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Kayson took a glance at her and asked, "What's going on? Do you not like the place?" Cecile panicked in her heart and shook her head in haste. "No... I... I've never been in such a beautiful house." Shyla cracked a gentle smile. "This is your real estate from now on, Cecile. You're the owner of this place and may live here for as long as you like." Cecile's eyes reddened with tears, and she muttered to herself, "It would be great if my father could live here too..."

Shyla kept quiet for a short while. Frankly, she admired Timothy a lot for being a poor. Although he was uneducated, he had the desire to do better in life and had been willing to work hard. She believed that Timothy should have been able to get himself a wife. However, Timothy had not done so and raised Cecile all by himself. Apparently, he had been afraid his new wife would mistreat Cecile.

On the other hand, it was apparent that Cecile trusted and depended on Timothy very much. A strong, deep kinship bound the father and daughter. Bo's villa was named Petit Deck.

The house was decorated lavishly and built with great quality materials. It was speculated that the entire renovation cost more than \$3,000,000!

There was an outdoor garden and lawn in front of the house and a small pool behind the house.

The house was decorated with an artistic style in every area.

It was apparent that Bo had not just offered up any villa to Cecile to humor her.

Kayson passed the keys to Cecile and said smilingly, "This is your place from now on. Stay here as you like. It's what you're owed anyhow.

"There's no need for you to be too sad. Your father will be at peace knowing that your living conditions have greatly improved."

Tears streamed down Cecile's face as she nodded heavily.

Kayson was planning on meeting up with Finnich and the others after visiting the villa before he departed back to Clouspring. The three of them were about to get into the car when a sharp voice was suddenly heard. "Cecile?"

Cecile's movement halted to a stop. She looked toward the person calling out to her, and her gaze was tainted with fear and anxiety.

Capturing Cecile's emotion, Kayson furrowed his eyebrows and looked toward the sexily dressed woman opposite him. The woman was not as beautiful as Cecile, but she was definitely worthy of the complement of being a beauty.

In addition, she was very well-dressed in a way that accentuated her strong points perfectly. As a result, she looked seductively charming. Cecile lowered her head and called out softly, "Sha... Shamaine..." "Whoa, Cecile. I can see that you're dating some wealthy man, huh? You're even viewing a villa in the Nebula Alps, huh?" The woman addressed as 'Shamaine' walked over, holding a young man's arm with a

mocking expression on her face. Shyla furrowed her eyebrows. "Who is she, Cecile?" Cecile said softly, "She's a senior at my school, and her name is Shamaine Hoffman."

Shamaine looked at Cecile with deep resentment and jealousy in her eyes. Kayson shielded Cecile behind him and said nonchalantly, "How can I help you?" Shamaine said in a mocking tone, ""Which sugar daddy are you? You must be deceived by Cecile's feigned promiscuous appearance, right?" Shyla's expression changed, and she said in anger, "Why are you talking in that manner? Who do you think you are to verbally abuse Cecile like that?" Shamaine sniggered and said, "I'm verbally abusing Cecile? Cecile seduced my ex-boyfriend with her promiscuousness, and you're calling me out for verbally abusing her?" Cecile raised her head abruptly, her eyes reddened with tears, and defended herself by saying, "I didn't!"

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Shamaine sneered in a mocking manner. "You didn't? Why do you still bother to pretend when even that scumbag admitted to it? I'm revolted by little b\*tches who seek pity like you!

"Cecile, do you remember what I told you back then? I said I would beat you up every time I see you!"

Upon saying that, Shamaine walked past Kayson, clenched her fist, and swung toward Cecile. It was fortunate that Kayson managed to clutch her wrist. However, the young man's gaze dimmed. He sneered and said, "My friend, it would be best if you don't intervene in a matter between two women as a man, right?" He raised his arm in an attempt to pull away Kayson's arm, only to discover that he could not budge Kayson's arm in the slightest bit.

He was shocked and exerted so much strength that his face flushed. Yet, there was nothing he could do to move Kayson's arm. Kayson swung his arm gently and sent Shamaine staggering backward. The young man caught her before she fell.

Shamaine cried and shouted, "Frederick! He hit me!"

Frederick was furious that he was humiliated in the presence of his girlfriend. "How dare you provoke me! Stand here and wait for me if you have the balls!" Kayson said nonchalantly, "I'm not going to leave. You may call upon anyone as you wish."

