

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 611-620 – Don't Kill Anyone

Chapter 611: Don't Kill Anyone

The hand of death Lucas was strangling his neck tightly with made Roy frightened out of his wits.

The suffocating pain and the fear of dying made him experience an unprecedented sense of terror.

"You... let go! Otherwise, the Smiths... Mmph!" Roy was struggling and still trying to threaten Lucas with the power of the Smiths.

But Lucas immediately forcefully strangled his neck, making it impossible for him to utter another word.

Seeing this, Maddy hurriedly persuaded, "Lucas, don't be impulsive!"

She knew that Lucas wasn't afraid of the Smiths, but they were one of the eight most powerful families in DC and possessed massive power that shouldn't be underestimated. If Lucas killed Roy here, it would definitely bring him great trouble.

After all, Maddy was the indirect cause of this matter, so she'd definitely feel extremely sorry and be riddled with guilt.

Besides, her family would definitely be implicated and would end up being targeted or even destroyed once they fell out with the Smiths.

As a member of the Stone family, she couldn't bring about a disaster to her family even if she didn't feel a sense of belonging.

Cheyenne hurriedly pulled Lucas's arm and also persuaded, "Hubby, calm down! Don't do anything foolish because of someone like him! It's not worth it!"

She was also afraid that Lucas would accidentally strangle Roy to death.

Naturally, Lucas wouldn't really kill Roy.

Although he was angry, he didn't lose his rationality because of it.

After seeing the look of concern in Cheyenne's and Maddy's eyes, he exhaled softly and warned Roy, "I'll let you off today on Maddy's account. But if you dare to appear in front of her and harass her again, I won't let you off! Get lost!"

Then Lucas flung Roy away.

Roy landed on the ground. Although he had a wretched fall, his breathing became smooth again because his neck was free from Lucas's iron-like grip. He was gasping for breath, and his heart was brimming with the ecstasy of surviving this ordeal.

His bodyguards immediately ran to his side and held him up. "Mr. Stone, are you alright?"

Roy touched the spot on his neck that was vaguely throbbing with pain. It was already bruised from being strangled by Lucas.

Although he hated Lucas so much that he wanted to kill him on the spot, the fear he had of him had already become deeply rooted in his heart after the near-death experience just now.

Thus, Roy didn't dare to say a single word about taking revenge until after Lucas took Maddy and Jordan inside the Lion Restaurant.

"Mr. Smith... What should we..." a bodyguard cautiously asked.

Smack! Before he could finish his sentence, Roy smacked his face hard.

"Good-for-nothings! My dad sent you guys to protect me, but neither of you managed to even touch a corner of that punk's clothes. You even allowed him to almost strangle me to death! Why should I keep garbage like you around?!" Roy hollered furiously and vented all his pent up anger on the bodyguards.

"We were incompetent. Please punish us, Mr. Smith!" The bodyguards didn't argue and instead got on their knees to ask for Roy's punishment.

These bodyguards had been working for the Smiths for a long time. If Roy went home and complained about them to his family, they wouldn't just get sacked. Their lives would be in danger!

They had no choice because they were facing a terrifying scion of the Smith family.

After venting his anger, Roy gradually calmed down. Although his bodyguards were so incompetent that they couldn't even defeat a young man in his late twenties and even caused him to be on the brink of death, he had only brought two bodyguards with him to Orange County this time. If he got rid of them now, his safety wouldn't be guaranteed.

The thought of it made Roy feel extremely irritated.

He waved his hand impatiently. "Get up. If you dare to be so useless again next time, I won't spare you! Now, go find out the identity of that pretty boy with Maddy!"

He gritted his teeth furiously at the entrance of the Lion Restaurant, which was already empty.

Roy was a scion of one of the eight major families of DC. Even in DC, he was an existence praised by others all the time and enjoyed the pleasure of ordering others around.

As a scion of a powerful family, he should enjoy the treatment that royals received once he declared the name of his family!

Yet in Orange County, he actually got humiliated by a young man and almost died at his hands. He had been so frightened that he didn't even dare to say anything harsh to him. It was absolutely a humiliation!

He swore that he would never let off the pretty boy who had the audacity to snatch his fiancée, as well as Maddy, whom he thought didn't know any better!

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Meanwhile, Lucas, Maddy, Jordan, and Cheyenne had already arrived at the private room of the Lion Restaurant that they had booked in advance.

It should have been a joyous gathering, but due to the episode just now, Maddy was in low spirits now and even seemed to be forcing herself to look happy.

Seeing this, Jordan felt anxious.

Lucas also roughly understood what Maddy was worried about.

Maddy had been single for a long time, so he reckoned that the Stones must have become impatient. Besides, they were definitely tempted by the possible benefits they would enjoy from the marriage alliance with the Smiths. So despite Maddy's objection, they took the liberty to set up a verbal engagement with the Smiths.

This was why Roy dared to declare directly that Maddy was already his fiancée and his property.

But given Maddy's character, it was naturally upsetting for her because her family had completely ignored her feelings. This in itself was already a very sad thing.

For a moment, Jordan was at a loss for how to comfort her, and he could only comfort her softly, "Maddy, don't be sad. No matter what, you still have us! As long as you don't want to, the Smiths can't touch you!"

Cheyenne also took Maddy's hand and said sympathetically, "Yes, marriage is a matter between two people. If there are no feelings between you two at all, a forced marriage built based on your families' interests will only cause you misery. Maddy, we have your back. As long as Jordan and Lucas are around, the Smiths won't be able to hurt you!"

Lucas chimed in, "Yes, Maddy. As long as it's something you don't want to do, no one can force you against your wishes. We will all stand on your side!"

Maddy looked at the three people in front of her, her heart filled with a warm feeling.

"Thank you!" she said from the bottom of her heart.

Lucas and Jordan were both her comrades she had met at the Falcon Regiment, so she naturally trusted them and had faith in their abilities. She also trusted that they would definitely keep their word.

Even Cheyenne, whom she had only known for a few days, was standing on her side and supporting her. It made Maddy feel extremely touched.

But Maddy felt even more unwilling to let them be hurt precisely because they treated her so well.

"I'm going to go back to DC tomorrow," she suddenly said.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 612 – Shocking News

Lucas and Jordan were both a little surprised.

Although Maddy had said that she would be leaving Orange County tomorrow, the destination she had in mind at the time wasn't DC.

The sudden change was probably an impromptu decision.

"Maddy, if you go back now, will... you encounter some trouble?" Jordan asked concernedly.

He was naturally referring to Maddy's and Roy's families.

If Roy added fuel to the fire and exaggerated the matter when he complained to his family, Maddy would probably face the wrath of two families at the same time.

"It's okay. I have to give my family a clear explanation for this matter. After all, they're my parents and my family. I can't keep being too willful." Although Maddy had a faint smile, there was obvious bitterness in it.

Jordan's heart suddenly sank.

He already knew that if Maddy could reach an amicable outcome after negotiating with her family, she would probably be able to regain her freedom for a while again.

But the more likely outcome would be her family putting her under enormous pressure and coercing her by telling her that it was all for her own good and for the sake of her family. They might even callously say that she would be unfilial if she objected to the marriage. Maddy probably wouldn't be able to stand it.

