

Chapter 451 Worship

The car stopped slowly. Canaan and Terry got out of the car together.

Looking at the tragic scene on the road, as well as the corpses of Luke and Uncle Powell, Canaan was a little scared again. Terry did not react like Canaan, because he saw the scene like this many times.

"Mr. Lee, are you hurt? Shall I take you to the hospital?" Terry asked uneasily.

Maximilian shook his head, "It's OK, Luke was dead. You should go back and stay away from trouble. If the Newman family finds you, your life has nothing to do with me."

Terry's blood breezed, as he was so flustered that he wanted to kneel down and hugged Maximilian's thigh.

"Mr. Lee, I don't know how to stay away from trouble. The Newman family won't forgive it. If they really want to put the blame on me, I can't avoid it."

Terry, who was full of grievances, was about to cry. Tears had been swirling in his eyes, and he could cry at any time.

"It's my kindness that I didn't take your life. Don't challenge my bottom line. Get out of here."

Maximilian didn't pay attention to Terry any more. In terms of what Terry had done, Maximilian gave an opportunity to Terry.

Terry also knew that he couldn't depend on Maximilian anymore. He could only sigh plaintively, thinking that he should pack up and run away, and go abroad to live as a rich man and conceal his identity. Anyway, he had some





savings. If he continued to do the business, he would definitely die one day. It's also a good thing to give up his old business.

"Maximilian, thank you for letting me go. I'll pack my things and go overseas. I hope to see you one day when I get back." Terry said solemnly and rushed to the wilderness along the roadside. He was going to steal a car from a nearby village, because he didn't dare to take the car anymore.

Canaan carefully looked at Maximilian and said, "Mr. Lee, I'm Canaan from Kadir family in B City. Let me drive you back. Your driving skills are really amazing, and I want to learn from you."

"It's no necessary for you to learn to drive again. Is the Lamborghini yours? How much? I'll pay you. "



"Don't you hit me in the face? The car can be scrapped by you. It's a blessing that it was repaired in its last life. There's no need to pay for it." Canaan said with a smile.

"So generous? I don't like to owe anyone anything. Give me an account and I'll send someone to transfer the money to you. A new Lamborghini is about 1 million dollars. "

Maximilian didn't want to accept Canaan's favor. He can afford to pay for five million dollars. If he really didn't pay for this small amount of money, Canaan would ask for favor when he mentioned it later, which was definitely not cost-effective.

Nowadays, human relationship was more important than money, especially for important people.

Canaan said with a bitter smile, "You





are really knowledgeable. The new car is 1 million dollars, but it has been driving for more than a year. Now, it's worth half a million at most."

"I'll pay you at the price of new car. I won't take advantage of you. Drive me back to H City district." Maximilian said. Then he walked towards the car.

Canaan followed Maximilian closely, "Mr. Lee, would you like to drive? I'd like to have a close look at you driving. Just now, you drove a Mercedes Benz SUV faster than my Bugatti. I admire you so much. "

"You're the stupid guy who was driving the Bugatti?" Maximilian looks at Canaan in surprise.

Canaan cheekily said, "Yes, I am the stupid guy."

"It's really a waste for you to drive a Bugatti. But it's normal. Professional





drivers may not be able to drive very well. In fact, that's what driving is all about. If we can really integrate ourselves with the car, we can understand a lot. "

Maximilian sat in the driver's seat, and Canaan thought about Maximilian's words.

It was a great state of driving. No wonder there was such a big gap between Maximilian and himself.

According to levels in fantasy novels, Maximilian's driving state had reached the Jindan period, but he didn't even reach the foundation period, and gap between was just like heaven and earth.

"Get on or not? If you don't get in the car, I'll drive away. "Maximilian shouted in the car.

This time, Canaan regained his mind



and got into the passenger seat in a hurry.

Maximilian stepped on the accelerator, directly engaged in the second gear and started the ejection. The sports car ran out like a sharp arrow, and the speed was over 100 kph in three seconds.

In the past, it took Canaan and his friends more than four seconds to reach the speed.

"Mr. Lee, you are so awesome. It's extraordinary just at the beginning."

Canaan tried to flatter Maximilian.

Maximilian smiled faintly, "It's the basic operation, but I'm afraid to scrap your car, or I can speed to over a 100kph in a second. As long as the wear of engine and gearbox is not considered, the speed can be improved a lot."



Canaan nodded repeatedly, as he understood these principles. For example, F1 racing car was just designed for speed and part wear was ignored. The service life of parts was much shorter than that for normal cars. As the car ran with ultra-high speed, the loss was much greater than that of normal cars.

The car raced to the city, and Maximilian drove directly to the door of his residence.

"Goodbye, thank you for your car today."

Canaan watched Maximilian enter the building, then took out a cigarette and lit it, thinking that he must learn from Maximilian.

But it was not easy to talk Maximilian into accepting him as his student. He had to think about how to



convince him.

It was almost impossible to bribe Maximilian with money. Without any hesitation, Maximilian could compensate more than 1 million dollars for the loss of his car, and Maximilian was definitely a rich man.

Canaan could only start from an emotional approach, but he didn't know Maximilian's background. It was hard to get to know Maximilian.

Canaan was still clueless, and got into the driver's seat and drove to the downtown. On the way, he made a few phone calls to his companions.

Before long, a group of friends gathered around Canaan in the city center.

"Canaan, what's the matter with you? It is just too bad today. We scrapped three cars."



"Don't mention it. We need to set up a good relationship with Maximilian, the God of car racing. If we can invite Maximilian to teach us how to drive, we can challenge other supercar clubs in the future." Canaan said passionately.

"Maximilian? Is he willing to teach us? Just now, we went into the yard to have a look. The people lying on the ground seemed to be involved in a fight. Maximilian is definitely not an ordinary person. I doubt he is the fighter under a big boss."

"Don't talk nonsense. Mr. Lee won't be a subordinate to anyone. You must start inquiring about him in H City now. Such a powerful person should not be fameless. Let's think about it after we find out."

"Canaan, I know something about him."





Chapter 452 Newman family

"If you know, just say it." Canaan urged anxiously.

"I heard that Maximilian is a well-known loser in H City. He is the son-in-law of the Griffith family in H City. But recently, it seems that Maximilian has changed. We didn't go to the winery banquet. It's said that Maximilian slapped Luke at the winery banquet."

"Luke?" Canaan was stunned for a moment, and then recalled the scene he had just seen. It seemed that one of the corpses at the scene of the traffic accident was just like Luke.

Did Maximilian kill Luke? My god! Canaan felt as if he had been involved in a huge whirlpool. As long as he knew this, it would not come to a good end.

"My goodness, it seems Maximilian



has killed Luke just now. I should have seen Luke's corpse. What should we do about it?" Canaan was flustered.

"Canaan, are you sure you have seen him? Luke is always surrounded and protected by skilled bodyguards. Even if he wants to die, it's not easy, but Maximilian ... let's investigate him carefully. If he is really powerful, it's good for us to follow him. "

"Yes, it's a blessing in disguise. Maybe it's a good thing. It depends on how we choose. It's always possible for the lucky guys to avoid harm."

The rich young talked about it for a while. Canaan scratched his head and said with a bitter face, "Just forget what happened today. Don't let it slip. Otherwise, we'll all suffer."

"Canaan, you can rest assured that our brothers know what to do and will





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not tell others about it."

"You're dismissed. I'll figure out what to do." Canaan squat on the curb, took out his cigarette and intended to stay downstairs at Maximilian's residence.

After smoking, Canaan went to a nearby convenience store to buy some food and drink, and drove to Maximilian's house.

Kevin pretended to be dead in the Mercedes Benz car for a long time. When nothing happened, he carefully got out of the car.

His head went out of the car and looked around. When he saw no one was around, Kevin was relieved.

After he got out of the car, Kevin saw the corpses of Luke and Uncle Powell, and was in a panic.

"What should I do?" Kevin's heart





was wavering.

It was easy to run away directly, but if he didn't report it to the Newman family, sooner or later he would be caught by the Newman family.

"Life and death depends on just one sword, so I have to report it to my family."

Kevin smoked a cigarette and calmed down for a while. Then he took out his mobile phone and called the butler in the Newman family.

"Hello, Uncle Woody, I'm Kevin. Luke is dead." Kevin said in a trembling voice.

"What? What's going on? How can Luke die? What do so many of you do?" Uncle Woody roared angrily.

Luke died suddenly. Uncle Woody's first thought was that he was framed by a rival. After all, it was a critical time for





the Newman family to choose the future leader. It was a routine operation to assassinate a competitor.

"It's no use. Luke had provoked someone fierce. Even Uncle Powell is not able to fight with him for long. In the end, Uncle Powell asked his martial brother Lambert to help us, but it's still useless."

