



Chapter 333 I Will Kill You Tonight!

When Mylo was pulled away by the bodyguard, he stared at Maximilian angrily but destructively. “Fucking your arrogance! You think you can be overbearing with the protection of the foreigners? Don’t be silly. This is not their territory.”

When the bodyguard pushed him away, Mylo shouted to his men, “Are you dead? Call someone to help me out! I must teach you a lesson today. Fuck you off, or my people will not be polite to you!”

At this time, their senses returned. Some of them wanted to rescue Mylo by enclosing the bodyguard, and others took out their phones to make calls.

The bodyguard couldn’t bear the pressure, as she was not capable to





deal with so many people at once.

He could easily beat one guy, but he was afraid to confront a group of guests.

Victoria pulled Maximilian's arm and said in a low voice, "I'm afraid it would become a big problem. Let's go back."

Maximilian nodded and replied with smile, "Don't worry, Kroopf can deal with it."

Victoria was confused because he said Kroopf was up to no good before, but believed in him at this moment.

After a while, the wealthy young men helped Mylo out from the bodyguard.

A sleeve of his coat was pulled off and some scratching marks appeared on his fame. He stared angrily at them, but dared not to say a single word.

When Mylo was tidying up his





clothes, he looked at Maximilian angrily. "Go to hell! Since you have offended me today, wait for your death!"

Some young men who had finished the phone call came to Mylo and told him the circumstance.

"I've already made a contact with a group of gangsters. They are on their way with weapons and will be here soon."

"I've told our men in H City to make sure no one would close to the castle in an hour, so we can do whatever we want."

"Joey is coming from the province capital with some well-trained men. They will show their strength to the loser."

Mylo smiled, satisfied with his men.

"Tell me the basic information about





the gangsters.” said Mylo proudly.

“They are famous gangsters who often act abroad. They are absolutely fierce killers. They have committed many crimes at Shaw River. As for Flying Tiger Team, they are far from the gangsters. Their leader is Johnson.”

Mylo couldn't help laughing after glanced at Maximilian. “Ah, great!”

Johnson was not a nobody. Many people were killed by him, but he could still be unscathed. He could be called a killer god.

Mylo thought, with the help of Johnson, Maximilian would absolutely die.

When Mylo was laughing proudly, Kroopf was watching him by the monitor. He was very excited.

“Good. It was a wise decision to





invite you here since you are willing to be an antagonist.”

Kroopf stood up and gave a sign to his followers. Then he went out of the room with them.

He planned to help Maximilian when he was in trouble. In that way, he could win his trust.

In Kroopf’s view, his plan was perfect.

As Mylo and his followers surrounded Maximilian and Victoria, Kroopf and his men came.

“Stop! How dare you?” scolded Kroopf.

At the same time, a group of bodyguards rushed to Mylo and his men with electric batons.

“It’s none of your business. We shall solve the problem by ourselves. Go





away!”

“You foreigners think you are powerful? Don’t be silly! Fuck off, or we will kill you!”

The wealthy young men shouted to the bodyguards. They were more confident after hearing about the gangsters.

Mylo sneered while looking at Maximilian. “Do you think a loser can be powerful with the help of foreigners? No way! You must kneel down and clean my shoes with your tongue today!”

Mylo with his men walked to Kroopf before Maximilian replied a word.

Kroopf’s bodyguards were arrayed and looked at Mylo and his men aggressively.

Olivier and the wealthy young men





of H City stayed away with other celebrities.

Since the situation was more and more complicated, he realized it wouldn't bring him any good if he took part in the fight.

“Olivier, who on earth is Maximilian? Why do the foreigners help him and even fight for him?”

“I don't know the fucking reason, either. If I knew it, I wouldn't be here.” said Olivier regretfully.

The celebrities stepped back to stay away from both sides. Safety came first.

Maximilian and Victoria were sitting nearby. They watched the both sides like watching a show.

“Why are you so calm? Don't you worry?” asked Victoria. At that moment,





she felt very nervous.

Maximilian held her hand and caressed them lightly. He replied calmly, "There is no need to worry since we are watching a show."

Kroopf looked at Maximilian seriously and asked loudly, "Mr Lee and Miss Griffith, my distinguished guests, are you frightened? It's my fault. Please wait for a few minutes and I will solve the problem for you."

Maximilian nodded lightly. "There is no need to worry. Take it easy."

"Fine. I will expel those impolite guys," replied Kroopf respectfully.

Olivier and other celebrities were stunned, because Kroopf was even fawning on Maximilian.