Then, he ignored the couple and made his way to Cecile before saying in a comforting manner, "Don't be scared and don't cry. I'll punish them."

Shyla said furiously, "She has gone too far. How could Cecile have possibly seduced her ex boyfriend? Cecile is just a child!" "What she's doing to Cecile is known as slander, right? Her behavior is inexcusable!" Kayson nodded and agreed that Shamaine's words were very unpleasant. Moreover, she did not seem like an unreasonable person judging by her appearance.

Frederick appeared to have made a call and said ferociously, "You really have the balls not to run!"

Kayson smiled nonchalantly and pointed at Shamaine. "This woman is not a kind person. You should better keep your distance from her if you want to live a long, good life."

Frederick said with resentment, “B\*!sh\*t! You’re such a poser! Do you think that I’ll be bothered by you? When Troy and the others get here, you’ll be doomed!”

A few aged-looking cars arrived after 30 minutes, and a few thugs got out of the car one by one. Their leader was a man in a singlet, and he made his way to Frederick “Mr. Fann, the boy standing opposite you is the one who offended you, right?” Frederick said ferociously, “That’s right. Thank you for taking the trouble to do this, Troy.

Break his arms and legs but keep him alive.” Troy whistled and picked up a baseball bat while sniggering in contempt. “That’s easy! Just a trivial matter!” Then, he walked toward Kayson with his subordinates and assumed an arrogant expression.” You’re rather bold, huh? You silly little boy. How dare you offend Mr. Fann? Don’t you know that Mr. Fann’s father is one of the wealthiest tycoons in Northspring?” “Ah...” Kayson appeared confused. “I have no idea indeed.” Troy’s gaze dimmed upon hearing that, and he said with a malicious sneer, “You will find out soon enough! Let’s beat him up!” Eight people rushed forward in a crowd. Kayson dodged their offensive with ease. He raised his leg to knee someone casually, delivered a slap randomly, and swung a punch easily.

His movements were swift, crisp, and without hesitation. A few thuds were heard continuously, and it did not take long before the gang of thugs summoned by Frederick was lying on the ground. Frederick and Shamaine were astounded. They looked at Kayson in a daze. Kayson dragged along the baseball bat stained with blood and made his way to Frederick. Frederick was so scared that he almost wet his pants. He said stutteringly, “Y-You are doomed, boy! Troy is working for Mr. Tigre!” Kayson asked in puzzlement, “Who’s Tigre?” Frederick said sternly, “You don’t even know about Mr. Tigre... Mr. Tigre is a good friend of Mr. Saul! He took over all of Mr. Saul’s gangs after Mr. Saul’s death, and he is now the underworld king of Northspring!”

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Kayson came to understand the general situation by now. He figured that Mr. Saul was Fernando Saul, the one he had previously killed.!

Noticing that Kayson was not speaking, Frederick assumed that Kayson was scared and regretted his action. He said immediately, “Boy, bow down to apologize and acknowledge your mistake now, and I’ll make Troy keep silent about this incident! “Otherwise, you’ll be doomed if Troy tells on you to Mr. Tigre out of rage!” Kayson chuckled upon hearing that. ‘Mr. Tigre is so domineering, huh? I’m sooo scared.’ Kayson loosened his grip over Frederick and kicked him. The latter felt itchy all over his body instantly. He let out an agonizing scream and felt like he was losing his mind from the itch.

Next to him, Shamaine turned ghastly pale from fear.

Kayson made his way to Troy and woke him up. Troy knew he could not afford to offend Kayson, so he begged for forgiveness and repeatedly acknowledged his mistake. Kayson waved his hand dismissively and said, “Can you reach out to Mr. Tigre?” Troy nodded in haste. “Yes, I can!”

“Tell him to meet me at the Sirens Hotel’s Room Primera.”

Troy nodded repeatedly. Kayson pointed at Frederick and Shamaine while he said, “Remember to bring both of them along so they can’t run away.”

As he was speaking, he gave Troy's shoulder a squeeze. Troy was in so much pain that he begged for mercy,

"I've already left a trace of hidden energy in your body. If you don't do as I say, you'll be feeling the pain you felt earlier every night from now on."

Upon saying that, Kayson headed to the Sirens Hotel with Shyla and Cecile.

Troy only recovered from the pain after a long while. His subordinates had also regained consciousness.

Troy was infuriated. He barked through gritted teeth, "Detain them both!"

Kayson made an appointment with Finnick and Bo to meet up at the Sirens Hotel. Both of them freed up their schedules as soon as they learned that Kayson was buying them a meal.

