

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 411 - 420– Vicious Cousin

In the private room next door, Kenneth's face was as gloomy as it could be since Lucas contradicted him, and he wished he could have him killed.

His friends were all glowering at Lucas menacingly, and the atmosphere in the private room was extremely stagnant for a while.

Seeing that things seemed to be getting physical soon, Cheyenne became rather worried. She quickly shook Lucas's arm and said to everyone else, "It's getting late. I think it's about time to call it a night. My husband and I will take our leave now. Thank you for the generous invitation, Kenneth. We'll treat you to a meal another day if we get the chance."

As the general manager of the Brilliance Corporation, Cheyenne was eloquent enough to know just the right thing to say out of courtesy.

But she would never invite someone who harbored designs on her like Kenneth to dinner.

Lucas understood Cheyenne's concerns and was aware that she was worried that he might get into a physical conflict with these people.

Although he wasn't afraid, nothing good would come out of falling out with these scions, and it would even make Cheyenne face more difficulties in her career in the future.

So Lucas stood up cooperatively and said, "Honey, I'll send you home."

Lucas and Cheyenne both chose to walk away and let the matter rest, but Kenneth and his friends were displeased and had different thoughts in mind.

Kenneth's agenda tonight was to get into Cheyenne's pants, and he was now still far from achieving it. How could he possibly be willing to let the two of them leave?

Besides, Kenneth's friends all thought that Lucas was way too arrogant and had secretly called the security guards to come upstairs. Since they hadn't taught Lucas a lesson yet, they wouldn't let the two leave so easily.

They also thought that Lucas's decision to leave now was an act of cowardice, which made them feel a stronger desire to seize the opportunity to teach him a lesson!

"Hold it right there! Did Kenneth give you permission to leave? Hmph, what makes you think you can flee after acting all haughty and arrogant in front of us?!"

Wayne and two other scions blocked the door, keeping Lucas and Cheyenne from leaving.

Nikki laughed derisively and gibed, "Hah, Lucas Gray, it's hard to win when you're outnumbered. There are so many of us here. I suggest that you be obedient and kneel down to apologize to Kenneth! Otherwise, you really won't be able to leave this place standing tonight!"

Kenneth sat beside Cheyenne like a bigwig with pleasure in his eyes.

He was indeed a bit afraid of Lucas's impressive combat skills. But after Wayne and the rest surrounded the drunkard who had somehow barged in and beaten him into a pulp, he suddenly figured out that while they might not be Lucas's opponent in a one-on-one fight, there were more than ten of them against him. So he felt that there was no way they could be defeated by him.

Now, Lucas was an easy target!

As long as the door of the private room was closed, there was no way Lucas would be able to escape, and they would be able to beat him as they wanted.

As long as they crippled him, the vulnerable Cheyenne would naturally belong to him. Regardless of whether she was willing or not, she couldn't resist him and would have no choice but to obediently allow him to toy with her as he pleased!

After Cheyenne heard what Nikki said, her eyes widened in disbelief. "Nikki! Lucas is your cousin-in-law. How could you say that?"

Although she had always known that Nikki looked down on Lucas and detested him, Nikki was going overboard by telling Lucas to do something humiliating like kneeling down to Kenneth in front of so many people!

"Hah, Cheyenne, I've also told you many times that Lucas Gray is just a good-for-nothing who isn't worthy of being my cousin-in-law, and I've never been willing to acknowledge him! I'm not afraid to tell you the truth now. Today's dinner is specially meant for setting you up with Kenneth! If not for this good-for-nothing coming to mess our plans up, you would have been Kenneth's woman by now!"

After pretending for so long, Nikki finally revealed her true intentions. She said with a smug expression, "Cheyenne, it's your blessing that Kenneth is interested in you! Look, Kenneth is the successor of the Parker family, while you're just a used woman who's already married. Kenneth is actually at a loss! So just stop being so pretentious and quickly obey Kenneth!

"As for your good-for-nothing husband, he'd better get lost before it's too late!"

Cheyenne didn't dare to believe her ears. It was as if she didn't know Nikki at all.

She couldn't believe that she just heard such vicious words from her cousin, whom she had known since childhood.

Nikki sounded just like a pimp, and her callous words made her seem like a complete stranger to Cheyenne. Are those really the words my biological cousin said, who has always been gentle, generous, and chummy with me?

“Nikki, you are my cousin! What... what on earth are you saying?!” Cheyenne muttered incredulously.

Nikki rolled her eyes hostilely and snapped, “There are no other outsiders here, so stop bossing me around just because you're my older cousin! What I just said is the truth. Regardless of whether you want to hear it or not, this is the indisputable truth! You're just a used married woman who has given birth. Do you think you're still the most beautiful woman in Orange County who has countless suitors?! Wake up!”

“I've already said you're lucky that Kenneth still wants a woman like you. Stop pretending to be a pure and chaste woman! Just be good and sleep with Kenneth tonight. He naturally won't mistreat you. Don't you want to expand your business to LA? As long as Kenneth puts in a good word for you, you can get a lot of orders tomorrow morning. That's much easier than painstakingly finding partners yourself!” Nikki said nonchalantly and even glanced at Cheyenne with disdain as she made her words even more explicit and blunt.

Cheyenne was so enraged that her face flushed red and her body started trembling.

The only thing that made her more upset than the verbal insults was Nikki's disgusting and unbearable thoughts.

Cheyenne was only around a year older than Nikki. Since they were young, Nikke would always stick to her whenever there were family gatherings. She used to

coquettishly ask Cheyenne for toys and pocket money and even openly took away many of Cheyenne's cherished items.

Cheyenne had always treated her as a younger sister, so she would give in to her all the time!

When she was in college, Nikki had been a huge spendthrift and would always call Cheyenne to lament about not having enough living expenses. Cheyenne would then scrimp and save so that she could give money to Nikki, while she often cooped herself up in her dorm room and lived off sandwiches. She couldn't even afford to buy a few pieces of new clothes all year round.

Moreover, whenever Nikki appeared in front of Cheyenne, she always dressed fashionably and would even show off her clothes, cosmetic products, and her latest cell phone. She would even mock Cheyenne for looking like a bumpkin.

However, Cheyenne endured it because she was her cousin. And when Nikki begged her for money again, she would always be soft-hearted and transfer more money to her.

But Nikki didn't return a single cent she had borrowed.

Afterward, Nikki's parents seemed to face some cash flow difficulties and began begging Cheyenne for a loan. At the time, Cheyenne gave them all her savings.

Yet Nikki, her cousin whom she had taken care of for many years, actually humiliated her in front of all these people and was forcing her to sleep with another man!

Cheyenne felt as if her heart was being stabbed by daggers!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 412 – Have A Reliance

After hearing the insults Nikki hurled at Cheyenne, Kenneth frowned without saying anything.

In fact, he felt that Nikki wasn't wrong either.

He was the scion of the Parker family and could have any woman he wanted. The fact that he was willing to stoop low and take a fancy to a married woman like Cheyenne was indeed her honor!

Besides, he merely intended to toy with Cheyenne and didn't really love her, so he wasn't bothered by Nikki's scoldings.

In his opinion, Cheyenne was indeed rather ignorant and arrogant, for she had repeatedly snapped at him today. Does she still think that she's some noble and untouchable gem?

Kenneth and Nikki initially planned to use the dinner as a ruse to chase Lucas away. If it didn't work, Nikki would then toast Lucas with a glass of drugged wine that would ensure he would lose consciousness soon after drinking it. Once he got his hands on Cheyenne, it would be up to him to do whatever he wanted.

Unfortunately, Lucas seemed to have realized that there was something wrong with the wine and refused to drink it no matter how Nikki had tried to persuade him. As a result, their plan was foiled.

And now, both Cheyenne and Lucas were leaving after ruining Kenneth's mood. How could he allow them to leave unscathed after they failed to please him?

