

Chapter 341: Scene in the Video

Preston felt the pores on his back instantly expanding and cold sweat profusely gushing out of them.

But he still clenched his jaw and exclaimed, “No, I really haven’t had any contact with them! I swear! If they do contact me, I’ll definitely inform you immediately!”

Lucas smiled and suddenly said, “Okay, got it. You may leave now!”

Feeling as if he had been spared from severe punishment, Preston hurriedly brought his bodyguards, Franco, and Franco’s underlings away from the warehouse.

William witnessed everything from the side, and apart from utter astonishment, all that remained in his heart was a bunch of complicated emotions that he couldn’t put into words.

He thought of the times that he had lashed out at Lucas and called him a freeloading good-for-nothing when Lucas had just returned to Orange County a few months ago. Back then, he had even berated Lucas for being a disgrace to the Carters and even wanted him to divorce Cheyenne.

But the many incidents that happened afterward made him change his opinion of Lucas again and again before finally discovering that his son-in-law was actually so capable.

The fact that Preston Taylor had been so subservient and polite to Lucas today caused William's feelings about Lucas to become even more complicated. What other surprising things are there about Lucas that I'm not aware of yet?

Meanwhile, Louis looked at Lucas respectfully. Their chairman was too impressive!

Not only was Lucas's status so superior that even a Taylor had to be cautious and polite when speaking to him, but his combat skills were also extraordinary. Although he was slim and tall with an ordinary figure, he could defeat a bunch of gangsters armed with iron rods in just an instant. Even the gangsters' boss, Charlie Franco, who was touted to be extremely impressive at fighting, was weak and helpless when facing Lucas!

Louis felt that Lucas didn't seem to be someone who existed in real life at all because he was too powerful and perfect!

At this moment, Lucas wasn't aware that he had just gained a new fan who was full of awe for him because of his actions just now.

Seeing that everything had been settled, Lucas didn't stay any longer and simply said to William, "I'll leave the rest to you. I'll get going now. If something like this happens again, call me immediately!"

William's face was a little flushed at this point. He initially thought that he could solve this matter with his own abilities and minimize the losses incurred by the company. But he didn't expect to still have to rely on Lucas to settle it.

“Okay, I know what to do. Go ahead and get busy with your own matters!”
William hurriedly said.

As soon as Lucas left, Louis darted toward William excitedly and asked curiously, “Mr. Carter, who exactly is Mr. Gray? He’s so impressive and powerful. Even Preston Taylor was so subservient toward him! Also, Mr. Gray’s combat skills...”

William interrupted Louis and said in a deep, cold voice, “Mr. Gray doesn’t like others prying into his affairs, so just remember to do your job well and stay out of other matters!”

He seemed to be warning Louis.

Lucas had never made his identity public, and even his closest family members, such as William and Cheyenne, had only just learned of his true identity recently. So William naturally knew that Lucas wasn’t willing to let others know who he was.

Louis smiled somewhat embarrassedly and said awkwardly, “I-I was just asking a casual question. I don’t mean anything else!”

At this moment, Lucas was leaving in his car and on the phone with someone. “Keep close tabs on Preston Taylor and the other direct descendants of the Taylor family. See if there’s anything strange about them lately, especially if they’ve made any contact with suspicious people in secretive locations!”

“Yes, Lucas!”

At this moment, in the home of the Wallaces, one of the four most powerful families of Orange County...

Due to Liam Wallace's demise, all the Wallaces were mourning, and the atmosphere in their home was somber and melancholic.

Liam's funeral was held in the main hall on the first floor of the villa in front. Liam was lying inside his coffin placed in the middle of the hall, surrounded by numerous wreaths of white flowers.

All the Wallaces had gathered in the villa in the middle of the manor, which belonged to Pierre Wallace, who was now frowning with a sullen expression on his face.

His eldest son, Bryant, who was also Liam's father, walked up to him and said with reddened eyes, "Dad, I've already had someone investigate this matter. Liam was indeed killed by that young man Lucas Gray!"

A strong killing intent suddenly emerged from Pierre's eyes that were gradually turning turbid. "How dare he kill my grandson? I must make him pay for it with his life!"

Pierre's eyes were wide open and full of fury, and resentment was brimming all over his menacing face.

Not only did Lucas kill Liam, but he had also insulted the Wallaces by doing so, and that was something that Pierre could never tolerate! Anyone who offended the Wallaces would have to bear the consequences for their actions!

"Dad, no one wants to kill Lucas Gray more than I do. I want to avenge Liam, but I'm afraid it won't be that easy to kill him," Bryant said with great difficulty through clenched teeth.

"What do you mean by that?" Pierre frowned. "Didn't you tell us previously that that punk is just a powerless good-for-nothing and the live-in son-in-law of the

Carters who got kicked out of the family? Is there something about his identity that makes it impossible for us to do anything to him?"

"No, that's not the case." Bryant shook his head and pulled out a cell phone from his pocket. Then he instructed someone to cast the video he had saved on the phone onto the 78-inch TV screen in the middle of the hall.

Soon, a somewhat blurry video played on the large screen. Based on the angle, it seemed to be surveillance camera footage.

"Mr. Gray, we've already let your friends go. Can you let Mr. Kingston off now?" Russell, the person in charge of the auction, asked extremely carefully, seemingly afraid of angering Lucas.

In the center of the video, there was a young man of about 27 or 28 years old ruthlessly stepping on the chest of someone lying on the ground.

The face of the man on the ground was red, and there were clear fingerprints on his neck, which seemed to be the result of being strangled. This person was Kyle Kingston!

It turned out to be footage of Lucas threatening Kyle during the altercation that had occurred at the auction the other day!

In fact, when Kyle delivered Liam's corpse to the Wallaces, he had mentioned that he almost got killed by Lucas. But the Wallaces were skeptical about his allegation because almost no one would dare to do such a thing to Kyle, given the powerful status of his family!

But when they saw the footage of the scene at that time, they were all astounded because it turned out that Kyle had told them the truth!

Lucas Gray is really brazen!

Chapter 342: Joint Attack

The footage continued playing. Lucas said several sentences, and Pierre immediately frowned when he heard Lucas say, “I, Lucas Gray, am no pushover. The reason that I choose not to create trouble is not because I’m afraid. Anyone who plans to provoke me first should consider if they can bear the consequences before doing so!” The other Wallaces also seemed to be extremely displeased.

“Who does he think he is? How arrogant!”

“Exactly! He’s the most haughty person I’ve ever seen!”

The Wallaces were all expressing their displeasure when Pierre suddenly raised his hand to stop them from speaking.

Seeing Pierre frowning and staring at the screen, everyone hurriedly kept quiet and watched the next scene carefully.

After Lucas issued the warning, he lifted his foot off Kyle’s chest and walked toward the exit of the auction hall. Just when everyone thought he was about to walk out the door, he suddenly stopped, turned around, and flicked something that darted out of his hand at an incredible speed.

Immediately afterward, everyone saw Liam, who was nearly 20 meters away from Lucas, suddenly freeze in place. Then he extended his hand and placed it on his neck. Soon, blood gushed out from the front and back of his neck as he fell backward!

“This is it! That’s how Liam got killed!” Liam’s mother exclaimed hysterically when she saw this scene. She was almost on the verge of throwing herself against the screen, wishing she could pull Lucas out of it and strangle him to death.

Pierre waved his hand, and soon, two people pulled away Liam’s mother, who was extremely agitated and worked up. He also instructed them to pause the footage.

“Did you all see clearly what happened? Did you see how that young man killed Liam?” Pierre said to everyone in a deep voice.

“Uh... It happened all too quickly, and I didn’t get a clear glimpse of it!”

