

MY FGB 61

Chapter 61 At the company basement parking lot, B1–C101...

A middle-aged man with an icy gaze sat in the backseat of a black Mercedes-Benz S-Class. It was Wilson Kayson opened the door and got into the car following Wilson's man, and Wilson's dark expression turned into a bright smile in the blink of an eye.

"I'll introduce myself. I am the chairman of Gillete Group, Wilson Gillete."

"Oh." Kayson leaned back. "This car feels pretty nice." Wilson smiled and offered, "If you like it, I can give you one." "Forget it." Kayson shook his head and asked, "What do you need me for?"

"You're very open and straightforward, Kayson. I like your character."

"It's not that. I just don't want to spend too long with you." Kayson was not afraid of offending Wilson at all as he sounded rather curt,

It did not anger Wilson as he spoke up with a smile. "My son had a conflict with you previously. Allow me to apologize on his behalf."|

His son, Mason, had beaten up Easton and his friends, and Kayson was the one that had saved them. After that, Mason had asked Gabriel to trap them at Bwell Therapeutics, only for Gabriel to be too scared to do anything to Kayson. Instead, Kayson had ordered him to teach Mason a lesson.

Kayson was actually quite puzzled when Wilson did not come to him trying to get even after that. His son had been beaten up, but he, as the father, had no reaction to it? Was Mason really his son?

Now, Wilson brought up the matter. "Oh, it's fine," Kayson replied nonchalantly. "Good that you don't hold a grudge. Actually, I investigated you, Kayson." Wilson looked serious. "I hope you don't mind that I did that."

Kayson's expression stayed the same without saying anything. Wilson continued to speak. "You're highly skilled. Why are you following the Wolfendens? I'll crush them sooner or later.

"Whatever Liam Wolfenden can give you, I can triple it. And whatever I, Wilson Gillete, can give you, he won't be able to."

"Oh." Kayson did not look interested as he asked, "You mean you want me to work for you at your company, Mr. Gillete?"

"Not work for me. You and I won't assume the roles of a subordinate and a superior. I have high regards for you, Kayson. You and I will work together. "Horacio is already dead, while Gabriel can hardly achieve anything due to his character.

Wiping out Horacio and The Quad Falcons has fully proven your ability. "If you can replace Horacio, the whole Clouspring will belong to us. Even the other families could hardly fight us."

Wilson spoke seriously. "As long as we work together and dominate Clouspring, and I take advantage of Dickinson International that's about to be mine, we can even rise into Springside!

“With time to come, we’ll become a force to be reckoned with in Skyriv!” Kayson turned to look at Wilson. The chairman of the Gillete Group made up quite a nice fantasy for him. “Mr. Gillete, it’s still bright out there. Don’t dream too soon.” Wilson’s face fell.

“You mean... You’re rejecting me?” Wilson’s gaze turned unnerving.

Kayson smiled. “The reason I’m here isn’t that I’m interested in working with you, Mr. Gillete. It’s because you’ve threatened me with Lindsay Ewell.” Wilson’s expression was cold as he stayed silent. Kayson’s smile gradually flattened as well. “I know Lindsay Ewell, and I’m quite familiar with her. If anything happens to her, I’ll honestly be rather upset. “So if anything does happen to her, I’ll seek retribution from you, Mr. Gillete. “Please also believe me that, despite Clouspring or even Skyriv, if you managed to tick me off... “I’m afraid you’ll be under the ground without the chance to see the next sunrise, ever. “Life is already so short, don’t take a shortcut, Mr. Gillete.”

Chapter 62 Kayson opened the door and got out of the car after what he said. “Kayson Yarde!” Wilson was enraged and threatened him darkly, “Are you insisting on choosing death?”

Kayson smiled and replied without looking back, “Wilson Gillete, if you play nice and give the Wolfendens Gillete Group... “Maybe you could find a nice place for retirement with the money you’ve made these recent

years.

“Otherwise, you might not even have the chance to see anything outside of Clouspring.” Kayson closed the door, leaving Wilson with raging eyes like two erupting volcanoes. He took a deep breath and dialed a number.

“Do it, kill him.”

