



Chapter 513 Kick His Ass

"This round of punch is really awesome. I'm afraid that no one but Camfil can do it."

"Camfil has hope to win, I don't think Maximilian will last more than half a minute. If it was an ordinary person, I'm afraid Camfil will knock him away by a punch."

"Go, Camfil, hurry up and quickly punch Maximilian to death!"

The audiences shouted in unison, cheering for Camfil. And they were looking forward to Maximilian's defeat.

Flora was a little nervous, and the audiences' shouting still affected Flora's emotions, "Maximilian, you should cheer up! You must win him! If you can't win, make sure you don't get hurt!"





Canaan trembled nervously and squeezed his hands together. Because of excessive force, his knuckles were a little white.

In the private box on the second floor, Dragon Queen smiled, stretching out her hand to lift the wine glass on the table, and gently shook the scarlet liquor in the wine glass.

"It's not in vain for this bottle of 1992 Romani-Conti. It was a wonderful match, and I hope it will end well." Dragon Queen said happily.

Although Romani-Conti was not well known in the country, it was famous internationally. The well-known Lafite was even worse than Romani Conti. The 1984's Lafite only cost two or three hundred thousand dollars for a bottle, but a bottle of 1992 Romani-Conti would cost at least a million dollars.





Harley smiled and picked up the decanter. He was waiting to pour wine for Dragon Queen after she finished.

Dragon Queen's red lips opened slightly, and the scarlet wine flowed slowly into her mouth. The scarlet wine matched Dragon Queen's red lips, making it a little weird as if Dragon Queen was drinking blood.

"Nice wine, and nice match. How long do you think Maximilian can last?" Dragon Queen put down the wine glass.

Harley poured wine into the glass, "I think it will take one minute at most. The enhanced potion used for Camfil is not only an enhanced version, but with increased dose as well."

"His body is strong enough. If someone else drank such a large dosage, I'm afraid he will directly explode and die. Camfil's body strength





has increased by eleven times, and it is much higher than expected.”

Dragon Queen nodded slightly and continued to focus on the screen.

Camfil was practicing like a fierce tiger, which caused a lot of pressure on Maximilian. Although Maximilian had been secretly practicing hard and making his body tough to a super-human level with secret method of the Dragon Sect, Camfil's physical quality had also increased to a non-human level at this moment under the augmentation of the enhanced potion.

Maximilian's palms swayed quickly in front of him, blocking every punch from Camfil. The banging noise kept coming out, and Maximilian kept backing away to release the pressure. Camfil was the strongest opponent Maximilian had encountered so far.



Camfil became more excited as he fought, his eyes were gleaming fiercely, and he felt that Maximilian should not last for long. Perhaps, it was time to perform his final move. Killing Maximilian with a single blow was Camfil's wish.

"You! Go to the hell!" Camfil shouted angrily and secretly used the secret method of his tribe.

That was a magical method on the African continent, which could temporarily increase Camfil's power after using it. In the past, Camfil didn't want to use the clan's secret move. It was magical, but it could only increase power by only one to two percent.

But now Camfil's body power was already different. After the body had been strengthened more than ten times, if Camfil used the secret method again,





his power would be astonishing.

It was like the dollars. If a dollar increased by 20%, it could only become a dollar and a half. But if a hundred million dollars increased by 20%, it would become a hundred and a half million. The difference between twenty cents and twenty million dollars depended on its different bases.

"Ha!" Camfil roared, his muscles swelled suddenly, and his originally burly figure swelled up to double in size.

"It's a big move! Camfil has making a big move! Maximilian will definitely die!" The middle-aged man stood up excitedly and roared as he waved his fist.

After roaring, the middle-aged man sneered and looked at Canaan, "Your master is dead. Do you have money to buy a coffin for him? If you don't have





money, I will lend you two hundred dollars to buy a coffin for your master after I win my bet."

Cold sweat broke out on Canaan's forehead as if he hadn't heard the clamor of the middle-aged man. He tightly twisted his hands together and stared intently at the arena.

The surrounding audiences became excited by this middle-aged man's roar, and instantly the entire audiences became crazy.

