



Chapter 358 Teach Him A Lesson

“I’m close. I don’t want to die. Please, I was wrong. Let me go. I can barely breathe.” Woody said with his hoarse voice. He was extremely nervous.

“Now can you smell death?” Maximilian asked with a smile.

Woody felt that Maximilian was like a devil when he smiled.

Because of the fear, a warm stream flowed down his thighs.

“I, I can feel it, the smell of death.” Woody said with his voice cracked. Now he thought it was the most regrettable thing he had ever done.

Maximilian threw Woody beside the car and said with despise, “Such a loser. If you don’t have the power, then you’d





better lay it low.”

“I was wrong. I swear I’ll keep it low from now on.” Woody begged as he covered his neck with his hands while wriggling on the ground.

Addison grinned. Though he could not see how miserable Woody must be, he could imagine it.

Maximilian kicked Woody, “Drive now. Don’t waste my time.”

“My hand is broken. I can’t drive.” Woody said with frustration.

He intended to say he wanted to go to hospital, but he decided to shut up.

Maximilian shook his head and opened the safety of the pistol. Then he pointed Woody with it. “I heard that a man’s potential can be fully stimulated when he wants to survive. I’m sure you can drive well under my gun.” Staring at





the black hole of the pistol, Woody swore inwardly.

He had seen some mad men, but he had never seen anyone like Maximilian, because a crippled driver might lead to an accident. But he didn't dare to say what he was thinking. If Maximilian was provoked, he might take a bullet.

Feeling wronged, Woody got into the car with frustration while enduring the pain on his right hand. He used his left hand to start the engine, put the gears and drove away slowly.

"I can only drive like this since I can only use one hand. I don't dare to drive faster." Woody said to Maximilian meekly.

Maximilian nodded absently, and then he closed his eyes to rest in the seat.

In the abandoned factory, Aston's





bodyguards had prepared for Maximilian's arrival. Except the two guards always by Aston's side, there were other men busing around in case Maximilian would harm their master.

Aston frowned after he had been play with his phone for quite a while, as Woody had not returned.

"What happened to him? It's been so long. The time he took was enough for him to go there and come back several times!"

"Young master, please don't worry. Let me make a call."

The guards dialed Woody's number, but Woody could not pick his phone since he was using his only functioning hand to drive.

Woody heard his phone ringing, and he kept casting glances at Maximilian, hoping that Maximilian would help him





check who the caller was. But he dared not to say it. It was not until the ringing stopped that he felt relieved.

The bodyguard put the phone down with confusion and said with dissatisfaction. "He didn't answer the phone. Perhaps something happened to him."

Aston hesitated for a moment and lowered his head to continue playing with his phone. "Let's not hurry. We just keep waiting. Since Woody's phone is not dead, then it's not something serious."

Although he felt worried inside, he still seemed calm, because he believed that a leader must be confident in front of his followers.

He thought of Jarven's calmness during the war and tried to be calm. Finally he heard footsteps.





Maximilian walked into the factory with Woody in his hands, Addison trailing behind.

Woody then wobbled toward Aston with his left hand on his right wrist.

“Why didn’t you answer my call?”
The bodyguard shouted at him.

“I, I offended Mr. Lee and he taught me a lesson. My right hand is broken, so I drive with the other hand. That’s why I’m late and didn’t answer your call.”

Woody told them what happened with frustration. His story made Aston and his guards felt chilly on their spines.

They wondered if this man had any humanity at all. Let a crippled man drive? How bold this man must be!

Maximilian threw Addison to the ground near Aston’s feet and said with a smile, “You followers didn’t know the





rules, so I taught them a lesson.”

“Who do you think you’re? Our young master’s followers are not for you to teach!” The guard shouted.

“Keep quiet! Show some respect to Mr. Lee. Woody made a mistake, so he deserves it. In fact, I should thank Mr. Lee for it.” Aston said with ease.

“Where’s my chair? I assume the young master won’t keep me standing during the discussion.” Maximilian sounded very kind. But Aston didn’t believe that Maximilian was a kind person. As he looked at the fake smile on Maximilian’s face, he believed this man could change his mood very quickly.

“Bring Mr. Lee a chair. Choose the best one.”

The guard left and fetched a luxury leather chair from the warehouse. Then





he put it behind Maximilian.

“Please sit down. This is not a cozy place, but don’t blame us for it.” Aston said politely.

Maximilian sat down and said, “So tell me what you want to cooperate.”

