

The Formidable Son-In-Law: The Charismatic Lucas Gray

Chapter 203 – 234

Self-Exposure Over the Phone -

Chapter 203: Self-Exposure Over the Phone

Aston wasn't a stupid person. On the contrary, he could be considered astute most of the time.

Now, Bruce had personally transferred all the businesses of the Hales to Lucas and even took the initiative to sentence his second grandson, Logan, to death, all for the sake of pleasing Lucas.

In that case, how terrifyingly powerful must Lucas be?

In this instant, Aston recalled the night where tragedy struck the Hales.

On that night, he was frightened out of his wits by Lucas and ran back home to the Brookes overnight to hatch a plan with Andrew and discuss the countermeasures they should take.

But after some analysis, Andrew eventually felt that it wasn't within Lucas's means to do that and thought that it must have been a coincidence.

Thus, he stopped feeling scared of Lucas and merely thought that he was using the military's presence to pretend to be powerful so as to frighten others.

But after seeing Bruce, the patriarch of the Hales who had been taken away earlier on, Aston immediately understood what was going on!

A massive sense of fear and horror engulfed Aston's heart, and at the same time, he was overwhelmed with regret. He had just been extremely hostile when mocking Lucas. If Lucas decided to take revenge on them...

Bang!

The more Aston thought about it, the more terrified he became. His legs went limp as he dropped onto his knees in front of Lucas with a dull thud.

“Mr. Gray, I spouted that nonsense because I was all muddled up just now... All those terrible things I said are my personal statements, and they have nothing to do with my grandfather and the rest of my family. Please spare the Brookes. I’ll make up for it in any way you want me to!”

Aston was not stupid, and he knew that the hostile and snide remarks he made just now would definitely bring death upon him. He knew that it was impossible for Lucas to let him off, so he thought that he might as well carry all the burden so that Lucas would let the Brookes off the hook.

Lucas had effortlessly annihilated the prestigious and powerful Hales. The Brookes were far from being comparable to the Hales, so if he wanted to exact revenge on them, their resulting fate would definitely be worse off than that of the Hales!

After all, the Hales had only offended Lucas, while the Brookes had not only offended him but also betrayed him!

At the thought of this, Aston broke out in cold sweat in regret and frustration.

Lucas glanced at Aston with a smirk, but he didn’t say anything.

Aston was about to continue pleading, but his phone suddenly started ringing.

He took out his phone. As soon as he saw his grandfather’s info on the screen, he felt his vision turning black as he frantically tried to dismiss the call.

“Answer it and put it on speaker,” Lucas ordered indifferently while sitting calmly on the couch.

His voice wasn’t loud, but it was domineering and overwhelming, so much so that Aston didn’t dare to disobey.

His fingers were trembling, but he had no choice except to obey Lucas, answer the phone, and put it on speaker.

Soon, Andrew’s voice came clearly from the phone. “Aston, how’s the matter I asked you to do going? How many of the businesses and properties of the Hales have you seized? What did Lucas Gray say?”

“Grandpa... Grandpa...” Aston wanted to stop Andrew from continuing, but when Lucas shot him a warning glance, he shuddered in fear as his throat tightened. He couldn’t even say a complete sentence.

On the other end, Andrew didn’t notice Aston’s abnormal behavior and merely thought that he hadn’t completed the task yet. So he questioned in displeasure, “What? Did

Lucas Gray disobey? Hmph, if he doesn't know how to behave, I'll send Stanley to get rid of him!"

Hearing Andrew's words, Aston was on the verge of peeing his pants. He bit the tip of his tongue hard and really wanted to tell his grandfather something, but Lucas snatched his phone away.

"Mr. Brooke, what does it mean to behave? Also, who did you say you wanted to get rid of?" Lucas slowly asked as he held the phone.

Andrew was obviously stunned, and he finally figured out that Lucas heard the conversation he had with his grandson.

Although he didn't know what the situation was on Aston's side, Andrew was full of confidence as he threatened Lucas, "Lucas Gray, don't feign ignorance! Aston should have already told you the two options that the Brookes are kind enough to give you. Have you chosen?"

Kneeling on the ground, Aston instantly collapsed to the ground with a trace of despair in his eyes.

As soon as Andrew said this, all the things he just said on behalf of the Brookes and their ignorance of the situation all went down the drain!

Lucas glanced at Aston indifferently. "Yes, your grandson has already told me. But neither of the options appeal to me. What do you think I should do?"

Andrew's gloomy voice came from the other end as he barked, "Hmph, kid, you've chosen death then! Once you're dead, don't blame me for not warning you beforehand!"

"Haha, okay, I'll wait for you then." Then Lucas ended the call and tossed the phone back to Aston.

But Aston's face was already as pale as a sheet, and his limbs had also turned into jelly. Shivering, he didn't have the energy to grab his phone.

Besides, even if he picked it up now, there would be no point.

Bruce had been quietly watching from the side, and through this phone call, he roughly understood some facts of the situation. Seeing that Andrew actually had the guts to offend Lucas, he immediately stepped forward and volunteered, "Mr. Gray, I'll help you kill this kid before returning him to the Brookes!"

Aston suddenly shuddered and peed his pants.

Lucas said indifferently, "Don't kill him yet, just cripple him."

Bruce immediately gladly accepted the order. "Yes, Mr. Gray!"

He had been worried that he wouldn't be able to get close to Lucas. But now that he received Lucas's order, he became really proactive and soon called someone to drag Aston away.

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Meanwhile, in the Brookes' villa in LA, Andrew was infuriated after Lucas hung up on him.

He wanted to call Aston again to ask what was going on and why Lucas could hear them from the side and even take the phone away to talk to him.

But after calling several times, Aston still didn't answer.

"Someone!" the enraged Andrew roared.

His personal butler immediately ran to him and respectfully asked, "Mr. Brooke, may I know what orders you have?"

"Get Stanley here immediately. I need him to kill someone in Orange County!"

Chapter 204: Sending a Killer

Andrew directly issued an order to have someone killed, but the butler simply raised his brows a little without any shock on his face. He looked down and said, "Yes!"

The butler of the Brookes had long gotten used to such things.

"Also, contact the people in Orange County and get them to find out where Aston is. Tell him to call me back immediately!" Andrew said.

The butler accepted the orders and got to it immediately while Andrew sat on his soft chair. For some reason, he had an ominous feeling in his heart.

Distracted, he fiddled with the chessboard and chess pieces on the table while waiting for news.

