



Chapter 433 Prestige

Thompson and Colletti were sitting together and watching the sparring match on the stage. It was a fight between a white boxer and a black boxer.

Both of them did not wear gloves and protective gear. In the international underground boxing tournament, they wouldn't wear gloves and protective gear or anything like that.

None of the boxers cared about their lives. Once they fought in the ring, the game would end only when they killed their opponent.

Few losers in the match could live. Even if they managed to survive, they had to spend the rest of their lives lying on bed.

The two on the stage were fighting





fiercely, and many wild card boxers were watching and cheering around. The training match was full of enthusiasm. The two on the stage fisted to the flesh, and both of them had already splashed blood.

Connor looked at the situation on the stage, and his face turned slightly white. He bowed and walked to Colletti and Thompson, and said with a smile,

"I want to go to the city center to buy something."

"Purchase something? Are you serious? We will be very willing to agree, but if you want to tell lies, then don't blame us for being impolite. You might be a sparring partner in the next training game." Colletti said with a smirk.

Although Colletti was smiling, Connor's sweat hairs all over his body stood upright in shock.





Connor didn't feel that Colletti was scamming himself, because before Connor made excuses to leave, Colletti did not say anything.

Connor thought he could muddle through this time too, but something went wrong.

'What does Colletti mean? Do they monitor my cell phone? These damn foreign devils!'

Connor's brain was spinning so fast that he felt his brain was getting hot and smoking, but he still couldn't come up with a suitable excuse.

"I, this, really, really is true." Connor stammered.

"Hahaha." Thompson laughed and patted Connor's shoulder, put his arm around Connor and said, "Colletti, look, what did you scare him into? It's so funny."





"Oh, Connor. I was joking with you, and you don't need to be nervous. We are friends. Doesn't our friendship last forever? You can go out if you want, you are free." Colletti raised his eyebrows as if he was making fun of Connor.

Connor laughed dryly. Just now, his heart almost popped out of his throat. The feeling of being teased was really uncomfortable.

Connor forced himself to smile and had a small talk with Colletti. Then he turned around and walked towards the outside of the combat training hall.

"Thompson, why are you speaking for him? Just now it was clearly monitored that Maximilian called him. This bastard must have gone to see Maximilian." Colletti asked with some confusion.

"I have my plans and arrangements.





Dr. Charles said the BOSS wants to get Maximilian's blood for testing and see what kind of genes the person who can defeat the genetically modified men has. And perhaps we will be able to find out the reason for the repeated failure of genetic modification from his genes."

Colletti shook his head, "Then get his blood in the ring. We can get as much as we want."

"The blood you get in the ring may not be suitable for testing and analysis, because it is possible that the blood of both sides may be mixed together. Or perhaps there are other accidents. We need to seize every opportunity to get as many test samples as possible, I do not want to upset Dr. Charles."

"Well, you make a good point. The operation is under your command anyway. Tell us about your





arrangement." Colletti shrugged and didn't talk back to Thompson.

Thompson took out his phone, opened the monitoring software, and looked at it, "Connor's car and body are equipped with trackers, so he can't escape. Those few Kung Fu masters found in Chinatown can come in handy. I hope they can defeat Maximilian."

"Counting on those yellow-skinned monkeys? I doubt if they can collect blood with a test tube." Colletti said disdainfully.

"The yellow-skinned monkeys are only responsible for fighting, and the technical work like collecting blood is for you." Thompson said laughingly.

Colletti frowned and wanted to refute Thompson's words, but finally he held his words back.

After all, Thompson was his



superior. Colletti was not sure he could overturn Thompson or not, so he could only follow Thompson's instructions for now.

"Yes, I'm going to get the collector."

"Don't be upset, Colletti, you should be happy. I can't wait to get out of this hellhole. Maybe we can fly back tomorrow to have some fun after we finish the business."

Colletti laughed dryly, "Yes, my lord, should we change our clothes? Or Connor will be surprised if he runs into us."

