

## Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 241

### Chapter 241: By the Time He Comes

Perry was an extremely mercenary person who would succumb to the powerful and do anything for his interests. Based on the fact that he had framed them without getting the facts right alone, Lucas would definitely not let him continue working for the bathhouse.

Perry was naturally unwilling to leave. Although he was just the manager of the bathhouse, whose salary was not high and authority was limited, he could gain a lot of benefits.

If he left this job, he wouldn't be able to find another one comparable to this, especially since he was already old.

Bang!

Perry dropped to his knees in front of Lucas. "Mr. Gray, it was all my fault. Please give me another chance! I guarantee that I will never do anything wrong again! I have a family to feed. If you fire me, my family will not be able to make ends meet!"

Perry was weeping miserably and trying to play the sympathy card. Lucas was well aware of what he was doing, but he wasn't moved at all and ignored him.

Lucas called Joe over and instructed, “I’ll leave it to you to take care of everything in this bathhouse. Hire someone reliable to be the manager, and keep a close tab on everything that goes on here.”

Lucas naturally had no time to personally bother about such a trivial matter like dealing with the insignificant staff.

“Yes, I’ll have someone come here and take over now!” Joe naturally agreed and then took out his phone to make a call in order to make arrangements.

Meanwhile, Lucas strolled toward the tiny room that Calvin had just been pushed into, only to see that he was sitting despondently with a crestfallen look. When he saw Lucas enter, a trace of nervousness appeared on his face.

But Lucas wasn’t interested in him. He merely said indifferently, “You can go now. If you don’t want to die, run as far as you can.”

As if he had been pardoned, Calvin hurriedly scurried out.

With his sharp sense of hearing, Lucas had already heard everything that Joe said to Calvin in this room just now while he was outside.

Joe promised to give Calvin \$1.2 million as long as he signed the transfer contract. He also promised that he would help him leave Orange County and stay far from the area within the Taylors’ control.

If Calvin refused, he would still be forced to sign the contract and then face the wrath of the Taylors on his own.

Thus, between the two choices, Calvin naturally decided to be wise and chose the first one.

At this moment, Joe had already arranged for someone to take over the management of the Ocean Bathhouse and entered to report to Lucas. “Mr. Gray, I’ve already made all the arrangements. The person will come over in a while.”

Lucas nodded. “Make a trip out with me later.”

Joe naturally agreed quickly.

After walking out of the room, Lucas said to William, Cheyenne, and Charlotte, “William, go up and take a bath while I go out and buy some clothes for you. Cheyenne, Charlotte, get some rest here.”

Joe asked his bodyguards to stay behind to protect Charlotte and Cheyenne, lest they got into a conflict with some mindless people.

Although Lucas had long secretly arranged for some people to protect the both of them, he was pleased with Joe’s decision.

After leaving the Ocean Bathhouse, Joe drove Lucas along the road unhurriedly.

Lucas had already sent Joe’s subordinate to buy some clothes for William and merely wanted to talk to Joe about some matters.

“What exactly are the kinds of dubious business dealings that go on in the Ocean Bathhouse? How important are they to the Taylors?” Lucas went straight to the point.

Joe didn’t dare to hide anything and hurriedly told Lucas everything honestly.

“As far as I know, the Taylors were still just a second-tier family in the city more than ten years ago. Their mainstay was some underground businesses operated on a scale similar to Tony Zander’s businesses. Later on, the Taylors opened the Ocean

Bathhouse, but it's just a facade and smokescreen for the illegal business they run upstairs. They have brought in various beauties from all over the world and housed them upstairs to attract distinguished guests.

“With that alone, the Ocean Bathhouse managed to help the Taylors form close relationships with many wealthy and powerful figures of Orange County, allowing them to build a stable network of connections.

“Later on, those beauties became the secret weapons that allowed the Taylors to accumulate wealth and expand their businesses, propelling them to the high status of being one of the four top families in Orange County.

“However, according to the information I have, most of those beautiful women do not come from a clean background. They were either trafficked or forced to come here, and the methods used to do so were sordid and lowly as well. I heard that they often threatened and harmed the families of these women to force them to come here. But the Taylors' sources are very secretive, and they have tight security control, so no one has been able to expose all this for many years.”

Lucas frowned with a sharp and cold gaze in his eyes. “Even if the control is strict, there's bound to be many traces and clues over the years. They've done so many unconscionable things, so surely someone must have stepped in to control them. Even if the Taylors have opened up many channels and sources, they have plenty of competitors too. Do their competitors and rivals just leave them be?”

Joe laughed bitterly. “Mr. Gray, the Taylors are relatively cautious, so they didn't register the Ocean Bathhouse under their names at all. For example, Calvin Pearce. He's the legally appointed person in charge of the bathhouse, and on the surface, he seems to have nothing to do with the Taylors. So even if someone reports the bathhouse, the Taylors won't be found to be involved, and they won't admit to it no matter what.

“If something really happens, they’ll at most give the person in charge a little compensation afterward and then arrange for another person to take over. There wouldn’t be any evidence against the Taylors at all.

“Besides, the Taylors have long relied on the Ocean Bathhouse to gain a strong foothold in Orange County, and they have now developed businesses in various industries in the county. Even if the Ocean Bathhouse is eradicated now, it won’t affect them much.”

After giving Lucas a truthful explanation, Joe looked at him again. “Mr. Gray, I shouldn’t be the one to say this, but we definitely can’t hide what happened today from the Taylors. If the Taylors find out that you bought the Ocean Bathhouse, they’ll definitely take revenge on you!”

Lucas snorted coldly, and a trace of killing intent appeared in his eyes.

They really deserved to die for trafficking women and forcing them into prostitution!

“I’ll wait for them to come knocking on my door!”

## Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 242

### Chapter 242: Finally Home

After Lucas got a clear answer about the Taylors, he instructed Joe to drive back to the Ocean Bathhouse. At this moment, Joe's subordinate had also bought the clothes and was waiting at the entrance.

Before Lucas got out of the car, he turned to Joe again and admonished, "You must keep in mind what I told you before. I don't want to see any more entertainment joints and establishments that provide vice-related services. The same applies to the Ocean Bathhouse!

"Also, keep a close eye on the dirty business that the Taylors operate on the top floor of the bathhouse. Call me if something crops up."

Then Lucas gave him his business card.

Joe was overjoyed. He hurriedly grabbed the business card and saved Lucas's contact info.

"Okay, go and get busy with your matters. You don't have to tag along with me."

Lucas got out of the car, took the bag of clothes from the subordinate, and walked to the Ocean Bathhouse.

Soon, William, who had taken a bath and changed into a brand new Armani suit, walked out of the dressing room.

After washing off the dirt on his body, he looked a lot less disheveled. And due to his painstaking search for Cheyenne, he had lost a significant amount of weight, as well his beer belly.

But William's hair had already grown to his shoulder. He also had a full beard that added a touch of haggardness to his middle-aged charm.

“Wow, Dad, you're really handsome! I just realized that men have to take care of their appearance and dress up to look good! Let's go get you a haircut. I promise you'll become a great hunk with a new hairstyle. You're going to be really charming!” Charlotte exclaimed in amazement after looking at him a few times.

William poked Charlotte's forehead smilingly. “Silly girl! I'm already in my fifties. I'm not a hunk.”

