Wrong Table 1472

Chapter 1472

“I’ve been waiting for you to say that!”

Violence had never been Blake’s primary means of achieving his goals; he preferred

negotiation whenever possible. Even then, he reserved the right to decide if violence

was necessary. Who does Chase think he is to flaunt or in front of me?

“Hand over those two bodyguards from your family, and I’ll let her go!”

Blake tossed his phone over to Chase.

Examining the photos, Chase replied promptly, “One of them is indeed a Tanner family

bodyguard, but the other with long hair isn’t ours!”

“Then give me that bodyguard and tell me where to find the long-haired man!”

Once Blake set his mind on something, he pursued it relentlessly, despite his usual

laziness.

Above all, he harbored a deep resentment towards Yosef.

In contrast, Chase was hesitant, merely a son-in-law of the Tanner family. Taking

advantage of others was his only skill; making decisions for the family was beyond him.

“What’s the holdup? Get on with it!”

Hazel felt humiliated and shouted. If news of her, the Tanner family’s young lady, being

disciplined by an unsightly man got out, she’d prefer to vanish!

“Okay, I’ll go!”

Chase swiftly arranged for the bodyguard who struck Tommy to be brought forward.

“That’s the culprit!”

Blake identified him and swiftly struck the man’s temple, tit for tat!

Caught off guard, the unfortunate bodyguard collapsed lifelessly to the ground, eyes

rolling back.

“Ah, that feels better!”

Blake grinned, dusting his hands off, then turned to Hazel once more.

Startled, Hazel quickly shielded her rear and stepped back.

“What about the long-haired guy? Where can find him?” Blake pressed on.

Knowing full well of Yosef’s immense strength, if it were just any other task, he’d

procrastinate on it. But when it came to Tommy's welfare, especially considering

Yosef's arrogance, he knew he had to confront him head-on, even if it meant a

showdown to the bitter end.

In fact, he deemed it necessary to neutralize him altogether!

"He… He seems to be living in a regular neighborhood in Onza. I… I can give you the

exact address." Hazel, now trembling with fear in Blake's presence, hesitantly provided

the address. Her earlier arrogance had melted away…

After Blake obtained the address, he warned, "Don't tip him off, or I'll come back and

give you another good spanking!"

With a hearty chuckle, Blake departed, leaving behind a stunned Hazel.

"Who knew a visit to the Tanner Residence could be more thrilling than a trip to the

spa? What an adventure! Haha…"

Meanwhile in an ordinary rental house, Yosef was deep in meditation when a sudden

knock interrupted him.

“Hey, anyone home? Hello-”

It was a girl’s voice, tinged with excitement.

Yosef, frowning, rose to open the door. Before him stood the girl who had managed a stall with her grandpa that morning.

“I finally found you, mister!”

Dressed modestly, the girl had an unremarkable appearance, but her innocent smile melted Yosef’s uncertainty.

“Who are you?” Yosef asked, perplexed.

“Hey mister, don’t you recognize me?”

The girl seemed surprised, gesturing to the cat at her feet. “It’s us! You helped us out before!”

“Meow-”

The cat seemed to convey intelligence as it meowed at Yosef.

“Oh, it’s you guys!”

Yosef’s memory was jogged. He had indeed helped this girl and her cat after winning

the Grand Martial Showdown daily championship.

“Come on, mister. You can’t forget about us already,” the girl said, her tone a mix of sadness and surprise. How could he forget about me after handing me a 500 thous card just a week ago?

Yosef didn’t answer her directly. Instead, he turned and walked into the house, muttering something the old godfather had taught him, “Do not expect kindness to be repaid. Do not forget to repay the kindness received.”

“Huh?”

The girl tapped her chin with her index finger, looking a bit confused. It took her a while to grasp the meaning of his words. Then, she walked into the house with the cat in her arms, feeling rather excited. “Sorry for disturbing you, mister!”

Once inside, she realized that Yosef was not a particularly affluent man. The house was almost empty, with not a single valuable item in sight.