Aston cast a glance at Addison and winked at the guard, who then dragged Addison out. “Woody, come with me.”

Then Woody left with the guard. He wanted to stay away from Maximilian as far as possible, because this man scared him to death.

After Addison was taken away, Aston took out a cigar and put it into his mouth. “I have a professional cutthroat organization. Many top killers have joined in, so I wonder if you are interested. I just took a big order. If we succeed, you can get 50 million dollars.”





“I don’t care about your damn organization, but I’m interested in the order.”

Aston’s face turned somber. He was not satisfied with Maximilian’s answer because he wanted Maximilian to be one of his cutthroats.

However, the somberness on his face was soon replaced by a smile, because he was confident about his plan B.

If Maximilian could complete that mission, Aston could easily make Maximilian afraid of doing anything out of line, even if Maximilian refused his offer now.

“Alright, since you are not interested, I won’t force you on that. After all, nothing forcibly done is agreeable. But I need you not to tell others about it. If you can keep it a secret, I can tell you.”





“I’m good at keeping secrets.”





Chapter 359 Assassinate Master Benedict

Keeping secrets was not difficult for Maximilian. Besides, Maximilian was even more curious about it since Aston was so serious.

“It’s better if you can do that. But even if you can’t, that’s okay too, because no one will believe you.” Aston straightened his body and turned serious. “Do you know about the Dragon Sect?”

Maximilian froze for a moment, and then he narrowed his eyes.

“I have heard some stories about it. It seems to be a very big force. “

“It is quite a force. But there are more organizations like it. There is also one behind my family. But I won’t tell you much about it. “





He didn't tell which organization was behind his family because he wanted Maximilian to make a guess. It was a common method for him to use and the outcome always turned out to be better than he just told everything

Maximilian smiled and began thinking about organizations that were as big as the Dragon Sect.

It seemed that no organizations in this county could rival with the Dragon Sect. Only several organizations in other countries were as strong. He thought perhaps the Brooks Family swore their loyalty to one of these organizations or they might even been manipulated by these organizations.

"I'm not interested in your family background. Let's talk about the order. I'm more interested in money."
Maximilian said calmly.





Aston felt frustrated, as he had not expected that Maximilian was not curious about it.

“Alright. I got a mission recently and our goal is to assassinate Master Benedict, an important figure in the Dragon Sect. He is one of the eight Dragon Lords, so he must be well-protected. So I want to use the best man I can find.”

“If you can join me for this task, I can be more confident. So I’d like to invite you to this mission.”

Maximilian was truly interested when hearing this.

Master Benedict was a firm supporter of the Dragon Queen. Now he was in City H for her. And the appearance of Kroopf was another explanation for it.

Maximilian wondered how Dragon





Queen would react if Master Benedict was killed.

Noticing that Maximilian was pondering, Aston stopped talking, and waited silently.

Maximilian pondered for a moment and thought he could join this assassination. If he could find a chance to talk to Master Benedict alone, he could get more information.

“I’m interested. But shouldn’t you show some sincerity?”

Aston raised his eyebrows and smiled, “Of course. If you join us, I will send Leighton to accompany his son and his family will no longer be your threat. Besides, the 20 million dollars he used to hire killer will also be given to you.”

Aston used Leighton’s life and money as a chip to curry favor with





Maximilian. By doing so, he can make a big deal of money and interfere election of the White Family's heir. So it would not take long before the White Family became his family's dependency. It was almost the perfect decision that gave him the most benefit.

Maximilian nodded with a smile, "Okay. So before the cooperation, I hope I can hear that man's obituary."

"No problem. I will be working on it now. I'll meet you here tomorrow to make a plan." Aston snapped his fingers with excitement.

"I hope I can read his information so I can get prepared." Maximilian said calmly.

"I don't have it. It cannot be available until tomorrow when we discuss about the plan."

Aston was worried that Maximilian





might change his mind, so he explained, "I'm only responsible for recruitment. I'm not the one to tell you how to do it. It's a mysterious guy, who is allegedly the King of Soldiers. He hired a bunch of mercenaries after retirement. The mercenaries will do the main attack tomorrow. You and other cutthroats are their supporters."

"King of Soldiers? There are lots of them nowadays. I wonder how many of them are worthy of the title." Maximilian said while shaking his head.

He had heard lots of stories about these so-called King of Soldiers or God Generals and it seemed that every region must have one or two with these titles to make them sound more powerful.

In his opinion, they were just some strong soldiers and not as powerful as





the title sounded.