So they fell out with each other and got into an altercation.

Any in case, in the opinion of Kenneth and the others, Lucas definitely wouldn't be able to escape, especially since the bodyguards they called were arriving soon. When the time came, Lucas wouldn't be able to escape!

Everyone looked at Lucas like he was a fish in a barrel and could already see the scene of Lucas kneeling pitifully at their feet and begging them for forgiveness. Their faces were full of smug expressions.

Lucas's gaze was icy cold as he glared daggers at Nikki. How dare this woman insult and lash out at Cheyenne? I won't let her off!

Perhaps because of the terrifying gaze in Lucas's eyes, Nikki subconsciously shuddered as fear arose in her heart.

But once she thought of Kenneth and his friends, Nikki felt brave again. She mustered her courage and hollered at Lucas, "How dare you yell at me? Hmph, watch how I make you kneel down in front of Kenneth and beg him for mercy later! Don't worry. I will never plead for you!"

Lucas glanced at her coldly before shifting his gaze onto Kenneth. "Are you planning to make the two of us stay here?"

Kenneth pretended to be a gentleman and waved his hands while saying derisively, "Nikki said that, not me. But since she was the one who specially invited you two to dinner today, she calls the shots!"

In any case, Nikki was already speaking up for him, so he was naturally willing to sit back and watch the good show.

"Don't regret your decision then." Lucas sneered.

The reason he agreed to Cheyenne's suggestion to leave wasn't that he was afraid of this bunch of good-for-nothing wealthy scions.

"Hmph, I bet you won't be afraid until you realize you're in deep trouble!" With a cold and menacing gaze, Kenneth suddenly exclaimed into his phone, "Come in!"

The door of the private room immediately opened from the outside, and two tall bodyguards more than 1.9 meters tall walked in with an oppressive aura. They looked around and bowed to Kenneth respectfully before standing behind him and glowering at Lucas hostilely.

Kenneth now felt extremely comfortable and pleased. He placed his legs on the dining table languidly and nonchalantly and said smugly and gloatingly, "Punk, who did you tell not to regret their decision? I didn't hear you clearly. Repeat yourself!"

After seeing Kenneth's powerful bodyguards entering, the scions immediately felt they had great support.

Lucas Gray merely managed to crush a cup with his bare hand. Kenneth's bodyguards can do the same!

Let's see how he can continue being arrogant!

"Haha, kid, you don't even dare to say a single word now. Are you frightened out of your wits? I told you long ago that a freeloading pauper like you will never be able to imagine how powerful Kenneth really is! Weren't you very haughty and tyrannical in front of us just now? Continue acting that way!"

"Hahahaha, he's probably scared silly! If you kneel down now and apologize to Kenneth, he might be in a good mood and let you off!"

“That’s right! While Kenneth and we are still in a good mood, hurry up and get down on your knees to apologize! If you learn to bark a few times on the ground, we will consider sparing you!”

“Hahaha, I think learning how to bark alone isn’t enough. We should at least make this scoundrel learn how to crawl on the ground like a dog!”

...

Everyone laughed out loud in derision, and their remarks were getting increasingly vulgar as they kept degrading Lucas.

Lucas’s expression remained unchanged, and he didn’t even move his brow at all, much less waver because of the sudden appearance of two tall bodyguards.

But Cheyenne was extremely worried. She was clenching her fists so tightly that her nails were digging into the flesh of her palm.

As Kenneth was someone of high status, his bodyguards were naturally not ordinary elites and were definitely extremely skilled.

Although she had seen Lucas fight a few times before, the people she had seen him in a scuffle with were those with ordinary fighting skills like Bryce, security guards, and so on.

So after seeing these two tall and muscular bodyguards clad in black suits and wearing sunglasses who seemed to be terrifying figures, Cheyenne immediately became worried.

She was afraid that something untoward might happen to Lucas!

Moreover, the two of them were already being forced to stay in the room, and if something happened to Lucas, she definitely wouldn't be able to escape. Eventually, she would end up in Kenneth's hands and get violated by him just like Nikki had said!

At this moment, Cheyenne's heart was full of regret.

Had she known earlier that Nikki was such a selfish and vile person with no regard for kinship and only wanted to sell Cheyenne out in exchange for favors, she would never have brought Lucas to this dinner!

Unfortunately, there was no way she could have found out prior, so even if she regretted it now, it was already too late.

"Lucas Gray, have you finally figured it out, you good-for-nothing? I've long said that you aren't worthy of my cousin Cheyenne. If you get on your knees now and obediently let Kenneth have Cheyenne, I can ask him to let you off," Nikki said smugly.

Cheyenne flew into a rage and shouted, "Nikki Heron, shut up! Stop calling me your cousin! I don't have an inhumane cousin like you!"

"Hmph, fine, so be it. Cheyenne Carter, do you think I like calling you my cousin? A shameless b*tch like you who has disgraced our family doesn't deserve my attention at all. If not because you're now the general manager of the Brilliance Corporation and the woman Kenneth has taken a fancy to, I wouldn't bother with you!

"I'm telling you, don't put on airs and throw your weight around in front of me just because you're my cousin. You're not qualified to reprimand me! If you speak to me so rudely again, I'll tell Kenneth to break the legs of your good-for-nothing husband! Do you hear me?"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 413 – Kneeling On The Ground To Beg For Mercy

Cheyenne was so angry that her eyes reddened. Just as she was about to say something, Lucas suddenly took her hand and said softly, “Forget it, Cheyenne. Don’t bother arguing or getting upset over such people.”

Cheyenne instantly felt extremely aggrieved and held Lucas’s hand while saying apologetically, “Hubby, I’m really sorry. It’s all because I’ve been too simple-minded and brought you to this dinner. Now, things have escalated to this point... I didn’t expect Nikki to be so... vicious despite being my cousin. She doesn’t care about kinship at all...”

Lucas put his arm on Cheyenne’s shoulder and stopped her from continuing to blame herself. He said softly, “Honey, they’re vile because it’s their nature. It’s not your fault. You don’t have to reproach yourself because of what they’ve done.

“You don’t have to worry either. I’ve told you before that I will protect you for the rest of my life and will never let you get hurt in the slightest. I will keep to my word and fulfill my promise. These people can’t do anything to me. Trust me!”

Lucas’s tone was full of confidence, as if he was an indomitable person who would never let anything stop him or beat him down. His words put Cheyenne’s mind at ease, and she felt much safer.

Indeed, Lucas would appear in front of her to protect her during every single dangerous encounter she had had in the past few months. He protected her all the time like the strongest shield.

Not only did he protect her, but he also protected their daughter, Amelia; her sister, Charlotte; and her father, William. They had all escaped various close shaves with death again and again all thanks to Lucas’s help.

Moreover, Lucas had never failed to keep his promise. Since he told her not to be afraid, they would definitely be safe and sound!

Cheyenne smiled sweetly and nodded. “Yes!”

Her smile was an eyesore in the eyes of Nikki and Kenneth.

When Nikki saw the displeasure on Kenneth’s face, she immediately shouted furiously, “You really don’t know any better! Kenneth, tell your bodyguards to break this bastard’s limbs immediately. Let’s see if he can still be arrogant then!”

With a hostile expression, Kenneth looked at the two bodyguards behind him. They understood his instructions and immediately stepped forward to charge toward Lucas.

Bang!

Suddenly, the door of their private room slammed open. Wayne and the other scions standing by the exit to block it were almost hit by the door that was suddenly kicked open.

“Damn! Which ignorant bastard has the guts to kick our door?!” Wayne and the others immediately cursed loudly.

But the next second, they fell silent because a large group of people barged in from outside.

The leader of the group was actually the drunkard they had just beaten up for mistakenly entering their private room!

But that wasn’t all. To their utter astonishment, the large group of people behind the drunkard were all very familiar to them!