"What's going on? Kroopf should be arrogant, but why does he flatter





Maximilian?” Olivier said to himself doubtfully.

So did the celebrities. They had never heard Maximilian before. However, due to Kroopf’s words, they felt Maximilian must be a powerful person.

“I’ve never heard such a mysterious young man in H City before. Why does the powerful international celebrity Kroopf support him?”





Chapter 334 Kneel down and Call Me Father

Why did Kroopf support Maximilian? Nobody in the hall could figure it out, including Victoria. Maybe Kroopf needed Maximilian and herself to trust him?

But for what? At least her trust was useless. Maybe Kroopf's aim was Maximilian.

But again, for what? Victoria couldn't make it clear.

Mylo was full of anger. He thought Kroopf had made him embarrassed. He was a famous young master in the provincial capital, but Kroopf regarded Maximilian, a powerless loser, better than him. Mylo couldn't feel more dissatisfied.

"Kroopf, I plan to talk about our





business, but I didn't know that you are so stupid. You'd better consider about it and then make your decision. If you insist to beat me, I'm sure your products will be hated by our people in the capital city!"

Mylo had the right to say the words, because EL International had monopolized the medicine industry in the whole province and even the nearby provinces. It had cooperation with many medicine enterprises at home and abroad.

Kroopf shook his head because he didn't care what Mylo said at all. His only purpose was to finish Master Benedict's task.

"I'm sorry, but I won't change my mind. You must apologize to Mr Lee and Miss Griffith and then leave the banquet, or I will teach you a lesson."





Kroopf had a strong mind. After the words, he gave the bodyguards a sign to turn on the electric batons, with scary sound.

Mylo became furious and pointed to himself. "I won't be afraid. If you have the courage, you can do it. I won't even frown at your fucking batons."

The wealthy young men behind Mylo also showed their unyielding resolution.

"You can have a try, but you can't leave H City alive after that!"

"Stupid foreigners, you don't even know the situation. I can't see why you turn against us for such a loser."

"Since it's in the 21th century, don't be afraid of the foreigners. I've fucked countless foreign women and they all call me daddy. Today I shall fuck this old jerk!"





They were not frightened at all. They thought it was just a threat.

Kroopf gazed at Mylo and his men and then waved his arm lightly. "Catch them and beat them until they say sorry to Mr. Lee and Miss Griffith."

The bodyguards stepped forward and beat Mylo and others with the electric batons in their hands.

Before Mylo could react, he was beat hard. A strong current suddenly came into his body. After he shivered, he felt the pain.

"Ah, shit!" Just after Mylo's cry, a bodyguard kicked him down and beat him again with the baton. His whole body was trembling, foaming at the mouth.

A dozen young men were not the rival of the professional bodyguards. After less than half a minute, all of them





were struggling on the ground.

The bodyguards didn't save their strength and pummeled the young men until they begged for mercy.

"Apologize to Mr. Lee and Miss Griffith. Take advantage of your last chance, or you will be disabled," said the captain of the bodyguards strongly.

Mylo and the others were crying for the beat. Their world had fallen apart because they couldn't bear the acute beat.

"I will apologize. Please don't beat me again. I'm sorry, Maximilian, Victoria. I'm very sorry. Please forgive me."

The beg was like the first domino, and more and more wealthy young men were asking for forgiveness.

In the end, even Mylo begged for their forgiveness reluctantly.





“I’m sorry, Mr. Lee and Miss Griffith. Please forgive me for my bad attitude just now. I was too rude. Sorry.”

Seeing their mess, Olivier felt lucky that he didn’t confront Maximilian just now, or he would be as miserable as Mylo.

Feeling amazed, the celebrities looked at Maximilian with different eyes. They believed Maximilian must have an extraordinary identity.

Kroopf glanced at Mylo and the others with disdain. Then he walked to Maximilian and said, “Mr. Lee, Miss Griffith, are you satisfied with the apology? If not, I will let them kneel down to apologize to you again.”

Suddenly, Mylo became hopeless. It was better for him to die than to kneel down to Maximilian. He had already felt ashamed being beat by them. If he knelt





down to Maximilian, he would lose his dignity.

Shit! He tried his best to bear it. When the gangsters came, they would kill Maximilian and Kroopf in the cruelest way! Besides, he would catch Victoria back to be his sex slave!

After glancing at the embarrassed Mylo, Maximilian waved his hand casually. "Let them go. I feel uncomfortable to see them here."