The thought of it made Jordan's face gloomy, but he remained silent and chugged a large mouthful of beer.

Lucas was in low spirits too.

He admired Maddy greatly for her composure, wisdom, intelligence, and impeccable medical skills. But her s*x as a woman and the fact that she was born to a notable family left her with no choice but to be bound by the stereotypes and ridiculous standards of prestigious families.

In the eyes of her family and relatives, all of her achievements were insignificant. Not only would they not be proud of her because of her achievements, but they would even criticize

her for not behaving like the noble lady she was because she was always receiving attention from the public.

Besides, she was still unmarried at 30. In the eyes of many people, she was considered an anomaly who would soon be left on the shelves.

No one cared about her capabilities, value, and dreams.

Lucas honestly hoped that Maddy and Jordan could be together. As long as they were willing, he was confident that he could help them deal with the pressure imposed by the Stones and the Smiths and help them enjoy a blissful life of freedom.

Unfortunately, Jordan and Maddy had spent too little time alone together.

In the past few days, Maddy had developed a liking for Jordan, but it was probably more of comradeship and sisterly affection. She saw Jordan as a younger brother, and their relationship was far from romantic, much less an unwavering love that they would be willing to stand together against the world.

This was precisely why Jordan could only remain silent in response to Maddy's decision to return to DC. There was no way he could say, "I'm willing to go with you and face this together with you."

The supposedly joyous gathering ended up becoming gloomy and somber.

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At the same time, an uninvited guest showed up in the Kingston manor in San Francisco.

A middle-aged noblewoman in her forties to fifties dressed in expensive clothes was sitting in the master seat of the hall. On the other hand, Lance, the helmsman of the Kingstons, was sitting anxiously next to her.

"Mrs. Smith, I didn't expect that you would suddenly visit San Francisco. It's our honor to have you here!" Lance said fawningly and then instructed the servants to serve the best tea the family had.

Lance was really annoyed when he first learned that a woman had come to visit him today.

But when he learned that she was from the Smiths, one of the eight major families of DC, his attitude immediately changed drastically.

She was from a prestigious family from DC!

Although the Kingstons had contact with the Huttons, another of the eight great families of DC, they were subservient to the Huttons, and Lance had almost never personally received anyone from the Huttons.

The eight major families of DC were simply legendary existences. The Kingstons were insignificant compared to these behemoths.

If he was a bit careless and ended up offending those from truly powerful families, the Kingstons would probably be destroyed.

On the contrary, if he responded amicably and left a good impression on these noble people, he would probably be able to find a powerful backer for the Kingstons that would help them advance to a higher level!

But the noble lady known as Mrs. Smith was staring sharply at Lance's face. She pursed her lips tightly and furrowed her brows. Clearly, she was in a terrible mood.

She stared at Lance with a hostile gaze and suddenly said, "Lance Kingston, let me ask you. How did my son, Marc, and my ex-husband, Moses, die?"

Boom!

Hearing this, Lance suddenly sprung up from his seat with shock all over his face.

If it wasn't because his heart was strong enough, he would have probably had a heart attack and died of sudden cardiac arrest!

What did he just hear?

This noble lady just said that his son Moses was her ex-husband and his grandson Marc, whom everyone once had high hopes for, was her son!

Lance was extremely astonished and at a loss for words. He didn't know what facial expression he should have either.

After opening his mouth for a long time, he finally said with some puzzlement and disbelief, "Wh-what did you just say? You... you're my son's ex-wife? And my grandson's mother? His biological mother?"

The lady's eyes suddenly darkened, and she said in displeasure, "I think I've already made it very clear! Or do you want me to repeat it again?"

"No, no, no. I... I was just too shocked. After all, my son Moses never mentioned it to me!" Lance hurriedly explained.

At the same time, he was also very bewildered by Moses's behavior. When did my son marry a woman from such a powerful family? He never mentioned it to me before!

She was from one of the eight most powerful families in DC!

If he had known this earlier, the Kingstons would have long formed connections with the Smiths from DC. He might have already expanded the family's power to DC!

Seemingly having seen through Lance's thoughts, Mrs. Smith sneered and said with some contempt, "I know what you're thinking. But even Moses doesn't know my true identity, so of course you wouldn't!"

Hearing this, Lance became more surprised and curious. Could Moses have married a woman without knowing her true identity?

At this point, Lance finally began to recall the past events from 29 years ago.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 613 – Events Of The Past

Because it had happened a long time ago, Lance could no longer remember the details clearly.

He only remembered that 29 years ago, a young Moses suddenly returned home with a child in his arms less than two years after graduating from college and said that the child was his son, Marc.

At the time, Lance was naturally shocked, and the Kingstons already owned a business empire. In order to prevent having illegitimate children in the family, he immediately found someone to do a paternity test for Moses and Marc. After determining that Marc was indeed Moses's biological son, Lance finally accepted him.

But when Lance asked Moses who the child's mother was, Moses remained silent and didn't say anything. Only when he was compelled to a corner did he say, "My child's mother has long died."

Thus, Moses married another woman, who then became Marc's stepmother.

This woman was someone whom Lance had long wanted Moses to marry.

But a few years after they got married, the woman died during labor, along with the unborn child.

Moses dropped the idea of getting married again, and he had always only acknowledged Marc as his only son.

But Marc had just jumped to his death two days ago, and Moses had just shot himself dead after a failed attempt to take revenge on Lucas. The corpse had yet to be buried, as it had

only been delivered back to the Kingstons yesterday. Later on, someone from the Smiths in DC suddenly arrived and said that she was the ex-wife of his poor son and the mother of his grandson. No matter how he looked at it, it still seemed unbelievable!

Most importantly, as soon as she came, she asked Lance how his son and grandson had died, putting him in a difficult spot.

"I... Could I ask what happened between you and Moses?" Lance asked, full of puzzlement about this matter.

Mrs. Smith's name was Wendy. She moved her eyes and said indifferently, "There isn't much. Simply put, we met and fell in love in college, but I didn't tell him my true identity. Later on, I got pregnant, but he said that his family forbade him from getting married, so I handed our son to him after giving birth. I also severed all ties with him and cut off contact with him. Are you pleased with that answer?"

Wendy flew into a sudden rage, making Lance shudder.

Only then did he suddenly remember that there did seem to be such an incident many years ago.

At the time, his son Moses had just graduated from college, and one day, he called home to say that he wanted to marry a college schoolmate who came from a humble family.

Of course, Lance objected to it because he had already picked a suitable marriage partner for Moses—the daughter of a notable family in San Francisco. Her family was very compatible with the Kingstons, so Lance strongly opposed his son's decision regardless of his insistence. In the end, he even threatened to sever ties with Moses to force him to break up with the woman from a humble family.

But now...

Large drops of sweat immediately emerged on Lance's forehead. He had never thought that the woman his son loved would be a daughter of the eight major families of DC.

The reason she didn't reveal her identity and family background to his son was probably that she wanted to seek love that wasn't built on materialistic interests. It was likely because of a childish mindset!

The thought of it made Lance feel agonized.

He regretted his past actions and was afraid that Wendy would cause trouble for him because of them.

Fortunately, Wendy was not the same girl as back then.

