

Chapter 661: Happy Chat

Lucas had long expected Clement to call Bruce and Damon to tell them to sever ties with him.

Of course, Clement's impatience worsened Lucas's impression of him.

"Got it. Ignore him," Lucas said indifferently on the phone.

He returned to the party hall and said to Alexis, "Is your grandfather available at the moment? I'd like to pay him a visit and then return to Orange County."

Alexis looked at Lucas, reluctant to part ways with him. "Lucas, are you leaving so soon? We have a ball later and some other activities lined up. Are you not going to stay and join us?"

She really couldn't bear to see Lucas leave so soon. Despite knowing that nothing romantic would come of her interaction with Lucas, she just wanted to look at Lucas for a little longer.

Lucas shook his head. "No, I came here today to wish you a happy birthday. I'm not interested in other activities. You can go ahead and have fun with your friends later."

Hearing this, Alexis couldn't continue trying to make Lucas stay any longer, so she brought him to where Edmund was.

It was an ancient-style building that revealed simplicity and elegance.

After pushing open the door, Lucas was surprised to find that there were no trees and flowers in the garden. Instead, there were neat rows of all kinds of vegetable and fruit plants.

“Grandpa, look who’s here?” Alexis said to the elderly man squatting in front of a vegetable patch.

Only after the figure stood up and turned his face around did Lucas realize that the farmer-looking man covered in dirt with mud spots all over his pants was Edmund, the esteemed helmsman of the Cole family. Lucas was very surprised.

“Lucas? You came too?” Edmund was just as surprised to see Lucas.

“Mr. Cole.” Lucas walked up to him and smiled. “I came today to attend Alexis’s birthday party and also visit you.”

“Hahaha, yes, Alexis finally turned twenty today. I saw those youngsters having fun together, so I didn’t join in. I didn’t expect you to still remember me, Lucas! Haha!” Edmund laughed heartily and rubbed his mud-stained fingers on his clothes.

“In that case, give me a moment. I’ll pick some fruits for you to taste the things I planted with my own hands.”

Edmund picked up a small bamboo basket and filled them with a lot of seasonal fruits from his garden.

Seeing how relaxed and happy Edmund was while gardening, Lucas couldn’t help feeling a trace of envy.

Enjoying peace and tranquility in a garden was the most holy and ordinary idealistic lifestyle for many people.

Perhaps one day, he and Cheyenne would be able to enjoy a peaceful life like Edmund. They would tend to the fruits and vegetables in their garden comfortably or bask under the sun on rocking chairs. To him, this was ultimate bliss.

When Edmund walked out from the garden with a basket full of fruits, Lucas reached out to help him carry the basket and walked to the center of the yard with him and Alexis.

“Alexis, you are the protagonist of today’s party. Quickly go back. Lucas and I will just talk here,” Edmund said to Alexis.

Alexis pursed her lips. Although she was slightly reluctant to part with Lucas, she was no longer a child who could behave willfully and presumptuously anymore. She would indeed be a poor host if she left her guests and friends at her birthday party without entertaining them.

“Okay, I’ll go back now. Lucas, you must drop by our house often in the future! Grandpa and I both like you a lot!” Alexis smiled playfully and winked before leaving.

“Hah, indeed, she’s still a child at heart,” Edmund said dotingly while looking at the back of his beautifully dressed granddaughter.

After rinsing the basket of fruits under a tap, a servant placed them on a fruit tray, brought it over to the courtyard, and placed it on a stone table under a tree.

This resting corner was decorated in an idyllic style, with a small stone table and three antique round tree stumps around it.

Edmund warmly asked Lucas to sit down on a tree stump. “Quickly take a seat and try the fruits I planted myself. They are definitely better than what you can get elsewhere!”

Lucas smiled. “Thank you, Mr. Cole. I’m in for a treat today then.”

At the same time, in the villa where Clement was...

Clement had lost his temper just now from his failed attempts to convince Bruce and Damon to sever ties with Lucas. He had even smashed his phone. He had to down several mouthfuls of tea to calm down.

At this moment, the butler-like man who had previously invited Lucas hurriedly came in from outside and reported, “Mr. Cole, that punk named Lucas Gray didn’t leave but was taken by Miss Cole to Mr. Cole Sr’s garden!”

Clement suddenly stood up, and the anger he had just suppressed surged in his heart again. “What did you say? How dare he go to my father? It seems that he didn’t take my warning and me seriously!”

He suddenly pounded the table and yelled angrily, “Let’s go to the garden now. I want to see how that punk managed to get into my father’s good books! Punk, aren’t you really good at pretending? Just you wait. I’m going to remove your facade and reveal your true colors. Let’s see what else you can do!”

Clement furiously brought his subordinate with him to Edmund’s residence.

At this moment, Lucas and Edmund were talking while eating the fruits Edmund had grown.

Just as Edmund boasted, these fruits he had grown with his own hands were extremely juicy and sweet, much tastier than those bought in markets.

“They’re really delicious! Mr. Cole, I’m surprised that you not only know how to fight on the battlefield and do business, but you’re even really good at growing fruits and vegetables. I truly take my hat off to you!” Lucas praised from the bottom of his heart.

If these words came out of anyone else’s mouth, Edmund might think that the other party was flattering him on purpose in order to curry favor with him.

But Lucas was definitely not the kind of person who would deliberately suck up to him. Since Lucas said they were good, they definitely were. So Edmund was even more pleased and overjoyed to hear Lucas’s compliment.

“Haha, it’s just a little hobby of mine that isn’t worth mentioning! If you like them, I’ll have someone pick some for you later, and you can bring them home for your wife and child to try,” Edmund said in high spirits.

“Let me thank you on behalf of my wife and daughter then, Mr. Cole!” Lucas didn’t decline and gladly accepted Edmund’s kind gesture.

“Speaking of which, it’s my first time visiting the Coles today, so I’ve brought you a gift too. I hope you don’t mind it.”

Then Lucas took out the gift he had brought for Edmund..

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 662 – Disciplining His Son

Chapter 662: Disciplining His Son

Seeing the gift box with the words ‘Heavenly Pavilion’ on it, Edmund revealed a trace of surprise.

He didn’t expect Lucas’s gift to be from the Heavenly Pavilion. Moreover, the box was labeled as a top-grade good, meaning that it was worth at least a few million dollars.

When he opened the gift box and saw the bodhi bead bracelet exuding a faint herbal fragrance, his eyes immediately lit up.

The Coles ran an antique business as well, so Edmund definitely had sharp judgment. When he smelled it, he immediately concluded it was definitely an extremely rare bodhi bead bracelet!

“This... bracelet seems different!” Edmund excitedly held the bracelet in his hand and began scrutinizing it.

“This material and naturally-formed pattern, as well as the soothing medicinal fragrance... It’s indeed a top-grade product! I didn’t expect there to be such a treasure in the Heavenly Pavilion that my people hadn’t discovered before!”

The more Edmund looked at it, the more he liked it, and he began rubbing it back and forth in excitement.

Lucas smiled lightly. “This bodhi bead bracelet does have some amazing properties. Not only can it help the wearer calm their mind, but the medicinal properties infused in it over the years will also provide great benefits for the wearer. I bought this bracelet because I think it especially suits you.”