“You're only fifty. Age is just a number, and anyone can be a hunk at any age! Besides, Cheyenne and I must be so pretty because of your good genes! Right, Cheyenne?” Charlotte smiled at Cheyenne with her tongue out.

“Psht, self-praise is no praise. You're so shameless.” Cheyenne pinched Charlotte's face embarrassedly, and they were all smiling and chatting with each other harmoniously.

Seeing this, Lucas had a warm and fuzzy feeling in his heart.

This was the way a family should be getting along—chatting and laughing together merrily.

They brought William to a salon where they picked a fashionable haircut that made him look much younger.

Charlotte and Cheyenne were both pleased with it. They then asked the hairstylist to give Lucas a sleek and clean cut that made him look even more handsome than he was.

“Lucas, it’s time you dress up! You’re so handsome. You look even more handsome than the celebrities on TV!”

After Charlotte teased Lucas again, they finally packed up.

Seeing that it was getting late, Lucas drove to the kindergarten to pick Amelia up.

As soon as Amelia saw William, she immediately leaped for joy. “Grandpa! You’re finally back! I haven’t seen you for a long time! I missed you so much!”

Amelia even gave William a kiss on his face.

William was immediately moved to tears while being hugged by his chubby little granddaughter.

They were all his precious family members!

From now on, I won’t gamble again. I won’t lose my precious family again!

Feeling heartened and gratified, Cheyenne and Charlotte both teared up.

As long as William could kick his gambling addiction, they didn’t suffer in vain.

Soon, the family returned to the villa in the middle of Pearl Lake.

It was the first time William came here, and he was stunned by the luxurious and dreamy decor!



He had never dreamed that his son-in-law, whom they all called a good-for-nothing, would be able to afford such a large villa, as well as the lake island of Pearl Lake!

At this moment, William had completely changed his opinion of Lucas!

He managed to easily buy Ocean Bathhouse with eight million dollars and could afford a villa worth at least tens of millions. There's really more to my son-in-law than what we see!

They entered the house merrily, and Amelia dashed in and exclaimed at Karen, who was watching television and eating some snacks. "Grandma, Grandpa's home!"

But to everyone's surprise, Karen responded very coldly. She merely glanced at William calmly before gibing, "Hah, you didn't come home for such a long time. I thought you died somewhere!"

William's joyous expression immediately froze on his face.

At the side, Cheyenne and Charlotte also felt extremely awkward.

All of a sudden, it fell quiet in the entire living room, but Karen pretended like nothing happened and continued watching TV while snacking.

After dinner, William had many things to say. But once he thought of Karen's nonchalance toward him, he felt disappointed and thought that there was nothing much for him to say to her. If he said something, she might reply to him sarcastically and destroy his confidence again.

A moment later, William decided to go and talk to Lucas.

There were many rooms in the villa, but Lucas had already gotten used to staying in the same room as Cheyenne, even though they slept on separate beds.

When he heard a knock on the room door, he walked over in puzzlement and opened it. He saw William standing outside while rubbing his hands.

“I’m not disturbing your rest at such a late hour, am I?” William asked formally.

“It’s fine. It’s still early. Dad, come in,” Cheyenne said as she walked over after hearing the noise.

William walked into the spacious master bedroom and saw Amelia sitting in a corner of the room and playing with some toys. Looking at the calmness on Cheyenne’s face, he felt emotional.

Two months ago, Lucas had promised him that he would let Cheyenne and Amelia live a happy life in the future. But back then, he was full of disdain and didn’t believe Lucas at all. However, Lucas had proven it with his actions.

William hesitated for a while before finally saying, “Actually, I came here today to ask you for a favor. Lucas, can you help me find a job?”

## Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 243

### Chapter 243: I Want to Work

William's words took Lucas and Cheyenne by surprise.

They looked at each other. Cheyenne held onto William's arm before asking softly, "Dad, why do you suddenly want to go back to work? You're already in your fifties. Just stay at home and let us show our filial piety!"

William sighed and shook his head. "Actually, I've thought about it a lot these days. I've done almost nothing my entire life. I've lived in vain for decades!

"Cheyenne, I may seem to have been idling about at home all these years. But when I was younger, I also wanted to carve a career of my own. However, I used to get criticized for everything I did just because I'm not a Carter, so my confidence was affected. And later on, I gave up and decided to just stay in the Carter Corporation as an ordinary employee.

"But after my brother got into an accident, Dominic Carter lost his biological son, so he got furious whenever he saw me, his stepson. He chased me out of the Carter Corporation and forbade me from taking part in its management. Since then, I gradually developed an inferiority complex. I stopped going to work and stayed at home all day, living each day as it goes by. I ended up spending more than half my life like this."

William sighed deeply. "So, I don't want to continue living like this, wasting my life each day idling about. I might be in my fifties now, but there are still several

years before I hit retirement age. I'm still strong and energetic enough, so I want to do some things that I wanted to do when I was younger but never ended up doing."

He said with some melancholy and persistence, "So, I want to ask you two to help me find a suitable job. I... I used to be a senior executive, but I haven't gone to work all these years, so I do feel a bit incompetent. But if I work from the bottom, I'm sure I'll be fine! I just want to rely on my own abilities to earn some money and prove that I haven't lived in vain all my life!"

Cheyenne's heart trembled.

She never thought that her father, who was always either at home or outside drinking and gambling, would have such thoughts.

Of course, Cheyenne was very supportive of William's decision to go to work and prove his own abilities with his own effort.

Lucas also had a look of approval on his face.

He was very much in approval of the fact that William, a man in his fifties who was neither old nor young, was willing to get a job and do something to prove his worth.

"Okay, since you have that intention, we won't stop you. Actually, I think it's an excellent idea. William, I actually own quite a few companies that lack management staff. Are you willing to help out at my company?" Lucas asked with a smile.

In fact, Lucas had several businesses under his name now.

The Stardust Corporation was the business left to him by his mother, and Charlotte was temporarily in charge of it. Cheyenne naturally managed the Brilliance

Corporation. He had handed over Little Atlantis City and the Ocean Bathhouse to Joe for the time being. And Flynn was responsible for taking over and reorganizing the businesses in LA that used to belong to the Brookes.

However, he lacked manpower in Orange County. The Hales had handed over many businesses to him. Although Lucas had taken ownership of them, he left them to the Hales to manage. Otherwise, huge changes in the Hales would definitely have resulted in countless trouble.

There were a few other businesses that he hadn't found a suitable manager for, such as the Solar Corporation's Orange County branch that used to belong to the Brookes. Ever since the Brooke family collapsed, there hadn't been a suitable person to take over. Currently, it was being managed by the experienced employees of the company.

But Lucas had heard that those employees were not very dedicated to their work, so he wanted to get someone he trusted to take over. No matter what, the company had gained a foothold in the city with his support, so it would have great potential once it developed. He didn't want to let it go to waste in their hands.

Now that William wanted a job, it gave Lucas an opportunity.

When William heard that Lucas was willing to let him work in his own company, he immediately seemed overjoyed. But when he heard that it was as the general manager of a company, he began to get apprehensive and anxious.

"I... I haven't managed a company in years. I'm a little worried that I won't do well..." William said hesitantly.

Lucas reassured, "It's alright. You've had experience in management previously. Once you go there, I'll have someone help you get familiar, and you'll naturally remember the skills. Look at Charlotte. She hasn't had much work experience before, let alone management experience. But after I let her take over the Stardust

Corporation, she is now the acting general manager and is doing a good job at it. Your daughter is so competent. What else are you worried about?"