"Fuck! We must find out who killed Luke!" Uncle Woody yelled.

"It looks like Luke and Uncle Powell killed each other. I pretend to be dead and hide there. It seems Maximilian asks Uncle Powell to kill Luke and promised that he will let Uncle Powell go if he kills Luke. Uncle Powell and Luke fight with each other, and finally they die together."

Uncle Woody was in a complete mess. He could not imagine what kind





of scene it was. The young master of the Newman family was killed by his bodyguard!

"Take the photos of the scene and send them to me. Everything about it should be recorded clearly in words. Such a serious incident must be reported to the elders in the family."

"Yes, I'll take photos right now. Can you send someone here quickly? I'm alone and injured."

"Rubbish! I'll send someone to collect the corpses right now."

Kevin hung up the phone, sent the location to Uncle Woody, then took pictures with his mobile phone and wrote about the whole incident.

After seeing the photo with details of the incident, Uncle Woody frowned seriously. The whole thing didn't look like a conspiracy. It was more like Luke



was overjoyed and met the iron plates, but was killed by the iron plate finally.

"Fuck. I'll talk to someone. Forget it. I'd better report it to the head of the family now"

Uncle Woody informed the elders of Luke's death via phone calls.

The elders of the Newman family got up one after another and rushed to the main hall to discuss the situation.

Stefan Newman, the head of the Newman family, sat on the main seat and said in a dark tone, "Luke is dead. What do you think of it, Uncle Woody?"

"Master, I don't think it's like someone doing something bad. Maximilian is really strong. He forces Uncle Powell to kill Luke. Luke shot Uncle Powell in the counterattack. They two died together."



Uncle Woody tried to talk about the situation objectively to avoid great turbulence caused by Luke's sudden tragic death.

"Maximilian? Who is he? There are no powerful people in H City. How can a nobody come out at random and kill my third son?" Stefan said angrily.

"Calm down, Maximilian didn't have a good reputation before, but he has done several big things recently. It is said that the upcoming International Underground Boxing Tournament in H City has something to do with Maximilian. The organizer of the tournament has asked Maximilian to participate as the wild card player, representing H City. It also reflects Maximilian's strength."

Uncle Woody told Stefan the information he just found out, and he





thought Maximilian must be someone unusual, as ordinary people was not qualified to participate in boxing tournament.

Stefan became more and more angry. Although the Newman family was quite powerful, they couldn't compare with those forces behind the International Underground Boxing Tournament. They were just different like ants and elephants.

"Taking part in the International Underground Boxing Tournament? It's really amazing, but killing my son is just unforgivable. If he dies in the black boxing match, we won't say anything. If he survives, I'll kill him! "

"Master, why don't we send someone to keep an eye on him first and collect some information about his interpersonal relationship and daily





routine?" Uncle Woody lowered his head and said.

"Go to arrange it, and reserve a VIP box for the tournament. I'll go to watch Maximilian's match in person."

Stefan was determined to see Maximilian being killed. If the boxing players couldn't kill him, he would kill Maximilian by himself after the game. In short, he couldn't let Maximilian go after his son's tragic death.





Chapter 453 Double Standard?

Maximilian got up early in the morning and was busy making breakfast in the kitchen.

Laura let Flora sit on the sofa and asked her about her meeting with Drew yesterday. Flora was embarrassed and didn't know how to say, looking at Victoria for help."

"Mom, don't mention it. My cousin is not suitable for Flora at all. You'd better not make a blind match." Victoria said helplessly.

"I'm not making a blind match. Your cousin is in the limelight recently. I've heard that he's going to be on TV in a few days." Laura thought that his nephew was really good, at least much better than his son-in-law.

"Flora, you have to listen to my





words. You should consider Drew. Young people can find each other good by contacting more."

Flora said with an awkward smile, "Okay, aunt, I'll think about your advice. I'll see if Maximilian needs help. Aunt, you can talk with Victoria."

Flora found an excuse to leave in a hurry, and then walked into the kitchen.

Maximilian, who was frying eggs, saw Flora come in and asked with a smile, "What's the matter with you? Just wait outside, and I don't need your help here."

Flora showed a pathetic look, holding Maximilian's arm with both hands and shaking, "You can't drive me out. My aunt is so horrible. I can't bear it. I can do laundry and cooking, and I'm good at warming the bed. Take me in."

"Don't talk nonsense. I'm sleeping in





the living room. I wish Victoria would throw you out." Maximilian said with dissatisfaction.

Flora tooted her mouth and suddenly straightened her waist.

"I'm not worse than sister Victoria, or I'll sneak out to warm your bed at night. I promise I'll make you comfortable." Flora took the opportunity to test Maximilian.

If it were for another man, he would have drooled and nodded, but Maximilian was not moved. Maximilian took the spatula seriously and shoveled the soft boiled eggs into the plate. Then he put the plate into Flora's hand.

"Eat quickly, and the world will be peace and quiet."

Flora held the plate blankly, feeling not well at all.





What was the situation? Was she rejected? Flora felt very tired. It seemed that seducing Maximilian was an impossible task.

The key was that the environment was not suitable. If only one man and one woman lived in the same room, Maximilian wouldn't react like this time. He must be pretending now!

Maximilian looked at Flora, who was in a daze, tilted his head and said, "Go out and get ready for breakfast. What's the matter with you?"

"I, I'm so moved. I'm so moved that I want to marry you." Flora said with low voice.

"Come on, don't pretend. If Victoria misunderstands me, I will throw you out directly."

Facing the threat from Maximilian, Flora could only toot his mouth and go





out.

Out of the kitchen door, Flora met Victoria. Seeing that Victoria was only a few steps away from the kitchen, Flora said in her heart, "It's too dangerous."

If she just made an impulsive move, she would be discovered by Victoria. What a dangerous situation! No wonder Maximilian wanted to pretend to be a gentleman.

"Victoria, this is fried egg made by Maximilian for you. You can eat it first, and I'll go to the kitchen to serve the dishes."

"Oh, what were you talking about?" Victoria pretended to ask casually.

After all, Flora was a beautiful woman, and Victoria could feel that Flora seemed to have a crush on Maximilian, so she was wary of Flora and Maximilian being alone.





"It's nothing. Maximilian doesn't want to reply when I speak. I'm so angry." Flora said angrily.

"That's what Maximilian is like. His EQ is low. Don't take his words to heart. Sit down and eat. I'll go in and have a look. "

Victoria let Flora sit down and walked into the kitchen.

Maximilian saw Victoria come in and waved to Victoria with a smile. He picked up a piece of freshly fried ham and said, "Honey, taste it. It is freshly fried. Delicious."

"I think you feel guilty. Did you do anything wrong just now?" Victoria said seriously.

"You've wronged me, honey. How can I do anything wrong?"

"I just saw Flora so happy. Did you





feed her ham like this just now?"

Victoria was very jealous in her heart. Although she knew she was unreasonable, she can't help it.

"Don't talk nonsense, I don't like that girl at all. Should I send her to the hospital directly today? My ham is so precious that I can't give it to her."

"Well, I won't let her go. I'll keep her to test you and see if you're a faithful man." Victoria wrinkled his nose, opened her cherry mouth and let Maximilian feed her.

Maximilian held the ham slice and gently put it between Victoria's lips. Victoria's tongue skillfully rolled the ham slice into her mouth.

"Well, it's really delicious. It doesn't seem like domestic ham, does it?" Victoria asked after tasting it.





"Honey, you are excellent. This is Spanish ham. It has been stored for more than 30 years. I soaked it in red wine and rosemary and fried it. The taste is very unusual. No one can eat it except my favorite wife."

Victoria looked at Maximilian adorably, and her heart was full of sweetness. Out of impulse, she reached out her white jade hand around Maximilian's neck and gave him a kiss on her tiptoe.

"It smells good. What are you cooking?" Flora walked into the kitchen with her nose twitching. When she saw Maximilian and Victoria kissing, her pretty face turned red.

As the romantic atmosphere was destroyed by Flora, Maximilian stared at Flora angrily.

Flora blocked his eyes with her right





hand and said bitterly, "I, I didn't see anything. My eyes are not good. I'm a little blind. You go on. I'll go out first."

Turning around and walking out of the kitchen quickly, Flora wanted to whip Maximilian hard. How could he have double standards?

He pretended to be like a Taoist priest when she seduced him. Victoria only got in for a while, but Maximilian was staging a passionate movie scene with her!

Was I not beautiful enough? Not charming enough? Or not good at seducing men? Flora sat down in her chair and began to rethink her own problems.

Victoria came out shyly with a dinner plate in her hand and sat opposite Flora. She lowered her head and said, "Let is eat. After that, I'll go to the company. Do





you want me to take you to the hospital?"

"I, I don't want to go to the hospital. I'll go to the company with you."