"Oh my god! That's fucking awesome! At this moment, I can only express the shock of my heart by four words. Camfil is really awesome! "

"What kind of trick is this? It feels the same as the trick written in the novel. It must have burst out of great power, and then he will blow Maximilian's head with one punch!"



"I have smelled the breath of victory. Let us cheer as much as we want. The winner of this arena match is ours! I bet 100 million, and I can earn at least 400 million! Hahaha! "

The audiences were incomparably excited, and Harley in the private room was too happy to say anything.

Unexpectedly, Camfil had such a hidden card and could improve himself again, "It's true that everyone can't be underestimated. I really didn't expect that Camfil had such a magic card, and it seems that Maximilian will die today."

"I think so. You can order your men. If Maximilian died, go to raid his home. Bring everyone and everything related to him back to the Dragon Sect. I don't believe I can't find the key." Dragon Queen said coldly.

"You are wise. This arrangement will





be foolproof, and I will start preparing for the arrangement." Harley bowed slightly, took out his cell phone, to follow the instructions of Dragon Queen.

If Maximilian died, Harley would search his house and confiscate his property directly, but then the previous arrangements would be null and void. Harley still felt a little regretful. After all, if they followed their original plan, it would be his achievement to get the Dragon Jade.

In the monitoring room backstage, both Thompson and Colletti held their breath. They held the table tightly with both hands, leaned forward, and stared at the screen nervously.

"Oh! Camfil is my little sweetheart. He can be trusted at the critical moment. I know he can do it! He can do





it!"

"Hahahaha, hurry up and blow Maximilian's head. As long as we get Maximilian's blood, we can go back and start our vocation. The beach, sunshine, and beautiful women, that's where I belong to. It will be better to go to the nude beach!" Thompson smiled happily and said.





Chapter 514 Disastrous defeat

"Well!" Connor sighed heavily and rubbed his temples with both hands vigorously.

Camfil had already gained the upper hand, and at this critical moment, he had managed to become stronger again, which made Connor feel that Maximilian's life was in danger.

At this moment, Connor's brain was in a mess, and he didn't know what to think.

'What should I do if Maximilian dies? If the huge power behind Maximilian want to kill me, my whole family will die, right? I want to die for Maximilian!'

Unfortunately, Connor could only think about it. After all, it was Maximilian who was in the arena at this moment. Just when Connor took out



his cigarette case and wanted to smoke to calm down, his hand holding the cigarette case stopped suddenly.

Then Connor's eyes exposed a flash of light, and the hand holding the cigarette case shook suddenly. A whole box of Marlboro was crushed to pieces by Connor. Paper scraps mixed with shredded tobacco fluttered out of Connor's fingers, just like Connor's surprising mood at this moment.

"Oh my god! I'm not hallucinating, right?" The surprised Connor stretched out his left hand and fiercely pinched his thigh, and the intense pain made Connor take a breath, "Hahahaha! It seems I don't have any illusion. Mr. Maximilian is sure to win!"

At the moment when Connor's voice fell, a sudden change occurred on the screen!



Camfil, who had attacked with unparalleled strength and boosted his power, used his most powerful trick. It was an ultimate skill that Camfil didn't use often. As long as Camfil used it, it was bound to kill someone.

Camfil was like a fierce tiger rushing forward. His left hand grabbed Maximilian's throat, and his right hand hit Maximilian's heart, while his right leg was still accumulating power.

His first two moves were the combination and the transformation of nihility and reality. It depended on how the opponent reacted to it. If the opponent could resolve these two moves, these two moves would become fictitious, and the right leg would become the ultimate move.

It was a skill that Camfil learned in his tribe when he was young. And on his





way to dominate the international underground boxing tournament, Camfil only used this skill twice, and he successfully killed his powerful opponents in both times.

When Camfil was satisfied that he could kill Maximilian by using his ultimate move, Maximilian suddenly switched from defense to offense and rushed towards him swiftly.

Maximilian's sudden change of attack and defense caught Camfil off guard. And just when Camfil wanted to respond to the changes, he found his hands and wrists grabbed by Maximilian.

'What's going on? How could my wrists be grabbed by Maximilian?'

Camfil didn't see how exactly Maximilian moves, and how Maximilian grabbed his wrists.





Camfil was a little flustered, hurriedly popped his right foot and used the last hidden skill. At the same time, Camfil pulled back his arms suddenly and tried to withdraw his hands from Maximilian's hand.