After hearing this, William was again incredibly astonished.

One reason was that he actually heard Lucas say that the Stardust Corporation belonged to him too! The Stardust Corporation was a company that all the major families in Orange County wanted to cooperate with. It was a tremendous shock to William!

Second, he was also astonished to hear that his daughter Charlotte had become the acting general manager of the Stardust Corporation and was in charge of everything there.

Oh my God, all this news is getting more and more astonishing! William was in huge disbelief.

Seeing how astounded William was, Cheyenne glared at Lucas jokingly before wrapping her arm around William's. "Dad, Charlotte and I are now in charge of managing a company each. You used to hold an executive position too, so I'm sure you'll have no problem. Besides, if you really encounter any trouble, or if you have a problem you can't solve, come and talk to us. We'll figure out how to solve it together. We're all family!"

Lucas looked at William with a smile. "Yes, we are all family. William, don't worry or feel too pressured. Just do what you want to do. I plan to make you the general manager of the Solar Corporation's Orange County branch. What do you think?"

After hearing their words, William regained his confidence and puffed his chest up. He said seriously, "Sure. I'll work hard to do a good job. I won't disappoint you!"

## Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 244

### Chapter 244: Embarrassing Matter

Watching William leave the room with his back straight and looking as if he was ten years younger, Cheyenne felt extremely emotional.

“Thank you so much, Lucas!” Cheyenne exclaimed.

It was not only because Lucas had changed William and given him a chance to start afresh in life, but because of everything that Lucas had done for them and their family.

If it wasn't for Lucas, they would probably still be living in the old and shabby house they had resided in for decades while suffering from the bullying and oppression of the Carters. They might have even had their assets and home seized and be driven out to end up living miserably on the streets without any support.

Anyway, it definitely won't be like the life they were living now, which was full of warmth and hope.

At this moment, Cheyenne felt immense gratitude and a strong sense of dependence on Lucas.

Lucas smiled. “Like I said, we are family. What's the point of being so polite with each other? It's getting late. Let's put Amelia to bed.”

Cheyenne nodded but suddenly twisted her head and said with some anxiousness, “I’ll go take a shower.”

Then she walked into the bathroom with hurried steps.

Lucas thought that her reaction was a little strange, but he didn’t think much about it and instead walked to Amelia. He brought her to the side of the bed, tucked her in, and told her a bedtime story.

Amelia was extremely obedient. After listening to Lucas’s bedtime story, she closed her eyes and soon slipped into a slumber.

After a long time, Cheyenne finally came out of the bathroom.

Hearing the movement, Lucas turned around. “It’s getting late. You should rest—”

He stopped speaking before even finishing his sentence because his mind went blank when he saw Cheyenne.

Cheyenne slept in the same room as Lucas, but they had never been as intimate with each other as a married couple should. She would usually wear conservative nightdresses after coming out of the shower. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to let Lucas gawk at her. But rather, she was naturally shy and would only feel a sense of security if she wrapped herself up in clothes.

But she had now changed into a thin nightdress that exposed her fair arms and smooth calves that seemed to glisten under the light.

In particular, Cheyenne’s face was rosy, clearly from blushing. Under the light, she looked more and more ravishing, especially since she was stunningly beautiful in the first place. Coupled with the coy expression she had now, she looked absolutely alluring.



Lucas looked straight at Cheyenne for a long time, unable to snap back to his senses. Only when he felt a warm feeling under his nose did he realize that he had lost his composure.

He hurriedly covered his nose with his hand and wiped the blood while thinking to himself that she had fortunately not seen the embarrassing sight of him having a nosebleed.

Cheyenne bit her lower lip, overwhelmed with nervousness as her heart beat rapidly, as if it was going to pop out of her chest cavity.

It had taken her a long time to muster up the courage to make up her mind. She was really quite fond of Lucas and wanted them to become a genuine married couple, not just married in name.

“You...” Lucas was not a fool, and he was aware of her intentions. But he was still in disbelief as he asked hesitantly.

“What? What are you waiting for? Go take a shower.” Cheyenne glared at Lucas shyly while blushing, seemingly hesitant to say what was on her mind.

“Uh... Okay, okay, I’m going to take a shower now.”

After stammering, Lucas leaped into the bathroom.

It was rare of Lucas to have such a reaction.

No matter how calm you usually were, it was only normal to lose your composure when the person you loved finally reciprocated your feelings and took the initiative to get intimate with you!

At this moment, Lucas was standing under the showerhead in the bathroom and letting the cold water run down his body. Finally, he cooled down and became a little calmer.

The biggest reason that Cheyenne acted out of the ordinary tonight was actually due to the gratitude she felt toward him.

She felt even more grateful and guilty toward him because of the changes in William's disposition and the situation of their family.

But Lucas was not quite sure how much of the reason was because of Cheyenne's fondness for him.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Cheyenne. But after so many years of feeling guilty toward Cheyenne and Amelia, the changes in Cheyenne's attitude toward him during the past two months were deeply etched in his mind, bit by bit.

Lucas found it a little unbelievable that Cheyenne was willing to accept him now. And at the same time, he was surprised and overjoyed. He even felt a little dizzy, as everything seemed surreal to him.

After Lucas finished taking a shower, he stepped out of the bathroom nervously and realized that Cheyenne was already lying on the bed.

However, she had fallen asleep!

Lucas blinked and confirmed the fact helplessly while caught between laughter and tears.

But Cheyenne had indeed been very busy with the matters at the Brilliance Corporation during this period of time while also being worried sick about William. She was often so vexed that she couldn't sleep well at night.

Today, William finally returned home safely, giving her a huge sense of relief.

Lucas sighed slightly and gently pulled the quilt up to cover Cheyenne's exposed bare shoulders.

He said softly, "Goodnight, Cheyenne."

Then he returned to his bed.

They were both silent for the rest of the night.

Bright early in the morning of the following day, Cheyenne opened her eyes wearily and subconsciously lifted her quilt before sitting up.

But she soon noticed that something seemed different from usual.

She subconsciously glanced down, only to get a great shock as she exclaimed, "Ah!"

"What's wrong?" asked Lucas, who had already woken up long ago and was quietly sitting on the edge of his bed while reading some documents.

But he soon saw her bosom, which was too striking to go unnoticed.

Perhaps because the straps of the nightdress were too smooth, they had slipped off her shoulders and exposed her...

"Uh..."

“Ah! Hurry up and look away!” Cheyenne shouted shyly and covered her chest with her arms. After thinking about it, she felt that something was amiss and hurriedly pulled her quilt over her chest to cover herself.

For a while, an awkward tension arose in the bedroom.

## **Chapter 245: Bad Influence**

“I-I didn’t see anything.” Lucas hurriedly turned away as he explained in a panicky manner. But his words made Cheyenne blush even more because he had obviously seen it.

“You... Go outside! I need to change!” Cheyenne exclaimed while blushing shyly.

Lucas hurriedly ran out of the bedroom in a moment of panic and almost forgot to close the door. After scurrying a few steps away, he returned again to shut the door.

If his subordinates in the Falcon Regiment had seen him, they would definitely have been stunned.

After Lucas left the bedroom, Cheyenne finally felt her burning hot face cool down a little.

