

## **Out of Prison 17**

### Chapter 17 The Peterson Family Guardian

“Mister! Please forgive me!”

Seeing that Leones refused to let him leave this time, Archie collapsed on the ground in fright, weeping.

“Please let me go this time, Mister. I dare not come again...”

“I don’t want the Soler family’s debt anymore either... Please, just let me go...”

Since the debt was brought up, Leones asked curiously, “How much does the Soler family owe the Peterson family?”

“Not... Not much...”

“It’s only a few hundred million... I don’t want it...really don’t want it anymore...”

At this time, Archie dared not ask for debts anymore. He just wanted to save his own life.

“A few hundred million dollars, huh...”

Leones pondered for a moment and then said, “Okay, then tell your family to pay a billion dollars. to redeem you!”

“Call and send more people here!”

“Remember, let them bring the money this time!”

When Archie was crying and calling his family for help, Leones sat back on the sofa again.

Like a sharp blade in the darkness, he was dignified and intimidating.

“You...”

Mia looked at Leones. She had thousands of words in her heart but did not know how to say them.

However, there was one thing she was certain of.

This time, her brother really gave her a powerful backer to rely on! This man could really help them make a comeback!

A glimmer of hope finally appeared in Mia’s eyes.

She had persevered through the helplessness, grievances, and pains all these years. Now, she finally saw hope again.

At this time, at the Peterson Villa.

An old man with a white beard and hair was drinking coffee and reading a newspaper. Suddenly, he received a call from his youngest son, and his face became a little gloomy.

This old man was Archie’s father and the current head of the Peterson family, Charles Peterson.

Hearing that his youngest son was kidnapped, Charles could not help feeling anxious and angry.

Since he was in the coal business in the early years, he had hundreds of thugs under his command, ready to call at any time.

In the past few decades, the Peterson family had only been the kidnapper. This was the first time anyone dared to kidnap his family member.

On top of that, that person dared to kidnap his son?

Was the kidnapper tired of living?

“Who is he?” Charles asked as he walked to the desk, picked up the landline, and prepared to call someone.

“The Soler family!” Archie said truthfully.

“Which Soler family?” Charles’ memories failed him for a moment. Since when did Sherland have a Soler family?

“Gellert! It’s his man!” Archie said in horror, “This man claims to be the backer of the Soler family. I brought more than two hundred men, and he defeated them all.”

“Dad, when you bring people here, remember to bring the Guardian, whom our family paid a lot of money to hire. This man, he... He’s really terrifyingly strong!”

The ex-richest man, Gellert Soler?

When Charles heard this, his hands trembled uncontrollably. And when he heard his son say that more than 200 people were defeated, he slowly put down the phone again.

The Soler family hired more than 300 thugs in total. Now that more than two-thirds were defeated, there was no point in bringing over the remaining 100 or so thugs.

“I see.”

Charles ended the call with his son and hurriedly dialed another person’s phone.

“Ludo! My family is in big trouble! Come quickly!”

After anxiously waiting for about 15 minutes, the man Charles referred to as Ludo finally arrived in time.

“Charles, why did you summon me this late at night?”

This man was Ludo Antler, an Oracle. He was in his fifties, dressed in a blue robe, had an extraordinary temperament, and his every move gave him the image of a master.

“It’s my son. He’s kidnapped...” Charles briefly explained the situation while preparing the car. “Oh? Defeated more than 200 men?” Ludo nodded. “Looks like he is a skilled martial artist!”

“Mr. Antler, are you confident?” Charles was a little worried. “Should I call more men?”

As soon as these words came out, Ludo laughed out loud.

“Charles, relax. It’s just an ordinary martial artist. What’s there to be worried about?”

“As the saying goes, no amount of training can match the blade, and no blade can match the of arcane magic!”

Before Ludo finished speaking, he waved his hand.

power

As if pulled by invisible strings, the surrounding furnishings started to make clanking sounds.

In the next second, an incredible scene appeared.

The tables, chairs, bench, and many books in the study suddenly floated in mid-air as if they were weightless in space.

When Ludo showed such incredible power, Charles was amazed and astonished immediately.

“Mr. Antler, you really are like a god!”

Ludo chuckled, then pulled up Charles and said, “Charles, let’s go. I alone am more than enough to deal with something so trivial!”