



### 118: Don't Block the Way!

According to reports from her subordinates, Ian was currently at a nightclub called the Golden Lion Club, having the time of his life. Caitlin tied up her long hair, donned a wig, and slipped into a sleek black outfit. She looked like a cold and aloof man, exuding an almost chilling aura—imposing yet enigmatic. The best way to describe her was a perfect balance of righteousness and villainy, a figure whose gender was hard to discern.

They arrived at the Golden Lion Club, looking for Ian—the man who had dared to frame her last time. Today, she was here to settle the score.

The Golden Lion Club was a multipurpose entertainment venue in New York, known for its luxurious gambling and high-profile clientele. Caitlin, along with Quincy and a few subordinates, entered the club and began their search for Ian. It didn't take long for them to spot him sitting at one of the gambling tables. True to his nature, Ian was a habitual gambler, and today he was on a losing streak. He had started with five million in chips, but now only had fifty thousand left, desperately trying to hold on.

In a panic, Ian tugged at his hair, almost pulling it out.

Caitlin walked up casually, asking in a calm tone, "Do you want to turn things around?"

"Of course!" Ian looked up at her but didn't recognize her.

"I can help you get back your losses," Caitlin said with a confident smile, "but I have one condition."

"What condition?" Ian was eager to hear more.



"If I help you, I'll need some interest," Caitlin replied slowly, the corners of her lips curling up.

"Interest? How much?" Ian asked, eager to make his money back.

Caitlin's smile turned colder. "I want your life as the interest."

Ian's face paled, and he thought he must have misheard her. "What... What did you say?"

"I said," Caitlin repeated in an icy tone, "the interest I want... is your life."  
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With a sudden and dangerous shift in her demeanor, Ian was paralyzed with fear. He scrambled to grab his remaining chips and tried to flee.

But Caitlin was too fast for him. With a swift jump, she landed directly in front of him, blocking his way. Without missing a beat, she delivered a powerful sidekick that sent Ian flying into the gambling table.

Quincy and the others quickly subdued him, pinning him down on the table. Ian's face was pressed against the surface as he desperately tried to wriggle free. But then, a sharp glint caught his eye—Caitlin had placed a knife just ten centimeters from his face.

"Spare me... Spare me, please!" Ian begged, his eyes wide in terror.

Caitlin calmly leaned over, her foot perched on the edge of the table as she gazed down at him. "I can spare you, but only if you confess everything honestly."

"I'll confess, I swear!" Ian panicked, eager to save himself.

The commotion drew the attention of everyone in the casino, and soon, a



group of thugs rushed over, shouting, "Who dares to cause trouble here?"

Caitlin looked up and gave them a disdainful glance. "None of your business. Stay out of it."

The manager of the Golden Lion Club snorted, clearly not intimidated. "Who do you think you are, causing a ruckus on Mr. Quick's turf? Do you want to die?"

Ian, recognizing the man leading the charge, cried out for help, "Brother Bao! Help me! Please!"

The manager, familiar with Ian, stepped forward, demanding, "What are you doing? Let him go!"

But before the manager could make a move, Quincy swept his leg and sent him flying.

"This has nothing to do with the Golden Lion Club," Caitlin said coldly. "I advise you to stay out of it, or you'll face the consequences."

The manager, getting up and wiping the blood from his nose, hurriedly ran to report to his boss.

"Mr. Quick! Mr. Quick! These people are causing trouble!"

Caitlin and her team followed the manager's pointing finger, and there, emerging from a crowd of thugs, was a tall, cold-faced man surrounded by bodyguards. He was none other than Thomas Quick, the boss of the Golden Lion Club and a powerful figure in New York's Talon Quarters, with ties to the Fire Blaze Gang.

All the thugs bowed respectfully and greeted him, "Mr. Quick."



Thomas Quick looked at Caitlin, noting his first impression of the young man standing before him. He wasn't just anyone—his demeanor was sharp and refined, suggesting that he wasn't here to cause trouble.

"Who are you people? Causing a scene on my turf?" Thomas asked with a cold stare.

"Mr. Quick, it's a pleasure to meet you," Caitlin said smoothly, not wanting to escalate the situation. "We're not here to cause trouble. We're just looking for Ian to handle some personal matters. If we're interrupting your business, we'll leave immediately. Apologies for any inconvenience."

She gestured for Quincy to take Ian away, not wanting to cause any more conflict with the Talon Quarters.

"Let them go," Thomas said, signaling for his men to back off.

Just as Caitlin and her group were about to leave, the entrance of the club was suddenly blocked by a crowd of people. These new arrivals were armed with knives and clubs, and they were clearly here to cause trouble.

Caitlin tensed up, initially thinking that these people were Thomas's men coming to stop them.

"Call Mr. Quick out here!" one of the newcomers shouted.

"Come out, come out! You can't just attack our brother and walk away!" Another voice yelled.

The crowd was hostile and clearly looking for a fight. Caitlin quickly realized these weren't Thomas's men, but a group from the Fire Blaze Gang.



"Get out of the way, you little brat!" the leader of the group, K.C., yelled at Caitlin, mistaking her for someone from the Talon Quarters.

Caitlin's sharp eyes recognized him—K.C. was one of the subordinates from Fire Blaze Gang's T-Five. The gang had come looking for trouble over some minor conflict.

K.C. hadn't recognized Caitlin in her disguise and arrogantly ordered her to move. But Caitlin stood firm.

"Do you want to die?" K.C. sneered, reaching out to grab her by the collar.

But Caitlin wasn't one to tolerate such provocation. She swiftly grabbed his wrist and twisted it with a sickening crack.

K.C. let out a shriek of pain and was sent tumbling through the air, landing with a thud on the ground.

The crowd gasped, shocked by her speed and strength. They now looked at Caitlin with fear and caution.

K.C., groaning from the impact, found himself with his face crushed under Caitlin's foot.

Her eyes were as cold as ice. "If you want to beg for mercy, now's your chance. I'll give you three seconds. Three... two..."