“Yes, Mr. Gillete.”

The call was cut.

Kayson, who had just gotten out of the car, saw five people come up, spread out, and surround him. He commented with a calm expression, “What a stubborn man...”

The five men moved incredibly fast and came close to Kayson in a blink of eye.

Kayson shook his head, avoiding one of the attacks and kicking the other person.

The kick was powerful like a thunderbolt.

The man was sent flying through the air backward and crashed against a pillar, coughing out blood.

Kayson used both his hands and legs. Each punch and kick was impactful, causing the remaining four men to fly out backward as well.

Wilson was simply stunned in the car as he watched his five strongest men not even being able to touch a corner of Kayson’s clothes. ‘H—How is this possible!?’

Those were his five strongest men, and he always brought them with him.

Combined, the Quad Falcons would not even be able to fight any of them. What was more, when five of them attacked in unison!?

His five strongest men coughed mouthfuls of blood and collapsed on the ground, while Kayson went to the front of the Mercedes–Benz S450 and punched the engine compartment.

The whole car shook with a loud rumble.

Wilson grabbed the side handles of the car door frantically. The engine hood had already sunken into a “V” shape, and the car alarm blared. Wilson looked appalled, but it was then that Kayson came over and knocked on his door. The man sat inside scowling. There was no way he would leave the car.

Kayson was left with no other option. He could only pull the car door open, drag Wilson out, and slam him on the ground. He stepped on Wilson’s shoulder with one foot and hit him with a powerful strike.

Wilson cried in anguish immediately, feeling each part of his body prickling like ants were biting him everywhere.

“Mr. Gillete, send the share transferring agreement of the Gillete Group to Wolfenden Corp.’s GM office

“Otherwise, you might no longer be around to keep managing the Gillete Group after that.” Kayson kicked him several meters away and turned to leave for the elevator.

Simultaneously, the building’s security guards arrived. They looked confused when they saw Wilson and the Mercedes–Benz with a sunken hood. The security guard chief was alarmed, recognizing Wilson as the Gillete Group’s chairman and wondering what he was doing here.

Chapter 63 The blaring alarm of the Mercedes–Benz and Wilson’s pained cry blended into one. One of the security guard team leader’s subordinates asked, “Yeager, do we... still check it out?”

“For what!?” scolded Yeager. “This fool! Wilson Gillete is the Wolfendens’ enemy. Why should we be bothered with him?”

If they did get involved, who knew if Ms. Wolfenden would scold them when she found out!

“Let’s go, come on!” Yeager waved for his men to leave with curiosity piquing in him. ‘Who beat up Wilson to this state? That Mercedes–Benz too... Such a luxury car was crushed!’ Yeager vaguely caught a shadow entering the elevator. A thought hatched in his mind. He had to check the surveillance tape and report it to Sadie.

Yeager came to the surveillance room alone to retrieve the recording for the parking lot, but it was too bad that the spot was a blind spot. It was evident that Wilson had not simply parked his car there.

“F*ck! There’s only a back and a gritty side profile! F*cking low resolution!” cursed Yeager while going to report it to Sadie.

Yeager made a copy of the surveillance recording and took it to the general manager’s office. Sadie’s secretary, Chelsea, asked when she saw him, “Are you here for Ms. Wolfenden, Yeager?”

“Ah, yes. Please let her know.” “Sure, hold on for a second.” A moment later, Chelsea informed him, “Ms. Wolfenden asks you to enter.” “Alright! Thanks, Ms. Hayes! You’re even prettier today!” Chelsea gave him a glare with a blush without saying anything. As Yeager chuckled and pushed the door open to enter, he turned serious in the blink of an eye.

“Ms. Wolfenden!” Yeager straightened up. Sadie nodded. “Come have a seat. What’s the matter, Yeager?” Yeager answered, “Mr. Gillete from the Gillete Group was somehow beaten up in our building’s parking lot...”

“Wait! Who!?” Sadie asked in shock. She could not believe it. Who would dare hit Wilson—or be able to hit him—nowadays?