"I think god will praise you. I admire your generosity." Kroopf flattered Maximilian with many words. Then he asked the bodyguards to expel Mylo and the others.

Mylo and his men left with discomfiture and hatred.

After Mylo left, some clever celebrities came to greet Maximilian with wine, aiming to make friends with





this mystery man.

“Hello, Mr. Lee, I’m Bret, a professor in music school. I’d like to get acquainted with you.”

“I’m Adeline, the chairman of Love Foundation. I’m very surprised to see Mr. Lee so brave. Let’s keep in touch in the future.”

The crowd around Maximilian made him uncomfortable. He didn’t want to talk with them.

Kroopf knew Maximilian’s mind, so he stopped the people and led the way to the banquet hall. Then he started the chat with Maximilian.

“It seems that Mr. Lee don’t want to make friends with these celebrities. I think you are right. They are just useless people pursuing of benefit.”

“Kroopf, don’t you worry about you





irritating Mylo?" Maximilian didn't answer him, but asked a question.

Shrugging his shoulders, Kroopf replied with smile, "Why should I since they are just stupid wealthy young men?"

"They won't be reconciled to it," said Maximilian faintly.





Chapter 335 Hiring Gangsters

Maximilian was right. Mylo wouldn't give up. When he and his men were repelled from the castle, he felt extremely humiliated.

The wealthy young men had never been humiliated like this that day since they were born. They began to swear after being expelled.

"These sons of bitch, they are shit like the loser. I should have shown them my strength."

"If I catch them, I will torture them with the cruelest means. No, I will kill them. Brother Mylo, I'll contact with the gangsters right now to make clear their location."

One of the wealth young men took out his phone and made a call. After a few words, he became excited.





“Brother Mylo, they’ve arrived at a disused warehouse, which is twenty kilometers away from here. Let’s go there to meet them.”

“Go, go, go! Get on the car now.”

Mylo couldn’t wait to see Johnson. He wanted Johnson and the gangsters to revenge for his humiliation.

He was one of the four young masters in the provincial capital! He couldn’t bear the bullying in silence!

Mylo’s heart was full of resentment. He started his car, engaged the gear and stepped hard on the accelerator. Then his Porsche rushed out like a bat out of hell.

Other second-generation rich also started their own luxury cars, following Mylo’s Porsche to the warehouse.

With high driving speed, it took them





only a few minutes to be at the warehouse twenty kilometers away.

Mylo stopped his Porsche steadily with a shift. When he got out of the car, he saw two strong men standing at the door of the warehouse.

They looked serious with a pistol in one hand and a rifle on the back. They really looked like ferocious gangsters.

“Is Johnson here? I’m Mylo, your employer,” said Mylo loudly. However, he felt a bit nervous in his heart.

It was the first time for Mylo to deal with gangsters. However, he felt relieved since Joey was the middleman.

The wealthy young men reached one by one, but they were frightened by the two gangsters.

One of the gangsters said with smile after he whistled, “Since our wealthy





employers have arrived, let him come in. Johnson is waiting for you.”

Mylo calmed down. He realized he didn't need to worry since he was the employer. It would be easy for these ferocious gangsters to kill them in the castle.

When Mylo and the wealthy young masters were led to the warehouse, he saw many strong gangsters sitting or standing. They looked like deaths.

Mylo felt terrible, because he felt very cold to be close to them. They were too scary.

Mylo followed the gangster in. Johnson with a fierce scar on his face was playing with a tactic dagger, which looked alive in his hand.

“Mylo?” asked Johnson with a smile.

When Johnson was smiling, the scar





moved like a centipede, which made Mylo frightened.

Mylo didn't perform arrogantly as before, but looked at Johnson nervously like an obedient boy, who had just been bullied by bad boys.

"Yes, I'm Mylo. I would like..."

"You want me to beat the guys who embarrassed you in the castle, do you?"

Johnson seemed to know Mylo's mind.

Mylo was shocked and then nodded, "Yes, that's it. They are Kroopf, Maximilian and Victoria. I must teach them a lesson."

"I see. But before that, I should let you know that we won't be responsible for their death by accident."

Actually, Johnson didn't plan to leave them alive, which was very





troublesome for him. Therefore, he intended to kill them all.

Mylo hesitated for a while, but nodded then. He understood it was common to kill a man by accident.

“Fine, try your best to keep them alive. If you kill them by accident, I won’t blame you.”

“OK. As for the fee, since they don’t have professional protection, I won’t charge you high. Five millions dollars is enough. But we shall take everything in the castle as a subsidy.”