Kayson had just taken a seat when Jonah and Rowena showed up. However, Rowena followed behind Jonah because she was still training for the job. Jonah said obsequiously, "Mr. Yarde, what would you like to order?" Kayson asked, "What would you like to have, Cecile?" Cecile was slightly embarrassed but still said, "The crab that you brought me as takeaway was rather delicious." Kayson looked toward Jonah, and the latter nodded. "Noted!"

Rowena was distracted because she was sizing up Shyla and Cecile occasionally. Cecile still looked like a teenager, but Shyla was different. She exuded a pure, graceful, and calm aura that even a woman like Rowena found her attractive. Kayson said, "Join us for the meal, Rowena." Rowena was jolted back to reality. She shook her head calmly and said, "It's okay. I'm still shadowing Jonah so I can learn about the job." Kayson did not put much thought into it. On the other hand, Shyla was very curious about Rowena but did not take it upon herself to ask about Rowena. It was precisely Rowena who had sent Kayson home previously. It did not take long before Finnick and Bo arrived. Bo said with a smile, "Mr. Yarde, what brings you to buy us a meal today?" "I'm preparing to head back to Clouspring, so I would like to buy both of you a meal before I leave." Finnick said, "Oh? You're heading back so soon? Aren't you going to stay a few more days to tour the places?" Kayson shook his head. It had been a few days since he left Clouspring, yet he had not heard any news from Sadie. Perhaps, Sadie was angry at him for some reason. Meanwhile, Jonah was making arrangements for the meals Kayson had ordered in person. He ensured that there was no error in every process and procedure. Just as he was bustling about, his phone rang. He was not planning on picking it up, but he took a glance and realized that the caller was Mr. Tigre, who had replaced Fernando. He could not bring himself to ignore the call anymore. Jonah asked, "What's the matter, Mr. Gull?" Tigre Gull spoke in a cold, ghastly voice. "Mr. Sander, is your Room Primera taken?" Jonah was momentarily stunned before he replied, "Yes, the room is taken. Why... Are you looking to book it?"

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Tigre's tone was icy cold. "Please make arrangements to seal the entrance of Room Primera on my behalf, Mr. Sander. The people in that room beat up my subordinates!" Jonah felt a shiver down his spine and was drenched in a cold sweat upon hearing that. Jonah shouted a torrent of verbal abuse with an unpleasant expression instantly, "Don't implicate me if you want to get yourself f\*ck\*ng killed!"

He hung up the call right away and reported to Kayson in the private room at once. Kayson said nonchalantly, "There's no need to stop him because I invited him over." Jonah was so scared that he felt

like his heart had skipped a beat. 'Tigre is trying to get himself killed! 'Why did that f\*cker have to get himself in trouble by offending Mr. Yarde just a short while after taking Fernando's place as a crime boss?' Bo and Finnich had puzzled expressions on their faces. They wondered what was happening. More than an hour later, a ferocious-looking middle-aged man with scars on his body got out of his SUV that was parked by the Sirens Hotel's lobby. His subordinates pulled along three people and walked into the lobby. The middle-aged man who appeared rather ferocious was precisely Tigre Gull, who took Fernando's place in everything.

Tigre headed to the first floor and arrived at Room Primera.

He knocked on the door gently and only entered with his subordinates when someone answered to his knock

As soon as he entered the room, he saw the two big business owners, Bo and Finnich, and the Sirens Hotel's general manager, Jonah. However, Jonah was standing behind a young man in a respectful manner. Tigre asked shakily, "Are... Are you Mr. Kayson Yarde?" "Ah? How do you know about me?" Kayson appeared to be slightly astonished. Tigre felt a shiver down his spine instantly, and he was clammy with sweat. He bowed down toward Kayson right there and then! "Please forgive my mistake, Mr. Yarde!"

He counted himself lucky for not acting impulsively after noticing that something was off from Jonah's final remark

Otherwise, he would have ended up like Fernando. Bo and Finnich were stunned. 'Isn't that the new head of the underworld, Tigre Gull? How did he offend Kayson?'