"That's a must. Let's go and change clothes to see what Maximilian really looks like. Do you think he'll be like those bloodline people? I hate those bats and werewolves."

Thompson and Colletti were chatting together. When they arrived at





the residence, they entered the room and changed into tight clothes. Then they took a hat and a mask and left with the sample collector.

Connor drove to the location given by Maximilian, parked the car outside the cafe, and entered it in a hurry.

When he found the private room where Maximilian sat, Connor pushed the door and walked in. Then he turned around and saw that no one was chasing him. He breathed a sigh of relief and closed the door tightly.

"Mr. Maximilian, I'm late." Connor said with a bitter smile.

Maximilian brought a coffee to Connor and said, "Sit down and have a coffee. How nervous you are. Are you been threatened these days?"

"Don't mention it. These few days are just like watching horror movies. I





used to think I was a brave and ruthless man. But after watching the training of those players in the past two days, I realized I was nothing. There are too many ruthless people, and I am a kind person by comparison."

Connor said and drank the coffee, "Mr. Maximilian, I think the underground boxing tournament is too dangerous, but you are priceless. If something happens to you in underground boxing ..."

Connor couldn't bear to say the following words. The worst case scenario was that Maximilian would die on the ring.

"I'm really not an alarmist. But many people died in training match in the past few days. And a lot of people were seriously injured. Those lunatics are really fighting with their lives. They are





really inhumane.”

Maximilian smiled and said, "I know. But now participation in the international underground boxing tournament is no longer a matter for me alone. It relates to so many aspects. I must fight, and at the same time I want to use the international underground boxing competition to set up my prestige."

Connor was completely frozen. He didn't expect the situation would become so complicated.





Chapter 434 Being Coward

"Set up your prestige?"

Connor scratched his head, "Using international underground boxing tournament to establish prestige, you are too high-end. Not to mention the domestic, no one dares to do this in the international world."

"No way, the situation is more complicated. There are many things I can't tell you in detail. I need to show some strength; otherwise, I am afraid some people will have different thoughts."

Maximilian wanted to show his strength to the Dragon Queen and the eight dragon lords. Only by showing his strength, could people who were dissatisfied with him be fear, and it was also possible for the neutral to submit





to him.

Now the attitudes of the eight dragon lords within the Dragon Sect were ambiguous, including Master Benedict who had already superficially pretended to submit to Maximilian had his thoughts.

In the final stage of the struggle between Dragon Queen and Maximilian, the eight dragon lords would not show their attitude clearly.

Maximilian needed to win their attentions, and at the very least, let them fear him. Only in this way could Maximilian have more time to mediate with the Dragon Queen.

Connor didn't know the situation Maximilian was in now. But Maximilian could not say too much to him, so Connor could probably figure it out.

"Well, the wild card stage of the





underground boxing match has been released. I paid attention to your opponent and he is the strongest people in the wild card stage. So you should be prepared for everything. That guy likes killing people very much. In the training games these days, his sparring team has died."

After speaking, Connor took out his mobile phone, opened a video, and handed it to Maximilian.

Maximilian took the phone and looked at it. After estimating it in his mind, he had a rough idea of his opponent.

"Mr. Maximilian, don't underestimate him. He didn't use all his strength at all in the training match. Let me tell you something about hm. His name is Nuron from the black jungle of the holy land of black warriors. He was the only





one who came out alive this year in the black jungle."

"I didn't know the black jungle before. After asking Colletti, the executive director of the International Underground boxing Championship, I get to know that the black jungle is a trial ground for the strongest black men. And those who came out of the black jungle alive were the most powerful boxers."

"The three most famous black champions in the previous international underground boxing tournament all came out of the black jungle. Colletti said that according to the data analysis, Nuron is much stronger than those three predecessors, and maybe Nuron will win the championship in this underground boxing tournament."

Connor introduced the situation





nervously and was worried that Maximilian would underestimate the enemy in the ring because of his carelessness.

Even if Maximilian didn't underestimate the enemy, Connor was worried that Maximilian would not defeat Nuron.