“Hahaha, good, you indeed have excellent judgment, Lucas! Since you bought this good item for me, I won’t stand on ceremony. Thank you!”

Edmund was not a wishy-washy person, so he accepted the bodhi bead bracelet from Lucas and immediately put it on his wrist.

The bracelet was from the Heavenly Pavilion, so it had to be extremely expensive. But since Lucas could give it away, Edmund didn’t bother about whether it was too expensive for Lucas.

Lucas was not the kind who would puff himself up, and the friendship between the Coles and Lucas was more than that. There was no need for Edmund to dwell on such a trivial matter.

Edmund and Lucas were sitting on the plain tree stump chairs and ate the sweet fruits while chatting and enjoying the night view harmoniously.

Bang. Bang. Suddenly, there was knocking on the wooden door outside the idyllic residence.

“Come in!” Edmund said casually.

The wooden door was opened with a creak, and Clement entered from outside.

Edmund subconsciously frowned upon seeing his son. “Why are you here? Shouldn’t you be helping Alexis with the party?”

Clement didn’t say anything. Right from the beginning, he was staring at Lucas, who was sitting beside Edmund.

When Clement saw that a significant portion of the fruit platter in front of Lucas had been eaten, his face became even more sullen.

Although Edmund planted some vegetables and fruits in this garden, the output was small after all. He cherished them like treasures and would usually only share them with Alexis. Even Clement, his own son, didn’t get to eat the fruit and vegetables grown by his father.

But this outsider Lucas was actually able to gain Edmund’s favor and eat so many of his fruits.

Why?!

“Dad, how could you let this punk come to your residence? You even... shared the fruits you grew with him!” Clement exclaimed furiously.

Edmund was bewildered, but he could tell that Clement was very prejudiced against Lucas.

His face darkened. “This place belongs to me. I can let anyone I want in and feed my fruits to anyone I want. How dare you interfere in my business?”

“Dad, it’s not that I want to interfere with your matters, but this punk can’t be trusted at all. Do you know that he’s just an illegitimate son kicked out by the Huttons in DC? He has nothing to his name, and he relied on joining a second-tier family as a live-in husband to make connections everywhere in order to get to where he is now!

“He’s not someone you should befriend at all. He’s now trying to please you because he wants to rely on the Coles’ power and status to expand his connections!

“Yes, I know that he saved your life before, but so what? The Coles have long repaid him for his kindness, so why is he still clinging to you? I clearly already warned him not to get close to you and Alexis anymore, but he didn’t take it seriously at all. He even came here right after to pretend to be nice to you!

“Dad, you’d better sever ties with such a scheming person who’s good at nothing except plotting against others. Otherwise, the Coles will really become his springboard!”

Due to his anger and resentment toward Lucas, Clement was venting his anger and revealing all the information he had found out, as well as his assumptions.

“Shut up!” Edmund was so furious that his face turned pale. He glowered at Clement with his eyes wide open. “What kind of nonsense are you saying about Lucas? I’ve lived so long, and I’ve seen more people than you. Yet you’re now accusing me of being muddled and not knowing how to judge people. Do you think you’re the only one who can read the hearts of others?

“Hah, why don’t you look at what you’re worth yourself?! Do you need me to remind you of the stupid things you did in the past? If I had another son, I would have long kicked you out of the Coles!

“Although Lucas is a generation younger than you, he’s much better than you in all aspects, and he carries himself so much better than you! Trust you to have the cheek to badmouth him here!

“Also, who gave you the permission to investigate Lucas’s identity and background? Didn’t I tell you that he’s my life savior, so you must all respect him and never investigate him in private? How dare you disobey me behind my back?!

“Besides, you just said you warned Lucas not to interact with me and Alexis anymore. When did you do it? Who gave you permission? He saved my life, and I approve of him! Are you treating me like I’m dead now, so you can turn a deaf ear to all my instructions?”

In the face of Edmund’s wrath, Clement was berated so severely that his face paled.

Although Edmund would chide him for his wrongdoings in the past, he had never lashed out at him to the point of him being unable to raise his head like today.

His father actually reprimanded him so mercilessly because of Lucas, an outsider. Clement, who was almost fifty years old, was so embarrassed that he almost couldn’t face anyone.

At the same time, Clement’s anger toward Lucas intensified.

If not for Lucas, why would his own father treat him like this?

His face red, Edmund pointed at the door and barked at Clement, “I don’t want to see you now. Get lost immediately. You’d better think carefully and reflect on your mistakes!”

Clement raised his head and fixed his eyes on Lucas. “Punk, don’t get too smug! You may have bewitched my father with your schemes and tricks, but I won’t let you continue being complacent! One day, I will definitely expose you and leave you with nowhere to escape!”

With that, he swung his hand and kicked open the wooden door to leave without turning around.

Chapter 663: Link Together

“Bastard!”

Even after Clement’s figure disappeared into the night, Edmund’s chest was still heaving up and down vigorously. He was clearly still livid.

“How on earth did I give birth to such a dimwit? What a great misfortune for my family!” Edmund rattled on, his face full of disappointment about Clement.

Lucas wanted to comfort Edmund, but he didn’t know how to start.

After all, Clement was really foolish beyond Lucas’s expectations, and he could fully imagine how frustrated Edmund was now.

He knew that Clement was prejudiced against him and would definitely try to find trouble with him. But he didn’t expect that Clement would actually barge into Edmund’s residence and criticize him right in front of Edmund.

Lucas didn’t know what to say about his behavior.

“Lucas, I’m really sorry. It’s my lack of proper discipline that resulted in my son saying such unpleasant things to you. Please don’t take it to heart!” Edmund said to Lucas apologetically.

Lucas shook his head. “It’s fine. I don’t care about it. Don’t take it to heart, Mr. Cole, lest your health gets affected.”

Edmund took two deep breaths, and together with the burst of calming herbal fragrance emanating from the bodhi bead bracelet on his wrist, he finally gained control of his emotions.

“Ah, God knows what sins I committed in my past life to end up with a son like him. If he had some brains, I would have left the Coles in his hands long ago and stayed in this place or gone to the countryside to spend the rest of my retirement in peace.” Edmund’s tone was full of dejection and somberness.

Lucas couldn’t make a judgment about this matter, so he could only stand at the side silently and hand a cup of tea to Edmund.

Edmund took the cup of tea, drank it slowly, and let out a long sigh before changing the subject. “Speaking of which, tomorrow is the day the California Elite Business Exchange will be held. I heard that you also received an invitation. What do you think about this matter?”

Lucas’s gaze was focused. “I also just learned about the existence of this Elite Business Exchange. It’s said that it’s only held once every three years, and the organizer this time should be the Watsons and not the Kingstons. It should have been held in a month too, but it was suddenly brought forward.”

Edmund nodded with a solemn expression. “You’re right. That’s why I have a feeling that the Elite Business Exchange this time isn’t that simple. Moreover, I have an ominous premonition that something will happen.”

In fact, Lucas also sensed the peculiarity about this Elite Business Exchange.

Lucas had to keep his guard up, especially since the organizer of the exchange this time was the Kingstons, who had just formed a feud with him and obtained the hosting rights from another family.