Soon, the flustered butler suddenly ran in. As soon as he entered, he exclaimed anxiously, "Mr. Brooke, bad news! We've just received news that all the factories and warehouses under the name of the Brookes have been sealed because of quality

problems! This includes our branch companies in Orange County, which have all been reported and ordered to shut down temporarily for rectifications!”

“What?!” Andrew was stunned. He immediately stood up, causing the chessboard to flip over and the chess pieces to roll all over the ground.

“How did this happen?” Andrew muttered to himself. He really couldn’t digest the nightmare-like news all of a sudden.

The Brookes had started their empire as a manufacturer and trader. Now, all their factories and warehouses had been sealed, completely cutting off all of the Brookes’ production and trading channels, thereby causing them to be unable to deliver many of the orders they had already produced.

Not only would they be unable to deliver the goods, but with their factories sealed because of quality problems, they would probably have to face countless demands for compensation from many of their partners!

If their factories and warehouses remained sealed for a long time, not only would their capital chain be completely broken, but their reputation would also be tarnished. Moreover, the stock prices of their companies would plummet, and they might even end up collapsing and be forced to declare bankruptcy!

It was an extremely serious problem!

Anxious and vexed, Andrew paced around the study back and forth. No matter how he thought about it, he couldn’t figure out what went wrong. As one of the major families in LA, they had a good network of connections, and it was impossible for there to be a situation where their properties were sealed without warning!

“This must be the doing of someone deliberately dealing with the Brookes!” Andrew stopped in his tracks and made this judgment with certainty. “But who could it be?”

He turned around and instructed the butler, “Go and get everyone in the family and all management personnel here. Find out if anyone has been senseless and offended someone lately.”

“Yes!” The butler acknowledged but didn’t go out right away. Instead, he said hesitantly, “Sir, do you think the culprit could be that nobody Lucas Gray of Orange County?”

As far as he knew, Andrew and Aston were now trying to find a way to deal with Lucas and snatch his properties.

Andrew pondered for a moment and shook his head decisively. “It can’t be him. If it was in Orange County, he might still be able to use some power and stir up trouble. But he doesn’t have a foundation in LA, so he definitely can’t do this!”

Just as the butler followed Andrew's instructions and gathered all the Brookes for a meeting, an inconspicuous minivan drove up to the entrance of the Brookes' villa. After Aston was tossed out of the van onto the bush beside the entrance, the van quickly drove off.

It was only when a member of the family rushing to the meeting happened to discover a foot exposed outside the bush and hurriedly called someone to see what was going on that they discovered Aston, who was unconscious and had had his limbs broken.

"Bad news! Aston is injured!"

Hearing this, Andrew rushed over. When he saw the severely injured and unconscious Aston with all his limbs broken, he immediately flew into a rage!

When Andrew heard the doctor's diagnosis that Aston's limbs might never recover for the rest of his life and he would become a complete vegetable, his eyes were burning with resentment.

His eyes full of a gloomy and murderous aura, Andrew clenched his teeth and spit out each word. "Lucas! Gray! He must have done this!"

"Where's Stanley? Where is he?" he suddenly shouted at the surroundings.

A tall, middle-aged man stepped out of the crowd and stood in front of Andrew. "Sir."

Andrew immediately glanced at him and ordered menacingly, "Stanley, I want you to make a trip to Orange County right away and kill Lucas Gray! No, don't kill him immediately. Bring him back here. I want to do it myself and put him through endless suffering before letting him die!"

Andrew had a ferocious expression, deeply resenting Lucas, who had the audacity to hurt his grandson!

He had found out from Aston that Lucas seemed to be good at martial arts.

But Stanley was an even more powerful and domineering expert. Over the years, no one in LA had been a match for him!

Actually, given the power that the Brookes had in the past, they shouldn't have been able to afford to hire a great expert like Stanley. But Andrew had inadvertently saved Stanley's life back then, so Stanley had been staying with the Brookes and working for them.

It could be said that Stanley's role in the Brooke family was the same as Hans's in the Hale family. In private, he had helped the Brookes facilitate a lot of illegal businesses,

allowing the Brookes to develop so quickly in just over a decade and almost become one of the top families in LA.

And in Andrew's opinion, Stanley's martial arts was far beyond that of Hans!

Besides, Stanley was now in his prime, and his physical strength was at its peak, so he could definitely take down the rookie Lucas!

The butler handed over some information about Lucas to Stanley, including his photo, address, company address, and other basic information.

Stanley looked down and turned around to leave without saying a word while holding the information in hand.

Lucas was flipping through a stack of documents in his office on the top floor of the Stardust Corporation building when his phone suddenly rang.

Seeing the caller ID display Bruce, Lucas answered the call expressionlessly.

"Mr. Gray, I have had Aston Brooke's limbs broken and dumped him at the entrance of the Brooke residence. Andrew Brooke is said to have hit the roof," Bruce carefully said from the other end.

Not at all interested, Lucas said, "If it's for a trivial thing like this, you don't have to call me."

"Mr. Gray!" Bruce hurriedly yelled again anxiously. "I haven't finished yet. In a fit of anger, Andrew Brooke sent one of their experts called Stanley to harm you!"

"According to the information I have, Stanley's martial arts is superb. And over the years, he has faced very few who are worthy of being his opponents. He's also very good at assassination. Stanley is now rushing to Orange County. Be careful!"

Lucas's face remained calm as he said indifferently, "Don't worry. No one in this country can kill me."

Chapter 205: Close Shave With Death

Lucas's tone was extremely calm, but Bruce could feel the immense might, unparalleled confidence, and condescension in his tone.

Lucas was definitely not an arrogant person who had blind confidence in himself. The fact that he dared to say this meant that his combat skills were already far beyond the imagination of ordinary people.

Bruce thought of the scene when Hans, the former elite henchman of the Hales, was sent flying and crippled with a single kick before he could even dodge, and his heart was immediately full of horror and fear.

Lucas's purpose in saying this was actually to scare and deter him, lest he harbored thoughts he shouldn't have.

After ending the call, Lucas pondered for a bit and then called Jordan to ask him to come over.

He briefly told Jordan what Bruce had just said. When Jordan learned that the Brookes had actually sent a so-called expert to try to assassinate Lucas, a trace of excitement and murderous intent appeared in his eyes. "Lucas, I'm going to kill that guy now!"

Lucas shook his head. "That'd be a waste of resources. Get Wade to go and stop him. Wade can get some practice by fighting with that person."

Jordan had trained alongside Lucas, so Lucas naturally understood his abilities very well. Jordan could undoubtedly kill the enemy in a second.

