

Super Son-In-Law Chapter 181 -

If Alex Cohen had not seen Sukie Lane in the bar's surveillance footage, he would have forgotten about this old classmate.

This showed that Alex had already put down all his hatred for Sukie.

Sukie was not as forgetful as Alex though. She had already made a move against Symore. Although her main motive was to help Kayson Tannin to grab territory, she still intended to use this matter to deal with Alex. This also meant that a new grudge formed between them.

Enemies hated to see each other.

When Sukie unintentionally found Alex's car, she stood motionless in front of it just to wait for Alex to return. After she heard the sound of footsteps and saw Alex, her already glum face became even more gloomy. Without the slightest hesitation, she quickly strode over towards the park entrance.

Alex blamed Symore's capture on Sukie, so at the moment, he lost control of his emotions and subconsciously clenched his fists. He sped up his pace as he walked towards Sukie and questioned aggressively, "Sukie Lane, are you f*cking finished? Do you have to drive yourself to a dead-end before you'll give up?"

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Sukie's voice was louder as she said viciously, "The one who pushed me to a dead-end isn't me, but you! Alex Cohen, just because of you holding on to a small matter, you not only completely ruined my life, but also caused my parents' suffering!"

"Had I known you were this despicable, I wouldn't have let you off lightly!"

"You talk as if I don't regret not killing you myself at that time!"

Alex and Sukie were both in a rage and treated each other as the enemy. Their verbal exchange was still secondary. The main thing was that they were both out of control. If they were not stopped, the two of them would have pounced on each other and fought in public.

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Zeke's hostility was also triggered. He rolled up his sleeves and was ready to support Alex.

Luckily, Big Ken still kept his wits about him, pulled Alex back, and gently reminded him.

“Young Master, don’t get agitated. Let her be for a little longer. Rescuing Symore’s our top priority now, so we should deal with Kayson Tannin first. After we rescue Symore, there’s still plenty of opportunities and time to deal with her.”

“Sigh...”

Alex suddenly came back to his senses and let out a long sigh. He then nodded his head in agreement.

“I was impulsive...let’s do as you say.”

On the other hand, Sukie, who was about to pounce at Alex, was quickly dragged away by Kayson. He pulled her aside and said with a stern face, “Now’s the time for us men to deal with business. You’re a woman, so just watch from the side and don’t get involved blindly! Didn’t you want revenge from Alex? Just wait for me to take him down, then he’ll be at your disposal!”

“I...”

Sukie was reluctant but she did not dare to contradict Kayson, so she forced herself to agree.

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“Then you must keep your word! After you’re done with your business, make sure you give me a chance to seek personal revenge! I’ve been waiting for this moment for too long!”

“Just do as I say. I won’t lie to you. Hurry up and get in the car, then stay there!”

Kayson just treated Sukie as a plaything and had no feelings for her. Now that the situation was urgent, he showed his temper to her. Kayson savagely pushed Sukie into the car, then quickly arranged for all his men to get into the car and left in a hurry.

To prevent Alex from changing his mind, Kayson sandwiched Alex’s two cars in the middle.

In less than ten minutes, the leading car slowed down.

Alex looked around and found that next to it was an urban village that did not fit in with the high-rise buildings in the city.

Seth saw that Kayson’s leading car had turned into the village and carefully examined the place. He suddenly said worriedly, “Mr. Cohen, something’s not right!”

Alex hurriedly asked, “What’s wrong? Did you see anything strange?”

“Mr. Cohen, as far as I know, Kayson Tannin has several underground fighting arenas, the largest of which is located in an urban village. This should be it.”

“Are you saying that Kayson Tannin wants to lure us to the fighting arena?”

“It doesn’t matter where we settle our grudge. The main point is that Kayson’s professional fighters are probably all here!”

When Alex heard the words “professional fighters”, he subconsciously thought of Zeke Martin.

If Zeke were to learn of this news, he would probably jump up with excitement.

Alex did not have such high demands as Zeke regarding their opponent’s skills, but he was very excited and patted Seth’s arm.

“Don’t worry, there’s no shortage of professionals on our side. Moreover, we still have a killer hand that we haven’t shown yet. Just now when I told Kayson that there’s no place in Quill City I dare not go, it might’ve sounded like I was bragging. But it’s the truth...”

“Uh...it’s good that you’re prepared.”

Seth had already reminded Alex, but as for how to respond, it was still Alex’s call.

A few minutes later, Kayson’s car went through the village and came through to the other side. The car finally pulled over and stopped at the entrance of a “Boxing Enthusiast Club”. The facade was not big, but it was quite spacious inside. As Seth guessed earlier, this was a fighting arena for underground fighting matches.

Kayson got out of the car, pointed to the club, and said to Alex, “This is it.”

Alex shrugged his shoulders and said, “Hurry up then.”

“Follow me!”

Kayson gave one of his followers next to him a look, then strode inside and walked straight through the spacious lobby to the elevator. He went first into the elevator alone. Instead of pressing the keypad, he lifted it to reveal another keypad inside with only two buttons on it: B1 and B2. He pressed the B2 button and quickly snapped the keypad shut, then signaled for Alex’s group to enter.

Although Alex did not see Kayson pressing the button, after entering the elevator with his companions, he felt that the elevator was going more than one level downward. It was only at this point that Alex finally raised his alertness a little.

After all, they were about to enter Kayson’s lair.

In his rival's territory, it was better to be cautious and tread lightly.

As the elevator doors opened, the surroundings were pitch black.

One of Kayson's men got out of the elevator first and pressed several switches before the place was finally lit up.

Alex could finally see clearly and was very surprised...to be precise, he was more shocked. This basement was actually as big as two basketball courts and looked like a square. Right in the middle was a very standard looking boxing ring. The rest of the place was empty besides several tables and chairs in the corner.

At the moment, this place looked very quiet and lifeless.

However, Alex could imagine that when there was a fighting competition, this place must be as lively and bustling as a concert.

Only, those who gathered here were not fans, but spectators, and the majority were probably also gamblers.

Alex was deep in his imagination when he suddenly heard someone pushing the door, followed by the sound of intensive footsteps. Following the sound, he realized that in addition to the elevator, two other doors were led to this floor. These two doors were pushed open and a long line of young men filed into the room respectively from both entrances.

In the blink of an eye, Alex's group of six were surrounded by no less than thirty opponents.

This scene looked very threatening.

Nonetheless, Alex remained calm and collected, then turned to stare at Kayson.

"You called all your people here?"

Kayson sneered and said, "Cohen, against the six of you, these people should be enough, right?"

"You mean to forgo the part of where we state our terms and just start fighting?"

"I just told you earlier. What bargaining chips do you even have? You know clearly what situation you're in now, so cut the crap! You only have two choices. Either surrender now or I'll use Symore's dying wail as my battle cry."

After Kayson finished speaking, he gave a look to one of his groupies beside him.

That groupie immediately went to one of the doors and pulled a lever to reveal another door on the flat wall, then pressed a switch.

Alex fixed his eyes and saw that Symore was lying on the floor in that small room.

Now that they finally found Symore, Alex breathed a sigh of relief and said to Kayson, "You've shown your hand, so now it's my turn..."

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Kayson Tannin returned to his lair, his so-called comfort zone, and had no more worries, so he unreservedly displayed all of his strength. In his opinion, he was sure he would win over Alex Cohen and smugly said, "Cohen, I know you have a lot of helpers, but I've turned on the phone signal blocker. From the moment you stepped into the elevator, you've already lost contact with the outside world."

"Oh?"

Alex curiously took out his phone and confirmed that there was no signal, so he put it back in his pocket and said with a nod, "You're right. Kayson Tannin, you arranged all this on the way as you lured me here, right? But...who said I had to call for help?"

"So what other tricks do you have up your sleeve? To tell you the truth, if we faced each other outside, perhaps you would've had a chance to escape. But here, without my permission, you can't even f*cking fly out with wings. Also, I've suppressed my anger to patiently lure you here, so I have no intention of letting you go alive. You'd better accept the reality. What's the use of pretending to be tough? It's useless!"

"Then you may have to change your plans..."

Alex knew what Kayson had planned. Kayson just wanted to trap him in this place where no one would hear nor respond to any cries for help. An ordinary person in Alex's current position might have panicked because their life was seriously threatened.

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However, Alex did not panic at all. After he finished his casual remark, he winked at Big Ken.

Kayson was sure that Alex was acting tough, so he did not bother to say much and impatiently shouted, "Do it!"

His groupies got the order and moved at the same time, pouncing on Alex's group with a vicious gaze.

Bang!

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Suddenly, Big Ken stepped forward to stand in front of Alex and casually pulled out a pistol. In the process of pulling out the gun, he had already loaded the bullet and fired. The seemingly casual shot was very accurate, hitting the right leg of the opponent who rushed in front of him.

The man suddenly stumbled and fell heavily. He was already in pain, but when he fell, he had also knocked out a few incisors, so he was on the ground wailing.

This time, Big Ken did not put on the silencer on purpose. In the enclosed basement, the sound of gunfire was deafening.

This change came too suddenly, so all the opponents were subdued in an instant.

They were used to fist fights or even fighting gangsters with non-lethal weapons. How could they have seen this kind of battle?

Big Ken raised his gun and he swept between his opponents as he said in an unquestionable tone, "If you don't want to die, don't move!"

All the opponents who Big Ken aimed at were frightened until they turned pale and quickly retreated.

They had no other choice as that weapon was lethal and no one wanted to follow in the footsteps of that poor guy lying on the ground.

Alex also took a small step forward and stood side by side with Big Ken as he said to Kayson, "I've shown my hand. How is it? Are you satisfied?"

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Kayson had not completely come back to his senses, but he was already deep with regret.

