

## Submit 494

### Chapter 494 New Hatred and Old Grudge

the situation was tense

After a moment of silence, August and Burton exchanged a look and began to fight at almost the same time

They used their bodies to fight against the metal rods, snatch the opponent's weapons, and try their best to fight back. But even so, they still suffered a lot.

After a while, August leaned against an iron rod. His body was over black and blue, and he took about to fall down at any time.

Not far away, Bishop stood there like a bystander with a cold smile on his face

August raised her eyes and saw Bishop's Hatred and anger burst out. He turned his head slightly and was on guard against the people around him. However, he suddenly saw Burton kneeling on the ground with his right hand covering his abdomen. Blood flowed from between his fingers and dripped to the ground.

In an instant, August's nerves tightened. He immediately stepped forward and whispered, "Burton!"

Burton's face was pale like a ghost. His lips moved, but he was in so much pain that he couldn't speak. Seemingly, August felt a surge of anger rise in his heart.

He did not expect someone to be so ruthless! It was one thing for a group of people to attack with sticks, but they even used daggers!

He raised his eyes and scanned the crowd with bloodshot eyes. His gaze was terrifyingly cold. A man looked away guiltily and put his right hand behind his back.

August's mind went blank. He rushed forward, grabbed the man by the collar, and punched him in the face with his fists. At that time, the only thing he wanted was to kill this man! Soon, the men next to them rushed up and separated them.

He raised his hand slightly and everyone stopped moving. Several

men were beside him. Bob understood and immediately went forward to check Burton's injury. Then, he came back and reported truthfully, "Young master, it looks like he has injured the internal

organs slightly and immediately strode toward Burton.

and looked at August, intercepting his anxious glance. He picked up his phone, dialed a number, and chuckled at the person on the other end of

the line. August looked at this silent man and felt a chill run down her spine. An indescribable uneasiness and fear rose

in her heart. She knew what Bishop wanted to do, but it seemed that it was just the beginning. The hall was quiet, and the air was filled with a faint smell of blood. August did not

burst of hurried footsteps suddenly came from outside. About seven or eight people were coming in from the door in a dark mass. When the black umbrella was removed,

Why could he take a

was dark and thin and wrinkled, and his unique walking posture made

a pause, he looked

He strode toward him, laughing loudly. When he passed by August, he didn't

Bishop. Bishop said with a smile, "Mr. Denko, I've prepared

looked in the direction of August. Suddenly, his expression changed, and he pretended to just notice August. He walked forward and said, "Is it

Mr. Denko, who had disappeared for several years, would

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with a smile, "I've never seen President Adams like this before!" August's body tensed up and he

and took two steps back, looking at him coldly. "I didn't expect you to still be so stubborn

his subordinates beside him. Someone immediately handed him a silver briefcase. Mr. Denko opened it and sneered, "Give him a dose. I want to

the suitcase warily, "What

coldly and retreated to the side. He looked at him and said, "August, you haven't forgotten the hatred between us, have