“Not this one, at least. He had fought over a hundred battles and it’s said that he had killed thousands of people.” Aston gestured with four of his fingers to show his respect.

“Well, it seems that he’s powerful. So I’ll just wait for tomorrow’s information.”

It was only one day, so Maximilian was not in a hurry. He had always been patient.

Aston’s phone buzzed. It was a video call from Leighton’s old butler.

“It seems that it’s almost done. You can watch Leighton die on live streaming.”

Aston picked up the call, and then the butler’s face appeared on the screen.

“Young master, I have prepared as





you asked. Now can I kill Leighton?”

“Yes.” Then he showed Maximilian what was going on the screen.

Leighton was tied on the couch and the butler was holding a knife while walking towards his master.

“What are you doing? How dare you betray me?” Leighton shouted in panic.

“Master, I have been waiting for this day for so long. Finally I can do it. 40 years ago, you killed the woman I loved most, do you remember? She was in my dreams many times, asking me to avenge her!”

The horror made Leighton’s hair stand on their ends. “I didn’t kill her. She did it herself and I could not stop her. She seduced me. I didn’t force her. You can’t do this. Let me go and I swear I’ll forget about this!”





“I don’t care. I only know that she wanted me to avenge her. So go to hell now!”

Then the butler thrust the knife towards Leighton insanely.

The blade danced up and down on his body.

“You bribed his butler?” Maximilian asked while watching Leighton turn into a corpse.

“I’m just helping a poor guy fulfill his wish. And I can help with yours as well.”





Chapter 360 Golden-Belt Boxing King

Maximilian returned home.

Marcus and his wife had awakened, and they were having dinner with Victoria.

Marcus and Laura seemed okay, which made Maximilian feel relieved.

Laura looked at Maximilian with dissatisfaction, "Where have you been? You'd better get a job."

"I had something to do." Maximilian made up an excuse and then looked at Victoria.

Victoria nodded her head, suggesting that she was okay.

"What thing could you possibly do? You are definitely just wondering around. Do you know how busy Victoria



is? Can't you share her burden?"

"Mom, please stop. He was doing something for me." Laura glared at her daughter and stopped talking.

Victoria ate some food hastily and followed Maximilian to their room.

"Are you okay? I was so worried." Victoria put her arms around him and rest her head on his should.

Smiling, Maximilian hugged Victoria, "It's done. It was the White Family. Somebody has solved the problem.

"That's good. I didn't work today. There is so much work to do, so I have to go back to the company later."

"I'll accompany you. I'll be worried if you work alone."

Victoria nodded. Then she got dressed up and went to the company with Maximilian.





The moment she arrived at her office, she saw Andrew sitting there with a somber face.

“Now you know you have a job? Don’t you know how many things were delayed because of you? This is a crucial time!”

“So she comes. If you keep talking like that, I’ll take her home and she will leave this project to you.”

“You loser. You are in no place to talk!” Andrew shouted while pointing at Maximilian’s nose.

“Uncle, I will finish my work tonight. I left because there was an emergency.”

Andrew waved his hands with anger. Then he glared at Maximilian and left the office.

Andrew found his son playing with his cellphone when he returned to his





office.

“Dad, what happened?”

“That bastard Maximilian becomes more and more arrogant. He forgot he’s just using his wife’s influence!” Andrew complained with irritation.

“Does that loser say something harsh? Do you need me to ask somebody to teach him lesson?” Franklin asked.

“Ask whom? All of the men you asked before could not beat Maximilian. During the last kidnap, Maximilian beat all those thugs. I didn’t know how this bastard did it.”

Andrew thought of finding somebody to avenge for him. But when thinking of Maximilian’s formidable power, he was afraid of Maximilian’s revenge.



“It’s not like before this time. I knew a good fighter. He has been the champion of the Martial Contest in this province for three years. And he performed well in foreign boxing matches as well. It’s said that he once won a golden belt.” Franklin said with complacency.

He came to know these fighters because he wanted to hire them to teach Maximilian a lesson. But that required a lot of money. So he could only encourage his dad to help him with it.

Andrew seemed interested. He knew little about boxing, but he knew the meaning of a golden belt because only the best fighter could win that honor.

“He really has got a golden belt?”

“Of course. This is the photo. And I have the footage of him fighting in a





foreign contest.” Franklin showed him the photo and then he played the video.

Andrew became excited when he saw the fierce fight in the screen and the scene when this King of Boxing beat his opponent.