Yeager confirmed it and showed her the video. “I don’t know what he was here for, but he chose a blind spot in surveillance, so there isn’t much captured. “I’m not too sure who did it in particular. By the time I got there, I didn’t see anyone...”

Sadie nodded. “I understand. You can head back to work, Yeager.” “As you wish!” Yeager got up and left.

Sadie plugged in the thumb drive and accessed the video recording that Yeager had copied. It was true that only a back and a gritty side profile could be seen. It was so blurry it could barely be considered a side profile. There was only a tiny part of the face that had been captured “This outline..” Sadie’s brows were locked together. The silhouette actually looked like Kayson’s! “Kayson?” Sadie recalled how he had kicked Miles today. Could it really be him?

Sadie’s frown was knitted deep as she thought that it was impossible. It would be too unbelievable! After going through the recording a few more times, she called Yeager. “Yeager, have you checked the elevator surveillance? If not, please have it done for me.”

“Uh, I’ll get right to it!”

Yeager patted his head. He had been careless! Meanwhile, Wilson left Wolfenden Corp.’s basement parking lot.

Chapter 64

Wilson thrashed everything on his work desk in rage once he returned to his office.

“Kayson Yarde!

“You b*stard! I’m going to kill you! I’ll kill you!

“F*cking asked me to pass the Gillete Group to Sadie Wolfenden?

“You weren’t even born when I was out in this world! F*cker!”

Wilson was wrathful. He had planned to slowly torment Wolfenden Corp., but he no longer wanted to wait now. He was going to devour Wolfenden Corp. like a feeding whale! He made a call. Once the line connected, the rage on his face dissipated. “Mr. Allen, it’s me, Wilson Gillete.”

- Mr. Allen, on the other end of the line, asked in surprise, “Mr. Gillete, what brings you to me?”

Wilson's expression was dark and ominous, but he spoke with an audible smile. "I'd like to ask for your favor, Mr. Allen. Didn't your father ask if I'm interested in partnering up with the Allens?"

"I think it's a possibility. I wonder when your father will be free for a meal."

Mr. Allen sounded surprised. "Mr. Gillete! You're agreeing to it!?"

"Of course. It'd be a pleasure to partner up with an influential family in Clouspring like the Allens."

"Okay, tonight it is then! My father's been waiting for you for a long time, Mr. Gillete!"

"Great. I look forward to good news."

Wilson's face was stiff and ruthless when he hung up the call.

"The Wolfendens... Blame it on Kayson Yarde for enraging me!"

Prior to this, Wilson had not wanted to work with an established family like the Allens because the latter's roots ran deep in Clouspring. The Gillete Group would also suffer a significant loss if he were to work with them.

Now, however, he needed the Allen family's influence when his most capable men were not even Kayson's opponents. "Just you wait, Kayson Yarde! Your days are limited once my collaboration with the Allens comes into play! 'I'll make you regret ever being born for disrespecting me like that!"

Kayson took the elevator and returned to his office.

Easton, who was free and did not want to go through the documents, was watching a movie on his phone. When he saw Kayson browsing the boring paperwork in interest, he was inwardly impressed. Kayson was really different from good-for-nothings like them.

"Right, Easton, I have a question." Kayson put down the document he held and grabbed a pen and paper to draw a rough sketch of the front of Wilson's Mercedes-Benz. "How much does this car cost?" Kayson passed the sketch to Easton.

Easton studied it slightly and answered in slight confusion, "This is probably a Mercedes Benz S Class. The lowest spec would still start above \$150,000."

"What the heck!?' That could fill up over 20 of Kayson's piggy banks! He gasped. What a loss! Wilson had said he would give one to him... It was a huge loss! "Mr. Kace, what's the matter? Are you buying a car?" asked Easton. "For what? What a waste to spend all that money on a car!"

Kayson was upset for the whole afternoon as he felt like he had just brushed past a lump sum of money. He was still gloomy when he finished work. He would usually have to return alone after work if Sadie did not contact him. Surprisingly, she texted him today and asked him to go home together.