Thinking about the bold move she had made last night after mustering her courage, as well as the slip-up she had when she had just woken up, she felt extremely embarrassed and wished she could wrap the quilt around her head!

“Oh my god!”

*What have I done?!*

Last night, after arduous contemplation, she had finally made up her mind and plucked up the courage to change into a thin and s\*xy nightdress for Lucas. But she ended up falling asleep!

What happened early this morning made her feel overwhelmed with shyness too!

She would rarely wear sleeveless nightdresses, so she didn't notice that she had a wardrobe malfunction... Lucas ended up seeing everything...

*Ahhh! How am I supposed to face him in the future?!*

“Mommy, what happened to you?” Amelia rubbed her eyes and climbed up onto the bed from beside Cheyenne. She opened her big eyes and looked at Cheyenne's reddened face curiously.

“Mommy, your face is so red. Are you sick?” Amelia frowned worriedly and reached out to touch Cheyenne's face to see if she was running a fever.

Cheyenne hurriedly hugged Amelia and squeezed her little hand. “I'm not sick. It's just a little warm today. Come on. Let's quickly wash up. What do you want for breakfast?”

She coughed twice and changed the subject. After hearing that Cheyenne wasn't sick, Amelia soon shifted her attention to the topic of breakfast.

“Mommy, I want to eat some bread rolls today. Can I?” Amelia asked with her eyes wide open.

“Of course you may. I'll prepare some for you later,” Cheyenne agreed as she helped Amelia get changed.

During breakfast, Lucas and Cheyenne sat on opposite sides of the table. They would occasionally make eye contact before immediately blushing unnaturally and then looking away from each other.

Neither of them said a single thing during breakfast, and they behaved rather awkwardly the entire time.

Charlotte looked at Lucas and then Cheyenne before asking in puzzlement, “Cheyenne, Lucas, what’s up with you guys today? You don’t seem too good. Did you two have a fight last night?”

When Cheyenne heard the word ‘last night’, she instantly remembered everything that happened again. She blushed again, even though the redness had just faded a little.

“No, how could we have had a fight? Quick, have your breakfast!” Cheyenne picked up a bread roll and stuffed it into Charlotte’s mouth.

“Waa!” Charlotte was caught off guard by the bread roll shoved into her mouth, and she hurriedly spat it out. “Cheyenne, are you trying to choke me to death? Since you don’t want me to ask you any questions, I won’t!”

Charlotte grumbled for a long time before taking a small bite of the bread roll.

“Mommy said that she’s blushing because the weather is warm today! She felt so warm that she wasn’t wearing any clothes this morning!” Amelia explained to Charlotte while sitting on a stool for children.

“Pfft!”

“Pfft!”

“Pfft!”

...

All of a sudden, Charlotte spat out the bread roll she was nibbling on, Cheyenne spat out the mouthful of milk in her mouth, and Lucas spat out the coffee he was drinking.

William was just about to reach out for some food, but his arm stiffened, and he didn't know if he should retract his arm or not.

Cheyenne's face was as red as a tomato.

She never thought that Amelia would see her lying naked under the quilt and even talk about it in front of the rest of the family!

*Ahhh! I can't face them anymore!*

“Ahem, all of you must be full. I'll go get ready for work.” William coughed, put down his cutlery, and quickly walked out of the dining room.

As their father, he felt really embarrassed after hearing that!

But the only thing to be thankful for was probably that Karen wasn't at the dining table and so didn't hear those words. Otherwise, given how much she hated Lucas, she would have definitely lost her temper right on the spot.

Actually, it was rather strange that Karen's attitude toward Lucas had never changed even though they had stayed in the villa for quite some time now. She still glared at him in disgust and would call him a good-for-nothing or threaten to kick him out.



The three adults at the table had peculiar expressions on their faces. But Amelia, who had made the situation awkward, was still happily munching on her bread roll.

Charlotte looked at Cheyenne, who was blushing incessantly, and Lucas, who looked just as uneasy. “It seems like Amelia will have a little brother or sister soon.”

When Cheyenne heard Charlotte teasing her, she couldn’t help but reach out and pinch her face. “You’re still going on with that, huh! Keep talking, and I’ll find you a husband to marry you off quickly!”

Charlotte laughed out loud and dodged Cheyenne’s hand. “Okay, okay, I’ll stop! I’m full. I’m going to work now!”

Then she pushed the dining chair back and ran out with a wide grin on her face.

“This girl is really getting bolder and bolder,” Cheyenne said angrily before turning to look at Lucas. She said shyly, “Hmph, it’s all your fault!”

Lucas touched his nose speechlessly. *Uh... regardless of which perspective, it has nothing to do with me.*

But of course, he wouldn’t be foolish enough to defend himself in front of Cheyenne. He simply took the blame quietly.

Well, women tended to be unreasonable at times. Actually, it was rare for Cheyenne to be unreasonable to him!

After finishing the meal, Lucas drove the few of them to work.

First, he sent Amelia to the kindergarten, then sent Cheyenne to the Brilliance Corporation, and finally drove to the Solar Corporation together with William.

In the car, Lucas briefed William about the general situation of the company and then said, “Don’t worry. I’ve already explained to the branch’s deputy general manager, Mr. Nelson. He’ll help you familiarize yourself, and you can ask him if there’s anything you’re unsure of. If anyone is defiant, let me know, and I’ll deal with it.”

William nodded. “Okay, I know.”

Then he looked at Lucas intently, seemingly hesitating to say something.

Seeing this, Lucas asked softly, “William, what do you want to tell me? Just say it.”

William seemed a little uneasy, and he coughed before saying, “I just think that you can consider letting Amelia sleep in a separate room. She’s turning six this year, and it won’t be good to let her see some things.”

Then William opened the car door and quickly got out of the car like he was fleeing.

It was quite embarrassing to talk to his son-in-law about this!

Lucas froze for a moment while wondering why William had asked him to let Amelia sleep in a separate room. After he processed William’s last sentence, he looked dumbfounded!

*What is this all about?!*

## Chapter 246: Deep Pit

Just as Lucas was feeling speechless while watching William run away, his phone suddenly rang.

“Mr. Gray, I discovered an emergency here that I need to report to you.” Joe started rattling on anxiously as soon as Lucas picked up.

Lucas frowned immediately. “What happened?”

“It may not be convenient to talk about this over the phone. Mr. Gray, where are you now? I’ll drive to where you are right away,” Joe said respectfully.

Lucas pondered quietly for a moment. Since the matter was so serious that it wasn’t even safe to talk about it over the phone, it was probably extremely important.

Lucas said, “I’ll go look for you. Where are you now?”

“I’m at the Ocean Bathhouse,” Joe answered, informing Lucas of his current location.

As soon as Lucas heard where Joe was, he naturally understood that Joe had to be intending to talk to him about something regarding the Ocean Bathhouse.

*Could there be updates on the matter I instructed him to keep close tabs on?*

“Wait for me. I’ll be right there.” With that, Lucas hung up, floored the gas pedal, and turned the car around to drive toward the Ocean Bathhouse.

More than ten minutes later, Lucas arrived at the entrance of the Ocean Bathhouse.

Immediately after he got out of the car, Joe greeted him, “Mr. Gray, you’re here.”