Normally, they had detection equipment at the entrance of this underground fighting arena similar to the metal detector used by airport security. When a fighting competition was held, all spectators had to be checked before they could enter to make sure that no one brought in anything lethal.

Since there was no fighting competition, they did not conduct security checks.

Moreover, Kayson considered that there were only six people in Alex's group, so even if everyone brought a knife, they still would not be able to go against five times the number of opponents. In addition, he had also turned on the signal blocker, so he did not need to worry about Alex contacting the outside world. That was why he did not ask

Alex and the others to hand over their belongings before they came in as he felt it would be superfluous.

As a result, this little oversight caught him off guard.

This was still secondary, the main point was Kayson did not expect that Alex's men actually carried guns!

However, it was too late to regret or say anything.

Kayson secretly took a deep breath, adjusted his emotions, and feigned calmness as he narrowed his eyes and looked at Alex.

"It's great to have a gun, huh? You don't think that with a gun, you can control the situation, right? If you think so, then you're too naive..."

Without waiting for Alex's response, Kayson looked around and said aloud to his groupies, "Brothers, don't be afraid! They only have one gun. A magazine has at most ten bullets, right? Even if they shoot all the bullets in one go, they can only hurt ten people at most. The rest of you can still easily take them all down."

When the groupies heard this, they looked at each other and they were all a bit hesitant.

They all knew that what Kayson said was reasonable and that Big Ken could not possibly put down all of them with just one gun.

The problem was, no one wanted to be treated as cannon fodder.

Kayson realized that his groupies were intimidated by the gun and his team paled in comparison. Just as he was about to propose rewards and punishments, he was surprised to find that two more people behind Alex had taken out their pistols. They were none other than the Beare brothers, who like Big Ken, was enlisted with the National Security Bureau and had gun permits.

That way, Alex's group now had three guns.

Kayson was instantly rendered speechless and his groupies did not dare to mess around.

Alex looked around and said slowly, "From the looks of it, you have thirty people. We have three guns on our side, just thirty bullets, so maybe this is fate...exactly one for each person and no extras. But if anyone wants to share a bullet, you should apply in advance."

Apply?

How could he even say that?

Kayson's face was red with anger and he secretly cursed Alex repeatedly. Due to the pressure from the gun, his confidence was gone because one careless move would result in a total loss. Not to mention fighting Alex head-on, he could not even pretend to be calm.

Thus, both sides fell into a stalemate.

After a while, a groupie came up to Kayson and whispered a proposal to break the deadlock.

Kayson listened to his idea and thought it made sense. He then organized his thoughts and said to Alex, "It's not a good idea to stay in such a stalemate. Although you're at a disadvantage in numbers, I've always been open and honest, so I won't bully the weaker party. How about...changing your mind?"

"You really know how to weasel your way out of a situation..."

Alex helplessly shook his head and continued, "Tell me, what crazy ideas have you come up with?"

"If we get into a large-scale gunfight, it'll inevitably cause a lot of casualties, which won't be good for any of us. If you have the guts, choose five people to face off with the five people I choose in a one-on-one match, three wins out of five rounds. The winner gets the power. As for specific wagers, let's discuss it."

"Alright...how about this? If you win, all of us, including Symore, are at your disposal. But if we win, you'll release Symore, but also hand over Sukie Lane and you mustn't look for trouble with Symore in the future."

Kayson pondered for a moment, then suddenly clenched his teeth and nodded as he said, "Fine. But, you must fight."

"Okay...then, it's settled. Let's start selecting our candidates."

Alex had confidence in the strength of his companions and readily agreed.

When Kayson made this suggestion, he had already thought of who would fight for him, namely the professional fighters. He was equally confident in the combat power of those fighters who had made a lot of money for him. In addition, he also thought of a strategy to line up the fighters.

In a matter of minutes, both sides had each determined who would fight.

On Alex's side, apart from Alex, who was explicitly requested by Kayson, they chose Zeke Martin, Big Ken, Big Beare, and Small Beare. Seth could be considered a master of sorts, but compared to the other four, his fighting ability was still slightly inferior, so he was only a spectator this time.

Kayson had also easily selected his people according to the usual fighting rankings and chose his top five fighters.

After the match officially started, the first contestant on Alex's side, Big Ken, only used three moves to utterly defeat his opponent and won the match.

Alex gave Big Ken a thumbs up and said to Kayson, "Your men are too weak."

Kayson shrugged his shoulders and said to Alex with a smirk, "Don't be cocky, the show has just begun."

"Is that so?"

Alex suddenly got nervous.

Kayson had lost a match, yet he looked like it did not matter, which did not make any sense...

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Alex Cohen could not help but wonder if he had underestimated Kayson Tannin...

After all, normally under the tournament system where there were no ties and there must be a winner, every round should be competitive. Even if the opponent was calm, when they lost one round, they should be anxious rather than nonchalant.

When Kayson saw that Alex was puzzled, he was secretly pleased and said proudly, "Can't I willingly give up the first round?"

Alex became more curious and asked, "Kayson Tank, what exactly are you thinking?"

"You'll find out in a moment..."

Kayson, on the other hand, was even more arrogant and secretly complimented himself for his wit.

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He knew that Big Ken was the best fighter under Alex, so the first one he sent on his side was the fifth-ranked fighter. Obviously, he was willing to accept one loss for the bigger win by using his least powerful fighter to compete against the strongest

opponent. In the coming rounds, as long as it was properly arranged, it would be a sure win and no loss.

The top two fighters that he spent a lot of money on their training were far beyond ordinary and absolutely would not be shaken easily...

Soon, the second round of the competition began.

The one representing Alex's group was the first-timer that was eager to make a mark, Big Beare.

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Kayson followed his established plan and sent out the fourth-ranked fighter.

In less than two minutes, the fight was over. Big Beare's strength was not much weaker than Big Ken's and emerged victorious.

At this point, Alex's side won two rounds in a row and gained the match point. If he won one more round, he would have won the whole competition.

However, Alex was not glad. Instead, his heart was getting more unsettled and he had the feeling that something unexpected would happen.

Kayson, on the other hand, was not the slightest bit nervous even after losing two rounds consecutively. After only a few seconds of hesitation, he assigned the second-ranked fighter to fight. At first, he had planned to save the two most powerful fighters for the end unless Alex had fought.

Kayson not only wanted to achieve the final victory, but he also wanted to put Alex up against one of the two masters under him so that he could beat him up in the process.

Now that the situation changed and he had no way to back out, he could only arrange for his second-best fighter to compete beforehand.

Otherwise, he might not even get the chance to fight with Alex.

Alex initially thought of having Small Beare to fight the third match and win the whole fight in one go. However, Zeke had been itching for a long time and could not wait any longer, so he volunteered. Alex did not want to spoil Zeke's excitement, so he agreed and gave him a friendly reminder.

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“I can roughly guess Kayson’s strategy. The fighters he sent out are more powerful than the previous. So your opponent should be stronger than Big Ken’s and Big Beare’s just now. Just be steady and don’t underestimate your opponent...”

Big Ken carefully examined the opponent on the stage and suddenly raised his eyebrows. He came up to Alex and warned, “Young Master, that person on the stage doesn’t look ordinary and I have a bad feeling about this. If my assumption is right, then something’s bound to happen...I suggest letting Small Beare fight.”

Alex was driven by Big Ken and was also nervous as he asked, “Bro, what’s wrong?”

Zeke, who was eager to fight, did not consider so much. After he heard Big Ken’s words, he was a little upset and said, “Bro, based on what you said, you think my ability is below Small Beare’s? I know that you’re all experts, but don’t underestimate me either! He’s just a fighter, right?”

To tell you the truth, when I was in the army, I won the martial arts competition more than once. Before I was discharged, the higher-ups suggested many times that I stay as a combat instructor...”

“No bro, I don’t mean to underestimate you, but...”

“There’s no need to explain. You don’t get a say in who fights, so let’s listen to Alex’s idea.”

As he said this, both Zeke and Big Ken coincidentally stared at Alex intently.

Alex was in a dilemma. He had to take care of Zeke’s reputation, but it was inconvenient to ignore Big Ken’s suggestion.

Guessing that Alex was in a dilemma, Big Ken pondered for a moment, but finally compromised and said to Zeke, “Bro, then the third match will be yours. I know that you have a strong desire to win.

But this time, the one you’re facing isn’t an ordinary opponent, but a special fighter you’ve never encountered before. No matter what the result is, don’t get attached to the fight...”

“Okay, okay, I know.”

Zeke thought that Big Ken had underestimated him and was eager to prove himself. He raised his hand to stop Big Ken, strode over to the ring, and did a smooth jump across the guardrail onto the ring. From this difficult move, everyone could see that he was a master.

Big Ken's concern for Zeke did not decrease. Instead, it increased and even said to Alex, "I'm afraid we're going to lose this round..."

Alex became increasingly curious and asked urgently, "Bro, what's going on? You said that the opponent on the stage is a special fighter. Just how special is he? It can't be...like those TV show protagonists who possess some sort of divine or magical superpower, right?"

"Divine or magical superpowers are invented and so far, it doesn't have any scientific basis, so they're not credible. However, the world is full of wonders.

Essentially, that opponent in the ring is also an ordinary person, but...Young Master, you still remember the drug that I gave to Sir G before, right?"

"The kind of drug that can make Sir G maintain his superb fighting strength even when he's almost fifty years old?"

"That's right!"

"You mean that opponent on the stage also used this drug to enhance his combat power?"

"I think so..."

"If that's really the case, then it's really hard to tell if we'll win this round."

Alex knew that Zeke was a master, but there was bound to be someone stronger than him.

