



## Chapter 363 You Bastard!

Franklin was hung on the ring with his hands tied up, and a group of boxers sneered and surrounded Franklin.

"You, what are you doing? Don't hit me, I can't stand to be hit, please let me go."

"Let you go? You are Daydreaming! Are you sent by my opponent to frame me? My hand is ruined, and I'm afraid I can't even fucking fight in the future!" Hamish kicked the chair irritably, and the solid wood chair instantly fell apart.

Looking at the angry Hamish, Franklin was freaked out, "No, no, I don't even know who your opponent is. I just want you to help me clean up that waste Maximilian."

"Fucking waste! If he is a waste, you are useless ten thousand times than



waste. I can't win him. How could he be a waste? Fuck! Beat him until he vomits blood."

After Hamish ordered, the boxers hit Franklin's body with thick straw pad. And then they started swinging their fists and pounding on Franklin's upper body as if they were hitting a sandbag.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The boxing sound was like popping bean. Franklin screamed when they beat him. Without holding on for a minute, Franklin vomited blood.

"Spare me, I can't bear it anymore. I feel like I'm going to die." Franklin breathlessly begged for mercy, his face was already pale, and his viscera had been blown.

Franklin, who regretted so much in his heart, wanted to crawl back and let Maximilian hit himself. It was

humiliating to be beaten by Maximilian, but it was deadly to be beaten by these boxers.

When Hamish saw Franklin vomit blood, he said coldly, "Throw him to the garbage pile."

"Okay." The boxers dragged Franklin out and quickly threw him into the garbage pile not far away.

Lying in the garbage pile, which emitted a stinky smell, Franklin covered his face with his hands and cried helplessly. He wanted to stand, but felt pain when he moved a little. He also wanted to make a call, but after trying his best to take it out, he found his phone had been broken into pieces.

"Bastard Maximilian, I hate you!" Franklin said weakly to vent his discontent. After saying that, Franklin immediately stopped and looked around



nervously. He was afraid Maximilian would suddenly appear next to him.

At this moment, Maximilian had become the biggest nightmare in Franklin's heart, like the great devil, which made Franklin fear.

Franklin was timid and cowering. It was until the early morning that the sanitation workers found Franklin lying on the garbage dump. At that time, Franklin had fallen into a coma. The sanitation workers shivered and called the emergency services.

Soon the ambulance came. Seeing Franklin was still alive, emergency doctors and caregivers carried Franklin into the ambulance.

When the ambulance took Franklin to the hospital, Andrew was pacing in the office irritably.

Franklin did not come back last night





to report the progress, and he failed to contact him via phone, which made Andrew worried.

Looking at Victoria's office for a long time, Andrew finally made up his mind to ask about the situation. Nothing was important than his son, so for the sake of his son, Andrew was ready to give up his dignity and asked Victoria.

When Andrew walked to the door of Victoria's office, he hesitated again, raised his hand in mid-air but couldn't knock on the door.

Just when Andrew was standing still at the door, the door suddenly opened from inside. Maximilian and Victoria were holding hands and leaving the office.

After seeing Andrew standing outside, Victoria asked in surprise, "Uncle, what are you doing here?"





"Oh, I...I came to ask if Franklin is here with you, or, or have you seen Franklin?" Andrew asked guiltily.

"We did see him last night, but he was taken away by a group of his friends, and I don't know where they went." Maximilian said with a smile.

"His friends? This bastard has gone to play again and did not tell us?" Andrew muttered, and his phone suddenly rang.

Andrew took out his phone and looked at the strange caller ID, "Hello, this is Andrew, who are you?"

"This is the central hospital. Is Franklin your son?"

"Yes, he's my son, why is he at the central hospital? How is he?" Andrew asked nervously.

"He had serious internal bleeding,





and needs to be checked thoroughly. You must come to the hospital for relevant procedures as soon as possible."

"Why does he suffer from internal bleeding? It won't be life-threatening, right?" Andrew was panicked.

"No one can give you a guarantee. Come over as soon as possible, and find Doctor Wong in the emergency operation area." The caller hung up the phone. Andrew's head was already breaking out in cold sweat.