Nuron was too powerful, and he was the strongest person Connor had ever seen. Of course, Maximilian did not show his strength.

Maximilian smiled and said, "Well, I know what you mean, I will be serious when I am in the match. By the way, the foreigners who organized the competition haven't done anything unusual, right?"

"Yes. In the past few days, except for sleeping, we have basically been together all the time. They are basically





busy with the game and did not do anything else."

"Oh, that's good."

Maximilian thought about the strange disappearance of Frankie's corpse. He thought it was related to Colletti at first. But after hearing what Connor said, Maximilian became confused.

Just when Connor was about to speak again, the screams of the waiter came from outside the room, "Sirs, you can't do this, you can't break into the private chamber!"

"Get out of the way. If you stop me again, I'll beat you!" The man's accent was strange, and it sounded like a mixed accent from several places.

"Mr. Maximilian, let me check what's going on." Connor frowned and was quite dissatisfied with someone making



trouble in the cafe.

"Go ahead, be careful." Maximilian said.

As soon as Connor walked to the private room door, the door was kicked open from the outside, and several strong men in traditional suits were standing outside the door.

"What are you doing?" Connor shouted angrily.

"Don't fucking block the way! We are looking for someone!" The leading man swept a glance at Maximilian, and then gestured with his left hand behind his back.

The eyes of several strong men behind him lit up at the same time, and they took a deep breath and made preparations for battle.

"The whole H City is my territory. Are



you looking for death in my territory?" Connor showed his aura as a big boss and intended to intimidate these strong men.

"Fuck you! Hurry up and get out of my way, or I will kill you." The leader of the strong man pushed Connor aside.

Connor's pupils shrink, and he felt the push was quite harsh. With a dark face, Connor stepped back and twisted his waist to avoid the push.

"Yoo-hoo, you are good. Since you know how to hide, you should stay away. If you are not convinced, come and fight with me. I am the heiress of the double sticks in Honolulu Chinatown. I learned the ancestral Hong Clan Kung Fu"

Connor's eyes narrowed, and he showed a style in both tiger and crane, "Connor from Five Stance Fist Clan!"



"Oakley, leader of Hong Clan Kung Fu, Honolulu Branch, come on!"

After saying this, Oakley charged at Connor with arrow step, and his double fists struck at Connor's soft ribs. And Connor changed his fists into claws and grabbed at Oakley's double fists.

Both of them were speedy fighters, with fast movements and light footwork. And in the blink of an eye, they had already fought five or six times.

During the collision, Connor suffered a loss. And due to his age, his reaction and speed were not as good as Oakley.

When it came to the tenth move, Oakley used heavy-handed Kung Fu and punched away Connor's double palm defense. He beat Connor several steps, and finally, Connor lost his balance and lay on his back on the ground.





"Oh, how dare you stop me with such a skill? You don't know who we are." Oakley said smugly.

Connor got a punch, his face turned pale, and he was breathing hard. But the pressure on his chest made him feel that he could not breathe.

Maximilian helped Connor up, and Connor said in shame, "Mr. Maximilian, I am incompetent, it's really ..."

"How can you say you are incompetent? He is much younger than you. It's normal if you can't win him. Just sit and let me take care of them."

Maximilian pressed Connor on the chair and looked at Oakley with a smile and said, "Why you don't stay in Chinatown but come to H City? Did you become a dog for someone?"

"Shit, how dare you talk to Mr. Davidson like this? You're the fucking





dog, and your whole family is dog!"

"Mr. Davidson is here for you today. If you have the guts, you should have a good fight with Mr. Davidson, don't be a fucking coward ."





Chapter 435 Leave a Line

After looking at Maximilian for a moment, Oakley confirmed that Maximilian was the target he was looking for, so he smiled excitedly.

"Come on, hurry up if you want to do it. I want to hit you." After saying this, Oakley hooked his finger at Maximilian.

Maximilian sneered and looked at the strong men behind Oakley, "You guys can come together. I do not want to fight you one by one, as that would be too troublesome."

"Fuck you. You are really fucking bold. Mr. Davidson, he is too arrogant, let us go up and kill him!"