“He looks good. We can give him a try. Victoria is stay in the company tonight and Maximilian is likely to accompany her. It’s a good opportunity.

“He will come, but the reward is 1 million dollars.”

Andrew pondered for a moment and smashed his hand on the table. “Fine. If that loser can be tamed this time, the money will not go to waste.”

Excited, Franklin picked up his phone and made the call.

A moment later, Franklin put his phone aside and said, “Dad, I’m going to



meet him and tell him the situation. It seems that there will be a show going on tonight.”

“Go. I’ll wait for your good news.”

Then Franklin left and drove to the boxing training hall not far away.

After he entered, he was surrounded by several stout men. He looked at them with fear.

“I, I’m here for Samson.”

“You must be Franklin?” One of them patted on his should.

Franklin shivered and he almost fell on the ground.

“Yes.”

“Don’t be a pussy. You don’t want to be scared to death. Come, he’s inside.”

Then they led him to the ring.

Inside the ring Samson was fighting



his opponent, who was muscular and seemed as strong as a bear. But he was no match for Samson at all.

He could only flinch under Samson's attack, and then Samson jumped and slashed at his opponent with his elbow.

The crush made him wobble. Then he fell on the ground, unconscious.

"How useless you are! You are not even worth being my sparring partner! You influenced my next contest!" Samson complained and spitted on the unconscious man.

Franklin was excited, because he thought this man could definitely beat Maximilian black and blue.

"Samson, he's here."

Samson cast Franklin a glance and grinned, "You're really here. So you agreed? I will take no bargain"



“Yes. Can you do it tonight? He’s in the company and it’s a perfect opportunity for us.” Franklin said with respect.

“Well, since this rookie is in a coma, I don’t mind training outside. I hope the man you mentioned is not like him. There will be no fun if I finished him with one hit.” Samson said casually.

“He’s not like this one. Last time he beat over 20 fighters. He will be a worthy component of you.”

“Sounds interesting. Now pay me half the money. The rest can wait until I’m done with him.”

“No problem. Let’s go and get him now!”



Chapter 361 Admit Failure

Franklin took a brisk step and took Hamish and his boxers into the building.

"Hamish, I'll treat you when we're done. Let's have a seafood barbecue now." Franklin said excitedly.

As long as Hamish could give Maximilian a lesson and beat him hard, it's worth drinking all night to vent the annoying mood.

Maximilian had embarrassed him for so many times, so Franklin was very annoyed and wanted to trample Maximilian under his feet.

"Okay, you can rest assured. I will beat him fiercely, and he will lie on the floor like a dead dog."

Hamish was full of disdain for Maximilian and thought Maximilian was





only a punk and just had some impractical skills.

Franklin took Hamish and his men to Victoria's office and whispered, "Hamish, right here. I don't want to show up, so I'll wait by the side."

After saying that, Franklin slipped to the office aside and waited for the final result.

Hamish made a hand gesture to his men, who went forward and kicked the office door open.

"Yoo-hoo, Hamish, a beauty is here! this is really a late-night boon." The man looked at Victoria lustfully and said.

Hamish walked into the office, glanced at Maximilian who was sitting in the corner, and then stared at Victoria.

"OMG, you are really beautiful. Hi,





beauty, are you willing to go out with me tonight? I guarantee to make you happy and high which your waste husband definitely cannot do."

Victoria's brows knitted and looked at the intruder coldly, "Who are you? Please get out, or I'll call the Security."

Hamish's men all laughed as if they had heard a funny joke.

"Oh, you want to fuck looking for the Security? You must accompany Hamish tonight. No matter who you call, it is useless."

"We will not go out. If you do not cooperate, Hamish will have to fuck you on the spot, and you could know what office passion is about."

"Beauty, I advise you to be sensible. If you follow Hamish, you could have anything you want and live a happy life from now on."





Hamish's men kept talking and lustfully looked at Victoria, but ignored Maximilian completely.

Victoria's face was red with anger, and she wanted to throw Hamish and the others out.

Maximilian stood up and said, "Get out."

"Fuck, who the hell opened the crotch and exposed your son of a bitch's shit?"

"You dare to ask us to get out? You are fucking looking for death. Today, let's teach you how to behave properly."

"Hamish, let us teach this punk a lesson first, and you chat with the pretty girl."

Hamish's boxers shook their wrists, with sinister smiles on their faces, and walked slowly towards Maximilian.





Maximilian snorted coldly and walked quickly towards the boxers, "Since you guys are looking for death, I don't mind helping you."