Kayson chuckled and said nonchalantly, "What mistake did you make?" Tigre's throat was dry, and he sounded terrified when he said, "L... My subordinates offended you and displeased you!" Kayson took a glance at him and speculated that Tigre was about a late-stage energy fighter. It was no wonder Tigre could take over Fernando's place. Kayson asked, "Are you acquainted with Uncle Bo and Uncle Finnich?" Bo and Finnich were startled by how Kayson addressed them simultaneously. They were pleasantly surprised! Tigre said immediately, "Yes, of course!" Kayson nodded. "I can spare your life, but you're going to have to render your service to me from now on. I'm not residing permanently in Northspring. "If I have any matters that require your assistance, I'll instruct Uncle Bo or Uncle Finnich to reach out to you. Can you do that?" "Yes, I can! I most certainly can!" Tigre could not be bothered about anything else after learning that he could live. He would agree to anything, even if it meant he had to eat feces. Kayson chuckled and said, "You may leave then." Tigre was trembling with fear. He was about to leave when Kayson called out to him again, and he was so scared that his knees were buckling. "Take this Troy person with you but leave behind the other two." "Yes, sir!"

Tigre did as he was told. Frederick wore a terrified expression in the private room. The renowned Mr. Tigre had actually treated Kayson with so much respect and fear!'

Shamaine was scared out of her wits. 'How did this happen!?'

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Kayson looked toward Shamaine and asked, "Which university are you attending now?" Shamaine answered shakily, "L... I go to Skyspring University..."

Kayson did not question further while Bo recognized Frederick. He could not refrain himself from saying, "Kayson, this is the heir of the North Fann Group, right?"

Kayson was unbothered. "Ah, that is possible. I heard that his father is one of the wealthiest tycoons in Northspring?"

Finnick's chest tightened as he said, "Kayson, the North Fann Group is not a small company, but it is considered quite famous even in the whole of Skyriv.

"Moreover, the company is involved in many industries. Frederick is Mr. Fann's favorite son, and you're treating his son in this manner... "I'm afraid that Mr. Fann won't let you off easily after how you treat his son. It's going to be hard for you to leave Northspring!" Kayson was indifferent. "I would like to seek guidance from his father then." Finnick and Bo exchanged glances, and they could not figure out what tricks Kayson had up his sleeve.

Frederick recognized Finnick too and said, "Mr. Sullivan, make him free me, quickly. I'm certain that my father has found out by now, and he will surely come for him!

"It will be too late by the time my father gets here!" Finnick shook his head. "It would be best for your father to come and solve this problem for you."

Even the chairman of the North Fann Group would not have the courage to easily offend a man capable of killing Fernando, right?

Frederick's face turned green with rage upon hearing that. 'Finnick, you don't know what's good for yourself! I'm going to make my father punish you later for sure!' The crowd of people ignored the couple and continued to feast. More than an hour passed before Jonah heard a voice in his earpiece. His expression changed drastically soon afterward.

He leaned over and said, "Mr. Yarde, Mr. Fann is here."

Kayson nodded. Bo and Finnick's expressions were rather solemn.

It did not take long before a middle-aged man with graying sideburns dressed in a black suit walked into the room. He exuded a steady aura.

The sight of his father immediately overjoyed Frederick "Father!" However, Mr. Fann, rumored to be a man not to be trifled with, actually kicked his son.

"You good-for-nothing!" snarled Mr. Fann before walking forward and giving a few more kicks to Frederick

He scolded more as he kicked, "You incompetent piece of sh\*t! "What else can you do other than fooling around with women? "You useless piece of sh\*t. I'd be better off raising a dog than you!" After venting his anger, Mr. Fann took a napkin from his subordinate, wiped his hands, and tidied up his outfit. Then, he made his way to Kayson and bowed down ever so slightly. He said in a polite tone, "I'm Herman Fann. I'm sorry that my defiant son didn't know any better and offended you, Mr. Yarde. I hope you won't make a fuss with a child." As he was speaking, his subordinate presented a debit card from

the side. "There's \$15,000,000 in the card for you to soothe your anger with a few bottles of water. What do you think?"

Kayson did not accept it. Instead, he glanced at Frederick and said casually, "You seem like someone with a good sense of propriety, Mr. Fann. That beating earlier looked to be very merciless.

"In truth, you didn't hurt your son at any point. I did not expect you to love your son so much, Mr. Fann."