If Zeke was up against a standard fighter, he would have a higher chance of winning. However, if his opponent had taken that special drug as Big Ken pointed out, it would be difficult to say whether he would win or lose. Alex's heart was tensed as he thought about it and stared intently at the ring.

On the stage, the fight had already begun.

Zeke's desire to win was already strong and under the stimulation of Big Ken, he became even more eager. When people were in a hurry, they were prone to making stupid mistakes.

For instance, Zeke wanted to determine a winner quickly to highlight his strength, so he gave up on defense and focused on striking.

Once the opponent seized the opportunity to counterattack, victory or defeat was only a matter of seconds.

Zeke was treating his opponent as an ordinary fighter and had the confidence that he would win. To impress Big Ken, he was not just bent on winning, but also to settle the fight in less time than what Big Beare took in the last round. Due to this obsession, he neglected his defense.

As he fought, Zeke saw the problem himself.

No matter how much force he used, even if he attacked with full force, the opponent did not react after being hit, as if he could not feel pain. In other words, the opponent's resistance to strikes was too strong. After a few minutes, he was tired of striking and his limbs were sore, yet his opponent still maintained his vigorous fighting power.

'What the hell is going on? Is this f*cker a robot?'

Zeke was unable to win the fight for a long time and was so confused by his opponent that he started to doubt himself.

During this short time when Zeke was in a daze, his opponent seized the opportunity and punched him on the back of the head. He suffered a heavy blow and was so dizzy that he lost his balance, stumbling and falling down. Although he subconsciously raised his hands to protect his head, his opponent's strength was too strong and his hands went numb in seconds.

Zeke was pinned to the ground by his ferocious opponent and beaten violently.

Alex was so distressed that he jumped to his feet and shouted, "Stop! Stop it! I admit defeat! We lost this round!"

Kayson did not stop the fighters on the stage, shook his head, and responded, "Cohen, it's useless for you to admit defeat, only the fighters can decide for themselves."

"You...you're cheating!"

Alex knew that with Zeke's nature, it was impossible to admit defeat easily.

To not let the situation worsen, Alex quickly gave Big Ken a look.

Big Ken understood and rushed to the ring with Big Beare, forcibly pushing his opponent away.

The opponent finally behaved after being threatened with a gun.

Kayson, however, was not happy and jumped onto the stage in a rage. He said to Alex, "Who allowed you to come up before the winner was decided? You're breaking the rules and deserve to be disqualified from the match!"

“I broke the rules?”

Alex argued and continued, “We’ve already given up this round, but your guy didn’t stop. Who broke the rules first? Kayson Tannin, you better not challenge my bottom line. You proposed the one-on-one duel. If you dare to do anything else, I’ll fight you till the end with everything I’ve got! Let me just remind you that even if I die, I’ll drag you down with me...If you don’t believe it, you can f*cking try!”

“I...fine, we can continue the match!”

Kayson had not yet achieved victory and had not dealt with Alex yet, so for the bigger picture, he did not care about these minor details.

Alex carefully checked Zeke’s injuries and saw that Zeke had only suffered heavy superficial injuries that were not life-threatening. He then breathed a little sigh of relief, but he was enraged as he got up and said, “Big Ken, I’ll fight the next round.”

“No way!”

Big Ken shook his head and categorically rejected Alex’s proposal. He continued, “Young Master, based on my observation, besides the one just now, there’s another special fighter under Kayson Tannin. It looks like he specially reserved that guy for you and is just waiting for you to fight. If you were to really compete against that special fighter, you’ll be caught in his scheme!”

“Then what? We can’t just lose without a fight, right?”

“Let Small Beare fight the next round. As long as he wins, there’ll be no need for a 5th round.”

“But...”

“Young Master, I know you want to contribute. But your biggest contribution as the leader is to hold the team together. You don’t have to be personally involved in everything. More importantly, if something happens to you, it’ll be more serious for us than losing this game!”

“Sigh...alright then.”

Alex had no choice but to agree to it.

He had already followed Big Ken’s train of thought and considered a very realistic scenario.

He knew that his combat strength was below Zeke Martin. If he took on another special fighter, he would surely lose. In that case, he would not be able to contribute to his

camp, but would also allow Kayson to gain the match point. Moreover, Small Beare, who would take on the last fight would inevitably be more pressured.

The suggestion made by Big Ken was undoubtedly the wisest choice in their current situation.

For the big picture, Alex controlled his emotions and did not persist. Instead, he sent Small Beare to fight.

Kayson saw this and frowned.

“Cohen, you have the nerve to stay until the end, huh? You’re the leader, so shouldn’t you take the lead? The first round was for stability, so it’s still understandable that you didn’t go. But it’s been three rounds and you still don’t dare to play? Are you a coward?”

Alex shook his head and said, “Kayson Tannin, if others were making fun of me, I might be able to understand. But who gave you the right to mock me? You’re also the leader, so why didn’t you even go up and just count on others? How about this? If you dare to fight, then this round, no matter who the opponent is, I’ll go into the ring!”

“I...I’ve already decided our strategy, so how can we change it so simply?”

Kayson originally thought to provoke Alex to fight so he could arrange his strongest fighter against him. This was so he could beat Alex up and equalize the score at the same time, killing two birds with one stone. However, Alex seemed to have read his mind and turned the tables on him. He was guilty, so he had no choice but to give up the idea of beating up Alex and put the ultimate victory first.

For Kayson Tannin, there was no turning back. He must win this round...

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For Alex Cohen, this was also a match they must fight to win.

Alex could only avoid the dangerous situation only if Small Beare won this round.

Although what Big Ken just said had some truth to it, Alex felt that as a leader, he had become a burden and still could not really accept it.

However, Alex also knew that combat strength was not something that could be improved with will. Whether it was Big Ken, the Beare brothers, or Zeke Martin, in addition to talent, they only transformed from ordinary people to masters after years and years of hard training...

To win the match, Kayson Tannin decisively arranged for his best fighter under him to fight.

Alex also had no choice but to let Small Beare represent them.

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After Alex learned that Kayson had two special fighters under him and Zeke was even defeated by one of them, his confidence fell. Of all the people he knew, the only ones who could defeat Zeke were professional bodyguards like Big Ken. Based on this, he gathered that perhaps the combat power of those two special fighters was on par with Big Ken!

At this moment, Alex was not sure how Small Beare's fighting ability compared to that of Big Ken.

Alex was too shy to ask directly, so he watched Small Beare get into the ring before he said to Big Ken, "What do you think are the chances of Small Beare winning?"

Big Ken shook his head and said, "At the moment, I don't know how strong the opponent is, so there's really no way to judge. If I must say it...then perhaps 50% or a tie. Young Master, don't think that because Small Beare is normally quiet and reserved, once he fights, he makes quite an impression."

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"So you're saying that Small Beare was a low-key master?"

"Anyway, as far as I know, in terms of combat power, Big Beare is just a little below Small Beare."

"In that case..."

After Alex heard this, his confidence also restored a little.

Big Beare scratched his head and interjected, "Big Ken, that was before..."

"What about now?"

Alex's heart tensed again and asked, "Now you're better than him?"

"No...now I'm not just a little below Small Beare, but a whole lot worse than him."

Big Ken shook his head and looked helpless.

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Alex, however, was overjoyed. That was because the stronger Small Beare was, the greater the hope of winning. It was not that he was afraid to fight. On the contrary, he

was ready to fight the deciding round, but that did not affect his expectation that he wanted Small Beare to win this round. The main thing was that Zeke was already injured and did not want another brother to have an accident.

It was harder for him to watch a brother get hurt than it was for him to get hurt himself.

On the ring, the fight had already begun.

Everyone in the audience was staring at the two people in the ring intently, secretly praying and cheering for the contestants in their camp. The audience was much more nervous than the contestants.

After a few trials and tribulations, the two fighters got into the game and started to show their strength.

As they fought, Small Beare encountered the same problem as Zeke. No matter how hard he fought, he could not do any substantial damage to his opponent. It was as if all his power was instantly absorbed by cotton. Small Beare had already mentally prepped for this, but he was still puzzled.

How ever he struck had no response! What kind of a f*cking opponent was this?

It would not matter if his opponent just had a strong resistance to strikes. The key was that this opponent's offense was also very strong.

The balance of offense and defense had both reached a very high level.

This was the strongest opponent he had ever encountered.

However, having learned from the past, Small Beare did not adopt a desperate style of fighting like Zeke earlier, combining offense and defense. While circling his opponent, he thought of some countermeasures while making sure that he would not fall behind. The strategy he thought of was to strike heavily on the opponent's vital parts.

No matter how strong the opponent's ability to resist strikes was, even if he could not feel pain, if his heart or head was struck, the opponent would still kneel like an ordinary person.

However, this made it more difficult to fight.

After all, people who practice martial arts knew how to protect their vital parts.

Just like boxers, when they did not attack, they would have at least one hand to protect the front of the face.

Small Beare realized that this was a hard fight and it was impossible to achieve a complete victory. People who practice martial arts would inevitably bump into each other. Unless one had the strength to crush the opponent, one should not expect to completely win over the opponent. To achieve victory, in the case of equal strength, he could only take the shot and let it all out.

After he analyzed this, Small Beare forgot about his psychological burden and became more relaxed. Thus, he became more comfortable fighting.

Immediately after, the two contestants on the stage began to kick and punch each other, mutually inflicting injuries.

Alex and the others watched from the side warily as they were all quietly sweating for Small Beare.

However, Small Beare was more relaxed because he had figured out the opponent's weakness and vaguely saw hope for victory. He took advantage of his opponent's unsuccessful blow and unsteady footing to take a step forward. He resisted the punch from his opponent's non-primary hand, swung his left fist, and knocked his opponent's head.

The opponent also realized Small Beare's strategy to attack his vital areas, so he instinctively tilted his head back.