“My network of connections may be a bit wider than yours. According to the information I received, figures among the eight giants of DC may be here at the Elite Business Exchange this time. Their agenda is very likely to be all of California,” Edmund suddenly said.

Lucas was a little surprised. “The eight giants of DC? Are some of them planning to take action in California?”

“That’s very possible,” Edmund said with a grim expression. “In the past few years, there has been lots of competition going on among the eight giants of DC, especially in the areas around it. Many of them have been divided up between the forces of the eight giants, who are also secretly supporting many other families.

“But California had been a neutral area over the years. It became an area that no one dared to touch because everyone wanted a share of it, so they restrained each other. Although there are some families in contact with the eight giants, California doesn’t belong to any family.

“However, I’m afraid this situation is going to change soon.” Edmund’s eyes were worried.

The development of California in recent years had been relatively peaceful, and the Coles had also reached a tripartite balance with the Kingstons and the Walkers. Although they had minor conflicts every now and then, they were all getting along relatively peacefully.

But if the eight giants of DC suddenly intervened, the calm and peace of California would definitely be broken. In fact, there was a high probability of another power reshuffle.

When the time came, it would be difficult to say what would become of the various families.

“I heard that the rules of the Elite Business Exchange stipulate that the invitees are limited to the top-tier families in California, so I was surprised to be invited this year. Can people from the eight top families in DC participate directly?” Lucas asked in confusion.

Edmund smiled and explained, “It’s not surprising that you were invited. Although you haven’t established a top-tier family yet, the power you have in your hands has long been enough to qualify to get an invitation. So it’s not truly a violation of the rules.

“But the people from the eight top families of DC probably won’t resort to any extreme means to intervene. I’m guessing that they’re probably going to find a suitable family within California and support it in order to gain control over the state. The people from the eight top families will just need to control the family and tell them what to do.

“Therefore, I think that this time’s Elite Business Exchange is precisely for this purpose. The family whom that family wants to support is most likely the Kingstons, who snatched the hosting rights from another family.”

After all, Edmund was an experienced businessman who not only had broad horizons but also sharp judgment. So he quickly managed to find the crux to this.

Through the information given by Edmund, Lucas silently combed through the information in his mind.

In the beginning, there was no feud between him and the Kingstons. But the Kingstons had instigated the Taylors of Orange County to abduct Karen and then make her do the live stream with the intention of destroying the reputations of Lucas and the Stardust Corporation.

In order to bring back Karen, Lucas broke into the Kingston residence in San Francisco, killed two of the Kingstons' elite bodyguards, and crushed Marc's legs.

Later, Marc jumped to his death. His father, Moses, hated Lucas for it, so he threatened Karen and tried to abduct Amelia in order to use her as a bargaining chip. But his plan fell through, so Moses ended up shooting himself dead.

Immediately afterward, the Smiths, one of the eight top families in DC, suddenly appeared. After Lucas had some conflict with Roy, a scion of the Smiths, because of Maddy, a person who claimed to be Mrs. Smith's bodyguard suddenly appeared in front of Lucas and tried to kill him. But Lucas crippled his limbs in the end.

But Lucas did find out from the bodyguard that Mrs. Smith was Marc's biological mother and Moses' former lover. Thus, the reason she sent someone to assassinate Lucas was to take revenge for her ex-husband and son.

Afterward, Roy suddenly died, and Lucas subsequently received an invitation to the Elite Business Exchange.

All these matters wouldn't mean anything alone. But after Lucas pieced everything together, it was obvious that there was an issue.

The Kingstons and the Smiths! A cold glint flashed in Lucas's eyes!

Edmund had been watching Lucas's expression. Seeing this, he asked, "Lucas, what did you think of?"

Lucas looked at him. "Mr.. Cole, do you know a person called Mrs. Smith from DC?"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 664 – Situation Analysis

Chapter 664: Situation Analysis

“Mrs. Smith?” Edmund murmured doubtfully. Suddenly, his eyes lit up. “I remember. I’ve heard of her before. She should be from the Smiths, one of the eight top families in DC. Why did you suddenly mention her?”

Lucas said, “Just two days ago, Wendy Smith arrived in San Francisco, and she’s been staying with the Kingstons. This is enough to show that the Smiths and the Kingstons share an extraordinary relationship. Besides, there are definitely a lot of other matters in between.”

After thinking about it, he told Edmund about Wendy’s actual relationship with Moses and that Marc was their son. He also added that Wendy had sent someone to kill him to avenge Moses and Marc.

Just as Eli, the assassin Wendy sent, had said, this matter should be very confidential. If the assassin didn’t think that Lucas would definitely die, he wouldn’t have told him about it.

Lucas guessed that there must be very few people who knew about this matter. Even Lance, the helmsman of the Kingston family, might not necessarily know about it. Otherwise, when Lucas and his people went to the Kingston residence, the Kingstons could have suppressed him with the name of the Smiths. But they didn’t do so.

Thus, Lucas thought that Edmund probably wouldn’t know this secret.

“What? Is there such a thing? Marc is the son of Moses Kingston and Wendy Smith? This... is really surprising!” Indeed, after Edmund heard what Lucas said, shock appeared on his face.

He had always known that the Kingstons had some dealings with the Huttons of DC. But he didn't expect the Kingstons to have an even closer relationship with the Smiths of DC!

Moreover, Edmund also thought that although Marc and Moses had both committed suicide, Wendy would definitely take revenge on Lucas, especially since she had already sent her subordinate to assassinate him. He knew that she definitely wouldn't just give up.

The Kingstons already bore a grudge against Lucas, and now that the Smiths had joined in, it seemed that they were hosting this Elite Business Exchange to target Lucas.

“Lucas, you must be very careful! The Smiths are very powerful in DC, and Wendy Smith isn't a kindhearted person. They definitely wouldn't let you off!

“Furthermore, I suspect that the sudden death of Wendy's nephew was caused by Wendy herself!

“Because the most powerful assassin around her was no match for you, and you even crippled his limbs. So if she wants to continue killing you, she has to go back to the Smiths and ask them to send more powerful people to deal with you. But since the matter between her and Moses is a secret of hers, she won't reveal it herself. Hence, the best reason she can use to draw more of the Smiths' experts to deal with you is the death of her nephew Roy!

“Only then can she possibly use the power of the Smiths to deal with you while keeping her secret!”

Indeed, Edmund was old and experienced. After hearing some key points from Lucas, he immediately deduced Wendy’s plan.

Lucas was naturally very impressed by this. Edmund was truly experienced and wise!

But this wasn’t the end of Edmund’s analysis.

“If I guess correctly, the Smiths will probably send a heavyweight figure to this Elite Business Exchange too, and this figure is very likely to be Roy’s father, Vince Smith!”

“Vince Smith? What is this person like?” Lucas wasn’t very worried and was merely just curious.

There was a trace of reminiscence in Edmund’s eyes. “I’ve never had any dealings with Vince. But he’s indeed someone most people don’t dare to offend.

“The current helmsman of the Smith family is Wendy’s father. But because Wendy is a married woman, she naturally can’t inherit his position and become the head of the Smiths. On the other hand, Vince’s father is the brother of the current family head, so Vince has a very high status and holds great power in the family. He’s considered a strong contender for the position of the next helmsman.