After staring at Lance for a while, she moved away and said coldly, "At this point, I'm not here to pursue the matter and hold you responsible for what happened. I just want to know how my ex-husband and my son died. Tell me everything honestly!"

Only then did Lance relax a little, but he didn't dare to delay at all. He hurriedly said, "Mrs. Smith, Moses and Marc were both killed by a young man named Lucas Gray! If it weren't for him, my son and grandson would still be alive and well! Maybe you would have been able to reunite with them someday!"

He told her everything that had happened in the Kingston manor a few days ago, including the feud between Marc, Moses, and Lucas.

Of course, he didn't tell her about how he was compelled into kicking Marc out of the family and then disowning him. He also hid the fact that he had rejected Moses without hesitation when the latter said that he wanted to avenge Marc after Marc committed suicide.

Furthermore, he had even exaggerated Lucas's might and domineering nature, as well as the grief and misery he felt after finding out about the death of his son and grandson.

But Wendy had come prepared. She sneered. "In that case, do you also feel sad for my son and ex-husband? But I heard that you were the one who kicked my son out of the family and disowned him!"

“Moreover, when my ex-husband asked for your help to avenge my son, you also turned him down without hesitation. After his corpse was returned to the Kingstons, you didn’t show any signs of taking revenge for him. Even his funeral was held perfunctorily, huh?”

Lance’s heart dropped.

This was the part that he had hidden from Wendy just now, but she seemed to know everything. As expected of someone from one of the eight major families in DC, she was really terrifyingly capable!

He was now filled with regret. Had he known Wendy’s identity long ago, how could he have thrown Marc out of the family? He would have agreed to Moses’s request instead of letting him die out there and be carried back home as a corpse.

But what was done couldn’t be undone. It was too late for regrets!

Moses was anxious and uneasy, but he could only say miserably, “I... I didn’t want that to happen either! Mrs. Smith, I don’t know how much you know about the Kingstons, but I can swear to you that I never treated Moses and Marc badly! I was grooming him to become the next successor of the family even before that incident. He was the grandson I favored the most. If it wasn’t because of the circumstances, how could I have driven the grandson I had the most hopes for out of the family?”

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 614 – Looking For A Helper

Wendy believed that Lance used to value Marc greatly.

She might have long since severed her ties with Moses and married someone else, but Marc was still her own flesh and blood after all. She would send people to keep an eye on the Kingstons from time to time and report the situation about Marc to her.

According to the information she had received, Wendy could indeed believe that the Kingstons had treated Marc well in the past twenty years, especially when he slowly grew up and revealed his intelligence and resourcefulness. Among all the Kingston descendants, her son was indeed treated the best.

Lance indeed didn't lie about it.

Lance had been secretly paying attention to Wendy's face, and when he saw that she seemed rather calm and didn't have any other large emotional fluctuations, he continued, "The person who caused all this is that punk named Lucas Gray!

"He suddenly barged into our home with a large group of people, and that punk is so good at martial arts that even all of our top bodyguards and elite experts were completely no match for him! He killed the Kingstons' most powerful expert with just one move, so I had no choice but to give up Marc and Moses because of his power. I felt terrible too!

"That young man is really powerful. If I had insisted on seeking revenge on him, not only would I have not been able to avenge Moses and Marc, but it would have caused us to suffer even heavier losses! So I've been seeking opportunities and external aid for the past couple of days. I'd definitely be more than happy if there's someone who can help me kill Lucas Gray!"

After speaking, Lance looked at Wendy intently with his eyes full of hope, seemingly trying to invite her to join him in carrying out his plan.

On the one hand, it was because Lance wanted to show Wendy his determination to avenge his son and grandson. On the other hand, he really hoped that he could use the power of the Smiths to help him get rid of Lucas.

Lucas had not only trampled on the pride of the Kingstons by killing lots of their members, but he had even colluded with the Coles from San Francisco and the heads of several other families from Orange County and LA. Since he could threaten the Kingstons' status, Lance had to get rid of him immediately!

As one of the eight greatest families in the country, the Smiths definitely had that kind of power!

Looking at Lance's fawning gaze, Wendy pondered for a while before asking, "Is what you said the truth? A young man about the same age as Marc actually had the ability to kill the top expert of the Kingstons?"

"Yes, many of us witnessed it with our own eyes and can testify to it! Lucas's martial arts skills are terrifying," Lance hurriedly said, afraid that Wendy would blame him for being cold-blooded and ruthless for not saving Marc from death.

It wasn't that he didn't want to help his grandson and son, but rather, there was nothing he could do because his opponent was too powerful.

Wendy wasn't foolish.

With her understanding of the Kingstons, they were one of the strongest three giants in California after all, so their expert had definitely been extraordinary.

But even so, the fact that Lucas could kill this expert in one move without resorting to any scheming or dirty trick was enough to show that Lucas's martial arts skills should be far above that of the Kingstons' expert!

Is there really such a powerful person in Orange County?

Even in a place like DC, where elite martial artists were everywhere, anyone with such a terrifying level of power would make countless people vie with each other to hire them.

"Master Eli, what do you think of this?" Wendy stayed silent for a long time before asking the middle-aged man standing silently behind her with his aura suppressed to the point of being almost unnoticeable.

Eli was Wendy's personal bodyguard and an extremely powerful expert of the Smiths. He possessed a considerable amount of strength and power.

Wendy didn't know much about martial arts, but she reckoned that Eli definitely knew something based on his rich experience.

Eli nodded and suddenly asked Lance, "Mr. Kingston, how strong is your best expert? He's already dead now, so find me the second best and let me see the difference in strength."

Lance was stunned for a moment before quickly saying, "Okay, the Kingstons' previous top expert was named Scarface, who died that day. Our strongest expert now is indeed inferior to Scarface. Shall I ask him to come here now?"

Eli assented while Lance gave instructions for his servant to bring the most powerful expert they had now to the door of the villa.

"Master Eli, Zack is our strongest expert now." Lance pointed at the young man with a pair of knives in his hands who had an extremely soft physique that seemed rather effeminate.

Ever since Lucas killed Scarface, Lance had quickly recruited this powerful man.

Eli, who now suddenly had an imposing aura despite his very low presence just now, walked toward Zack.

Zack was a little unimpressed at first, but he was instantly shocked by his domineering aura and immediately used his own to resist.

But despite exerting all his aura, Zack still seemed to pale in comparison and was helpless against Eli. His aura was so fragile that it seemed that a slight carelessness would cause him to be devoured.

"Ah!" Under the overwhelming pressure, Zack roared at the top of his lungs. He moved his hands, and the two sharp blades resembling butterfly wings slashed at Eli's neck and abdomen.

Zack moved very swiftly, and especially since the angles of the two knives were extremely tricky, it required a lot of skill to block the attack.

Facing the sudden and sharp attack, Eli actually remained still in place. In fact, he didn't even get into the most basic defensive stance.

Only when Zack's blades were about to reach Eli, and the people around them panicked, did Eli finally and suddenly move!

His hands immediately cut through the air, one upward and one downward.

Ding!

Crack!

The two different sounds filled the air at the same time. Everyone looked over, only to see that Zack's knives had been blocked by Eli in an instant.

Eli managed to clasp the blade aimed at his neck firmly with his index and middle fingers. He held it so tightly that the blade could no longer move a single millimeter.