Herman's expression was solemn. Soon afterward, he heaved a sigh and said, "This is the only son I've got, Mr. Yarde. No matter how useless he is, I can't really kill him, can I? "Name a price, Mr. Yarde. I will pay to atone for my son's sins." Kayson said indifferently, "How much do you think your son's life is worth, Mr. Fann?" Herman fell silent. 'How am I supposed to answer that? Any answer I give is a wrong answer.' Kayson did not make things difficult for him either. He said nonchalantly, "Uncle Finnick is in the fashion industry, and I heard you have a wide business venture. I wonder if you're involved with this industry?" Finnick's pupils constricted abruptly while his heart started racing! Herman kept quiet for a short moment before he said, "Yes, I do." Kayson nodded. "It'd be the best if your company didn't get involved with the fashion industry from now on."

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Herman's facial expression changed, and he gnashed his teeth. "Mr. Yarde, you know very well that that is impossible..."

Kayson waved his hand like it did not matter. "Is it impossible? In that case, you may leave now."

"Kayson Yarde!" Herman was very angry, and his face and body language fully expressed his displeasure.

Kayson used a hand to throw out a pencil. The pencil shot right through the head of a master level fighter who was just about to ambush Kayson with a sneak attack. "Are you really trying to play hide and seek with me?" Kayson smiled, stood up, and looked at the horrified Herman. "I agree! My group will quit the fashion industry as well!" Herman voiced out. Kayson shook his head. "No, uh-uh. That was the previous compensation deal before I was attacked. Now we have to put it back on the table." Herman was cursing in his heart the master-level fighter who had promised to be able to kill Kayson. He fully regretted doing so and believing that master! "What else do you want?!" asked Herman.

"The retail company and design company under your group. Hand them to Uncle Finnick," said Kayson.

Herman's eyes widened. The net worth of those businesses was more than one billion dollars, and Kayson wanted him to hand them over to Finnick for nothing!?

"How about"

Kayson coldly interrupted Herman before he could continue speaking "You will not have a second chance."

Herman felt a cold shiver travel down his spine. He almost forgot that the person right in front of him had the capability to kill Fernando.

"Okay... Deal!" Herman let out a big sigh and looked at Finnick. "Come to my office tomorrow. I will get the relevant documents signed off." Words could not describe how Finnick was feeling right now. He

could not believe his luck! “You may take your son away,” said Kayson. Herman kept quiet. He let one of his subordinates carry Frederick up, and they left Room Primera

As soon as Herran went out, Finnick excitedly asked, “Kayson, do you really mean what you said? Can I really accept such a big gift?”

Kayson chuckled. “Uncle Finnick, do not worry about it. Just take up the businesses that Herman will be giving to you. I bet you Herman will not dare to renege on this deal.” Finnick had gratitude written all over his face “Lady Luck just came out of nowhere. I am also not sure how to react!”

Bo, who was sitting right, sarcastically said, “Finnick, if you want to rescind the offer, I am willing to go into the fashion industry.” Finnick stared at him. “F\*ck off!”

Shamaine could not believe in her eyes. Only now did she realize how influential and powerful Kayson was.

Kayson looked at her and asked, “Cecile will be starting her semester at Skyspring University soon. You will be tasked to make sure that she is not bullied. Do you understand me? If you do well, you will be generously compensated. If not, you can start praying to be born human again after I send you to the afterlife.” Shamaine nodded vigorously. “I will do my best. I certainly will!” Shyla Tinsley kept quiet. She just realized that Kayson was farsighted and had already prepared a safe path for Cecile. Indeed, Cecile would most likely be bullied in university if she maintained her current character and attitude.

Meanwhile...

Herman walked angrily back to his office. He slammed the desk and was shouting non-stop. At this time, an elderly master walked in. “Mr. Fann, there is actually a way to get back at this Kayson.”

Herman looked up suddenly and asked, “What method do you have?” The elderly master replied in a deep tone, “The Hamiltons. Delmont Hamilton!”

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Herman looked serious about it. “Delmont Hamilton... If I procure his services, I do not think it will be cheap for me to procure his services. Most likely, I will end up paying a high price for this.”

The elderly master replied, “It would be worth every penny. Delmont Hamilton faked his death for so many years. All these years, he must have greatly improved his energy and skills. When he was a master-level practitioner, he could already fight on par with Ezekiel Turner. Now that he has reached the grandmaster level, I would presume that it is almost certain that Kayson will not survive.” The elderly master who spoke was Herman’s Fann bodyguard, Rinson Gerr. He was hired to protect Herman Fann, but he was not from Skyriv. Despite that, he was familiar with the martial arts scene in Skyriv. The news that Delmont had faked his death was a big piece of news. In addition to that, the Hamiltons also had a hand in publicizing the issue, so it was no surprise that he knew of it.