"You, is it you? What the hell did you do to my son?" Andrew fiercely turned around and roared at Maximilian with a fierce expression.

"I didn't touch your son. If you don't believe me, you can see the surveillance video in the corridor. I suggest you go to the hospital now instead of yelling at





me."

"You son of a bitch, if something happened to my son, I'll give up my life to clean you up!" Andrew said, turned around, and left quickly.

"Ugh." Victoria shook her head and said worriedly, "What is this all about? It seems I still can't go back. I have to keep an eye on the company today, and make sure nothing unexpected happens again."

Once Andrew and Franklin left the company, Victoria needed to handle so many things. So if Victoria went back to rest, the whole company would be in a chaos.

"You did not sleep last night!" Maximilian was a little worried about Victoria's health.

Victoria smiled and whispered, "I'm not weak. It's just staying up all night."





It's nothing at all. I will have a good night's sleep tonight. You can go home and have a rest. Come and pick me up in the afternoon"

Maximilian pondered for a while and said with a smile, "I'll stay with you until noon. I'll buy you lunch at noon. You should eat something nutritious to make up for your tiredness."

Victoria hugged Maximilian with both hands and leaned into Maximilian's arms, "It's good to have you here. There will be a while before I start my work. Would you like me to hug you and sleep for a while?"

"No problem, my embrace is the best mattress for you." Maximilian closed the office door, pulled Victoria onto the sofa, and let Victoria lie in his arms to take a rest.

Victoria quickly fell asleep in



Maximilian's arms. Maximilian took off his coat and put it over Victoria. And then he closed his eyes and thought about the cooperation with Aston.

"I hope they are all at the same level; otherwise, it will be difficult to catch Benedict."





## Chapter 364 To Convince the Public

At noon, in the abandoned factory on the outskirts

The abandoned factory was already surrounded by guards, with countless pairs of eyes staring at the factory's movements.

Aston was sitting on a chair seriously, and a dozen people with different looks were sitting not far away.

Some were incomparably indifferent, some were lazy, and some were talkative and hyperactivity. All these looked strange.

"Aston, how about that Senior Fighter you mentioned? We are all famous killers and have done various kinds of tasks. You cannot send a waste to command us, or we might do it ourselves." The killer, who had been





shaking his body and looked like an ADHD child, said.

"Kingsley, you'd better pay attention to your identity. Don't forget who gave you the job." Aston's bodyguard said with a cold face.

"Hey, you're just a flunky of Aston. No matter what, I'm still earning money by my own hands, and it's more dignified than you being a dog." Kingsley said with disdain.

The bodyguard was angry, wanted to reach out and draw his gun, but Aston stopped the bodyguard.

"I know what you think. This is arranged by the master, I have no choice. When Senior Fighter arrives, you can have a match with him. If you can win Senior Fighter, then you have the final say."

The eyes of a dozen killers were





shining brightly. As killers, they were living dangerous life every day. But they preferred to act alone because they were worried about others and afraid of stupid teammates.

These killers knew each other somehow, so they could cooperate when performing tasks together. But for the so-called Senior Fighter who came here fresh, they had the feeling of handing their lives to others, so they refused.

"Whoever wins will be in charge of the operation?" Maximilian's voice came from the entrance of the factory.

Aston looked at Maximilian and smiled, "Of course."

More than a dozen killers looked at the suddenly appeared Maximilian. Looking at Maximilian's unfamiliar face, they became alert.





"Aston, he looks unfamiliar, what is his origin? Is he that bullshit Senior Fighter?" Kingsley asked and tilted his head.

"This is Maximilian, he is a native in H City. He is also very capable. I wanted to invite him to join the Gold Medal Killer Alliance, but he refused." Aston narrowed his eyes and said.

"Ai yoo, he is looking down on our Gold Medal Killer Alliance, isn't he? He still fucking didn't want to join us." Kingsley said acerbically.

The rest of the killers did not say anything, but their expressions revealed their minds, and they all thought Maximilian was looking down upon them.

Maximilian ignored the killers, and took a big step to Aston and said, "Where is the chair I sat in last time."





"Bring Mr. Maximilian a chair." Aston said casually.

The bodyguard brought out the chair Maximilian sat on last time and put it behind Maximilian.