Below, Eli smacked away the knife aimed at his abdomen and broke it into pieces with his knife-like palm even though it was made of steel.

The surroundings immediately fell dead silent!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 615 – Great Difference

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Being able to hold a blade firmly between two fingers despite the incredible force of Zack's slash was enough to show how skilled Eli was.

Moreover, the fact that he could break the other blade into two with just one palm was even more shocking.

His martial arts skills were simply extraordinary!

Lance's eyes widened, and he almost couldn't believe what was before his eyes.

The expert named Zack in front of him was drenched in cold sweat.

He could obviously feel that all his strength resembled an ant trying to shake a tree in front of Eli. He had no chance of victory at all!

Even one of the hard and sharp steel knives he usually used was actually broken into two by Eli's hand. This was way beyond the strength of ordinary humans.

The more frightening thing was that Eli was completely composed, and he seemed to have launched his move effortlessly without exerting his full strength.

Eli pushed back the hand holding the blade in front of his face, causing Zack to retreat several steps.

"Very weak indeed." Then he stopped looking at Zack and simply stood behind Wendy, once again becoming an inconspicuous person with almost no presence.

Only then did Lance let out a long sigh of relief and come back to his senses from the incredible shock just now. Completely astounded, he said to Wendy agitatedly, "Amazing! This is really amazing! Master Eli's combat skills are incredible! Not only are they much stronger than Zack's, but they're much more powerful than those of my former number one expert, Scarface!

"In my opinion, even if Lucas Gray came, he wouldn't be able to last two rounds against Eli!"

Eli stood with his hands by his side, as if he hadn't heard these compliments at all.

In reality, Eli had been showered with so much praise and compliments over the years that he had long gotten sick of them. Besides, he didn't think that a young man in his twenties would be a big threat to him.

He thought that Lance was afraid of him only because the Kingstons were too weak.

For example, Zack was the strongest expert that the Kingstons could afford to send out, but he had been so fragile in front of him. Thus, Eli didn't think that Lucas, who could beat up all the Kingstons, was that impressive.

Wendy had a look of satisfaction on her face.

Eli was her personal bodyguard and extremely powerful, so she didn't think that it would be hard for him to deal with Lucas at all.

But Wendy didn't intend to let Eli go and capture Lucas so rashly.

Possessing such powerful combat skills and being gutsy enough to barge into the Kingston residence alone and force them to submit temporarily was definitely not a feat that an ordinary late twenties young man could achieve.

"Who exactly is Lucas Gray?" Wendy asked.

She had always done things prudently, so she decided that she had to get more information about her enemy, Lucas, who had killed her son and ex-husband, before killing him in one blow.

Only then did Lance remember that he still had a very important thing to tell Wendy.

"Mrs. Smith, actually, Lucas Gray is indeed not an ordinary person either. He's actually from the Hutton family. But he and his mother were kicked out of the family two decades ago, and he was even forbidden from using his last name.

“However, just half a year ago, he suddenly returned to Orange County, and the Stardust Group that he’s now in charge of is said to have been handed over to him by the head of the Huttons. But that’s also the reason the Huttons dislike him. The feud between the Kingstons and Lucas Gray arose because of this.

“Moreover, to be honest, the Huttons are one of the eight top families of DC after all. We’re far inferior to them. There’s a saying that the commoners tend to be the ones to suffer when powerful people fight. The Kingstons have been implicated, and even Marc and Moses have died because of Lucas Gray...”

Lance wiped his eyes with misery.

Wendy raised her brows and muttered to herself, “It turns out Lucas Gray is actually a descendant of the Huttons. This reminds me of some of the past events from ages ago. But no matter which family he belongs to, I have to make him pay the price for killing my son and ex-husband!”

If Lucas was still a member of the colossal Hutton family, Wendy might still have some scruples toward him. After all, both the Smith and the Hutton families were top giants in DC and on par with each other. There was no way her family would go to war with the Huttons for the sake of her ex-husband and son, whom she had never revealed to the public.

But Lucas was now just an abandoned descendant of the Huttons, who had long been kicked out of the family. Even the Huttons themselves wished that he could vanish from this world immediately. She believed that even if she resorted to cruel means to take revenge, the Huttons probably wouldn’t have any objections. They might even clap and rejoice.

“Master Eli, please...”

Wendy was about to instruct Eli to get rid of Lucas when a young man suddenly barged in from outside angrily.

“Aunt Wendy, you have to get justice for me!” he immediately exclaimed to Wendy, who was sitting at the head seat, as soon as he entered the hall.

Lance was about to reprimand this young man who suddenly barged in, but he immediately kept his mouth shut when he heard the word 'aunt'.

Since he could address Wendy in such a manner, he was definitely also a Smith!

Wendy immediately frowned slightly. But the next second, she looked at the young man's wretched appearance and the frightening bruises on his neck.

Wendy immediately stood up and asked furiously, "What's the matter with you, Roy? How did you get those injuries on your neck?"

The Smiths were absolutely powerful enough to be dominant in this state, so Wendy was furious that someone dared to hit Roy.

Roy touched the marks on his neck, which he had sustained from being strangled and were still faintly hurting. He gritted his teeth and complained, "It's a punk from Orange County! He's really arrogant and obnoxious. I already told him the status of our family, but it didn't stop him from beating me up and almost strangling me to death! Aunt, you have to seek justice for me!"

"What? A punk from Orange County actually had the guts to hit you? He really doesn't take the Smiths seriously at all!" Wendy slammed her hand against the table in exasperation.

If it was an arrogant scion from San Francisco who didn't take the Smiths seriously because of some other backers, it wouldn't be too bad. But she felt that that arrogant punk who had hit Roy must have a death wish!

Wendy was furious, and she looked straight at Lance. "Lance Kingston, your family is at least one of the most powerful families in California. You should be able to deal with a mere punk from Orange County, right?"

A nobody from Orange County doesn't warrant us to take action at all!

Lance hurriedly said, "Of course! Even if he's the heir of a prominent family in Orange County, I'll definitely bring him back and hand him over to you to be at your disposal!"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 616 – Disrupting The Romance

Lance, who now needed help from the Smiths and also wanted to get closer to them, immediately agreed to do so without hesitation. "But Mr. Smith, do you know the name of that punk who had the audacity to hit you?"

Since he wanted to help Roy take revenge, he had to at least find out which impudent person it was who had dared to harm Roy.

Feeling extremely aggrieved, Roy said, "I don't know what that punk's full name is, but the people around him called him Lucas. He's about the same age as me, around twenty-seven or twenty-eight, and 1.85 meters tall. He has quick hands! And he has a very pretty woman by his side, who seems to be his wife."

He told Lance all the basic information about Lucas that he had obtained from meeting Lucas just now.

Although he had instructed his bodyguard to stay in Orange County and find out Lucas's identity, Roy had yet to receive a call from his bodyguard, so he could only describe him in such a general manner.

After Lance heard what Roy said, his expression slowly became grave and gloomy.

Lucas...

... twenty-seven or twenty-eight...

... 1.85 meters tall and fast at fighting...

... has a very pretty wife...

After piecing all this information together, a figure that he was reluctant to see immediately surfaced in his mind. No way...