Chapter 453 Be My Teacher

Flora didn't want to be thrown away. If Maximilian and Victoria ignored her after she was sent to the hospital, all her efforts would be in vain.

Maximilian came out of the kitchen with milk and sandwiches in his hand, sat beside Victoria and said, "I may have something to do in the afternoon. I'll go out at that time."

"What's the matter?" Victoria asked curiously.

"Connor. I'll go and help him. After all, he helped me a lot before."
Maximilian said vaguely.

He was going to participate in the International Underground Boxing Tournament, but he must keep it from Victoria, so Maximilian made up a specious excuse.



Flora tilted her head and looked at Maximilian, feeling that this was a good opportunity.

She could sneak out and followed Maximilian in the afternoon, and then she would have a lot of time to be with Maximilian alone. At that time, she would see how Maximilian pretended to be a gentleman.

"Hum! I don't believe in men I can't hook up with!" Flora clenched her right hand tightly and cheered herself up in her heart.

Victoria didn't ask. After all, Maximilian had his own space. She couldn't tie Maximilian to her side all the time.

"Well, just be careful, and don't take part in anything dangerous."

"Don't worry. I won't do anything dangerous. I'll consider it for you, even



not for me." Maximilian lied seriously without blushing.

After breakfast, they three left the house.

Just outside the building, they saw a man rushing towards them. Both Victoria and Flora were startled.

Canaan, with greasy face and haggard look, rushed to Maximilian and stopped. He glanced at Victoria and Flora. He was instantly attracted by their beauty, with surprise in his eyes.

"What are you doing? Get out of my way." Maximilian said unhappily.

Canaan returned to his senses, bowed and said, "Mr. Lee, two sisters-in-law. I have something to bother you."

The words "two sisters-in-law" let Victoria and Flora have strange feelings.

Flora had a trace of sweetness in her





heart, and couldn't wait to shout, "Well, you should be rewarded!"

Victoria was alert to Flora in her heart, thinking about whether she really made a mistake in letting Flora stay at her house. If Maximilian and Flora really had a spark, what should she do?

Maximilian glared at Canaan, "What are you talking about? This is your sister-in-law. This... This is the girl I picked up from outside. If you are interested, you can take her away."

Canaan was very surprised. He sincerely admired Maximilian for picking up a peerless beauty like an elf. He was definitely a person with extraordinary luck.

As for Maximilian's last sentence, to take her away, it was directly ignored by Canaan.

Were you kidding? If someone took





the beauty away directly, he was looking for death. People with no extraordinary luck couldn't hold it at all. As long as they took the beauty away, they would die and their family would be destroyed.

After the series of thing happened last night, Canaan knew what he could do and couldn't do.

Flora directly hugged Maximilian's arm and said in a delicate voice, "Maximilian, don't send me away. I'll sweep the floor, cook and clean up the house for you. I'll serve you and Victoria well."

Maximilian quietly took out his arm, for fear that Victoria misunderstood him.

Victoria naturally held Flora's hand, lest Flora continued to move on to his man.

"Who is he, Maximilian?" Victoria





asked suspiciously.

"I'm Canaan, a member of Kadir family in B City. I'm impressed by Mr. Lee's driving skills. I want to learn from him. I'm really sincere."

Looking at Canaan who was ready to kneel down at any time, Maximilian had a headache and said, "Don't get in the way. We're going to work. It's impossible to teach you driving skills. Don't think about it."

"Don't be like that, Mr. Lee. I really mean it. If you don't accept me as an apprentice, I'll stay at your door."

Victoria pulled Maximilian and said in a low voice, "You should talk with him patiently. I think he is sincere. It's not a big deal to teach someone driving. You have time anyway. "

In Victoria's opinion, Maximilian had a lot of time, should just took some





time to teach Canaan, so as not to let him and Flora get together for a long time.

Canaan said happily, "Thank you, sister-in-law. I sincerely appreciate your help. You are the reincarnation of Guanyin Bodhisattva."

Maximilian looked at Canaan speechless and thought this guy was really lucky.

"Well, call me tomorrow. I don't have time for you today."

"Well, master, where are you going? I'll drive you there." Canaan actively ran to the side of the car and opened the door.

Looking at the door of Mercedes Benz S600 opened by Canaan, Maximilian let Victoria and Flora sit in the back seats, and he got into the car and sit in the passenger seat.





"You have so many cars." Maximilian sighed.

"I just like cars. I think cars are worth more than women. Er... That's my personal opinion." Canaan felt that he was too proud. He shut up in a hurry and began to drive seriously.

Canaan sent them to the company. He thought about it for a while, parked the car on the roadside which was not far away from the company, and planned to serve Maximilian at any time.

As the old saying goes, if you want to learn well, you have to sleep with your master. Canaan had no chance to sleep with his master, so he had to pay more attention.

He didn't ask Maximilian to teach him unique skills, but if he could make himself reach the state of integration of





man and car.

Maximilian, Victoria and Flora entered the office together. Flora said lively, "Victoria, do you have a secretary? If you don't, let me be your secretary. "

"I really don't have a secretary. If you want to be a secretary, you should help sort out these documents first."

Victoria arranged for Flora to work, and then picked up the new documents to read.

Maximilian was sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed, playing with his mobile phone. He looked like an old man who didn't have anything to do.

Flora finished sorting out the documents, and then served tea for Victoria and Maximilian. Finally, Flora finished her work, and sat next to Maximilian.





Victoria squinted at Maximilian and Flora, and then pretended to be indifferent and said, "Maximilian, aren't you going to help Connor? Since you want to help him, you should go earlier. Don't let Connor wait for you."

"Well, I'll go now. If you have something, just call me."

Maximilian put away his mobile phone, stood up and walked out. Flora's eyes were rolling, thinking about whether to follow Maximilian quietly or not.





Chapter 455 A hundred thousand!

After Maximilian just left for half a minute, the phone on Victoria's desk was ringing.

Victoria answered the phone for half a minute, asked Flora to stay in the office and not run around, and then left in a hurry. She needed to go to the construction site.

When Victoria left, Flora secretly left the office, slipped out of the company and ran to the roadside.

At this time, let alone Maximilian, even Victoria was nowhere to find.

Flora was unhappy and stomped her feet hard. She was at a loss in her heart and felt she was useless. She did not seize such a good opportunity but watched Maximilian leave. Now she wanted to catch up with Maximilian, but





didn't know where to go.

The Mercedes Benz slowly stopped beside Flora, the window near the passenger seat was open. Canaan tilted his head and said, "Flora, where are you going? I can help you."

"Are you going to flirt with your master's wife?" Flora said rudely.

"Eh? The wife of my master, the wife of my master... Shouldn't the wife my master be Victoria? You are my master... "

The more Canaan said, the smaller his voice was, and finally he just closed his mouth, because Flora's eyes could kill him if he continued.

At this moment, Canaan felt that his EQ not enough. Such a beautiful fairy girl might not have been found if she hadn't been greedy for his master's body.





The so-called "pick up" was just a kind of disguised statement. This girl must have an indescribable relationship with her master Maximilian.

"Er, Mrs. Lee, please get into the car. Are you going to see my master? I think master has taken a taxi to the East. If we are fast, we may catch up with him."

Canaan was full of confidence. He thought it was easy to catch up with a taxi with his own driving skills.

Flora hesitated for a moment, opened the door and got into the passenger seat.

"I warn you. If you do anything to me, don't blame me for speaking ill of you in front of your master." Flora pretended to be fierce and said.

Canaan said with a smile, "Certainly not. You can rest assured, Mrs. Lee. I prefer cars."





Flora couldn't help but complained that Canaan must have some problem. A man who wasn't moved when they met beautiful women, they either pretended or was seriously ill.

Canaan galloped out with one foot on the accelerator and ran toward the direction where the taxi left.

Suddenly, Canaan found a familiar taxi, pointing to the taxi not far in front of him, and said, "That's the taxi my master takes."

"Keep up with the taxi. Don't fail. I'll be rude to you if you affect my big business."

"Don't worry. My driving skill is first-class, that is, of course, worse than my master. My master's driving skill is really unique in the world. I doubt Michael Schumacher is his match"

Flora asked Canaan how he knew





Maximilian and why he had to learn driving skills from Maximilian.

Canaan talked about yesterday's events with his great enthusiasm, especially focusing on Maximilian's victory over his Bugatti with a Mercedes Benz G65 and Luke's death.

Flora was dazzled upon hearing it, and felt so excited. If she had followed Maximilian yesterday, she would have experienced such exciting things with him together.

Flora looked quiet, but was wild like a beast in her heart.

It seemed that girls had a desire for excitement, and that was why so many girls would rush to the scumbags' arms one after another.