Maximilian sat down. The group of killers looked at Maximilian with anger, because they felt Maximilian was completely ignoring them.

"Where do you come from? You dare to be so arrogant! Don't you fucking know how powerful we are?"

"Damn it! How dare you ignore us? You really think we are useless? Aston, you don't mind if we kill him for fun now, right?"

Several hot-tempered killers shouted and wanted to kill Maximilian to vent their anger.

Aston smiled and looked at





Maximilian, "Mr. Maximilian is really quite capable of causing trouble, can't you say hello to them properly?"

"They are just nobody. Why do I need to say hello to them?" Maximilian said indifferently.

"Fucking you!" Kingsley roared and took out a scalpel from his shirt. And with a flick of his wrist, the scalpel turned into a bit of cold light and aimed at Maximilian.

Kingsley was considered to be one of the top three killers in this group. Compared to others who like to use hot weapons, Kingsley preferred to use cold weapons, especially concealed weapons.

No one knew if he was influenced by the Legend of Dagger Lee, Kingsley practiced the skill of flying a scalpel. And he almost succeeded every time.







So this time Kingsley felt he would succeed as well. The moment the scalpel was shot, Kingsley felt he would be able to shoot Maximilian this time and teach this arrogant guy a lesson.

The speed of the scalpel was so fast that it reached Maximilian in the blink of an eye.

Maximilian looked calmly and stretched out his hand. He stretched out two fingers gently towards the cold light, and steadily caught the scalpel between the two fingers.

Seeing the scalpel caught by Maximilian, Kingsley looked at Maximilian as if he had seen a ghost, "You! How could it be possible?"

"Nothing is impossible. It is impolite not to reciprocate. Take it!" Maximilian's wrist flicked, and the scalpel was shot out like electricity, which was countless





times faster than the speed Kingsley did just now.

Kingsley's pupils shrunk. His heart instantly filled with a sense of fear, and he was sure he would get hurt this time.

Before Kingsley could react, the scalpel had already arrived. Only to see the cold light flew across Kingsley's scalp, and it shaved down Kingsley's hair a little.

Hiss! All killers took a breath. Everyone knew this was Maximilian's mercy, otherwise, the scalpel would pierce in the middle of Kingsley's eyebrow.

Kingsley's heart was cold, and he turned his head nervously and looked at the wall not far behind him. The scalpel had submerged into the wall, only leaving a small black hole on the surface.





Aston narrowed his eyes. He had felt that Maximilian was quite strong, but he didn't expect Maximilian to be so strong. According to the situation just now, Maximilian was at least an order of magnitude higher than Kingsley.

Perhaps only Jude, who was the toughest man among these killers, could fight against Maximilian. Aston thought while looking at Jude.

Jude was sitting on a chair in the corner, clutching a cigarette and smoking. The rising smoke obscured his expression, so Aston couldn't tell what Jude was thinking right now.

Maximilian leaned back in the chair lazily, "Who else is not convinced? If you are not convinced, you can come out and compete with me."

The killers were silent. Since Maximilian already defeated Kingsley,





the rest of the killers felt that it was impossible to win him, and perhaps only Jude could win Maximilian.

But Jude was smoking and didn't make any statement.

Kingsley looked at Jude and said with some confusion, "Jude, you just let the outsider bully us?"

"Not matter outsiders or insiders, we are all Aston's men, and we are partners. This action is very dangerous. I think it is better to work together and not to fight with each other. I don't care about anything except command." Jude said in a somewhat indistinct voice.

Maximilian grinned, "Command right? I also care."





## Chapter 365 Infighting?

Aston looked at Maximilian and then looked at Jude.

The smoke in front of Jude was even more indistinct. And when Aston looked at Jude's face through the smoke, he would feel that Jude's face was somewhat distorted.

Kingsley and other people looked at Maximilian with anger, feeling that Maximilian was provoking them.

"He is fucking arrogant. Jude, we can't bear it." Kingsley said with anger.

Jude's nostrils emitted two streams of white smoke, and the thick smoke drifted in front of him as if he was about to become a god.