But Wade was different. Although Wade was also an expert known as a king of underground boxing, he was mainly just good at punching and had great strength. He was extremely aggressive, but his skills and adaptability were inferior.

Since Stanley was said to have impressive combat skills and was good at assassination, he would be an excellent opponent for Wade to practice on.

"Tsk, okay." Jordan pursed his lips, feeling disappointed that he wouldn't be getting the chance to move his limbs and get some exercise.

"But you should tag along too. Watch Wade in secret to make sure he doesn't mess up," Lucas added.

"Okay, Lucas!" Jordan immediately became excited again as he followed the orders and left.

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Soon, according to Jordan's order, Wade drove to the highway that vehicles had to pass through when traveling between LA to Orange County.

He parked the car on the side of a sparsely populated section of the road and leaned quietly against the car while scanning the vehicles coming from LA.

Before long, a low-profile Nissan drove over from afar. It had the familiar license plate that he saw on the paper just now.

Without saying a word, Wade picked up a fist-sized rock from the ground and hurled it straight at the front windshield of the Nissan.

Bang!

With a loud bang, the tempered glass of the windshield immediately shattered, forming a hole and various densely packed cracks in the glass.

Screech!

The tires let out ear-piercing screeches as the driver applied the emergency brakes. The tires caused two deep black skid marks on the ground before pulling over near the roadside.

The car door opened. A tall, middle-aged man stepped out of the Nissan and walked toward Wade with a straight face.

“What do you mean by that?” the middle-aged man questioned with a gloomy expression.

Standing at about 1.85 meters tall, he was taller than average in the eyes of most people. But he was much shorter than Wade, who was more than two meters tall and much buffer than him.

Wade looked at him coldly. “Are you the person the Brookes sent to assassinate Mr. Gray?”

The middle-aged man was Stanley, the top henchman of the Brookes. Hearing this, he figured out what was going on. “Did Lucas Gray send you? Are you trying to stop me?”

Wade looked at Stanley condescendingly and said in a deep voice, “All those who try to disrespect Mr. Gray are my enemies!”

Then he swung his iron-like fists hard at Stanley.

As Stanley looked at Wade’s ferocious attack, his eyes turned cold as he clenched his fists and punched Wade’s fist!

The fists collided with a clear boom.

Wade felt a massive and unparalleled force coming from the collision of their fists, and his complexion changed drastically as he quickly retreated backward several steps. Only then did he manage to shake off the massive force from the punch.

But at this moment, his fist was trembling a little with a numbing pain in his knuckles. He couldn't help but move his fingers gently to try to alleviate the pain.

In contrast, his opponent was standing still with clenched fists and a straight face.

To Wade's astonishment, he was at a disadvantage in the simple fistfight between them!

He was a king of underground boxing, and his fists were strong enough to bend a steel plate with one punch. Almost no one could trump him in terms of strength!

But the middle-aged man in front of him easily repelled Wade's punch. And judging from the way he looked, he seemed to have done it effortlessly without using his full strength.

Wade was astounded. But he immediately focused as if he was facing a great enemy and tried to find his flaw.

"Hmph, how dare you come and stop me when you're so incompetent?" Stanley snorted coldly before stomping his foot on the ground and flying toward Wade like an arrow launched from a bow.

He was so quick that there seemed to be afterimages!

Wade was startled, and he immediately raised both his fists in front of his chest. But when Stanley was about to touch Wade's body, he suddenly launched a roundhouse kick and kicked the back of Wade's knee with immense force.

"Aaahh!" Wade was caught off guard, and his knees turned weak after being struck by the kick, causing him to almost fall straight onto his knees!

He hollered furiously and tried his best to stop himself from kneeling. He stumbled and staggered a little before regaining his balance.

But this gave Stanley a chance!

Like a bolt of lightning, Stanley dashed close to Wade. Suddenly, he whipped out a cold and dazzling dagger and then moved to slit Wade's neck.

Wade didn't expect Stanley to have a dagger with him, nor did he expect him to launch an unexpected attack. In a rush, he could only elbow Stanley's arm to try to knock the dagger out of his hand and save himself from the deadly assassination.

Stanley's wrist was indeed knocked away, but he immediately threw the dagger in his right hand to his left. The dagger formed a silvery flower-shaped light in the air as it spun. He was fluid and fast like a phantom, and in the blink of an eye, he stabbed at Wade's neck!

Wade could see the icy coldness of the light reflecting off of the dagger, but Stanley was too fast, and there was no way he could stop the attack before the dagger reached him!

"Oh crap!"

Just as Wade was about to suffer the lethal blow, a figure suddenly darted out from the side and kicked Stanley's waist!

"Argh!" Stanley let out a muffled grunt. He was kicked several meters away and staggered backward before barely regaining his balance.

While rubbing his waist with one hand, Stanley looked at the young man who suddenly rushed out in front of him in astonishment.

"Who are you?"

Chapter 206: Member of the Falcon Regiment

The young man who kicked Stanley was naturally Jordan, who had been staying nearby to observe the battle secretly.

When Wade saw Jordan, his tense heart relaxed a little.

He had almost suffered a lethal slit on his neck and a stab in the heart by Stanley moments ago!

"Stand back," Jordan said to Wade before staring at Stanley's chest and face.

Wade knew that he wasn't a match for Stanley and obediently retreated far away from the battlefield despite being full of reluctance so that he wouldn't get in Jordan's way.

Watching their actions, Stanley suddenly said, "Are you also Lucas Gray's subordinate? Your combat skills are quite impressive. I didn't see your movements clearly at all."

Jordan suddenly sneered. "I really didn't expect a soldier of the prestigious Falcon Regiment to become someone's lackey and be at their beck and call!"

When Stanley heard the words 'Falcon Regiment', his expression changed drastically, and horror appeared all over his face.

He stared at Jordan and said in a shaky voice brimming with fear, "You... How do you know about the Falcon Regiment? How do you know about my... Who exactly are you?"

This was Stanley's greatest secret, which no one had ever discovered. But now, his identity was actually exposed by this young man only in his twenties.

"Are you, a traitor of the Falcon Regiment, qualified to ask who I am?"

Jordan sneered and moved his toes without another word, propelling himself at Stanley. His speed was much faster than Stanley's earlier, and even the afterimages weren't visible!

Stanley's heart was full of horror, as he couldn't see Jordan's actions at all!

He didn't dare to be careless at all as he tightened his grip on his dagger and shielded his fatal point.