“Dad, what are you doing here?” Wayne asked, dumbfounded and staring at a middle-aged man standing at the back of the crowd.

“Dad, how come you’re here too?”

“Huh? My father is actually here as well!”

...

All of a sudden, Kenneth’s friends spoke up one after another as they stared at their own father among the crowd, overwhelmed with shock.

W-what’s going on?

Tyron Benson, the young drunkard whose face was swollen from being beaten up, was now standing beside his father, Matthew. He pointed at the scions and yelled viciously, “Dad! It was these bastards who surrounded me and beat me just now!”

As soon as he said this, the helmsmen of the various top families of LA standing behind Matthew felt their hearts tense up.

The people Tyron was pointing at were their sons!

Was it these incompetent bastards who just beat up Matthew Benson’s precious son?

Oh my god!

They originally wanted to help Matthew punish the ignorant and daring bastards who beat up Tyron. But in the blink of an eye, their sons were in trouble instead!

It was too awkward!

Matthew already guessed the truth as soon as the scions started calling the people around him their father.

He glanced at the surrounding family helmsman who had awkward expressions and gibed sarcastically, “Hah, I was wondering who in LA would have the guts to beat up my son so badly, but it turns out they’re your good sons!”

The helmsman suddenly had a drastic change in expression because Matthew, the head of the Bensons from San Francisco, was a big shot they couldn’t afford to offend!

It was especially so because the Bensons were backed by a behemoth like the Cole family. If the Bensons wanted to destroy them, it would be a piece of cake for them!

They glanced at each other, their hearts palpitating in fear. They each grabbed their son and roared, “Bastard, all you do is cause trouble for me! You really have guts today. How dare you beat up Mr. Tyron Benson?! Hurry up and come here to apologize to him!”

Tyron was Matthew’s one and only precious son, yet their sons ganged up and beat him up! Thus, the fathers of these scions could only make their incompetent sons apologize to Tyron to seek his and Matthew’s understanding. Otherwise, they would be in for a hard time!

The scions who had hit Tyron earlier were all dumbstruck.

No matter how foolish they were, they finally understood now that the drunkard they had beaten up turned out to be the scion of a powerful and esteemed family. At the very least, he had a higher status than them!

Besides, their fathers already said Tyron was a Benson, so they wondered if it was the Bensons from San Francisco!

Everyone's hearts dropped, and their faces immediately turned ashen!

We're finished.

They were in deep trouble!

Who knew that the drunkard who had barged into the wrong private room would be the scion of the Bensons from San Francisco?

"Mr... Mr. Tyron, I'm sorry! We didn't know your identity just now, so we offended you. Please forgive us!"

"Yes! Mr. Tyron, we didn't mean it! I'm really sorry! Are you... severely injured? I'll accompany you to the hospital right away for a checkup!"

"Mr. Tyron, I'm so sorry! We just drank some wine and lost our composure. We really didn't mean to beat you up!"

...

Just now, these scions had arrogantly demanded Lucas get on his knees to apologize and learn how to crawl and bark like a dog. But all of a sudden, they were now doing so themselves. They all scrambled to kneel in front of Tyron and beg for his forgiveness.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 414 – Arrogant Revenge

Kenneth didn't move an inch because he hadn't hit Tyron earlier, so he naturally didn't have to apologize to him and beg for his forgiveness.

But at the same time, he looked extremely unhappy because he found it a disgrace that his friends were all kneeling in front of Tyron and begging him for forgiveness.

He was especially embarrassed because Lucas was standing right beside him and staring at his friends kneeling in front of Tyron.

Although Lucas still had a straight face, Kenneth felt that he had to be laughing gloatingly at him and his friends.

But now was not the time for him to settle scores with Lucas.

His friends were all still suffering right now!

Kenneth narrowed his eyes and sized up Tyron, whose face was swollen and bruised.

He had heard the helmsmen of top LA families call him 'Mr. Tyron Benson', which meant that he was from the Benson family from San Francisco. Tyron was someone with a powerful background, and even Kenneth had to be careful.

At this moment, Kenneth felt thankful that his friends were the ones who beat up Tyron and that he didn't get involved at all. Otherwise, he would probably have to kneel down and be a huge disgrace in front of Lucas.

When Tyron saw these people who had beaten him up kneeling in front of him to apologize to him and plead for mercy, the satisfaction of taking revenge surged in his heart.

“Damn, weren’t you bastards really arrogant just now? Why are you kneeling in front of me and apologizing to me now? Huh?”

Tyron walked over and kicked them a few times without holding back. He soon beat them up until they collapsed onto the ground. While kicking them, he said arrogantly, “Bastards! Continue being arrogant! Come hit me! Come on! Damn it. You thought I was a pushover, didn’t you?”

“Let me tell you. This is the first time I’ve been beaten in my life. I don’t care if you did it intentionally or not. Anyway, since you hit me, I won’t spare you! Even though your fathers are here, they don’t dare to make a single sound and plead for you!”

Watching their sons get kicked and beaten up, the helmsmen of top LA families didn’t even dare to utter a single word.

Just as Tyron said, they didn’t even dare to say anything because they were afraid of angering Tyron.

Tyron was Matthew’s only son, whom Matthew saw as a precious gem. Yet he got beaten up by these vile scions, so he naturally wouldn’t let the matter go easily.

If Tyron beat their rebellious sons up and vented his anger, he might really let them off.

Even Matthew was silently watching his son beat these scions up without any intention of stopping it. Clearly, he was going to let his son beat them up to his

heart's content until he let off some steam and cooled down. So how could they possibly dare to go forward and plead for their sons?

However, some of them couldn't bear to watch their sons getting beaten up. But since they couldn't beg for mercy either, they could only hang their heads low and shut their eyes tightly. They thought to themselves that what they didn't know couldn't hurt them. As for the miserable shrieks coming from their sons, they would just pretend not to hear them.

But Tyron was immediately displeased to see this.

“Damn it. Who allowed you to close your eyes? Look at your sons with your eyes wide open and see how I teach them a lesson for you!” Tyron shouted. The helmsmen didn't dare to defy him and had no choice but to open their eyes again to watch him kick their sons hard.

In fact, strictly speaking, Tyron was just their junior.

But Tyron rebuked them like they were his juniors instead, and they didn't dare to disobey him at all.

Meanwhile, Tyron's father, Matthew, merely stood at the side without saying a word. Not only did he not chide Tyron for his rude behavior, but he even looked at his son with gratification, thinking that his son was very domineering.

His son was his cherished gem, and he didn't care about the opinions of these helmsmen because he felt that they were just from inferior families and saw nothing wrong with his son scolding them.

His son had the right to be that arrogant!

Perhaps tired from kicking, Tyron felt very indignant and shouted at the bodyguard beside him, “You, go find me an iron rod!”

The bodyguard immediately left and soon returned with a crowbar.

It was made entirely of steel and about half a meter long. It was hard, heavy, and sturdy. And when Tyron held it, he emitted a cold and terrifying vibe.

The scions immediately widened their eyes in horror and almost peed their pants in fear!

They didn’t expect Tyron would actually use such a weapon to deal with them!

Their eyes were full of fear, and they immediately wanted to beg to be spared.

Bang!

But before they could beg for mercy, Tyrion swung the heavy crowbar in his hands down onto Wayne’s arm.

Snap!

With the cracking sounds of bones breaking, Wayne’s arm immediately became distorted and broke!

“Ah! My... my arm! Dad... my arm...!”

The entire private room immediately resounded with miserable shrieks and cries of agony. Wayne held his broken arm and instantly burst into tears with snot all over his face.

The facial muscles of Wayne's father trembled violently several times. But he had no choice but to watch his son roll around on the ground in agony because he didn't dare to beg for mercy at all.

“Hah, weren't you enjoying yourself hitting me just now? You were the first one to jump out to take the lead in beating me up. You were also the one who hit me the most. I've only beaten you once, and you can't take it anymore?” Tyron roared furiously.