“The rule of the Smiths is that the most competent descendant will become the next helmsman. Vince is the most promising one. He holds great power and has

numerous experts around him. I'm afraid that's why Wendy wants to use Vince to deal with you.

"Moreover, the one who died this time is Vince's son, Roy. Given his character, he will definitely come to deal with it personally. I'm almost one hundred percent sure that Vince will definitely come to San Francisco!"

Lucas pondered. "In that case, it seems that Vince should have arrived in San Francisco by now. But he hasn't made a move against me yet."

Edmund narrowed his eyes in thought.

After a while, he said, "Since Vince has arrived in San Francisco but hasn't taken action against you yet, it can only mean that he's still planning something more important.

"For example, the Elite Business Exchange!"

"I'm guessing that he must want to support a powerful family at the Elite Business Exchange to help him gain control of California while also targeting you at the exchange!"

Thus, all the conjectures he had made previously added up.

The Smiths were the ones who wanted to take over all of California, and the Kingstons were most likely the ones receiving their support!

"Now, there's a feud between you and the Kingstons and the Smiths. It seems that the Elite Business Exchange tomorrow will be extremely dangerous for you!" Edmund looked at Lucas worriedly.

Lucas sighed in his heart.

He didn't want to confront the eight giants of DC so soon. But he hadn't expected things to escalate to this point, where a confrontation between him and the Smiths was inevitable.

So what if they were one of the top eight families in DC? Lucas wasn't afraid of them at all.

He would just take it as training before dealing with the Huttons.

"If the Smiths insist on dealing with me tomorrow, I'll show them what real danger is!" Lucas said with a menacing gaze as an unstoppable domineering aura instantly emerged from his body!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 665 – Collision By The Road

Chapter 665: Collision By The Road

Edmund looked at Lucas, who was like the sharpest blade in the world that had just been unsheathed. He was emitting a murderous aura that made Edmund's heart skip a beat, even though he had already gotten used to witnessing countless deaths on the battlefield.

Because Lucas had saved his life, Edmund respected him enough not to investigate his identity and background. He had just found out from his son, Clement, that Lucas had been abandoned by the Huttons.

But a person like him who didn't enjoy the protection of his family actually had such a terrifying aura, making Edmund certain that Lucas was definitely not an ordinary person and that he had definitely been through countless unimaginable situations!

"Lucas, I don't care what your identity is. In any case, you've gained my recognition, and you're my life savior. The Coles will forever value your friendship!" Edmund said firmly.

"Even if the Kingstons and the Smiths both want to deal with you, I will stand by your side and protect you even if I have to fight with everything the Coles have to offer!"

Edmund was righteous and knew to repay kindness where it was due. Lucas was not only his life savior but also an approved friend of his, he would never watch Lucas get bullied by others.

Although Lucas didn't fear the Kingstons and the Smiths, he was still touched to see how protective Edmund was of him.

"Thank you, Mr. Cole. However, neither the Smiths nor the Kingstons can do anything to me, so you can rest assured!" Lucas didn't say anything more because everything he wanted to express was done so in these words.

Soon, Lucas got up and bade goodbye to Edmund, who specially sent one of his butlers to walk Lucas to the parking lot outside the Coles' manor.

But Lucas soon saw his terribly smashed and deformed Jaguar.

His face immediately became gloomy, and soon, a figure surfaced in his mind.

Nate Walker.

When Lucas arrived at the Coles' manor and parked his car, Nate had suddenly called out to him and ordered him to move his Jaguar to make space for his car.

Lucas didn't pay attention to him, so Nate must have been furious and thus smashed his car to give him a warning.

When the Coles' butler saw the car, which was damaged beyond recognition, he immediately understood what had happened and inhaled sharply.

Although he had been standing a distance away and didn't hear Edmund's conversation with Lucas earlier, he had clearly seen the heartened and joyful smile on Edmund's face.

Now that Lucas had come to attend the Coles' party but ended up having his car smashed in their parking lot, it was... a serious negligence of duty on the Coles' part.

"Mr. Gray, I'm very sorry. This is negligence on our part. I'll have someone prepare another car for you. Once your car has been repaired, I'll have it sent back to Orange County for you," said the butler in his fifties.

Lucas checked the car slightly and shook his head. "That's not necessary."

Although his car looked like an extremely ordinary Jaguar on the surface, the various internal parts had actually been modified and strengthened.

The front windshield and hood might have been smashed, but it didn't affect the car's performance in the slightest.

But even so, Lucas was still in a terrible mood.

In particular, while he was driving his smashed car back to Orange County, he saw a Land Rover tailing him, and his mood worsened further.

The tall Land Rover wasn't far behind Lucas's car, and it began getting closer and closer when they reached a less-populated area.

Then at an intersection where Lucas had to turn, the Land Rover suddenly accelerated violently. The engine roared loudly, and the Land Rover started speeding straight at Lucas's car.

Lucas had already noticed the Land Rover, so how could he let it catch him off guard and hit him?

Screech!

At the most critical moment, Lucas turned the steering wheel with all his might and then slammed on the brake pedal. The tires of his Jaguar rubbed against the road with an ear-piercing screech, and the Jaguar drifted away, narrowly avoiding the Land Rover from crashing into him.

The Land Rover couldn't brake in time and crashed into the concrete pillar and guardrail by the roadside. An enormous dent formed in the hard front hood.

"Damn it. How are you so useless? You couldn't even hit his car. You really deserve to die!"

At this moment, a young man was cursing incessantly as he got out of the backseat of the Land Rover with his hand on his head.

Clearly, during the impact just now, the man in the backseat had accidentally hit his head against the seat in front of him.

This young man was none other than Dallas, Nate's top lackey, who had targeted Lucas at every turn at the Coles' party.

He looked at Lucas with a sinister expression. “Lucas Gray, you’re really scheming!”

Lucas suddenly found it hilarious. “You’re the one who wanted to hit me with your car. I merely avoided you, yet you called me scheming. What does that make you, the person who tried to crash your car into mine? A vicious scumbag?”

“Damn it, punk, how dare you insult me?! Do you have a death wish?” Dallas flew into a rage and roared. With his roar, three burly men who looked like bodyguards got out of the Land Rover and lined up behind him.

“Aren’t you the one who has a death wish?” Lucas smiled and looked at the people in front of him as if he was looking at dead people.

At Alexis’s birthday party earlier, Dallas had repeatedly found trouble with Lucas. He eventually put himself to shame and even got chased out of the house by the furious Alexis.

First, Nate had smashed Lucas’s car. Then this idiot Dallas had followed him and tried to kill him with his car. These repeated provocations made Lucas feel an urge to kill Dallas.

“Hah, punk, you sure are used to pretending! There are only a few of us here, so save your breath. Do you think you can still fool me by claiming that you’re a scion of a powerful family? I’ve already investigated that you’re a penniless live-in husband sponging off your wife! What are you pretending for?”

“I have three bodyguards with me, and I can obviously beat you into a pulp. You’re already on the brink of death, yet you still dare to be so arrogant in front of me. I’ll show you what I’m made of!” Dallas said smugly.

Dallas was the one who had requested to deal with Lucas.

