleys had not reached out to Kayson recently, the previous patriarch of the Tinsleys would call Zachary to learn about Kayson every other day in reality.

**If Kayson were to** seek help from the Tinsleys, perhaps Tyrone would be so delighted that he could not fall asleep at night.

“That’s right!” Bradley worked in Sunspring when he was young, so he naturally knew about the Tinsleys.

“The Tinsleys are quite influential and no weaker than the Wolfendens. However, their reputation has declined slightly in the past few years. **“The Wolfendens are different** because their business has been expanding over the years, and they form great relationships with quite a few influential families.” Hogan said, “Dr. Yarde, I suggest you call Michael and ask about it. I’m **afraid that he knows more about** this than us.”

**Kayson nodded.** He then pulled out his phone and dialed Michael’s number.

Jonathan was used to this by now. ‘Michael, the patriarch of the Whitmans?’

All in all, Mr. Yarde has already received the recognition of the two most influential households in Clouspring, the Waltons and the Whitmans?’

The call was picked up soon, and Kayson inquired briefly.

Michael paused for a short moment before he said, “Please hold on, don’t hang up. I shall have my people look into it.”

“Sure.”

It did not take long before Michael said, “They’re closely related indeed.

“There was a bloody battle of power in the Skyspring Wolfendens 30 years ago.

“The two fighting parties were the fourth heir of the Wolfendens, Hugh Wolfenden, and the eldest heir, Hugo Wolfenden. “Hugh lost the battle, so he was banished from the Wolfendens and kicked out of Skyspring. “Afterward, he came to settle down in Clouspring with his friends’ help.”

**Kayson came to understand that Hugh had lost the battle, but there was no telling why his life had been spared.**

Hence, Dawson was here today to exterminate Hugh!

All of a sudden, Kayson remembered that the third heir of the Wolfendens had sent his subordinates to the Gillete Group.

“Uncle Michael, is the Gillete Group backed by the Wolfendens?

“Let me check... Huh, it is!” “Alright, noted. Thank you, Uncle Michael.” “You’re welcome. Did something happen to Wolfenden Corp.?” asked Michael concerningly. “It’s fine. I’m going to hang up now, Uncle Michael.” Kayson pondered for a moment after hanging up the call. ‘No wonder Wilson is always targeting Wolfenden Corp.’ He was under the assumption that it was only a normal business rivalry, but that was not the

**case.**

Meanwhile, a manager made his way to Jonathan and whispered something to him.

**Jonathan’s expression changed drastically, and he abruptly turned around to look at Kayson.**

**Chapter 158** Bradley’s expression was slightly unpleasant. Frankly, he was well aware of the Wolfendens’ terrifying acts. Unless his family were not planning on having a foothold in Skyriv, it would be absolutely unwise for him to offend the Wolfendens. Kayson furrowed his eyebrows. “Can you please lead the way, Mr. Walker?” Jonathan hesitated.

Kayson did not wish to make things difficult for Jonathan upon noticing his reaction, so he planned on looking for the room himself.

He was certain that the Wolfendens’ third heir would be protected by skilled fighters anyhow, so he could feel for the presence of those people to locate them. “I shall lead the way, Mr. Yarde.”

Jonathan was afraid of the Wolfendens but decided he would wager a bet this time! “Mr. Ewell, wait for me here so you won’t be implicated.”

“Sure, I won’t go there and add trouble.” Zachary nodded.

Bradley and Hogan were about to stand up, but Kayson asked them to stay.

“Thank you for your kind intentions, both of you. However, it’s improper for you to meddle in this matter.”

He would leave Clouspring sooner or later, so he could not possibly offer protection to the Waltons and Zachary for the rest of his life.

“Dr. Yarde...” Bradley wanted to speak further.

Kayson waved his hand dismissively and walked out of the private room soon afterward.

The people in the private room looked at one another. There was nothing else they could do **since Kayson refused to let them** follow him.

**Dawson** saw Sadie and her father. His eyes narrowed at the sight of Sadie because he noticed that his cousin looked way more beautiful than in the photos. “Uncle, you look healthy, and it gives **me great comfort** to know that you’re well.”

Liam’s **expression was somber** when he said, “Stop beating about the bush. What are you trying to do here?”

Dawson looked at Liam in contempt and spoke in a slightly cold tone. “Haven’t I made myself clear earlier, Uncle?”