Then he pushed the bodyguards beside him. “Go, hold him down and prevent him from moving!”

The two bodyguards immediately went forward to press Wayne's limbs against the ground.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

With three more muffled sounds of the crowbar hitting Wayne's body, Tyron ruthlessly broke all of Wayne's limbs and then ordered his bodyguards to release him.

But at this point, Wayne had already passed out due to the extreme pain and was lying motionless on the ground.

His father had been watching everything from the side with his eyes wide open. His face was as pale as a sheet and covered in cold sweat, but he couldn't say a single word.

After witnessing Wayne's tragic fate, the other people kneeling on the ground started shuddering, and their teeth began chattering. They were terrified

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 415 – Trouble-Making Clown

“Dad, help me! I-I don’t want to have my limbs broken! Mr. Tyron, I know I was wrong. I really do. Please let me off!”

“Dad, please help me plead with Tyron! I really know my mistake and won’t do it again!”

“Mr. Tyron, please spare my life!”

...

Wealthy scions and playboys like Kenneth and his friends were usually the ones who beat others up, and they had never personally experienced the horror of being on the verge of having their limbs broken. They were all deathly pale and scared out of their wits as they stared at Tyron and begged him for mercy while also pleading for their fathers to put in a word for them.

They didn’t want to have their limbs broken like Wayne had!

But to their great disappointment, their fathers avoided eye contact with them because they didn’t dare to speak up and persuade Matthew and Tyron, especially since the latter was obviously boiling with fury!

At this point, all they could do was hope for their sons to be lucky enough to be spared from sustaining overly severe injuries. Hopefully, they could still go to the hospital to have their broken bones fixed and restored.

Seeing that they couldn’t depend on their fathers, the scions had disappointment and fear written all over their faces.

At this moment, one of them suddenly recalled something that Kenneth had said earlier and hurriedly turned to look at him. He beseeched, “Kenneth, you have to save us! You’re the future successor of the Parkers. Didn’t you tell us that Mr. Matthew Benson had personally given you a platinum membership card for the Lion Restaurant? Since you know Mr. Matthew Benson, the owner of this restaurant, can you please plead for mercy on our behalf and ask Tyron to spare us?! We really know our mistakes!”

As soon as the others heard this, they also immediately started begging Kenneth, “Kenneth, you’re the reason we came here tonight. On account of our friendship, you must plead for mercy for us!”

“Yeah, Kenneth. Since you have some connections with Mr. Benson, Tyron will definitely spare us on your account!”

...

They kept pleading for Kenneth to help them because he was the only straw they could clutch at. They believed he would be able to convince Matthew and Tyron to let them off the hook as long as he asked them to!

But Kenneth looked incredibly gloomy now.

Tyron was obviously far more arrogant than them. And based on the fact that he had broken Wayne’s limbs right after he said he would, Kenneth knew that Tyron was definitely a ruthless person. Kenneth couldn’t help feeling some inevitable fear toward him.

But these people kneeling on the ground in front of him were his friends. If he really left them in the lurch, he wouldn’t only let them down, but their families would probably steer clear of the Parkers in the future.

In helplessness, Kenneth could only bite the bullet and walk forward to say to Tyron, “Mr. Tyron, it was indeed a misunderstanding just now. They weren’t aware of your identity, so they accidentally offended you, but please be magnanimous and forgive them this time! Besides, you’ve already broken a man’s limbs, so you should have already vented your anger. Now that we all know each other’s identity, please bury the hatchet with them on my account, will you?”

Tyron lifted the crowbar in his hand and turned his head to look at Kenneth. He asked with great interest, “I heard them say that you have a platinum membership card for the Lion Restaurant. Was it personally given to you by Matthew Benson, the head of the Benson family?”

The expression on Kenneth’s face stiffened, and he blinked while saying unashamedly, “Yes, I’m very grateful to Mr. Benson for thinking I’m worthy enough and giving me a platinum membership card. However, that happened more than a year ago, so it’s not surprising that you don’t know about it, Tyron.”

He thought that Matthew wasn’t here, so since he had already said it, no one else could say anything.

But as soon as he said this, the helmsmen of the various top LA families all seemed rather bewildered as they sneaked a glance at Matthew, who was standing right in the middle of a crowd with a smile on his face. They soon looked away.

Tyron stared at Kenneth and asked once more with contempt, “Are you sure that the person who gave you the platinum membership card is Matthew Benson from San Francisco? Seems like you have very good connections. How do I address you?”

Thinking that Tyron believed him, Kenneth hurriedly announced his name proudly, “I’m Kenneth Parker, the direct descendant of the Parker family of LA!”

“Oh!” Tyron answered ambiguously with a look of derision in his eyes, seemingly anticipating hearing a joke. He suddenly pointed at Matthew.

“Do you know who this person is then?” Tyron had a rather peculiar expression on his face at the moment.

Kenneth carefully sized up the middle-aged man Tyron was pointing at. In fact, Kenneth had noticed him as soon as he came in, mainly because he was standing in the middle of the group and vaguely seemed to be the leader. He exuded a domineering aura that made it difficult to ignore his presence.

But Kenneth only knew that this had to be a person of very distinguished status and wasn't aware of his true identity.

“Please pardon me for my poor judgment, Tyron. Please introduce him to me,” Kenneth said, testing the waters.

“Hahahahah!” Tyron burst into laughter while clutching his stomach.

Seeing this, Kenneth immediately realized that he said something wrong. At the same time, he also noticed that the helmsmen standing across from him in the room seemed to be staring at him with mocking gazes.

Kenneth frowned, not figuring out where he went wrong.

“Haha, what a dimwit! Didn't you just say that the membership card in your hand was personally given to you by Matthew Benson from San Francisco? What? Can't you recognize my father, Matthew Benson, now that he's standing right in front of you?” Tyron stared at Kenneth maliciously and was guffawing like a devil.

“What?!” Kenneth exclaimed in shock and took a step back. Only then did he realize what a foolish thing he had done!

It turned out that the person Tyron was pointing at was his father, Matthew Benson!

Kenneth could never have imagined that he would end up making a fool of himself when he tried to use Matthew Benson's prestige to get some clout and deceive Tyron that he shared some friendly ties with his father. In the end, it turned out that Matthew had been standing here all along and watching everything unfold with a smile while staring at him like he was a trouble-making clown!

The thought of how he had bragged about his friendship with Matthew right in front of Matthew himself made Kenneth's face turn pale!

At the same time, countless gazes of apprehension, mockery, and disbelief were cast on him, making him break out in cold sweat and sending chills down his spine!

Bang. Bang.

Tyron pounded the crowbar in his hand against the ground a few times and deliberately looked at Kenneth while asking with a chuckle, "Now, tell me again. Who exactly was the one who gave you a platinum membership card of the Lion Restaurant?"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 416 – It's Your Turn

“I...” Kenneth’s face was incredibly distressed, and he couldn’t bring himself to say a single word.

Had he known earlier that Matthew was present too, he would never have put on this front and acted like a big shot in front of Tyron!

He was now thoroughly humiliated and put to shame, but he couldn’t defend himself at all.

Furthermore, Matthew might even blame him and punish him next...

“Damn it. Are you mute? I’m asking you a question!” Tyron hollered and slammed the crowbar at the dining table next to him.

Bang!

The edge of the round tempered glass table shattered while the glasses and crockery on the table fell onto the ground and shattered into pieces!

Everyone was greatly startled.

Lucas immediately reached out and wrapped his arm around Cheyenne’s waist to shield her behind his body. He then patted the back of her hand to comfort her.

Kenneth was frightened by Tyron’s sudden outburst of anger. His legs went limp, and he fell to his knees with a loud thud. “Mr... Mr. Tyron, I was wrong!”