"Fuck! You really think you're somebody? We are professional boxers, and we could make you cry with just one punch."

The boxer standing at the front kept talking, but Maximilian had already punched him in the face.

Bang! The punch hit on the boxer's cheekbone, which made a cracking sound, and the boxer's cheek directly dented, which looked rather miserable.

"Wow!" The boxer let out a miserable howl and went backward to the side.

Seeing the miserable boxer on the floor, the rest boxers were trembling and knew they had encountered a cruel man this time, so they should take this





seriously.

"This bastard is quite cruel, everyone should be careful." A boxer yelled. His pace had begun to retreat, his hands protecting his body, and he put on a posture of careful defensiveness.

A hot-tempered boxer rushed towards Maximilian with a strange shout and kicked at Maximilian's neck with an overhead turn. Due to the fast speed and strength, his leg made a whipping burst sound in the air.

Pop! Maximilian's right hand erected to block this boxer's overhead leg, and then changed his palm into a grasp and tightly grabbed the boxer's kicking calf.

The boxer was shocked and tried with all his efforts to retract his leg, but it was too late by then.

Maximilian exerted his wrist force, grabbed the boxer's calf, swung him in





the air like a swing stick, and smashed the boxer's body against the others.

The other boxers were scared when they saw this, and they changed their view toward Maximilian immediately. Maximilian was not an ordinary people, because ordinary people couldn't be so powerful. In their opinion, Maximilian was able to kill them in seconds.

Hamish narrowed his eyes, looked at Maximilian's actions, and analyzed Maximilian's speed, explosive power, and strength.

At this moment, Hamish's brain was like a computer running at high speed and made crazy calculations. With rich practical experience, Hamish soon had an overall understanding of Maximilian's level.

With the new understanding, Hamish quickly simulated a comparison in his





mind and felt that he was basically on the same level as Maximilian, both in strength and speed. But Hamish thought he had more fighting experience than Maximilian, and with that experience, he could beat Maximilian.

"It's interesting! Move aside and let me do it." Hamish narrowed his eyes and said.

Hearing Hamish's words, the boxers who were dodging around followed the order, exited the office, and stood outside the door, staring at Maximilian with fear.

Who would have thought that a wild monster could be so fierce? The more the boxers remembered, the more frightened they became. If Hamish had not come forward, they were afraid that they would not last for more than 30





seconds.

Maximilian threw the boxer he was carrying out of his hand and looked at Hamish not far away with a smile, "You're the leader? Who asked you to make trouble here?"

"Oh, do you want to know? If you want to know, it's up to your ability. If you can beat me, I'll tell you whatever you ask."

The boxers standing outside the door felt that their performance just now was too humiliating, and now they all cheered up for Hamish and hoped Hamish could beat Maximilian.

"Hamish, kill him. This guy is too arrogant! You must beat him up and make him call you grandfather."

"He had humiliated us this time. Hamish, we are counting on you to revenge us."





Hamish looked at his men and became annoyed, "You are bullshit and still have a face to say this. You should admit if you couldn't win him. Don't make noise here, or I'll clean you up first."

The boxers instantly shut up, because they knew Hamish's temper. If they kept talking, Hamish would beat them first.

Hamish waved his wrist and did a brief warm-up, "Come on!"





Chapter 362 Ruthless

Franklin was in the office next door and heard the sound outside, so he peek his head out to look outside. When seeing a group of boxers standing in a mess in front of Victoria's office, he suddenly became angry.

Damn it! These professional boxers were also useless? Maximilian beat them all out?

Fortunately, Hamish did not come out. Perhaps Hamish could clean up Maximilian. It cost a million to hire Hamish, so he hoped Hamish would do the job.

When praying in his heart, Franklin heard Hamish's loud voice coming. He was curious and wanted to take a look. After hesitating for a while, curiosity finally prevailed. Franklin slipped out of





the office, stood behind a burly boxer, poked his head out, and looked into Victoria's office.

Hamish smashed a left hook into Maximilian's cheek, and Maximilian sidestepped and backed up to avoid it.

Franklin's hands clenched tight, and he felt sorry for Hamish. If this punch hit Maximilian, it could destroy Maximilian's brain.

Hamish's series of rapid burst attacks gave Franklin confidence. Franklin thought it was right to hire Hamish this time, and Hamish would give Maximilian a good lesson.

But Hamish didn't think so. At this moment, Hamish became more and more chilled. Maximilian dodged with ease and quizzicality, which made Hamish frightened.