But when Camfil exerted his arm strength, he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his wrists. And when Camfil's arms continued to force backward, a light of horror flashed in Camfil's eyes.

Camfil's body strength was incomparable high at this moment, but his bones didn't become stronger. When Camfil jerked his arms backward, Maximilian's hands had already crushed Camfil's wrists.

Snort!

With a loud sound, Camfil's arm jerked back. But he did not withdraw his hands. Instead, he tore the muscles in



his wrist. In an instant, Camfil's palms and wrists were torn apart, and blood was surging out.

At the moment the blood spurted out, Maximilian had already stepped back. He not only avoided the spattered blood but also avoided Camfil's heavy kicked from his leg.

"What?" Camfil didn't care that he didn't defeat Maximilian, but he looked in horror as he lost his arms.

"My hands! How am I supposed to fight in the arena without my hands?" Camfil looked up to the sky and roared.

At that moment, Maximilian walked behind Camfil as fast as a ghost. But Camfil was still immersed in his grief and anger, and did not realize what he was about to face.

Bang!

Pop! Pop! Pop! Bang! Bang!

A series of violent blows sounded, and Maximilian fisted Camfil's spine with heavy blows.

Click! Click! Click!

A series of cracking explosions burst out, and Maximilian's striking sound formed a symphony.

As each section of the spine broke, Camfil's back sprayed a cloud of blood mist. And then Camfil's immense body fell heavily onto the ground. The burst of the spine made Camfil completely paralyzed and lost consciousness from his neck down.

"Fuck! Bastard! How do you manage to do that? How could you possibly defeat me?"

Camfil cannot believe everything in front of him, and could not even



imagine that he would lose!

"Oh, isn't it normal for you to lose? Don't think you can be better than me by taking stimulants." Maximilian said indifferently and stepped slowly towards Camfil.

A frightened light flashed in Camfil's eyes and he shouted, "I surrender! I surrender! Don't hit me, and don't kill me!"

Maximilian smiled faintly and raised his toe gently. When Maximilian's toes kicked, Camfil made a miserable howling.

Until Camfil's voice was mute because of the howling, he did not even feel anything. When Camfil calmed down a bit, he saw Maximilian had already walked toward the backstage.

In the private box, Harley held the phone and was about to order his men





to act. But looking at the sudden change on the screen, Harley could no longer say a single word.

Dragon Queen's face became incomparably gloomy, and she waved her arm angrily. She swept the wine glasses, bottles, and decanters on the table to the ground.

Bang! Click!

The magnificent wine utensils and the expensive Romani-Conti red wine were shattered utterly as if they were silently telling Dragon Queen's anger at this moment.

"Hey, hello, hello, Mr. Harley, may I help you?" Harley's cell phone was filled with the shouts of his man. At the moment, his man held the cellphone in confusion and didn't know what Harley was going to do. Harley came back to his senses and said with an





incomparably dry voice, "No, nothing, I dialed the wrong number."

Hanging up the phone quickly, Harley lowered his head and took two steps back. He stood close to the wall and didn't dare to make the slightest sound.

Dragon Queen was like a volcano ready to erupt and became furious.

"Waste! You're useless! You can't even beat Maximilian with the drug! Could it be that Maximilian is a god?" Dragon Queen roared in anger.

Harley trembled and said in a low voice, "Please calm down, we can deal with him. We haven't use the ultimate trick yet."

"Step back!" Dragon Queen gritted her teeth and said, turned around, and left the private room.





Chapter 515 Win Three Billion Dollars

Inside the monitoring room, Thompson and Colletti's expressions instantly stiffened, and the smiles and excitement completely frozen on their faces.

"Fuck! In their words, fuck his mother! How can Camfil be such a loser? How can Maximilian be so powerful?" Thompson roared, picked up a chair on the side, and smashed it heavily toward the monitoring screen.

Bang!

Thompson smashed the monitoring screen into pieces. He was still angry and threw the chair at the drinking fountain next to him, breaking it into pieces.

"I really don't understand what's going on. Maximilian is stronger than I



imagined. I don't think the task assigned to us by Boss is completed." Colletti said with a sad face.