Drenched in cold sweat, Kenneth confessed fearfully, “Mr. Tyron, Mr. Benson, I’m sorry! I was too obsessed with boosting my ego that I falsely used your name for clout and lied about receiving the membership card from you... Actually, the platinum membership card belongs to my grandfather, and he went through great pains to obtain it. I only ask him for it and bring it out with me for meals so that I can show off to make me seem impressive. Please forgive me!”

As he kneeled on the ground, his entire body was shuddering, and he was full of regret.

“Hmph, how daring of you!” Matthew slammed his foot down on Kenneth’s back, sending him sprawling to the ground.

When Kenneth’s face touched the ground, Matthew kicked his body again and snapped, “Who do you think you are? Do you think you’re worthy enough to use my name for clout? How dare you pretend to be a big shot in front of my son and claim that you’re friends with me? Damn it! Even if your grandfather Damon Parker comes to see me personally, he won’t dare to lie about anything using my name!”

Kenneth was sprawled across the ground, with mouth and nose pressed against the dirty floor, but he didn’t dare to get up. All he could do was desperately beg for mercy. “Mr. Benson, I really know I’m wrong. I won’t dare to do it again. Please give me a chance and let me off this time!”

He was really scared out of his wits, so much so that his face was covered in tears and snot. He was terrified that Tyron would break his limbs and cripple him as he had done to Wayne!

Matthew had always been a ruthless man, and he had even personally taken some lives. Even the younger generation of wealthy families in LA, such as Kenneth, had heard of his merciless ways.

The fact that Tyron had just broken all four of someone's limbs without the slightest hesitation or a single bat of his eyelid just went to show how ruthless his father must be.

Moreover, Matthew was also close to the Coles, a top family in San Francisco, and had brought the Bensons to become a subordinate family of the Coles. This gave Matthew great authority, and almost no one would have the guts to offend him.

Now that Kenneth had pretended to be powerful and provoked Matthew, the Parkers would probably be unable to do anything to stop Matthew even if he wanted to beat him to death!

Kenneth's body trembled violently to the point of almost peeing himself in fear.

"Call your grandfather Damon Parker right now, and tell him to come here within ten minutes! Otherwise, he can collect your corpse instead!" Matthew said nonchalantly.

Kenneth's heart skipped a beat. He immediately got up from the ground, took out his phone, and called his grandfather while still on his knees.

"Grandpa, it's me! I'm in a private dining room on the top floor of the Lion Restaurant. I... I offended Mr. Matthew Benson from San Francisco. Grandpa, don't ask about the rest. We don't have time. Hurry up and come over quickly! Remember, you must arrive within ten minutes, or else you'll never see me again!"

Pangs of panic engulfed Kenneth as he frantically conveyed Matthew's instructions to his grandfather and gave him a brief summary of the situation. There was no way he could explain what exactly had happened and how he had offended Matthew in a few simple sentences. So he decided to skip it altogether and urged Damon to rush over as quickly as possible.

Matthew snorted coldly before letting go of Kenneth for the time being.

He came over to LA today with the intention to develop some forces, so he had specially gathered the helmsmen of various top families in LA to coerce them by issuing threats or tempting them with benefits.

But he didn't have to do much at all because they were extremely scrupulous and respectful toward him. They were just like obedient pets.

But there were two top families he didn't invite this time—the Parkers and the Owens.

In the past, the Brookes, the Parkers, and the Owens used to dominate LA. But just a short time ago, the Brookes were suddenly destroyed and vanished from the city. Later on, the Parkers and the Owens became the two overlords that almost dominated half of LA.

Thus, after some consideration, Matthew decided not to do anything to those two families for the time being. He only planned to gain control of the other families for now, which would subsequently allow him to control the other half of LA's economy.

When the time came, conquering the Parkers and Owens in one fell swoop wouldn't be that difficult.

But one of the Parkers' descendants had now provoked Matthew, so he decided to take advantage of this opportunity to let the Parkers suffer a massive loss!

A cunning smile surfaced on Matthew's lips as he thought about this.

He glanced at the young men on their knees in front of him and sneered. “Son, who else hit you just now? Don’t let any one of them off. You must take revenge ruthlessly! The Bensons will never let themselves lose out!”

He deliberately said this to give everyone present a warning.

Anyone who dared to offend the Bensons wouldn’t end up well!

“Okay, Dad!”

His words were just what Tyron wanted to hear. Tyron raised the crowbar in his hand and went to one of the scions kneeling at the end of the row. Then he beat him mercilessly with the crowbar!

“Ah!”

“Arrgh!”

...

Soon, miserable shrieks filled the air in the private room one after another.

The helmsmen of the LA families were incredibly distressed to hear them, and their faces were all trembling violently. The ones getting their limbs broken were their sons!

There were also a few helmsmen whose sons happened to be absent tonight. They couldn’t help feeling extremely thankful and relieved while deciding that they would definitely go home and admonish their sons to never provoke the Bensons in the future!

A few minutes later, Tyron finally had enough. With a loud clang, the crowbar in his hand fell onto the ground.

He had hit them extremely hard, and each strike of the crowbar broke one of their bones.

But this time, he had only broken an arm or a leg of each of the remaining nine people, unlike how he had broken all of Wayne's limbs.

He wasn't an arrogant and tyrannical fool, and he was well aware that if he really broke all of their limbs, the helmsmen of the top LA families would definitely resent him even if they didn't dare to complain on the surface.

Now, with Wayne as an example, the remaining scions with one broken limb each had learned their lesson. The other helmsmen would also be extremely grateful to the Bensons for being merciful and would respect them even more.

These were some methods that Matthew had taught Tyron.

So far, it seemed that they were quite effective.

At this thought, Tyron felt extremely smug.

After hitting the scions, he suddenly looked at Lucas, who was sitting at the table, and said sinisterly, "Ah, I almost missed one! Punk, get your ass here! It's your turn now!"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 417 – Unexpected Opportunity

Lucas remained in his seat without moving a single muscle and simply said calmly, “I’m not in with them. Besides, I didn’t touch you either.”

A hazy gloominess appeared in Tyron’s eyes.

He looked at Lucas hostilely. This man indeed didn’t join them in hitting me just now, but so what? I don’t need a reason to hit someone!

Besides, all the people in the room were shivering while kneeling in front of him, but Lucas was the only one still sitting calmly in his chair, which was a blatant disregard of him!

I must teach this guy a lesson so that he knows to be scared of me when he sees me in the future!

With an icy cold gaze in his eyes, Tyron stormed toward Lucas with the crowbar in his hand. Just as he was about to hit Lucas with it, a commotion broke out outside the private room, and a white-haired old man suddenly hurried over.

“Mr. Benson, I really didn’t expect that you’d come here to LA all of a sudden. I’m really sorry for failing to welcome you personally!” The white-haired old man was none other than Damon Parker, the helmsman of the Parkers.

He was obviously older than Matthew, but he was extremely polite and subservient toward Matthew, lowering his position as far as possible.

This was beyond Matthew’s expectations.

He originally thought that the Parkers, one of the top two giants of LA now, would put on airs since they often enjoyed the flattery of others, and many would curry favor with them.

Besides, Damon was a generation older than Matthew, so Matthew thought that Damon might act condescending just because of his age and demand that he let Kenneth off.

But he didn't expect Damon to be so sly and not even mention the matter regarding his grandson Kenneth but instead acted like he was talking with Matthew as a peer of the same generation.

Matthew said with an insincere smile, "Mr. Parker, I know you're a busy man. How can you have the time to see me?"

When Damon heard the hostility in Matthew's voice, his heart skipped a beat, and he hurriedly said with a smile, "You must be joking, Mr. Benson. How can the Parkers compare to your family? Had I known earlier that you were here, I would have definitely welcomed you and entertained you properly!"

Matthew was finally satisfied, and he said relaxedly, "Actually, Mr. Parker, you still don't know why I suddenly asked you to come here, do you?"