Due to the fact that what Joe was planning to tell him was very important and confidential, he brought Lucas straight to a luxurious private room on the fourth floor of the bathhouse.

The private room was specially meant for some distinguished guests, and the walls had excellent soundproofing, thus making it the most suitable place for discussing some business cooperation and other matters. It was very much to the liking of the senior VIP customers of the Ocean Bathhouse.

After they sat down, Joe cut straight to the chase and reported, “Mr. Gray, we just took over this bathhouse yesterday, so the news of the change of ownership probably hasn’t gotten out yet. At about three am, some people sent two gorgeous women here, probably for the business that had been operating on the top floor.”

Joe raised his hand and pointed at the ceiling.

Lucas’s face turned solemn. “What happened afterward? How did you deal with it?”

Joe continued, “I rushed here immediately after I got the call. I was afraid the people who sent those girls here might notice something wrong, so I let them leave the girls here. I’ve put those girls in a room near here for the time being. They seem really flustered, and I reckon they were trafficked and brought here forcefully, but we can’t let them go yet.”

Lucas nodded, thinking that Joe had made an appropriate decision.

“Who are those people who sent the girls here? Where did they come from? Did you send anyone to follow them?” Lucas asked.

The sordid businesses of the Taylors had harmed too many innocent women and their families, so Lucas would never sit idly by and not do a thing about it.

If he could search along the clues, find all the people involved, and then get rid of them completely, there would probably be a lot fewer women who would be harmed in this world.

After Joe heard Lucas's questions, his face immediately turned gloomy. "I sent someone to tail them and secretly placed tracking devices under their cars. But the news I've heard shows that the Taylors aren't the only ones involved. There must be many other forces involved too."

"What?!" This was beyond Lucas' expectations.

He originally thought that the Taylors relied on this chain of businesses to rise up high back then and that they were the ones who sent others to collect beautiful women from all over the world.

But after hearing what Joe said, Lucas realized that there was more to this than they thought.

"Have you found out where they came from, as well as the situation of the other forces?" Lucas asked.

Joe shook his head regretfully. "Unfortunately, they were very cautious, and they made numerous detours before finally pulling over at the side of an abandoned junkyard, where they got into another car and left. The tracking and listening devices we installed underneath their cars are no longer useful. In the end, we only managed to hear some of the things they said, but we can't find out clearly which forces are involved in this. I only know that there are definitely many of them, and they should be very powerful."

Lucas raised his eyebrows. "So, it seems that we have to start from the Taylors if we want to get a clear idea of the situation."

*Bang. Bang.*

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door twice loudly and impatiently.

Joe frowned in displeasure and got up to open the door.

“Joe, bad news. Preston Taylor is here!” a subordinate said in a panicky manner.

Lucas smirked. “Speak of the devil. I was intending to go look for the Taylors, but they took the initiative to come knocking on our door.”

Joe seemed dismayed. After some thought, he reminded Lucas softly, “Mr. Gray, Preston Taylor is not an ordinary person. He’s the most competent and accomplished descendant of his generation. He might be young, but he is very ruthless, and many have died at his hands. The Taylors are definitely here with wicked intentions. You have to be careful!”

Lucas sneered nonchalantly. “They should be the ones to watch out, not me. Let’s go downstairs and meet this accomplished descendant of the Taylors.”

Lucas sounded rather derisive because he had had his fair share of experience with these so-called competent scions of top families, such as Logan Hale, Aston Brooke, and others, who didn’t live up to their reputations at all.

Besides, there was really no one in this world whom Lucas ought to be wary of.

But Joe had no knowledge of Lucas’s past. When he saw how nonchalant Lucas was about Preston Taylor, he was scared that Lucas might end up having his plan backfire because he underestimated the latter. He sighed but nevertheless followed Lucas downstairs.

At the lobby on the first floor...

A middle-aged man in his forties was questioning the receptionists with a furious expression. “Tell me, where is your boss, Calvin Pearce?! Tell him to come out here and see me!”

This middle-aged man was the very person Joe had just mentioned—Preston Taylor, the most accomplished descendant of his family, who would most likely take over as the helmsman of his family in the future.

The receptionists were two newly recruited staff, and they were so frightened by Preston’s domineering outburst that they were at a loss for words.

“We... We’re both new here, but our boss isn’t Calvin Pearce. Did you get the wrong person?” one of the beautiful receptionists said boldly.

“Bullshit! This bathhouse belongs to the Taylors. How can I be unaware of who the owner is?!” Preston barked furiously, causing the receptionists to shudder in fear.

“Since Calvin isn’t around, where’s Tim Perry? He’s the lobby manager. Get him to come here!”

The receptionist was on the verge of tears because, to her knowledge, their lobby manager wasn’t Tim Perry. She had no idea why Preston was making such a fuss.

“Neither Calvin Pearce nor Tim Perry is around. Calvin Pearce has already sold this bathhouse to our boss, and I’m the new manager of this place. Sir, how may I help you?”

At this moment, a young man dressed in a gray striped suit strode out from the back of the lobby.

## **Chapter 247: What's the Big Deal?**

The young man was Zane, whom Joe had appointed to be in charge of the Ocean Bathhouse. Zane had worked with Joe for a long time, and he was competent in handling matters as well. His capability was the reason that Joe had decided to make him the manager of this place.

But he had always worked in a poker room previously and so didn't know Preston.

“What? He sold it?!” Preston asked in disbelief.

A wave of fury immediately surged in his heart. “Who is Calvin Pearce to sell this bathhouse?! Damn it. Get Calvin Pearce to come out here. I want to question him. What gave him the guts to sell the property of the Taylors?!”

Preston grabbed Zane by his collar and glared at him as if he was about to swallow up.

Zane began stumbling on an unsteady gait while feeling furious.

As a longtime worker at a casino, he naturally had some considerable strength. He grabbed Preston's wrist, squeezed it hard, and then twisted it forcefully with a loud crack. Overwhelmed by the excruciating pain, Preston shrieked uncontrollably and subconsciously let go of Zane's collar.

Zane held Preston's hand and pushed him backward, causing the latter, who had never exercised before, to almost fall onto the ground.



“You’re really brazen, huh?! How dare you attack me?!” As the next successor of the Taylors, Preston had never been pushed and shoved like this before. “Someone, get him to kneel down!”

After Preston issued the order, the two bodyguards following him immediately pounced toward Zane.

Zane was astonished. He didn’t expect this man to have two bodyguards with him, both of whom were extremely swift and athletic, so much so that he couldn’t dodge at all. In no time, the bodyguards grabbed his arms, rendering him immobile.

One of them kicked Zane in the knee and caused his leg to turn limp before they both pinned him to the ground.

“Let go of me!”

Zane struggled to break free, but these two bodyguards were certainly not ordinary since they were Preston’s bodyguards. Their hands firmly clamped down onto Zane’s arms like iron cuffs, making him kneel in front of Preston.

“Break his hands!” Preston hollered while smiling in pleasure.

Without the slightest change in expression, both bodyguards grabbed one of Zane’s wrists each and tried to break them.

Zane’s heart started hammer violently when he sensed the sharp pain in his wrist.

*I’m finished.*

Both of his wrists were definitely going to be broken!

“Stop! I guarantee I will make whoever dares to touch him again die here!”

While Zane was in a state of despair and hopelessness, he heard an icy cold voice come from the corner of the stairs near him.