Smack!

Stanley felt a sudden excruciating pain in his wrist and instantly dropped his dagger. Jordan snatched it!

Immediately afterward, Jordan smashed his fist against the center of Stanley's chest, sending him flying!

When Stanley got up from the ground, he couldn't worry about the immense pain spreading from his chest and merely stared at Jordan in disbelief. "Disarming technique? Are you also a member of the Falcon Regiment?"

The move Jordan just used to snatch the dagger away was one of the secret and untold tricks of the Falcon Regiment!

Jordan glared at Stanley coldly and said indifferently, "You're not fit to mention the Falcon Regiment. Since you've long betrayed the Falcon Regiment, what are you still carrying this for?"

He suddenly raised his hand. A thin silver chain with a small silver wing pendant hung between his fingers, and half of the pendant had already lost its luster due to friction. It was the token of every soldier of the Falcon Regiment!

Stanley subconsciously raised his hand to touch his neck, only to realize that there was no longer anything hanging on it.

Only then did he realize that when Jordan kicked him away earlier, the Falcon Regiment pendant that he always hung around his neck and kept close to him had been revealed.

This was the reason Jordan could identify him as a former member of the Falcon Regiment.

When Jordan punched his chest a moment ago, he took the opportunity to grab this wing pendant!

“Give it back to me!” Stanley hollered anxiously and then leaped at Jordan. His goal was to snatch the pendant back!

“You’re overestimating yourself!” Jordan snorted coldly, clenched his fist, and lunged at Stanley.

Both of them were extremely quick, and they looked like ghosts entangling with each other. Whenever their bodies came into contact, there would be several dull sounds of strikes landing on flesh.

Standing at a spot nearby, Wade watched this unimaginable fight with his mouth and eyes wide open.

Despite having perfect vision, he actually couldn’t see the trajectory of the two men’s movements. This was a duel between two top experts who were far beyond his level!

Bang!

With a final dull thud, a figure suddenly flew nearly ten meters away out of the mass of shadow-like figures before landing hard on the ground.

Stanley fell to the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood that surged up from his chest. For a long time, he couldn’t stand up.

Holding the wing pendant, Jordan slowly walked up to Stanley and questioned coldly, “What do you still want this for, you traitor? This is the identity token of the soldiers of the Falcon Regiment. You’re not fit to have it!”

“No, I didn’t betray! No! Give it back to me!” Stanley roared at the top of his lungs as he tried his best to get up and grab the pendant in Jordan’s hand. But the excruciating pain in his chest caused him to collapse.

Staring at him coldly, Jordan said in a low voice, “Stanley Ray, native of Miami, former captain of the vanguard of the Falcon Regiment. During his time in the regiment, he participated in team combat one hundred and fourteen times and took part in thirty-seven rescue missions and ninety-six assassination missions, all of which were successfully completed. But in the last assassination mission ten years ago, he disappeared, and his whereabouts were unknown. After some discussion, it was determined that comrade Stanley Ray died bravely and was posthumously named as a martyr. His monument was erected, and a biography was written for him. It has been

included in the history of martyrs of the Falcon Regiment, and it is mandatory reading for all the soldiers of the Falcon Regiment to serve as a role model for them.”

A trace of sorrow and self-deprecation appeared in Jordan’s eyes as he sneered. “This is what I read in the history of the martyrs, and we all think that you are a hero. But unexpectedly, not only did you betray the Falcon Regiment, but you became a lackey specialized in killing!”

Jordan’s words were like sharp daggers piercing through Stanley’s heart!

“No, I didn’t betray! I didn’t!” Stanley covered his head in pain. Despite being a tough man who had only ever shed blood and not tears, he could no longer hold back his tears as he bawled in pain.

When Jordan saw the state that the hero in his heart was now in, he felt just as terrible.

He could tell that Stanley still had strong feelings for the Falcon Regiment. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have worn the wing pendant on his neck at all times, and he wouldn’t be in so much agony after hearing his words either.

“Stanley, Captain Ray, you said you didn’t betray the Falcon Regiment, but why didn’t you return to the regiment and instead stayed with the Brookes for so many years? Why did you stay there as a shameful killer who has to stay hidden and commit those sordid misdeeds for them?” Jordan lowered his head and stared at him.

“I…” Stanley realized that there was no way he could explain at all.

After a long silence, he finally lowered his head despondently without saying a single word.

Jordan shook his head in disappointment. “Since you’re not willing to tell me, forget it. I can kill you now on the grounds that you tried to assassinate the leader of the Falcon Regiment. But on account that you still have feelings for the Falcon Regiment, I will let you off today.

“But if you have the guts to do something unconscionable like this again, I will definitely not spare you!” Jordan said with determination as he tossed the wing pendant in his hand in front of Stanley and then turned around to leave.

Chapter 207: I Want To Leave

Stanley subconsciously held the feather pendant tightly in his palm, as if he had recovered a treasure.

As Jordan left, Stanley stared at his back in a daze, but the things Jordan said before leaving echoed repeatedly in his mind.

'I can kill you now on the grounds that you tried to assassinate the leader of the Falcon Regiment.'

No, the person the Brookes want me to kill is called Lucas Gray.

No, no, Jordan is from the Falcon Regiment, and he's Lucas Gray's subordinate. Does this mean that Lucas Gray is the captain of Falcon Regiment?!

The person the Brookes want me to assassinate is the captain of the Falcon Regiment?!

Stanley's heart suddenly jumped, and he struggled to get up from the ground to catch up to Jordan and clarify his doubts.

But Jordan had long already gotten into the car that was parked a short distance away and left together with Wade.

Head hung low, Stanley looked at the feather pendant stained with mud in his hand and suddenly raised his hand to give himself a hard slap on the face!

He then fell to his knees and cried out loudly in agony, "Ahhh!"

Meanwhile, when Jordan and Wade arrived in Orange County, they headed straight to the Stardust Corporation to look for Lucas. Then Jordan reported to Lucas about Stanley being the former captain of the assault team of the Falcon Regiment.

Lucas frowned slightly.

Jordan continued, "However, I can tell that he doesn't really seem to have defected from the Falcon Regiment. He still seems to have strong emotions and attachment to the Falcon Regiment, but he refused to tell me his reason. There seems to be more than meets the eye."

Lucas nodded. "Go back and find out what his situation is. After you get a clear idea, come back and report to me."

"Yes, Lucas!" Jordan obeyed and left.