“My fourth great-uncle isn’t here, and you’re making things really difficult for me...” Sadie said angrily, “My grandfather is bed-bound due to his injuries and in a comatose state **now How could he come?**”

Dawson appeared rather astonished. ‘He’s injured? I didn’t expect that. Who did it?’

He wanted to tell her that it was a perfect execution.

“Forget it then. Both of you can make decisions in the matters that follow anyway.”

He beckoned upon saying that, and Wilson stepped forward in haste.

“I believe that this man is no stranger to you, right?”

Liam said with an unpleasant expression, “So, it turns out that you’re the Gillete Group’s backer!

“Why do you insist on exterminating the whole family? We’ve already separated from the Wolfendens and are not affiliated with your family in the slightest bit!” Dawson’s gaze turned cold. “Uncle, that’s funny the way you put it. Your last name is still Wolfenden, right?”

“Anyone with the intention can find out that you came from the Skyspring Wolfendens.

“On the other hand, my fourth great-uncle established a company here, and he has actually named it Wolfenden Corp.

“Does it seem your family has already made a clean break with the Wolfendens?” He sneered and said, “Be sensible and hand over Wolfenden Corp. to Wilson. I shall allow your family to live a placid life.

“Otherwise, don’t blame me for making a move to ensure that your whole family ends up in the streets as beggars!” They were aware of the founding of Wolfenden Corp. in the past but never attempted to stop them. It was because they planned on waiting for Wolfenden Corp. to expand before they merged the company.

They were supposed to wait a little longer so Wolfenden Corp. could grow more. However, Dawson realized he needed to take over Wolfenden Corp. quickly when Apex **Investment Partners** meddled in this.

Otherwise, Wolfenden Corp. would grow stronger in the future. If Hugh and his family were to join the other influential families again, someone would eventually find out about the incident from 30 years ago. The incident was not a glorious page in the history of their family! Hence, his grandfather would never allow anyone to bring up this incident.

## **Chapter 159**

“You’re such a bully!”

Liam was fuming because it was not an easy feat for Wolfenden Corp. to receive Apex Investment Partner’s investment.

The company had a bright future ahead now. How could he make peace with the fact that Dawson was here to reap what they sowed? Sadie spoke through gritted teeth. “Don’t even think about it! How will we possibly hand over the company that we built with blood and sweat!” ‘Trying to acquire Wolfenden Corp. for just \$150,000?’

‘Dawson, you’re just a bully.’

“I’m not looking for a discussion. It’s just a notification to both of you.” Dawson said in contempt, “You may choose not to do it, but you must bear the consequences of your decision.”

Sadie was so furious that she almost teared up. This man is impossible!

Liam clenched his fists tightly but did not have the courage to offend the Wolfendens in view of their influence.

Otherwise, perhaps his whole family would end up **homeless for real**.

“I can change the company’s name to ensure that the word ‘Wolfenden’ doesn’t show up anymore.” Liam yielded.

Dawson sneered in contempt upon hearing that. “Don’t you find what you said funny?” “You’ve never planned on letting us off the hook!” said Sadie furiously.

“What else do you expect? Since I’m here in person, I won’t possibly return empty-handed.” Dawson casually said, “sign the papers and transfer all the shares to Wilson. By doing that, you’ll walk away alive.

“Don’t do something that causes my grandfather’s misunderstanding from now on. Keep your head low, live your life, and get a normal job.” Liam darted a look at the contract and read that Wolfenden Corp. was to sell all its shares for \$ 150,000.

He was so furious that he could feel his **blood pressure** rising.

“I won’t sign it even if I have to die!” Sadie’s entire body was shaking in anger. The company was the fruit of her grandfather’s painstaking efforts. Had her grandfather not been exhausted from his hidden injuries, he would still be acting as the chairman of the company now.

“Is that so?” Dawson’s icy cold gaze swept across the room, and he said coldly, “If that’s the case, both of you shall die then!”

As soon as Dawson’s voice died away, an old man opened the door of the connecting room by

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the side.

The old man was not tall but had a sharp gaze and a terrifying presence.

Liam’s expression changed drastically, and he shielded Sadie behind him.

“Thank you for taking the trouble to do this, Mr. West,” said Dawson coldly.

“Don’t mention it.”

Mr. West’s gaze turned cold. His figure then moved, and he arrived in front of Liam in an instant before he delivered a slap on Liam’s chest.

Liam spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, and his face turned ghastly pale. He was blasted away by the impact and crashed against a floor vase, shattering it.