Damon's heart palpitated. The thing on his mind finally happened. In the call, Kenneth had merely mentioned that he had offended Matthew Benson and asked him to rush over immediately. So Damon hadn't had the time to ask about anything else.

Damon hurriedly looked at the ground and saw that his favored grandson, Kenneth, was now kneeling on the ground alongside his friends, who were all injured and grimacing in pain while enduring the agony.

In comparison, Kenneth's clothes were only slightly dirty. At the very least, he was in a much better state than his friends.

Damon was still at a loss, as he didn't know how on earth his grandson and his friends had offended Matthew. But that didn't get in his way of carrying out his plan.

"Scoundrel, defiant beast! I teach you every single day at home to be polite and never ever offend anyone when you're out. Have you been turning a deaf ear to my instructions? How dare you offend Mr. Benson? How audacious of you! You've utterly disgraced the Parkers!" Damon kicked Kenneth in the chest a few times with all his might.

He wasn't acting at all and really kicked Kenneth hard, so much so that Kenneth fell to the side and collapsed onto the ground, clutching his chest in pain.

After teaching his grandson a severe lesson, Damon turned to Matthew and said apologetically, "Mr. Benson, it's all my fault for failing to take my grandson in hand, so he ended up offending you. Please punish him as you please. Even if you want to kill this beast, the Parkers will have no complaints!"

"Grandpa!" Kenneth widened his eyes in disbelief as he stared at his grandfather in shock. Didn't Grandpa come here to plead for me? He actually said something so heartless!

Of course, Damon's words not only shocked Kenneth, but even the helmsmen of the other families in the room were astonished.

Even Matthew showed a trace of surprise.

He initially wanted to take advantage of Damon pleading for his grandson to make a killing off the Parkers as much as possible and make them suffer a massive loss.

But now that Damon already said that he would leave his grandson at his disposal, Matthew naturally wouldn't raise any other requests.

Besides, would Matthew really kill Damon's grandson over such a trivial matter?

Hmph, this old fogy Damon Parker is a cunning old fox!

In that case, I'll sell this old fogy a favor. If he's smart enough, he'll naturally repay the favor in other ways.

Matthew suddenly laughed and said, "That's not necessary. Since you've already said so much, it'll seem petty of me to hold it against these young men for such a trivial matter. On your account, I'll let this matter go, Mr. Parker!"

Damon immediately praised with a look of gratitude, "Mr. Benson, you're indeed very kind and magnanimous. I'm in awe and admiration of you!"

Then he kicked Kenneth with all his might again and hollered, "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and thank Mr. Benson for being kind enough not to hold it against you."

Kenneth was overjoyed. He immediately kneeled in front of Matthew and exclaimed agitatedly, "Thank you, Mr. Benson! Thank you so much, Mr. Benson!"

With a smile on his face, Damon suddenly said to Matthew, "Actually, there's always been something that I've wanted to talk to you about, Mr. Benson. Unfortunately, there hasn't been an opportunity for me to do so."

Matthew raised his brows with great interest. "Oh, is that so? What's the matter?"

"It's about... a huge cooperation that will definitely benefit the Bensons. Mr. Benson, are you interested?" Damon squinted like a cunning old fox.

Matthew chuckled. “Haha, sure! It’s so chaotic here. Let’s go to the room next door to chat!”

Damon naturally agreed because it was just what he wanted.

“Son, I’m going to have a chat with Mr. Benson. I’ll hand over everything here to you,” Matthew instructed Tyron.

Tyron immediately agreed. Anyway, all the people he wanted to take revenge on had had at least an arm or a leg broken by him. Now, he just had to put an end to things and establish dominance.

“Kenneth, stay here and help Tyron handle some matters,” Damon immediately instructed.

He was undoubtedly trying to make his grandson build better ties with Tyron.

It was actually a tremendous benefit for Kenneth too.

Matthew was well aware of this, but he didn’t oppose it. There was no big deal in letting his son have one more loyal follower.

Kenneth was overjoyed. In the last ten minutes or so, he had been on a roller coaster of emotions.

He was very certain that he would have died because he thought that even his grandfather had given up on him. But he didn’t expect there to be a twist of fate so soon and to receive a blessing in disguise, which was the chance to get closer to the Bensons.

Kenneth glanced at Lucas, who was still sitting composedly by the dining table, and an icy cold gaze flashed in his eyes. In a while, I’ll get Tyron to deal with this

bastard. I'll see if he can continue remaining seated and gloating over my predicament!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 418 – Jealousy And Sowing Discord

“Mr. Tyron, it was my fault for offending you just now and making you suffer. I feel really bad! I sincerely apologize to you, and I hope that you’ll be kind enough not to hold it against a nobody like me. Please forgive me for my lack of discernment!” Kenneth immediately apologized to Tyron after Matthew and Damon left.

Appearing to be rather generous, Tyron laughed and said, “Since your grandfather and my father are acquaintances now, that makes us friends from now on. You don’t need to say such formal things again!”

Tyron even reached his hand out and put an arm around Kenneth’s shoulder as if they were the best of friends.

Kenneth was naturally surprised and flattered. But the other scions, who were Kenneth’s friends, were boiling with fury after watching their friendly interaction.

If it wasn’t for the sake of pleasing Kenneth, they wouldn’t have come here and ended up beating up the drunk Tyron, who had barged into the room and tried to violate Nikki.

Each of them now had an arm or a leg broken, and they didn’t even know if they could get their broken limbs fixed at the hospital. If they couldn’t, they would remain crippled for the rest of their lives.

Yet Kenneth became close friends with Tyron.

Why?! They were all extremely displeased, and their resentment began to show in their eyes.

Frightened by their gazes, Kenneth hurriedly said to Tyron, “Mr. Tyron, these people may have offended you, but they’ve also been taught a lesson. Should we tell them to get lost quickly, lest they continue being an eyesore to you?”

Tyron wasn’t a fool, and he knew that Kenneth was actually pleading for mercy for his friends, which irked him a little.

He shook his head and said tyrannically, “No, let them continue kneeling here for two hours before letting them leave! They beat me up so severely, but all I did was break an arm or leg from each of them. I’m being kind and merciful enough!”

Then he sat down on the chair haughtily, seemingly intending to really keep them behind until the time was up.

Seeing this, Kenneth didn’t dare to say anything else.

Lucas had actually wanted to take Cheyenne away from this place a long time ago, and now that such an incident cropped up, he was all the more unwilling to continue staying here for a couple more hours around these people.

“Honey, let’s go.” Lucas stood up, took Cheyenne’s hand, and walked toward the door.

“Hold it!” As soon as they took a few steps forward, Kenneth suddenly shouted and stood in front of them to stop them from leaving. “You two aren’t allowed to leave!”

If Kenneth just shouted to stop them, Lucas would have simply ignored him and pretended that he didn’t exist.

But now that Kenneth was blocking the door to stop them, Lucas could only stop and question coldly with narrowed eyes, “Do you have a problem?”

“Hmph, how dare you leave without Mr. Tyron’s permission?” Kenneth glowered at Lucas with resentment.

If not for this bastard, I would have gotten my hands on Cheyenne a long time ago! I wouldn’t have remained in a stalemate with him here and eventually ended up offending Tyron, putting me in a frightening and near-death situation!

This is all Lucas Gray’s fault!

Besides, Kenneth had just thought of leveraging Tyron’s power to deal with Lucas, so how could he let him leave now?

Kenneth pointed at Cheyenne beside Lucas and said to Tyron subserviently with a malicious smile, “Mr. Tyron, what do you think of this woman?”

When Tyron barged in in a drunken stupor earlier, he had tried to molest the s*xily dressed Nikki without the slightest regard for the presence of the others. So Tyron was clearly an unbridled lecher.

Moreover, Cheyenne was even more beautiful than Nikki, and Kenneth was positive that Tyron would be attracted to her!