Lucas sat by the floor-to-ceiling window of his office and took out a wing-shaped pendant from his collar. It was different from Stanley's because it was golden in color, symbolizing the captain of the Falcon Regiment.

He looked out of the window of the top floor of the Stardust Corporation office building and stared into the distance for a long time without moving.

LA.

The Brookes gathered in the living room of Andrew Brooke's villa and discussed the matter of the sealing of all the factories and warehouses belonging to their family, as well as the sudden tragedy that struck Andrew's favorite grandson, Aston.

Just now, they received news from the hospital that Aston was diagnosed with severe injuries, and all his limbs and joints were crushed into bits. There was no longer any possibility of recovery in this life.

In other words, Aston, the descendant all the Brookes had high hopes on, had been completely crippled and became an invalid.

The Hales all gritted their teeth and cursed at Lucas for causing Aston and the Hales to fall into such a terrible plight.

"Andrew, Lucas Gray is merely an abandoned child kicked out and disowned by the Hutton. It's simply unforgivable that he had the guts to do this to us!"

"Hmph, when Stanley captures him later, we must teach him a good lesson! I will use a hammer to break all the bones in his body to avenge Aston!"

"Me too! I also want to take revenge on him! I'm going to try every single torture method on him!"

"Don't let him die so soon. We must make sure he suffers enough pain before we let him die!"

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The Brookes were all speaking with righteous indignation and bloodthirstiness. If Lucas appeared in front of them right now, they would definitely use torture methods like plucking out his tendons on him!

At this time, a bodyguard ran in from outside and bowed while reporting to Bruce, "Sir, Mr. Stanley Ray is here."

"Okay!" Andrew exclaimed agitatedly.

He then hurriedly said, "Quickly invite Mr. Ray in."

He thought that since Stanley returned, it meant that he had completed the task he gave him and brought that bastard Lucas Gray back!

How could Andrew not be excited and overjoyed?

The surrounding family members expressed their joy as well. They were just waiting to take revenge on Lucas for Aston.

Stanley maintained a straight face and walked into the hall.

Andrew took a glance at Stanley before looking behind the latter to see what Lucas looked like now.

Unfortunately, Stanley walked into the living room alone and didn't bring anyone behind him.

"Stanley, where's Lucas Gray? Did you leave him outside? Hurry up and have someone bring him in!" Andrew urged eagerly.

To his surprise, Stanley shook his head and said in a low voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Brooke."

The expression on Andrew's face froze, and he immediately turned sullen as he questioned, "What do you mean by that? Did you not bring Lucas Gray back with you?"

Stanley answered calmly, "I couldn't complete the mission this time."

"What did you say?!"

Before Andrew could question further and lose his temper, Stanley quickly continued, "Mr. Brooke, I'm very grateful to you for saving my life back then, but I've already worked for the Brookes for a full ten years. During these ten years, I've done a lot for you guys and saved many of you on countless occasions. I've also helped you kill many people.

"In the past ten years, I should have already repaid your kindness for saving my life back then. It's time for me to leave the Brookes now."

After hearing Stanley's intention to leave, Andrew, who just wanted to ask Stanley about why he hadn't been able to nab Lucas, immediately turned gloomy.

Back then, he had saved Stanley by coincidence. And for the sake of repaying him, Stanley chose to stay with the Brookes and put his elite combat and assassination skills to use by doing lots of dirty deeds for them.

Many of the Brookes' old rivals had silently died under Stanley's assassinations.

Moreover, Andrew also became increasingly fond of using Stanley. After all, using brutal force and assassinations was much easier than resorting to devising business tactics with painstaking efforts.

This also caused those the Brookes bullied to be too afraid to take revenge because they were scared of Stanley.

But once the news of Stanley's departure from the Brookes spread, the Brookes would fall into an extremely dangerous situation.

So no matter what, they couldn't let Stanley leave!

Andrew narrowed his eyes and stared at Stanley, scrutinizing every expression of his. "Why are you leaving us? Is there another family trying to poach you with a large sum of money?"

Stanley shook his head. "No, there were many people who wanted to poach me with money in the past, but I still stayed with the Brookes. Money doesn't mean anything to me."

"Since it's not because of money, then tell me why you want to leave!"

Looking at Andrew calmly, Stanley said, "I promised someone that I would never do anything unconscionable again. Besides, you've offended someone that you definitely can't afford to offend. The Brookes will vanish soon."

Chapter 208: Kill Me

"You! Bastard, what nonsense are you babbling about?!" Andrew pointed at Stanley's nose furiously and berated at the top of his lungs. "Who is it that we can't afford to offend? Who? Tell me! Hmph, the Brookes have already developed to where we are now, and we're also a first-class family in this city! Let's see who has the ability to make the Brookes disappear!"

Andrew had always been a conceited and arrogant person, so Stanley's words greatly angered him, and he found his explanation to be completely unacceptable.

At this moment, he seemed to have forgotten the predicament that the Brookes were currently in. All of their factories and warehouses had been sealed, and within less than two weeks, the Brookes would go bankrupt.

Moreover, after knowing Lucas's identity, Stanley understood exactly how the Brookes had landed themselves in this predicament.

He had wanted to advise Andrew not to offend Lucas again on account that he had worked for the Brookes for ten years. But he was well aware of what Andrew's personality was like. At this point, Andrew definitely wouldn't take his advice.

Stanley sighed and looked at Andrew with pity in his eyes, "Since you're so confident, I wish you all peace, Mr. Brooke. Goodbye!"

With that, he turned around and walked toward the door.

He had already repaid the Brookes for their kindness during the past ten years.

Andrew stared at Stanley's back with a cold and gloomy gaze in his eyes. In the end, it turned into a crazy murderous intent.

"Hold it!"

With Andrew's holler, around 30 elite experts dressed in bodyguard uniforms rushed in and blocked Stanley.

They were all experts the Brookes had hired from various places. Although they were inferior to Stanley in combat prowess, they were all highly skilled, and many of them had received guidance from Stanley before.

Stanley stopped in his tracks. He frowned and turned to look at Andrew. "What do you mean by this?"

A trace of ruthlessness flashed in Andrew's eyes as he said coldly, "If I hadn't saved you back then, you would have died. Do you think you'd be able to repay me for saving your life by working a little for the Brookes? You must be dreaming! You will never be able to repay this kindness in your life! If I don't let you go, you will have to stay with the Brookes for the rest of your life and work for me!"

Stanley sneered. "Andrew, are you planning to make me work for the Brookes like a slave?"