Watching the taxi stop at the gate of the boxing stadium, Canaan slowed down the car.





"Master has entered the boxing stadium. Shall we follow him?"

"Of course." Flora stared at Maximilian's figure and thought about what Maximilian was doing here. Did he want to fight with others?

As soon as the Mercedes Benz arrived at the gate of the stadium, it was stopped by a huge man in a security uniform.

Canaan roll down the window and asked, "Can't I park inside?"

"If you have an invitation, you can park inside. Do you have a card? You can't go in without a card." The security guard was polite.

"What invitation card, can't I go in and play?" Canaan asked deliberately.

"Hah-hah, there is an important game today. Those without cards are





not allowed to enter. You'd better go to other places to play."

"How can I get the invitation card? Give me one. Money is not a problem."

The security guard hesitated for a moment and let Canaan to park his car at the door of the security room.

"Mrs. Lee, you sit in the car. I'll go and see what's going on."

After parking, Canaan got out of the car and followed the security guard into the room.

The security guard took an invitation card for the International Underground Boxing Tournament and said, "Bro, this is one I managed to get. It was reserved for a big boss, but he stood me up. I'll give up my love and give it to you. It costs a hundred thousand dollars."

"A hundred thousand dollars?"





Canaan was stunned. He couldn't figure out what it was and how it could be worth a hundred thousand dollars.

"Hey, it seems that you really don't know what's going to happen here. It is the International Underground Boxing Tournament, the most prestigious boxing competition in the world. The one who just went in is the boxer representing H City, the one with great Kung Fu."

"And with this invitation card, you can watch all the boxing matches from beginning to end. It's not just one match. Today is for wild card match, and tomorrow is the main match. And the day after tomorrow are finals."

"The more exciting the competition is, the fiercer it will be. The competition will definitely make your blood boiling. You will have the courage to beat your





wife if you are a henpecked husband. If you are born with physical defects, after watching the competition, you will experience the ultimate sexual life. The competition can wake up the little beast in your body and make you an extraordinary man."

The more the security guard said, the less reliable he became. He almost caught up with the old doctor of Traditional Chinese Medicine who sold small pills.

After hearing that, Canaan felt horrible. Although he didn't pay attention to the International Underground Boxing Tournament, he had heard related stories and legends. When the security guard mentioned that Maximilian was a boxer, Canaan's blood became cold.

After a long stay, Maximilian agreed





to be his master, and he should not be beaten to death in the ring. That's not a good deal for me.

"I'll take the invitation card. Well, the man who just took a taxi doesn't look powerful. How can he become a boxer?"

"Hah-hah, you really have bad eyes. That's Mr. Maximilian Lee! Our boss, Connor is just like his good grandson when he sees Maximilian. Before, there are some experts from the provincial capital to challenge him and set up an underground boxing match. Connor asked Mr. Lee to help him. "

"I didn't see that battle, but I heard that Mr. Lee spat on the stage, and the spit was like a concealed weapon, soon the master of the provincial capital was killed in the arena."

The security guard spoke excitedly. Canaan listened with suspicion.





After all, he saw the men in the yard last night. Canaan estimated they were knocked unconscious by Maximilian.





Chapter 456 Speed Defines the Winner

When Maximilian entered the combat Stadium, one of Connor's men led Maximilian to the lounge.

"Mr. Maximilian, take a rest first. I'll go and tell Master Connor. He is now attached to the foreigner and is not free to move around."

Maximilian nodded, went into the lounge. He took a seat and played with his phone leisurely.

Connor's man went to the training arena and found Connor. He whispered a few words in Connor's ear.

Connor looked at Thompson beside him and said with a smile, "The wild card player Maximilian representing H City is here. I'm going to meet him."





"Oh, our host player is here. Just invite him over and sit down. It just happens that Nuron will start the last training session before the game. Maximilian hasn't participated in the training this time, and he definitely doesn't know his opponent. Let him take a good look first to have a general understanding."

What Thompson said seemed to be polite, but in fact, his intention was not good at all. He aimed to intimidate Maximilian with Nuron's ferocity.

As long as there was timidity in Maximilian's heart, he would be frightened on stage, and he would most likely lose on the arena in the end.

Connor smiled awkwardly and said to his subordinates, "Go and invite Mr. Maximilian over."

When Conner's man left, he frowned





and asked, "Nuron's training is over, isn't it?"

"Just now, Nuron proposed extra trainings. There were too many boxers in the wild card tournament, so he wanted to fight ten people at the same time to shorten the wild card tournament."

After Thompson saying this, Connor's eyebrows knitted, and his heart couldn't help but sink.

Although Thompson's remark was simple, Connor smelled blood in it. Instead of beating ten, Nuron wanted to kill ten, and he did it to set an example for Maximilian.

Soon Maximilian walked to Connor and sat down, staring at Thompson who was sitting aside.

Thompson raised his eyebrows and nodded slightly at Maximilian, "You are





Maximilian, right? Nice to meet you! I'm Thompson, member of the tournament organizing committee. Soon your opponent will start the training match, and you can have a good look."

"Okay, thank you for your information. I will have a good look."

After saying this, Maximilian looked at the ring not far away. The ring was larger than a regular wrestling ring, and there were no guardrails around.

Connor leaned to Maximilian and whispered, "They don't have good intentions. I am afraid Nuron will kill ten people, and you shouldn't be afraid of what you will see."

"It is just one V.S. ten. It is nothing! I can kill hundreds of small insects." Maximilian said jokingly. Connor, however, could not laugh at all and even wanted to cry.





Soon, ten muscular boxers came on stage. They stood around the corner of the boxing ring, looking at Nuron who walked slowly toward them.

Nuron was about 6-inch tall, and his whole body was full of tight muscles. Numerous scars were intertwined on his skin. It demonstrated that he had experienced countless bloody battles of life and death.

With a fierce look, Nuron opened his mouth, showing sharp teeth and shook his fists in a striking motion. The speed of his fist was as fast as lightning, and naked eye could hardly capture it. After swinging the fist, Nuron's arm was back to the previous position, and it seemed that Nuron didn't punch at all.

Connor's face changed slightly. With a serious expression, and he said, "What a fast punch! This speed has proved





that he is a master."

"Speed defines the winner. His speed is indeed fast." Maximilian said indifferently.

The ten boxes on the stage looked at Nuron closely, but no one dared to step forward.

During the training these days, Nuron's brutality had left a deep impression on them, and it casted a shadow in their hearts.

Although they knew ten people could win Nuron, the first one rushing up would definitely die.

Who was willing to die first? Who was willing to give his life for the survival of others? There was no such person among the ten boxers.

The ten boxers were watching and waiting for Nuron to take the initiative to





choose the unlucky one who would die first.

Nuron smiled ferociously, stretching out his scarlet tongue to lick the corners of his lip. It seemed that he wasn't looking at living human beings but delicious food.

Roar! A beast-like hiss erupted from Nuron's mouth, his legs stomping hard on the ground, and his whole body leaped out like a cannonball.

A strong white man with body shape as a bear became his first target. The white man's eyes widened, his hands swung out violently to hit the approaching Nuron.

As Nuron moved, the other nine boxers moved together like wolves that had smelled an opportunity. They rushed to Nuron one after another and were ready to take advantage of the





opportunity to besiege Nuron.

The moment everyone was mobilizing, Nuron suddenly turned around. Nuron's body turned into an arc of mystery in the air, and his shoulder crashed into the skinny black man coming from the right.

The sudden change during action disrupted the plans of the boxers. And the furious boxers who had surrounded Nuron suffered a brief panic.

At this time, Nuron had already rammed into the heart of the skinny black man. The thin black man screamed, flew out, spurting blood in the air. When he fell out of the ring, he was dead already.

After killing one boxer, Nuron moved on, stretching his arm to grab a blond white man aside.

The man stepped back in fear.





Seeing that he had dodged beyond the reach of Nuron's arm, he stopped and breathed a sigh of relief.

But next second, the blonde white man lowered his head in horror and looked at his throat being scratched by Nuron's palm. He couldn't figure out why Nuron's arm suddenly grew longer.

An unbelievable look flashed in the eyes of the rest boxers. Everyone watched as Nuron's arm grew longer just now, which was beyond the limits of their knowledge of the human body.

"My God, is this magical? I've heard of bone shrinking skills or something. But I never heard the arm could be extended for 10cm and still has combat effectiveness." Connor was amazed.

Maximilian said indifferently, "It's not a big deal. Ancient India had such kind of Kung Fu, and someone should have





inherited it. But it is generally used to beg for food or something."

"No way! Beggars are still so skilled? In earlier years, beggars cutting off tendons in their hands and feet must use optical camouflage. They certainly don't have such great skills."

Connor didn't believe that anyone with such skills would beg for living, and they definitely have more choices than begging.