"It must be done. If it can't be done, we can't go back. If the deadline is up, your family, my family, they all have to die!" Thompson became more and more annoyed as he mentioned it.

He tore his hair vigorously with his hands, as if making himself bald would solve the problem at hand.

"My Lord, I think we need to report this to the Boss. The situation at hand is definitely not something we can handle. And I don't think anyone sent by Boss can accomplish this task."

"No! I think we can try again. If we report this, it will affect our future, our future! Do you understand?"

Colletti curled his lips slightly. Although he felt that his future was



important, Maximilian was dangerous enough to endanger their lives at any time. Compared to his life, his future was nothing!

"All right, my lord, everything is at your command." Colletti gave up arguing.

Thompson closed his eyes and said in a deep voice, "Are you sure the person who bet 200 million dollars is related to Maximilian?"

"Sure, they came together."

"Good. When the bet is cashed out later, let's create a mess. We should arrange for someone to use a quick blood collecting device, and see if we can take the opportunity to collect Maximilian's blood."

Colletti hesitated for a moment, and then decided to listen to Thompson's arrangement, "Yes, my lord, I'll arrange



it. But it's likely that this will expose us."

"Go fucking exposed. You arrange it, and we'll evacuate this place first. The boxing match is over anyway. We don't need this useless junk prop."

Colletti nodded slightly, got up, and left the surveillance room.

The audiences under the arena were all staring at Camfil, who was lying motionless on the ring.

Things had changed so quickly. The audiences, who had just been cheering and celebrating their impending victory, felt as if they had been struck by a thunderbolt and their brains went blank.

Flora was the first one to come back to senses. She cheered excitedly, "We win! Maximilian has won the match!"

After cheering, Flora stood up and pushed Canaan, who was still





flabbergasted, "What are you still standing there for? Hurry up and cash the money! Then go and find Maximilian."

"Oh oh, yes, yes!" Canaan came to his senses and looked at the middle-aged man on the side happily, "Oh, when you recalled what you just said, did you feel ashamed? It's impossible for you to know how good my master is! "

The middle-aged man looked incomparably dejected and said with a sobbing face, "How can he be so powerful? I bet all my money on Camfil! How can Maximilian win?"

Canaan laughed triumphantly and followed Flora quickly to the podium to redeem his bet.

The rest of the audiences also gradually came back to their senses, and sighed. And there were even a few





people who had placed heavy bets and were pounding their heads incessantly.

"Why am I so stupid? I should have bet on the underdog! If I had bet Maximilian to win, that's a 1 to 16!"

"If I had bet on Maximilian, I would have made a fortune! It's a pity that I missed such a great opportunity!"

"If the God could give me another chance to start over, I would definitely bet on Maximilian! I'd sell my house and wife to bet on Maximilian!"

As the audiences were overwhelmed with remorse, the host ascended to the ring, "The exciting match has come to an end. It was supposed to be the time to award the gold belt, but our current champion Maximilian refused to accept the award. I can only show my deep regret. The match is completely over now!"



As the host's voice fell, this tournament finally came to an end.

Maximilian changed his clothes in the locker. When he walked out, Connor was already waiting outside the door.

"Mr. Maximilian, the match was so exciting. I didn't expect the last moment, and I thought you would lose.

"Ha ha, Connor, thank you for worrying about me. Well, the match is completely over, I'm going back too."

"I'll see you off." Connor followed behind Maximilian.

They walked out of the boxing stadium one after another from the side door. Just as Maximilian was about to walk towards Canaan's Mercedes-Benz, his phone rang.

"Hey, Flora, what's wrong?"

"Maximilian, they bullied us. We



want to cash the bet, but they picked on us. They just don't want to cash it for us." Flora said angrily.

Maximilian raised his eyebrows. He didn't expect that the banker of the international underground boxing tournament would do such a dirty trick.

"You guys wait for me. I'll be right over."

"Okay, we're waiting for you. You have to teach them a good lesson!"

Maximilian smiled and hung up the phone. He said to Connor, "Are all the bankers of the boxing match underhanded?"

"It shouldn't be. The bankers of this kind of gambling are basically trustworthy. Did they refuse to cash their bets? Then I'll go with you to have a look. By the way, how much did your friend bet?" Connor asked casually.