"How dare you think it is trouble to fight us one by one? Just look at you, you can only be beaten by us. We will hit you and your parents won't even





recognize you."

Oakley stood with his hands in the air and said, "Well, since you don't know who you are, I'll let my men teach you a good lesson. You all go together and satisfy him."

Several strong men laughed happily and surrounded Maximilian.

"Go to die! Let you pretend!" The first strong man swung his fist at Maximilian's cheek, and the others moved together and attacked Maximilian from different directions.

Seeing this, Connor was nervous and stood up from the chair in panic. Before Connor could say "be careful", Maximilian's fist had already hit the strong man who was throwing his fist first.

Bang! The man was hit by Maximilian on the bridge of his nose





and flew out backward while blood spurted out from his nasal cavity.

Then Maximilian jumped up high and kicked the face of the strong men around him within a volley spinning chain kick.

A series of fallen sounds rang out, and in the blink of an eye, the strong men surrounding Maximilian laid down on the ground, and none of them could stand up.

Connor was dumbfounded and smiled. He held the chair, slowly sat down, and felt at ease.

Oakley frowned and wanted to curse. But he was surprised and stunned by the immediate scene. Although the men he brought were not the best in skill, they were masters who could fight three or two men at a time. With so many people surrounded





Maximilian, they didn't even hold on for 5 seconds, which was quite scary.

Oakley simulated in his mind as to how he would respond to Maximilian. But no matter how hard he tried, Oakley felt inferior to Maximilian!

Oakley, who was a bit timid in his heart, swallowed his saliva hard and walked to the door, "Buddy, your Kung Fu is really good. I suddenly thought that I still have something to do and need to go first."

"Oh, you are going to leave? Just now you wanted to beat me."

Oakley laughed awkwardly, and the veins on his forehead raised high, "Buddy, be a man and leave a line for later. It's not good to be too tough, and it's easy to break when you are too tough."

"Are you trying to teach me?"





Unfortunately, I'm not interested in these principles. Let's see the real thing with Kung Fu."

Maximilian did not intend to let Oakley go. It was obvious that Oakley came with a purpose to provoke him, so he should give Oakley a good grilling.

Oakley's face turned ugly. He gritted his teeth and said, "Since you are looking for death, I will not be polite to you!"

As the words fell, Oakley's right hand flew into his pocket and pulled out a pistol from between his ribs.

"Oh, buddy, I gave you a chance, but you ask for it! Don't blame me. Be a good boy and squat with your hands on your head, or I'll kill you."

With a gun in his hand, Oakley had gained his confidence. And he was glad that he was alert enough to bring a gun





for protection when he went out.

Connor said worriedly, "Oakley, you don't follow the rules. You even took out your gun in the martial arts competition. I have never seen such a shameful guy like you."

"Oh it is not up to you. Whoever wins has the right. I have a gun in my hand, and you have to be obedient." Oakley said shamelessly. He was slightly distracted when looking at Connor.

Maximilian's body flickered, and suddenly circled an arc and instantly appeared beside Oakley.

It was too late for Oakley to realize it. When Oakley wanted to raise his gun to aim at Maximilian, Maximilian's hand had already grabbed his wrist.

Maximilian's palm squeezed hard, and Oakley's bone fractured with a crisp sound. Then Oakley felt light in his





hand, and Maximilian snatched the gun from his hand.

Maximilian held the gun against the back of Oakley's head and asked with a smile, "Tell me who ordered you to come and why you want to find me in trouble."

"No, no one ordered me, and I'm not looking for your trouble. I just want to find someone to spar with." Oakley held back his fear and said.

"Oh, looking for someone to spar with Kung Fu? You should go to the martial arts school, but you fucking run to the cafe to find someone to spar. Are you out of your mind?"

After saying this, Maximilian fiercely knocked Oakley's head with the gun, and Oakley grinned in pain.

"I didn't understand the rules when I arrived at the precious treasure land.