Chapter 457 Enjoy the Magic

Thompson tilted his head and looked at Maximilian, his eyes full of mockery.

"What you said is really interesting. Nuron has such a powerful Kung Fu, but you said it is just a skill for begging. It is quite incredible. Are you as powerful as Nuron? It's a joke."

Maximilian glanced at Thompson and shook his head with a smile.

Thompson looked at Maximilian with confusion, wondering why Maximilian was laughing, "Do you think what I said is wrong? Or did I hurt your heart by telling the truth? If it really hurts your young heart, I don't mind apologizing to you."

"No, I'm just laughing at your ignorance. Have you ever read any





martial arts novels in this country? Do you know beggars have formed a sect called Beggar Sect? Do you know the supreme skills in the Beggar Sect are the 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons and the Stick Technique to Beat White Chimpanzee?"

Maximilian asked sentence by sentence, and every time he asked, Thompson shook his head blankly. In the end, Thompson looked at Maximilian dumbfounded and didn't know what Maximilian meant.

"Beggar Sect? 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons? Stick Technique to Beat White Chimpanzee? Are they powerful? I think it should not be as powerful as Nuron. Does it mean you are one of the Beggar Sect and are unconvinced of Nuron?" Thompson said, feeling humiliated.





Maximilian smiled smugly, "Your ignorance makes me desperate. The 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons can destroy the heaven and earth, and can also take the general's head among ten thousand troops easily. I will tell you the story of Master Guo Jing and Master Qiao Feng, heirs to the Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons."

Maximilian happily shared with Thompson the martial arts story and the exaggerated battle plots. Thompson was stunned upon hearing them.

Connor looked up at the ceiling, speechless. He didn't expect that things would turn out like this. Originally they wanted to use this training contest to set up Nuron's prestige, but he had never expected that it turned out to be a story telling session of Maximilian.

More importantly, Thompson was





completely attracted by Maximilian's stories. And he chased after Maximilian, asking whether Maximilian had practiced the 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons.

Nuron also noticed the situation off the stage and expressed his strong dissatisfaction with Maximilian and Thompson's conversation.

"You trash, I am outnumbered, but you are afraid to fight with me? If you are men, you should come to siege me, and show me your guts!"

Nuron roared at the remaining boxers. The eight boxers were frightened by Nuron for a long time. At this moment, they did not dare to go forward and fight with Nuron. Instead, they retreated two or three steps and scattered around.

Nuron became angry and rushed





directly to the nearest boxer.

When the white boxer saw Nuron drawing near, he took two steps back in panic and jumped directly out of the ring.

"Don't chase me, I surrender! I won't participate in this boxing tournament anymore!" The white boxer got out of the ring, his hands high, and refused to fight with Nuron anymore.

Nuron gritted his teeth fiercely, chased after him with red eyes, and swung his fist toward the white boxer's head.

"I surrender and admit my defeat! You can't hit me!"

The white boxer fell to his knees in panic, but Nuron didn't listen to what he said and smashed his fist into the white boxer's temple.



Bang! The white boxer was smashed and rolled over to the floor, a stream of blood spurting from his mouth, and his body twitching in pain.

"Don't, don't beat me! I quit!"

"You say you won't fight and that is all? When you get into the ring, there are only choices, life or death!" After saying this, Nuron stomped on the white boxer's face and smashed his cheek into pieces.

The broken bones pierced through the white boxer's brain stem and brain lobes, and he struggled twice and gradually lost his breath.

The boxers on the ring were stunned by Nuron's brutality. They left the ring immediately and ran wildly toward the backstage.

Many boxers around the training arena shook their heads and





commented, feeling that Nuron was too cruel.

"Nuron is crazy. It is just a training match, but he even killed his opponents. Even in the main event, he doesn't have to kill them."

"Nuron is just a madman. If no one stops Nuron, I'm afraid he will become the killing star in this tournament."

"It's so scary! I don't want to meet Nuron. If I fight with him in the match, I will definitely abstain."

The raged Nuron turned around and prepared to go back to the ring. But when he turned around, he saw no one was there.

This made Nuron even more furious, and he ran two steps and punched the ring fiercely.

Boom! The ring trembled, and





cracked at once, and the smaller half of the ring collapsed.

The surrounding boxers were stunned by Nuron's punch, as no one had such a powerful punch.

Nuron looked at Maximilian with crimson eyes, revealing a hideous smile.

"You are my opponent? I'm not satisfied with the training match here. Why don't you come and practice with me? Let me see what level you really are."

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Everyone looked towards Maximilian, waiting to see how Maximilian would respond to Nuron's provocation.

Thompson slightly raised his eyebrows and said with a smile, "Mr.





Maximilian, the Kung Fu from the Beggar Sect you just told me is particularly wonderful. Would you let me enjoy the magic of the divine Kung Fu now?" Thompson made several gestures, but it looked like a punch.

Connor said nervously, "Mr. Thompson, they are rivals in the wild card tournament. I am afraid it isn't improper to have them fight directly in the training match now."

"What's wrong? I really look forward to seeing the power of the 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons. I'm sure Mr. Maximilian won't mind, right? Mr. Maximilian."

Thompson didn't care when Maximilian fought. As long as Nuron could beat Maximilian to bleed and he was able to collect Maximilian's blood sample.





Nuron made two gestures to Maximilian with his middle finger and said provocatively, "Are you scared? If you are scared, you can kneel down and kiss my shoes. I will let you go."

All the boxers around watched the scene with great enthusiasm. And they started to boo and hoot, waiting to see the battle between Maximilian and Nuron.

"Hey, yellow-skinned monkey, you're the host. You can't be so useless. If I were you, I'd stand up to fight."

"Just be a man, OK? Since someone challenges you, you have to fight. Even if you lose, you have to show your demeanor. Hurry up!"

"Poor guy, I think he must have been scared to pee by Nuron's provocation. Look at his trembling body! He was like a child who has left his mother's arms,





ah ha."





Chapter 458 The Quintessence Tai Chi

Maximilian stood up and looked at Thompson with a smile, "If I kill him now, is it meant I succeed in the opening round and won't need to play anymore?"

"Oh, your idea is very creative. I agree to your proposal on behalf of the organizing committee. Your match officially starts now. No matter it's you or Nuron, whoever wins will directly advance into the main event."

"Good." Maximilian walked towards the ring with his hands behind his back.

Nuron grinned, and leaped directly from the ground to the ring with a sharp push of his legs. He stood on the arena and began to move his arms and wrists as if he was warming up.





Maximilian climbed up the ring slowly step by step, like a calm old gentleman.

Seeing Maximilian going up the steps, the boxers burst into laughter and thought Maximilian was making fun, as he couldn't even jump onto the ring.

"Is this guy really trained? He is thin and weak with no muscle, and looks old when he goes up."

"It is really funny. Such a guy dares to fight with Nuron. Nuron can kill him with one punch."

"I've seen a lot of silly birds, but this is the first time I have seen such a silly person. Is he blind? Nuron killed several people, and he should be able to realize how powerful Nuron is."

None of the boxers were optimistic about Maximilian's upcoming match. As





Maximilian's performance was too low-key, there was no demeanor on him that a master should have.

Connor covered his face and didn't dare to watch the upcoming battle. These days, Nuron's ferocity had caused a shadow in Connor's heart. At this moment, Connor's mind was filled with scenes about Maximilian being beaten by Nuron. He didn't believe Maximilian would win this time.

At the end of the training hall, Canaan and Flora sat together, staring at Maximilian on the ring.

Canaan was already pale, and his clothes were already soaked with sweat. Canaan was scared to death when he saw Nuron killing other boxers. After all, he grew up at a peaceful age as a happy and rich child.

Such bloody scenes could only be





seen in movies. After all, the blood in the film and on TV was on the screen, and he knew those were no real. At most, Canaan adrenaline secretion rose in an instant when he saw it in the film or television.

But what Canaan saw was the bloody reality at this moment, which made him terrified. If he didn't know this was an international underground boxing match, Canaan would have to report the crime.

Flora was calm but pale. After experiencing so many setbacks and tribulations, Flora's mentality was still good and much better than Canaan, who was just a second-generation rich.

"You've seen Maximilian fighting with others, right? Do you think Maximilian can win?" Flora asked with concerns.





"Da-da-da, I, da-da-da, think so..."

Canaan's upper and lower teeth trembled in panic, and his mouth kept rattling, making it uncomfortable to speak.

"Are you a man? It is Maximilian who went up to fight, not you. How come you are scared like this as a spectator?"

"I, I, I'm just scared!" Canaan covered his face with his hands, wiped the sweat and tears from his face vigorously, and his voice became a little choked.

