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At the Allen mansion, Tuckson was resting with his eyes closed in the study.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man barged into the study, his face pale.

Slowly, Tuckson opened his eyes and asked, "What is it?"

"Sir..." The middle-aged man got down on his knees fearfully. He dared not to say what he was going to say next.

Tuckson squinted his eyes and stared at the middle-aged man coldly. Then, with a deep but regal voice, he said, "Speak!"

"Sir Allen and... his son are dead!"

Tucson had always been known as someone who could keep his composure no matter what happened. However, when he heard what the middle-aged man had said, his pupils constricted.

"Who did it?" he asked, his voice filled with rage.

"K... Kayson."

"Kayson..." Tucson's expression was dark. "What about Samuel?"

"Mr. Fothergill is dead too! And Master Jo! Kayson killed them all!"

"That's impossible!" Tucson said, his face filled with disbelief. He could accept Tony's death since Tony was not one of the strongest fighters of the Allens, even though he was quite powerful in his own right.

However, he couldn't accept it at all when he found out that Master Jo was dead.

After all, Master Jo was a master of manipulating inner energy. No one could match his skills in Clouspring. Unless... Kayson was stronger than him!

When the thought popped into Tucson's mind, he took a deep breath and forced himself to calm down.

"Okay, I got it. You're dismissed."

"There... is one more thing..."

“What is it?” Tuckson frowned deeply.

“Kayson said that five workers were dead because of Young Master Hector, and he demanded that the Allens pay each of them \$15,000,000.”

“Nonsense!” Tuckson growled, his face red with anger. “Does he really think we Allens are a bunch of pushovers? Does he really think we can’t find someone better than him at using inner energy? How dare he demand an exorbitant price just because of a few lowly lives? Ignorant fool! I must show him that there will always be someone who’s stronger than him!”

Tuckson got to his feet and exited the study.

He drove his car until he reached the woods behind the mansion.

Standing in front of a cave, he shouted, “Master Wood, I’m Tuckson Allen, and I need your help! ”

“What is it?” A wizened voice erupted from the cave.

“My brother was killed by someone who’s suspected to be a master of inner energy. I hope you will come out of the mountain and help me kill him! ”

“\$50,000,000!” The voice came again.

“Deal!” Tuckson replied without any hesitation.

“Give me his photo and basic information. Come and claim his head tomorrow evening.”

Tuckson bowed before him respectfully, “Sure! Thank you very much, Master Wood.”

After Kayson left Hector’s mansion, he returned to the company. Just as he was about to enter the building, someone called his name.

“Mr. Yarde! Mr. Yarde!”

Kayson turned his head around and frowned.

“You again?”

The man who had called his name was none other than

Gabriel.

“Mr. Yarde! You’ve got to help me!”

Gabriel got down on his knees, even though everyone was looking at him with a strange look on their faces.

"I'm not your friend," Kayson said.

Just as he was about to turn his head around and ignore him, Gabriel added, "Mr. Yarde! Wilson and the Allens are joining forces to attack Wolfenden Corp. Are you sure you don't want to hear about that?"

Kayson stopped in his tracks and frowned. "What's it about?"

Gabriel let out a sigh of relief and continued hastily. "The Allens sent someone to take over the forces left by Sir Horacio.

"After that person rose to power, the first thing he did was ask us to investigate Sadie's schedule and your information.

"I couldn't betray you, so I came here to inform you." "When did I say you were my subordinate?" Kayson squinted his eyes.

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Gabriel gave him an ingratiating smile and said, "Of course I'm not your subordinate. I'm your dog!

"Mr. Yarde, I can be your most loyal dog. All you need to do is give me something to eat."

Kayson frowned. Gabriel was right. To him, they were weak. However, it was a completely different case for an ordinary person like Sadie.

"Show me the way," Kayson said faintly.

Since it was the Allens, he figured that he should get rid of them first.

When Gabriel heard what Kayson said, he was beyond happy. He hastily got up from the ground and opened the door.

"After you!"

After Kayson went into the car, Gabriel got in the driving seat and drove away.

Roughly about 40 minutes later, Gabriel led Kayson to an old factory.

When Gabriel opened the gate, his expression changed.

There was a dozen people inside the factory. All of them were holding weapons and grinning coldly.

“Just as I expected,” the man standing in the deepest part of the center of the factory said. He was wearing a tank top, and there was a sardonic smile on his face.

“Gabriel, thank you for bringing him here, ” the man said sarcastically.

“Langley, you set me up!” Gabriel said, his face drunk. He hurriedly turned around and explained to Kayson. “Mr. Yarde, I’m not with them. I didn’t know that they’d be here!”