“What exactly was Lucas Gray holding in his hand? Was it a pocket-sized pistol?”

“No, it doesn’t seem like it. He seemed to be pinching something in his fingers, and it didn’t look like a pistol!”

...

The Wallaces began discussing and speculating.

Bryant said sullenly, “Continue watching the footage, and you’ll find out what he was holding.”

Pierre waved his hand again, and the footage resumed playing on the large screen.

When the crowd saw the bloodstained button that the security guard handed over, everyone’s eyes were full of disbelief!

The weapon used to kill Liam turns out to be this tiny button?!

They couldn’t believe it at all. After rewinding the footage and watching it over and over again in slow motion, they finally confirmed that the button had darted out of Lucas’s hand and pierced through Liam’s throat 20 meters away to deal a fatal blow to him!

Everyone couldn't help but inhale sharply, flabbergasted by Lucas's terrifying strength!

At this moment, all the Wallaces finally understood what Bryant meant when he said that it wouldn't be easy to kill Lucas.

It wasn't that Lucas's status was so noble that he was untouchable, but rather, Lucas's reflexes and combat skills were terrifyingly powerful!

His immense strength was simply mind-boggling!

After everyone gradually recovered from the shock and calmed down, Bryant said, "I sent someone to investigate this young man and discovered that he doesn't have a simple background.

"Prior to this, I only knew that he was a live-in son-in-law of the Carters, and I even thought that he was just a freeloader sponging off his wife. But after some investigation, I found out that Lucas Gray is actually a descendant of the Huttons!

"However, he's probably an illegitimate son because the Huttons kicked him out of the family more than a decade ago, and his mother brought him to Orange County after several twists and turns. More than six years ago, his mother died of illness, and he ended up marrying Cheyenne Carter as a live-in husband because of a scandal between them.

"But soon after he got married, he suddenly left the Carters one day and vanished for more than six years. He finally returned to Orange County just a little over three months ago. It's said that he spent those six years serving as a soldier in the military, but I wasn't able to find out what specific unit he was in and what exactly he did during his service.

"That's all I managed to discover. There's no information to explain his incredible strength and the other secrets he's still harboring. All I can say is that he's an extremely mysterious and formidable enemy!"

Bryant spoke with a conscientious expression.

Of course, by saying all of this, he meant that he was too scared of Lucas, so much so that he didn't dare to take revenge against Lucas for his son. He told the Wallaces about Lucas because he wanted them to realize that they couldn't belittle him and that they would have to find powerful helpers in order to kill him.

Pierre naturally understood Bryant's intentions. He looked at the crowd and said with a menacing gaze, "I can't let Liam die in vain, and the Wallaces' pride and authority are not to be challenged! In any case, I want Lucas Gray dead by the end of today, regardless of what it takes!"

"Yes!" Bryant immediately nodded.

Since Pierre already said so, he would hire some elite experts at all costs and send them to nab Lucas. Once they brought Lucas back, the Wallaces would take revenge for Liam!

At this moment, someone suddenly stood up and said to Pierre, "Lucas Gray seems to be really terrifying. I doubt we can find any experts strong enough to deal with him."

The person who spoke resembled Bryant greatly but was slightly younger. He was Bryant's younger brother, Darren Wallace.

Pierre frowned, "What are you trying to say?"

Darren said unhurriedly, "Liam died at the auction venue belonging to the Kingstons, and both Kyle Kingston and Russell Duncan witnessed his murder. But they failed to enforce tighter security measures and watched Liam get killed at their auction site. So, I think that the Kingstons have an irrefutable responsibility for this matter!

"Besides, the Kingstons are a prestigious family that's far more powerful than ours. They definitely have connections to more experts than we do, so I think we should

contact them and have them find a top expert to come over to help us deal with Lucas Gray! In short, the Kingstons can't stay out of this matter!"

Many of the Wallaces immediately agreed with Darren.

Although the Wallaces could certainly hire some elite experts, Lucas was too powerful after all, and ordinary experts probably wouldn't be a match for him. But it would definitely be too expensive to hire top assassins.

Besides, since the Kingstons were partly to blame for the death of Liam, shouldn't the Kingstons find some elite experts to help kill Lucas?

"Yes, the Kingstons should take responsibility for this too. We must make them help us!"

"The experts the Kingstons can find should be better than ours, so we should get them to do it!"

"Yes, we can't let them sit back and do nothing!"

"Yeah, I heard that Kyle Kingston has a feud with Lucas Gray too. We can't let them reap the benefits without contributing any effort while we do all the work!"

...

The Wallaces were extremely agitated, and they had all reached the consensus of making the Kingstons in charge of hiring some experts to kill Lucas.

After pondering for a long time, Pierre finally made up his mind too. "Okay, Bryant, I'll leave this matter to you. Contact the Kingstons and inform them about this matter. We'll join hands with them to kill Lucas Gray!"

Chapter 343: Murderous Aura in the Villa

At this moment, Lucas naturally wasn't aware that the Wallaces had already decided to hire top experts to assassinate him and had also decided to join hands with the Kingstons.

Others would definitely be scared soulless if they learned that they were about to be assassinated. After all, the Wallaces were one of the four most powerful families in Orange County, and the Kingstons were one of the most powerful families in the state. Neither was to be belittled, let alone them joining forces. Anyone targeted by them would definitely be unable to escape death.

But Lucas was a formidable person. Even if the Wallaces and Kingstons joined forces to hire top experts in California, they wouldn't be able to deal with Lucas. In fact, it was almost impossible to find someone in the country who was on par with Lucas.

He was known as the invincible God of War, and he was also the captain of the Falcon Regiment. Almost no one in the world could harm him.

In the afternoon, Lucas handled some matters at the Stardust Corporation. When he saw that it was about time, he proceeded to pick Amelia up at the kindergarten and then drove to the entrance of the Brilliance Corporation to pick Cheyenne up. The family of three happily headed home to the lake villa.

The black Jaguar drove through the gates of the villa. As soon as the gates opened, Lucas could acutely sense an extraordinary murderous aura lurking in their villa.

Lucas had experienced many life-and-death crises on the battlefield, and his personal strength and combat skills had also reached a terrifying level. So he was very sensitive to such murderous auras, and he could sense it through the air.

His heart tensed up, and he stopped Cheyenne, who was about to get out of the car while carrying Amelia in her arms. Afraid of scaring his wife and daughter, Lucas said gently, "Wait for me inside the car. I'm just going to grab something inside. Let's have dinner at a restaurant tonight!"

Cheyenne asked with great suspicion, "We're already home. Why do you suddenly want to have dinner at a restaurant?"

"It's nothing. I just suddenly want to take Amelia to a nice restaurant. The food they serve is delicious." Lucas found a random excuse.

Being a child, Amelia was excited when she heard that Lucas was going to take her out for dinner. She immediately exclaimed happily, “Wow! Yay, we get to go out for a feast tonight! I want to have some pizza!”

Seeing how excited and happy Amelia was, Cheyenne naturally agreed to it.

Thus, both Cheyenne and Amelia stayed in the car while Lucas walked toward the villa alone.

After pushing open the villa door, Lucas walked directly toward the stairs. The murderous aura he detected just now was coming from the master bedroom on the second floor.

His footsteps were extremely light, especially when he stepped on the soft carpet. He remained silent all the way until he reached the door of the master bedroom before kicking it open!

Bang!

With the strong impact of his kick, the exquisite scented rosewood door flew open and slammed against the wall behind the door.

“Argh!” Caught off guard, the figure behind the bedroom door let out a muffled grunt as the wooden door slammed against his nose before he could even react and wedged him between the door and the wall. His nose started bleeding, and he was in extreme pain, completely in a tragic plight.