"How could I not be afraid? I've never seen blood before, let alone see someone beaten to death. That black boxer is really sick, and I definitely won't fight with him. I think Master Maximilian may not be able to win. Oh, what should I do if Master Maximilian dies? I haven't learned anything about car from him





yet.”

Flora was speechless and looked at Canaan who was covering his face and crying. She thought she met the legendary momma's boy. How could a normal man be scared to cry? And she even didn't cry as a girl.

"Can you be brave? Your master is fighting a life and death battle with other. You should stand up and cheer for him.”

"I'm worried and didn't dare to watch it. Just tell me the result later. I really don't dare to watch." Canaan buried his head between his knees, acting like an ostrich.

Flora curled her lips and no longer cared about Canaan, but focused on Maximilian on the ring.

Maximilian stood in front of Nuron, posed in a starting stance of Huang



Feihong, and hooked his index finger at Nuron, "Come on, let me teach you what politeness is."

Nuron glared at Maximilian fiercely and said viciously, "You are too arrogant. You want to teach me what the polite is? It's ridiculous!"

"Oh, then please start your show, and Thompson is still waiting to see me with the 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons."

"Fck you! Watch me beat you into a pig head!"

The angry Nuron dashed forward, and the power of his whole body gathered in his right fist. When he swung his fist, there was a huge explosion sound. And it seemed that the air was about to be shattered by Nuron's punch.

Thompson looked at Nuron's punch



with a satisfied smile. With this punch, Maximilian would definitely vomit blood.

The boxers at present took a deep breath. At this moment, they realized Nuron was much stronger than before.

"How powerful is Nuron? He didn't use his full strength just now, and I don't know if he is using his full strength now."

"He is too scary. I think Nuron is qualified to compete for the top three of this boxing tournament, at least among the top five."

"We are simply weak compared to Nuron. That yellow-skinned monkey will probably be beaten out of the sky by Nuron's fist, and there is nothing to see afterwards."

While the crowd was still discussing, Maximilian slowly smoothed out his left hand with Tai Chi. Maximilian's left





hand, which seemed to move in slow motion, suddenly appeared eerily above Nuron's right fist. Then Maximilian's five fingers of the left hand fiercely grabbed Nuron's fist, and hard-pressed Nuron's furious fist in the air.

Nuron's face flushed. He took a deep breath, swung his right fist again, trying to break free from Maximilian's left hand with his explosive power.

But with a slight twitch of Maximilian's left wrist, Nuron's tremendous burst of power disappeared like a cow into the sea.

At this moment, Nuron was completely surprised by Maximilian. He thought Maximilian just happened to stop his furious punch. But after applying his force again, Nuron finally realized that Maximilian did have a way to dissolve his power.





Seeing that Maximilian had stopped Nuron's movement, Thompson and boxers stood up in surprise and looked incredulously at Maximilian's left hand, thinking that Maximilian's hand had magic.

"My God, how did he do that? That was a fist that could break the ring. How could Nuron be caught by Maximilian so easily?"

"I'm not dreaming, right? It's just too hard to believe!"





Chapter 459 Taking Advantage?

Maximilian smiled and looked at the astonished Thompson, "See, this is Tai Chi. Tai Chi uses rival's strength to defeat rival's strength. I just took his force and then use his force to dissolve his force. But I have not launched my force yet. If I use a set of catching and transforming force, I should have beaten Nuron to the ground."

Thompson looked at Maximilian like a dumb goose, as he didn't expect that Maximilian would still have the mood to explain Kung Fu to him at this time. Thompson didn't understand what the catching and dissolving meant, but he had a new understanding of Maximilian.

At this time, even a fool could see that Maximilian was much stronger than Nuron, let alone a smart person





like Thompson. Thompson knew that his vision would be frustrated again.

Nuron was already in a rage and felt that Maximilian was a barefaced humiliation to himself. Maximilian even had time to chat with others in the middle of a battle. Maximilian didn't put Nuron in the eye at all!

"You've angered me! I'm going to defeat you!" Nuron's blood flowed faster, his muscles soared, and his entire body's strength was accumulated again.

Boom! Nuron stomped his left foot so hard that a big hole was made on the floor of the ring.

Then Nuron withdrew forcefully with his right hand, and his left hand clenched into a fist and slammed at Maximilian, intending to defeat Maximilian with the force of pulling and





smashing.

However, when Nuron withdrew his right hand violently, Maximilian suddenly let go of his hand that grabbed Nuron's fist.

Instantly, Nuron lost his balance and fell back towards the ground.

Maximilian stood with his hands on his head and looked at Nuron. Then, he said indifferently, "Come on. Just now I used Tai Chi, now I'm going to perform the 18 palm attacks to defeat an insect. To deal with a scum like you, there is no need to use a masterpiece like the 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons."

Maximilian was joking, but Nuron had been angrier and angrier. He turned over, jumped up from the ground, howling like a beast. He stomped his feet on the ground and smashed at Maximilian like a cannonball.





This time, Nuron used the strength of his entire body, ready to directly mangle Maximilian over, and would never leave Maximilian a chance to fight back.

Maximilian blandly looked at the incoming Nuron, but his expression didn't change at all, as if Maximilian didn't see Nuron's hateful strike.

"Go to hell!" Nuron smashed Maximilian's lumbar spine with his fist. If an ordinary person was hit by Nuron's fist, his entire lumbar spine would be crushed.

However, Maximilian smiled and waved his palms, and collided with Nuron's fists.

Pop! A piercing pain came, and the waves of power rushed to Nuron's arms. Nuron felt his bones were breaking in sections, and a cold sweat broke out on





his forehead due to the severe pain.

Maximilian rushed to Nuron in one step and patted his shoulders with his palms.

Slap! After two crunching sounds, Maximilian slapped Nuron to his knees. The bones of Nuron's shoulders shattered, and his entire shoulders collapsed.

It was the first time that Nuron felt scared after he became an adult. He thought he could challenge the champion of the underground boxing match and become a powerful player. But at this moment, Nuron realized that there were too many stronger people outside the world, and he was much worse than Maximilian.

"I admit defeat, I surrender, don't hit me!" Nuron shouted in a panic, his voice was out of tune, and sounded like a





sharp neigh.

"What did you do just now when others surrendered? What's more, I still have sixteen more palms to hit you with my 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons, so you have to take the next sixteen palms from me first."

Maximilian swung his palms back and forth around Nuron, and the shadows of his palms were accompanied by Nuron's screams and the sound of broken bones, making everyone surprised and scared.

Was he still the unbeatable and arrogant Nuron? He was simply a dog. But no dog was so miserable!

"Thompson, you just watch. This is the hyper dragon with regret, this is the dragon soars to the sky, this is to see the dragon in the field ... this is just the 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons you





want to see!" Maximilian slapped his last palm on Nuron's back, and Nuron fell off the ring like a kite with a broken line.

Puff! Nuron fell in front of Thompson and opened his mouth to spurt out a mouthful of blood. The blood splashed on Thompson's trouser and shoes, dyeing them bright red.

Thompson tremblingly moved his ass, moved himself carefully to the next seat to keep himself away from the miserable Nuron.

"Great, great, Chinese Kung Fu is really great." Thompson said as he tried to force a smile, but it was worse than crying.

Connor let out a long breath, and suddenly felt proud. All his worries were swept away.

"Mr. Thompson, you don't have to be





so nervous and scared. Mr. Maximilian is not going to mess around and hurt innocent people, as long as you don't make Mr. Maximilian angry."

Thompson's cheeks twitched twice, and he was wondering what it meant not to annoy Maximilian. He had done so many things to aim at Maximilian. If Maximilian knew the truth, he would be beaten to death a dozen times!

"I, I know, I am just nervous. You guys hurry up and carry Nuron away, and send a doctor to see if he can still be cured."

Thompson waved his hand, and boxers around swarmed over and took a close look at the miserable Nuron.

At the moment, the boxers, who had been bullied by Nuron in the past two days, looked at Nuron with joys.

"His limbs are broken, and it seems





that his spine is also broken. I'm afraid it's difficult for him to move freely in the future."

"Nuron is just too arrogant. It's better to be a low-key person. Look at how low-key Mr. Maximilian is. It seems that he didn't have practiced in the ring before, but his movement is as fierce as a tiger."

"The tiger is nothing. Mr. Maximilian's Kung Fu can fight a nest of tigers alone. It is better to shun him when we see Mr. Maximilian in the future."

The boxers murmured and said a lot. Nuron was gradually out of breath, and was dying.

Seeing Maximilian win, Flora jumped up excitedly from the seat and kicked Canaan with her toe, "Don't cry, your master won. Come with me to cheer for





your master."

"Huh?" Canaan wiped his tears and looked towards the ring in disbelief. Seeing Maximilian standing on the ring sound and safe, he believed that Maximilian had won.

