

## Expert Down The Mountain by Summer Chapter 106

### Chapter 106

"Got it." Kayson was still calm.

Michael felt guilty. "Mr. Yarde, the Whitmans are really weak in terms of martial experts. I'm afraid we can barely be of help..." "Thank you, but I think I can handle it," replied Kayson. There was a pause before he said, "I'll remember this kind favor, though."

"Don't worry about it!" Michael was quick to answer. Kayson got up after hanging up the call. Easton and the others were frightened by his sharp gaze and dared not say much. He went directly to the general manager's office. Chelsea still remembered that Kayson had asked her to print the divestment and withdrawal agreement at the last board meeting, so she asked instantly, "Mr. Yarde, here for Ms. Wolfenden?"

Kayson nodded. "I'll inform Ms. Wolfenden." Chelsea darted into the office and came out a while later with a strange expression. "Mr. Yarde, Ms. Wolfenden said that she doesn't want to see you..." The secretary wondered about Kayson and Sadie's relationship when the latter said that she did not want to meet Kayson. Her expression was quite unlike when she rejected others. Kayson was taken aback. 'Is the woman still mad about the photos on the Internet?' "Let her know that the photos online have been removed." Chelsea looked lost but went in to inform anyway. "Ms. Wolfenden asks for you," said Chelsea when she came out. Kayson nodded and entered. "Thank you."

"These two are so odd," muttered Chelsea. 'The photos online too, what photos!?' The secretary's gossiping heart was aching. In the office.. Sadie's expression was still icy. "What do you need me for?" Kayson was about to speak when Sadie's phone on the desk rang. She picked it up straightaway."Sadie Wolfenden." The person on the other end of the line said something upsetting enough that Sadie looked dismayed. "I'll come right now!" She grabbed her jacket and headed out hastily with that. Kayson followed, prompting her to turn around and snap, "Why are you following me!?" . "I'll go with you lest you get in danger," said Kayson.

"It's just an accident. What danger could there be?" Sadie then thought of something and mocked, "You aren't thinking to placate me due to your guilt, are you? There's no need! We're not real husband and wife!" 'Why is the woman acting like she has ingested firecrackers?' Kayson explained, "You're thinking too much. I just don't want Grandpa Hugh to be sad if anything happens to you." Sadie did not even have it in her to reply as she went straight to the basement parking lot and drove to the construction site. When they arrived, it felt strange that there were not many reporters around! Usually, the site would have been thronged by the media and press. Kayson looked up. This was a building with nine floors built, but a whole side of the structure had collapsed! There were a number of workers gathered farther away, making Sadie rush there with a frown. Kayson went with her and soon saw a few scattered corpses. His heart sank. He had picked up plenty of things to know that deaths on a construction site were immensely serious and terrifying accidents. Was this the Allen family's doing?

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“Ms. Wolfenden! You’re finally here!” A middle-aged man with a white hat ran over. This was the manager of the company’s workplace safety department, Wade Drummond. A side of the external frame had collapsed on the site, and the workers who stood on the frame had fallen as a consequence.

Wade had been scared, paralyzed in his office, and nearly peed his pants. Sadie had put exceptional emphasis on site safety, so the assessment in the workplace safety department was the strictest out of all departments.

Wade had been doing well these past two to three years. No one was expecting such a serious accident. He could already foresee how he would end up. “How many died, and how many are injured?” Sadie asked sternly. Wade answered shakily, “F-Five dead... and seven injured badly...” Sadie stumbled, looking appalled. Kayson’s eyes darkened at the answer as well— five innocent lives! He took a glance at the mangled bodies on the ground. They all looked to be in their 30s and 40s and were possibly the breadwinners at home. The Allens... They really had no regard for human life! The other construction workers looked grieved. They had been working, eating, and drinking together. No one had thought of losing five pals in one go. “Compensation!” shouted a middle-aged man who was burned from the sun with reddened eyes.

“Yes! Compensation! We’re not working if you don’t recompense!” yelled another worker. “Timothy’s daughter is still in high school, and he has no wife. He’s his daughter’s only support. What will happen to his daughter now that he’s gone?!” The tanned man seemed to be close to one of the deceased. “If you don’t recompense Timothy’s family, I’ll expose you! I’ll fight to the end with my life!” Sadie took in the emotional workers and hurried to assure them, “We’ll definitely bear the responsibilities and make reasonable compensation according to the law!” “Who are you? Can you call the shots?” asked the tanned middle-aged man. “I’m the GM of Wolfenden Corp., Sadie Wolfenden. Mister, do you mind telling me your name?”

“I’m Max Elford!”

Sadie nodded and told Wade, “Understand the family condition of the... late members from

Mr. Elford.