While he was thinking about it, his expression became rather subtle. He seemed shocked, angry, and on the verge of tears as the corners of his mouth twitched vigorously.

Wendy acutely sensed his reactions, and she narrowed her eyes before asking with a frown, "Lance Kingston, you look like you know who that person is."

Roy quickly looked at Lance and asked eagerly, "Do you know who that bastard is? Great. Who is he?"

Lance smiled bitterly. "If I'm guessing correctly, the person who got physical with Mr. Smith should be Lucas Gray!"

"What? It's him too?" Wendy was shocked, but a look of vicious resentment and hatred soon appeared on her face. "Hmph, it seems that Lucas Gray is indeed very arrogant. He killed my..."

She looked at her nephew Roy, who was still dumbfounded and clueless. She stopped herself from saying the words 'son and ex-husband' she almost just blurted and rephrased it.

"... After killing my friend, he bullied my nephew. He must have a death wish!"

With a cold expression on her face, Wendy clenched her fists tightly and meticulously tended to her broken fingernail, which was painted with red nail varnish.

"Since that person is Lucas Gray, Mrs. Smith, I think we'll have to ask Master Eli to deal with him..." Lance said cautiously.

He had just pitted the Kingstons' strongest combat expert against Eli, but Eli had easily defeated him. Even if Lance sent him to deal with Lucas, it would probably be futile.

Wendy naturally knew this as well. She said directly to Eli, who was behind her, "In that case, Master Eli, I'll have to trouble you to go to Orange County and bring Lucas Gray back to me!

"Also, Mr. Kingston, send me a copy of the information regarding Lucas Gray. You should have his photos, address, and other information, right? I don't want Master Eli to go all the way to Orange County, only to end up wasting his time on something useless."

Eli and Lance both immediately agreed.

Soon, Eli headed to Orange County with the simple information about Lucas that the Kingstons provided.

--

At this moment, Lucas and the others in Orange County were naturally unaware of this matter.

They had just finished their meal in the Lion Restaurant and left.

Because Maddy would be leaving for DC soon, and her family was forcing her to accept an arranged marriage, the few of them were in low spirits.

In particular, Jordan seemed worried and reluctant to part with her.

Lucas glanced at him and suddenly said, "Jordan, Maddy will be leaving tomorrow. But before she leaves, you still have to protect her, okay?"

After being stunned for a while, Jordan immediately stood up straight and promised loudly, "Yes!"

He understood that Lucas was deliberately giving him this task so that he could continue to stay by Maddy's side under the pretext of protecting her.

Even if he only had one day left, he could make his last effort to change the way Maddy felt about him...

Maddy smiled faintly without saying anything.

In fact, it wasn't that she couldn't sense Jordan's feelings for her. But due to their age gap and the resistance from her family that she would inevitably face, Maddy had only ever been able to treat Jordan as her younger brother and comrade. She didn't dare to think about anything else at all.

Soon, the two bade goodbye and left.

Lucas and Cheyenne were the only ones left by the roadside.

Cheyenne naturally held Lucas's arm, and they were behaving just like any other loving couple.

As a bystander, Cheyenne couldn't help feeling anxious and sympathy for Jordan and Maddy, who couldn't tell each other their feelings and had to part ways because of various reasons.

At the same time, she also felt happy and thankful.

She looked at Lucas beside her.

More than six years ago, she and Lucas had gotten married out of a helpless compromise and not because of a sweet romance or love.

The two had been distant from the beginning, and later on, numerous events had occurred. When Lucas vanished for six years, Cheyenne had been full of resentment toward him.

So during the period of time after Lucas suddenly returned to Orange County, Cheyenne had been extremely cold toward him.

But even so, Lucas had never given up and had instead been silently protecting her and loving her through his own means, which allowed their relationship to develop to this stage.

The thought of the intimacy they had just shared made Cheyenne blush and her heart race.

It turned out that the feeling of being in love was really the most blissful thing in the world.

It was so fortunate that she could meet Lucas!

Cheyenne looked at Lucas affectionately, and he gazed at her adoringly.

They shared a tacit understanding through their warm eye contact, filling their hearts with sweetness.

It was still early, and it had been long since they got to enjoy some time alone. So they weren't in a rush to go home.

Hand in hand, Lucas and Cheyenne slowly walked through the streets and alleys amid the early autumn breeze.

But their peaceful time together was short-lived because Lucas suddenly stopped in his tracks not long after they walked a bit. He turned his head to look in a certain direction with his eyes full of anger.

His rare quality time with Cheyenne was going to be disturbed by some ignorant people.

"Wh-what's the matter?" Cheyenne was walking when she suddenly sensed something amiss with Lucas.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 617 – Confrontation In The Alley

Lucas squeezed Cheyenne's hand comfortingly and said softly, "Honey, I suddenly have something to handle now. Go to the parking lot and wait for me inside the car."

Cheyenne's heart tensed up. She grabbed Lucas's arm worriedly. "Is it something... troublesome? Will there be any danger?"

After getting to know Lucas during this period of time, she certainly knew that certain things would happen around Lucas from time to time, which made her feel extremely worried.

"It's okay. It's just a trivial matter that I'll resolve soon. Wait for me in the car. I'll be back in a moment."

Seeing the look of reassurance in Lucas's eyes, Cheyenne nodded, took Lucas's car key, and left.

She knew that she couldn't help Lucas in many aspects, so the only thing she could do now was to trust him and not create any trouble for him.

Lucas watched Cheyenne walk far before turning around and walking toward an ally nearby.

There were two rows of buildings along the alley, which were part of a demolition area. The residents staying here had moved away a long time ago. Basically, it was a remote place where very few came and went.

However...

Lucas walked to the entrance of the alley and shouted expressionlessly, "Get your ass out here!"

A figure suddenly appeared in the alley, which was originally empty and void of any people.

He initially had an extremely low presence, like an inconspicuous antique going unnoticed in this dilapidated alley. Even if someone walked past him, they probably wouldn't be able to notice his presence.

But Lucas's senses were so keen that he could immediately lock onto the direction from which the killing intent was spreading toward him. He then saw the seemingly inconspicuous man in gray in front of him.

This person in gray was none other than Eli, who followed Wendy.

Eli narrowed his eyes and sized up Lucas before suddenly saying, "Sharp senses like yours are really rare. You're young, but you're really something! No wonder you dared to barge into the Kingston residence on your own and deterred them from taking revenge on you."

There were a few traces of appreciation on his face.

Lucas frowned. "Are you here for the Kingstons?"

Eli shook his head and sneered. "No, the Kingstons can't order me around."

His words contained a trace of arrogance, seemingly not taking the Kingstons seriously at all.

This made Lucas raise his brows.

The Kingstons were a top family and an unreachable existence in the eyes of most people.

But the disdainful tone in the voice of the man in front of him when he talked about the Kingstons was evidence that his status was far higher than the Kingstons'.

Although the man in gray had restrained his aura to the point where most people would feel that he was just an ordinary person with such a low presence that he was almost

inconspicuous, in the eyes of experts like Lucas, his concealment skills were mediocre. But his strength could be discerned from his breathing, footsteps, speech, walking posture, and other subtle aspects.

If Lucas had to describe it, the man in gray in front of him did have an overbearing aura. At the very least, he was much stronger than Scarface, the Kingstons' previous top expert.