Andrew sighed in a pretentious manner. "Stanley, I originally treated you as an honored guest of the Brookes and paid you well. However, you're so ignorant that you insist on leaving. In that case, if you want to leave, I have to tell you clearly.

"If you are willing to change your mind and continue working for me and the Brookes, I will naturally still provide for you as before. But if you insist on leaving, I will have to kill you! Think it over carefully, but I advise you to choose the first option."

Andrew looked at Stanley hypocritically, acting like he was sparing a thought for him.

Prior to this, Stanley still felt some feelings and attachment to the Brookes and thought of giving them a reminder.

But at this moment, Andrew's words made Stanley lose the last bit of attachment.

"Andrew Brooke, you should understand that the Brookes can't force me to stay with the skills that I have."

Stanley was no longer polite and directly addressed Andrew by his full name with some derision on his face.

With a gloomy smile, Andrew said, "You're right. No one in the Brooke family can defeat you in melee combat, but are you faster than a bullet?"

Then he gestured to 30 experts at the entrance.

Whoosh!

These experts each quickly pulled out a black pistol from their waists and pointed the muzzles at Stanley in unison.

A cold glint flashed in Stanley's eyes.

For so many years, he had done his best for the Brookes and did so many of the unconscionable tasks that they had given him. He had helped them kill and get rid of their enemies, which he thought was already enough to return the favor.

But he never thought that he would actually be treated like this by the Brookes now that he wanted to leave.

At the same time, the Brookes in the hall all screamed and retreated toward the back corridor behind them, leaving Stanley alone in the empty hall.

"Andrew, get rid of this ungrateful dog! The Brookes saved his life and fed him for so many years, but now he has the audacity to leave us!"

"What an ingrate! He claims that he's returned the favor just because he's done some things for us. That's utter bullshit! Only when you die for us will the scores be settled!"

"Hmph, you just know some martial arts. That's all. What's the big deal?! The Brookes have so many experts armed with guns now. We don't need him at all! Since he dares to betray the Brookes, just kill him!"

...

The Brookes hid in a safe place while screaming and cursing at Stanley in the middle of the hall.

Stanley glanced at them.

Among these people, there were people he had helped save and some he had watched grow up since they were children. There were many he usually took care of and taught martial arts to.

But they were all now glaring at him with hatred and malicious intent in their eyes, wishing that he would die here immediately.

For the first time in his life, Stanley was so disappointed with the Brookes that a trace of killing intent even surged within him.

“Stanley, have you thought it through? Do you want to live or die? What is your choice?” Andrew spoke up again with a sense of superiority and the confidence that he would win.

No matter how good at fighting you may be, you can't outrun or beat guns!

He didn't believe that Stanley would be able to escape with so many guns pointed at him.

Of course, Andrew still hoped that Stanley would obediently choose to stay with the Brookes. After all, Stanley's combat skills and assassination techniques could still bring lots of benefits to the Brookes and help them deter their enemies.

If he really died, it would be a loss for them.

But if Stanley was forced to stay, he would definitely be less loyal to the Brookes and might even turn against them. However, Andrew was not worried about that.

Once he compromised and agreed to stay, he would have someone inject Stanley with poison!

If he didn't want to be in pain and misery every day, he would have to obediently listen to them, and they would never have to worry about him retaliating!

Andrew had already thought of all the steps to take next, but he suddenly heard Stanley calmly say, “Over the years, I've helped the Brookes kill and commit lots of dirty deeds. Money doesn't mean anything to me, and neither does my life. It doesn't make any difference to me whether I can live a few more days or not.

“I definitely won't continue staying with the Brookes and killing people for you anymore. Since you don't want to let me go, kill me now.”

Chapter 209: Arrived at the Door

Stanley's voice was extremely calm, and he didn't seem to have any fear of death or desire to live. It was as if he was saying something as simple as 'it's time to eat'.

Andrew's eyes widened in shock, and he was speechless for a while.

He could tell that Stanley had really decided to leave the Brookes, even if it meant that he had to die!

In fact, Stanley was already bent on dying now.

Andrew frowned. It was completely different from the outcome that he wanted to see. His goal wasn't to kill Stanley.

He lowered his voice and softly advised, "Stanley, you're only in your early forties now, and you still have decades of good times waiting for you in a bright future. So, why do you have to be so stubborn? Actually, if you stay with the Brookes, it'd be good for both you and everyone. Don't you agree?"

"If you'd like, I can give you a luxurious villa and let you enjoy an endless amount of money and fortune. If you want a partner, I can find you all kinds of beautiful women to choose from. Even if you've gotten sick of killing, I can also arrange a more relaxed job for you, as long as you agree to stay with the Brookes and help us out when we're in need.

"Stanley, look, I've already said so much and made a compromise. Are you still going to put us in a life and death struggle?"

Andrew persuaded Stanley by offering him tempting benefits, especially the last concession about letting Stanley retire from doing those dirty deeds again.

If it was in the past, Stanley might have really agreed to it.

Unfortunately, Andrew had already offended Lucas, the captain of the Falcon Regiment. This predetermined that Stanley wouldn't stay with the Brookes and help them to deal with Lucas.

Stanley shook his head. "Andrew, I won't change my mind. If you don't let me leave, I'd rather die."

Andrew immediately seemed disappointed, and at the same time, he was puzzled too. *Stanley was fine before this. Why is he acting like another person after returning from Orange County? Why does he insist on leaving the Brookes?*

Despite finding it a pity, Andrew had no choice but to choose to kill someone who insisted on leaving the Brookes and was no longer of any use to them.

Only by killing Stanley could the Brookes guarantee that he wouldn't reveal their dark secrets and that he wouldn't be taken in by an enemy and turn against them.

Although Stanley's death would also bring a lot of trouble to them, their enemies would still be deterred from confronting them as long as they remained tight-lipped and didn't let outsiders know that he was dead.

Just as Andrew was clenching his jaw and planning to order these elite henchmen to shoot, there was suddenly a loud voice coming from outside the hall. "Hey, it's so lively here now! Are they starting a fight?"

Everyone looked over in the direction of the voice.

Two tall and slender figures in their twenties entered through the gate one after another.

Stanley turned over and saw Jordan at the back with a single glance. It was Jordan who said those words.

The person in front of Jordan...

Stanley's breathing suddenly became quicker, and he had a burning gaze in his eyes as he stared at Lucas's face without blinking.

It was a very young and handsome face belonging to someone who seemed to be about 27 or 28 years old and was tall and toned. He was emitting a domineering aura that wasn't to be defied, and he was obviously a powerful and mighty figure.