At that moment, Small Beare suddenly withdrew his left fist for show and swung his right fist around with all his might, hitting his opponent's throat with precision.

Compared to the head and chest, the throat was the more vital part and a weak point.

The opponent's throat suffered a heavy blow. His respiratory tract and the upper spine felt immense pressure, so his breathing was not smooth, and was even on the verge of suffocation. Instantly, his face was red from lack of air. He staggered backward as his hands instinctively pressed against his throat, trying to regain normal breathing.

Small Beare used the time his opponent took to catch a breath to disrupt his opponent's rhythm in one go. He also chased after his opponent, swinging his fists and punching his opponent's head indiscriminately with the speed of lightning. The opponent was directly dumbfounded with no power to fight back and straightaway collapsed.

However, Small Beare still did not stop. He sat on his opponent's waist and continued to bash his face.

In the blink of an eye, the opponent's face was bloody and raw that one could barely see the human form.

If Small Beare continued, he would definitely kill his opponent.

Even so, no one from Alex's side stopped Small Beare. Given their status, killing a few people who should be killed in this scenario was nothing at all. Moreover, Zeke Martin was accidentally injured, so they were all holding a grudge. Now that they were watching their opponent being beaten up viciously, it was a great feeling.

Kayson did not expect his number one fighter to lose and be beaten so badly, so he froze for ten seconds before finally coming back to his senses. He rushed onto the ring with a group of people, screaming and pouncing on Small Beare fiercely. Looking at their stance, they wanted to rip him apart.

Alex saw that Small Beare was too engrossed in his kill that he did not notice the approaching danger, so Alex hurriedly led his companions to the ring and dragged Small Beare out before their opponents did.

Kayson looked at his man lying motionless on the ground, not knowing whether he was dead or alive, and immediately contorted his eyebrows. Kayson suddenly raised his head and stared straight at Alex as he gritted his teeth and said, "Did you f*cking send someone to compete or kill?"

Alex shrugged his shoulders and casually responded, "Kayson Tannin, didn't you just say that the winner can only be decided by the fighters themselves? Your man hadn't begged for mercy and admitted defeat, so the winner has not yet been decided, so why should my guy stop fighting? Let's not mention the fighters, even you didn't shout to stop, right?"

"I...Cohen! Cut the fucking crap! You better pray he's not dead. Otherwise, I'll let your whole family accompany him in death!"

"Let's talk about the matter at hand. We've already won three of the five matches, so it's time for you to make good on your promise. My request is simple. Just let me take Symore and Sukie Lane away."

"Nevermind other grudges, just today, you've seriously injured two of my men, so don't even f*cking think about leaving here standing, let alone take Symore and Sukie away!"

Kayson was furious and waved his hand as he continued, "Guys, bring Symore here!"

Bang!

Big Ken had already guessed that Kayson wanted to use Symore as a hostage. The situation was urgent, so without waiting for Alex to give the order, Big Ken once again took out his pistol and fired a shot at the ceiling as he sternly shouted, "Let me repeat! Don't move if you don't want to die!"

The people on Kayson's side were once again subdued and no one dared to move.

However, Sukie suddenly rushed out from the crowd, held a short knife, and aimed to stab straight at Alex's heart...

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Sukie Lane followed them down to the basement and had been hiding in the back, secretly observing the battle. She wanted to wait for the battle to be over so that she could immediately get revenge on Alex Cohen, not allowing Kayson Tannin to go back on his words.

As a result, the development of events far exceeded her expectations. She thought that Kayson would surely win, but he lost.

Seeing that Alex was about to leave the place, Sukie became irritated and lost her mind as she was overwhelmed by hatred. Sukie did not even consider the reality of the situation and her own safety. At the spur of a moment and driven by her emotions, she took out a short knife and wanted to kill Alex with her own hands...

"Stop! Stop now!"

Kayson realized that the situation was dire and quickly reminded Sukie loudly. He rushed over and tried to stop Sukie.

However, Sukie, who was in a state of madness, could not listen to any advice and she was incredibly fast.

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In the blink of an eye, she pounced in front of Alex.

Bang!

The gunshot sounded suddenly, but also very timely.

A bullet was fired from Big Ken's pistol and pierced through Sukie's forehead and into the depths of her head.

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Sukie collapsed at Alex's feet and died on the spot. The death was so quick that she did not even have a chance to say her last words.

For Alex, although Sukie deserved to die, when he saw Sukie's tragic death in such close proximity, he was still shaken and was so shocked that his mind went blank. He raised his right hand in a daze and wiped off the blood that splattered on his face. He

did not dare to look down at Sukie's corpse and just took rigid steps around the body, walking towards Symore.

Like Alex, the people on Kayson's side were stunned.

No one found trouble with Big Ken, who killed so openly, and no one stopped Alex.

Nonetheless, the Beare brothers still maintained a high level of vigilance. They drew their guns and together with Big Ken and the rest, followed behind Alex, escorting him all the way to the door of the small room where Symore was held. Knowing that Alex's mental state was affected, Seth took the lead and carried Symore on his back. He then tentatively asked, "Let's go?"

Alex gently nodded his head.

They did not take the elevator, so they took the stairway and came to the first floor through a hidden door.

Kayson had specially arranged guards at the entrances and exits to prevent Alex's group from escaping.

However, those guards did not dare to go forward to stop them as they saw the guns in the hands of Big Beare and others. Instead, the guards rushed to the stairway to run downstairs. According to Kayson's plan, Alex was not supposed to leave here alive. Now that Alex was leaving intact, it must mean that Kayson's side went awry, so the guards hurried down to see the situation...

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Alex returned to the car, got a cigarette from Seth for a quick smoke to recover his mental state. He forced himself not to recall the picture of Sukie's tragic death, took out his phone to call Director Denver, then asked Big Ken to drive straight to the military hospital.

This time, Symore and Zeke were seriously injured, so Alex would only feel relieved if they went to the military hospital for medical treatment.

Director Denver, who was already off duty, understood the situation on the phone and rushed back to the hospital. He also contacted the best surgeon at the military hospital in advance, pushed back all the steps such as registration, and directly arranged for the two wounded to be treated. After less than an hour, their examination results came out.

Alex learned that Zeke and Symore did not have any life-threatening injuries, so his tensed heart finally settled down.

He was traumatized by Sukie's tragic death earlier and deeply felt the fragility of life.

This was also the reason why he rushed to find the best doctors for medical treatment for his two injured brothers.

At 8:00 pm, Zeke and Symore's examination and treatment were over, so they were transferred to the inpatient block.

The doctor explained that they should rest well, but neither of them could sleep peacefully, and neither wanted to lie down. They just wanted to be propped up with pillows.

Zeke was a little embarrassed, looked at Alex, then at Big Ken, and hesitated for a while before finally saying, "Sorry, I was overpowered by my competitive spirit, so I didn't listen to your advice and underestimated the opponent. This injury is nothing, but this experience is a reminder and I think it's worth it. It's just that I almost foiled the plan, so I must apologize to you guys."

Alex waved his hand and responded, "We're all brothers, so you don't have to say this. Speaking of which, I also feel guilty. It was my poor decision making that caused you to be injured. Besides...if I also had you guys' fighting ability, you wouldn't have felt so pressured at that time."

"Alright...let's all stop blaming ourselves. Things in the past are destined to be irreversible. What's most important is to summarize the lessons learned and move forward. I've recognized my own shortcomings and am willing to correct them, but old habits die hard, so you'll have to remind me more often in the future. Otherwise, I don't even know when I'll be able to change my stinky habits."

"No problem! Bro, then you should rest well. I'll go check on Symore."

Alex and Zeke finished chatting, so Alex got up and went to Symore's private ward next door.

Symore was also very apologetic and a little embarrassed as he said, "Mr. Cohen, I'm sorry. I've let you down. You've helped me so much and even helped me to achieve my dream, so I know you have high expectations of me. But my self-control was too weak that I actually fell into the hands of a woman, I..."

Alex shook his head and slowly said, "Don't say that. Symore, you may not believe me, but a few months ago, I was also tricked by that woman. Because of that, I was almost saddled with a huge debt of \$50 million."

"There's such a thing? Mr. Cohen, is it true? Or are you just comforting me?"

"Is it really that comforting? Of course it's true. Symore, what I want to say is that making a mistake is not all that bad. As Zeke said just now, we can recognize our shortcomings to better improve ourselves through the mistakes we made. So it's also a

good thing. Another example is Sir G. Someone as strong as him also made some mistakes when he was young and almost lost his life.”

“I understand. Thanks for enlightening me, Mr. Cohen. After listening to what you said, I feel more at ease. Rescuing me got you guys into trouble, especially Big Ken...I still feel very sorry. If I could, I'll bear all the consequences.”

“What consequences can there be? The one who should worry about the consequences now is Kayson Tannin.”

“Oh? Big Ken killed someone...will he be alright?”

“Big Ken's a smart person and usually won't do anything he's not sure of. Symore, you don't have to worry about these things. We'll take care of it. You just need to know that it didn't cause us any trouble that couldn't be solved.”

“That's good, that's good...”

Alex finished talking to Symore, so he went outside to look for Big Ken and Seth. The three of them shared their thoughts and decided to arrange for Small Beare and some men to protect Zeke and Symore at the hospital. Big Beare assisted Seth, and both of them temporarily took over the position of Symore and Zeke. Unity was exceptionally important for street forces.

Symore needed to recuperate, so they could not let his gang be scattered.

Everything was arranged before Alex went back to the villa.

The house was still the same as before, but the person who lived here had already moved away.

Alex's heart was already empty. When he took a walk around the house and saw some things that Isla did not take away, it reminded him of her, so his heart ached even more. He habitually took out his phone to click on the contact list and without thinking, he dialed Isla's number.