"No hurry, the most important thing is to deal with that Senior Fighter." Jude





flicked the cigarette ash and said indifferently, "He, the last one to clean up."

"It isn't necessary to worry about that Senior Fighter. There are so many senior fighters now. But most of them are waste and useless." Kingsley said with dissatisfaction.

Just now he lost face in Maximilian's hands, Kingsley couldn't wait to give Maximilian a lesson, but Kingsley was unable to do it, so he could only entice Jude to help him.

Jude sneered and looked at Aston, "Aston, don't keep us in suspense. Tell us who is the Senior Fighter this time."

"Fine." Aston took out his phone, looked at a message on the phone, and said, "This time, it is Kaur, the King of Solider of the Southern. Kaur has been in the army for more than ten years and





has won many battles. The most brilliant is the battle in Mount Watt."

"In the batten in Mount Watt, Kaur led a fifteen-member combat squad against a reinforced enemy battalion. And the enemy's 1,500 men used heavy firepower but did not take Mount Watt."

"After fierce fighting for three days and three nights, the enemy withdrew because they had suffered more than half of the casualties. And only three of the combat team led by Kaur survived, two of whom were seriously wounded, and only Kaur was slightly wounded."

After the remark, Aston looked at Maximilian, but saw Maximilian was calm. Then Aston looked at Jude.

Jude took a deep breath with the cigarette in his mouth, and the hand holding the cigarette shook insignificantly, showing Jude's nervous





in his heart.

Kingsley and other people were dumbfounded when they heard this, and indescribable scenes of fierce fighting emerged in their minds.

"Why does this sound like a mythical story? There are many versions of the story of battle in Mount Watt. It is said that something went wrong inside that caused Kaur to fight such a mythical battle." Kingsley said.

"But after the battle, Kaur still behaved good in battles, basically he didn't defeat. The worst is even with the opponent. His command ability is strong anyway."

"I think we couldn't hand our lives to Kaur. Those who have been on the battlefield are best at giving up their non clique partner's lives. If we are under his command, we properly die as well."







"I understand what Jude means now. Jude is afraid that we might be used as cannon fodders by Kaur, so he will first clean up Kaur, instead of that Maximilian. It seems Maximilian isn't good at command."

The killers quickly sided with Jude, and they all supported Jude's suggestion to settle Kaur first. No one supported Kingsley's idea to give Maximilian a lesson immediately.

Kingsley glared viciously at Maximilian, lowered his head and took out a cigarette, and smoked.

"Jude, do you have confidence to deal with Kaur? He is about to become a god in those legends." Kingsley asked in a low voice.

"It's hard to say. I'll only know it when we are against each other." Jude said with his eyes closed.





Maximilian crossed his legs and took out his phone to play, waiting for the arrival of Senior Fighter Kaur.

For Kaur, Maximilian was still curious. After all, there were only a few people alive that could have so many legends.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Neat footsteps sounded like war drums, and a group of strong men wearing camouflage uniforms walked in solemnly.

In the side of the team of strong men, Kaur worn beach suit and a pair of slippers, and walked slowly with a pipe in his mouth.

Compared with the neat military pace, Senior Fighter Kaur was like a small gangster.

"Well, everyone is here early; we are





not late, right?" Kaur said loudly and cheerfully.

Aston hurriedly stood up and trotted to meet Kaur, "Kaur, you come just in time." Aston said ingratiatingly.

Kaur was assigned by the backer, so Aston naturally knew how to please Kaur.

Kaur gently patted Aston's cheek and said with a playful smile, "You are Aston? It is good, it is quite good. You are a sweet talker. Your people are all here, right? Are they a bit unconvinced of me?"

"Well ... I will talk to them, and they will listen to your command properly." Aston said with some concern.

The killers under his hand were quite rebellious. And Jude had publicly stated that he wanted to take the command. If he was unable to appease Jude and





others later ... The more Aston thought about it, the more head-ache he became, especially when he saw Maximilian was looking at Kaur with interest. Aston instantly felt that his brain began to hurt.

Jude and others were looking at Kaur gloomy, as if they were going to start a war at any time.

Kaur, however, ignored Jude and the others, and instead walked towards Maximilian with a smile on his face.