“The daughter of Timothy who he’s mentioned... If that’s the real situation, the company will bear all her high school and university fees and food expenditure!” Wade nodded. “I understand. Don’t worry, Ms. Wolfenden!” It was only then Max looked a little better. Sadie spoke seriously. “Do not worry. I’ll get to the bottom of today’s accident! “There will not be any excuses for the compensation to happen! Wolfenden Corp. has never delayed any payment all these years. I ask for your trust!” This was the time that reflected the company’s emphasis on its reputation and impression. The workers were obviously aware of it, so they did not make a big fuss. As for Sadie, she could not get herself to look at the gory sight and walked toward the fallen frame in anger. How did an accident like this happen? Wade knew how much regard she had for the safety aspect, so she believed that the man dared not slack either. Moreover, even if there was an issue of the frame not being set up correctly, the whole of it should not have fallen directly like this... None of the workers left, watching not too far at the back. Kayson went up and commented curtly, “It’s intentional.” Sadie froze and snapped her head back. “How did you know?”

“Because—” Kayson was going to answer when the workers behind them screamed in horror. As if having a hunch, he looked up and widened his eyes—a few steel bars were falling off from the top! They were coming down at him and Sadie! Sadie looked up as well. She turned pale and froze in shock! Kayson carried her directly and sprinted forward.

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Seven to eight steel bars landed heavily on the ground, causing dust and rubble to be flung up into the air.

“Ah!” It was only then Sadie shrieked. Kayson comforted her. “It’s okay.” Before Sadie could recover from the shock, Kayson narrowed his eyes and put her down before he picked up a steel bar and hurled it across the air. The steel bar knocked off a flying dagger! Kayson’s eyes were icy as he looked at the flashing silhouette on the eighth floor. “Kayson...” Sadie was pale as she looked at the flying dagger that was hit. “I’ll take care of you. Go into hiding with the workers.” Sadie gnashed her teeth. “Be careful...” Kayson nodded and entered the construction building. He moved incredibly fast to capture the other person’s energy vibration, catching up to the person at the field behind the site a while later.

It was a middle-aged man with a crewcut and exuded a sense of savageness.

Kayson asked flatly, “You’re the one who damaged the frame?” The middle-aged man squinted. He had not expected Kayson’s speed to be this fast. The expert from the Allens, Samuel Fothergill, snorted. “So what if I did?” “A life for a life.” Kayson’s gaze was frosty. Samuel mocked, “You? A young, immature kid? Don’t think that you can fight me just because you’ve blocked my flying dagger!” Kayson said nothing else. With a spring of foot, he reached Samuel within a breath and dealt a palm strike.

Samuel avoided it and smirked. This kid was attacking from the front and was doing it so slowly. Did he really think he would not be able to avoid it? However, a solid punch greeted his chest as soon as the smirk appeared. The sound of bones breaking rang as Samuel was sent flying tens of meters away and coughed up blood. “How is this possible!?” Samuel’s eyes bulged in terror. He failed to notice the punch that followed! Kayson appeared before him and said lightly, “Who gave the order, and where is that person? Tell me, and I’ll give you a swift death.” “Do you think I’ll tell you— Blergh!” Kayson stepped on where Samuel’s liver was, and a rush of energy vibration shot into the latter, causing him to cough another mouthful of blood. “I can make you suffer while you’re on the brink of death,” said Kayson. “Manipulating the energy vibration so easily...” Samuel’s eyes were filled with disbelief. He finally knew why he was defeated! “I’m Samuel Fothergill, one of Allen’s guards. It’s Sir Allen’s son, Hector, who instructed me to do what happened today...” Kayson’s energy vibration erupted within Samuel, crushing all his internal organs and killing him on the spot. ‘Patrick and Hector Allen!’ An icy glint flashed across Kayson’s eyes. Later, he asked Michael to take care of the aftermath. Sadie sprang up when he returned and opened the door. “Kayson!” Her lurching heart was finally back in place after seeing him. “It’s fine now, Ms. Wolfenden.” Kayson did not hide the truth as he spoke directly. “Mr. Drummond isn’t to be blamed for the collapsed frame. Someone did it intentionally.”

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"Hector, have you given Samuel the order?" "Dad, don't worry. Everything's arranged. Even if Kayson could beat Tony, could he be better than Samuel?" "Don't fail in this. Your uncle won't be happy about it otherwise." Hector assured confidently, "Don't worry. I've created a site accident to lure them. Samuel will be waiting in ambush. There's no way Kayson will be able to escape. Samuel's the third-best practitioner in our family. Tony couldn't even last five exchanges against him. "Kayson will die today, for sure. Sadie Wolfenden will die with him. I'd like to see how Liam will have the heart to manage Wolfenden Corp. when he loses Sadie." Patrick had planned to orchestrate the matter personally, but Hector had not done anything worthy of mention since he came of age. With the latter volunteering, too, Patrick thought he could let his son build up his merit through this matter and gain favors from his elder brother.

They had already decided that Samuel would do it, so the matter was basically a done deal. What was there to be worried about?

"Alright then. I believe in your capability. Your uncle will shower you with praises once this is accomplished." Hector was rather excited. "I'll make sure Uncle Tuckson sees me in a new light!" "Come back with Samuel after it's completed." After hanging up, Hector pulled out his cell phone ecstatically to ask Samuel how it was going, but his guard's voice rang outside the door just then. "How did you come in? Get out right now!"