Johnson didn’t ask for too much because Mylo was just a rich second generation. He couldn’t get too much money from his family.

However, Johnson had planned to kidnap these rich second generation after that.



But Mylo didn't know what Johnson was thinking about. He agreed to pay the five million dollars in a hurry. "OK, it's a deal. How much deposit do you want?"

"You should pay the full amount since it is just a small deal. We shall finish it in no more than thirty minutes."

Mylo agreed and raised money with the group of rich second generation. Soon they raised five million dollars with hundreds of thousands of dollars each.

After they transferred the money to the account, Johnson said with smile, "Since we are straightforward men, we will set out at once. Robbie, assemble our men and we are going to have fun at the banquet in the castle."

"Yes, sir."

"Get fucking up and prepare for our business!"





Robbie was a very strong man. He assembled about twenty gangsters and checked their equipment.

Mylo and his men were shocked to see their bazookas.

“Oh my god! These are machine guns, bazookas and rifle grenades!

“They are real gangsters, since their equipment are amazing. Let the loser meet our professional gangsters. I can’t wait to see the scary foreign bodyguards.”

“Since Johnson is so powerful, I’m sure they will accomplish it successfully. When the stupid Maximilian is shot by our guns, we can whip his dead body to vent our anger.”

Immediately, Mylo and his men felt hopeful as if they could reach the peak of their lives by taking those gangsters back.





After their preparation, Johnson signaled to Robbie. “You go first. I will take Mylo’s car.”

Then the gangsters got on the bus in the warehouse, while Johnson got on Mylo’s Porsche.

As Mylo was staring the car, he said honestly, “Please, Johnson, revenge for us. We were badly bullied just now.”

Johnson cast a glance at Mylo and said with smile, “Take it easy. I will make your dream come true.”





Chapter 336 Massacre Banquet

The gate to the castle was shut, while the banquet in the castle had already started. With the lighting, music, singing and dancing, people in the castle were immersed in the merry atmosphere, not noticing that a massacre was approaching.

Behind the gate of the castle, two security guards were standing floppily aside, smoking. At this time, nobody would go in or out, so now was their free time during work.

The two security guards were very curious about the banquet. However, they were not allowed to leave their posts, so they could only talk in whispers.

Rumbles of car engines came through the gate. The two security





guards exchanged glances, a flash of puzzlement in their eyes.

"Sounds like sports cars. But the banquet has already started. Who else is coming?"

"Maybe something came up and they're late. But the boss has already told us not to have anyone in or out. We just act like we've heard nothing if someone calls."

The two security guards intended to avoid trouble, so they leaned against the gate, not wanting to take a glance at the situation outside at all.

Outside the gate, Johnson's gang had already got off the bus, staring at the closed gate with all kinds of weapons in their hands.

"Fuck! How come the motherfuckers have closed the gate?" Mylo was frustrated.





Johnson patted Mylo on the shoulder and said, smiling, "Don't be so nervous. It's just a piece of cake. Blast the gate!"

Two ugly gangsters carried out a box and took some explosives and wires out of it. They walked up to the gate slowly, stuck the explosives onto the gate casually and laid the wires in an extremely unprofessional manner.

Mylo said nervously, "Brother Johnson, you sure it'll be OK? Will it hurt us?"

"Ah ha." The gangsters all started to laugh, mocking these rich youngsters' naivety.

"Don't worry. These two bros of mine could even blast open the gate of the bank vault, let alone this shitty door. Easy please. Or, I will ask my bro to open it with the rocket launcher."





Johnson said carelessly.

"Wow, you're so professional, Brother Johnson. We've made the right choice to hire you." Mylo flattered Johnson hurriedly.

"Robbie, take a group of people with you to protect our boss. The rest, charge in combat formation. Clear everything on your way. When you take control later, you may have some fun with the beautiful girls inside."

Hardly had Johnson finished his words than the gangsters howled with excitement, just like a pack of wild beasts.

The gangsters were waiting for this moment because they hadn't had fun for days. They thought of the beauties in the castle, and the beast in them burst out.

The two security guards behind the





gate were frightened. Listening to the brutish howl outside, both of them realized that something was wrong.

"What's happening outside? What's that weird noise? It doesn't feel right."

"Shall we take a look? Or tell our boss about it? I can tell that there are many people out there."

While the two security guards were still wondering what was going on, the gangsters had already finished fixing up the explosives. When they retreated to the safety zone, they pushed the button on the detonator.