From Dallas's point of view, Lucas was just a swindler and completely no match for his burly bodyguards. Although Lucas was tall, he felt that Lucas couldn't take a beating at all and that his bodyguards could easily kill Lucas.

"Have you finished spouting nonsense?" Lucas looked at Dallas coldly with a trace of impatience on his face.

"Hah. Bastard, since you want to die so soon, I'll fulfill your wish now!" Dallas laughed hysterically and ordered the bodyguards, "Go kill him!"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 666 – Completely Spineless

Chapter 666: Completely Spineless

With Dallas's command, the three bodyguards behind him immediately rushed toward Lucas.

Dallas smirked smugly.

Seeing how thin and weak Lucas looked, he assumed that his competent bodyguards would be able to beat Lucas into a pulp in less than a minute.

Suddenly, Dallas's phone in his pocket rang.

He took it out and saw that it was Nate calling.

Dallas hurriedly picked it up and said respectfully, "Hey, Nate."

"How's your business going? How's that kid now? Did you manage to catch him?"

Dallas laughed out loud twice. "Nate, you called at the right time. That punk is getting beaten up by my bodyguards right now, and he's going to die soon. Hear that? He's already screaming..."

“Ah!”

“Waahhh!”

“Argh!”

There were three successive screams of misery.

While smugly reporting the situation to Nate, Dallas suddenly realized that something was wrong.

These screams... didn't seem to be from Lucas but his bodyguards...

Dallas raised his head and looked over. His eyes immediately widened in utter shock.

The scene in front of him was a one-sided beating.

However, the person being beaten up was not Lucas but his three bodyguards!

Lucas was singlehandedly beating up these three strong and burly bodyguards, and they were utterly powerless to resist!

In just a few moments, Dallas's bodyguards were thrown toward him like sandbags. They were vomiting blood, and the bones of their limbs were all distorted to the point that they couldn't even stand up.

Dallas stared blankly at everything in front of him while Nate's voice was still coming from his phone. "Seems like that punk is dead meat, huh? Dallas, get your people to hit him harder. You must beat the living daylights out of him and then drag him back so that I can finish him off personally! How dare he snatch my woman? He must be tired of living!"

Nate's voice was full of excitement and a twisted mania.

He, the scion of the Walkers, had been completely humiliated at Alexis's birthday party just now. Not only had he been rejected by Alexis on the spot, but he had also been defeated by Lucas, whom he saw as a penniless swindler. He would never tolerate this humiliation!

In fact, two years ago, Nate had received instructions from his family to woo Alexis soon after she turned eighteen.

Alexis was Clement's only daughter, and she would inherit all of the Coles' empire in the future. Regardless of who she married, her husband would also get to take over the businesses of the Coles. As the most favored scion of the Walkers, Nate thus became the first candidate his family considered.

Nate naturally accepted this task, which could be considered an enjoyable one, with great pleasure.

The Coles were rich and powerful. As long as Nate married Alexis, he would become the future successor and next head of his family. Besides, Alexis was gorgeous and young, so he didn't think he would lose out at all by marrying her.

Unfortunately, despite his wonderful plan, Nate failed to consider the fact that Alexis wasn't a tacky and gullible girl. Even though he had exhausted all his means, he couldn't get Alexis to notice him, let alone fall in love with him.

After having been rejected by Alexis repeatedly, he decided to go all out and force himself on her. Once the deed was done, the Coles would have no choice but to marry her to him for the sake of covering up the scandal.

Unfortunately, after Nate secretly drugged Alexis's drink and was about to succeed in his plan, an expert secretly protecting her foiled his plan.

Since then, Alexis absolutely abhorred Nate. Edmund flew into a rage because of this matter, and the Coles and the Walkers almost fell out and went to war.

Afterward, the Walkers paid a tremendous price and even severely punished Nate by stripping him of his position and power as a core descendant. Since then, he had become an alienated figure in the family.

At that time, if Nate's father, the successor of the family, hadn't begged for mercy from the helmsman, Nate would have probably been kicked out of the family.

Now, Nate had finally gotten his grandfather's permission to woo Alexis again. As long as he was successful, the Walkers would value him again and make him a core member. He would also regain his status and power.

But the confession he had meticulously prepared today was once again ruthlessly rejected by Alexis, while the damn Lucas became the person she admitted to liking. It made Nate hysterical with jealousy!

Thus, he was bent on killing Lucas!

After waiting for several seconds and not getting a response, Nate urged impatiently, “Hey, what are you doing? Say something!”

“I... I...” Dallas stammered, unable to speak a complete word.

Lucas was walking toward him one step at a time while exuding a terrifying aura.

“What’s wrong? Are you mute? Why are you stuttering? I’m asking you how that punk Lucas Gray is now? Have your people beaten him half to death yet? Remember, don’t kill him right away. Keep him at his very last breath, and let me finish him off. Do you hear me?” Nate’s voice continued to come out of the phone.

Lucas suddenly took the phone from Dallas’s hand and said with a smile, “Oh, I’m sorry. It seems that you can’t achieve this goal anymore!”

“You... Lucas Gray? Why are you the one speaking? Where’s Dallas?” Nate immediately bellowed angrily. But he couldn’t get any response because Lucas hung up right away.

“F*ck!” Nate cursed angrily. He tried calling Dallas again, but he could no longer reach him.

...

Meanwhile, Dallas watched as Lucas hung up on Nate and then threw his phone into a nearby puddle. He couldn’t even say anything to stop him.

As the scion of the Watson family of San Jose, who managed to get close to Nate, Dallas was used to throwing his weight around.

But this was the first time he felt fear, which he hadn't experienced for a long time.

Lucas had effortlessly defeated his three strong bodyguards and even crippled them. If Lucas acted against him, there was no way he'd be able to escape!

At this moment, Dallas was full of remorse.

In order to kill Lucas, he had deliberately chosen this remote and deserted location in hopes that few people would pass by. But now, Dallas was the one in this terrifyingly dire situation where his efforts to call out for help were futile!

"Lu-Lucas, I'm sorry! I was wrong! I... I shouldn't have targeted you and tried to harm you. This... Nate Walker forced me! As long as you let me off, I'll give you two... no, five million dollars. How about that?" Dallas was no longer as arrogant as earlier.. He knelt in front of Lucas and begged spinelessly.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 667 – Corpse In The Car

Chapter 667: Corpse In The Car

At this moment, Dallas was truly terrified of Lucas. He saw the obvious killing intent in Lucas's eyes. If Lucas wanted to kill him here, he wouldn't be able to resist at all.

His heart full of contempt, Lucas stared coldly at Dallas, who was crying miserably and begging him without any concern for his image.

“If you had known this would happen, why did you do it in the first place? It's too late to regret now.”

After speaking indifferently, Lucas kicked Dallas in the throat. Dallas's cervical vertebrae snapped with a loud crack, and he immediately stopped breathing.

Lucas wasn't being ruthless, but rather, he knew very well that Dallas didn't deserve to be spared.

Even though Lucas hadn't provoked him in any way, Dallas had repeatedly provoked him and targeted him. He had even made his driver try to crash his car into Lucas's and instructed his bodyguards to beat Lucas into a pulp. Afterward, he would have sent him to Nate and let Nate kill him.