Kayson went to the parking lot then. Liam was busy, so Sadie was the only one in the car. She grumbled when she saw that Kayson was going to the backseat, "I'm driving, and there's no one in the passenger seat. You really think you're the boss?". Kayson could only open the passenger seat door and quietly get in. That earned a content hum from Sadie before she blinked and ordered with slight anticipation in her

voice, "I have something to ask you. You need to answer it honestly! "Did you beat up Wilson Gillete today?"

Chapter 65

Kayson was not surprised about her question. He had beaten up Wilson in the basement parking lot, and the security team had come after that. If Sadie still had no idea, he would doubt her authority in the company instead.

Kayson nodded.

Although Sadie had already expected the answer from Yeager's surveillance clip, it still felt unbelievable to hear Kayson admit it personally. "Do you know he's Wilson Gillete?" Sadie's tone was a little stern. "There won't be a place for you in Clouspring once you've attacked him."

"It's fine. It's a walk in the park to handle someone like him," Kayson replied nonchalantly. Sadie's brows were furrowed, unhappy with his lack of guard. If the fact that Kayson had beaten up Wilson did not give her so much joy, she would have berated the former.

"You're underestimating Wilson Gillete!" Sadie said seriously, "He had sent his subordinates to Clouspring's gangs and taken in a lot of skilled men when he was younger." "Ms. Wolfenden, you don't have to worry about me. Wilson Gillete really isn't an issue." Kayson shook his head.

"Who's worried about you!?" Sadie raised her voice like she was trying to hide something.

"I just don't want you to cause the company trouble! You don't even use your brain before you act!

"You cannot offend someone like Wilson Gillete!"

'Why is this woman so aggressive all of a sudden? Forget it.' Kayson thought that women were like cats. They had to be appeased.

"You're right, Ms. Wolfenden. I'll keep it in mind."

Sadie backed down upon seeing that Kayson did not argue and started the engine to leave with a scoff. With her eyes kept at the front, she asked indifferently, "Why did Wilson come to you?"

"He thinks I'm a talent and wants to recruit me."

There was a subtle something in Kayson's expression as he said, "He also said that he'd give me a Mercedes-Benz S-Class, but I rejected him. I wonder if you can recompense it to me instead?" "Hah!" Sadie snorted. "He thinks you're a talent?"

"Mr. Gillete thinks that I'm a good fighter and wants me to—" Sadie's eyes did not even flit to Kayson as she interrupted, "A good fighter? So you're going to be a bodyguard then? How much will that only pay? Mercedes-Benz S Class? That's a car costing over \$150,000! Pretty bold request from you!

"I didn't expect you to be a braggart after only days of being here!"

"Ms. Wolfenden, I'm serious."

"I'm serious too," Sadie replied flatly. "You're not worth this price."

'What a joke! A Mercedes-Benz S-Class as a gift and another salary package to boot—a price like this would have gotten Wilson a master famous across Skyriv.

Kayson might not even know about the car's specifications, and he just ran his mouth! A bluff!

Sadie ignored him and concentrated on driving. It seemed that the guards had yet to rotate their shifts as Kayson did not see Raymond at the entrance of the mansion. Hugh pulled Kayson to play chess with him when they returned inside. The old man was enjoying his life by either fiddling with birds or playing chess all day long. While they were playing chess, Hugh asked, "Kayson, do you need to go out tonight?" "No. What's the matter, Grandpa Hugh?"

"That's good. The area isn't too peaceful tonight! Don't go out if you don't have to."

Hugh then told Saide, "Sade, call you dad. Ask him to come back before 7:30 p.m. If he can't do that, tell him to spend the night outside."

Chapter 66 Sadie's face became stern as she nodded. "Okay!"

Kayson asked curiously, "Is something happening tonight?"

I'm not sure either. It's an order from the Primrose Deck. It usually happens once every one to two months."

The Primrose Deck?'

Kayson remembered Sadie telling him before that the entire residential area was divided into three zones.

The Primrose Deck, where the elites were staying, and the Heartstone Chateau, where the financial moguls lived.

There were also other areas, such as the Kingstone Garden, where retired or sitting chairmen of various companies like Liam lived.

Three different management teams managed the three zones. Although all of them were in the same residential area, they had different management.