Boom! There was a loud explosion. The solid steel gate was broken into pieces in the roaring flames.

The debris flew inwards. The two security guards were impacted directly by the great force of the explosion. Pushed by the impact force, the broken



pieces of the gate pierced their bodies.

Eyes wide open, the two security guards stared at the splendid sparks and spat blood. Then, their eyes closed slowly.

When their bodies fell onto the floor, they were already dead.

"Yo! The battle is begun by my favorite firework show. For the beautiful girls in the castle, let's go!"

"Fuck, stay in line. Stay away from me. The most beautiful girl belongs to me."

The gang rushed in, howling, but they kept the combat formation strictly.

Hands behind his back, Johnson was standing with Mylo. "Come on. Let's get in and inspect our fruits of victory."

"Great! I'll humiliate that trash and

that foreigner in a while!" Mylo said with resentment and followed Johnson into the castle.

In the monitor room of the castle, when he saw the gate blasted open, the security guard was dumbfounded.

Stunned for a while, the security guard yelled into the intercom the moment he saw a gang rushing into the castle, "An... an armed gang is coming in. They are already in the castle!"

The head of security team got into a panic when he heard the roar from the intercom, "Are you fucking high? I see no armed gang."

"At the entrance, they are already in. Many people are rushing in with guns!"

The head of security team shook his head, thinking that the security guard in the monitor room was under paranoid delusion. "You keep an extra careful





watch here, and don't panic the guests inside. I'll go check out in the monitor room."

Hardly had the head of security team given an order than he heard a flurry of shots when he was about to leave. Then he saw the security guards around him mown down in unison like straws being reaped.

There was really an armed gang!

"Retreat!" The head of security team growled and ran into the corridor first, dashing to the banquet hall.

When he was about to rush into the banquet hall, one bullet pierced his shoulder.

He stumbled and managed to get into the banquet hall, roaring in blood, "A gang is breaking through. Hide!"

The celebrities stared blankly at the





head of security team, not understanding him.

Then came intense flurry of shots.

"Ah!" The celebrities screamed and started to look for places to hide. But the banquet hall was an open area, offering no place to hide at all.

Meanwhile, Kroopf was talking with Maximilian and Victoria in the inner chamber. The body guards of Kroopf were alerted by the panic outside.

When the gangsters rushed into the banquet hall, Kroopf's body guards tensed up. "Oh my god, the gangsters are coming in, probably for you, Mr. Kroopf."

Kroopf's face turned pale, staring at the entrance of the banquet hall. Watching a steady flow of gangsters rushing in, Kroopf was stunned.





"What's going on?" Kroopf thundered.

"I have no idea either. But for your safety, I hope you will follow our arrangement. We'll try our best to keep you safe." The body guard said seriously.

Victoria tugged on Maximilian's arm nervously. "How come there are gangsters here?"

"Don't be panic. Just a bunch of punks. Probably Mylo felt bitter, so he found some people to take his revenge." Maximilian said flatly.

The moment Maximilian finished his words, Mylo and Johnson walked into the banquet hall.

Mylo yelled arrogantly and ferociously, "Where's Lee, the loser? As well as that cracker who hit me?"





Chapter 337 | Will Talk to Them

Mylo was on his high horse right now, feeling that he had suddenly become God who took control over everything. At least in this castle, he controlled everyone's life. Therefore, he was calling out now to save his pride.

Johnson was grinning. He gestured his gang and they rushed into the banquet hall like a group of animals, forcing the celebrities to gather together.

Then came constant shrieks. Many female celebrities were groped. However, no one paid attention to their screams, because everyone was busy saving his own life.

Olivier and the rich youngsters of H City were all stunned. It never occurred to them that karma would come so





soon, so violently.

How come Mylo came back with an armed gang in the blink of an eye? Had he done something wrong just now?

He should have been hit and humiliated together with Mylo just now, right? Was Mylo holding a grudge against him? The more Olivier thought, the more anxious he became.

A rich kid couldn't help standing up and yelling at Mylo, "Brother Mylo, please let us off, OK? We just tipped you off."

"We?" Mylo cast a glance at the rich kid of H City and sneered, "You took to your heels just now. When I was being humiliated, why didn't I see you guys defend me? And now you want to fawn on me? Too late!"

Bang! A gangster fired a single shot to the rich young man. He was so





terrified that he fell full length. When the rich young man was twitching, his urine gushed out.

Olivier was aware that Mylo must be in rage right now. Anyone who played up to him or begged him for mercy was doomed.