He was worried that Kayson would misunderstand him.

“It’s fine.” Kayson smiled. He then looked at Langley and said, “You’re one of the Allens?”

“The name’s Langley Borse, and I’m a member of the Allen Guardians.” The man put on a pair of boxing gloves, his gaze turning cold.

“Sir Allen said that he would award anyone who brought your head to him handsomely! So don’t blame me, kid. Blame your bad fortune!”

“Come and try this yourself,” Kayson said with a nod.

“Alright, then. All of you stand back. Otherwise, you might get stained with blood.”

His subordinates around him all took a step back.

They all looked at Kayson with amused grins on their faces. Langley had made them submit to him with strength. He was the one who had shown them what it meant to be powerful.

Without any hesitation, Langley charged over at Kayson with his arms raised high in the air. He moved his fists so fast that they seemed to be able to cleave through the air.

Gabriel took a step back and hid behind Kayson. There was a worried expression on his face as well, for he did not know if he had bet on the right side or not.

After all, he had heard that Langley was the second strongest fighter of the Allens, and not long ago, he had defeated all of the people there within 30 seconds.

Kayson channeled his inner energy and threw a punch at Langley.

Although it seemed like a normal punch, Langley's expression changed, and he said with his voice laced thick with fear, "You ... You can unleash your inner energy at will?"

He wanted to withdraw his punch, but it was too late.

Langley's hand burst into a plume of blood. Before he could block it, Kayson's second punch had already reached his face.

Another loud noise came. Langley's legs gave way, and he fell to the ground on his knees. The light was leaving his eyes as he slowly slid on the ground.

The rest of the people threw the bats in their hands on the ground. Gone were all the high-and-mighty, big burly men, and there was nothing but fear on their faces. After all,

Langley was invincible, but Kayson had been able to kill him with just two punches.

"He's so much weaker than Master Jo." Kayson shook his head.

Then, he turned his head around to look at the dumbfounded Gabriel.

Gabriel shuddered and hastily walked over to Kayson.

"Is there anything I can help you with, Mr. Yarde?" he said, putting on an ingratiating grin.

"If he's dead, you can be their boss, right?" Kayson asked.

"Well..." Gabriel turned his head around to look at the crowd.

All of them felt a chill down their spines and said fretfully, "We will follow all your orders and instructions loyally, Mr. Yarde, Mr. Bayfield!"

Gabriel's eyes glowed with delight, and he said, "You hear that, Mr. Yarde?"

Kayson nodded. Suddenly, something crossed his mind, and he said, "Two days ago, I gave Wilson ten days to deliver the shares of the Gillete Group to Ms. Wolfenden. However, it seems to me that he didn't consider my suggestion seriously. I guess he must have been rather busy.

"I hope he can stay at his company and think carefully over the next eight days."

It went without saying that Gabriel knew what Kayson was implying. Thus, he said, "Don't worry, Mr. Yarde. Wilson won't be able to set a foot out of his company in the next eight days."

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Trevor and Miles had been having some bad days recently.

Initially, they had thought that Wolfenden Corp, would go bankrupt very soon, as they had brought all the shareholders away and they were being chased by the banks, who wanted them to pay their debt.

In the meantime, they could take the money and build a company of their own. After all, if they needed money, they could get it from Chandler, Daryl, and the others.

Then, they would use their new company to take over the construction sites left behind by Wolfenden Corp, after they went bankrupt.

However, little did they expect that not only would Wolfenden Corp, not go bankrupt, as they'd expected, but it would instead rise.

The fund injected by the Apex Investment Partners had revived Wolfenden Corp, and the shareholders that had withdrawn from Wolfenden Corp, with the Lawsons were upset over this and had been bugging them since.

That day, the Lawsons had just completed the registration of the company. However, because it was a bit troublesome to develop a new network of relations, Trevor thought of the Gillete Group.

"Dad, do you think Mr. Gillete will say yes?" Miles asked, his voice filled with trepidation.

He had come in contact with Wilson before. For example, during the meeting with Archer. It had been set up by Wilson, and he'd only told them after he had finished all the preparations.

However, he was still scared of Wilson. After all, he had heard that Wilson was the king of the underworld of Clouspring when he was younger.

Beating and killing people was the norm for him, and he was the cruelest and meanest man of their time.

"Don't worry. We still have Westcity Plot No. 8 in our hands. He won't reject it," Trevor said confidently. "He wanted Westcity Plot No. 8, but Jason took it away.