"It's not much. I think two hundred million dollars." Maximilian looked incomparably calm.

Connor's eyelids jumped wildly, and his cheeks twitched, "Two, two hundred million dollars? My God, then no wonder this happened. It is 1 to 16. Two hundred million will become 3.2 billion. This time the banker will lose a lot."

Connor felt that Maximilian was too ruthless in this matter. If he were the banker, he would mostly also find a way to renege on the debt.

"It is estimated that the banker will receive three to four billion dollars, you are cutting the leeks of the banker this time."

"Hahaha, isn't the leek grown up for cutting? Since they dared to use me to make a bet, then they should have to be mentally prepared to be harvested."





Maximilian said with a joking expression on his face.



Chapter 516 Violent Clash

In front of the service counter, Canaan was red to the tip of his ears. The banker refused to pay out his winnings, which was worth 3.2 billion dollars, and anyone would find it hard to accept.

"What's wrong with you guys on earth? Why can't I cash it out?" Canaan pounded the desk in rage.

The beauty behind the counter gave an awkward but polite smile. "Please hold on a second, sir. It's not that we stop you from cashing out, but there's something wrong with our system. Please wait for a moment patiently."

"There's nothing wrong with your system! Here is my betting slip! Clearly, you refuse to cash out my winnings!" Canaan waved the betting slip furiously.



Several strong white men with blond hair walked over. "Fuck! I recommend you not to make trouble. Otherwise, you will suffer the consequences."

"Are you threatening me? Get your manager here! I want to talk to him in person!" Canaan roared fearlessly.

Flora had already called Maximilian. Maximilian would show up soon, which emboldened Canaan. He even dared to create uproar in Heaven with Maximilian right now.

These strong white men's faces darkened. In their opinion, Canaan was nothing but a yellow monkey, and he should be obedient.

"What? You want to see our boss? Are you fucking crazy? It seems that you don't want your betting slip anymore. Hand over your betting slip at once!"





Those white men surrounded Canaan and Flora, staring at them with fists clenched and jaws set, as if they would beat the two up if they dared to disagree with them.

"Why isn't Maximilian here yet? They are going to hit us. Can you fight against them, Canaan?" Flora said worriedly.

Flora had no sense of security at all when she was with Canaan, but when with Maximilian, she could be sound and safe.

Each inch of Canaan's muscle and fat was trembling.

Watching those tall and strong white men in front of him, Canaan swallowed hard, believing that he was doomed.

He certainly couldn't!

He was no different from a chick. If



they really beat him, he would definitely be torn to pieces by these strong men!

"I, I'm a little nervous, but don't worry. I'll protect you at the risk of my own life!"

"Don't bother. I'll just make another phone call to Maximilian." Flora didn't trust him at all.

If they really were in a fight, Flora assumed it would take at most three seconds before Canaan was brought down.

Just when Flora was about to pick up her phone, the head of the white men had already taken hold of Canaan's neck.

"Fucking little bastard! Haven't you heard what I said? I told you to hand over your betting slip!" The white man said coldly.

"No, I won't! Behave yourself, or I'll call the police!"

Canaan had already got into a total panic and even had difficulty in breathing. He grabbed the white man's arm with both his hands, intending to pull away the hand that was gripping his neck.

"Wow, it seems that you are a reckless yellow monkey. Then I will teach you a good lesson!"

The white man raised his left hand and swung at Canaan's face.

Seeing the hand coming to him rapidly, Canaan closed his eyes, thinking that he was doomed for a good kick this time.

'But I, Canaan, choose death before disgrace!'

'Even if you beat me up, I won't hand



over the betting slip. I will fight to the end!"

Just when Canaan was putting on a play in his mind and felt as if he was the hero in the novel, the overwhelming wind brought by the slap vanished suddenly.

Well, something was not right. Canaan's tightly shut eyes opened a crack.

Canaan saw the white man's left arm was grasped by someone. He looked to the arm and suddenly, surprise appeared on his face.

"Master!"

"I'm sorry I am late. You have suffered a lot."

When Maximilian finished his words with a smile, he dislocated that white man's arm with a twist.

"Ouch!"

The white man screeched with pain. He released his hold on Canaan's neck as if he got an electric shock, and then stared at Maximilian in horror.