However, without waiting for the call to be connected, he quickly hung up.

Cynthia Walker had reminded Alex to give Isla some space and not to disturb her too much for the time being.

Alex then called Cynthia to ask about Isla's situation, then asked Cynthia to connect the video call so that he could see Isla through the phone for a while as he comforted his feelings of longing. After his heart settled a little, he reluctantly ended the video call before Isla found out.

When people were bored, they tend to overthink things and thus create a lot of worries.

In order to feel numb, Alex decided to devote himself to his work first.

The next day was the deadline for Hash Lucas to repay the debt for Chase Lucas and it was also time to take over the property under Chase's name. Alex rushed to the court early and found Chief Judge Houston. He also used Chief Judge Houston's name to call Hash Lucas and Jared Xavier for a final meeting.

Whether he could successfully take those assets under the name of Chase Lucas lied in one notion...

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Hash was initially the one who took the initiative to take over the various problems that Chase had left behind. However, his financial backer, Jared then realized that not only was Hash too young, but his skills in all aspects were also too limited. To put it bluntly, he was useless and was no match for Alex. Thus, he changed his mind at the last moment and invited Charles out.

Since Charles was Chase's brother, it was reasonable for Charles to handle the matters that were left behind by Chase on his behalf.

In terms of personal ability, Charles was indeed above Hash.

Yet to Alex, his way of dealing with them would be the same no matter who the opponent was...

Once Chief Judge Houston had arranged for both parties to take their seats in his office, he asked, "Have you all thought about it?"

All Alex did was nod but he did not respond.

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On the other hand, Charles shook his head. "No, I think it's still necessary to talk to Alex again one last time."

"What have you been doing? It's been a few days since I last talked to you. Why haven't you talked to him since then?"

"I did, but we couldn't agree on common ground. Chief Judge Houston, can I talk to him alone for a while?"

"Five minutes. You have five minutes at most."

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Chief Judge Houston answered impatiently before he stood up and left.

After Charles closed the door, he immediately sat back down and looked at Jared.
“Young Master Jared, it’s better if you say it.”

Jared lit a cigarette languidly and took a deep breath. Then, he puffed out a smoke ring before saying to Alex slowly, “We’ve already said all that has to be said before, but I don’t think you realize the severity of the problem. In that case, I’ll emphasize once again that the properties under Chase Lucas’s name should be inherited by the Lucas family. Moreover, I set my eyes on them first. If you insist on taking them, not only will you become the enemy of the Lucas family, but you’ll also become an opponent of the Xavier family...”

Alex shook his head. “Since the carrot didn’t work, you’re switching over to the stick?”

“All I’m doing is introducing you to the reality of the situation. We admit that Chase owes you money and we’re willing to pay you back, but what Charles told you yesterday is the best solution. If you’re willing to accept it, we can return 10 million to you first and I guarantee that the remaining 180 million will be paid back within three years.”

“Jared, I remember telling you before that I was looking forward to how you would use Grand Express’s strengths to deal with me, so there’s really no need to say any more nonsense. Either pay off the debt or get lost immediately. We don’t have to waste each other’s time. I have other things to do anyway, so you should go back and complain to your old father as soon as possible. After all, as far as I know, you’re not in charge of Grand Express yet.”

“Cohen, are you sure you want to walk down this path?”

“Sigh... I’ve lived for more than twenty years, but I’ve never seen a man as naggy as you.”

Alex could not be bothered to talk nonsense with Jared anymore. Hence, he stood up to call Chief Judge Houston in.

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For the sake of formality, Chief Judge Houston asked one last time to confirm that Charles did not intend to pay Alex on behalf of Chase Lucas. Then, he announced, on the spot, that the court would immediately conduct a professional evaluation of the properties under Chase Lucas’s name and use them as credit for his debt to Alex. If the total value exceeded 190 million, all of the excesses would be confiscated. Though if the value was less than 190 million, it would be made up with other properties under

Chase Lucas's name, including but not limited to estates, vehicles, stocks, and other assets.

Although Jared and Charles were very unhappy, they did not dare to openly challenge the court as they did not respond after listening to Chief Judge Houston's words. Yet when Jared stood up, he spat a few malicious words at Alex before he left in a hurry.

Meanwhile, Charles glared at Alex. He seemed as if he wanted to say something but he hesitated and swiftly followed after Jared.

Alex was in a good mood, so he did not care about Jared and Charles's mood at all. He shook hands with Chief Judge Houston and said politely, "Thank you, Chief Judge Houston. Though there's one thing I would like to consult you about. How much would the properties under Chase Lucas's name be worth now?"

"That's hard to say." Chief Judge Houston shook his head and said, "If the stores in those properties are rented, that means they're closed now and might even have a bad track record, so they won't be worth much at all. However, according to my preliminary understanding, the stores were all bought by Chase Lucas. Besides, you know the current cost of housing. The expensive ones are somewhat ludicrous."

"Is that so? It's good that they're valuable. I was afraid of taking over a bunch of properties that only look impressive but are actually worthless."

"That's impossible. If those stores were not bought by Chase Lucas, then those properties under his name would not be worth a few hundred million, even at their peak. I shouldn't be saying this, but after you take over those properties, you should be able to score a big profit if you operate them well. And even if you don't operate them yourself, you wouldn't lose money from obtaining those properties. However... it won't be easy to get those stores to reflect the value they deserve."

"No wonder Jared and Charles were both extremely reluctant to pay me back using the properties under Chase Lucas's name!"

When Alex learned about this, he felt that his luck was indeed quite good. If Chase did not die, it would have been impossible to transfer those properties so easily because even if he wanted to transfer them, there would be a lot of competitors. However, since those properties had been shut down and frozen by the court which then caused them to be severely depreciated, others did not dare to take an interest in them. Hence that was why Alex had the chance to take them...

Although the matter of offsetting the debt had not been officially implemented, the fact that Alex was to take the properties under Chase Lucas's name was already the nail in the coffin and there was no need to worry about it anymore. This way, Alex could focus on other stuff, such as buying out Quill City Media.

In the afternoon, Alex took Big Ken to the city bureau and met with Captain Pannell, where he learned that Henry Doyle had confessed to his crime. In order to lighten his sentence, Henry had voluntarily confessed some details that the police had not yet learned. It turned out that he was not the sole decision-maker of the bombing, but it was a decision made with a few core figures of Quill City Media.

On top of that, Quill City Media had a very big problem with their tax evasion, so they were ordered to suspend business immediately.

Captain Pannell had already arrested several major figures who were involved in the bombing case, as well as several other people who were responsible for the tax issue. So in just a few days, almost all core figures and executives of Quill City Media were caught.

As the saying went, a country could not be without a ruler.

The same applied to businesses.

Even if Quill City Media was the city's largest brokerage media company and had long developed to a very mature stage, they were completely paralyzed after this incident. If not for the fact that both the leaders who were responsible for approving resignation applications and appointing a new leader were arrested, at least half of the employees would have chosen to resign.

Besides the employees, the artists who had signed contracts with the company were also left with nothing to do and no money to earn.

If the employees did not want to continue wasting time there, they could just leave. However, it was different for artists because if they had a signed contract with the company, the liability for breach of contract was exceptionally serious. Under the circumstance that their contract with Quill City Media had not been terminated, signing onto another agency or taking up private work would be considered a breach of contract, and the penalty would easily reach tens of millions or even hundreds of millions. Regardless of whether the artists belonged to high-income groups, the penalty was not something that all artists could afford.

However, even if the artists could afford it, their willingness to pay was also a big problem.

It was just like Alex a few months ago. Even though he had 50 million, he still did not want to pay 50 million in liquidated damages to Isla Sullivan for nothing.

All in all, Quill City Media was met with the biggest crisis in its history.

Although they were not yet bankrupt, the staff were all worried. Everyone was deterred by the fact that it would not be long until the company went bankrupt.

When Alex learned about this situation, he secretly sighed for a moment before saying to Captain Pannell, "Quill City Media is such a big enterprise. That cannot be the end of it, right?"

"It won't." Captain Pannell waved his hand. "This isn't my area of expertise and I don't know much about it, but I've seen a lot of things. Based on my experiences, some departments will not allow Quill City Media to collapse so easily. You should know that even though Quill City Media has big issues with tax evasion, they still pay tax. Correspondingly, they also play a big role in raising the city's GDP, which in turn involves the performance of certain leaders... I'm not at liberty to go into details about this matter, but you should be able to understand."

"Oh... I can probably figure it out."

Alex could guess that it must not have been easy for Quill City Media to grow its assets to the tens of billions. If this pillar collapsed, no one knew how long it would take to offset the negative impact on the GDP. This also meant that if someone wanted to seize Quill City Media, the best opportunity had arrived...

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Quill City Media's current situation was as Alex expected.

However, the major change that was happening in the Sullivan family was far beyond his expectation.

Alex had a huge business plan in his heart, where taking the industries under Chase Lucas's name was the first step, and taking Quill City Media was the second step.

The time had finally come to set the plan into action after a long time of planning, but out of all times, it just had to be the time when he was having a fall out with Isla, so he had to make some adjustments to the plan.

At first, Alex did not need to worry about Golden Stone since Isla was in charge and he could focus on other things.

However, Isla now had to do some self-regulation on top of taking care of Xena, so she had no desire to go to work.

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Since Alex wanted to let Isla rest too, he had to find someone to fill the vacant position...

On the way to Military Hospital after leaving the city bureau, Alex said to Big Ken, "I want Felix Moore to work at Golden Stone, but I'm afraid he'll be implicated because of

me. In order to ensure his safety, I want to get him a professional bodyguard. Big Ken, do you have any contacts in this area? The pay is negotiable, but what's important is that their professionalism and strength must be outstanding."