The man never thought that Lucas would discover him when he was hiding behind the bedroom door! *How did Lucas Gray make his way up quietly? I didn't notice his presence at all!*

Bearing with the pain and soreness coming from his nose, the man wiped the blood off of his face and darted out from behind the door with a shiny dagger in his hand. He then charged toward Lucas's throat!

The man moved extremely quickly, and he was much faster than many of the so-called experts Lucas had seen before. Others probably wouldn't even be able to react in time and suffer a fatal slash to the neck.

But the moment the lightning-fast dagger was about to touch his neck, Lucas merely sneered and reached out at a speed twice as fast as the assailant to grab his wrist and then snatch the dagger.

Immediately afterward, Lucas thrust his knee forward and kneed the man in his lower abdomen.

“Argh!” The man immediately shrieked miserably as his body arched upward. While this was happening, Lucas took the opportunity to press him against the wall in front. He then raised his hand and stabbed the dagger straight into the center of the man's palm, pinning him against the wall!

The next instant, Lucas grabbed his neck like he was grabbing that of a little chicken.

The entire process took less than two seconds!

Lucas rendered the man, who had been ambushing behind the bedroom door, powerless and unable to fight back at all!

At this moment, Lucas had punctured his hand with the dagger, keeping him against the wall. Moreover, Lucas was choking him, not giving him the chance to struggle.

Lucas finally had the time to scrutinize the assassin.

It was a man in his thirties. He was bald but had unusually thick brows and a chubby face. He was obviously a ruthless and ferocious person. Moreover, he was very muscular and had calluses all over his hands. Clearly, he had undergone hard training.

Besides, Lucas could tell from his swift and ruthless actions, as well as the dense murderous aura he was exuding, that he must have killed many people in the past. In fact, he killed for a living.

If Lucas didn't have extraordinarily keen senses, allowing him to detect the murderous aura from outside the villa in advance, he would probably have been killed when he opened the bedroom door.

“Speak up. Who sent you here?” Lucas questioned coldly while exuding a shocking aura.

Lucas would never be merciful to those who wanted to kill him or hurt his family.

At this point, the assailant was in a terrible state, his right hand nailed to the wall by the dagger, his face ashen, blood trickling down his face from his nostrils, and agony written all over his face. He was clearly in extreme pain.

He never thought that he would end up in such a miserable state. The young man in front of him, whom he was supposed to assassinate, had strength far beyond his imagination!

Suddenly, Lucas tightened his grip on the man's neck, making him feel a suffocating, painful sensation and the horrifying fear of being strangled to death.

Seeing the icy cold gaze on Lucas's face, he didn't doubt for a single moment that Lucas would kill him!

"I'll tell you... I'll tell you! It's... the Kingstons who sent me!" the man said with great difficulty.

Lucas narrowed his eyes.

Previously, he had already warned the Kingstons not to try anything funny, but he didn't expect them to still send a hitman to kill him.

It seemed that he had been too kind to Kyle by letting him off before, which was why the Kingstons hadn't learned their lesson yet and repeatedly tried to create trouble for him.

Sensing Lucas's murderous intent, the man immediately had an ominous hunch and frantically tried to threaten Lucas. "I work for the Kingstons. You can't kill me, or else they won't let you off! Neither will my master!"

Snap!

His words came to an abrupt end with the crisp sound of his bones being shattered!

The man's eyes were wide open and full of disbelief. A few seconds later, his head drooped, and he was no longer breathing.

Lucas had snapped the vertebrae at his neck into two!

Chapter 344: Is He Back?

“The Kingstons? Hmph!” A cold glint of sharpness appeared in Lucas’s eyes. He composedly headed to the bathroom to wash off the bloodstains on his hands.

He then took out his cell phone and made a call. “There’s a corpse in my bedroom. Send someone to pick it up and dump it at the entrance of the Kingston residence. Clean up the room too.”

“Yes, Lucas!” the other person immediately acknowledged without hesitating or asking about anything, as if it was just a simple order.

Lucas hung up and took a look at the time. It had only been three minutes since he entered the villa.

After thinking about it, he changed into a fresh set of clothes before walking out of the villa. He opened the car door and got inside.

Cheyenne and Amelia were both unaware of the murder that had just occurred in their home and were still excitedly discussing the restaurant where they were going to have dinner.

“I just called Charlotte, but she said that she’s tied up with work. When we reach the restaurant later, we’ll send her the address, and she’ll join us when she can,” Cheyenne said.

The three of them were living together with Charlotte in the villa.

Now that they had decided to go to a restaurant for dinner, they naturally wouldn’t leave Charlotte out.

“Okay!” Lucas naturally wouldn’t object, so he nodded, started the car engine, and began driving to the restaurant.

At this moment, in a villa of the Wallaces’ manor in Orange County...

In the spacious and comfortable guest hall, there was an energetic-looking, completely bald old man in his late sixties. His cheeks were flushed, and if not for his graying eyebrows and the few deep wrinkles on his forehead, it was almost impossible to tell that he was advanced in age.

His eyes were slightly closed, but his eyes seemed to glisten from time to time.

There was another middle-aged man in his forties sitting up straight near him. It was Bryant Wallace, Liam’s father.

Holding onto a small and delicate teapot, he was carefully pouring some tea for the old man in front of him.

“Henry, thank you for helping us get rid of a huge scourge this time. This is made from the finest Earl Grey tea leaves in my father’s cherished collection. Please try it!” Bryant said respectfully.

The bald old man picked up the teacup, gave it a sniff, and then raised the teacup to take a gentle sip of the tea. He finally sighed with satisfaction. “As expected of the finest Earl Grey tea leaves, it tastes great!”

Bryant knew to observe the expressions of others and act accordingly. He hurriedly said, “My father has plenty of tea leaves left. It’s our honor that you like it. I’ll give you a few boxes!”

“Haha, alright.” Henry Salve chuckled and accepted it without standing on ceremony.

Seeing that Henry had accepted the gift, Bryant was also in a pleasant mood. So he took the opportunity to broach the topic with Henry. “Henry, I’m sure you’ve seen that video I sent you. What do you think of Lucas Gray’s combat skills? He should still be rather inferior to Nolan, right?”

Henry said proudly with a nod, “Of course! That punk is an amateur. He’s nothing compared to me and my apprentice!”

Then Henry picked up a white porcelain teacup on the table and crushed it by giving it a tight little squeeze. Immediately afterward, he picked up one of the broken pieces, placed it between his fingers, and then flicked it forcefully. In an instant, the broken porcelain piece darted through the air and struck the door.

Bang!

A small hole was bored in the sturdy wooden door.

“Wow!” Bryant immediately gasped in amazement. It was the first time he saw with his own eyes someone boring a hole through a wooden door nearly ten meters away with a piece of a broken porcelain cup!

Most importantly, Henry seemed to have done it effortlessly. Yet there was already so much power in his strike, and it didn’t seem inferior to Lucas’s strike!

Seeing the look of admiration on Bryant’s face, Henry couldn’t help but be smug, but he maintained an indifferent expression. He said nonchalantly, “What’s there to make a fuss about? It’s just some beginner skills. My apprentice can also do it effortlessly!”

After seeing Henry’s move, Bryant felt much more relieved. He initially thought that Lucas was already powerful and impressive enough. But to his surprise, it was just a beginner skill in the eyes of a top expert like Henry!

This just showed that Henry’s skills were absolutely elite, and he could easily defeat Lucas!

His spirits were lifted, and he could almost imagine the scene of Henry's apprentice, Nolan, bringing Lucas's head back.