This must be the person Jordan mentioned!

Lucas Gray, the leader of the Falcon Regiment!

Stanley couldn't help getting excited.

He had left the Falcon Regiment ten years ago, and Lucas had only joined the Falcon Regiment six years ago, so it was the first time he met Lucas.

"Who are you?" Andrew frowned as he looked at the two uninvited strangers in front of him.

Although the Brookes had dealt with Lucas for some time, Aston had always been the one communicating with him because the latter was in Orange County. Andrew had never seen Lucas before.

After taking a clear glimpse at Lucas's face, the butler standing beside Andrew instantly seemed horrified!

Although he hadn't seen Lucas with his own eyes, the butler had just handed over a copy of Lucas's information that he had collated to Stanley a few hours ago. So he had seen Lucas's picture.

It's Lucas Gray!

He's actually here at the Brookes'!

The butler's face paled, and he hurriedly came over to Andrew to remind him who Lucas was.

But Lucas beat him to it and said with a smile, "Mr. Brooke, we finally meet."

Hearing Lucas's slightly familiar voice, Andrew first froze for a moment before quickly realizing what was going on. He pointed at Lucas and hollered, "Lucas Gray! You must be Lucas Gray!"

Just a few hours ago, he had had a brief conversation with Lucas through Aston's phone. So he had a vivid memory of Lucas's voice!

"Not bad. You have quite a good memory, Mr. Brooke. You managed to recognize my voice." Lucas openly admitted to his identity.

Andrew's eyes were immediately full of murderous intent as he laughed maniacally and menacingly. "Hahahaha! I was just worried that Stanley might not be able to kidnap you, but I didn't expect you to come here of your own accord! You've crippled my most promising and my favorite grandson, so be prepared to stay in the Brookes forever to atone for your sins!"

Andrew issued an order, and half of the 30 people who had their guns aimed at Stanley in the hall immediately turned and aimed their guns at Lucas and Jordan, who were standing outside the door of the hall.

Seeing this, Stanley panicked and looked at Jordan and Lucas anxiously and worriedly.

He wasn't afraid of death, nor was he afraid of how many guns were aimed at him.

But if he ended up causing Lucas and Jordan to die here, he would die with guilt and without peace of mind even if he also lost his life!

After making brief eye contact with Stanley, Lucas immediately looked away, but he could see the worry in his eyes and couldn't help but feel a little comforted.

Lucas came here today with the intention to take a look at the former captain of the Falcon Regiment's assault team. Indeed, Stanley didn't disappoint him.

Facing the dozen or so pistols being pointed at him, Lucas maintained the same expression and said calmly, "What? Do you want to kill me?"

Lucas's calmness made Andrew despise him, and he couldn't help but get even more furious.

"Lucas Gray, I have to admit that you do have a lot of guts! But since you've crippled my grandson, I definitely won't let you off! Don't worry. I won't kill you easily. I'll definitely lock you up and let you enjoy all the misery and agony there is in this world before sending you on your way!" Andrew roared with resentment and malice all over his face.

But Lucas suddenly smiled. "Just a few days ago, there was also a family that thought they were very powerful. And like you, they pointed more than ten pistols at me while threatening me. Do you know what happened to them next?"

Chapter 210: Try Shooting

Andrew pondered for a moment and soon recalled what Aston had told him before. He sneered. "Are you referring to the Hales in Orange County?"

Lucas smiled and nodded. "Yes."

Andrew snorted coldly. "Are you trying to tell me that the Hales pointed their pistols at you and ended up having to bear the consequence of being captured by the military and facing annihilation overnight? Let me tell you. If you want to threaten me with this matter, you've made the wrong plan!

"I know that what happened to the Hales that day was just a coincidence! You are just a good-for-nothing the Huttons disowned. I won't fall for you trying to throw your weight around and pretending to be powerful in front of me! I don't believe that you can do anything to me once I order my men to shoot you!"

In Andrew's heart, he had always refused to believe that Lucas had that much power and authority to command the military. So even after Aston told him all those things that happened to the Hales, he still felt that it was just a coincidence that Lucas had gotten such a huge advantage and that he was just using the power of the military to make everyone think that he was mighty.

If Aston was conscious now, he would have rushed to grab Andrew's neck and shake him violently to tell him how ridiculously wrong his grandfather really was.

Lucas burst into laughter and shook his head. "It seems that you're more foolish than I imagined."

"Scoundrel!" Andrew had always been an arrogant person. And now that he was being scolded by a junior, he immediately flew into a rage and barked, "Lucas Gray, I'm going to kill you!"

With his furious roar, everyone pointed their guns at Lucas.

There were around 30 pistols, all of which were aiming at Lucas. It was truly a shocking scene.

If Andrew issued the order, an intense wave of bullets would definitely put dozens of holes in Lucas!

Stanley was horrified. He was already feeling extremely guilty toward the Falcon Regiment, so how could he watch the captain of the Falcon Regiment get shot to death in front of him?

"All of you, stop!" Without any hesitation, Stanley tapped his toes on the ground and launched himself upward, immediately flying past the crowd at the door and blocking in front of Lucas. He hollered furiously, "Don't touch him!"

Andrew watched Stanley's actions in astonishment and froze for a moment before laughing out loud. "Stanley Ray, it turns out you're trying to protect Lucas Gray. In that case, I've found your Achilles' heel! Hey, if you don't want Lucas Gray to die, stay with the Brookes and work for us. I can guarantee that I will spare his life! Otherwise, I'll order them to shoot you both!"

Looking at Andrew's smug smile, Stanley couldn't help feeling regret.

He regretted being too impulsive just now!

In fact, as the former captain of the Falcon Regiment's assault team, who had carried out countless assassination missions, Stanley was actually well aware of the logic of catching the ringleader before catching his underlings.

If he hadn't rushed over to protect Lucas just now and instead gone to hold Andrew hostage and force him to get everyone to drop their guns and let Lucas off, Lucas might have been safe now instead of still being threatened.

Lucas had the same thought in mind. But he understood that Stanley did this simply because he was scared of chaos breaking out.

Stanley undoubtedly still had deep feelings for the Falcon Regiment. Otherwise, he wouldn't have lost his composure and dashed over to protect him, a stranger he had never met.

In fact, not long ago, Jordan had already investigated Stanley and found clearly all the information about him. In the past ten years, he didn't return to the Falcon Regiment because of a hidden reason.

This was why Lucas wanted to come here and look at him with his own eyes.