Big Ken thought about it before he said, "It's possible to recruit a bodyguard if that's what you want as there are companies that specialize in providing security services. Professionalism is not a concern, but their strength may not meet your requirements. Why don't we wait? The Master said that when there's an opportunity, he will continue to send people to help you."

"That's not a good idea. Time is very tight and I have to arrange for Felix to take over as soon as possible, but a bodyguard who isn't strong enough won't be able to defend against potential enemies. No matter if they're sent by Keon Wells or Kayson Tannin, they're definitely not people that ordinary bodyguards can deal with."

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"Young Master, you don't have to worry that much. Those sent by Keon Wells have guns and shouldn't be underestimated, but people like them who hide in the shadows do not dare to show themselves easily, let alone blatantly shooting at people. As long as we take precautions and don't give them the opportunity to infiltrate our ranks, they'll only dare to lurk around. Sooner or later, they'll either leave the city or be caught by the police."

"What about those two experts under Kayson Tannin? Big Ken, who are they?"

"Young Master, what do you think about those two specialized experts?"

"Me? I'm just an ordinary person. I haven't learned any martial arts, I'm just a layman. As the saying goes, the insider knows the ropes, while the outsider just comes along for the ride. I belong to the latter and can only see that they're both experts, but I can't give a specific and objective evaluation. However... from what I've seen from the fight between them and Zeke and the Beare brothers, I have a feeling that they're not ordinary at all. It's almost as if they can't feel pain..."

"You're absolutely right!" Big Ken nodded and explained, "Those two experts must have taken special drugs to become like that, which is why I call them specialized experts. To be specific, they most probably took drugs that can assist potential development."

"What do you mean?"

"Young Master, you're a great student from a prestigious university, so you should know that people are very limited in developing their potential. People generally only develop below ten percent of their potential, and the average is about five percent. Even a once-in-a-century legendary scientist only develops about thirteen percent of their brain at most."

Although human research and exploration of intellectual potential development has never stopped, no breakthroughs have been made so far. To put it bluntly, there are no proven ways of artificially improving intelligence, but..."

With Alex's curiosity piqued, he then asked, "But what?"

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Big Ken paused before saying slowly, "But not all of the studies done have yielded nothing. Some researchers believe that the body is the root and the limit of intellectual development is determined by the physique. The smarter the person, the more active the brain is because the pressure in the brain will inevitably increase and in turn, it'll affect the blood supply to other organs, such as the brain.

If the blood supply is insufficient, it will hurt the body at best and fatal at worst. That's just one of the many problems. The human body is more complex and rational than a computer. So to ensure that no problems happen to the person, the system will automatically adapt to the limits of the brain's development..."

"So, those researchers believe that to develop intelligence, one has to start by strengthening their physique?"

"Exactly! Although the research hasn't been successful so far, the first step has been successful and they've been able to develop a drug that can strengthen the physique. If not for the uncontrollable side effects of those drugs and that they're strictly controlled by all countries, they would have taken the world by storm. However, there's no such thing as an airtight secret. Hence, this research was eventually spread to the people, albeit only a handful knows. In fact, some of the people have long been researching in this area and they've also achieved some results."

"Big Ken, you mean that the two specialized experts under Kayson Tannin are taking physique enhancing drugs and with the aid of those drugs, their combat power improved?"

"That should be the case! Fortunately, the people can only make low-grade drugs so the effects are not exaggerated, and that was how Ivan was able to win.

Zeke must have been negligent at that time because if he had taken it seriously from the beginning, even if he didn't win against that specialized expert with his superb combat power, he would've at least had a fighting chance so as to not suffer such a big loss."

"I understand... Big Ken, if my guess is correct, all of you have taken the special drugs too, right?"

“Yes, but the ones we took are the higher grade ones and not the low-end ones you can find on the black market. For this type of drug, a higher grade not only means that it’s more effective, but it’ll also have lesser side effects.”

When Alex heard this, he suddenly felt that he was just one step away from the door to a new world. He could not help but clench his fist and look eagerly at Big Ken. “Big Ken, can I have some? I... I desperately want to boost my combat power!”

“That’s...”

Big Ken hesitated for a moment and shook his head still. “Young Master, as I said, you’re special. When your uniqueness manifests, you’ll learn that improving your combat power is so easy, you simply don’t need the help of the drugs we take. What you need to do now, in addition to keeping your body in good shape, is to wait patiently. Don’t forget you’re not waiting alone, the Master and Madam are waiting as well.”

“No... Big Ken, from what you said, do you mean that father and mother will only publicly acknowledge me when my uniqueness fully manifests?”

“Not exactly, but generally speaking, you can say that.”

“Oh...”

As Alex nodded thoughtfully, his eyes suddenly lit up. “Big Ken, if I get a batch of those drugs, won’t I be able to train a group of specialized experts? That way, no one will dare to mess with me and I can do whatever I want, right?”

Then, Big Ken’s expression turned grave. “Young Master, that’s a very dangerous idea!”

“Huh? Why do you say that?”

“First of all, this kind of drug is only suitable for people whose physical qualities meet specific requirements. If those who can’t bear the power of the drug take it, they’ll end up going crazy like what happens on TV.

The consequences are very serious. Secondly, honest and decent people think that these drugs can only be given to those with good character to minimize the chances of training an expert who would commit evil. Thirdly, those drugs are extremely scarce and those who can provide the drug are very cautious, so it’s not something that can be bought just because you want to buy them.”

“Fine...”

With a resentful smile, Alex shut his mouth awkwardly.

When he arrived at the hospital, Alex paid Zeke and Symore's medical expenses in advance before he went to Symore's ward first.

Symore knew that Alex was in urgent need of manpower now, so he specifically approached a doctor about his injuries and was eager to be discharged from the hospital after learning that his injuries were not very serious. This was because although Seth had temporarily filled his position, Seth was still young that Symore felt somewhat uneasy.

Alex understood Symore's feelings very well but he did not agree.

Following that, Alex went to Zeke's ward and found two spirited young men in the room. He learned later that the two men were Zeke's old comrade-in-arms who were locals that had retired together with Zeke. They had specially come to visit Zeke.

Upon learning about this, he suddenly had an epiphany. "Zeke, what kind of work are your two comrade-in-arms doing now?"

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Zeke curled his lips and said, "One of them is a knucklehead and the other is a smartypants. What kind of job can they find? They can't do anything after leaving the army, so they're just floating around."

However, knowing that Zeke was joking, Alex waved his hand and replied, "If my guess is correct, they're like you. They want to live a lifetime of indulgence and freedom, and refuse the work that has been arranged by the organization, right? I don't know how others evaluate them, but in my opinion, they're both talented people!"

Of Zeke's two comrades-in-arms, one was called Hansel Collins and his nickname was Big Collins. Coming from the countryside, he looked like a very simple and honest man.

The other one was called Rock Jenkins and was from Quill City. Although he is from the city, he was as guileless as Hansel.

The two were very flattered by what Alex said.

Hansel gave Alex a thumbs up before he immediately smiled at Zeke, saying, "Did you hear that? We call it indulgence, not stupidity. We just love freedom. It's not as if we can't do anything right! Do you know why you were hospitalized? It was because you talk so much that even the heavens can't stand it anymore. You're suffering from the wrath of God!"

Rock nodded and added, "That's right, Zeke. If not for your injury, I would've taken action when you said those words. Don't think that you're invincible just because you

won several fighting championships in the army. I don't care about rankings. Did you know I went easy on you when we fought?"

"Go easy my *ss!" Zeke said defiantly. "Do you dare to compete with me now?"

"Bring it on. Do you really think I can't beat you?"

Hansel shook his head. "I'm speechless. We're in a hospital yet you two still want to fight. I just have one thing to say... Can I join too?"

Listening to the bickering of Zeke and his old comrades, Alex subconsciously remembered Felix Moore. He was also a person with friends and he knew that this was normal between good brotherhood, where the better the relationship, the more one would shoot their mouth off. To outsiders, it would sound like a fight, but it was actually the embodiment of their brotherhood.

When they were almost done bickering, Alex said to Zeke, "I'm in urgent need of talents now. Why don't you make an introduction and ask for your two old friends to help me? Not only these two but if your other comrades-in-arms are interested, I'm willing to hire them too!"

"What's the use of hiring these two?" Zeke waved his hand. Then, he pointed at Alex as he said to Hansel and Rock, "This is my bro, Alex Cohen. We practically grew up wearing the same pants. He's a business tycoon now with several industries that have a market value of over 100 million under his name. As long as you call me Big Bro, you can follow him with me!"

"Shoo shoo shoo. You're younger than me and not as handsome as me. Why should I call you Big Bro?"

Hansel tossed a few insults at Zeke before he came up to Alex and asked curiously, "Mr. Cohen, I heard that Zeke's Range Rover was a gift from you?"

Alex nodded. "That's right. What about it?"

"To be honest, Rock and I didn't come here today to visit Zeke but to see his car instead! Although there's nothing outstanding about him, his car is really quite handsome... So that I can drive a car like that one day, I'll definitely follow a boss like you. I'll stick with you from now on!"

"Really? That's great! Welcome!"

Once Alex happily shook hands with Hansel, he turned to look at Rock. "What about you, Rock?"

Rock scratched his head and said, "I'm actually different from both of them. I don't care about fame and fortune, and I'm not in a hurry to find a job. I just want to do something fun..."

"Ah?" Secretly feeling that things were not looking good, Alex hurriedly asked, "Is... Is there a 'but'?"

With a smile, Zeke said, "Rock Jenkins, it's easier said than done. You're from the city. You have a house, a car, and some savings, but no damn pressures or worries. As for Hansel and I, we both come from poor families. If we don't strive hard, we won't even be able to get a wife!"