Can I make a mistake? Can you let me go?" Oakley's eyes turned hard, and he was wondering how he could escape from Maximilian's hand.

"If you don't explain it honestly, today will be your end. I will give you three more seconds."

"Three."

"Two."

When Maximilian was about to count to one, Oakley shook his shoulders violently, hit Maximilian's chest with his shoulders, and tried to counterattack after ramming Maximilian away.

Maximilian smiled coldly and pulled the trigger at the back of Oakley's head.

Bang! After the gunshot, a hood of blood sprayed from the back of Oakley's head. Maximilian threw the pistol to the





ground and said to Connor, "I'll leave it to you. I'll go out to see if there is anyone suspicious."

Maximilian went out of the private room and scanned the chaotic hall. Many people were scared and rushed outside the café because of the gunshot.

When Thompson heard the sound of gunshot, he expected Oakley was shooting at Maximilian. But when he saw Maximilian's figure walking out of the private room, he couldn't help but curse fiercely.

"Oh, it seems those yellow-skinned monkeys failed. What a pity. Lord Thompson, shouldn't we leave?"

"Yes, leave now! Look like we'll just have to find another opportunity. What a disappointment."

Thompson and Colletti got up and



merged into the panicked crowd, and rushed out of the cafe with the crowd.

Seeing their figures, Maximilian stared at the case in Colletti's hand and quickly confirmed that the two were suspicious.

Maximilian quickly ran out, but the panicked crowd hindered his speed. When Maximilian chased out of the cafe, he could only watch Colletti and Thompson driving away.

After taking down the license plate, Maximilian turned around, went back to the cafe, and walked slowly towards the private room.

Connor stood at the door of the private room and waited for Maximilian, "Mr. Maximilian, I've asked my men to come over. Do you want to interrogate them?"



Chapter 436 As long as you are willing to pay

Connor's men arrived soon and a group of people rushed into the teahouse. They bowed to Maximilian and Connor in array and saluted to them, "Mr. Lee, Mr. Davies."

The owner of the teahouse, the manager and the waiters were shivering. Listening to their orderly greetings, they were pale with fright.

Connor Consumed 18.0 coins said with a cold voice, "Take those alive back, and send the dead directly to the crematorium. Get rid of the gun, and be careful."

"Yes, sir."

His men took action one after another, and soon Oakley's body was carried out, and Oakley's men were not as arrogant as they were before, and





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they were escorted out in shivering.

They left the teahouse and got into the car. When they arrived at a quiet courtyard not far away, Oakley's men were pulled out and brought into the room.

Maximilian and Connor sat on the sofa, looking at Oakley's men who were brought in.

"If you want to stay alive, come clean; if you don't, Oakley was your warning." Maximilian said lightly.

Oakley's men were already frightened to death. No one dared to conceal anything, and they all took the initiative to explain.

"We don't want to come at first, a man named Sidney came to our president and offered us a million dollars as a reward. He said the object was only one guy."





"Sidney arranged us food, accommodation and recreation in these two days, but he didn't mention the task. He got a phone call just now and said there was a task, then he brought us here."

"When we arrived at the teahouse, Sidney said you were inside. Our task is to find you and batter you badly, and he shows us your photos."

Maximilian listened quietly, and then asked, "You didn't know you were dealing with me until he showed you my picture at the entrance of the teahouse. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's it. We didn't know who we are dealing with beforehand."

"Interesting. The teahouse was chosen on the spur of the moment, but Sidney could locate my position." Maximilian sneered.





Connor quivered, and said in a hurry, "Mr. Lee, I can promise, I did not betray you."

"I didn't say that. I think a locating device was put on you and your car without your awareness. If there is nothing else, they were hired by the people in charge of the underground boxing game. Maybe they try to probe my Kung Fu."

Maximilian made clear his speculation, which was close to the truth.

Connor stood up in a hurry to scan himself, and finally he found the clue on his shoes.

A piece of metal as thin as a piece of paper was attached on the insole. The metal was glimmering, which showed that it was not a common object.

