

Chapter 539 Tyson Hit People

The ferocious-looking men had deep scowls etched into their faces and started approaching them without hesitation.

A man with a particularly mean glare stood out from the rest as the group's leader. He was significantly taller than the rest and had a scar that violently rang across his right eyebrow and down to his top left lip corner. He looked Flavia up and down and sneered, "Damn you old woman! You finally came back! We lost touch with Abbott a long time ago and so that means we have to ask you to pay off his debts. When are you going to pay?"

Flavia's legs buckled from underneath her, her knees clashing against each other from how hard they shook. She tried to resist her fear but it was a feeble attempt as she collapsed into Celia's arms.

The debt collectors all scoffed at her behavior and surrounded the two women. The leader of the group cursed loudly, "Damn old woman! I will give you one chance." He stepped close to Flavia's face, his crude breath fanning over her face. "Tell me the whereabouts of Abbott and I will let you go. Otherwise, you will have to pay the debts for your son."

Flavia registered the threat and exploded without a second thought. "What's the use of forcing me? I know you want to know the whereabouts of Abbott. Okay. Let me tell you, Abbott has been in jail for a long time. If you threaten me again, I will sue you and make you go to jail as well so that you can meet him there!"

The man's face fell as he thought over the information that

Flavia had just given him. He stepped even closer to Flavia and she did everything in her will not to recoil from his piercing glare.

"Old woman, do you really think I buy your nonsense? Even if what you're saying is true and he actually is in jail, you have to pay his debts for him. Don't even try to tell me that you don't have the money. You can sell your organs or become a prostitute for all I care! You will pay the debts for your son."

Celia had been watching the situation unfold and seeing the man's rising temperament, she feared that the situation might escalate and Flavia could get hurt. She rushed forward and stood in front of Flavia with her hands on her hips. "It's illegal to gamble and so is usury. Even if the matter is eventually dealt with by the police, Flavia does not have to pay any debts. On the contrary, you will be the one to end up in jail. Now I will give you a chance. You'd better leave now, or I'm calling the police."

The debt creditors narrowed their eyes at Celia, clearly not listening to a word she was saying. One of the beefy men reached out and grabbed her arm in an attempt at pulling her away. "Move out of the way, or I'll beat you up together."

Tyson immediately grabbed Celia's wrist and said, "Take Flavia away."

The scarred man stepped forward and was about to make a move when he was suddenly on the ground clutching his nose after a punch seemingly came out of nowhere.

Tyson's fist was as hard as steel as it collided with the man's face and as a result, there were streaks of blood rushing out of his nose.

The rest of the men barely had any time to react before most of them were groaning on the floor, clutching

several different parts of their bodies. Tyson knocked them down one after another with barely any effort on his part, leaving the men screaming at the tops of their lungs.

The leader struggled to get up. After several tries, he eventually stood on his two wobbly feet, his face already swelling in red bruising. He glared at Tyson and spat, "Who are you? How dare you hit us? Believe it or not... Ah!"

He was cut off by another strong punch to the face before he could finish his words. Tyson then kicked him in the chest, forcing a grunt from the man. The scarred man fell to the ground again and exclaimed, "Help! Stop it!"

Tyson ignored his scream and stepped on his crotch with tremendous force.

"Ah!"

The scream of agony was enough to make the rest of the debt collectors' faces turn white as ghosts.

Tyson looked back at his bodyguards, and said in a low and gloomy voice, "Beat them!"

"Yes, sir!"

The bodyguards responded in unison and stepped forward as a unit. They beat the group of debt creditors that ended up on the ground begging for their mercy, their shaking hands pressed together.

Seeing they were kneeling down and begging for mercy, Tyson walked up to them and looked at them condescendingly with a hint of warning in his eyes. "If this happens again, I will kill you!"

The debt creditors bowed repeatedly with their hands pressed to the ground beneath them. "Oh, God! We assure you that this will never happen again," they cried.

Tyson glared at the men but didn't give any more orders to his bodyguards. Seeing that Tyson had no intention to pursue it, they instantly fled in all directions as fast as they could.

Tyson surveyed the area and determined that it was safe when he saw none of the debt creditors lingering. He walked over to Celia and asked softly, "Cece, are you okay?"

As he lowered his head with a crease of concern in his brow, he noticed the stunned look on Celia's face.

Tyson realized that he acted on his urges without thought because of the anxiety he felt that Celia might be in danger. He had just revealed the secret of his high skill at fighting!