This just meant that the man in gray was either an expert from one of the giants in DC or an expert similar to those of the Peerless Martial Association.

"Oh, so who sent you?" Lucas asked slowly.

"The Smiths from DC!" Eli didn't hide it and simply revealed his origin. He then grinned and asked, "You should still remember what you did today, right?"

Then he released his aura, immediately turning from a mellow and harmless middle-aged man to a menacing beast.

The dust and fallen leaves in the air seem to be deterred by his aura as they suddenly rippled away. The scene was extremely shocking.

Lucas smiled faintly. But he seemed to have not sensed anything as he said calmly, "Oh, so it's the Smiths. Roy Smith went back to complain and ask for help so soon! It seems that I was too easy on him. I decided to let him live on account of someone else, but I didn't expect him to be so eager about dying."

Lucas's nonchalance immediately made Eli reveal a trace of surprise.

He initially thought that Lucas probably wasn't aware that Roy was from one of the eight top families in DC when he beat him up. So he didn't expect Lucas to remain composed even after revealing his identity and his overbearing aura that could shock most experts beyond resistance.

Eli had been famous for a long time, and he had never been belittled by a young man to such an extent!

He was good at hiding his strength, but this didn't mean that he was someone who didn't care for fame and fortune. Instead, it was because he liked seeing others being shocked and horrified when they saw him revealing his strength and turning from an insignificant nobody to a menacing monster.

Now, he had already released all his aura, thinking that he could scare Lucas out of his wits. But the other party didn't even bother to look up. This was completely ignoring him and denying him.

Anger surged within him, and he said with a cold expression, "Kid, if you obediently make a trip with me to go and beg Mrs. Smith for mercy, maybe you can still save your life. Otherwise, death will be your only outcome!"

"Mrs. Smith? Who is that now?" Lucas asked in bewilderment.

Which woman from the Smith family? Maybe it has something to do with that good-for-nothing Roy? Lucas immediately thought of this.

Eli said arrogantly, "Mrs. Smith is the daughter of the head of the Smith family. Her name is Wendy Smith! Since you've thoroughly offended Mrs. Smith, just wait till you go to hell to regret it!"

Lucas frowned. "I offended her? Because I hit Roy Smith?"

Eli sneered. "I'll let you die with some understanding. Do you still remember Moses and Marc Kingston, who died because of you?"

"Moses is Mrs. Smith's former husband, and Marc is her biological son! Do you know why you deserve to die now?"

The news was completely beyond Lucas's expectations.

He had never expected that Moses would marry the daughter of the helmsman of the Smith family in DC and that the two of them would give birth to Marc.

If this was true, why didn't Moses and Marc use the power of the Smiths against him?

Even when Marc was begging for forgiveness and threatening him, he had always used the Kingstons' power to suppress him without mentioning his mother's family, the Smiths, at all.

Perhaps, there was something hidden in it.

But the Kingstons had nothing to do with Lucas.

Marc had taken the initiative to provoke Lucas, then had his legs crippled and jumped to his death afterward. Moses had been exposed during his plan for revenge, and after his failed attempt at revenge, he had killed himself. Lucas wouldn't feel any guilt over their deaths.

He would never go and make amends to Mrs. Smith, who had appeared out of nowhere!

Lucas remained quiet and indifferent.

Eli narrowed his eyes and threatened, "It seems that you're trying to hold out hope until you face death! In that case, I'll take you down personally, cripple your legs, and make you go and apologize to Mrs. Smith!"

Then he leaped up high and kicked Lucas's head hard!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 618 – Tit For Tat

Chapter 618: Tit For Tat

When Eli was in midair and saw that Lucas was standing still despite him stomping down hard on him, a trace of mockery appeared on his lips.

Eli was unsure if Lucas had yet to process what was happening or because he had underestimated his enemy and overestimated his own combat skills. In short, the stomp of his foot was so hard that he could even form a hole in a steel plate!

Even if Lucas used his arms to defend himself, he would stomp onto Lucas's arms and head to crush them all in a pulp!

But the moment his foot was about to land on Lucas's head, the figure beneath him vanished!

"What?!" Eli was astonished. He had been staring at Lucas, but in that instant just now, Lucas actually vanished out of sight before he could even blink.

This could only mean that Lucas's speed was far faster than he could imagine!

But the biggest question now was just where Lucas was hiding...

Before Eli could finish thinking about it, a chilling aura suddenly came from his right.

Before he could even react, he was kicked hard in the right side of his torso and knocked to the ground from midair by an unimaginably massive force.

Bang!

Eli was like a fly being slapped to the ground from the air by a fly swatter.

There was even a large pit in the solid stone ground that was completely blasted into pieces!

"Pfft!" Eli spat out a mouthful of blood as soon as he raised his head.

The spots in his waist and abdomen that Lucas had just kicked were so painful that he almost fell unconscious while his internal organs were almost all dislocated under this violent blow! The pain was simply excruciating!

This blow was so strong that it made him lose most of his combat power!

"Phew... phew..." Eli was gasping heavily, and a look of extreme shock appeared in his eyes.

It was only at this time that he truly understood what Lance really meant when he said that the Kingstons' strongest expert was killed in a second by Lucas!

The funny thing was that he hadn't thought so previously and only thought it was because the Kingstons' so-called 'expert' was weak.

Now, he had truly experienced the terrifying feeling of being knocked out in a second!

Lucas landed lightly from the air and stood in front of Eli, still as composed as ever.

He walked toward Eli one step at a time.

A long-lost fear surged in Eli's heart, making him retreat subconsciously.

But it was so painful that almost half of his body was about to go numb. His almost broken leg hurt so badly that he couldn't move away at all.

"You just said that you want to cripple my limbs and bring me to that Mrs. Smith?" Lucas said coldly from above Eli.

Eli immediately felt an ominous hunch.

"I... Ah!!!"

He had only managed to spit out one word before Lucas stepped directly on his ankle bone and crushed it into pieces!

Snap!

Snap!

Snap!

With three crisp sounds in succession, Eli's limb bones were all crushed!

When dealing with people who took the initiative to provoke him and threaten to break his limbs, Lucas had always done to them exactly what they said they would do to him. It wasn't his fault at all.

Eli had long lost his previous appearance of an expert, and he was in so much pain that he was rolling around and wailing at the top of his lungs. The cold sweat flowing out had already drenched him.

Fortunately, it was a very inconspicuous alley, and due to the upcoming demolition, humans were scarce here. Otherwise, Eli's scream would have definitely attracted a crowd.

At this moment, Eli was full of horror and regret.

Lucas's martial arts skills were so terrifying that even he couldn't resist a single strike from Lucas. He was severely injured by one kick!

If he had known that he was such a terrifying expert, he wouldn't have been so arrogant as to provoke him...

Unfortunately, it was too late for regrets now!

He still had a pistol hidden in his waist. But Lucas had already broken his hands, depriving him of his last chance to live!

"Spare... spare my life. There... there isn't any f-feud between us. I was j-just following orders! Please... spare my life!"

At this moment, in the face of the threat of death, Eli gave up his dignity and began to beg Lucas for mercy. As he spoke, he even dragged his broken limbs with great difficulty and knelt on the ground.

Lucas sneered.