Tyron casually glanced at the woman beside Lucas, only to be so taken aback that he immediately widened his eyes and sat up straight.

When Tyron confronted Kenneth and the others just now, Lucas had been standing in front of Cheyenne to shield her. So Tyron merely knew that there were two women in the private room, but he didn’t pay much attention to Cheyenne.

Only now did he get a good look at Cheyenne’s face and figure for the first time.

He didn’t expect to see such a stunningly gorgeous woman here in LA!

She was easily a rare beauty in this city!

Tyron had always been a lustful man, and at this point, his eyes were glued onto Cheyenne. Looking just like a lecher, he praised with amazement, “Amazing. This woman is so stunning!”

Kenneth glanced at the gloomy Lucas smugly and deliberately said, “Mr. Tyron, I planned to sleep with this woman tonight, but since you’re here, I’ll naturally let you have her. Only you deserve to have such an amazing beauty!”

He intentionally left out the fact that Cheyenne was already Lucas’s wife. And he was making it sound as if Cheyenne was already his woman and at his disposal, so he could give her to other men like a gift.

Seeing how sensible Kenneth was, Tyron laughed out loud and exclaimed heartily, “Hehe, nice one, kid! From now on, you’ll be my best buddy!”

Since Tyron had taken a fancy to Cheyenne, he naturally found Lucas, who was standing next to Cheyenne and still holding her hand, a complete eyesore.

“No matter who you are, get lost and move away from the woman I have set my sights on!” Tyron commanded with his hand raised and pointing at Lucas.

Cheyenne, who was being objectified as a trophy that Tyron was bent on getting, was so furious that her face was as red as a tomato.

But she had just witnessed his arrogant behavior and how he had ruthlessly broken the arms and legs of the scions of LA with a crowbar. Yet their fathers, the helmsmen of top families, didn’t dare to make a single sound at all. Moreover, Tyron’s overprotective father, Matthew Benson, was right next door.

All of this made Cheyenne infuriated yet scrupulous.

Tyron wasn't only arrogant and obnoxious, but he also had a high status. The consequences of offending him would definitely be dire!

Even though Lucas now owned several large companies in Orange County and was also the chairman of the Solar Corporation, the largest enterprise in LA, he still seemed somewhat inferior compared to the Bensons from San Francisco.

After all, the Bensons were backed by a top family in San Francisco, the Coles!

What should we do now? Cheyenne's heart was full of burning anxiety.

"Mr. Tyron, I'm afraid you don't know yet, but this beautiful chick here is named Cheyenne Carter, and she used to be known as the most gorgeous girl in Orange County. It's her greatest blessing to be able to serve you tonight!" A sarcastic remark full of sourness suddenly sounded.

Nikki was standing beside Kenneth and glaring at Cheyenne with jealousy while telling Tyron about Cheyenne.

Of course, Cheyenne's title as the most beautiful girl in Orange County immediately made Tyron feel a burning desire to get his hands on her.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 419 – Don't Know Any Better

Nikki was truly green with envy and jealous of Cheyenne for being so lucky.

She's a married woman and used goods. Yet she managed to charm Kenneth with her pretty face and make him so smitten that he was bent on getting his hands on her. Now, she's even managed to attract the scion of the Benson family from San Francisco, who also wants to get his hands on her.

In terms of beauty, I'm not much worse than this b*tch. But after trying to get close to Kenneth for so long, he still hasn't shown any interest in me.

When Tyron was drunk and dazed just now, he had even tried to molest Nikki, but she had merely thought of him as an ordinary drunkard and dodged after shrieking. She was utterly disgusted with him at the time.

But now, it turned out the drunkard was actually the only son of the esteemed Matthew Benson from San Francisco and had a much higher status than Kenneth. If she could cozy up to him, she would surely get to live in the lap of luxury for the rest of her life.

Unfortunately, Tyron sobered up after getting beaten up just now and had completely forgotten about trying to molest Nikki. Even when she deliberately made her presence known in front of him, she couldn't attract him at all.

Yet Tyron, who wasn't interested in Nikki in the slightest, took a fancy to Cheyenne the moment he laid his eyes on her, greatly infuriating Nikki!

After Nikki made that snide and sarcastic remark out of jealousy, which sounded like gaining Tyron's favor was the luckiest thing that could happen to Cheyenne, Cheyenne widened her eyes in disbelief and glared at Nikki.

“Nikki, I am your cousin. How could you say such things!?! Do you have a conscience at all?!” Cheyenne was extremely furious and disappointed.

She had still been thinking that Nikki might plead for mercy on her behalf and ask Tyron and Kenneth to let her leave out of consideration of their familial ties.

But Nikki actually refused to help her and even made a conscious effort to send her to the lion’s den while still mocking her jealously.

“Hah, didn’t you just say that I’m not fit to call you my cousin?” Nikki smirked smugly and smiled maliciously. “Mr. Tyron is the scion of the Bensons from San Francisco, and he can have any woman he wants. You should be thanking him for taking a liking to a woman like you! Don’t push your luck and continue being so ignorant. Or else, if you anger Tyron, your good-for-nothing husband will have to face the fate of being beaten to death right here!”

Then she even deliberately picked up the crowbar that Tyron had thrown on the ground and placed it beside him, for fear that he would forget to hit Lucas with it.

Kenneth chimed in from the side, “Nikki is right. Cheyenne, you have to serve Tyron well later! As long as you can please him, all it’ll take is a few words from him, and you can expand your company’s business to LA! This is a rare opportunity you must seize!”

He no longer had any fantasies about Cheyenne now because Tyron’s presence had determined that she would never belong to him. So he might as well be generous and offer her to Tyron, which would at least allow him to get into Tyron’s good books.

He thought he would have plenty of opportunities to bed Cheyenne if he wanted to in the future!

Tyron crossed one leg over the other while sitting on the chair, ogling Cheyenne lecherously and eagerly waiting for her to throw herself into his arms obediently.

Although he just learned that this stunning beauty was actually married to the man beside her, he thought that it wasn't a big deal because he just wanted to toy with her, not marry her. So it didn't matter to him whether she was married or not.

Unfortunately, Cheyenne was different from most women he usually interacted with. How could she possibly sell her body for benefits?

She gripped Lucas's hand tightly. Her palms were so sweaty that her sweat had already stained Lucas's palm.

"Lucas Gray, why are you still standing here? Hurry up and get lost. You don't want to witness Tyron having fun with your wife right in front of you, do you?" Nikki suddenly rebuked.

Hearing this humiliating remark, Cheyenne immediately began trembling out of anger.

Just as she was about to chide Nikki for being shameless, Lucas stopped Cheyenne and said softly, "Honey, you don't need to say anything else to someone like her. You don't have to be afraid either. I won't let anything happen to you, and I will be fine. Just remember. No one in this country can hurt me, let alone force me to do anything against my wishes.

"Hmph, he's just the scion of a family in San Francisco. It's no big deal. Even if the members of the eight major families from DC dare to try and provoke me, I'll annihilate them immediately!"

Lucas's words were domineering and condescending, and he gave off a sharp and cold aura that was so intimidating that no one dared to look him in the eye.

He sounded extremely arrogant too.

Not only did he not take the Bensons, a prestigious family in San Francisco, seriously, but he even disregarded the eight top families of DC and claimed that he could immediately wipe them out effortlessly.

In the eyes of Tyron and Kenneth, Lucas was just being ignorant and imperious! Does he know how powerful the eight top families of DC are?

Cheyenne looked at Lucas seriously. “Yes, I believe you, Hubby!”

“Hahahahaha! This is really hilarious!” Tyron suddenly broke into hysterical laughter, and he was guffawing so hard that he was bent over. Pointing at Lucas and Cheyenne, he asked Kenneth while laughing, “These two... Haha, are they fools? He actually said that he can destroy even the eight top families of DC. What a joke!”