At that time, he would definitely carry Lucas's head and place it in front of Liam's grave!

Both of them sat quietly in the guest hall and sipped on some tea while waiting for Nolan to return with good news.

But as time passed, there was no news from Nolan. Bryant raised his wrist quietly to look at the time and discovered that almost three hours had passed. Logically speaking, Nolan should have returned long ago.

"Um... Henry, should we give Nolan a call and ask about the situation?" Bryant asked, getting a little impatient.

Henry's face turned sullen, and he questioned in displeasure, "What? Are you doubting my apprentice's abilities? Do you think he can't deal with Lucas Gray?"

"No, no, no, I definitely don't mean that!" Bryant hurriedly explained. "I... I just realized that it's getting late, and it should be dinner time soon. I've already instructed my cooks to prepare a feast for you two."

"Hmph, are we not going to eat if he doesn't return?" Henry asked in displeasure.

He was still acting all lofty and aloof just now. But after his face turned sullen, his aura became menacing, and it frightened Bryant to the point of shivering.

"Yes, I'll instruct them to serve the food!" Bryant quickly said before leaving anxiously. Only after he was far away did he wipe the cold sweat on his forehead. Afterward, he hurriedly instructed his servants to set the table.

After Bryant left the guest hall, Henry called Nolan with a gloomy expression.

But no one answered even after a long time.

Henry darkened. *It's just dealing with some punk. Hasn't Nolan dealt with him yet?*

“Henry, bad news. There’s going to be trouble!” Suddenly, someone pushed the door open and stumbled in, his face deathly pale and full of horror. It was Bryant, who just left a short while ago!

“Why are you yelling? Behave yourself! Are the Wallaces all so ill-mannered?” Henry was already in a foul mood, and he got even more frustrated when Bryant suddenly charged in.

“It’s No-Nolan...” Bryant, who had always been calm, was so flustered that he couldn’t speak coherently.

“What happened to Nolan? Is he back?” Henry quickly asked.

On the verge of tears, Bryant spluttered, “Nolan... Nolan is dead!”

“What did you say?!” Henry’s expression changed drastically, and he suddenly stood up, staring at Bryant in disbelief.

Although Henry had taken many apprentices under his tutelage in his life, most of them hadn’t learned much of his skills, except Nolan, who was his favorite disciple and whom he was most proud of too. Not only had Nolan learned almost 90% of his skills, but he was also set to be Henry’s successor.

Henry originally thought that apart from himself, there would probably be no one in the field of combat who could rival Nolan. He didn’t expect to hear from Bryant that Nolan, his favorite disciple, had died!

“Nonsense! Who died?! Repeat yourself! Who died?!” Henry hollered. He was glowering at Bryant furiously as he strode toward him and grabbed him by the collar.

Bryant was so frightened that his teeth began to chatter, and he could barely speak. “He... he’s outside!”

“Punk, you’d better bear this in mind. If you dare to lie to me, I have plenty of ways to kill you!” With that, Henry left Bryant behind and dashed toward the door of the villa.

Soon, he saw a corpse at the entrance of the villa. The corpse had a familiar face and figure, but there were no longer any signs of life on his face, and his eyes were still wide open and full of confusion, mixed with a tinge of agony and shock. It was as if he had seen a horrifying scene moments before his death.

It was Nolan's corpse!

Because his body was lying flat on the ground, the five greenish-purple marks were clearly visible on his neck, which was now soft and limp. Clearly, his hyoid bone had been crushed!

"Nolan! My good apprentice!" Henry suddenly let out a deafening roar as a murderous intent instantly surged from his body.

There were two security guards standing beside Nolan. They were the ones who had carried Nolan's corpse from the entrance of the Wallaces' manor to the villa.

"Get lost!" Henry roared. Then he extended his hands, which were as hard as steel, and leaped forward to grab each of them by the collar before flinging them to the sides forcefully as though they were pieces of garbage.

Bang!

Bang!

The two security guards slammed against the two tall and large marble statues more than twenty meters away with two loud thuds. In an instant, their skulls shattered, and all their bones broke, resulting in instant death!

The violent and brutal scene immediately made everyone frightened, and they started shivering continuously.

Throwing two grown adults against statues more than twenty meters away wasn't something that ordinary people could do.

Without a doubt, Henry was definitely powerful and terrifying. But at the same time, his menace made everyone shudder.

Bryant and the other Wallaces looked at Henry in fear, not daring to breathe at all, afraid that they would incur the wrath of the grief-stricken Henry, who had just lost his apprentice and might vent all his anger on them.

After all, Nolan had died because Bryant wanted to take revenge for Liam.

“No matter who killed my apprentice, I will chop him up into pieces!” Henry hollered furiously with clenched fists.

Henry suddenly turned around and stared at Bryant. “My apprentice died helping you try to kill that bastard Lucas Gray.”

Bryant’s heart skipped a beat, and he gulped. Just as he was about to say something, Henry spoke again. “I want all the information about Lucas Gray within five minutes! If you dare to hide anything from me deliberately, don’t blame me for being ruthless!”

Then Henry picked up Nolan’s corpse from the ground and walked into the villa.

Standing at the entrance of the villa, Bryant and the others were full of anxiety.

Of course, he could immediately give Henry all the information they had found about Lucas, but there were many matters regarding Lucas that the Wallaces still couldn’t find out. If Henry got the wrong idea and took it that they were deliberately hiding things from him, there would be no way for them to explain themselves.

But this wasn’t exactly bad news for the Wallaces.

After learning about Nolan’s death, Henry was boiling with fury, and they knew that he would definitely personally go to avenge his apprentice. So Lucas would absolutely die without a doubt!

Elsewhere in Orange County at this moment, Lucas had just come out of a restaurant with Cheyenne, Amelia, and Charlotte after dinner.

The four of them had enjoyed a pleasant and heartwarming dinner. Charlotte looked at Cheyenne and Lucas and suddenly giggled. “Cheyenne, Lucas, do you two feel that it’s especially warm today?”

Cheyenne said in bewilderment, “No, the weather has been fine lately. And it’s been raining, so it’s not that warm now.”

Charlotte looked at Cheyenne, who answered her question seriously, and suddenly burst into laughter. “Cheyenne, you’re so cute. Don’t you realize that there are two large gooseberries beside you? My face is getting so warm! Am I right, Amelia?”

With that, she bent down and took the confused Amelia’s hand.

Only then did Cheyenne realize what Charlotte meant. She immediately felt ashamed and embarrassed as her cheeks became flushed. She chided in annoyance, “You... What nonsense are you saying? You’re going to lead Amelia astray!”

While speaking, she stole a glance at Lucas and happened to make eye contact with him, who was looking at her with a gentle and intense gaze.

Cheyenne’s heart began racing, and she frantically looked away, but her face became even warmer.

Charlotte chuckled when she saw how shy Cheyenne was. Holding Amelia’s hand, she suddenly asked, “Amelia, there’s a movie theater nearby. Why don’t I take you there to watch a movie?”

“Sure! I want to watch *Mulan*!” Amelia immediately cheered in joy when she heard that Charlotte was going to take her to the movies. Although she had already watched ‘*Mulan*’ a few times, she was still excited to watch it again.

Cheyenne immediately agreed, “Okay, I’ll go buy the tickets then!”

Charlotte pulled Cheyenne and whispered in her ear, “Cheyenne, are you that dense? I specifically suggested taking Amelia to watch a movie because I want to let you spend some time alone with Lucas. Why don’t you get it?”

“Charlotte, you... seriously!” Cheyenne finally realized what her sister was up to, and she couldn’t help pinching her face embarrassedly. “Nonsense!”