When facing an opponent who was





inferior to him, Hamish would tease the opponent as if he were a cat playing with a mouse. But he had become a mouse and was being teased by Maximilian now.

"Are you going to be a fucking shrinking turtle? Don't you dare to punch me?" Hamish roared with annoyance.

Maximilian smiled and said indifferently, "Sure, I am glad to help you."

"Bullshit! I am stronger than you!" Hamish roared, his strength gathered in his right fist and administered a heavy punch at Maximilian.

Maximilian waved his right arm casually as if he didn't use much strength at all, which was completely different from Hamish trying his best.

At this moment, everyone held their





breath, watching the first round between Maximilian and Hamish.

Franklin was even tenser and raised his fists in front of his body, as if he was ready to pounce on Maximilian and beat him hard at any time.

Bang! The moment the two fists collided, time seemed to freeze.

Hamish could hear the sound of cracking bones; see his fist bulging with bumps and broken bone scraps spilling out through his skin.

Maximilian's power was like a tidal wave, sweeping from Hamish's finger bones and palm bones to the wrist and the forearm.

It was just a change in the blink of an eye, but Hamish felt it was a year. Watching his small arm bones shattered and exploded, and his skin filled with bright red beads of blood,



Hamish finally opened his mouth and let out a miserable scream.

Oww!

Hamish's strength was great, and his crazy scream caused the walls to buzz and vibrate.

Staring at Hamish's arm, which was hanging down at a weird angle with blood dripping, the boxers felt their blood had turned icy.

Maximilian was not human. Because a human couldn't make such a powerful attack that could blow up the entire fist and forearm bones. This was something humans couldn't do.

Franklin covered his mouth with both hands, staring at Maximilian with incredible shock.

Maximilian squinted his eyes at Franklin in the crowd and sneered.





Looking at Maximilian's gaze and smile, Franklin felt his soul was gone, and wanted to run away immediately, but his legs were like being nailed to the ground, as he could not move at all.

Franklin was filled tense fear and regret, and tears welled up in his eyes. If he knew this result, he would not hire Hamish.

But there was no if.

Hamish looked at Maximilian with red eyes and didn't want to resist at all.

Hamish had met a powerful expert, so he understand one thing profoundly, if he encountered someone he couldn't win, he should admit it; otherwise, he would die.

"You are powerful, and I admit my failure. Please spare my life." Hamish lowered his head and said.



A group of boxers looked at Hamish in surprise. Hamish, who seemed extremely strong previously even bowed his head and asked Maximilian to let him go. All of this seemed so weird.

Maximilian stretched his hand to Franklin outside, "Did he ask you to come here?"

"Yes, it's this son of a bitch." Hamish looked at Franklin angrily. Hamish didn't dare to have the slightest anger towards Maximilian, but directed all his anger toward Franklin.

"You should know what to do."
Maximilian said indifferently.

"Yes, of course. I will beat this son of a bitch badly and make sure his parent couldn't recognize him."

Maximilian nodded and said casually, "Go ahead, and take him far



away. I don't want to hear the noise."

Hamish nodded and said, "Don't worry! I won't let him disturb you."

Franklin was shocked and tried to run away with all his strength, but his legs stumbled, and he fell directly onto the ground.

A boxer stepped on Franklin's back hard, "You want to fucking run? Wait for your destiny."

"No, don't beat me! I paid you guys, and you can't do this to me!" Franklin cried and shouted.

"Fucking paid! Blocked his mouth, and carry him back. We should have some fun tonight." Hamish said with anger.

The Boxers picked up Franklin, and someone took off his socks and stuffed them into Franklin's mouth.



"Uuu." Franklin's tears and snots fell vigorously, not knowing whether he was fumigated by the socks or was frightened.

Hamish took Franklin away with his boxers. And before leaving, he bowed and apologized to Maximilian.

Victoria said with concern, "They won't kill him, right?"

"Don't worry, they have a weal experience and know what they should do. What the hell of Franklin? He even hired someone to cause trouble at night." Maximilian said with some dissatisfaction.

"Well, he was just jealous. Because of the matter of Kroopf, all resource rights in the family have become mine. They definitely can't sit still, and want to grab the resources and rights back."

The conflicting interests in the



family were inevitable. In a large family, the more conflicting interests were, the more intense the struggle became.

As Victoria said, she felt sorry for her cousin, as she didn't have any interest in the struggle within the family.

"Don't think too much. With me around, no one can bully you, and you can work without worry."