Kenneth sneered in derision. “Mr. Tyron, this kid is an absolute fool! He doesn’t even know the Parkers’ status in LA, let alone the most prestigious families of California and the eight top families in DC! This guy is a complete good-for-nothing who likes issuing empty threats all the time. He doesn’t even know how terrifyingly powerful those families are! Just treat his words as a joke!”

Nikki quickly added fuel to the fire. “Yeah, Mr. Tyron, this punk is indeed a good-for-nothing. You probably don’t know how famous he is in Orange County. He’s notorious for freeloading off Cheyenne. And after becoming her live-in husband by sleeping with her, he sponged off her for six years. He’s just a piece of garbage we can’t get rid of no matter how hard we try! He’s shameless and detestable!”

Hearing these harsh words, Cheyenne couldn’t tolerate it any longer and retorted loudly, “Nikki Heron, shut up! My husband is nothing like what you said. Stop slandering him!”

Lucas must have heard plenty of such callous words over the past few years, but now, Cheyenne couldn't stand hearing anyone slander and insult him in front of her.

In particular, a vile and abominable person like Nikki was even less qualified to speak about Lucas like this!

“Honey, don't get upset because of these idiots. Let's go!” Lucas squeezed the back of Cheyenne's hand and walked out with her hand in his.

“Hold it! I'll see who dares to leave without my permission!” Tyron flew into a rage when he saw them trying to leave with no regard for his presence.

“Bodyguards, grab this man and break all his limbs. Let's see how he continues acting all arrogant in front of me!”

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 420 – The Mightiness Of Stanley Ray

As soon as Tyron issued the order, the two bodyguards behind him immediately charged toward Lucas menacingly, and they even began clawing at Lucas's chest and arms to grab him and hold him down.

But just as their hands reached Lucas, a figure suddenly appeared in front of them at lightning speed!

Bang!

Bang!

The figure instantly kicked both bodyguards, blasting them far away. They soon crashed on the ground beside Tyron's feet.

Tyron was almost hit by the bodyguards flying backward. After yelling in horror, he suddenly got up, took two steps back, and hollered, "Who are you?!"

The figure standing in front of Lucas and Cheyenne was a lanky middle-aged man in his forties fiddling with a sharp dagger in his hand.

No one knew where exactly he had come from.

But he had moved as quickly as lightning and managed to send Tyron's strong bodyguards flying with his kicks. His strength and combat abilities were far greater than the bodyguards'.

He seems to be protecting Lucas Gray and Cheyenne Carter. Is this mysterious man who popped up out of nowhere their bodyguard?

At this moment, Kenneth's eyes were full of incredulity as he finally got a clear look at the face of this lanky middle-aged man. He blurted in astonishment, "It's you?!"

His voice was obviously trembling, and clearly, he was terrified of the man opposite him.

"Do you know this person?" Tyron immediately asked.

"He... he's Stanley! Stanley Ray!" Kenneth revealed Stanley's name with great difficulty as his body trembled.

As soon as everyone heard Stanley's name, they were greatly taken aback. There wasn't a need for Kenneth to introduce him at all.

The reason was that they were no stranger to Stanley's name!

Stanley was the top hitman in LA. He used to work for the Brookes and had secretly done a lot of things for them. He would kill all the rivals of the Brookes and those who had offended the family head.

Stanley had impeccable combat skills. And being exceptionally good at stealth and assassination, he was a deadly killer from whose clutches none of his targets had ever been able to escape!

Stanley's help was the reason that the Brookes managed to progress by leaps and bounds to become a top family in LA within just a few short years. Even the Parkers and the Owens, who were previously on par with the Brookes, didn't dare to offend them. Of course, it was mainly because they didn't dare to offend the daunting and formidable killer Stanley!

Even from San Francisco, Tyron had heard about Stanley before and was thoroughly shocked by his abilities. Stanley was just as famous in San Francisco, where many families like the Kingstons had offered staggering amounts of money to poach him, only to end up being rejected by him.

Strictly speaking, turning down the solicitation of a top family like the Kingstons was quite an offensive thing to do. If Stanley were anyone else, the Kingstons would have never let him off. But they didn't end up doing anything to him because they were wary and scrupulous of his terrifying abilities.

Even Tyron's father, Matthew, was once tempted to hire Stanley and even confidently said to Tyron that they would no longer have to rely on the Coles to become a top family that could stand on equal footing with the Coles as long as they had an impressive expert like Stanley!

Unfortunately, Stanley had even turned down the Kingstons' offer, so Matthew could only dispel the thought with disappointment.

Now that they had seen the legendary killer Stanley in the flesh right in front of them, they were undoubtedly nervous and daunted.

At this moment, Tyron felt the exact same fear that Kenneth had within him. Didn't they say this terrifying killer disappeared with the destruction of the Brookes? Why did he suddenly appear here? He's even standing in front of Lucas Gray and his wife. Could they be related in some way?

Tyron, Kenneth, Nikki, and the others were all thinking about it in shock and bewilderment.

"Lucas, how do you want to deal with them? Do you want to keep them alive or dead?" the legendary killer Stanley suddenly said.

But his question almost made Tyron and the others pee in their pants in fear!

For one, they confirmed through Stanley's words that he was indeed on Lucas's side and taking orders from him, which was simply unbelievable!

Second, Stanley asked if Lucas wanted to keep them alive or dead, which meant... that he wanted to kill them all?

But it wasn't impossible for Stanley to kill all of them, given the history of what he had done. Countless helmsmen of top families had died at his hands, let alone scions like them.

All of a sudden, Tyron and Kenneth both looked at each other and saw the fear and panic in each other's eyes.

Meanwhile, Nikki's legs went limp, and she fell to the ground, unable to get up anymore.

At this moment, they were overwhelmed with regret. Had they known earlier that Lucas, whom they thought was a good-for-nothing, had the protection of such a powerful person, they would never have dared to stop him just now and try to fight him!

They didn't end up stopping Lucas and Cheyenne but even ended up getting into trouble with a terrifying killer!

"I just heard you say that you were going to break my limbs and turn me into a cripple," Lucas suddenly said to Tyron slowly.

Tyron shuddered, wishing he could give himself two slaps!

But this was indeed the command he had given to his bodyguards just now, which Stanley had probably heard too. Even if he wanted to deny it, he couldn't!

Tyron stared at his elite bodyguards, whom he had spent a ton of money to hire. They were now lying motionlessly on the ground, unable to get up at all.

Stanley seemed to have merely kicked them just now, but the power of his legs and kicks wasn't something that ordinary people could match up to. The bodyguards were severely injured, and Stanley had completely crippled them!

Tyron began to panic. He gritted his teeth and then dropped to his knees in front of Lucas with a loud thud, all while Kenneth and Nikki watched in astonishment!

"I'm... I'm sorry! I was just joking just now. I definitely don't dare to show you any disrespect!" Tyron was so horrified that he was on the verge of tears.

His bodyguards had been crippled. And now that he was on his own, he was definitely no match for Stanley! If he really ended up provoking Lucas, even his father wouldn't be able to save him despite being in the room next door. By the time Matthew came over, he would probably only get to see Tyron's corpse.

His father had once taught him to choose his battles wisely and to succumb when necessary. In an adverse situation where all the odds were not in his favor, it wasn't an embarrassing thing for a scion like him to kneel down and beg for mercy!

As long as he had the chance to in the future, he would definitely take revenge and pay Lucas back in his own coin a hundredfold...

Kenneth was flabbergasted and dumbstruck to see Tyron kneeling down in front of Lucas without hesitation. His mouth was wide open, and he was stunned for a long time.

But when he recovered from the shock, he immediately followed suit without hesitation and got on his knees too. He said with regret, “Lucas... Lucas, I was too blind and ignorant to have offended you. I totally deserve to die! But please don’t kill me. I’ll definitely make it up to you. Please give me a chance to make amends and atone for my mistakes! I will never dare to disrespect you again!”