Lucas was no saint, and he wouldn't spare the life of someone who repeatedly tried to kill him, let alone believe the nonsense about Dallas wanting to turn over a new leaf.

If Lucas really spared him, the first thing Dallas would do after getting out of danger would probably be to gather the experts of his family and the Walkers to kill him.

In that case, Lucas obviously wouldn't be so stupid as to let him go home and then return to cause him trouble.

After taking one last look at Dallas's corpse on the ground, Lucas returned to his car and drove toward Orange County without looking back.

The three seriously injured bodyguards lying unconscious on the ground and the corpse whose eyes were staring at the sky were the only ones remaining to describe what had happened here.

In a villa of the Walker in San Francisco...

Nate's expression was extremely ugly. Just now, he had tried to call Dallas several times, but no one answered.

After associating it with Dallas's bizarre silence and stammering, as well as Lucas's clear sentence, Nate had an ominous premonition.

Generally speaking, Dallas, his shameless lackey, would never have the guts to ignore his calls. And logically speaking, his phone shouldn't have ended up with Lucas unless...

Something had happened to Dallas!

The moment he thought of this possibility, Nate found it really hard to accept.

He understood that Dallas was terrified of death. And since he was dealing with Lucas for him, he had definitely brought several bodyguards with him, which was exactly what Dallas had done.

Now, the issue was, how could Lucas force Dallas to stay silent and even snatch away his phone under the protection of so many bodyguards?

The only possibility was that... Lucas managed to subdue all of Dallas's bodyguards in that short period of time!

Nate thought that it should be impossible because the Watsons were a top-tier family in San Jose after all. The bodyguards they sent to protect Dallas, their direct descendant, had to be very competent. How could Lucas defeat them so easily?

He reckoned that there were some other variables. But he couldn't get through to Dallas's phone, so it was impossible to ask him about the situation!

While Nate was feeling extremely irritated, his phone suddenly rang.

He felt a surge of excitement in his heart, thinking that Dallas was finally calling. But he was soon disappointed because the phone number on the caller ID was one he didn't recognize.

He wanted to decline the call. But for some reason, he suddenly felt that he shouldn't miss the call. So he subconsciously pressed the answer button. "Hello, who is it?"

"Hello, Mr. Walker! Sorry for taking the liberty to call and disturb you. I'm Dallas's father, Reynold Watson. May I ask if my son... is okay now? Is he with you?" The voice of a middle-aged man came. His voice was obviously trembling, and he seemed extremely nervous.

Nate frowned and snapped in displeasure, “I don’t know where he is now. I can’t get through to him either. Besides, why are you calling me to look for your son? I’m not his father!”

“Mr. Walker... Here’s the thing, I... I just received a phone call from a stranger who... who told me that Dallas failed to complete the task you gave him, so... so you got someone to kill him. Is that true?” Reynold’s voice trembled more and more, and it was even full of suppressed anger and panic.

“What did you say?!” Nate was astonished. He sprung up from the couch and roared angrily, “What did you say? Dallas has always been with me. How could I send someone to kill him? Who the hell told you that?”

Hearing that Nate had lost his temper, Reynold hurriedly said, “Mr. Walker, I... I just got flustered and muddled because I haven’t been able to contact my son, and I even received that phone call just now. That’s why I panicked and called you to confirm the truth... I-I never intended to offend or accuse you!

“As for that phone call, it was an anonymous number. When I called back, I was told it was an unregistered number. There’s no way for me to find out who the caller was. If you have any news about my son, please inform me. Thank you very much!”

“Okay, I’ll let you know if I have any news about him.” Nate hung up the phone ruthlessly.

But he was increasingly certain that something was amiss.

Initially, he was concerned about what had happened between Lucas and Dallas. But he didn’t believe that Lucas could defeat Dallas’s bodyguards and snatch Dallas’s phone.

But now that Reynold said someone had informed him that Dallas was killed by Nate, the matter seemed even fishier.

Of course, Nate knew very well that he didn't get anyone to kill Dallas, but he wondered how Dallas was doing now.

Is he safe and sound, or has he really died, just as that stranger said on the phone?

At this moment, Nate's personal assistant suddenly rushed in in a hurry. Without even knocking on the door, he reported with panic written all over his face, "Bad news, Mr. Walker! The chauffeur just found... a corpse in the trunk of your car!"

"What?!" Nate didn't have time to bother with the assistant rudely barging because he was instantly stunned by the flabbergasting news.

He strode forward and grabbed the assistant's collar. "Whose corpse is it?! Tell me!"

"It's... Dallas Watson's corpse!"

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 668 – Destroying The Corpse And Wiping Out The Traces

Chapter 668: Destroying the Corpse and Wiping Out the Traces

Nate was thunderstruck, and his mind was exploding because of this news.

Only after several seconds did he return to his senses and bellow angrily, “Where is it? Where are the car and the corpse now?”

“Outside in the garage!”

After the assistant finished stammering this, Nate pushed him away and rushed toward the garage outside the villa as quickly as he could.

There was a fiery red Maserati parked right at the door of the luxurious and spacious garage.

It was the latest Maserati model. It was incredibly cool and stylish, so Nate had been driving it around lately.

Several panic-stricken servants were standing nervously beside the Maserati with cloths and tools in their hands. They had obviously been preparing to wash Nate’s car when they suddenly discovered the corpse in the trunk.

“Get out of my way!” Nate hollered.

The servants, already terrified by the sight of the corpse, immediately scattered and vanished out of sight.

Nate walked toward his Maserati, looked into the trunk, and immediately recognized the man stuffed inside to be his loyal follower Dallas.

At this moment, Dallas’s eyes, which had long lost their luster, were fixed on Nate. Coupled with his ashen face, he looked extremely terrifying.

A sudden chill surged from the bottom of Nate’s feet.

He took several steps back, his heart pounding wildly.

This man, who had been alive and kicking an hour ago, had turned into a corpse that seemed to have died with indignation in just the blink of an eye. It utterly frightened Nate.

It was definitely the closest he had been to death!

Dallas... was actually dead!

His corpse was even stuffed into the trunk of his car!

Who... who did it? Nate’s mind was a mess, but Lucas’s face was the first to pop into his mind.

Could Lucas Gray have really dared to kill Dallas?

“Mr. Walker, what should we do now? Should... we inform the Watsons?” The assistant who came to report the news to Nate just now asked with great caution.

As Nate’s personal assistant, he was naturally very clear about the relationship between Dallas and Nate.

Although to them, Dallas was just Nate’s lackey, they had to admit that Dallas’s status wasn’t low.

The Watsons were a top-tier family in San Jose, and Dallas’s father, Reynold, was the current helmsman of the Watson family. Since Dallas was his only son, he would definitely have become the next helmsman.

Although the Watsons were almost attached to the Walkers, the Watson had been developing well in recent years thanks to the power of the Walkers. Thus, they were no longer as subservient to the Walkers as before.

In particular, the Watsons and the Kingstons, another top family in San Francisco, had gotten acquainted some time ago. The Watsons had even given the hosting rights of the Elite Business Exchange to the Kingstons.

Therefore, the Walkers’ control over the Watsons was no longer as secure as before. If Reynold found out that his son had died and the corpse was in Nate’s car, he would have a hard time explaining.