"If we share half of it with him and ask him to get some projects for us, it'll only benefit our company."

Miles thought for a while and felt that Trevor was right. Westcity Plot No. 8 was located in a great location, not to mention that the ministry would not set a limit on the selling

price. It was not difficult to imagine the profit that one could gain, and there was no reason for Wilson to reject it.

The two of them went to the Gillete Group and headed upstairs to look for Wilson straight away.

“Mr. Gillete, it’s a pleasure to meet you!” Trevor greeted Wilson and stretched his hand forward.

Wilson looked at them indifferently and said, “I heard that you founded a new company, Mr. Lawson. Congratulations!”

“It’s just a small company. It can’t be compared to the Gillete Group,” Trevor replied modestly.

“Have a seat.” Wilson pointed with his chin. It seemed like he was not welcoming the arrival of the Lawsons.

“If you have anything to say, then shoot. I’m busy. Besides, I need to meet with Sir Allen later,” Wilson said.

Trevor was startled. “Sir Allen? Are you talking about Sir Allen of the Allens?”

Wilson sneered. “Other than one of the Allens, who else do you think would call themselves Sir Allen?”

Trevor was stunned. He had not expected that Wilson would already have the Allens to support him.

‘This is great! I believe the Gillete Group will certainly grow into the size of Triumph Land Corp, in the future. I must get them to help me!’

“Congratulations for getting the help of the Allens, Mr. Gillete. The Gillete Group will surely become one of the best construction companies in Clouspring one day!”

Wilson paid his compliment no mind. He had heard from Patrick that he would be able to see Kayson’s head today, so he wanted to go look for Patrick and his son right away.

“If you have anything to tell me, tell me now,” Wilson said coldly.

Trevor then put on an ingratiating smile and said, “I’m sure you know that I just founded a new company, but Sadie had the guts to set me up!

“Therefore, I’d like to work with Mr. Gillete to crush Wolfenden Corp.”

After hearing what he'd said, Wilson scoffed, "You? You want to work with me to crush Wolfenden? Who do you think you are?"

Trevor hastily added, "Mr. Gillete, do you think we would come to you unprepared?"

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"To be honest, before leaving Wolfenden Corp, I already got Westcity Plot No. 8 from Mr. Queen."

Wilson was dumbfounded, and his expression changed. " Westcity Plot No. 8?"

He'd had his eyes on this land for a long time, but Jason had taken it away from him. He was upset about it, but the person supporting him from the back had told him not to fight with Jason.

Therefore, he had no other choice but to forget about it.

"There's no way Jason would've given it to you!" Wilson said, his voice thick with disbelief.

"Of course he wouldn't give it to me under normal circumstances. However, I know a friend of Mr. Queen, and he helped him at the lowest point of his life.

"I asked that man to put in a good word for me, and Mr. Queen decided to transfer the ownership of the plot to me at the original price."

Wilson was shocked. It was true that a few people had stepped forward and helped Jason when he had nearly gone bankrupt.

His heart beat faster, and he said, "If you show me Westcity Plot No. 8, I'll work with you."

The eyes of Trevor and Miles, who had been standing frozen stiff on the side, glowed with delight.

Just as they had expected, Wilson was not able to resist the temptation of Westcity Plot NO.8.

"Rest assured, Mr. Gillete. I'll certainly get the plot for you," Trevor said with a smile.

"But I don't have enough cash on hand now, and I can only take out half of the money for Plot No. 8, so if you can contribute the other half, Mr. Gillete..."

"We can develop the plot together!"

A hint of coldness crossed Wilson's eyes when he heard what Trevor said. However, he did not allow his true emotions to show on his face.

"Sure!" Wilson said. "But words alone can't convince me. If you call Jason right now and have him admit it himself, I'll believe you."

Honestly, he was not very happy about Jason. After all, he was the one who had disgraced him at the Shengville Hotel last time.

"No problem!" Trevor pulled his phone out. Wilson was worried that he was lying to him, so he took a look at his phone to confirm that it was Jason's phone number.

Very soon, the call was connected.

"Yeah?" Jason's voice wafted from the other side of the call.

Wilson squinted his eyes when he heard Jason's voice.

"Mr. Queen, it's me. Trevor!"

Jason was stunned for a moment before he replied coldly, "Oh, how can I help you?"

Trevor was startled a bit when he noticed the indifference on the edge of Jason's voice.

"What is happening? He didn't sound like this when we talked last time."

"Mr. Queen, I want to ask you about the transfer of the ownership of Westcity Plot No. 8. When can we sign the contract?"