Charlotte dodged it with a smile. “Cheyenne, don’t you want to spend time alone with Lucas?”

Cheyenne was instantly stunned.

Lucas had a good sense of hearing. Even though they were whispering to each other, he could hear them clearly. When he heard the words ‘some time alone’, he couldn’t help but be stunned.

Chapter 346: Alone Time

Cheyenne recalled carefully and realized that ever since she met Lucas, the two of them really hadn't spent much time alone together, let alone go out for shopping and vacations like other married couples and lovers would.

When they had just gotten married, they didn't have any feelings for each other, so they almost never spoke to each other.

Since Lucas had returned, many various incidents had occurred, and now that both of them were quite busy with work, they rarely got to spend time together. Even after work or during the weekends, they would usually be with Amelia at home. So after thinking about it, she realized that they really hadn't spent much time alone together.

The thought of it made Cheyenne feel a little keen on the idea.

Charlotte naturally sensed it too, so she pushed Cheyenne toward Lucas smilingly. "Okay, it's quite lively around here. You guys enjoy yourselves tonight. Leave Amelia to me!"

Charlotte stuck her tongue out cheekily and took Amelia to the movie theater nearby. "Let's go watch Mulan, Amelia!"

Amelia skipped along merrily and turned around to look at Lucas and Cheyenne. "Huh? Isn't Daddy and Mommy coming with us?"

“Your Daddy and Mommy have some things to do, so we’ll meet up with them after we watch the movie.”

“Okay! Bye-bye, Daddy and Mommy. We’ll look for you guys later!” Amelia even turned around to wave at Lucas and Cheyenne.

Soon, only Lucas and Cheyenne were left.

Cheyenne was still feeling a little shy because she still wasn’t used to spending time alone with Lucas yet. Cheyenne, the otherwise resolute and decisive general manager of the Brilliance Corporation, looked just like an ordinary girl in love.

Lucas’s heart melted, and he walked forward to take her hand naturally. “Let’s go. Let’s take a stroll around the streets here.”

Cheyenne lowered her head and nodded gently, but she didn’t pull her hand out of Lucas’.

Hand in hand, they both felt an unfamiliar but sweet, warm, and fuzzy feeling.

It was only about eight o’clock in the evening, which was when nightlife began. The streets were crowded with people coming and going, but Lucas and Cheyenne were particularly attractive, so they stood out from the crowd. Lucas was tall and handsome, while Cheyenne was petite and beautiful. They were turning heads along the way, and many people were staring at them enviously.

When they passed by an Ermenegildo Zegna men’s clothing store, an extremely refined and sleek dark gray trench coat behind the glass window caught Cheyenne’s eye.

She turned her head to look at the clothes that Lucas was wearing. Even though Lucas had an enormous amount of wealth and several large corporations under his name, he had never dressed lavishly and instead kept to low-profile outfits consisting mostly of clothes from cheap and ordinary brands.

Cheyenne suddenly thought of the fact that Lucas had contributed greatly to their family and often spent a lot of money on clothes, shoes, bags, and accessories for her and Amelia.

But when she thought about it carefully, she realized that she had never bought anything for Lucas.

The thought made Cheyenne feel a strong urge to buy the trench coat for Lucas.

Lucas had good proportions and stature, with a height of about 1.86 meters. He was in no way inferior to professional models, so Cheyenne felt that Lucas would definitely look stunning in the trench coat!

“Lucas, let’s go inside and take a look!” Cheyenne pulled Lucas toward the Ermenegildo Zegna store.

The two of them were walking toward the display window when they suddenly heard someone talking about them with a tone of surprise. “Hey, isn’t that Cheyenne Carter, the most beautiful girl of Orange County back in the day?”

The two stopped and looked around in search of the source of the voice. They saw a young woman dressed in luxurious designer clothing and holding a Givenchy lambskin clutch, standing about a few meters away from them. She seemed to be about 26 or 27 years old and had auburn, wavy locks, as well as a face full of exquisite makeup.

The man beside her was in his thirties and had slick, neatly combed hair. He was clad in a casual Armani suit with a Patek Philippe watch on his wrist, seeming wealthy.

The woman who just spoke was holding onto his wrist meekly, and she even deliberately stretched out her hand to show off the huge diamond ring on her finger.

From the looks of it, she should be an old acquaintance of Cheyenne.

But when Cheyenne saw her, there was no change in her emotion. On the contrary, she was a little cold and aloof as she merely answered indifferently, “Oh, it’s you, Rachelle George. It’s been a long time.”

She didn’t want to have anything to do with Rachelle at all, but since she ran into her here, it was inevitable that she had to greet her.

The moment the man beside Rachelle saw Cheyenne, his eyes gleamed with amazement.

After all, Cheyenne was just too gorgeous. Although Rachelle was pretty too, she paled greatly in comparison to Cheyenne, who made her seem tacky and unbearable to sight.

Staring at Cheyenne’s small, delicate, and pretty face that hadn’t changed at all from years ago, Rachelle couldn’t help being a little envious.

“Cheyenne Carter, you used to be the school belle back in the day, and you went on to become hailed as the most beautiful girl in Orange County. You enjoyed so much glory! But I heard that you ended up marrying a lowly chauffeur, right? Is it because of the scandal that spread like wildfire throughout the county back then? From the way I see it, there was actually no need for you to marry him. In this day and age, it’s not necessary to marry a man just because you slept with him!

“I heard that that man comes from a poor family and has nothing to his name. What were you after when you married him? Ah, it’s such a pity that you lost contact with the rest of our classmates a long time ago. I couldn’t find you no matter how hard I tried! Quick, tell me. How are you and your husband now? Have you gotten a divorce yet?”

Rachelle sounded like she was feeling unjust for Cheyenne, but she was actually rubbing salt into Cheyenne’s wounds and trying to mock her. She even deliberately increased the volume of her voice when she said the words ‘scandal’ and ‘slept with him’.

Her voice was rather loud to begin with, and it immediately drew the attention of the many people around them, who cast gazes of curiosity, malice, and disdain at Cheyenne.

Chapter 347: Snatching for the Sake of It

Cheyenne's expression was sullen, and she didn't want to speak to this woman who harbored great animosity against her. Instead, she said coldly, "I have something to do now. Let's talk some other time!"

With that, she took Lucas's hand and tried to walk away from Rachelle.

But Rachelle exclaimed loudly as if she had just noticed that Cheyenne was holding Lucas's hand. "Cheyenne Carter, who is this man? He's dressed in such shoddy clothes. Surely he's not your husband, right? Is he..."

She deliberately chose not to finish her sentence, but this left a lot more to the imagination.

All of a sudden, several people looked at Lucas, and the gossipy ones even began speculating and making guesses about Cheyenne's relationship with Lucas. They naturally imagined countless erotic scenes.

Cheyenne was getting a little furious, and she subconsciously tightened her grip on Lucas's hand while saying with great determination, "He's my husband!"

"Huh? So he's really that lowly chauffeur embroiled in that hotel scandal with you six years ago... Is that so?"

Rachelle pretended to cover her mouth in surprise and said loudly, “Doesn’t that mean that you’ve already been married for several years? Why does he still wear such shabby clothes? I almost thought that he was a servant or chauffeur of your family!

“Ah, I almost forgot again. I heard that the Carters have declined and almost went bankrupt a while ago. I reckon you can no longer afford to hire a chauffeur or servants, huh?! In that case, it seems the two of you are quite compatible with each other!”

Rachelle covered her mouth while giggling.

The smile she was constantly wearing on her face made it hard to imagine that she would make such derogative and sarcastic remarks.