"You look nice. I think you are my destined person, so I will sit with you." Kaur said to Maximilian.

"Meeting is destiny, and the mercenaries you bring with you are pretty good." Maximilian said indifferently.

A mercenary opened the portable chair on his back and put it beside





Maximilian, and then Kaur sat on it.

"They are much stronger than the average mercenaries, but they are just above average. Well, those guys on the other side are even more useless. Did they embarrass you just now? I'll help you teach them a lesson." Kaur seemed to have known Maximilian for a long time and kept saying.

Maximilian laughed as he listened, "They are indeed quite weak, but the key is that they do not have self-consciousness, I wonder if you have any."

The pipe in his mouth shook a bit. Kaur tilted his head and looked at Maximilian, "Well, you seem to be crazier than them. I make a mistake this time."

"If you made mistakes, you would not be Senior Fighter in the Southern.





But don't use the Thirty-Six Strategies on me. What I learned was the art of war from our ancestor."

Looking at Maximilian's playful appearance, Kaur became serious, "You still want to pretend to be my ancestor?"

"Military Science of Sun Zi mentioned the Thirty-Six Stratagems summarized by Master Sun Bin. You have to be good enough to recognize your ancestor."



Listening to the exchange between Maximilian and Kaur, Aston helplessly covered his face, feeling the dilemma. Were they going to have infighting?





## Chapter 366 Goodbye

“Kaur, Mr. Lee, don’t argue like this. Let’s have a good talk. Too much swearing will hurt the harmony.” Aston tried to persuade him.

Kaur immediately laughed, as if he had never been angry, “Aston, the people you found are all heroes. They seem to look down on me and don’t take me seriously.”

Although Kaur was laughing, what he said sent a chill down Aston’s spine.

This operation should be led by Kaur, and Aston’s people were just assistants. But because of Aston’s irrational arrangement, Jude and other killers and Maximilian’s external assistance, they did not believe in Kaur.

With agitation and regret, Aston said with a long face, “No, that’s not what he





meant. This action is too important. Everyone is nervous. Kaur, if you patiently tell them the plan, they will be at ease.”

Aston tried hard to explain. Jude flicked the cigarette end in his hand, got up and went through the swirling smoke and walked to Kaur.

“Kaur, the Senior Fighter, we do things at the cost of our lives, so it’s understandable not to believe you. Anyway, you have to show your ability before we can trust you. If you can win me, these brothers will follow your orders. Even if we are ordered to serve as cannon fodder, we will follow your orders.”

“Jude, what are you doing? How can you talk to Kaur like that? Go back quickly and don’t make trouble here.” Aston roared in a low voice.







“Aston, we work for you. We’ve been making money for you all these years. You don’t want to watch us die, will you? And you just said, ‘whoever wins, the command belongs to him’.

Jude had murderous intent in his eyes.

If Aston couldn’t give him a satisfactory answer, Jude had the intention of killing Aston. Over the years, he had made a lot of money working under Aston. His heart had expanded and he wanted to be a leader himself.

It was better to lie down and enjoy the rich life than to be a killer.

Kingsley and others stood up and silently took steps forward, silently supporting Jude.

Seeing that the situation was out of control, Aston’s forehead was full of





sweat, as anxious as an ant on a hot pot.

“You are looking for death! How can you question Kaur, the Senior Fighter? Get out of the way!” Aston roared.

With the sound of loading guns, the mercenaries brought by Kaur raised their guns one after another. The two strong men on the edge even picked up the Gatling machine gun, and the long bullet chain made a crisp sound in the shaking.

Gatling machine guns alone could wipe out Jude and others.

The killers were just for individual fight. It's impossible to resist the group mercenaries, especially those with heavy weapons.

Under the strong deterrence of Gatling, Kingsley and others turned pale.





“Kaur, you’re going too far. If you have the ability, you’ll fight with Jude alone. Don’t bully people with weapons.”

“Yes, if you have the ability, you can fight with him alone. Let’s see if you’re a man. Don’t use your weapons.”

Kaur sneered and looked at Jude and others with disdain. “I’m the one who ascended through the ranks. I never do anything stupid. If you have the ability, you can deal with us. If you don’t have the ability, don’t talk.”