An incomparably domineering aura began to spread from that spot quietly.

The bodyguards immediately froze as they felt an inexplicable fear from within their hearts, as if they would really die if they dared to disobey that order and attack Zane again!

All of them raised their heads and looked at the source of the voice at the corner of the stairs.

With a cold and dark expression, Lucas made his way down from upstairs, one step at a time, while Joe followed behind him.

“Joe!” Zane, who just had a close shave with death, exclaimed in surprise when he saw Joe, whom he was the most familiar with.

Immediately afterward, he finally reacted and realized that the young man walking in front of Joe should be the true owner of the Ocean Bathhouse.

He was also the owner of the icy cold voice that he had heard, the person whose words saved his wrists from being broken!

Preston stared at Lucas with a hostile expression. “Who are you? What rights do you have to stop my bodyguards?”

Lucas sized up Preston, who looked much better than the pig-like Scott Taylor, even though he had a small beer belly and a chubby face.

But the immense animosity darting out of his eyes now had destroyed the kind appearance he should have because of the chubbiness of his face. He looked rather gloomy and malicious.

“You’re bullying someone on my turf, yet you asked me why I tried to stop you. Don’t you find yourself ridiculous?” Lucas gibed with a faint smirk of derision.

Only then did Preston come to a sudden realization. “So you’re the person who bought my Ocean Bathhouse from Calvin Pearce!”

At this point, he finally saw Joe standing behind Lucas, and he narrowed his eyes.

Preston had heard of Joe. And based on hearsay, he learned that Joe had recently become the new owner of Little Atlantis City with the help of a mysterious masked man and even gained control of almost all of the entertainment joints in Orange County. He had also almost provoked the Taylors on several occasions.

*Is this young man standing in front of Joe that very mysterious masked man who helped him?* As soon as this guess popped up in Preston’s mind, he quickly dismissed it.

“What do you mean yours? I bought this bathhouse from the original owner, Calvin Pearce, with cold hard cash. All the legal procedures have been completed as well, so it seems to have nothing to do with you, an outsider,” Lucas said indifferently.

Lucas’s domineering attitude immediately made Preston feel uncomfortable.

He was the next successor in line and the future helmsman of the Taylors, while the young man in front of him was a complete stranger.

Yet he had the audacity to speak to him like this. *He probably hasn’t faced the wrath of the Taylors before!*

Preston narrowed his eyes and said sinisterly, “Punk, I’m Preston Taylor, the next successor of the family! Don’t tell me that you don’t know how high our status is in this county.”

All the employees of the Ocean Bathhouse were immediately astonished.

Most of the employees here were locals of the county, so they were naturally aware of the Taylors, who were one of the four top families of Orange County. Being the next helmsman, Preston was a figure of power and prestige!

Zane began to get anxious too, because he had twisted Preston's wrist and even pushed him...

If Lucas hadn't hollered and interrupted them, his wrists would have been broken by the bodyguards!

Since this person was of high status, he was definitely not to be provoked. *What's going to happen to Mr. Gray...*

No one expected Lucas to remain cool and collected with a straight face even after learning of Preston's identity. He even asked rhetorically with indifference, "What's the big deal about the Taylors? You haven't become the true helmsman of the Taylors yet, so that makes you even less of a big deal, don't you think so?"

## Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 248

### Chapter 248: Do You Dare To Touch Him?

Lucas's contemptuous attitude not only made the surrounding employees gape their mouths in shock, but it also made Preston even more exasperated!

The Taylors were one of the four top families in Orange County. They had massive wealth and great power that spread to all industries and businesses of the county. They were formidable existences at the pinnacle, and many tried to get acquainted with them. There was barely anyone who dared to say that the Taylors were not a big deal right in front of a Taylor!

Preston had always been proud of his identity as the next helmsman of the Taylors, yet he was being undermined by the young man in front of him. How could he not be furious?

“You...” With a grim expression, Preston was about to curse out loud, but he suddenly thought of another possibility.

*The young man in front of me might really have a powerful background!*

*But he's very likely not from Orange County but a major family elsewhere!*

*It all makes sense now. This is the very reason this young man looks really domineering and could even help Joe gain control of Little Atlantis City. He even managed to buy the Ocean Bathhouse from us!*

Preston's face was gloomy and sullen as he tried his best to suppress his fury. “Seems like you're not from Orange County. In that case, where are you from? May I ask which family you belong to? Your family might have cooperated with the Taylors before.”

Since he was called the most accomplished descendant of the Taylors, Preston was undeniably not an arrogant fool who only knew to throw his weight around tyrannically. Not only could he suppress his emotions, but he even tried to pull some connections with Lucas.

Unfortunately, he had made a wrong guess about Lucas's origin. Besides, everything that the Taylors had done predetermined that Lucas would never bury the hatchet between them.

Lucas answered nonchalantly, "You don't need to ask about my origin. It has nothing to do with the Taylors anyway."

He then pointed at Zane, who was still kneeling on the ground with his arms pressed down, and said coldly, "I'd like to ask you actually. What explanation are you going to give me for barging onto my turf and harming my subordinate?!"

Lucas was being absolutely domineering.

Preston frowned in displeasure because there were very few people who dared to speak to him in such a manner.

Yet the young man in front of him seemed enigmatic, and Preston couldn't confirm the reason for his dominance and boldness. Besides, the fact that Lucas refused to reveal his family background made Preston even more sure that Lucas was the scion of a certain top family.

Before he could thoroughly find out the details of Lucas's identity, Preston decided to be cautious and not get into too severe of a conflict with him.

Thus, Preston raised his arm high, and his bodyguards immediately let go of Zane's arms and stepped backward.

Afterward, Preston turned around to face Lucas with his arms spread open to show that he had already expressed his sincerity.

Lucas raised his eyebrows and snorted coldly. “Is this the explanation you’re giving me? It’s too casual, isn’t it?! If I had come two seconds later just now, my employee’s wrists would have been broken by you.”

“What else do you want then?” Preston asked, gritting his teeth and curbing his anger.

Lucas suddenly looked at Zane and said, “How did his men hit you just now?”

Zane rubbed his arms, which had been squeezed so hard that they had turned red. He then propped himself up against the ground before getting up with great difficulty. When he was standing, his left knee was still trembling due to one of the bodyguards kicking that spot just now.

Although Zane was also a little afraid of the Taylors, he was naturally more biased toward Lucas since Lucas was the owner who had not only saved him but was now standing up for him as well.

“Boss, they just kicked my leg,” Zane answered with his head hanging low.

“Go and hit them too. Since your leg is injured and you can’t kick, hit them with a rod,” Lucas instructed. A quick-witted security guard next to him immediately walked forward to hand his baton over to Zane.

As soon as Lucas said this, Zane began to seem hesitant, while Preston’s expression became incredibly sullen.

Previously, he wasn’t aware of Preston’s identity, so he had the guts to twist his hand and push him away. But now that he knew that Preston was a Taylor, he obviously didn’t dare to hit them with the baton.

Seeing this, Preston suddenly guffawed arrogantly, “Hmph, I’m a Taylor, and my bodyguards are not ordinary people either. I don’t believe that a lowly employee like you would really dare to attack my subordinates!”

Zane's expression kept changing while he was feeling hesitant and conflicted.

But Lucas merely remained standing indifferently with a straight face while Joe, who was standing near him, watched Zane closely.