After saying all of this, Rachelle tried to rub it in further, as if she hadn’t upset Cheyenne enough. She leaned against the man whose arm she was holding and acted all chummy and loving with him. She said flauntingly, “Oh, I almost forgot to introduce you. This is my fiancé, Daniel Devine. Despite being so young, he’s already become a business manager of the Feather Corporation, and he draws a six-figure annual salary!”

Rachelle looked extremely proud and conceited, as if she had found an impressive trophy husband.

Moreover, the man named Daniel Devine raised his chin with a great sense of superiority.

“Heh.” Lucas couldn’t help chuckling when he saw this.

He just chuckled a little because her words amused him. But in Daniel’s opinion, Lucas was mocking him.

Daniel lost his temper and pointed at Lucas. “Punk, what are you laughing at?”

Lucas didn’t want to bother with the two of them at first because they were just dimwits in his opinion. But even the most good-tempered person wouldn’t be able to tolerate someone pointing a finger and insulting them in the face. Moreover, Lucas wasn’t a good-tempered person to begin with.

Seeing tension begin to build up between the two, Cheyenne pinched Lucas’s hand gently and tried to make peace because she didn’t want the matter to blow up further, as that would reflect badly on all of them. “Forget it. Let’s not bother with such people. Don’t let them affect your mood.”

Lucas always respected Cheyenne’s opinion. So after hearing what she said and recalling that she had openly declared that he was her husband when she stood up for him just now, he immediately felt that nothing could affect his pleasant mood.

This was the first time that Cheyenne had openly said that he was her husband and the first time they were on a proper date with each other. So Lucas didn’t want such awful things to ruin both his and Cheyenne’s mood.

After glancing at Rachelle and her fiancé coldly, Lucas said to Cheyenne, “Let’s go and look at some clothes.”

Then he held onto Cheyenne’s hand and walked toward the display window they were looking at just now.

As soon as the two of them reached the window, a sales assistant in a black uniform with graceful mannerisms walked toward them and greeted them politely.

“Welcome to Ermenegildo Zegna. Is there anything you’ve set your sights on? You may try some of them on.”

Cheyenne pointed at the dark gray trench coat she had just seen from the display window outside. “I’d like to have my husband try on this coat. Please take it down for me.”

Perhaps because she had already called Lucas her husband just now, she could do it with great ease this time. Lucas couldn’t help taking a few more glances at her with a tender gaze.

But after hearing Cheyenne’s request, the sales assistant seemed to be put in a spot. “I’m really sorry, but this is an haute couture piece, and it’s the one and only piece created. We can’t allow anyone to try it on.”

“Oh, I see.” Cheyenne looked at the trench coat a few more times regretfully.

She had taken a liking to the trench coat at first glance when she saw it through the display window from outside the store. She felt that it would definitely suit Lucas well and make him look dashing. Yet she was now told that he couldn’t try it...

“In that case, please wrap it up. I’m taking it.” After some thought, Cheyenne decided to buy the trench coat without getting Lucas to try it on simply because she felt that Lucas would look especially good in it. Besides, he had a standard figure that would fit most clothes, so she wasn’t afraid that the coat would be ill-fitting.

Cheyenne took out her credit card from her purse and handed it to the sales assistant decisively.

“Alright! I’ll wrap it up for you right away!” The sales assistant was so excited that her voice became a little high-pitched. Although the trench coat indeed had a particularly beautiful design, its price was staggeringly exorbitant, so many people were deterred by its price tag. Now that it had finally been sold, she could get a considerable sales commission.

Just when the sales assistant tiptoed to take the beautiful trench coat off the plastic mannequin, someone interjected, “Wait a minute! We’ll take this trench coat!”

Rachelle and Daniel suddenly squeezed their way through to stand in front of Lucas and Cheyenne and commanded the sales assistant.

The sales assistant immediately seemed conflicted. She dawdled and said hesitantly, “I’m sorry, but this is an haute couture piece and the one and only one that has ever been created. It has already been bought by this mister and lady over here. Would you like to see other designs?”

Rachelle immediately rolled her eyes and said with displeasure, “Who bought it? They haven’t paid for it, have they?”

Daniel chimed in, “Exactly. They haven’t paid for it yet, so they haven’t bought it!”

Cheyenne was so furious that she turned pale. *Rachelle George is clearly vying with me on purpose!*

She had already taken a fancy to this trench coat when she was looking at it earlier and had already decided to buy it. Yet Rachelle popped up out of nowhere and suddenly intervened by claiming that she wanted it too. She was obviously vying with Cheyenne for it.

Besides, the trench coat was long and would look better on tall men taller than 1.8 meters like Lucas. But Daniel seemed to be only slightly taller than 1.7 meters. The trench coat would be touching the ground and look awful on him.

Rachelle was clearly vying with Cheyenne for the sake of it and obviously trying to anger her!

Chapter 348: Discussion and Criticism

Back in college, Rachelle often competed with Cheyenne and vied with her in every way possible. Thus, Cheyenne had never liked Rachelle, but she didn't expect Rachelle still to be as hostile to her, even though more than six years had passed since they had graduated.

Even though Cheyenne was nice and good-tempered, she couldn't stand Rachelle's behavior anymore.

"Rachelle George, don't go too far!" Cheyenne hollered furiously.

Rachelle raised her curved and thin eyebrows and said with a smug and provocative expression, "Who's going too far? Do you own this store? We're all customers here to buy something. Who are you to say that this coat belongs to you? Besides, my fiancé and I came to this store before you did, and we've had our eyes on this trench coat for a long time. We wanted it first!"

She sounded extremely self-righteous when she said this.

Cheyenne ignored her and turned to ask the sales assistant, "Is it true they saw the trench coat and wanted to buy it before we did?"

With a polite smile on her face, the sales assistant shook her head and said to Rachelle, “I’m sorry, Miss. You didn’t seem to say you wanted to buy this trench coat earlier, so...”

Rachelle harrumphed coldly. “I was here with my fiancé to shop for some clothes, and another assistant helped us, so of course you aren’t aware that we liked it first! We did indeed decide to buy it first!”

The sales assistant blinked. In fact, she had been standing near Rachelle and Daniel the entire time. The two of them had never asked about the trench coat.

But as a sales assistant, she didn’t want the customers to get into a heated argument in the store, so she continued to put on a professional and presentable smile before asking, “So, which sales assistant did you inform about your interest to purchase this trench coat? If she has promised to sell it to you first, I won’t have the right to sell it to someone else.”

Rachelle rolled her eyes. “There are so many sales assistants here. How can I remember which one of you it was? Besides, since I’ve said that I’ve already decided to buy it, it means that the sale was confirmed. Why are you asking so many questions? What does it have to do with you?”

After getting a harsh scolding for no reason, the sales assistant could no longer force herself to smile. Her professional smile faded a little, but she nevertheless tried to stay as polite as possible. “Miss, if you haven’t confirmed your interest to purchase this trench coat, the other customers in the store have the right to buy it. This is the rule of our store. I hope to seek your understanding.”

“You!” Rachelle’s face turned sullen after the sales assistant contradicted her. But she naturally wouldn’t argue with the sales assistant of a designer store like Ermenegildo Zegna because that would be too degrading.

Moreover, Rachelle didn't forget that her enemy was not the sales assistant but Cheyenne, who was standing next to her.

So she soon targeted Cheyenne again. "Cheyenne Carter, are you sure you really want to vie with me for this trench coat? Ermenegildo Zegna isn't a cheap brand that you can find in a random mall. It's a top international luxury brand specializing in designer clothing for men. Each piece of clothing here costs at least a few thousand dollars. Do you think you can afford it?