"Grandpa Hugh, what is the level of Wolfenden Corp. in Clouspring?"

Initially, Kayson thought Wolfenden Corp. was a big corporation in Clouspring. However, it now seemed to him that they were struggling a lot.

"We're somewhere below the middle." Hugh sighed. "I was too late into the game when I established Wolfenden Corp. During that time. The Gillette Group basically monopolized the market.

"Although Wolfenden Corp. isn't as outstanding as other corporations, I'm satisfied with what we have today." Kayson laughed. "You started with nothing, and it's very impressive that you could bring Wolfenden Corp. to this scale after so many years."

Liam couldn't make it home in time, so only four people were around the table: Kayson, Hugh, Beatrice, and Sadie.

After they finished their dinner, Hugh was not in the mood for a chess session, so he returned to rest in his room. Sadie told Kayson, "If you have nothing else to do, then come upstairs and get some rest." Kayson was stunned. This was the first time Sadie invited him upstairs.

'Is it because of the order from the Primrose Deck?'

Beatrice returned to her room and rested as well, leaving Kayson alone in the living room downstairs, Kayson was not going upstairs yet. He switched on the TV and began watching some shows. Reva had recommended him a new show, and since he did not have to play chess with Hugh, he would watch the show.

Raymond stopped with a stern face in his tracks when he passed by Mansion No.8 in the Kingstone Garden.

"This is where Mr. Yarde is staying, right?" Raymond mumbled to himself, "I wonder if I can ask for help from Mr. Yarde..."

After hesitating for a moment, Raymond heaved a sigh and continued walking toward the Primrose Deck. Soon, he arrived in front of an imposing mansion.

Two security guards were standing as stiff as a ramrod in front of the gate. When they saw him, they greeted him in a low voice, "Captain!"

Raymond nodded. "Stay on your toes tonight. Nothing should happen to Elder Master Whitman tonight. If not, it'll be a shame for all of us!"

"Roger!"

Raymond walked into the mansion of grandeur size,

Three people were sitting in the living room. The old man was known as Hendrick Whitman, He was the head of the prestigious Whitmans in Clouspring,

The middle-aged man was his son. His name was Michael Whitman, and the woman beside him was his wife, Layla Greens.

After Raymond entered, he stood with his body erected and gave Hendrick a bow.

"Elder Master Whitman, all men are in their positions."

Hendrick's wizened face trembled, and he smiled as he spoke in a hoary voice. "It's going to be a tough night again, Captain Campell."

"Please don't say that. This is what I should do!" Raymond said in a stern voice. "Dad, no one can hurt us if Captain Campell is with us! He was the top fighter of the special forces!" said Michael.

Chapter 67 There were three prestigious families in Clouspring. There were the Whitmans, the Allens, and the Waltons.

The three families had absolute power over Clouspring, and they were the ones that supported many companies from the shadows.

Therefore, most of the famous people in Clousprin were related to them.

Hendrick from the Whitmans was a great man. He was famous in Clouspring, and his name was also widely known by the people in Skyspring. His words were the absolute orders back in his prime. Even though he had retired and passed everything to his son, Michael, he was still someone be reckoned with, and no one dared to go against him despite his old age.

- Even until now, although Michael was already in his mid-40s and had full control over the resources and connections of the Whitmans, some people still claimed that the Whitmans' pillar was Hendrick instead of Michael.

Whether this was actually the case or not, no one knew.

However, the assassination attempts that Hendrick faced never stopped. Not only that but those assassins that came after him were one stronger than the last one.

The last assassination attempt happened around two and a half months ago. It was Raymond who had stepped forward and foiled the assassination attempt. He had wanted to capture the assassin alive, but he failed. When he decided to kill him, the assassin ran away.

Raymond was certain they would send someone stronger than him this time.

Initially, he wanted to ask for help from Kayson, but due to Hendrick's identity, he might not agree to it if Raymond suddenly dragged a stranger into the team.

As such, he could only hope that he could hold off the assassins this time.

The sky was getting darker. A dark cloud drifted by and slowly blocked the bright moon. As soon as the moonlight was gone, a few figures flashed rapidly in the darkness, as if they were cheetahs.