"These damn gringos. Mr. Lee, how





about I bring a group of people and make a sudden attack on them? Just kill them all, as they have sneaked into here anyway.” Connor said with a determined effort.

Connor was so terrified these days that he completely lost his sense of security. He felt he could only be safe when he killed Colletti. He didn't have time to consider his son's safety.

Maximilian shook his head, “Don't be impulsive. I have to fight the underground boxing match. You can go back and pretend that you know nothing. They won't do anything to you. I am their target.”

“The underground boxing match is really dangerous. You shouldn't risk your life for it.” Connor couldn't help but persuade him.

“It doesn't matter, I've got a lunch





appointment. You should go back earlier, otherwise, they will be suspicious.”

Connor watched Maximilian leaving, but he could only shake his head helplessly. After he ordered his men to release Oakley's men, Connor went back to the boxing gym alone.

In the courtyard of an illegal clinic on the outskirts of H City, Luke sat in a chair with a dark expression, looking at his men who were squatting in front of him.

His men, whose arms were cast in plaster and their arms were stretched straight looked ridiculous. In the corner of the courtyard, Uncle Powell laid on bed, his bare thighs wrapped in gauze.

“Luke, it’s so boring staying here. Our arms are broken, and we can’t even use a phone.”





“At least you should bring some chicks to accompany us. How can we endure such a day without any fun?”

“Let’s just go back. When we recover from our injuries, we could make a comeback and revenge on the damned Maximilian. We can’t leave it like that.”

They gabbled and the core concept was they don't want to stay. It was really boring to stay in an illegal clinic in the suburb doing nothing.

Luke sneered, he ran his eyes over his men, and grabbed a can of coke and smashed it on the head of guy near him.

“Are you brainless? I brought you here to expand my territory. Don’t you know what’s going on back home? If I come back with you injured, I won’t have a say in the family estate in the future.”

Three lords of the Newman family





led their subordinates to expand their territory this time. The winner was the future leader of the Newman family.

Luke thought he could easily take over City A, and then Chuzhou, but when he met Maximilian, his plan became an illusion.

Going back meant failure, so Luke would definitely not go back, or even leaked out the news that he was defeated.

"Luke, what do you want? We would do anything for you, or we can strike Maximilian unexpectedly tonight. We've got grenades. You don't have to worry about him. "

"There's still a rocket launcher. It's easy if you want to finish him. But if we do that, I'm afraid the police would come. It's extremely difficult to expand territory here."





"Why don't you hire a local to kill Maximilian, or think of another way? There is definitely a way to finish him."

There were clamors of comments, but no one could offer a reliable suggestion.

Luke was speechless towards his brainless subordinates; he can only look at Uncle Powell with expectation, hoping that Uncle Powell can give some constructive advices.

"Uncle Powell, you are experienced. Say something." Luke called upon Uncle Powell.

Uncle Powell grinned. He was full of hatred for Maximilian and had been pondering on how to deal with Maximilian for a long time.

"Luke, as long as you are willing to pay, it's no big deal."





Chapter 437 Money Is Not a Problem

Money was just a number to Luke. As long as he can solve the problem with money, it would not be a problem.

If anyone can kill Maximilian and save his face, he was even willing to offer a blank check.

"Uncle Powell, money is not a problem. Tell me your plan. Five million or fifty million dollars would not be the problem. If that's still not enough, I can offer one billion dollars to kill him." Luke said fiercely.

It was a matter of inheritance in the Newman family. Luke was ready to take any risk. He had to gain his honor, and take over H City completely.

Uncle Powell squinted, pondered and said, "I have a younger brother who worships the golden calf. We call him by





a nickname Greedy. He is much better than me in Kung Fu. He would do anything for the money. He runs his own company and does all kinds of business."

"Don't talk nonsense, just tell me if your brother can kill Maximilian. As long as he can, just call him and I'll pay as much as you want. "

Uncle Powell said with a smile, "He was effortless when he fought with three or four people, so I think he can handle Maximilian, at least they are evenly matched."