Even Fernando, the number one fighter in Northspring, had lost to Kayson. In his view, there was nobody else in the whole of Northspring who could defeat Kayson besides Delmont. Herman felt what Rinson said made sense. He then made a call to the Hamiltons and requested a meeting with Delmont.

Back at the Sirens Hotel...

Shamaine was made to stand on one side, and Cecile did not feel at ease about it. She occasionally glanced at Kayson. She did not expect that someone she knew would be so influential and powerful. All the bosses were very polite to Kayson! Finnick was especially grateful to Kayson for his gesture. In his mind, he was determined to make good use of this opportunity and manage the companies acquired from the North Fann Group. Based on his understanding, those few companies had been performing well. It would greatly strengthen his financial portfolio if they were all passed to him. And all these were given by Kayson. He would just have to take this opportunity now and pay back Kayson in some way or other next time. Bo was now even more courteous toward Kayson upon seeing the gains that Finnick obtained through Kayson's generosity. If he could, he would have taken out his heart and given it to Kayson. He then thought about his foolish child. If it weren't for his stupid son, maybe what Finnick was given today would have been his. While both Finnick and Bo were thinking different things, Kayson was only thinking of the food in front of him. He wanted to have a good meal, then head back to Clouspring. After all, it would be some time before Delmont would arrange for a fair fight for the swordsmanship manual. He would return during that time. At that moment, Kayson's phone rang. The call was from Delmont. "Mr. Hamilton Sr., how are you doing?" Delmont reiterated what happened to Kayson. Kayson smiled and asked, "Mr. Hamilton Sr., what is your view on this matter?" Delmont chuckled back. "I am okay with anything you have in mind. However, Herman is not

a nobody. If we do not stop him once and for all, trouble will keep knocking on our door in the future."

Kayson seemed amused. "Mr. Hamilton Sr., so what do you suggest we do?" Delmont replied, "Since he wants to assassinate you, then perhaps I should attempt to assassinate you. Of course, an attempt to assassinate does not mean that the assassination will be successful."

Kayson did not expect Delmont to be cunning. However, he and Delmont had a unique relationship. He would also be helping Delmont out with the 'fair' fight in the future. "Okay then. We will follow your suggestion." Delmont asked, "Okay, when will you leave Northspring?" "This evening," replied Kayson, and they both hung up the call. Bo could not resist asking, "Kayson, who were you on a call with?" Kayson did not attempt to hide anything. "Delmont Hamilton. The ex-head of the Hamilton family."

"What!?" Finnick had some conflict with one of the Hamiltons, so he naturally knew who Delmont Hamilton was. "Isn't he dead?"

Kayson realized that the news of Delmont's fake death was imprinted deeply in people's hearts. Nobody suspected the death was a fake one, and that was thanks to Zachary's cooperation. "He just faked his death."

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Kayson looked at Finnick. "Uncle Finnick, you need not worry about it. Mr. Hamilton Sr. is aware of the conflict between you and William and has told me that he is very sorry for the trouble that William created."

"It's no issue!" Finnick was surprised.

Delmont had told Kayson that the Hamiltons were sorry? Bo and Finnick were surprised that Delmont was alive, but they were even more surprised by the relationship between Kayson and Delmont.

After the meal, Kayson planned to return to Clouspring together with Shyla. Cecile was a little reluctant to leave. Since her father's death, she had been alone. Bo saw this as an opportunity that he could grasp. Before Finnick could say anything, Bo expressed that he had a niece of similar age to Cecile, and they would be able to mingle. As such, he said that he would take care of Cecile. Bo observed Cecile's reluctance to part with Kayson and Shyla, so he requested to send off Kayson to the highway.

Finnick, who was also trying to compete with Bo, also mentioned that he would escort Kayson to the highway. The three cars drove toward the highway. Just as they were about to reach the city's outskirts, Kayson noticed that a few cars were blocking their path.

They were the Fanns, Herman and Frederick

Kayson stopped the car, and Finnick was the first to lash out. "Herman, what are you trying to do by blocking our path?"

Herman coldly said, "I, Herman Fann, have never lost so much. Young man, did you think I would just blindly let you off? Finnick, you too have fallen from your past glory, following this young kid like a puppy."

Kayson looked on nonchalantly. "Mr. Fann, it seems like you have found either a pre-celestial or grandmaster-level fighter to support you?" Without waiting for Herman's reply, Frederick chipped in. "Yes, it is true. My father has found

a grandmaster to cut you up!"

