

## NH

Dawn asked, “Where are you, Lacey? You need to come to the company at once.”

“The scum from the Thisleton family demanded us to hand over our authority. It seems like he wants to take over Linton Group!

“Oh no,” Lacey whispered.

The scum from the Thisleton family was undoubtedly Julian.

She never thought he would act so fast and go to the company so soon.

Together with Zeke, Lacey raced to Linton Group.

The highest floor of the Linton Group company building was the office for the company’s higher management.

At this moment, Julian lead a group of people and occupied the highest floor.

The managements were all cornered and shaking in fear.

Dawn was still stubbornly arguing with Julian, “Linton Group is the fruit of our blood, sweat, and tears. Who are you to say that you’re taking over?”

“Even if we were to surrender our authority, we’ll surrender it to my sister and Zeke, and not to you.”

Julian sneered, “Who am I to take over? This is an order from the King Class warrior. What do you have to say?”



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“Take this girl away and hand her over to Sir to be dealt with.”

“Anyone who doesn’t obey the orders will be seen as committing treason and will be punished accordingly.”

“Stop!” Lacey shouted angrily and ran towards Dawn to protect her just as Julian’s men were about to take her down. Lacey said, “Julian, you do not have the right to touch my people.”

Julian scoffed, “Your people? They’re mine now.”

“Lacey, do you intend to disobey the leader’s order?”

Lacey argued, “Linton Group is not a property of the Thisleton family, and it has no connection to the Thisleton family.”

“The leader of the Thisleton family has no rights to deal with Linton Group.”

“Please leave now.”

Julian lashed out, “Shut up.”

“Sir is a King Class warrior, and his orders are equivalent to the King’s order. Putting aside the Linton Group, even if sir were to demand your life, you would have no choice but to surrender yourself to him.”

Zeke, who was standing in the crowd, suddenly sighed and said, “Julian, do you know what my greatest regret is?”

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Julian was puzzled by this strange question.

Why did he suddenly ask such a question at this time?

Zeke said in a cold voice, “My biggest regret was that I only crippled you instead of killing you.”

Julian was furious upon hearing this.

The event had always been a humiliation to him, just like an open wound within him.

Now that Zeke had mentioned it before everyone, Julian was in a rage.

“Williams, I can’t believe you have the audacity to insult me!” Julian yelled. “You’re the so-called Great Marshal, but you have no life force left, so tell me, what differentiates you from a cripple?”

Slap!

Zeke slapped Julian’s face without hesitation.

Julian fell out of the wheelchair right away, and there was a red slap mark on his face.

“Cripple? Even a cripple can still humiliate you,” Zeke sneered.

Argh!

Julian was about to go crazy.

Nowadays, his father was a King Class warrior, and Julian was the most highly regarded

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descendant in his father's eyes.

But now, he had been publicly humiliated by a cripple.

What a disgrace!

Even if he could let this incident slide, his father would see this as a dishonor as well!

Julian yelled, "Everyone, kill him! This is an order!"

Yes, sir!

Hundreds of Julian's men occupying the top floor were dispatched in full force and surrounded Zeke in the blink of an eye.

Seeing this made Lacey so worried that her face turned red.

Zeke has no more life force and is now an ordinary person. How can he fight off so many people?

She quickly shouted, "Julian, ask your men to stop!"

"We can talk about Linton Group's matters later."

Julian said, "You have no right to negotiate with me. I want Zeke to be eliminated, and I also want Linton Group. for myself."

"Do it!"

Zeke sneered, "Your abilities do not require me to



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engage in battle personally.”

“Come out.”

Whoosh!

In a flash, a figure rushed to stand in front of Zeke to protect them.

The person was none other than Mr. Collins.

Before Zeke announced his identity as a King Class warrior, Mr. Collins had stayed by his side as his bodyguard and protected him.

When Zeke was required to fight but could not do so, Mr. Collins would do it on his behalf.

Julian’s men gasped in shock when they saw Mr. Collins.

They could tell that he was an expert merely judging from his speed.

Even if there were so many of them, they were no match for him.

However, they were unable to draw back now.

The Thisletons would not forgive them if they dared retreat.

Clyde shouted, “Kill them!”

A roar reverberated in the space.

The men braced themselves and ran towards Mr.

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Collins.

Their footsteps caused the whole building to tremble.

Mr. Collins, with a look of disdain, was ready to fight them off.

He demonstrated the King's combat skill by using his bare hands as his weapon.

Using The King's combat skill against a mob was just like using an anti-aircraft missile against mosquitoes.

Those who touched Mr. Collins' arms would either fly away if lightly hit or have their arms broken or fractured if they got the brunt of the attack.

For a moment, the whole top floor looked like a disaster scene, with dead bodies scattered everywhere. It was a tragic sight to behold.

There were even people getting stuck in the wall and the ceiling.

Looking at this made Julian feel dispirited.

He already guessed this would happen.

All this was actually arranged by his father, Ares.

Julian had expressed his doubts, saying that there must be experts protecting Zeke. Hence, his men would not be able to hurt Zeke.

His men would even be bashed left, right, and



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center, just like sandbags.

Nevertheless, Ares had insisted that Julian should do as he told, and he had even said that he had another trick up his sleeve.

Now, it was evident that Julian's guess was right, as his men were indeed being pummeled and obliterated by Mr. Collins.

What about Ares' arrangement, then?



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