Zane had started working here under Joe's recommendation, and if he didn't dare to obey Lucas's orders out of fear for the Taylors, Zane naturally wouldn't be able to continue working at the Ocean Bathhouse anymore. That would also be negligence in proper recruitment on Joe's part.

At this moment, Zane was stuck in a huge dilemma.

He feared the power of the Taylors, but Lucas was clearly bent on going against the Taylors. In that case, he only had two options!

If he chickened out due to the fear of the Taylors, he would definitely end up losing his position as the manager of the Ocean Bathhouse while also losing Joe's trust forever.

If he complied and adhered to Lucas's orders to take revenge on the Taylors' bodyguards, he might risk offending the Taylors, but he would also gain Lucas's trust. As long as Lucas was strong enough, the Taylors wouldn't be able to do anything to him!

His current choice concerned the fate of the rest of his life! His eyes were full of various fleeting emotions.

It seemed like a long time had passed, but he had only contemplated for a few seconds.

A few seconds later, Zane raised his head with a look of determination in his eyes. He gripped the electric baton tightly in his hand and then walked straight to Preston's bodyguards in front of him.



Preston was initially still guffawing arrogantly, as he was certain that Zane wouldn't dare to offend him. But he was soon proven wrong. He looked incredibly furious while glaring at Zane gloomily, wishing he could get someone to kill him immediately.

When one of the bodyguards saw Zane approaching with the electric baton, he threatened with a look of menace, "Try touching me if you dare. I'll break your legs!"

Zane paused for a while.

Preston smirked a little. *Seems like this nobody is still afraid of death after all. He doesn't have the guts to hit my subordinate.*

But in the very next instant, Preston's eyes suddenly widened in shock.

The reason being Zane actually raised the electric baton and swung it hard and mercilessly onto the bend of the bodyguard's leg!

*Bang!*

The bodyguard also didn't expect Zane to dare to attack him. Caught off guard, his knee went weak, and he almost fell onto his knees.

"Bastard, seems like you really have a death wish!" The bodyguard flew into a rage. He raised his fist and punched Zane's head!

## **Chapter 249: Compensation**

The bodyguards that protected Preston were all experts that the Taylors had spent a lot of money to hire. Zane definitely wouldn't be able to take the punch. He would at least be severely injured, and in the worst-case scenario, he would die!

Feeling the gust of wind blown up by the swing of his fist on his face, Zane couldn't help but close his eyes while thinking to himself in agony that he might die today!

Suddenly, a phantom-like figure appeared beside Zane. Before the bodyguard's fist could strike Zane, the bodyguard was sent flying by a sudden kick!

*Whoosh!*

The bodyguard was instantly smashed through the glass door of the Ocean Bathhouse and landed far away in the middle of the road. He even almost got run over by a passing car.

Everyone watched with their eyes wide open, dumbfounded and unable to react.

They jolted back to their senses in horror only after hearing the screech of the tires of the car that had come to an abrupt stop and the curses of the driver who had slammed hard on the brakes.

The distance between the spot on the road where the bodyguard was lying and the lobby of the Ocean Bathhouse was at least more than ten meters!

Furthermore, his body had also been smashed through a thick layer of tempered glass. How strong must the impact have been?!

Everyone couldn't help but look at the bodyguard lying motionlessly in the middle of the road. It was unclear if he was alive or not.

*What kind of person would be able to kick so powerfully?!*

Soon, the crowd noticed that there was another young man behind Lucas sizing Preston up with a sinister smile.

*The person who attacked just now must be this young man, who's clearly the other man's subordinate!*

*He must be a supreme expert. Otherwise, there's no way he could have kicked my burly bodyguard and sent him flying by more than ten meters!*

Preston's facial muscles began to twitch, and he was so furious that he started clenching his teeth. It was not only because that young man had kicked his bodyguard more than ten meters away and knocked him unconscious, greatly embarrassing him. But it was because that young man was glaring at him hostilely as if he was about to kick him too.

*Outrageous, detestable!*

The young man beside Lucas was obviously Jordan.

In fact, Jordan had been helping Lucas gather various information for the past few days, so he naturally knew that Lucas had just acquired the Ocean Bathhouse, which used to belong to the Taylors, as well as the dirty business that went on on the top floor. He deliberately came over to see what was going on, but he happened to walk in on the Taylors causing a stir.

“Lucas, do you want me to get rid of this punk who's here to cause trouble?” Jordan asked with a cheeky grin.

With a trace of anger on his face, Preston thought, *Punk? I'm the esteemed future successor of the Taylors. When have I ever been addressed that way?*

But he didn't dare to flare up for the time being because he hadn't gotten a clear idea of Lucas's background yet, but such a powerful figure had already appeared.

Preston came here today with only two bodyguards, one of whom was already crippled and immobile on the road while the other was no match for Jordan. If he flared up, he would be the one to suffer!

"Hmph, it seems that you're determined to go against the Taylors. I don't know who you are, but don't forget that we're in Orange County, and this is our turf. You're being too arrogant! You won't end up well!" Preston said fiercely before glaring at his bodyguard and then turning around to leave. "Let's go!"

"Hold it!" Lucas suddenly called out to Preston, who was about to leave.

"Your subordinate injured mine and even smashed my glass door. You should compensate me for it, right?" Lucas said slowly.

Preston turned around and glared at him in exasperation, almost driven to his grave in anger by Lucas.

"Get your facts right. Your subordinate was the one who injured my bodyguard and smashed the glass door. I'm being kind enough by not pursuing this matter. How dare you ask me for compensation?!" Preston hollered in infuriation.

At this moment, even Joe was shocked, not to mention the other employees of the Ocean Bathhouse.

He had long known that Lucas was definitely not an ordinary person and that he was exceptionally audacious. But Jordan had knocked Preston's bodyguard unconscious, and Lucas even demanded that Preston compensate him. It was Joe's first time witnessing something like this!

Lucas snorted coldly. "First of all, you're the one who barged onto my turf. I didn't invite you here. Second, you people are the ones who hit us first. Even if your bodyguard is injured, it's because of his incompetence. You can't blame it on

anyone else. Third, the glass door was shattered by your bodyguard's body. Are you blind?

"The compensation will be eight hundred thousand dollars. I will let you go once you've paid it."

*What?!* Preston naturally refused. He had temporarily let go of Zane only because he realized that the situation was amiss. But if he really paid the compensation before leaving, wouldn't he be really humiliated?

"One-point-five million," Lucas said coldly.

"You!" Preston was even more enraged because Lucas actually had the guts to double the compensation! It was a huge insult to him!

"Three million." There was no fluctuation of emotions in Lucas's gaze as he continued to speak indifferently.

"..." Preston curbed his urge to curse and hurl vulgarities.

At this moment, he could tell that the young man who appeared out of nowhere was specifically trying to go against the Taylors!

If he opposed, Lucas would double the compensation amount unreasonably without mercy.

It just so happened that he didn't bring too many subordinates with him and couldn't do anything to Lucas. If he didn't pay the compensation, he wouldn't be allowed to leave. It seemed that he had to take the loss today!

"Okay, I'll transfer the money to your account now!" Preston said through gritted teeth with a gloomy gaze, as if he wanted to devour Lucas.