Nate was not a complete fool.

He frowned and pondered for a long time before suddenly saying, “Immediately drive to the woods in the south of San Francisco and burn Dallas’s corpse! Remember to do it without anyone noticing and leaving any traces behind. Do you hear me?”

“As for this car, I never want to see it again. Destroy it somewhere. Push it off a cliff or drive it into the river, just get rid of it for me. Got it?”

Although he had spent a hefty amount to buy his beloved Maserati not long ago, Dallas’s corpse was in the trunk after all, and Nate definitely wouldn’t touch it again.

Besides, who knew what traces were left in the car?

While giving instructions to his assistant coldly, Nate stared straight into his eyes and warned, “You must keep your lips sealed about this. No one is to breathe a word about this! If I find out that someone has heard about it, I won’t spare you!”

The assistant complained inwardly, This is definitely a thankless task. In case anything goes wrong, I’ll probably be the first person held accountable.

But as Nate’s personal assistant, he had no choice but to bite the bullet and accept the task. “Yes, Mr. Walker. I won’t spout any nonsense about this. I will definitely complete the task!”

“Go. Remember, the faster you settle it, the better. Make sure not to leave any traces!” Nate instructed again.

Only after watching the assistant close the trunk and drive the Maserati away warily did Nate turn around sullenly.

In fact, he should have told the Watsons about Dallas' death and all of his conjectures about Lucas.

But they were just his speculations. Without any evidence to prove that Dallas had died at the hands of Lucas, Nate would instead arouse the suspicion of the Watsons because Dallas's corpse appeared in the trunk of his car.

After all, Lucas was just the live-in son-in-law of a run-down family in Orange County, so no one would believe that he had the ability and the guts to kill the future successor of the Watsons.

Besides, with the mysterious stranger's anonymous phone call to Reynold, he reckoned that Reynold would definitely think that he had killed Dallas and then framed Lucas for it.

After all, almost all the guests of Alexis's birthday party were aware that Nate and Lucas had gotten into a conflict at the party.

So after thinking about it, Nate decided not to let the Watsons know that he had found Dallas's corpse in the trunk of his car.

The best solution at hand was to first destroy the corpse and let everyone think that Dallas was missing. This way, no one would suspect him.

As for Lucas, the likely culprit, it wouldn't be too late to deal with him later!

The Watsons' home in San Jose...

Reynold Watson, the head of the Watson family, was sitting in his study uneasily. Although the secretary next to him was still reporting to him the information regarding the preparation for the Elite Business Exchange taking place tomorrow, Reynold didn't process anything he said.

Just a short while ago, he had received a call out of the blue, saying that his son had died at the hands of Nate Walker. Since then, Reynold's heart had been in his throat.

Afterward, he had made numerous calls to Dallas, but they all went unanswered. He had even called Nate, but the latter had denied it outright.

He was now at a loss for what to do. Most importantly, he had to find his son as soon as possible to determine if he had gotten into a mishap.

"Okay, stop talking to me about the exchange. I'm not in the mood to listen to it now. Has there been any news from the people sent out? Has Dallas been found?" Reynold unceremoniously interrupted the secretary's report and asked about the matter that concerned him the most.

"Uh, not yet..."

As soon as the secretary answered, Reynold's phone on the table suddenly started ringing. But it was actually a text message.

"Nate Walker's people are preparing to burn Dallas's corpse in the woods 30 kilometers southeast of San Francisco. It'll be too late if you don't head there right now."

Reynold's pupils suddenly shook.

“What? Burning my son’s corpse? Are they planning to destroy his corpse and wipe out the traces?!”

Reynold suddenly sprung up and punched the table.

Chapter 669: Intercepting the Corpse

This sudden message was like a shocking thunderbolt striking the top of Reynold's head. A chill ran down his spine all the way to his feet, making him feel as though he had plunged into an ice cellar.

“No, this is impossible. My son is definitely not dead. This... text is definitely some made-up nonsense!” Reynold shook his head profusely, in complete disbelief of this bad news.

However, at this moment, his phone received another message. But this time, it was a short video only about ten seconds long.

Reynold pushed on the play button with trembling fingers.

“Immediately drive to the woods in the southeast of San Francisco and burn Dallas's corpse! Remember to do it without anyone noticing and leaving any traces behind. Do you hear me?”

“As for this car, I never want to see it again. Destroy it somewhere. Push it off a cliff or drive it into the river, just get rid of it for me. Got it?”

Nate's familiar yet cold voice sounded when the video played. The person in the video was clearly Nate. Reynold had seen him countless times and would never mistake him for someone else, so it was impossible for someone to pretend to be Nate and doctor the video.

The latest red Maserati sports car beside him and the license plate number on it were extremely familiar to Reynold.

The corpse in the open trunk of this Maserati was revealed.

Although the resolution of the video was low, Reynold could tell at a glance that the corpse in the trunk of Nate's Maserati was none other than his precious son, Dallas!

"Dallas!" the grief-stricken Reynold howled furiously while gripping his phone tightly as tears gushed out of his eyes.

He actually had two sons. But when his eldest son was only five years old, he had accidentally fallen down the stairs and hit his head due to the negligence of the servants. As a result, his eldest son had died on the spot.

Later, Reynold became infertile because of an accident.

Therefore, Reynold doted on his only son, Dallas, greatly. He cherished him so much that he spoiled him as much as possible.

Later, the Walkers and the Watsons became rather close, so Reynold simply asked Dallas to befriend Nate.

In Reynold's opinion, Nate had an extremely high status in California, and no one in the state would dare to offend him.

He thought that if his son became close to Nate, no one would be so ignorant as to bully Dallas.

But Reynold never thought that his precious son would suddenly die, and his corpse was even in Nate's car!

After receiving the text message, Reynold didn't believe that Nate had murdered Dallas.

But he had now seen his son's corpse in the video with his own eyes and heard with his own ears Nate instructing his subordinates to destroy his son's corpse!

If Nate didn't murder Dallas, why didn't he tell Reynold? There was no reason for him to hide it from him and even order his men to get rid of Dallas's corpse quietly without leaving any traces.

"Gather all the people still in the Watson residence right away. Come with me to the woods near San Francisco immediately!"

San Jose was southeast of San Francisco, and the woods were between the two cities. Because it was remote and left undeveloped, the grass and trees had all overgrown, making it a good place for hiding the evidence of crimes and destroying corpses.

Since Reynold had already found out about it, there was no way he could just watch them burn his son's corpse without an explanation and destroy the evidence for him to avenge his son.

Reynold gritted his teeth and roared furiously, “No matter what, we must rush ahead of the Walkers and bring Dallas’s corpse back!”

The secretary, who had heard the whole thing at the side, was already drenched in cold sweat. “Yes! Mr. Watson, I’ll get to it immediately!”

Fifteen minutes later, the Watsons’ convoy sped all the way and overtook numerous cars to arrive in the woods. They pulled over at a mountain road junction that automobiles inevitably had to pass.

San Jose was geographically closer to the woods, and since the Walkers were coming from San Francisco, they had to go around a steep mountain. Thus, Reynold was confident of catching up with the Walkers before they arrived here.