Kayson looked on amusingly. "May I know which grandmaster has come? Why don't you show yourself? How about having a round or two?" Suddenly, a shot of gold sprung out of nowhere. The shot of gold carried with it powerful sword energy that cracked the ground as it traveled! Kayson took a glance and punched out. His lightning energy came out in the form of a fist, and the gold-colored sword energy cracked under pressure. Herman coldly interjected, "Mr. Hamilton Sr., please do your best!" Delmont walked out, sword in hand, and sighed. "Mr. Fann, this is a tough thing for me to do. This young man over here is a pre-celestial fighter. I am not able to beat him." Herman was stunned and said in a stuttering voice, "M-Mr. Hamilton Sr., please do not joke at this time!"

Delmont shook his head. He raised his hand and swung his sword. The sword energy pushed forward—the power and aura emanating from the energy were humongous.

Kayson reacted by shooting a lightning arrow. The lightning arrow blasted forward and hit the sword energy. The energy collision blasted the air, and Delmont Hamilton was pushed back ten meters. The thenar webspace was torn, and blood was flowing out. Delmont laughed bitterly. "I am not as good as you, bye!" He then leaped back and ran away.

The Fanns were stunned. It was like someone had sh\*tted on their faces. Frederick could not stand the pressure. He felt his legs become weak and fell to the ground on his buttocks. Kayson stared coldly at Herman. "Mr. Fann, do you really wish to die so badly?" Herman Fann turned pale. "Mr. Yarde... Please forgive me!"

Kayson raised a palm, and Herman flew a few meters away. He lay on the ground and spat out the blood from his mouth. Herman's subordinate rushed to support him back up. Kayson then asked, "Mr. Fann, so how much do you plan to spend this time to buy your life?"

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There was fear in Herman's eyes. If even a grandmaster such as Delmont could not defeat Kayson, what other way did he have? Master Rinson stepped in front of Herman and politely pleaded, "Grandmaster, even if Mr. Fann offended you, he never actually resulted in you making a loss. I plead with you to forgive us. Give Mr. Fann a chance." Kayson nonchalantly replied, "If I wanted to kill him, I would have done so already."

Master Rinson let out a sigh of relief. It would be good if Kayson did not plan to kill Herman. If Kayson did not kill Herman, it could only mean that he was interested in monetary compensation.

Herman looked tired and sad. He asked, "What do you want?" He had already given up and no longer had any other thoughts about the issue.

"Uncle Bo, what industry are you involved in?" asked Kayson. Bo's eyes shone in excitement, and he immediately said, "I deal in the mining of gems, the processing of gems, and also the fast-food industry!" Kayson smiled. "Mr. Fann, may I know what you will be able to provide to Uncle Bo?" Herman frowned. "I am involved in gems too. However, that company is an important part of my group, and I am unable to call the shots. Personally, I have a gem mining company of which I own 70%. I can hand over the whole 70% to him." Kayson calmly asked, "And what is the net worth of that?"

"It is worth at least tens of billions of dollars." Herman's heart was bleeding with pain. He wanted to shoot himself in the head for causing himself more trouble. Initially, the issue had been resolved with a billion dollars. But after what he had done, he had to pay ten times more than before.

Kayson was surprised. He did not expect it to be worth so much. "Okay then. We will first settle on this. However, Mr. Fann, I hope you will not try your luck to do anything shady toward Uncle Bo and Uncle Finnick. Should there be a next time, you will not be able to pay for your life anymore."

Herman looked like he had aged ten years in the few minutes that this incident transpired. He bitterly promised, "No, I promise I won't." Kayson nodded, said bye to Cecile, and soon left together with Shyla. After they left, Bo and Finnick calmed down. They were thinking about whether Herman would renege on his earlier statement.

Herman stood up with the help of Master Rinson. He addressed both of them tiredly. "Come to my office tomorrow to find me. I still can differentiate between the importance of life and money." Bo and Finnick's hearts skipped a beat. It would be best if Herman did not renege on his claim to gift them the companies! Herman turned to look at the pale-faced Frederick. "Useless b\*stard! Bring him back! He will not be allowed to step out of our residence without my permission!"

After Herman left, Bo smiled and asked, "Finnick, you wouldn't need me to take care of you, right?"

Finnick Sullivan scowled back. "You? You taking care of me?" "Okay then... Just remember not to come pleading for help in the future!" replied Bo.