"What... What are you doing? I warn you not to act recklessly. I'm a staff member here!" The white man snapped.

"A staff member? Explain why you refused to cash out my winnings?" Maximilian asked flatly.

"Bastard! Let go of me! Hey, do something!" The white man called out like mad, overwhelmed by fear.

'This is the champion of Underground Boxing Match!'

'Anyone fighting against him will come to no good end!'

'What if he slaps me to death? What a bad luck!'

Although the rest of the white men aside were frightened, Colletti had already sent a command, so they could only bite the bullet and fight with him.

The rest of the white men surged up toward Maximilian together. They pushed and shoved Maximilian, trying to make him release that white man captured by him.

"So this is your manners? I told you something was wrong with the system and you need to wait! Don't you understand?"

"Let me go! You can't do that. We will call the police and sue you. We are Non-locals! We have privileges!"

While jostling, an ugly white man took out the blood collecting needle secretly.

The blood collecting needle was a newly developed device. Different from





the past ones, when the blood collecting needle was stuck into the human body, it would collect blood automatically, even if it was not stuck into the main blood vessels.

This ugly white man flipped away the protecting sleeve of the blood collecting needle with his thumb rapidly, then grabbed it and plunged it into Maximilian's back.

The needle of the blood collecting device was very thin. Besides, the needle was covered with surface anesthetic. The moment the needle was stuck into the skin, the nerve tissue around the pinprick would be under the anesthetic instantly, so that no pain could be felt.

In order to collect Maximilian's blood, these people had made sufficient preparations.



Silently, the blood collecting needle pierced through Maximilian's clothes and into his back. But Maximilian was unconscious of it at all!

The rest of the white men were distracting Maximilian's attention. In addition, that ugly white man was highly skilled, so Maximilian didn't notice that someone was collecting his blood from his back at all.

Flora could faintly see that something was wrong with the white man behind Maximilian, because that man was maintaining a strange posture, as if he didn't dare to move at all.

What was going on?

The other white men were agitated, but why was that man standing behind Maximilian, remaining unmoved?

As if he froze suddenly!



No, something must be happening!

Flora clenched her teeth. Seeing that no one was paying attention to her, she bypassed the crowd and rushed towards that white man behind Maximilian.

"Flora, come back! What are you doing?"

The astonished Canaan wanted to hold Flora back, but it was too late.





Chapter 517 Wanna Run Away?

Flora walked around to the back of Maximilian.

She saw that ugly white man holding something like a syringe in his hand, while there was already over ten milliliter blood in it.

Since the needle was not stuck into the aorta, it took longer to collect blood from the capillary. If it were stuck into the aorta, the blood collection would have long finished at this moment.

Flora was shocked. Although she had no idea why they were doing this, Flora knew they must be doing something evil.

"What are you doing?" Flora called out and dashed towards the ugly white man desperately.



The white man, who was staring seriously at the blood collecting needle, was startled by Flora's shout.

Seeing that he was discovered, he put away the blood collecting needle in haste and wanted to flee away.

Although over 10ml blood was not much, it was enough to fulfill the task. He couldn't put his own life at risk in order to collect more blood from Maximilian.

Seeing that man was about to run away, Flora rushed forward recklessly and grabbed his clothes.

"Stop running! Maximilian, come over here! He took your blood!"

Flora grasped that man's clothes and turned to yell at Maximilian.

Maximilian turned around at once, looking at Flora and the white man

caught by her.

The rest of the white men saw that their intention was discovered, and shook their fists and hit Maximilian, trying to buy some time for their accomplice.

Meanwhile, the white man caught by Flora made a determined effort, lifted his foot and gave her a kick. Flora dodged him hurriedly, but was still kicked on the outer thigh. In an instant, she fell onto the ground.

Canaan, who realized that something went wrong, rushed over. With a leap, he pounced upon the fleeing white man. Finally, the moment he was about to fall to the ground, Canaan held the fleeing white man's feet, and pulled him down to the ground abruptly.

"Fuck! You fucking bastards!"

The white man who had fallen to the ground gave Canaan two firm kicks. "Let me go, you fucking bastard! Let go of my foot!"

"No, I will never let you go!" Canaan endured the pain and said.