"It's not that I'm looking down on you, but the Carters are on the verge of bankruptcy. How can you still afford to buy clothes from this brand? Look. My fiancé is different. He's a business manager of the Feather Corporation and draws a six-figure annual salary. He can easily afford luxury goods and designer wear. But what about you? You just have a good-for-nothing husband who freeloads off of you and even got married to you because of a disgraceful reason. The entire county knows about your scandal!

"If I were you, I'd be too embarrassed to even go out! Hmph, how dare you come here and compete with me for this trench coat? You're not fit to do that."

Rachelle had completely dropped her pretense and was extremely harsh with her words. Moreover, when she realized that many people around them were looking this way, she deliberately said in an even louder voice, "Speaking of which, most people in Orange County should know who this woman is, right?"

She pointed her finger at Cheyenne and said conceitedly, "She's the most famous and beautiful Cheyenne Carter, who was embroiled in a scandal with her chauffeur at a young age six years ago. There were even lots of obscene photos and videos of the two of them circulated everywhere. Her reputation was ruined, and she disgraced her family terribly!

"The man standing next to her is that very chauffeur who slept with her back then and became her live-in husband. He sponges off her, and now, his wife has to pay

for the trench coat because he can't even afford his own clothes. Come on, everyone. Take a look at this distasteful couple. Aren't they a match made in heaven?"

After hearing what Rachelle said, everyone started whispering among themselves.

"Wow, so this is the woman known as the most beautiful girl in the county back then! I used to hear about her all the time, but this is the first time I've seen her in person. She's really quite pretty!"

"What's the point of being pretty? Didn't you hear what the other lady said? She's a promiscuous woman who slept with her chauffeur in her early twenties. She's obviously not a decent woman."

"Hey, you can't say that. She was already an adult at the time. What's the big deal with sleeping with her lover? I don't think there's anything to be ashamed of."

"In fact, it's quite understandable. She was so pretty back then, but she ended up in a scandal with her chauffeur, who's way inferior and unworthy of her at all. Of course, it would spark an outrage!"

"Who are those people to be dissatisfied? Even if Cheyenne Carter didn't marry her chauffeur, they wouldn't have stood a chance! Besides, I think her husband is quite handsome and tall. He's not as bad as they make him out to be!"

...

It was past 8 p.m., which happened to be the time when many would go out for a stroll on the streets after dinner, so there were many people in the store.

Due to the fuss that Rachelle was kicking up, almost everyone in the store was staring at Lucas and Cheyenne while making all sorts of remarks about them.

Sensing their gazes and contempt, Cheyenne felt as if she had gone back to the darkest time of her life six years ago. She got the chills and wished that she could vanish right on the spot.

“Let... let’s go!” she suddenly said to Lucas while lowering her head a little.

Lucas gave Cheyenne’s hand a little squeeze and held it even more tightly.

After hearing the disdainful remarks coming from around them, Lucas was also extremely upset because he could imagine that Cheyenne must have heard those hurtful comments all the time in the past six years.

Deep down, he felt even more guilty and sympathetic toward Cheyenne.

Lucas put his arm around Cheyenne’s shoulder and pulled her into his embrace. He said seriously, “From now on, I will never let anyone bully you again!”

Chapter 349: Insufficient Limit

The warmth of Lucas's palm spread along Cheyenne's shoulder and to her heart, dispelling the emotional trauma that had been troubling her for years.

Cheyenne raised her head and looked into Lucas's eyes to see that it was full of a gentle gaze, making her feel extremely touched.

“Hubby...”

When Lucas heard Cheyenne address him with such an endearing term, his heart was full of sweetness and joy.

Unfortunately, now was not the time for them to express their love to each other because he had to deal with this abominable couple in front of them, who was trying to create trouble for them.

Lucas looked away from Cheyenne, and by the time his gaze landed on Rachelle, it had become ice cold.

The dauntingly cold gaze in Lucas's eyes startled Rachelle, and she couldn't help feeling intimidated as she subconsciously cowered behind Daniel.

But after thinking about it, she realized that she had already beat Cheyenne in the argument just now. Not only had she exposed Cheyenne's scandal in public to embarrass her, but she had also insulted her and vied with her for the trench coat!

All in all, she had already obtained a huge victory, and there was no need for her to stay here and argue with these two losers any longer.

"Honey, let's ignore them and leave after we buy the trench coat!" Rachelle said.

With a strange, triumphant smile on his face, Daniel pretended to be generous and took out a credit card from his wallet. He exclaimed loudly, "I'm buying this trench coat. Wrap it up for me now!"

With an indignant look on her face, Cheyenne was about to say something, but Lucas squeezed her hand comfortingly to calm her down.

The trench coat had been hanging on the mannequin, but Lucas had sharp eyesight and was tall enough to see the price tag on it. He already knew that the trench coat cost \$90,000.

He was certain that Daniel definitely wouldn't be able to afford it.

Although Rachelle had mentioned earlier that her fiancé, Daniel, had a six-figure annual income, she was naturally lying.

Even if Daniel was really a business manager of the Feather Corporation, his annual income should be less than a hundred grand.

As for how Lucas knew about the annual salary of the business managers of the Feather Corporation, it was naturally because he now owned all the businesses belonging to the Hales.

Although Lucas didn't know whether Daniel really worked at the Feather Corporation or not, he was well informed about the annual salaries of the business managers.

The \$90,000 trench coat was as much as Daniel made in a year, so Lucas was sure that he definitely couldn't afford it. Even if he had enough money, he wouldn't spend \$90,000 on a trench coat.

The smile on Lucas's face grew wider when he glanced at the Armani suit and Patek Phillipe watch that Daniel was wearing.

Next to Lucas and Cheyenne, Rachelle was disgruntled by the underwhelming reaction the two had over losing the trench coat.

She sneered and mocked them again. "Hmph, I knew long ago that you two can't afford this trench coat at all. Yet you still put up a pretense in front of me. Seriously!"

As soon as she said this, the sales assistant walked over with Daniel's credit card and said with a strange expression on her face, "Sir, I'm sorry, but your card has been declined because of an insufficient limit. Would you like to use another card or try a different payment method?"

"What? How is that possible?! My credit limit is fifty thousand. How can it be insufficient for a trench coat?" Daniel immediately hollered furiously.

Rachelle just mocked Lucas and Cheyenne for being too poor to afford the trench coat. But in the blink of an eye, they were put to shame by the sales assistant. With a sullen expression, Rachelle followed suit and questioned, "That's right. How is it possible for there to be an insufficient limit? Is there something wrong with your payment machine?"

After the sales assistant heard this, her smile faded. If it wasn't because of the company policy stating that all sales assistants had to smile and be polite to the customers, she would have long rolled her eyes at Daniel and Rachelle. Why are you acting like wealthy people and showboating when you can't even afford the coat?!

“Sir, Miss, this haute couture trench coat costs ninety thousand dollars, and it's the only piece available. There will not be any discounts, and your credit card limit is insufficient!”

After hearing the price of the trench coat, Daniel and Rachelle were both in disbelief, unable to believe their ears at all.

“How much? How much money did you say it costs?” they both asked in unison.

Full of disdain toward them, the sales assistant repeated, “Sir, Miss, this haute couture trench coat costs ninety thousand dollars!”

Rachelle and Daniel's faces stiffened immediately.

They both thought that the trench coat would cost merely a few thousand dollars. They didn't expect it to cost \$90,000!

The surrounding onlookers couldn't help laughing after seeing the expressions on their faces.

“Hah, it seems they can't afford it.”

“What a joke. They should look around and see where they are now. Ermenegildo Zegna is a top designer brand for men's clothing. Isn't it normal to pay tens of thousands for an haute couture piece?”