Flora already ran directly with joys to the ring, and opened her arms to hug Maximilian.

Maximilian stretched out his hand to stop Flora. Flora pursed her lips and puffed out her chest, saying, "What are you doing? Do you want to take advantage of me?"

"Uh." Maximilian looked at Flora speechlessly, "You're going too far. Obviously, you want to take advantage of me, and I just prevent you from taking advantage of me."

"What did you say? I'm just going to give you a happy hug."





Chapter 460 Whimpering

After saying this, Flora saw Maximilian put down his arm, so she immediately jumped into Maximilian's embrace.

"Well, well, what a warm embrace."

Flora's face filled with happiness, and she couldn't help but rub her face against Maximilian's chest.

Maximilian lowered his head and looked at Flora. He wanted to push Flora away directly, but seeing Flora's happy face, he did not bear to do it.

If he pushed Flora away at such a moment, it would make this elf girl sad. Well, her happy smile reminded him of his daughter

Maximilian tilted his head and tried to think of Flora as his daughter Sissi.





"It is so comfortable. I really want to hug you forever. This feeling is really good."

Flora reluctantly let go of Maximilian. She wanted to hug Maximilian that way all the time. It would be even better if she could hug Maximilian until the wasteland and the old sea were withered.

Maximilian rubbed Flora's head and wanted to rub Flora's soft hair shaggy, making her look cute.

"Okay, the celebratory hug is over, and it's time for you to tell me how you ran here."

"Victoria went to the construction site. I was bored in the office alone. I wanted to run out to play. I saw your apprentice when I went out. He drove me in. But he was scared to tears just now. He looks like a total loser."





Maximilian looked at Canaan in silence, who was wiping tears off his face. Maximilian did not expect Canaan to be so timid and could be frightened by Nuron's ferocity.

Canaan cried and walked to Maximilian, lowered his head, and said, "I didn't cry just now. It was because the sand got into my eyes. It hurts when I rubbed my eyes."

"Hey, don't pretend, okay? Do you want me to tell the way you were just now?" Flora raised her head and said.

"Don't, Miss Flora, save me some face."

Flora fiercely glared at Canaan, wanting to stop him from saying the three words Miss Flora, but in the end, she did not.

Maximilian turned his face and looked at Flora. Flora said awkwardly,



"He was the one who wanted to call me like that, and it has nothing to do with me."

When Maximilian was about to have a good talk with Flora, Connor walked over quickly.

"Mr. Maximilian, today your match finishes early, so you can leave, if you have nothing to do." Connor said while giving Maximilian a wink.

Nuron was the key player to be trained in the International underground Boxing tournament. But before he could enter the main event, Maximilian defeated him directly, and it seemed that he wouldn't even survive.

If someone from the organizing committee of the International underground Boxing tournament was dissatisfied and wanted to make trouble, it was not what Connor wanted





to see.

The biggest dream in Connor's heart was to let Maximilian finish the tournament sound and safe.

Maximilian nodded slightly, headed out with Flora and Canaan, and left the Stadium.

After sending Maximilian out of the training hall and watching Maximilian and others drive away, Connor turned his head back to the training hall.

The boxers in training had already left, and Nuron was carried away. Several burly men were cleaning up the blood stains on the floor.

Thompson sat on a chair smoking a cigarette, his eyes were somewhat blank and unfocused. It seemed that his entire brain became blank.

Connor walked to Thompson's side





and sat down, took out a cigarette and held it in his mouth.

"Connor, your Kung Fu really exists. Just now, Maximilian's Kung Fu is really powerful. Is that the 18 Palm Attacks to Defeat Dragons? It was really powerful." Thompson said softly, making a few gestures with his free left hand.

Connor was speechless and didn't know how to answer him.

"It should exist. We have a lot of hermits here. It is said that in the Royal Road to Fame, there are eight thousand hermits in cultivation. They are each very powerful. And the most powerful one will be called land gods or sword immortal or something. They are able to overturn the sea and destroy the earth."

Connor wasn't serious. He told fantasy novels to Thompson like what Maximilian did before.





"Wow, there are really such powerful people? Then what does Maximilian count as? Can he be called an immortal?"

"He certainly cannot be called an immortal. Although Mr. Maximilian is very powerful, he has not cultivated, and he definitely can't be called immortal."

After Connor finished speaking, he repented deeply in his soul, hoping that the gods and Buddhas who passed by would forgive him for talking nonsense.

Thompson's cheeks twitched. He thought Maximilian was so powerful and should be the best of the eight thousand hermits Connor mentioned. But he did not expect that Maximilian couldn't count as a beginner among the eight thousand hermits.

Was the mysterious East so awesome?





In that case, there were at least eight thousand masters more powerful than Maximilian.

Thompson felt the danger for the first time, and the idea of heading back to the other side of the ocean came to his mind; otherwise, he might have been buried here if he was not careful.

As for the mission or something, it was better to leave it to others to complete, and his life was too precious to lose.

But this thought just passed by, and Thompson knew if he failed the mission, he would be living in hell.

"Well, the East is really amazing. Arrange someone to repair the ring. I'm going to be busy." Thompson left Connor and hurriedly walked towards the office not far away.

Seeing Thompson enter the office,





Colletti hurriedly stood up, "What should we do next? This matter of Nuron is ..."

"Do not talk about him. Prepare the video of their fight just now and let the two most powerful boxers have a close look. Let them learn from the Kung Fu of Maximilian!"

"I've already arranged for it. The coaching team are analyzing Maximilian's fighting techniques and looking for his weaknesses."

Colletti had already made the arrangements. This was one of the methods to manipulate the underground boxing match, but it hadn't been used in recent years.

The underground boxing tournament had generated several dominant boxers. However, because of Maximilian, this traditional analysis method was once again adopted.





"Very well, just now Connor said Maximilian is not the most powerful person. And he said there are 8,000 hermits on the royal road to fame. I don't know if it is true or not, but you have to send someone to investigate it carefully. Why this damn place is so dangerous?"

Colletti froze, lowered his head and said, "My Lord, I have something to tell you. There is a word among them called feudal superstition. The situation Connor just told you about is a kind of feudal superstition, and you must not believe it."

"Fuck! You think I'm stupid? But how do you explain that Maximilian was able to kill Nuron?"





Chapter 461 What If You Take My Father Away?

"This, this really can't be explained. Maybe he is really good at Kung Fu, like Bruce Lee."

Colletti can't explain Nuron's death, so he can only blame Maximilian and his martial arts.

"So, Connor said that is must be investigated, as it could really exist. Think about it. There are 8,000 people who are even more powerful than Maximilian. What a force they will be when they gather together? Even our BOSS can't afford it!"

When Thompson finished talking angrily, Colletti felt his cold sweats, and thought that he took it too simple.

"I understand. I will arrange my men to find out, and we will definitely find it





out."

Finishing the words, Colletti picked up the phone and arranged his men to find out the truth according to what Connor said.

Thompson lowered his eyelids and asked, "Where's Frankie? He should have been sent to the laboratory."

"Yes, but I don't know the details."

"That's fine. Our task is to get blood samples from Maximilian. I am afraid we cannot count on the boxing match. Do you think there is any other way?"

Thompson didn't know how to deal with Maximilian. He was so good at Kung Fu that several men had been defeated by Maximilian. Thompson didn't want to take the risk. If it was revealed that he ordered it, Maximilian would kill him immediately.





"There are other ways, like honey trap. We can find professionally trained agents and beauties to do this."

Colletti thought it was practical to seduce Maximilian with beautiful women, especially with fair-haired foreign girls, as it would definitely stimulate his desires. As long as he was aroused, he would be taken done in minutes.

"Well, it's a good idea. I don't think the beautiful woman who just hugged Maximilian is his wife. He must be a playboy, too." Thompson nodded and analyzed.

The more he analyzed, the more Thompson thought it was appropriate, as even heroes fell for beauties.

"We'd better find a beautiful woman who is good in Maximilian's eyes. Don't just pick what you think is good-looking.





The East and the West have a big difference in beauties."

"I understand. I will choose according to the oriental aesthetics, and there will be professionals to check it."

"Go, arrange it quickly."

Thompson waved goodbye to him as he felt tired. He thought it was an easy task, but now it had a hot potato.

Canaan was driving in the Mercedes, and dared not look aside, because Maximilian's look was cold.

Sitting in the back row, Flora looked at Maximilian with a sad face, "Don't be angry. I just joked with Canaan and asked him to call me Mrs. Lee. I won't do it again."

"Tell me what you think. I always feel you are plotting something against me. What do you like about me? I will





change it now." Maximilian said coldly.

"I, I just feel so warm with you. It is like a feeling of being with my father. When my father hugged me in my childhood, I had the feeling of being with you."