Hansel rolled his eyes too as he said to Rock, "Your method of showing off how rich you are isn't bad. Tell us, how do you plan to have fun?"

Rock winked at Zeke and Hansel before he said smugly, "You should know that. To me, fighting for credit with the both of you is my greatest joy..."

Zeke and Hansel replied in unison, "Get out!"

"Haha. I like how you two can't do anything to me even though you hate it." Rock let out an infuriating grin while he turned to Alex with his right hand extended. "Boss, from now on, I'm one of your men... No, I'm one of your staff. It's my first time in a workplace, so please take care of me."

Happiness had come too suddenly as Alex excitedly shook hands with Rock. "Welcome aboard!"

To Alex, inviting Hansel Collins and Rock Jenkins was a spur-of-the-moment decision. After all, he did not even know them before coming to the hospital. He thought that they would want to consider it before giving a reply, so they might not necessarily agree. Yet it did not cross his mind that not only did they make a decision on the spot, but they also readily agreed, which instantly solved his urgent needs. Although he still did not understand them, as the saying went, birds of a feather flock together. If they were good brothers with Zeke, their characters would not be far off.

As for their strengths, even if they were not as good as Zeke, they would not be bad either and that was enough to meet his requirements.

With that, his motivation kick-started. Once he had discussed the pay with Hansel and Rock, he eagerly arranged their tasks. "Currently, I have two job vacancies, both of which are to protect important personnel. One is my father, who is dealing with something in the countryside at the moment, and the other is a close friend who's helping me to take care of my business in the city. The two of you can discuss amongst yourselves as to who would take which assignment, but until a new task comes along, you'll have to act as both their driver and bodyguard."

“I’ll go to the countryside,” Rock said without thinking. “I was planning to go to the mountains anyway.”

Hansel shrugged. “Then I guess my choice is made for me.”

Alex said with a nod, “I like dealing with straightforward people. In that case, the task arrangement is settled. You can decide for yourselves when you want to start work, but... the sooner the better. Let me tell you about the specific job content and precautions first. These two tasks may sound very simple, but not everyone can do them. In fact, only experts like you will be up to the task...”

With Alex’s explanation, Hansel and Rock gained an understanding of the job content and said that they could start work as soon as tomorrow.

After talking about business, Alex was planning to buy two cars — one for his father and another for Felix.

Since Hansel was interested in cars too, he went along with Alex and Big Ken to a Land Rover 4S shop.

Alex wanted to buy two Range Rovers that were the same type as the ones he gave Zeke, but the store did not have any cars available at the moment. This meant that they would have to book them and it would take a week to arrive at the earliest. However, Alex could not wait, so he turned to the Mercedes 4S shop instead.

As soon the three entered, a young man in a suit greeted, “Why, if it isn’t Hansel? Have you finally made up your mind and came to apply for a job?”

Stunned, Alex asked Hansel, “What’s going on? You have acquaintances here?”

“Ah...” Hansel nodded and pointed at the man in the suit while he said to Alex somewhat reluctantly, “His name is Julien Zuckerman. He’s from my hometown and we’ve known each other since childhood, but he’s currently selling cars here. When he learned that I retired from the military and came home, he suggested that I work here as a security guard, but I refused...”

Julien laughed. “You just don’t accept your fate. I told you a long time ago that there’s no use in being a soldier. After so many years of hard work, you can’t even find a decent job after being discharged. You can only be a security guard...”

“From your words, you sound like you look down on security guards.”

“In your opinion, is being reduced to working as a security guard a very honorable thing? Hansel, I know you have high self-esteem, but I still have to tell you the bad news truthfully. My boss has already recruited a security guard, so you’re too late, but... We

seem to be short a janitor — the kind that cleans toilets. Since we were from the same hometown, I can ask the boss for you if you're willing to do some cleaning."

"Job positions aren't divided by whether it's noble or lowly. I don't know where your sense of superiority came from, but I'm not here to apply for a job today."

"Then what are you here for?" Julien stared at Hansel incredulously and asked, "Are you here to buy a car? Is that some kind of joke?"

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Alex did not know Julien and in fact, he had just met Hansel as well, so he did not know what the relationship between the two of them was.

However, their conversation at the moment sounded very familiar to Alex. He had experienced many situations where he was looked down upon by others and because of that, he could see a shadow of himself inside Hansel. Though in the past, there was always someone who would stand up for him when he encountered such a situation.

Now, his identity had changed, from the person who was helped to someone who could help others...

Alex shot a look at Hansel, signaling for him not to be cowed as he had Alex behind him.

Hansel understood and gave Alex a grateful look before he said to Julien, "I know that you're doing very well now and your monthly salary exceeds five thousand even though you're still so young. You can look down on me, but you can't insult the profession of security or bodyguards, and you can't disrespect my friends. Just because I rarely lose my temper doesn't mean I don't have one!"

"Friends?" Julien stared at Alex and Big Ken in disdain, then he said with a disgusted face, "Do you think I'm dumb? Since when did you have friends? Those two are your old comrades-in-arms, aren't they? As the saying goes, three men make a tiger. I guess there really is truth in that. Now that you have your old friends to support you, you're much more haughty than before."

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"Julien Zuckerman, we have the same educational background, which is till junior high. So don't pull out idioms and make a fool out of yourself. As far as I know, 'three men make a tiger' means that the further a rumor is spread, the more it'll be taken as a fact. It doesn't mean what you think it does..."

Then, Hansel gestured for Alex and Big Ken to enter the store, obviously not wanting to bicker with Julien.

Alex was a little hesitant at first but he eventually caught up to Hansel and asked softly, "You're just going to leave it like this?"

"Forget about it." Hansel shook his head. "President Cohen, thank you for your kindness, but he's just a clown. There's no need to deal with him."

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"Alright... Just ask if you need help. You don't have to hold back."

Respecting Hansel's choice, Alex did not say anything else. Instead, he looked around and was suddenly attracted by a very bold looking sport utility vehicle. He quickly walked over to take a closer look at the exterior and the more he looked, the more satisfied he was. Then, he pulled open the door to inspect the interior.

From the beginning to the end, he never once looked at the price.

In the past, when Alex was poor, no matter what he bought, he would always look at the price tag first before looking at the goods.

However, ever since he adapted to his new identity, the order was reversed. Regardless of buying a car or a house that was worth millions, he no longer cared about the price. As long as he liked something, he could afford them no matter how expensive they were and this was one of the pleasures that rich people could enjoy.

Alex had just pulled open the car door when the frozen Julien quickly ran over. "Don't touch that!"

Alex was not angry and instead, he asked with interest, "Why not? The car is here but you people are not allowed to touch it?"

"Other people can touch it, but you can't. Do you know what kind of car this is? This is a Mercedes-Benz GLE-AMG, a net imported model, and it costs \$1,680,000! I know you get a sum of money when you leave the army, but even if the three of you pooled your money, it wouldn't be enough for a fraction of this car. How are we supposed to sell it if you get it dirty? And if you damage it, you won't be able to afford to pay for it!"

"\$1,680,000?" Alex smiled coldly as he took out his bank card and handed it over. "I'll take it. Go swipe the card."

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"What?" Julien was instantly shocked. "Are you joking?"

Hansel was also dumbfounded too, hence he said to Alex, "President Cohen, don't be angry. Let's look around first. Even if you decide to buy this car, you can still negotiate the price."

Alex waved his hand to stop Hansel as he continued to say to Julien, "Who would want to joke with you? Are you selling this car or not?"

"Of... Of course we're selling." Taking the bank card, Julien casually closed the car door. "Please come with me..."

"Wait! Who told you to touch it? You dirtied the car. I'm not buying it anymore."

Then, Alex snatched back the bank card in Julien's hand.

Only then did Hansel understand Alex's intentions, and he secretly sang praises for Alex.

It felt really good to see Julien beaten.

Julien's face was now flushed red with anger. He exhaled a stale breath and glared at Alex, cursing, "F*ck you. Are you messing with me?"

Big Ken immediately took a step forward and said to Julien coldly, "Watch your mouth! Otherwise..."

"Otherwise what? Do you dare to do anything?"

Slap!

With no more nonsense to give, Big Ken slapped him immediately.

Julien stumbled two or three steps diagonally backward after the slap and he ended up falling on the floor. In an instant, his left cheek swelled up. Since the commotion here was a little rowdy, it attracted many onlookers in seconds and the store staff came running too. However, for some strange reason, the store staff just watched from the side without trying to stop the fight or help Julien up.

Some people even pointed at Julien and said, "Finally, someone is teaching that *sshole a lesson.'

From this, it could be seen that Julien did not have a good relationship with his colleagues.

Julien shook his head vigorously and raised his hand to slap his head. After his confused head had cleared up a little, he quickly got up and rolled up his sleeves while

screaming and pouncing on Big Ken. From his looks, it seemed as if he could not wait to beat Big Ken up.

In the end, with a muffled bang, Julien was sent flying two meters away by a kick from Big Ken.

After being repeatedly beaten and still unable to win the fight, Julien finally remembered and bellowed for the security guards to come in. He pointed at Alex and the others while saying furiously to the security guards, "They came to the store looking for trouble and they even hit me. Arrest them all. Don't let them go until we've got justice!"

Seeing the security guards hesitate, Big Ken added, "This isn't something you can handle. It's better to go get your manager. He wants to get justice, but as customers, we also want an explanation from your manager. If you don't give us a satisfactory explanation, we won't leave!"

That was when the head security guard realized that Big Ken was not someone to be trifled with and since he still did not know what had happened, he called the manager over as per Big Ken's request.

Once Julien complained to the manager about Alex and Big Ken's 'evil deeds', he continued, "Manager, you have to stand up for me!"