“Dad!”

Sadie ran toward Liam in a panic, weeping.

“Spare my cousin because she’s a real beauty and give her to my security guards so they can toy with her,” said Dawson with a faint smile. “Sure.” Mr. West nodded. He tipped his toes and leaped into the air gently before landing behind Sadie.

His dried, withered fingers grabbed at Sadie like an eagle’s claw.

Sadie was just an ordinary person—she would surely be severely injured **if she were to bear the strike.**

Meanwhile, Mr. West’s expression turned somber at that moment. He looked toward the front door out of the corner of his eyes, let out a soft shout, and raised his arm to deliver a slap. There was nothing in front of him, yet it was as if his slap landed on something and a loud crack echoed.

“Steelification. Who’s there?” The front door caved in before it was broken by someone instantly. The entire door was **blasted away and flew toward Dawson.**

Noticing the situation, Mr. West shifted his body and slapped the brass door with his palm.

Kayson walked into the room nonchalantly.

Wilson widened his eyes in surprise and pointed at Kayson in resentment. “Sir! He’s Kayson Yarde!” **Dawson’s expression was somber.** Had it not been for Mr. West, he would have been **smashed** by the door.

## **Chapter 160** “Kayson...”

Sadie’s face was bathed in tears, and her light makeup melted from all the crying.

Kayson had a vague feeling in his heart. "Since you were going to meet him, why didn't you ask me to tag along?"

He noticed the injured Liam.

Sadie felt even more aggrieved in her heart now that Kayson berated her. 'How could I know that Dawson would actually try to kill us!?'

Dawson spoke. "You're Kayson?" Kayson looked toward him and said, "The Wolfendens' third heir?" "I didn't expect that you'd be sensible enough to know me." Dawson calmly said, "I didn't expect you're a well-trained fighter. Your future is limitless in view of your achievements at such a young age. "My family seeks talent with eagerness. If you're willing to work for my family, I assure you'll enjoy boundless wealth and glory for the rest of your life." Kayson shook his head. "It's fine. What's the point of working for a short-lived family?"

Dawson's expression turned solemn, and he said with murderous intent, "I gave you a way out, yet you won't take it. Mr. West, kill all of them!" "Yes, sir." Mr. West nodded and looked toward Kayson.

"You're so well-trained at such a young age. Why do you have to waste it by getting killed?" "You're old and won't live longer than a few years. Why do you have to waste the time you have by taking a shortcut to heaven now?"

Mr. West replied, "You're a fool, young man!"

His body shook upon saying that, and he turned into a shadow that attacked Kayson. "Is that the Eagle-Claw technique?" Kayson's expression changed ever so slightly before he cracked a faint smile.

He raised his hand and delivered a slap in a carefree manner without bothering to assume any dramatic poise.

Mr. West's Eagle-Claw collided with Kayson's palm. His spread fingers were fractured and bent instantly, to his surprise! It felt as if Kayson's palm was a steel wall!

"You can control the toughness of your body freely! You're... a master!?"

His face betrayed his disbelief. 'How can it be possible for such a young master to exist?'

"You're wrong."

Kayson apathetically smiled as he took a step forward to close the distance between both of

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them. His palm then landed on Mr. West's chest.

A crack echoed as Mr. West's chest caved in, followed by him swaying and backing away with a staggering gait. "Blurgh!" Mr. West spat out a mouthful of fresh blood and looked at Kayson in shock.

Then, he turned his head and ran to the door right away. "Mr. West!" Dawson's expression changed drastically. 'Mr. West is actually trying to run away!'

Would Kayson let him off? It was apparent that the answer was no.

Kayson kicked at a chair and sent it smashing onto Mr. West's head heavily.

A thud sounded when Mr. West collapsed to the ground and stopped moving.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged bodyguards of the Wolfendens stepped forward in succession and began attacking Kayson.

Every single one of them was a skilled fighter, yet Kayson sent all of them flying away.

Then, he made his way to Liam and inserted a few needles to stabilize Liam's vital signs.

Next, he walked toward Dawson.

The latter maintained his proud expression, but his gaze appeared slightly dull. Kayson said, "Any last words? Speak." Dawson's pupils constricted in fear. "How dare you kill me? I'm the third heir of the Wolfendens!

"Do you know what the consequences of killing me are? "Trust that not only you but everyone from Sadie's family will die with you by then!"