Just as he expected, after waiting for around six minutes, a pair of headlights appeared, and a bright red Maserati drove over at a moderate speed.

As soon as Reynold saw the striking color of the car, a terrifyingly cold glint of hatred appeared in his eyes.

The corpse of his son, Dallas, was lying in the trunk of this car!

Nate’s assistant, driving the Maserati, was already covered in goosebumps because he had to drive in the middle of the night with a corpse in the trunk.

As soon as the car turned into the mountain road leading to the woods, it was suddenly blocked by several black Mercedes-Benz on the narrow mountain road, making it impossible for him to pass.

The assistant panicked a little. But at the thought that he was Nate's valued assistant, he felt a great sense of pride again.

There were very few people in California who dared not to respect the Walkers.

Nate's assistant slammed on the brakes and honked several times. But the convoy in front of him didn't move an inch. Not only did they not make way for him, but a few burly men even walked out.

The assistant rolled down the window and yelled, "Get out of the way! Didn't you hear me honking? I work for the Walkers of San Francisco, and I'm Nate Walker's assistant. If you don't hurry up and get out of the way, you'll be making an enemy of the Walkers. Can you afford to bear the consequences?"

After working for Nate for a long time, the assistant had gotten used to bossing others around and being all arrogant.

"Hah, get out the way, my foot! You're just a dog of the Walkers. How dare you throw your weight around in front of me!?" Reynold's eyes were bloodshot as he hollered lividly, "Go kill him!"

"Yes, Mr. Walker!" Six tall and strong bodyguards in black suits came out from behind Reynold and rushed straight toward the red Maserati.

Only then did Nate's assistant realize that things were amiss. Flustered, he wanted to roll up the windows and turn around to flee, but how could he have the time to do so?

Before he could start the car, a toned and muscular arm reached into the car through the window to grab his neck and pulled him out of the Maserati.

Chapter 670: Dog Eat Dog

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

“Help! Who... who the hell are you? I’m the assistant of Nate Walker. If you dare to lay a finger on me, the Walkers won’t spare you!” After being dragged out of the car, the assistant was still issuing a threat while struggling.

Eyes full of hatred, Reynold slowly walked up to the assistant. “Won’t spare me? Let me ask you. Where is my son, Dallas Watson?!”

“You... you’re the helmsman of the Watsons?!” Nate’s assistant’s eyes widened as he looked at Reynold in disbelief. After hearing that Reynold was looking for Dallas, he instantly froze in place, and his body turned clammy all over.

Oh my god! The Watsons already found out about Dallas’s death!

“Kill him!” Reynold commanded coldly.

Before the assistant could even react, the hand gripping his neck tightened and twisted. With a loud crack, Reynold’s bodyguard broke the assistant’s neck.

The assistant instantly died. His body turned limp and fell to the ground with a thud.

Reynold took a deep breath, stood next to the trunk of the Maserati, and opened it with shaky fingers.

A curled up corpse whose eyes were still wide open and staring out of the trunk appeared in front of Reynold. His son had died clearly with indignation.

“Son...” Reynold looked at the corpse of his beloved son and could no longer hold back from crying as tears fell on the cold and stiff corpse.

At this moment, he was no longer the powerful helmsman who controlled the entire Watson family but a father who had lost his only son.

The bodyguards standing beside Reynold also had a drastic change in expression. Only at this moment did they finally understand why the helmsman had suddenly summoned them and rushed to this deserted woods. They also understood why he had mercilessly instructed them to kill Nate’s assistant.

It turned out that the only scion of the Watson family had already died, and his corpse had been stuffed into the trunk of the car of the Walkers’ scion!

The bodyguards didn’t dare to think or even ask about the exact situation.

At this moment, it was already late at night.

In the Walkers’ villa...

Nate was in his bedroom, but he wasn’t the least bit sleepy.

He wasn’t in the mood to sleep, and he was even incredibly vexed and frustrated.

It was almost midnight, but the assistant he had sent to get rid of Dallas's corpse had yet to return with good news.

It had been more than two hours since he left for the woods. No matter what, a long time had passed, so he should have finished.

Could something have happened to this kid along the way?

Or did he flee?

Or did he get greedy and secretly sell my new Maserati before absconding with the money?

While Nate was thinking about all sorts of possibilities, his mood worsened.

Finally, after midnight passed, he couldn't wait any longer. He took out his phone and called his assistant.

But to his anger, no one answered.

Refusing to give up, Nate made several calls, but no one answered.

Damn it! What the hell is going on? Where is this bastard now? Could he have really run away?

Nate was exasperated. He picked up the lamp on the bedside table and smashed it on the floor.

But no matter how furious and loud Nate was, his assistant was already dead and would never answer his phone call again.

At this moment, in the woods, Reynold wept in front of Dallas for a long time before bringing his corpse back home.

He instructed his servants to store Dallas's corpse in a cold storage room in the Watson residence to freeze it.

Reynold didn't disclose the news of Dallas's death to the rest of the Watsons, and he even ordered his secretary and bodyguards who had witnessed the incident today to keep their lips sealed.

If anyone present today dared to breathe a word about what had happened, they would definitely be killed!

It wasn't that Reynold didn't want to avenge his son, but rather, the Watsons' status and power were far lower than the Walkers'. If the matter blew out of proportion now, he couldn't count on the Walkers to hand Nate over to pay for his son's life. They probably wouldn't even punish Nate!

After all, in the Walkers' opinion, they had helped the Watsons get everything they owned today, so the Watsons should be loyal to the Walkers. They felt that they could demand anything from the Watsons, but the Watsons couldn't ask them for justice.

Reynold was clenching his jaw so hard that his gums were almost bleeding. But at this moment, he had to force himself to bear with it regardless of how angry and full of hate he was.

Reynold could only wait for the right opportunity to deal with the Walkers and make Nate pay for the death of his son.

In Reynold's mind, the scale was gradually tipping toward the Kingstons.

Like the Walkers, the Kingstons were one of the top three families in San Francisco and an even match for them.

Just a short while ago, the Watsons had transferred the hosting rights of the Elite Business Exchange to the Kingstons, thus forming a close connection with them.

Lance, the helmsman of the Kingstons, had informed Reynold that the Kingstons would be making a great move at the upcoming Elite Business Exchange. If nothing unexpected happened, the Kingstons would become the new overlord of California.

Once the Kingstons dominated California, the Watsons, as their allies, would also gain tremendous benefits. At that time, the Wastons wouldn't be afraid of the Walkers and could even trample on them.

When the time came, Reynold decided that he had to tie the murderer Nate to his son's corpse and then use his blood as a sacrifice to his son, who had been killed unjustifiably!

Reynold's eyes flashed with hatred. Finally, he gave his son's corpse in the cold storage room one last look before leaving with gritted teeth.

At this moment, Lucas had already returned to his villa in Orange County.

After he washed up and lay in bed, his phone suddenly vibrated with a text message.

"Everything has been settled according to plan."

Lucas didn't seem surprised. He calmly put his phone down and gently held Cheyenne, who was already asleep, in his arms.

Neither Nate nor Reynold knew that Lucas was the culprit behind everything that had happened tonight.

Since Nate and Dallas wanted to kill him, he decided to turn them against each other. They had brought it upon themselves..