

Chapter 152

Nelson made a phone call. Francis was terrified. He would be involved and get beaten up if Mad Dog really showed up with his men. The Lelands might also be dragged into the mess.

He was so frightened that his legs went rubbery. Immediately, he turned around, got into his car, and drove off to a safe distance to watch without bothering to take Xara with him.

Xara was also a little worried.

Although she was not from Cansington, she knew that the Lelands were considered a wealthy family in the city. Despite that, Francis was afraid to offend the man

This proved that the person in front of them was not someone easy to mess with.

She pulled James and whispered, "Quick, let's make a run for it."

However, James seemed unbothered.

He glanced at Nelson, who was on the phone. Nelson had quite a handsome face. Unfortunately, it was because of his good looks that he could deceive some vain women. "You better get more people. It might not be enough for me to beat up if you don't get more." He smiled condescendingly.

Nelson's handsome face filled with anger,

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"Brat, you're dead regardless of your background."

"James, let's just go." Xara grabbed James.

“It’ll be alright. Since you already know I’m the live-in son-in-law of the Callahans, you should also know that I’m a retired soldier. I can easily handle three to five people,” James smiled at her.

Xara was relieved upon hearing his reply.

Since James did not leave, she also decided to stay and see his fighting skills.

Soon, several limousines pulled up.

A few vicious-looking men swarmed out of the car with iron rods in their hands.

Francis, who was a few dozen meters away, trembled when he saw the scene.

“It’s over. The live-in son-in-law of the Callahans is also over. My dear Xara, why didn’t you leave? Everything would be fine if you just left earlier. What should I do now? I don’t have the guts to save you.”

Seeing his comrades arrive, Nelson’s confidence immediately grew, and he glared at James.” You’re so dead, brat!”

“Who is it, Nelson?”

A fierce-looking man in his 30s with a scar on his bald head walked over. He wore a black singlet with a thick gold necklace. The scar on his head alone was enough to frighten ordinary people. This person was Mad Dog’s number one subordinate, Samuel Hoffman. He had thirty-eight consecutive wins in the underground arena and had killed countless people. Nelson walked over and bowed. “Samuel, you could’ve just sent a few men for such a trivial matter. You didn’t have to come in person.”

He pointed at James and Xara standing by the roadside. “It’s that brat. That woman is my target. She’s a really good one. I planned to bring her to our boss, but this kid interrupted me.” Samuel’s eyes immediately lit up when he saw Xara.

He scanned her from head to toe.

Xara had her hair tied into a ponytail and wore a casual white t-shirt paired with a denim skirt, revealing her slender legs. Superb.

Samuel had been with plenty of beautiful women but had never seen one so gorgeous. He swallowed his saliva and ordered, “Everyone, go! Break that man’s legs and grab the woman!”

However, a jeep drove toward them unexpectedly and honked loudly.

“Everyone, hands on your head! You’re not allowed to move...” Following the sound of the car horn, several fully armed soldiers got out of the car.

These were men under the Blithe King.

After meeting up with James, the Blithe king was worried that James would impulsively cause trouble. He was unwilling to keep cleaning up the messes James caused, so he sent a small team to follow James.

They were ordered to take immediate action if James showed signs of trying to beat people up.

Thus, the team that secretly followed James immediately sprung into action after seeing such a scene.

Samuel and the other gangsters were terrified when they saw fully armed military soldiers. In an instant, they all had their hands on their heads and squatted down on the ground, not daring to move a single muscle.