Meanwhile, at the Whitman mansion...

The two bodyguards felt a chill down their spines all of a sudden. Just when they were about to raise the alarm, two dark figures appeared in front of them and lashed out at them.

"Incoming!" One of the bodyguards shouted at the top of his lungs and began fighting the assassin.

Seizing the chance while the two bodyguards were distracted, a few more figures appeared.

When they were about to kick the gate, a group of people landed in front of them from the sky.

Raymond was in the group, but he did not make any moves.

"A bunch of cowards who can only move in the dark. I must find out where you guys come from tonight!"

The men beside Raymond dashed forward and began fighting the intruders.

At that moment, a figure appeared from the darkness and said in a hoary voice, "Captain Raymond Campbell from Team Azure Dracon?"

Raymond was stunned.

“You know me? Who are you?”

“Hah, a dead man doesn’t have to know who I am.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he kicked the ground and threw himself at Raymond at lightning speed.

. ‘He’s fast!’ Raymond’s expression changed, and he raised his arms in a defensive posture.

However, the massive force still sent him banging straight into the door, leaving a dent in it.

His opponent threw successive punches while Raymond roared and maintained his defensive posture.

The silence of the night was broken by the clashing of their fists and limbs. After a long while, the Whitman mansion’s gate was pushed open forcefully. Raymond fell to the ground with blood lining his lips.

Michael and his wife’s faces turned pale, but Hendrick was able to keep his calm.

Two figures emerged from the darkness. Apparently, they were the ones who had defeated Raymond. One of them looked at Hendrick and said coldly, “Elder Master Whitman, we’re here to take your life!”

Hendrick nodded indifferently and asked, “Can you spare my son and my daughter-in-law?”

“Are you kidding me, Elder Master Whitman? If I spare your son, everything we’ve done so far will be in vain.”

Chapter 68 Hendrick’s face turned grim upon hearing what the person said.

At that moment, Raymond got back on his feet.

Hendrick looked at him and asked, “Captain Campell, is there another way?” Suddenly, Raymond pulled his phone out and tossed it in front of Hendrick with deadly precision.

Hendrick lowered his head and saw a message on the phone’s memo that read: (Mansion No. 8 in the Kingstone Garden. Look for Mr. Kayson Yarde.)

“I’ll hold them off!” Raymond let out a roar and threw himself at the two powerful opponents.

Hendrick and his family rose to their feet and left in their car through the back door.

When the assassins once again stopped them, Raymond’s men showed up and held them back. Hendrick and his family entered the car, started the engine, and ran away. At that moment, Raymond was sent flying out of the mansion, his face dyed red with his blood.

He landed on the ground with a meaty smack, but he got up very soon and dashed forward rapidly.

In the meantime...

Kayson was watching the show Reva had recommended with rapt attention. He felt it was a really nice show, and the group of main actors did justice to their characters. Suddenly, his ears pricked up, and he frowned. He walked to the window, opened it, and jumped out of it.

As soon as he landed on the ground, he saw a bloodied person running toward him.

“You are... the security guard at the entrance?” Kayson was stunned.

When Raymond saw Kayson, his eyes glowed with hope. “Mr. Yarde, please help me to protect the people in the car!” Raymond shouted as he dropped to his knees with a plop. Kayson frowned and lifted his head to see a car was coming in his direction.

‘I can’t put Grandpa Hugh and the others in danger...?’

With that thought in mind, Kayson kicked the ground and dashed forward. “What the...” Raymond’s eyes grew wide. He took in a sharp air, and his face was filled with disbelief.

When Michael saw Kayson standing in the center of the road, his face turned pale, and he stomped on the brakes.

Meanwhile, a few of the assassins had caught up to them.

Michael and his family’s faces turned ashen pale, and their eyes were filled with rage as they stared fixedly at Kayson. “D*mn it!” Michael punched the steering wheel in rage. They were only 100 meters away from Mansion No. 8.

“It seems like this is the end for me.” Hendrick sighed. “Don’t worry. That won’t happen since I’m here.” Kayson’s voice wafted into the car, and Hendrick was stunned.