“Exactly. I saw them laughing at others just now, and I thought that they were really rich. I didn’t expect them to be too poor to even afford it. This is hilarious!”

“Hahahaha, exactly! That said, I came here because that woman’s voice caught my attention. I bet she didn’t expect that she’d end up becoming the laughing stock!”

...

The laughter and mockery around them immediately made Rachelle’s face turn even more gloomy, and she felt especially embarrassed and furious when she heard them say that she had brought it upon herself.

“Hmph, who says we can’t afford it? My husband just took out the wrong card!” Rachelle retorted loudly while glowering at the people around her.

Then she secretly pinched Daniel’s arm and urged him softly, “Honey, hurry up and take out that card of yours that has a balance of more than two hundred grand!”

When Daniel heard this, his face darkened.

He actually only had this one card, and he only had about \$50,000 to spare.

But he had once bragged to Rachelle about how wealthy he was and even claimed to have a few debit cards that each contained a few hundred grand. Now that Rachelle was asking him to take one out, Daniel was suddenly at a loss for words.

Seeing that Rachelle was still urging him to buy the trench coat, Daniel suddenly said with a look of disdain, “Forget it. This trench coat is hideous. It looks just like those cheap clothes sold at budget clothing stores. I wouldn’t want it even as a gift. I can’t believe it costs ninety thousand for this garbage. I don’t want it anymore!”

Chapter 350: All Counterfeits

Daniel turned around to leave, but Rachelle had wanted to buy the trench coat with the intention of spiting Cheyenne in the first place. If they left now, it would mean that they admitted defeat in front of Cheyenne.

So she would make Daniel buy the trench coat regardless of what it took! “Honey, this is such a nice trench coat, and it really suits you well. It’s simply made for you. Just buy it!”

In Rachelle’s opinion, the trench coat might be a little too long for Daniel. But no matter what, she wanted to one-up Cheyenne and outdo her. Although \$90,000 wasn’t a small sum of money, it wasn’t like Daniel couldn’t afford it, or so she thought. She felt that he had to buy it even if it was purely for the sake of her pride.

At this moment, Daniel’s face was utterly gloomy. This foolish woman can’t even catch a hint! If I could afford a ninety-grand trench coat, I would have long gotten together with a younger and prettier woman. Why would I bother coaxing this dimwit?

“Forget it. Let’s go to Valentino next door! Only cheap idiots like them would shop at a cheap and low-class store like Zegna!” In order to get himself out of this awkward situation and leave with Rachelle, Daniel criticized the brand terribly.

But his words made all the people in the store, be it the sales assistants or the customers, glower at him.

He hadn't only undermined the brand by doing so, but he had also insulted all the customers shopping in the store.

"Who are you calling a cheap idiot?" A tall and muscular man walked over to block Daniel and glared at him hostilely.

"What a psycho. We're just minding our business while shopping here. Who offended you? Seems like you're the cheap and lowly one!"

"I've been wanting to say this long ago. This couple doesn't look like decent people at all. Now that they can't afford to buy the coat, they decided to undermine and criticize the brand. They even took it out on us! They must be lunatics."

...

Many people glared at Daniel with either anger or contempt in their eyes.

Only then did Daniel come back to his senses and realize that he had accidentally offended everyone here by saying that. So he frantically said, "Sorry! I'm sorry, everyone. I didn't mean to insult you. I was referring to this punk. He's the cheap idiot!" He pointed his finger directly at Lucas.

Lucas narrowed his eyes slightly.

But before he could say anything, a tall uniformed young man walked toward them with a cold and austere expression. He was wearing a 'store manager' nameplate on his chest, evidently the store manager of this Zegna store.

"Sir, did you just say that all the clothes sold at Zegna are low class?" the store manager questioned sternly.

Seeing that the store manager had come over too, Daniel immediately felt a little scared. But he soon thought of the business mantra ‘the customer is king’ and raised his chin arrogantly. “Yes, that’s exactly what I said. So what?”

The store manager wasn’t a pushover, especially when the brand he worked for was insulted. He had to come forward and stand up for the brand. “Sir, you called our brand low class, but you can’t even afford a trench coat that costs ninety thousand dollars. Who are you to make such remarks about our clothing?”

“You!” Daniel was instantly rendered speechless, but he soon pointed at the clothes he was wearing and barked out of anger and embarrassment, “Who said that I can’t afford to pay for a ninety-grand trench coat? Look at this suit I’m wearing. It’s from Armani’s high-end collection, Armani Prive, and costs a few hundred grand!

“And this Patek Philippe watch I’m wearing also costs a few hundred grand. Since I can afford these, I’m obviously a millionaire. How can I possibly be unable to afford that trench coat?”

As Daniel spoke, he even deliberately showed off the logos of his clothes and watch to everyone.

Only then did the onlookers notice that Daniel was dressed in high-end luxury brands from head to toe.

Everyone knew that Patek Philippe watches had exorbitant prices. Moreover, the Armani Prive suit was haute couture, so it was naturally expensive.

After Daniel ‘flaunted his wealth’, the people around them were dumbfounded, especially the brooding store manager.

Suddenly, Lucas laughed and gibed, “Many people may not wear high-end designer wear, but they at least wouldn’t wear knockoffs, unlike someone over here all decked out in counterfeit luxury clothing!”

It was obvious what Lucas meant by making this remark.

Everyone wondered if it meant that all the items that Daniel just showed off were knockoffs.

Many people couldn’t help looking at Daniel again.

Rachelle immediately lashed out at him. “You’re just a penniless man who can’t even afford designer wear and sponges off your wife. How can you tell the difference between genuine goods and counterfeits? Don’t spout nonsense!”

Lucas glanced at her and smiled without responding. Instead, he pointed at the Armani logo on the cuff of Daniel’s suit. “I reckon all of us here knows that the head of the eagle in Armani’s logo is facing right. But the eagle head in the logo on your suit is facing left, which is obviously wrong.

“Also, there’s a model number engraved on the back of the dial in the form of a ring. But almost all genuine Patek Philippe watches, except for a very few limited-edition models, don’t have any model numbers or logos engraved on the back of the dial!

“So, why don’t you tell us a little bit about what kind of high-end luxury goods your clothes and watch are?”

Lucas’s identification was spot-on.

Ordinary people might not be able to distinguish between authentic luxury goods and replicas, but the vast majority of the customers now standing in the

Ermenegildo Zegna store were experienced buyers of luxury goods. So as soon as Lucas pointed it out, they knew that Lucas was stating facts.

All of a sudden, everyone shifted their gazes onto the cuffs of Daniel's suit and his 'Patek Philippe' watch to scrutinize the details that Lucas mentioned.

After all, their eyesight wasn't as good as Lucas', and when Daniel was showing off just now, they didn't manage to take a close look in time.

Daniel's face turned pale, and he clenched his jaw with all his might while subconsciously hiding the cuff of his suit and his watch.

He was simply revealing what he intended to hide. He clearly had a guilty conscience! Everyone could tell that these so-called expensive 'luxury goods' that Daniel was wearing were definitely counterfeit!

"Oh my god, he's dressed in knockoffs from head to toe, and yet he has the cheek to claim that his outfit is worth a few hundred thousand! How shameless!"

"Exactly. Fancy him claiming that his suit and watch are worth a few hundred grand each. He was just blowing his trumpet!"

"Hahaha, such an embarrassment. It's hilarious!"

...

Everyone began laughing and mocking Daniel. Well, he had himself to blame for showing off his apparel, only to be exposed for wearing counterfeits.

All of a sudden, Daniel's face turned extremely sullen. He had never been so embarrassed before, and he wished he could dig a hole and jump right into it!