"If I ever ask you for help, you can write my name upside down!" While the both of them were having fun talking it out, Cecile was sitting in disappointment in a corner, just blindly staring into the air.

As Kayson got back to Clouspring, he headed straight toward the Whitmans' residence. He wanted to get an update from Michael on the recent developments in Clouspring. Thankfully, nothing major had occurred.

Wolfenden Corp. was busy handling their many projects, given the recent expansion. Kayson couldn't hide his smile. No wonder Sadie had not even had the time to call him. They were all just so busy. "How about the Allens? What's up with them?" Kayson thought about Steelification Doyen. When would this person come to Skyspring? Since he was aware that Steelification Doyen was a strong opponent, he also took it seriously and did not dare to take it too lightly.

Michael had never ever stopped his invigilation on the Allens. As such, he was very clear about the situation at the Allens. "The Allens have not been involved in anything fishy. Even I cannot believe that they are being so nice."

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Kayson calmly commented. "Nothing fishy? The Allens are just waiting for the right opportunity to kill me."

"Oh?" Michael looked back seriously. "Who will the Allens find to take care' of you?"

"Lincoln Allen has a master known as Steelification Doyen," replied Kayson.

"Steelification Doyen? Are you sure his master is called Steelification Doyen!?" Michael's face turned pale at the newly obtained information.

Kayson looked at Michael. "Uncle Michael, do you happen to know Steelification Doyen?"

Michael retrieved a document from his drawer and passed it to Kayson. "This morning, Steelification Doyen openly challenged Ezekiel Turner. He wanted to see if his Titanium Technique or Ezekiel's sword would prevail."

Kayson took the document over to have a look. "Ezekiel broke Steelification Doyen's Titanium Technique in one sword move? Steelification Doyen admitted defeat on the spot?"

Michael replied, "This piece of news has been running wild for a few hours since it occurred!"

Kayson was surprised. How strong was this Ezekiel Turner anyway? Would he have already surpassed the grandmaster level and was now at a pre-celestial stage? "Uncle Michael, thanks for the information."

Michael was worried sick. "Kayson, do not underestimate Steelification Doyen. Although Steelification Doyen lost to Ezekiel Turner, it is to my father's understanding that during Steelification Doyen's time at Mountriv, grandmasters could not even leave a mark on him even if he stood there and just let them hit him." Kayson nodded. "I know he is a tough opponent. But the way things have developed, there is no way back. We will have to fight against each other." Kayson had killed Atticus Goldman, after all. There was nothing to discuss anymore.

Kayson left Michael's residence and headed over to Bwell Therapeutics. He told Zachary about how Delmont had finally resurfaced. Zachary laughed, "So, he finally stopped hiding? This is good news. Hiding is not a proper way to live."

Kayson then said, "Mr. Hamilton Sr. has also told me that once he resolves the issue of the Heavenless, he will pay you a visit and apologize to you personally and clear your name."

Zachary was not really bothered by it. "You can tell him all is well."

Lindsay longingly asked, "Kayson, are you staying back for a meal?" Kayson shook his head. "No, thank you. I still have some problems to resolve." Shyla escorted Kayson to the Wolfendens' residences.

Hugh saw Kayson and asked him about the worker incident. Kayson briefly described what had happened to Cecile, and Hugh sighed, "That poor little girl." After having dinner, Kayson made some excuse and left the house.

Hugh noticed that Kayson was worried about something, so he called Sadie and told her to come home.

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Hugh asked, "Did something happen at work?" Sadie was caught off guard. "Nope. Everything is fine. It's just that these few days have been so busy." Hugh frowned. "That's weird. Kayson seems like he has met some trouble." Sadie's heart skipped a beat. "What can he be worried about? He does not do much anyway." Hugh scolded Sadie. "What do you mean he does not do much? Do not speak this way ever again!"

"Okay, okay. It feels like he is a grandson to you, more than I am your granddaughter. I still have a ton of things to settle. I will go back to the office first." Kayson walked into the garden behind the Wolfendens' residence, and Skye appeared immediately. "Mr. Kace!"

“Uncle Draco, please just call me Kayson.” Draco shook his head stubbornly. Kayson did not have a choice. He had to get Draco to change his way of addressing him. It made him feel uncomfortable.

“Uncle Draco, I will be doing some training in the garden. I would appreciate it if you could help keep a lookout for me and do not let anyone in,” requested Kayson. Draco replied, “Just leave it to me and go do your thing.”