"We heard that you've been here in Clouspring for two days. We wanted to invite you to dinner, but we couldn't get to you by phone..."

"I can't believe you still had the nerve to bring that up in front of me!" Jason shouted, his voice filled with rage.

"Trevor, you should be grateful that I spared your life. The bracelet you gave my wife nearly killed her, and you have the nerve to ask about Westcity Plot No. 8?"

Trevor felt nervous. "What do you mean, Mr. Queen? Has there been some kind of misunderstanding?"

"There is no misunderstanding! You should count your lucky stars that I didn't do anything to you because of Richard!

Don't make me do what I shouldn't do to you!"

Both Trevor and Miles's faces turned pale. Not only was Westcity Plot No.8 their bargaining chip with Wilson, but it was also the only thing that could support them when they left Wolfenden Corp.

But now, it seemed to them that they were losing the plot.

"Mr. Queen..."

"Get lost!" Jason shouted angrily before he hung up the call.

Trevor's face was pale, and he was dumbfounded. There was not even a single voice in Wilson's office.

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Wilson's expression was darker than the dark sky.

"Are you two kidding me?" He got to his feet and hissed.

Both Trevor and his son's expression changed.

"Mr. Gillete, you've got to listen to me. I'm sure this is just a misunderstanding!"

Trevor's heart was trembling vigorously. Right now, he just wanted to go to Greenspring and ask Jason what had happened.

He did not dare imagine what kind of consequences he would need to face if he lost Westcity Plot NO.8.

Wilson went forward and sent a kick his way.

"Argh!"

Trevor flew several feet away and covered his stomach with his arms in pain.

"Mr. Gillete..."

Slap!

Wilson slapped Miles's face without waiting for him to say anything. He glared at them angrily and snarled, "I'm busy, and you two have wasted too much of my time!"

After he finished speaking, he ignored both of them and walked to the door.

He wanted to meet with Patrick. Right now, the only thing that could appease his anger was Kayson's head.

However, he bumped into Gabriel as soon as he stepped out of his office.

He frowned slightly and asked, "What are you doing here, Gabriel? Do you have anything to report to me?"

Gabriel looked at him gloomily and sneered coldly, "Mr.

Yarde said that you can't step out of this company for the next eight days."

Wilson's pupils constricted, and he growled, "Gabriel, do you know what you're talking about? Do you have a death wish?"

It went without saying that Wilson knew who Mr. Yarde, the man Gabriel was talking about, was.

Gabriel looked at him amusingly and added, "Mr. Gillete, considering our relationship, here is a piece of advice.

"Hand over the Gillete Group. If you do not, Mr. Yarde will be coming for your life! "

After hearing what Gabriel said, Wilson flew into a rage. "Are you crazy? Fine then! From this day onward, you're no longer part of my team!"

As soon as he finished speaking, he stretched his arms toward Gabriel. However, just as he went closer to Gabriel, two muscular men appeared behind him.

Bam! Bam!

Wilson was thrown off guard and looked at the two men in disbelief. Both of them were his subordinates!

"Simba! Lenox! Do you have any idea what you're doing?"

Holding a bat in his hand, Simba said sternly, "I suggest you do what Mr. Yarde said, Mr. Gillete."

"You!"

Wilson's heart skipped a beat. He could totally understand if Gabriel had betrayed him. After all, he was not familiar with him, and Gabriel was only Horacio's godson.

However, both Simba and Lenox had been following him for years. They were the people who had built his empire with him, but now, even the two of them had betrayed him, and he did not have a good feeling about this.

“Where’s Langley?” Wilson asked, his face grim.

“Mr. Gillete, Langley is dead,” Gabriel replied faintly. “He was killed by Mr. Yarde.”

Wilson’s face turned pale.

“That’s impossible!” he shouted fearfully. “Langley is the second strongest fighter of the Allens...”

He pulled his phone out in an attempt to call Langley.

However, Gabriel took Langley’s phone and waved it in front of him, sending a chill down Wilson’s spine.

“Kayson was even able to kill Langley...”

Wilson knew that he could not get out of the company anymore. That being said, he was not too worried about it.

The Allens wouldn’t sit by and do nothing when they found out about Langley’s death.

The patriarch of the Allens was not a good person and would certainly do something about it.

“Gabriel, if you stop whatever you’re doing right now, I can still give you one more chance,” Wilson said coldly. “No matter how powerful Kayson is, he’s no match for the Allens.

“I’m sure Horacio has told you about the Allens, right?”

Gabriel was stunned. Just like Wilson had said, the Allens were indeed terrifying.