What Kaur said was a famous saying in the army. A famous general in the army never shows off his personal strength, because personal strength does not count that much in the army; on the contrary, command ability is more important.

The generals who had been brave in history were just pioneers. Serious and





famous generals depended on their brains, and the force was just a embellishment. Most of the stories about the famous generals were too polished.

Kingsley and others were very angry, but they dare not say anything or scold anymore.

Gatling machine guns were taken out, if they really angered Kaur, who knew what the consequences would be

Maximilian quietly looked at all this, the corner of his mouth slightly moved, showing a smile, but more than a smile.

Kaur looked down at Jude and said with a smile, "Don't you agree? This operation is a battle, not an assassination. You don't know how to command. Do you know how many people are under Master Benedict's command? How strong his firepower





is? Or the distribution of the guard?”

“No one gave us information. We don’t know anything. Are you trying to scare us with some background information?” Maximilian said suddenly.

Kaur lost his momentum in an instant. He didn’t expect to be refuted by Mr. Lee whom he thought was the least threatening.

“I can give you the information. Even if you read it, you don’t know what to do. Aston, show them the information!”



With a long face, Aston let his bodyguards turn on the equipment. After the projector was suspended, the computer and the projector were linked, and the specific information was shown.

“Master Benedict lives in a villa in Mount TG. The villa is backed on to a cliff, and the other three sides are steep





hillsides. According to the information received, there are sentries in the surrounding mountains, including 30 people in the light and 70 people in the dark. The control range is three kilometers around the villa.”

“Inside the villa, there are 10 riot dogs, all in loose condition, and about 30 bodyguards. The specific number is not clear. There may be heavy fire points and snipers inside the villa.”

“The bodyguards inside the villa are all from the Dragon Sect Guards. They are very capable and difficult to deal with. In addition, it is said that there are still brave warriors around Master Benedict, whose strength and number are unknown and they will never betray Master Benedict. All people and vehicles within three kilometers of the villa will be intercepted for strict inspection.”





Aston introduced the specific information of Master Benedict's residence, and then Jude and others frowned.

Such a tight defense arrangement was a situation that Jude and others had never encountered. As Kaur said, this was a war.

"We are killers. What we do is lurking in or waiting for an opportunity to kill. But this is not what we killers should do. Aston, can we quit now?"

"It's obvious that we're going to die for nothing. Is our life worthless? If you ask us to do something like this, we won't agree."

Kingsley and others directly retreated. It was not a place for these killers to act because of the layout, leaving them with no potential opportunities.



Jude twisted his brow into a knot, shook his head and said, “We are not qualified for this kind of task. Aston, we will leave first.”







## Chapter 367 Are You Submissive?

Jude took Kingsley and others and was ready to leave. This task was really life-threatening, and Jude felt that there was no chance for them to win at all.

There were only a dozen killers on Jude's side, and the mercenaries Kaur took were only two combat teams, a total of 30 men.

There were only more than 40 people in total to deal with more than 100 people who were well-trained and fully armed with heavy weapons and the terrain was more convenient to the other side. No matter how to think about it, it's like a fool's dream. As long as they participate in it, they may end up dead.

This was not a movie. There were no heroes. Even the supporting roles in the





movie will be sacrificed. Jude didn't feel that he had the character shield, so he just wanted to leave decisively.

After Jude and others just took a step, the mercenaries with Gatling machine guns were already in a 45-degree firing posture. The infrared sights on the guns of the other mercenaries have been aimed at Jude and others. The red-light spot sways on Jude and others.

The abandoned factory was full of murderous intents, and Jude and others' took on a ghastly expression.

It was impossible to rush out. In the face of the firepower blockade of the two combat teams, these killers couldn't even exert their abilities.

"What are you going to do? Can't we go?" Jude asked in a cold voice.

"Go? It's impossible to let you go.





Now that you're here, just follow me. Don't you think it's exciting to fight like this? I'll protect you and will never let you be the cannon fodder." Kaur said with a smile.

"No, we can keep our mouth shut." Jude didn't believe Kaur's words. It's impossible for them not to be cannon fodder.

"I knew you would not be obedient, so I brought you some small gifts. It seems that I must give them to you now."