There was a loud boom after a sound of collision, and his door was kicked flying. Hector was shocked. "F\*ck, who are you? Do you not know that this is Hector Allen's mansion!?" "You're Hector Allen?" Kayson looked up to see a man around 24-25 years old. "You-Kayson Yarde!?" Hector was appalled. "You're not dead!?" Samuel should have already killed Kayson, yet the latter appeared in Hector's house. 'Has Samuel failed? Or perhaps, Kayson did not get lured to the construction site? That should not be! Wilson mentioned that Kayson and Sadie have a complicated relationship!' "The one dying is you," Kayson said flatly.

Hector calmed down as well. "I'm the heir of the Allens. Lay a finger on me, and the Allens will make sure you rot in hell!"

"Don't think that Tony Turner represents the Allens' standard. Turner barely got into the top ten in the family!"

"You sent Samuel Fothergill, yes?" asked Kayson. "How did you know?" Hector jolted and was suddenly anxious. "You went to the site, but you didn't die..." As he spoke, he was aghast. "Where's Samuel!?"

"Dead." An icy gleam flashed in Kayson's eyes before he raised a hand and slapped Hector, sending him flying off the floor. Hector's teeth flew off in splattering blood before he crashed against the wall and landed on the floor with a heavy thud. "Mmh! Argh! Oww!" Hector curled up with a hand over his mouth, moaning. "You shouldn't have killed five innocent workers." Kayson walked up and stepped on Hector's arm. Directing his energy flow, he pushed down on his foot and broke Hector's arm. "Here's a chance for you to get help. Get your father here." Hector glared at Kayson begrudgingly. He swore that he would skin Kayson alive and chop him into pieces.

"Hector..."

Hector shouted the moment the call was connected, "Dad! Samuel's dead, and

Kayson's trying to kill me. Come save me!" There was a moment of silence on the other end of the line before Patrick's angered voice reverberated. "Kayson Yarde! I'll make you pay painfully if anything happens to my son."

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Kayson chuckled. "Be here in half an hour, or you might not get to see your son for the last time before he dies." Kayson crushed the phone by stepping on it and looked at Hector. "What are you going to do?" Hector felt chills down his spine just from Kayson's gaze. "Have you seen hell?" Kayson chortled and went up, crippling Hector's four limbs amidst the latter's anguished cries. He then pulled out three needles and pushed them into three different pressure points. Hector's tormented, blood-curdling shrieks resonated in the mansion.

Over half an hour later, Patrick got to the mansion. Upon entering, he was greeted by Hector, who was soaked in blood and had died with bulging eyes. Patrick's resentment soared like tidal waves.

"Kayson Yarde! You're going to die horribly!" Patrick's eyes were crimson as he was overwhelmed by anguish. Kayson commented indifferently, "You feel pain too? Have you thought of how much pain the families of those five workers are in?" "How could those five lowly workers be compared to my son!?" growled Patrick. "Master Jo, I want him paralyzed and kept alive for torture!" An old man with a white beard and white hair appeared at the door as soon as Patrick spoke. He was the Allens' best expert. Kayson glanced at him with a blank face. Master Jo had a lofty air as he sighed. "Young man, you shouldn't have offended the Allens." "Because of you?" Kayson shook his head. "Show me what you got."

Master Jo smiled upon seeing how nonchalant Kayson was. He was a fearless young man who would soon suffer from his ignorance and naivety!

"Remember to grow a brain in your next life. Don't offend everyone you see!" Master Jo moved so swiftly that he barely left a shadow as he dashed to swing a palm strike down at Kayson. Kayson's expression was frosty as his right hand flew out in a punch. Its force smashed Master Jo's chest, leaving a deep imprint. Master Jo was flung into a wall with all his chest bones broken as he was caught in disbelief. "I didn't expect you to be at such ease with manipulating your energy... I was blind." With that, Master Jo's head fell limp as he died right away. Patrick watched the scene in disbelief. "Master Jo..."

Suddenly, a gale struck him. Patrick quivered and felt vertigo hit him before he collapsed on the floor with his eyes rolled, mouth skewed, and saliva drooled. Like his son, he convulsed in pain like his head was going to explode. Kayson left the mansion and called Michael. "Patrick and Hector Allen, as well as a so-called Master Jo, are dead. Can you take care of it?" Michael seemed to be doused in extreme shock as Kayson failed to receive any response as half a minute lapsed.

"Mr. Whitman?" he repeated with furrowed brows. It was only then Michael replied hastily, "Yes! Of course! "But Mr. Yarde, the head of the Allens, Tuckson, might go berserk due to Patrick's death..." Kayson answered indifferently, "Doesn't matter. He doesn't have many days left anyway." Michael froze in bafflement, not even realizing

when he had hung up. Kayson patted Hector's unconscious guard to wake him up. The latter was filled with terror the moment he saw him, but Kayson smiled. "Go back and tell Tuckson Allen that five workers have died. Compensate them \$15,000,000 per person."