If some hero galloped his white horse to him and saved him from danger at this moment, Olivier would like to marry him, even if he had to change his sex orientation.

But no hero showed up. Olivier could only squat down with the celebrities, waiting for what the fates were sending him.

Mylo put his arm around Johnson's shoulders excitedly. The latter frowned, and then felt relaxed.

"Brother Johnson, your bros are freaking awesome! Well, can I borrow a





gun? I want to end that trash's life with my own hands."

There was nothing better than ending your enemy's life with your own hands. Now Mylo just wanted to hold a gun and shoot Maximilian a dozen times, so Maximilian would howl in pain and beg for mercy at his feet.

Tilting his head, Johnson stared at Robbie and said with a sneer, "Give our young master Mylo a gun. But young master Mylo, since you haven't practiced it before, I'm afraid you don't know how to deal with its recoil. Be careful not to hurt yourself."

"It's alright. I'll hold the gun with both of my hands, and I'll be fine. While playing shooting games, I'm a crack shot." Mylo replied confidently.

Robbie took out a gun and loaded it, smacking it down into Mylo's palm.





Holding the gun, Mylo suddenly got his courage. He said, grinning, "Thank you, Brother Johnson. I can finally take my revenge."

"No rush. They are probably hiding in somewhere. The body guards of that cracker's you mentioned might have something on the ball. Let my bros get rid of them first."

Mylo nodded and agreed to Johnson's arrangement.

Smiling, Johnson walked up to the celebrities. He searched the crowd with wandering eyes, as if he was looking for someone.

The celebrities dropped their heads in a group, shivering, just like a flock of frightened quail.

Johnson pulled up a beauty and pointed his gun at her head. "Anyone inside the room, listen to me. If you





want to stop me from killing them all, play no tricks and get out. If you struggle desperately, then I'll have it my way."

Shrinking behind the table, Kroopf heard Johnson's words and asked in panic, "Have you called the police yet? When will the police arrive?"

Reluctant, the head of body guards answered, "There's no signal. I suspect they have shielded the signal and had us cut off."

"Fuck! I wouldn't have done that just now if I had known this would happen." Kroopf said, full of remorse.

This situation weighed heavily on Kroopf. In order to gain Maximilian's trust, he had arranged all this. But he never expected he would overreach himself. Now everyone's life was under threat, and Kroopf even believed he





might die here today.

If God gave Kroopf another chance to start over, Kroopf wouldn't do that to Mylo again. Instead, he would treat Mylo as his god.

But there was no such a start over. All Kroopf could do was hide under the table, shivering in panic.

"You must protect me. You must keep me safe. I'll give you a bigger reward!" Kroopf said nervously.

"We will fight to the end." After that, the head of body guards looked at Maximilian and Victoria, confused by Maximilian's composure.

Maximilian sat on the sofa calmly, watching the situation outside as if he was watching a movie.

"Mr. Lee, aren't you nervous? I think you should hide yourself. They might





start firing at the crowds later." The head of body guards said.

When hearing "firing at the crowds", Victoria gripped Maximilian's hand. Her mind went completely blank, unable to think at all.

Maximilian could feel Victoria's tension. He patted Victoria's hand and helped her calm down.

"You are just going to huddle up here? They are going to break in sooner or later." Maximilian said casually.

Staring at Maximilian, the head of body guards was speechless, thinking of Maximilian as a freak.

"All we can do is to buy more time. Hope someone will find the abnormality here and call the police in time. Everything else will be left up to fate. If they really break in, we all have to die."





Kroopf was so scared. He even wanted to wave a white flag and go out. It didn't feel good to wait for death.

Maximilian shook his head. He took Victoria to the corner and had her sit on the chair around the corner.

"Wait for me here. I'll go out and talk to them." Maximilian said seriously.

"No! They have guns, and you have offended Mylo. If you go out now, they will definitely..."

Victoria choked with sobs while speaking. She was unable to go on, because the image of Maximilian being shot to death was engraved in her mind.

Maximilian rubbed Victoria's head and said with a smile, "Believe me. Your husband is not some ordinary man. I'm better than Superman."

"Stop talking nonsense. Even





Superman is unable to beat them all."

Victoria kept hold of Maximilian's arm, not wanting him to leave.

Johnson had already lost his patience. He gestured for his gang to carry out the raid, and then for Mylo to call out.

"Damn it! You are acting like a turtle hiding its head into the shell. Get the fuck out, or I will kill them all!" Mylo shouted, waving his gun.