Kaur reached out his hand, and the mercenary took out a silver white metal box and gently put it into Kaur's hand.

Kaur pressed the switch and with a click, the metal box opened slowly.

"I will give each of you a small gift, and you will be obedient after you eat it."





Jude and others were shocked and stared at the metal box in Kaur's hand nervously.

Although they didn't know what's inside, from Kaur's words, Jude and others instinctively felt that the things inside were full of danger.

"What's this?" When Jude spoke, he quietly put his right hand behind him, and long and thin spikes slowly appeared on the five nails.

This was Jude's unique method, putting the special metal spikes containing neurotoxin into the nails, and controlling the retraction of the spikes with the help of muscles. Usually, the spines were retracted in the nails, and they would suddenly stretch out when necessary.

Jude's eyes narrowed into a seam, staring at Kaur who approached him





step by step.

Kaur had a happy smile on his face, like a child who got a new toy.

Kaur's right hand flashed out and grasped Jude's jaw. Kingsley and others did a double-take.

When Kingsley and others reacted, Jude's mouth was opened by Kaur.

At the moment when Kaur reached his hand, Jude's arm shook slightly. But he felt the time was not right, so he just pressed down the instinctive action of his arm.

Recalling Kaur's action, Jude felt a little chill and thought Kaur should be stronger than himself.

"The little gift I bring you this time is a newly developed sensor bomb. I will give each of you one, and you will be obedient if you eat it. If you are not, you





will explode and become a big fireball.”

Kaur’s expression was exaggerated, and his eyes were wandering back and forth on Kingsley and others, observing their faces.

Kingsley and others turned pale. Although they were full of reluctance, they could not raise the idea of resistance. According to the present situation, they could only bear the oppression of Kaur silently.

When Kaur was distracted, Jude felt that this was an excellent opportunity. He suddenly waved his right hand behind him, and his five fingers closed together to stab Kaur’s abdomen like a sword.

Exhausted all the strength, Jude’s pale face turned red instantly, praying for success in his heart.

At this moment, Jude felt he had





even made a breakthrough. The strength and speed of his arm were much stronger than before.

Jude's face was full of joy when he saw that his finger tip was about to hit Kaur's belly.

Just when Jude felt he was about to succeed, he suddenly had a flash in his eyes. Kaur's knee hit his arm.

Jude's right arm bounced up after being hit, and the tip of his finger was only a few millimeters away from Kaur's abdomen.

It was a pity. Jude thought with regret.

Kaur snorted coldly, and his raised knee continued to rise, then his leg flicked slightly, and his foot bumped into Jude's crotch.

"Ouch!" Jude bent down and covered





his crotch with his hands, his eyes bulged.

Kaur took up an sensor bomb pill and put it into Jude's mouth. Then he grabbed Jude's jaw and pulled it up to close Jude's mouth.

Jude snorted a few times, but he swallowed the sensor bomb into his stomach.

Looking at the tragic situation of Jude, Kingsley and others felt numb. Aston was so scared that he was weak all over. He held the chair and sat down slowly. Only Maximilian kept calm and looked at Kaur with great interest.

Kaur then kicked Jude down and looked at Kingsley, "This guy is very disobedient, so I will use him as an example. Now it's your turn. Do you want to become the next example?"

"No, no, I'll listen to you, whatever







you say.” Kingsley said, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead.

“Oh, I just said it was a small gift for you. Do you want me to feed you?”

“No, no, I’ll do it myself. I’ll eat it myself.”

Shaking, Kingsley reached out his hand and picked up an sensor bomb from the box. After making up his mind, he closed his eyes and threw the bomb into his mouth.

His Adam’s apple rolled up and down, and the sensor bomb was swallowed by him.

Kaur’s eyes looked at others, who were shivering in line, and they picked up the sensor bomb one by one to eat.

At this moment, no one dared to resist, because Jude was an example.

At this moment, all killers





understood that Kaur's means were much higher than theirs, but he disdained to fight alone.

“That's very nice of you. If you had been so obedient just now, everything would be easy. It's a waste of my time.”

Kaur turned to Maximilian, squinted and said, “Are you submissive?”