In the next second, Kayson delivered a kick at the person, and the air was filled with nothing but the cracking noise of the assassin’s rib cage.

Without wasting any second, Kayson threw a punch at another person and stomped on his chest. The assassin’s chest caved in, and he spurted out a mouthful of blood.

Soon, the two people who defeated Raymond appeared before Kayson.

“Who are you, kid? How dare you get in our way!?”

- Kayson ignored them and punched the bulletproof window, shattering it in the process. He looked at the terrified Hendrick and asked, “Do you want them alive or dead?” There was nothing but fear on Hendrick’s face. ‘Who is this young man? How can he be so powerful?’ “A– Alive?” asked Hendrick, his voice laced with disbelief. “Alright, then.” Kayson nodded indifferently. However, the eyes of the two men in front of him were cold. They did not believe that this kid actually had the nerve to ignore them.

Both of them pounced at Kayson at the same time.

Kayson had made his move as well. He was even faster than them, and they could see nothing but only his afterimages. One of them couldn’t react in time and was sent flying into the distance by Kayson’s punch.

While the other was shocked by Kayson’s strength, he received a punch from Kayson on his head and passed out.

They all seemed shocked as they looked at Kayson, standing like a god of war. 'This young man... He's strong!'

Chapter 69 "What's your name, young man?" Hendrick, who had just escaped death, hurriedly approached Kayson and greeted him. Even though he held a position of high regard, he still treated Kayson with respect.

"Kayson."

Hendrick was momentarily stunned before exclaiming, "So, you're Mr. Kayson Yarde that Captain Campell mentioned!?" 'Captain Campell?'

Kayson nodded. "You're talking about Raymond, right?"

"Mr. Yarde!" Raymond ran over despite his serious injuries.

After Hendrick and his family had gotten into the car, he quickly ran in Kayson's direction.

- Therefore, he was a lot faster than Hendrick and his family since they still needed to make several turns.

Initially, he planned to join forces with Kayson to get rid of these assassins. It was just that he did not expect Kayson to be so powerful and to take care of them with practiced ease.

'Does this mean that he was just playing with me last night?' "Elder Master Whitman, this is Mr. Yarde. I'm sure you've seen his skills."

After that, Raymond made a bow at Kayson and thanked him from the bottom of his heart." Thank you for everything you did tonight, Mr. Yarde!

His mission would have failed if something happened to Elder Master Whitman, and he would have been punished severely.

"Well, if you want to thank me..." Kayson looked toward the mansion and frowned slightly," These people are dangerous. If possible, I don't want them to come any closer to my family." Upon hearing what he said, Hendrick said sternly, "Rest assured, Mr. Yarde. No one will know what happened tonight. Your family will be safe. "If something happens to your family, I'll certainly come and apologize to you personally."

It seemed to Kayson that this old man before him was someone of high status. Since he had already given his promise, he decided to let it slide.

"Take care, sir."

After that, Kayson returned to the mansion.

As soon as he went inside, Sadie's voice rang out angrily.

"What are you doing, Kayson!?"

Kayson calmly turned his head to look at Sadie standing in the corridor on the second floor and replied, "A wild cat was trying to get in through the window. I just shooed it away."

Sadie accepted his explanation. She came downstairs and took an apple from the fridge.

“But I heard the sound of engines. Are there people out there?” “A car just passed by,” Kayson replied with a smile. Those people were too dangerous. He did not want the Wolfendens to get involved in something that might put their lives at risk. “I see.”

Sadie walked to the couch and sat down. As she munched on the apple, she looked at the television and asked, “You’re watching this show too?”

“Yeah. It’s pretty nice.” “Of course, it’s nice. The leading actor is my favorite idol. Every show he has participated in is nice,” Sadie said proudly. It seemed as if she knew the actor herself.

Kayson walked over and sat on the couch silently,

Outside of the mansion...

Raymond was clearing the scene. When he noticed that most of them had their organs crushed in a single blow, he sucked in a sharp breath of air through his teeth. “What terrifying power!” After a short while, they all returned to the Whitman mansion.

Raymond stood in front of Hendrick and reported sternly, “Elder Master Whitman, only one survived. The rest are dead.”