Frowning, the manager did not rush to reply to Julien. Instead, he asked Alex, "Is he telling the truth?"

Alex shook his head in exasperation; he did not bother to say much.

It was Hansel who came forward and gave a full account of what happened.

Having listened to Hansel, the manager glared at Julien and yelled in a low voice, "The company pays your salary and this is how you do things? The customer is always right, understand? Hurry up and apologize to them!"

"What?" Julien was stunned. "They beat me up but you want me to apologize to them? Manager, you don't know this, but I know who they are. They're all poor and they can't afford to buy a Mercedes-Benz. It's obvious that they deliberately came to pick a fight. That's right, I saw a lot of clips on DouYin being shot in 4S shops, so they might just be following the trend."

"You..."

The manager was now angry, but because he could not lose his temper in public, he was planning to call Julien to his office to deal with him.

At that moment, Alex took over the conversation and said to Julien, “Are you so sure that I can’t afford a Mercedes?”

“You’re all talk and no action. If you can, then why don’t you buy one for me to see?” Julien pointed to the car beside them and said to Alex, “How about this, if you can afford this car, I’ll apologize to you immediately and call you grandfather!”

“You said this yourself.” Alex then took out his bank card again and casually threw it to the boss. “I’m buying this car. Two of them.”

The manager was overjoyed but immediately, he realized a problem. “Sir, may I ask if you’re buying this personally or for a company? If you’re buying it for personal use, it’s not a good idea to buy two at once. It won’t be easy to handle the installments...”

“I never buy anything in installments. I’ll be paying in full, but I want a car now, preferably one that can be driven away today.”

“Ah? Yes, yes, our store has one now. I’ll transfer another from a different branch immediately and it’ll arrive here in an hour at most.”

“Then you should transfer two cars over.” With a cold smile, Alex pointed to the car and said to the manager, “This car was soiled by my grandson Julien Zuckerman, so I don’t want it...”

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The manager was a shrewd person. So as soon as he heard this, he knew that Alex was holding a grudge against Julien. He immediately let out an apologetic smile and said, “Mr. Cohen, you’re a great man who doesn’t stoop to pettiness. Please don’t bother with him. The car was only dirtied and not damaged. I’ll ask him to clean it for you until you’re satisfied. How does that sound?”

Alex pretended to be surprised. “That won’t do. Julien is a salesman. According to his understanding, he belongs to the upper class. How can we let him do labor that belongs to the lower class?”

“Mr. Cohen is very good at making jokes, but we’re all ordinary people. There’s no upper or lower class between us. If we had to distinguish, then except for you three, all of us are the lower class.” The manager waved his hand and turned to Julien. “What are you still standing there for? Go get a towel to wipe the car! This is your own mistake. You can’t be thinking that I will help you make up for it, right?”

“Manager, I...”

Julien was frightened by the manager’s increasingly grave look, hence he did not dare to disobey him. Instead, he shut up in the middle of his sentence and went to find a

towel with a stiff face. He wiped the car door perfunctorily a few times and said expressionlessly, "I've finished wiping it."

"No..." Alex shook his head. "You haven't."

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"Cohen, that's enough. Don't be too much!"

"Shut your mouth!"

The manager snapped at Julien before Alex could say anything. He then dragged Julien to the side and warned in a deep voice, "If you still want to work here, just f*cking listen to me and stop talking nonsense. If you dare to babble nonsense again, I'll report this situation truthfully to the higher-ups and ensure that you're dismissed within three days!"

Julien grew anxious. "Come on, manager. How can we be salesmen without any dignity? Even if the customer is always right, they can't be this unreasonable, right? All I did was open the door and I've already wiped down the places I've touched. What else does he want me to do? He's just a nouveau riche. The rich are heartless. We can't just let him pressure us! Manager, I don't want to say this, but we can't lower ourselves this much just for the sake of the commission, right?"

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"That's enough! Do you think I asked you to apologize to him just so I'll get the commission for selling those two cars to him? Do you have any f*cking brains at all? Didn't you hear his associate call him President Cohen? He's clearly a boss. He's spending more than three million to buy two identical cars without even blinking, which is probably to reward an employee or to use it as a company car. Whichever it is, it's enough to prove that he's a big boss! If you offend him, not being able to sell the two cars will be secondary. What's most important is that our store may encounter more unexpected trouble in the future."

"Is... Is it that serious?"

"There's a saying I hope you'll remember. In this world, there's nothing you can't do as long as you have money. Nevermind whether he's a boss or not and even if he doesn't have any special status, as long as he takes the money out, he can make it so you don't even have the chance to apologize to him!"

"Okay, I'll listen to you, Manager. What should I do now?"

"Give the car a complete wipe down and apologize to him. Remember, keep your anger down and be nice. Otherwise, not only can no one save you, but we might be dragged

down into the disaster as well. There are some people in this world who cannot be offended!”

“Sigh... fine.”

Helpless, Julien could only fetch a towel to wipe down every inch of the vehicle. When it was truly spotless, he walked to Alex under the manager’s signal and lowered his head. “President Cohen, I’m sorry. I was ignorant to have offended you. Please forgive me.”

Alex turned his ear sideways and asked in mock confusion, “What did you call me?”

“President Cohen. Wasn’t that how Hansel called you?”

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“He did call me President Cohen, but is your position the same as his? Think about it carefully!”

“No, I...”

Although Julien was angry and resentful, he could not say anything.

He was angry at how serious Alex was and resentful that he did not control his own mouth earlier. If his initial guess was right, and Alex and Big Ken were just Hansel’s old comrades-in-arms, then it was fine. Alex was just a nobody who would not be able to afford the car anyway. No matter how tough he acted, the manager would not be so scared and he would not have put so much pressure on Julien.

The problem lied in the fact that Julien was completely mistaken by treating a big shot as a nobody.

However, it was too late to regret it now and too late to say anything.

Even so, he had already made a big concession by wiping the car and apologizing to Alex.

Now, Alex still wanted him to call him grandfather? How could that be?

Julien cast a pleading glance at the manager but when he did not get any response, he stiffly called Hansel to the side and said with an awkward smile, “Hansel, don’t be mad. You know my mouth doesn’t have a filter and I like to joke around. If I said anything I shouldn’t have, then just take it as a fart and don’t take it to heart.”

After a cold snort, Hansel replied, “You’re a salesman but you’re apologizing to a security guard? Besides, I’m still counting on you to introduce a job to me. You know,

people like me can't find a decent job. Don't you have a shortage of cleaning stuff here? I'm willing to do it, can you help me make a referral?"

"Ahem... Hansel, we all come from the same village. There's no need to hold a grudge, right?"

"Enough, I'm not in the mood to talk nonsense with you. What exactly do you have to say by calling me here?"

"You're working with President Cohen now, right? Can you please help me beg for mercy and ask him to spare me? If I really do call him 'grandfather' in front of everyone, how will I face others in the future? How would I be able to continue working here? You should understand since we come from the countryside and it's not easy to find a job..."

"You think too much of me. I'm just a nobody whose only worth it to become a security guard. How could President Cohen listen to me?"

Once Hansel had finished speaking, he walked back and stood beside Big Ken who was behind Alex.

Julien had hit a dead end with Hansel, so he shamelessly went to his manager again to ask him to put in a good word.

The manager was so ashamed that he then walked over to Alex and asked tentatively, "President Cohen, Julien was just speaking without thinking..."

"Stop!" Alex interrupted the manager with a clear voice. "Manager, if not for your good attitude, not only would I not buy a car here, but I would truthfully relay what I saw today to your boss too. With all due respect, I feel that with Julien's strength and ability to make judgments, he can't do sales at all. He'll only discredit your store."

"Yes, yes, President Cohen is right..." The manager wiped a cold sweat on his forehead. He used a few seconds to balance the pros and cons before suddenly gritting his teeth. "Don't worry, President Cohen. I'll dismiss Julien immediately. I can handle small matters like this so there's no need to bother the boss."

Julien was suddenly anxious and he rushed over. "Manager..."

The manager forcefully interrupted Julien. "Shut up!"

Waving his hand, Alex said to the manager, "Although Julien made a mistake, he doesn't have to be dismissed."

"Huh?" The manager was a little confused. "President Cohen, what do you mean?"

Julien's eyes lit up too as he stared at Alex with bated breath.

Whether or not he could keep his job depended on what Alex said next.

Alex shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the car, saying casually, "I can see that he wiped down the car quite well. I also just happened to hear that you lack a toilet cleaner here. As a manager, other than making the most profit for the boss, ensuring your staff display their strengths and making the best use out of them is also one of your responsibilities, right?"

"Yes, I'll transfer him over to cleaning immediately!"

Finally understanding Alex's intention, the manager made a decision without hesitation.

If Alex really did escalate this matter to the boss, not only would Julien suffer, but as the manager, he would be implicated as well. After all, Julien was recruited by him and was his direct subordinate. In order to avoid this situation, he could only try his best to defuse Alex's anger.

When the manager saw that Alex's face had finally relaxed, he was secretly relieved. He could not help but be delighted.

He could finally get the commission for those two cars.

Whereas Julien had no choice but to suffer in silence, he looked like he was about to cry.

Alex was no longer looking at Julien anymore. Instead, he took Big Ken and Hansel to take a seat at the rest area.

Hansel gave Alex a thumbs up and expressed his heartfelt emotion, "President Cohen, you have my admiration at how beautifully you taught Julien a lesson today. You've completely won me over! It's a blessing and an honor for me to work with a boss like you!"

Alex simply waved his hand. "No matter who it is, if they offend me, there might still be a chance of forgiveness, but if they dare bully those who work for me, they won't be let off lightly! This is my promise to all my employees as a boss!"