"An even match? Do you have other reliable resources? It doesn't matter if you hire more people. I'm emptying my private savings this time as long as you can kill Maximilian. "

Luke wished that he could wave his check to invite martial experts.





Unfortunately, he doesn't know any of them, so he can only contact them through Uncle Powell.

Uncle Powell forced a smile, "Luke, martial arts experts were not like cabbage, which was everywhere. Greedy is gifted to accomplish such high achievement at a young age. I have never seen anyone who is tougher than him, except the damned Maximilian."

"OK, one is better than none. Contact him now and ask him if he knows any experts. I don't believe I can't finish Maximilian with so much investment."

When Luke was fidgety, one of his subordinates came to him and said, "Luke, the latest news says that the international underground boxing match will be held in H City, and Maximilian is a wild card player representing H City."

"What the fuck!" Luke was stunned.





The international boxing match was his favorite, and he made a heavy bet every year.

He knew the players quite well. They were the strongest in the world. As for whether there are stronger ones, he could not be sure. If there were, it was out of his league.

"Maximilian participated in the boxing match, so he is courting death. I have to give him a surprise before the match. Otherwise, if he dies in the ring, I would be humiliated by doing nothing."

Luke decided to hire Greedy and kill Maximilian before he stepped onto the ring.

"Uncle Powell, get in touch with your brother and ask him to come right away. Let's kill Maximilian before the boxing match starts. It's a disgrace to me if somebody else kills him."





Uncle Powell nodded, took out his mobile phone and called Greedy. After talking on the phone for a long time, he convinced Greedy to deal with Maximilian.

"Luke, my brother agreed. He asked for twenty million dollars, and 50% as down payment. He would bring people only when he gets paid."

"Twenty million is nothing. Give me his account, and I'll transfer now. Ask him to come as soon as possible!"

Luke transferred the money to Greedy's account via his phone instantly. Uncle Powell called again to urge him, and then made an OK gesture to Luke.

"He has already set out. He will arrive in the early morning, and set out to deal with Maximilian."

"Great, I will have a good rest first,





and I will watch Maximilian die with full spirit tomorrow. Then I will torture his corpse."

Luke went back to his room feeling self-satisfied, and waited for tomorrow to come.

Maximilian went to the cafe opposite the hospital. He heard curses when he entered the door, and the sound was quite familiar. It sounded like Drew Wright.

Following the voice, Maximilian saw Drew standing at the entrance of the box, confronting several fierce looking macho men.

"Fuck you, you don't know chalk from cheese, do you? Terry took a fancy to these two girls, so they must accompany him. Why are you interfering? If you dare to block the way, I'll chop you up and feed the dog."





"You don't have to ask his opinions. Just knock him out and take the girls. Terry can't wait, or we'll be punished."

The macho man who did the talking was obviously impatient. He slapped Drew's face. Drew was barely standing, and blood poured down from his nose.

"See? It's settled. If we hit him one more time, he will be crying on the ground. Then we can take the girls to Terry directly. What a simple thing. Why do you have to waste your time?"

The macho man kicked Drew again, and Drew hit the wall. He felt his bones were broken, and pain was creeping all over his body.

"Drew!" Victoria squatted beside Drew and saw his miserable situation. She was about to take out her mobile phone to make an emergency call.

"Beauty, stop calling him. He can't





protect you, but Terry can guarantee you high position and wealth. You just have to serve him well. You can have whatever you want!"

"Go away. If you don't get out, I'll call someone. I know Connor." Victoria said nervously.

Flora hid behind Victoria, thinking of Maximilian. She thought if Maximilian were here, there would not be such a scene.

"Connor is nothing. Terry can deal with him by just moving his fingers. You can't count on Connor. You should serve Terry properly."

Obscenity flashed in their eyes, and they reached out to grab the girls and tried to take advantage of them. After all, they seldom saw such beauties, and were perfectly satisfied with touching the girls.





"Who dares to lay a finger on my girl, he'll regret to be alive." Maximilian said coldly.

Victoria and Flora's fear were instantly gone upon hearing Maximilian's voice.