The white man gritted his teeth and took out a dagger from his lower back. He turned to sit up, trying to kill Canaan directly so that he could escape.

However, just when he took out the dagger, the sound of gust wind came into his ears.

Next, a foot was flung out towards his hand holding the dagger, and the bone of his hand broke!

"Ouch!" The white man screeched with pain, staring at Maximilian in panic.

Those white men who had surrounded Maximilian were brought



down and spitting blood. They exhaled more than they inhaled, and were too weak to groan.

"What... what are you doing? It's none of my business. It's Colletti... It's Colletti who asked me to do this!"

The ugly white man was suffering a complete breakdown. He took out the blood collecting needle from his inner pocket and tossed it aside without hesitation.

"Colletti asked us to take your blood. I don't know what he is going to do with it. Please forgive me."

"Colletti? The organizer of Underground Boxing Tournament?"

Maximilian bent down and picked up the blood collecting needle. He glanced at it and then put it into his pocket. After that, he turned to walk towards Flora, and helped her up.



Seeing Maximilian coming to help her, Flora was filled with joys. She put her arms around Maximilian's neck directly, and even wanted to wrap her legs around Maximilian's body.

If only she could hold Maximilian tight like an octopus! Flora couldn't help but let her imagination fly.

Maximilian frowned. When he pulled Flora up, he looked at her, who was pressing herself against him, and said, "Don't make a scene. I have something else to do."

"I'm not making a scene. I was so scared. I thought I was going to bid farewell to you just now." Flora said coquettishly.

Maximilian was embarrassed, not knowing what to say to her.

Canaan climbed up himself, not expecting Maximilian to help him at all.



That ugly white man rolled his eyeballs, believing that now was a great opportunity to run away.

Turning over and climbing up without hesitation, the white man moved his legs and rushed out.

"Fuck! Stop running!" Canaan called out and wanted to chase after him.

Maximilian puckered his lips slightly. Then he took out a card from his jacket pocket and flung it out.

The card was a piece of cardboard with Ads. Maximilian didn't know when he had put it into his pocket, but now it could be used as a perfect weapon.

Spinning rapidly, the card flew out and got behind the white man's back instantly.

Thud! The rapidly spinning card was like a sharp knife, leaving a deep wound



on the thigh of the running white man.

Flop!

The severe pain weakened the white man's leg. He lost his balance and fell straight to the ground.

"Wow! You're amazing, Maximilian!" Flora was jumping into Maximilian's arms.

A strange feeling welled up inside Maximilian. He stretched out his hand to push Flora away gently. "Alright, that is enough. I have something to ask him."

"OK." Flora pouted, letting go of Maximilian unwillingly.

Maximilian walked up to that fallen white man and stamped his right foot on his chest.

The white man felt as if his chest was hammered, and then came the tightness and pain. With that, he felt

some liquid rising in his throat. Finally, he opened his mouth and blood vomited out.

"I... I was wrong. I won't... run anymore."

"Where is Colletti?" Maximilian asked in a cold voice.

"In the monitor room at... at the backstage. Please don't kill me!"

Maximilian gave a bleak smile and kicked the white man on the side of his head with his right foot. The white man's head tilted, and stopped breathing completely.

"Master, are you going to the monitor room to catch Colletti?" Canaan asked as he approached Maximilian.

"Of course. We have to cash out our winnings."

Canaan was stunned, not expecting



that cashing out was still on Maximilian's mind.

Connor ran in from the door hastily, with blood stains on his face. "Mr. Lee, Colletti and the others have run away. My men failed to stop them!"

Maximilian glanced at Connor, who looked like a mess right now with a few knife wounds on his arms.

Connor was closely followed by his men, who had wounds on their faces and bodies, as if they had been given a good beating.

Before Maximilian came in to look for Flora and Canaan just now, he told Connor to contact the organizer of the underground boxing tournament. After all, a huge sum of winnings was involved and the banker had to deal with the matter.

Therefore, Connor went to look for



Colletti. In order to make it safe, Connor had brought his men with him.

However, just when they entered the side door, they had bumped into Colletti and the others, who had been on their way out.

Before Connor could talk, Colletti's men had started the fight, providing cover for Colletti and Thompson's escape.