The man in gray in front of him had appeared in a dignified manner. But now, he could only miserably crawl on the ground and beg Lucas for forgiveness. He no longer had the backbone of a martial artist.

In fact, even if Lucas spared his life, he was already completely crippled.

Lucas was not a murderous and bloodthirsty person. Besides, as the man in gray said, he indeed didn't have any personal grudges against him, so Lucas didn't want to kill him.

But although Lucas didn't kill him, the fate of this man in gray would probably be far worse than death.

"I won't kill you, but you have to go back and warn Mrs. Smith that Moses and Marc Kingston died from suicide, which they brought upon themselves. If she must take revenge against me, I won't be polite to her!"

With that, Lucas stopped looking at Eli, who had become crippled, and turned around to leave. He walked to the spot where Cheyenne was waiting for him.

--

San Francisco, Kingston residence...

Wendy was still sitting in the hall and enjoying the best VIP treatment.

Lance was still talking to her fawningly and trying to get close to her. But Wendy merely responded perfunctorily and half-heartedly.

Although in terms of seniority and their past relationship, Wendy should probably still see Lance as an elder. But she had a noble status. Lance had even ruined her relationship with Moses, causing her to suffer for half her lifetime. Now, she was willing to sit down and talk to him only on account of her late ex-husband and son. She obviously wouldn't show any kindness to the Kingstons.

But as time passed, Wendy began to get anxious and impatient.

According to the time, Eli should have long arrived in Orange County and defeated Lucas.

Why hasn't Eli called yet?

"Uh... Master Eli has been gone for a long time. I wonder if he's caught Lucas Gray yet," Lance asked worriedly.

Wendy sneered and mocked, "Haven't you already seen how capable Master Eli is? Don't compare him with the incompetent trash of the Kingstons! He'll definitely be able to capture that damn Lucas Gray!"

Roy said with great disdain, "Exactly. Master Eli is a top powerhouse of our family, whom the family head specially sent to protect my aunt. It's a piece of cake for him to seize Lucas. Just because the Kingstons can't do it, it doesn't mean that we can't either!"

Lance's face flushed, but he didn't dare to retort at all.

At this moment, Roy's phone suddenly rang. When he answered, he heard a terrified voice spread over. "Mr. Smith, bad news. Master Eli's limbs have been broken, and he has sustained severe injuries!"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 619 – Unforgivable

"What?!" After hearing this news, Roy was so shocked that he instantly sprung up and didn't even notice that he had dropped the teacup next to him onto the floor.

The subordinate who called him was the very same bodyguard that he had left behind in Orange County to investigate Lucas.

He was in charge of investigating Lucas in Orange County, so he naturally saw the fight between Lucas and Eli, which had ended in less than a minute.

But he didn't get close to the alley, and by the time he rushed over to the vicinity, Eli had already been kicked to the ground by Lucas's leg whip.

This bodyguard was so frightened that he shivered and immediately went to hide. Only after Lucas left did he dare to go over. He then saw Eli's serious injuries and crippled limbs.

"Mr. Smith, Master Eli's limbs have been broken by Lucas Gray, and he's lying beside me! I'm not very clear about the details. Should I send Master Eli back now and let him talk to you personally?!" the bodyguard said fearfully.

"Duh? What are you waiting for? Send Master Eli back immediately! Right now!" Roy hollered at the top of his voice before hanging up.

At the side, Wendy vaguely heard something and had shock written all over her face. "Roy, you just received a call? What's the matter? Did something happen to Master Eli?"

Roy hurriedly said, "Yes, Aunt Wendy, My subordinate in Orange County called to say that Master Eli lost the fight with Lucas Gray and even had his limbs broken. We'll only know the details of the situation after Master Eli is brought back to us!"

Wendy had disbelief all over her face.

Even Lance looked horrified, and he sprung up and blurted, "How is that possible?"

If he hadn't witnessed Eli's martial arts skills personally, he might have been indifferent about it.

But the incredible power that Eli had displayed earlier was enough to suppress the Kingstons' strongest expert and beat him to the ground. Yet he ended up having his limbs broken by Lucas. That... is too terrifying.

Could Lucas Gray's strength have really reached that terrifying degree?

"No matter what, we have to ask Master Eli to rush back so we can hear what he actually says!" Wendy gritted her teeth.

Waiting was always the most arduous thing ever. In the next half hour or so, Wendy, Roy, and Lance were all very restless.

When the Kingstons' butler came to report that Roy's bodyguard had returned with the injured Eli, the few of them went all out and rushed to the villa entrance without any regard for their status.

When they saw with their own eyes Eli's crushed wrist and ankle bones, as well as his weak and wretched appearance, they couldn't help inhaling sharply.

"Master Eli, what on earth happened? Quickly tell us. How exactly did Lucas Gray beat you up to this state?" Roy asked anxiously.

While drenched in cold sweat, Eli endured the tremendous pain coming from his body and replied, "We... underestimated Lucas Gray. He is by no means an ordinary expert. He's so fast that even I... I didn't see how he actually moved. He kicked me in the waist and caused me to be so severely injured that I... I can't even get up.

"He... he isn't easy to deal with, and he strikes ruthlessly without mercy. If you can, I suggest that you don't mess with him. Otherwise, you will definitely get into huge trouble!" he said ashamedly while feeling extremely guilty and fearful of Lucas's unpredictable combat skills.

Roy inhaled sharply and immediately recalled the scene of himself getting choked by Lucas and almost suffocating to death in Orange County today.

A sudden chill instantly surged from the bottom of his feet straight to the top of his head.

"Aunt Wendy, it seems Lucas Gray is indeed very difficult to deal with! Master Eli is already a top expert of our family and the strongest one around us now. Even he got beaten up into a pulp by Lucas, so wouldn't we be... seeking death if we provoked him now? Aunt Wendy, we'd better get out of here and go back to DC! In case Lucas Gray comes over, we won't be able to deal with him at all!" Roy was now truly terrified of Lucas.

Even Eli wasn't a match for Lucas, and he only had two incompetent bodyguards remaining, who didn't even dare to breathe in front of Lucas. It made him extremely insecure, for fear that Lucas would suddenly appear in the Kingston residence to choke him to death again.

Roy belonged to one of the eight top families of DC and grew up in the lap of luxury. He had almost never even suffered a minor wound in the nearly three decades of his life. But this time, he was nearly strangled to death by a man of his age. He didn't want to ever feel the horror of a near-death experience again!

Wendy frowned and remained silent with a sullen expression on her face. The fact that she was gritting her teeth was enough to show that she was in a terrible mood at the moment.

But Roy didn't notice it and wished he could run to her and shout into her ears, "Aunt Wendy, why are you still hesitating? We'd better leave right now while we can! In case Lucas Gray comes here, we'll be dead meat!"

"Shut up!" Wendy was furious and raised her hand to slap Roy on the face.

Smack!

The loud slap and the numbing pain coming from Roy's face immediately made his body freeze. But at the same time, he recovered from the fear of being on the verge of collapse.

"... Aunt Wendy, what are we going to do now? We can't continue to just stay here, can we? We don't have enough people around us, and the Kingstons don't have any experts who can provide protection..." Roy asked cautiously, covering his face while glowering indignantly at Lance.