Hendrick was dumbfounded. “Only the last one survived? All of the rest are dead?” he repeated, his voice filled with disbelief.

Chapter 70 Michael and his wife couldn’t believe what they had heard either.

They had been there when Kayson fought the assassins. They had seen it clearly with their eyes that Kayson had only exchanged blows with most of the assassins once.

In other words, he killed them all in one strike!?

“When did a terrifying young man like him appear in Clouspring?” Hendrick was shocked. “Not only that, but this young man is staying in Mansion No.8 in the Kingstone Garden.”

“Dad, if my memory serves me right, Mansion No.8 in the Kingstone Garden is the house for the chairman of Wolfenden Corp. and his family!” Michael chimed in sternly.

“Mr. Hugh Wolfenden was an excellent fighter when he was young. After forming his family, he established Wolfenden Corp.”

“Hugh Wolfenden... I’ve heard his name before!” Hendrick lowered his head slightly. After a while, he looked at Michael solemnly and said, “Keep an eye on Wolfenden Corp. From now onward, we’ll be supporting them!

“Of course, we have to keep a low profile. If Wolfenden Corp. comes across any problem, just send someone else to help them.”

“Yes, Dad,” Michael replied and nodded.

“There is a very high possibility that Mr. Yarde is Hugh’s grandson-in-law. Remember, we need to gain his favor.”

Michael did not dare to disobey his father’s order.

From today onward, Kayson would be the Whitmans’ most valuable guest. After all, he was the one who had saved their lives tonight.

Kayson was not aware of Hendrick’s thoughts right now.

Raymond had mixed feelings after learning of Kayson’s strength. However, he was still very grateful to him.

“Elder Master Whitman, I’ll interrogate that man and see if I can get the mastermind out of his mouth.”
“Okay.” Hendrick’s face sank slightly. “I also want to know who is the one who wants to kill me again and again!” Downtown of Clouspring, inside a restaurant’s private room filled with many beauties... Wilson came to have dinner with the Allens tonight.

Out of the three prestigious families in Clouspring, the Whitmans were the strongest, followed by the Allens. The Waltons were the weakest, and their influence had been reduced greatly over the past **years**. The ones who had dinner with Wilson were the second person in charge of the Allens, Patrick, and his son, Hector.

“Since you’ve made up your mind, I believe I don’t have to say anything anymore,” Patrick let out a hearty laugh. “Come, let’s cheer to celebrate our cooperation. I’m sure we’ll be able to build a bright future together!”

Wilson let out a sinister grin and raised his glass. After putting down the glass, a glint crossed Wilson’s eyes as he said, “Since we’re partners now, I’m not going to beat around the bush anymore.” “Sure, just fire away, Mr. Gillete,” Patrick said readily.

“I want to acquire Wolfenden Corp. I hope you can assist me,” Wilson said sternly. “Besides, there seems to be a powerful being protecting the Wolfendens. Even the five fighters from my Team Sabertooth are no match for him. I hope that the Allens can send a few good fighters to get rid of him for me.”

Patrick was a little bit surprised when he heard what Wilson said. “Really? There is such a person in Wolfenden Corp.?”

“Yes,” Wilson replied coldly. “He’s called Kayson Yarde! He’s a highly achieved fighter. I hope you can treat him more seriously, Sir Allen. “However, this kid can wait. Right now, I want to get Wolfenden Corp. first.” After hearing what Wilson said, Patrick smiled faintly. “Sure. Taking care of the Wolfendens is just a piece of care for the Allens.”

“Liam has amassed quite a lot of funds. If I want to get the Wolfenden easily, we need to find a way and put more pressure on their capital chain...” Wilson continued in a stern voice.

Hector chuckled sarcastically after Wilson finished speaking. “It’s going to be a breeze, Mr. Gillete. The Wolfendens won’t even know what will happen when tomorrow arrives.”

“You have a plan already, Sir Allen?” Wilson asked, his eyes glowing.

Patrick let out a faint smile and replied, "Just you wait. Wolfenden Corp.'s capital chain will rupture tomorrow!"