As the successor of the Taylors, he had never suffered such a tremendous loss before. *I must investigate the background of this arrogant young man. I will never let him off!*

“Hah, wouldn’t everything be fine if you had agreed sooner? You just had to make me raise the compensation from eight hundred thousand to three million before you’d comply. The Taylors must have too much money to spare,” Lucas gibed with a smirk.

Preston felt an urge to vomit blood.

After he clenched his teeth and transferred three million dollars out of his account, his face turned sullen, and he immediately dashed out of the door, as he couldn’t stay here a second longer.

The bodyguard behind him hurriedly followed Preston and continued to protect him while calling the chauffeur to come over and carry the seriously injured bodyguard lying motionlessly on the road.

As soon as Preston got inside his car, he immediately took out his phone and dialed a number with a menacing expression. “Find out who exactly the new owner of the Ocean Bathhouse is. I want a clear report! Where did Calvin Pearce go? He actually had the audacity to sell the Taylors’ property! I don’t care what method you use. You must bring Calvin Pearce to me!”

## **Chapter 250: Best Friends**

The encounter Preston had today was the most humiliating experience in his entire life!

Being insulted by such a young punk was simply akin to the prestige of Taylors being trampled all over by him repeatedly!

The most infuriating thing was that the young punk actually snatched the Ocean Bathhouse away from them!

Preston didn't believe that Calvin dared to betray the Taylors and sell the Ocean Bathhouse to someone else of his own accord. Back then, the Taylors had legally appointed Calvin to be the person in charge of the Ocean Bathhouse because they could tell that he wasn't too ambitious and was instead a little cowardly and extremely scrupulous toward the Taylors. So they thought that he definitely wouldn't dare to betray them.

But now that Calvin had fled, Preston was certain that Lucas must have coerced and even threatened Calvin into signing the transfer contract.

It didn't matter that Calvin had fled. But the fact that the Ocean Bathhouse, the dirty business secretly ran within it, and the beautiful ladies had all landed in someone else's hands made Preston overwhelmed with fury!

The Ocean Bathhouse was very important to the Taylors, and Preston had always been in charge of it. Once the news of this matter got out, the sly old foxes of the Taylors would definitely take advantage and cause trouble for him.

Thus, he was bent on finding the traitor Calvin and regaining ownership of the Ocean Bathhouse!

...

Putting aside what Preston was thinking, Joe was staring at Lucas solemnly and speaking to him in a private room of the Ocean Bathhouse.

“Mr. Gray, you have just ruthlessly undermined Preston and embarrassed him. He’s known to be a vengeful person, so he definitely won’t let it go. The Taylors are also very powerful in Orange County, so they’ll definitely come looking for trouble with you. In order to avoid suffering losses... would you like to leave the city and lay low for the time being?”

Lucas sneered nonchalantly. “It’s just the Taylors. They’re not fit enough for me to be scared and avoid them. Since the Taylors are secretly involved in those sordid businesses, I’m waiting for them to come looking for me!”

Seeing that Lucas had no regard for the Taylors, Joe was still unsure of what trump cards Lucas still held. He didn’t know if Lucas was really powerful or because there were other reasons, so he had no idea if he should be worried or not.

In fact, Joe also secretly planned for the worst in his head. Since he had already pledged allegiance, it meant that he was Lucas’s man. If Lucas really couldn’t defeat the Taylors, he would try his best to make the most favorable arrangements so that he could at least save Lucas and himself.

At this moment, Lucas’s phone rang.



It was a call from a number that Lucas didn't recognize, but he still picked up nonetheless. "Hello."

"Lucas, this is Lena. Do you still remember me?" said a clear and crisp voice belonging to a woman.

Lucas was stunned.

Lena was the daughter of Ethan Sawyer, the richest man of Orange County, and also Cheyenne's best friend. Previously in Little Atlantis City, she had protected Cheyenne with her life, so Lucas had a good impression of her.

But the fact that she suddenly called him made Lucas bewildered.

"What's the matter?" Lucas asked without much emotion.

"I want to treat you to lunch today to thank you for saving me the other day. Are you free?" Lena asked.

Lucas wasn't interested in invitations from other women, so he simply said indifferently, "No need for that."

With that, he wanted to hang up.

"Wait, don't hang up yet!" Seemingly having guessed what Lucas wanted to do, Lena quickly spoke in a tone that was much more eager than before. "Actually, I'm not inviting you to lunch alone. I've just returned to the country recently, and I haven't had the chance to meet Cheyenne to catch up yet. So I've invited Cheyenne, and I'm just asking you along to join us as well!"

Hearing that Cheyenne would be going too, Lucas thought about it and agreed.

“Okay, send me the time and location. I’ll head there now.”

“Okay, no problem. I’ll see you at noon then!” Lena exclaimed, clearly overjoyed.

Soon, Lena sent the address to him. It was a specialty restaurant called The Loft.

It was getting late, so Jordan naturally stood up to get ready to drive Lucas to the restaurant.

Joe originally wanted to be the driver, but Lucas turned him down. “Go handle the matters you have at hand. Find a way to keep an eye on that line of clues, and inform me if the Taylors show up again.”

Then Lucas stood up and left the Ocean Bathhouse together with Jordan.

...

Meanwhile, Lena called one of the higher-ups of the Sawyer Corporation.

She then hung up and stared at a photo of her and Cheyenne saved on her phone while muttering to herself, “Cheyenne, don’t blame me for trying to win your husband’s heart. He’s just such a fine man... We’re best friends, so this should be fine, right?”

There was naturally no response.

But Lena had already dolled herself up, grabbed her purse, and left with a smile on her face.

...

Cheyenne, who was currently in the Brilliance Corporation, had indeed received a call from Lena asking her out for lunch and also informing her that she would invite Lucas along to thank him for saving her life.

Thinking that it had almost been a year since they got to spend some quality time together, Cheyenne agreed.

But when she was about to leave work for lunch at The Loft, her secretary suddenly came over to report, “Miss Carter, the director of the business department of the Sawyer Corporation, Mr. Mitchell, is here to discuss some cooperation matters with you in detail.”

Although Cheyenne was a little surprised as to why Mr. Mitchell would come at this time, since he was here to discuss business, Cheyenne, who had a strong sense of responsibility, naturally chose to talk to him about the cooperation out of obligation.

So she naturally wouldn't be able to attend lunch at The Loft.

Cheyenne called Lena and said embarrassedly, “Lena, I'm really sorry. An important client suddenly arrived, and he happens to be from the Sawyer Corporation, so I'm tied up at the moment. I'll have to bail on you for lunch today.”

While driving, Lena smiled and pretended to be vexed. “That's such a pity. I've already ordered the food, and Lucas is also on the way. But since something cropped up for you, and you can't make it...”

Cheyenne apologized sincerely, “I'm so sorry. Why don't you two go ahead today? I'll treat you to a meal and catch up with you when I'm free another day.”

This was exactly what Lena wanted to hear. But she pretended to be embarrassed and said, “That doesn’t seem very appropriate. After all, he’s your husband... Wouldn’t it be inappropriate for me and him to have lunch together without you?”

Cheyenne immediately laughed and said considerately, “It’s okay. He’s my husband, and you’re my best friend. Besides, you’ve met him before. Rest assured. He won’t take liberties with other women.”

Lena raised her eyebrows with excitement in her eyes, as if she was about to take on a challenge. She smiled. “Okay, since you’ve said that, I’ll get going now, Cheyenne!”