Lance felt very maligned. Am I to blame for the fact that the Kingstons can't find an expert who can rival Lucas Gray? Didn't you Smiths praise Eli to no end? Yet he ended up having all his limbs broken, didn't he?

At the same time, Lance was also rather worried despite the criticism.

If Lucas knew that the Kingstons and Wendy were the ones who had sent Eli, maybe he would barge into the Kingstons' again to fight.

Among the several people present, Wendy seemed to be the most composed.

She took a deep breath and said, "Since Lucas Gray only crippled Master Eli's limbs but didn't kill him, I think he should just want to warn us and doesn't intend to drive us to death."

Eli hurriedly said, "Yes, I think so. Lucas Gray also asked me... to relay a message to you. He said... he said that Moses and Marc Kingston both died from suicide, which they brought upon themselves. If you must take revenge against him, he won't be polite to us!"

"Hmph, as expected, Lucas Gray is warning us!" Wendy gritted her teeth.

The Smiths had always been the ones to threaten others and never the other way around. Yet they were now being threatened by a young man in his twenties. It was a blatant insult!

Lucas had even dared to say that her ex-husband and son had brought their deaths upon themselves. This was simply unforgivable!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 620 – Each Harboring Ill Intentions

Chapter 620: Each Harboring Ill Intentions

Lance, at the side, couldn't help trembling after hearing Lucas's warning.

He initially merely wanted to use the power of the Smiths' expert to get rid of Lucas in one fell swoop. However, not only did he fail to get what he wanted, but he ended up offending Lucas again.

Wendy and Roy had the powerful Smith family behind them, and they could return to DC and stay far, far away. Lucas wouldn't be able to exact revenge on them either. But the Kingstons' roots were in San Francisco, so if Lucas wanted to take revenge against them, they would have nowhere to run!

When Lance thought of this, a look of extreme fear appeared on his face.

After struggling for a while, he finally couldn't bear the tremendous pressure in his heart and got down on his knees in front of Wendy. "Mrs. Smith, please save the Kingstons!"

Wendy was taken aback.

Logically speaking, Lance was her ex-husband's father, so she should see him as her former father-in-law. Although she disliked him, he was on in his years, and it was a fact that she found it hard to accept it when she saw him suddenly kneeling in front of her.

"Wh-what are you doing? Quickly get up before you say what you want!" She hurriedly reached out to pull Lance up.

Lance stood up, still looking as worried as ever. With a pleading gaze, he begged, "Mrs. Smith, at this point, the Kingstons are about to face a huge crisis soon. You're the only one who can save us!"

"When Lucas Gray came to cause a stir in our home previously, he warned us not to go against him again, or he definitely wouldn't let us off. He even threatened to kill all of us! Now... now that we've provoked him, he definitely won't spare us!"

"Mrs. Smith, no matter what, Moses and Marc used to be part of the Kingstons, and we're all family members. Now, you're the only one who can save us! Please don't leave us in the lurch!"

Two lines of tears streamed down his wrinkled face, making him look incredibly miserable.

Roy was afraid that his aunt would agree, so he quickly stopped her, "Aunt Wendy, don't listen to him! The feud is between the Kingstons and Lucas Gray to begin with. What's it have to do with us? Now that Lucas Gray is so powerful that even Master Eli is no match for him, what can we do?"

"In my opinion, we shouldn't get involved in this mess! Otherwise, even we won't be able to save ourselves!"

Then he glowered at Lance again and cursed, "Old fogey, you offended Lucas Gray yourself and couldn't deal with him, so you tried to drag us all into this, huh? You're really evil. How shameless of you!"

Wendy didn't say anything, but countless thoughts rushed through her mind.

In fact, the reason she came to San Francisco this time was entirely for Moses and Marc.

She had been so in love with Moses back then that she had secretly concealed her identity and went through painstaking means to hide her family background just so she could get together with him. She had even gotten pregnant with his child.

But later on, Lance's vehement refusal forced Moses to leave her while Wendy's parents reprimanded her in disappointment and demanded that she get an abortion before marrying someone else.

In the end, she agreed to her parents' request to accept the marriage they had arranged for her on the condition that she could give birth to the child. She then secretly sent the child away so that none of the Smiths could find out his whereabouts.

In order to protect Marc and Moses, she never once returned to San Francisco over the last three decades or so. But every single day, she would secretly wonder to herself about how they were doing. When she missed them badly, she would have a trusted confidante secretly come to San Francisco to find out about Marc and Moses's situation to relieve her longing for them.

But she never dared to make it too obvious because she knew that once she revealed any hints, the Smiths would definitely take action against both Moses and Marc as soon as they found out. Besides, her current husband would definitely not tolerate the fact that she had had a child out of wedlock.

Thus, day by day, she waited and looked forward to hearing about them. But she suddenly received the news of the sudden and unexpected deaths of both Moses and Marc.

Wendy was on the verge of losing her mind after hearing the news.

Therefore, she no longer cared about anything else and simply found a random excuse to take her nephew over to San Francisco with her, where she embarked on her pursuit for the truth of the matter and carried out her plan to avenge Moses and Marc!

But she didn't expect that her most powerful bodyguard, Eli, wouldn't be a match for Lucas at all.

From a rational point of view, she should indeed give up retaliating against Lucas for the time being and rush back to DC as soon as possible so as not to arouse the suspicions of the Smiths and her husband in any way.

But if she gave up just like that, her ex-husband, Moses, and her son, Marc, would have died in vain.

The thought of the two people she loved having now turned into cold corpses while the culprit who killed them was still living freely was completely intolerable for Wendy!

"Okay, Mr. Kingston, you have my word. I promise to help your family and do everything I can to get rid of Lucas Gray!" Wendy said decisively.

Lance was immediately overjoyed at her words, and the furrows on his face eased up while he thanked her profusely.

But Roy's face suddenly turned sullen, and he advised earnestly, "Aunt Wendy, calm down! I'm not even going to take revenge on Lucas anymore, so why do you want to get yourself embroiled in this mess? Lucas Gray is a martial arts expert, and we don't have anyone who can deal with him!"

"I've already made up my mind, so just do as I say! Also, you are not to breathe a word about this to our family. Otherwise, you know full well what I can do to you!" Wendy looked at Roy coldly, her eyes full of determination.

Roy was startled by the rarely-seen gaze of indifference in her eyes. But he knew that she wasn't an ordinary person, and the things she had done in the past were simply ruthless and vicious. Thus, he never dared to offend her even though she had already moved out after getting married.

"We can't tell the rest of the family either? Aunt Wendy, why exactly do you want to do this? Could you have some other hidden reasons?" Roy asked in bewilderment.

"Shut up. You'd better not ask about things that you shouldn't!" Wendy chided sternly.

"Okay... I know." Roy nodded calmly and agreed, but he was full of disbelief.

He thought that his aunt was probably out of her mind for insisting on going against Lucas. He wasn't planning to stay behind and be buried here with her.

He decided that once he left, he would find an opportunity to leave San Francisco immediately and go back to the Smiths' home in DC. He would, of course, tell the authoritative figures, such as his parents and the family head, about Wendy's actions.

While thinking about this, he failed to notice that Wendy had already seen through him and the emotions he was showing on his face because he had never been able to hide his feelings well.