Canaan's face swelled red, and he almost burst out laughing, "I just want to say, my master is not a middle-aged man, and you are after a wrong person."

"Mind your own business. When I was a child, my father was as old as Maximilian. My feelings are not wrong at all. My father passed away before I went to elementary school."

Burying her face in her hands, Flora began to cry, and rubbed her eyes with her thumb behind her palm, and tears kept flowing down her eyes.

Canaan couldn't bear to hear it, and managed to say, "Master, just give her a





chance to change. It's not a big deal. The real Mrs. Lee didn't hear it at all, so there won't be any misunderstanding."

"Since Canaan speaks for you, I will forgive you. In the future, you should not tell this kind of joke. Do you hear it?" Maximilian said sternly.

Flora wiped her tears and said piteously, "I understand, and it won't happen again. I will be good, and don't drive me away."

"Don't pretend again. Or I will throw you out of the car immediately."

Flora pouted, lowered her head and bitten her teeth hard. She felt that Maximilian had gone too far, and it was too bullying to treat her as a misnomer.

"Master, are you going back to the company?" Canaan asked.

"No, hospital." Maximilian adjusted





the navigation map and let Canaan follow it.

Soon Maximilian took Canaan and Flora to Sissi's ward. Upon seeing Maximilian, Sissi jumped directly into his arms and kissed Maximilian on the face happily.

"Dad, you are finally here to see me. Who are this uncle and aunt?" Sissi cocked her head and looked at Canaan and Flora.

Canaan's cheeks twitched, wondering if he should call Sissi sister, but he just didn't know if he should be regarded as a brother.

"Hey, this is Canaan, your father's apprentice. Just call him brother."

"Ah?" Sissi looked at Canaan carefully, and Canaan tried to show an awkward and polite smile.





"He is my brother? But he looks older than my father." Sissi said with innocence.

Canaan's smiling face suddenly collapsed, and he felt not good at all.

"Sissi, this is your sister Flora." Maximilian then introduced Flora.

Flora drummed her cheeks and said unhappily, "Brother Maximilian, you are wrong to introduce me like this. Sissi should call me aunt, or she will be confused."

"You are so beautiful, sister. You are not my aunt. Sister, you have to call my father uncle. If I call you aunt, what if you take my father away from my mother?"

The three adults were completely stunned and surprised by Sissi's words.

"Sissi, where did you learn it?"





Maximilian gently pinched Sissi's cheek and said.

"The aunt next door is watching TV like this. There are always young and beautiful ladies chasing other children's fathers, and many people talk about it. I even saw a wife fighting the mistresses in the hospital."

Sissi said seriously, and Maximilian couldn't help laughing, "Sissi, don't worry. Dad won't find a mistress. Besides your mother, Dad only loves you and will never love anyone else."

"Uh-huh, I believe you, dad."

Finishing her words, Sissi held Maximilian's neck and kissed him heavily on the face.

Flora looked at Maximilian and Sissi in intimacy, and was slightly sad. She involuntarily recalled her happy childhood.





Canaan stood by in embarrassment
and felt he was redundant.





Chapter 462 Promotion

In the evening.

Many luxury cars with licenses not local drove to the boxing stadium.

Countless rich people were rushing to the International Underground Boxing Tournament. In particular, some gamblers were very excited.

Stefan got down from his Bentley, and went through the rich people like a bully with the help of an old butler and surrounded by bodyguards.

Many rich people felt Stefan was too showy, and they wanted to show their identity and teach Stefan a lesson.

However, the bodyguards around Stefan showed the guns they carried, and silenced all the rich. Rich people also carried bodyguards with weapons,





but they only carried a pistol at most. On the contrary, each of Stefan's bodyguards mostly had a mini submachine gun, and was even equipped with two pistols in the waist. Such firepower proved the identity of Stefan.

Looking at the rich guys scared and shivering, Stefan snorted with disdain, and kept moving forward with his head high.

"Hey, it's you! You are quite tough." Benedict swaggered to him, followed by several strong bodyguards.

Stefan heard Benedict's voice, and twitched his cheeks slightly, but immediately showed a smile on his face.

"It turns out Master Benedict has come. I didn't expect you to like boxing matches. If I know you are here, I will





definitely stand at the door to greet you."

The old Stefan claimed himself to greet Benedict, which made others feel weird.

Benedict walked up to Stefan, squinting and saying, "Who do you want to see in the match? I heard that your son died recently. Why don't you lament his death at home, but come out to show off?"

Stefan flashed an irate look on his face, and his smile gradually became stiffened.

"Benedict, you are deceiving me. You only have the name of a Dragon Lord now. You don't have any land in your hand. Don't be too arrogant. I heard that Dragon Queen came to City H."

"You are so well-informed. So, you want to meet her, right? Do you have the





honor?" Benedict stared at Stefan boldly, like he could eat him.

"I can't meet the Dragon Queen, but my master can. If I go back and cry in front of him, I am afraid he will give me a hand after my hard work for so many years. When the time comes, I am afraid that everyone will fight against you."

Stefan was a subordinate of the Seventh Dragon Lord. He had been following him for more than 20 years and had done many things for him. So, he was not too afraid of Benedict at the moment.

After all, Benedict was just a tiger with no claws now, and what he had was just an empty name.

Benedict looked at Stefan angrily and said with hatred, "You have guts. Dragon Queen will arrive soon. Let's wait for her."





"Is she coming?" Stefan's face flashed with a panic.

Stefan was very afraid of Dragon Queen. After all, she was regarded as the boss of his boss.

Dragon Queen was very mysterious, and few of the Dragon Sect affiliates had seen her, except for the eight Dragon lords.

Stefan had never seen her, and all her stories were rumors. Benedict didn't talk any more, and put his hands together in front of the lower abdomen to wait for the arrival of Dragon Queen with his eyes closed.

After a short while, the bulletproof Rolls-Royce carried Dragon Queen to the stadium. When the car stopped, Benedict made a pug-like smile on his face and quickly ran to the front of the car and opened the door.





Harley got out of the car first, and then stretched his arm to let Dragon Queen get out of the car holding his arm.

Wearing a veil and a gorgeous dress, Dragon Queen got out of the car and glanced at Stefan, and looked at Benedict unhappily.

"Who do you take with you? Are you ready to give up on yourself?"

"You wronged me. This is Stefan, a man of the seventh brother whom I happened to meet just now. He was very rude to me, and said he would go to the seventh brother to speak ill of me in front of you. I feel wronged in my heart."

There was a sad look on Benedict's face, "Look at it. Now I have no power, even the men below dare to look down on me. How can I fight for you in the future?"





Stefan fell to the ground in a panic, and said in fear, "Your Highness! What Benedict said is not true. If he hadn't mentioned something about my son's death, I wouldn't have offended him with words."

Harley went near to Dragon Queen's ear, and told her about the death of Luke Newman, the third son of Stefan and its connection with Maximilian.

After listening, Dragon Queen understood what was going on. She said coldly, "You are really embarrassing to me. Let's talk about your affairs in the box."

She then went away with Harley and her attendants, Benedict and Stefan looked at each other maliciously, and followed into the boxing stadium.

The second floor of the Stadium had been decorated to set up many VIP





boxes, and the boxes in the middle were booked by Dragon Queen.

After entering the private box and sitting down, Dragon Queen said coldly, "Stefan, if your son is dead, you should find a way to avenge him yourself. Why do you come to watch the match? If you dare to offend Benedict this time, will you dare to offend me in the future?"

Stefan's face turned pale with fear, and hurriedly knelt on the ground and kept kowtowing.

"Spare my life, please! I was wrong. I know I was wrong. I'll go back and arrange the revenge!"

"Remember the lesson this time. If you dare to offend us in the future, I will peel your skin. Get out!"

"Thank your highness for forgiving me."





Stefan ran out of the box in a flurry, feeling that he was lucky to escape alive.

Benedict respectfully said to the Dragon Queen, "Thanks, your highness, for presiding over justice for me. I am so grateful."

"You said you would get close to Maximilian to get the key. Why didn't there be any action?"

"I'm waiting for an opportunity, as I can't be too deliberate." Benedict said with a flattering smile.

"Hum!" Dragon Queen ignored Benedict.

Harley came in and said with some doubts, "The match between Maximilian and Nuron was cancelled. I am looking for someone to inquire about the reasons."





"How can it be cancelled? What is the matter?" An angry expression appeared on Dragon Queen's face.

Knock! Knock!

After the knock sound on door, Connor bowed his head and came in. Connor only knew that a big shot was in this private box, but he didn't know who it was.

"Hello, on behalf of the organizing Committee, I come to explain that the match between Maximilian and Nuron was terminated because Nuron was killed by Maximilian in the training match this afternoon. Maximilian will automatically advance to the next match and his next match is scheduled for tomorrow."