At this moment, Stanley was conflicted and full of misery in the face of those two options.

He didn't want Lucas to die, but the price of saving Lucas was that he had to stay with the Brookes and continue helping them commit all sorts of dirty deeds. He didn't want to choose either of those two options.

Stanley's eyes were red and bloodshot. Gritting his teeth hard, he turned around and said softly to Lucas behind him, "I will attack them later to distract them. You guys hurry up and leave while you still have the chance. If necessary, shield yourselves with my corpse. You must escape safely!"

There were numerous pistols in front of him, and even if he was quick, it would be hard for him to dodge. So he had to help Lucas and Jordan to escape safely.

Hearing his words, Lucas suddenly smiled. "Don't worry. We won't die. No one in this world can kill me so far."

Lucas sounded domineering and condescending. Although his words were arrogant, Stanley subconsciously trusted him, as he felt that everything Lucas said had to be true!

"Hahaha, how arrogant!" Andrew laughed maniacally as if he had heard some joke. The Brookes hiding behind were all staring at Lucas with contempt and derision.

"I'd like to see how you can stay alive under the power of these twenty-eight pistols of mine!" Andrew glowered at Lucas with resentment.

But Lucas merely smiled and then did something that no one expected.

He walked straight toward the pine tree that was as tall as a human at the door and casually touched a branch before shaking his head and sighing. "This welcoming pine has grown well. Unfortunately, the owner has to be replaced."

Andrew watched Lucas's actions in puzzlement, but after hearing this, he immediately flew into a rage.

“Scoundrel! Before thinking of replacing the Brookes, you should consider if you are qualified! Don’t think that I don’t dare to do anything to you just because you’re one of the Huttons!

“Hmph, I’ve already had my people investigate clearly. You’re just a bastard who got driven out by the Huttons when you were a child. Many of the Huttons are looking forward to your death, and the Huttons have even screwed your Stardust Corporation over. If I kill you, maybe they’ll even thank me!”

With an icy cold glint in his eyes, Lucas said coldly, “Is that so? You can try your luck.”

“Don’t you think I won’t dare!” Andrew’s cheeks twitched, and he soon waved his hand violently. “Shoot!”

After this command, time seemed to slow down at this moment.

If the scene occurred in slow motion, everyone would be preparing to pull their triggers. The sounds of bullets being loaded in muzzles and the sounds of the internal machinery sliding would also ring out.

Stanley began to seem horrified as he slowly leaped toward Lucas.

Andrew gradually smiled smugly.

A fallen leaf slowly floated down in the air.

...

An extremely dangerous situation would happen in the next moment.

But Lucas had already vanished on the spot!

Chapter 211: Terrifying

Stanley’s horrified expression remained on his face just as he was about to leap over and protect Lucas. He discovered to his astonishment that Lucas, who was just standing near him, had suddenly vanished!

Immediately afterward, Stanley felt a force tugging at his collar. His body couldn’t help but propel into the air as the scene in front of him began to spin and become blurry.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

...

The nearly 30 pistols fired at the same time with gunshots that resembled the sounds of beans exploding. All of a sudden, the space at the entrance of the Brooke residence was awash with the sounds of gunshots, making people's hearts palpitate.

But when the sound of the gunshots stopped, everyone looked over at the entrance, only to see Lucas and his men, who should have been unable to escape, standing right there unscathed!

Lucas still looked as composed as ever. But Stanley, whom he was lifting by the collar, had an indescribable look of astonishment on his face.

The Brookes looked at each other and blinked, dumbfounded and shell-shocked.

The elite henchmen who fired shots from their pistols just now looked as though they had seen a ghost.

If not for the deep bullet holes left in the ground, the surrounding walls, and the tree trunks, they would have suspected that they were dreaming or wondered if there was something wrong with the guns in their hands.

But how exactly did Lucas Gray and his men manage to remain unharmed despite the blizzard of bullets?

"How exactly did you dodge the bullets?" Andrew was stunned and furious as he asked this question.

Lucas naturally wouldn't answer his question. He simply smiled faintly and said, "Since you guys are done, it's my turn now."

He raised his hand and waved it. Countless rays of green light darted out of his hand. Numerous pine needles that were as thin as needles stabbed into the eyes of the henchmen holding guns!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

"Ahhh! My eyes!!"

"Waaa!"

"Argh! It hurts!"

...

Miserable shrieks filled the air.

The gunmen dropped their pistols one by one and covered their eyes with their hands while shrieking in misery.

“They’re... pine needles!”

Finally, someone saw what was stuck into the eyes of the gunmen, and they immediately shrieked in disbelief.

Their jaws dropped in shock as they stood rooted to the ground, dumbfounded and suspecting if they were still dreaming.

The flying needles and hidden weapons used to hurt people only appeared in action movies!

In particular, the pine needles Lucas threw were plucked from the pine tree at the entrance just now!

With a wave of his hand, he threw out dozens of pine needles and accurately shot them into the eyes of the thirty people. This wasn’t something that normal people could do.

All the Brookes, except for those covering their eyes and rolling around, were dead silent!

Andrew’s face was twitching, and he felt as if his body had plunged into a freezing pond. Even his teeth were chattering as he quivered.

Lucas’s move was simply too intimidating, extraordinary, and terrifying!

The densely packed bullets hadn’t been able to hurt him at all, and no one could see clearly how he had managed to dodge the bullets so swiftly!

In fact, he had not only dodged the bullets, but he had also carried Stanley in his hand, allowing him to be unscathed.

The even more terrifying thing was that he had merely used pine needles to accurately poke them blind in the eye!

Besides, he had launched not only one but dozens of pine needles at the same time. None of them missed!

It... it was completely beyond their imagination!

Lucas was simply... beyond human!

Even Stanley was looking at Lucas in astonishment.

Just now, Lucas grabbed him by the collar and dodged the bullets. But due to the fact that Lucas was too quick, he could only see a blurry scene before his eyes while the loud and dense sounds of gunshots rang in his ears. But he didn't get shot by any of them.

When his feet landed on the ground, he was amazed to find that he actually remained unscathed in the face of so many bullets!

The scene of Lucas's flying needles piercing the gunmen blind had utterly frightened Stanley!

At this moment, Stanley finally understood that Lucas's abilities had already far surpassed his. They were completely beyond his imagination!

Jordan was the only person among the people present who wasn't surprised by Lucas's terrifying skills and strength.

Looking at the shocked and horrified Andrew, Lucas suddenly smiled and walked toward him.

Andrew watched as Lucas approached him step by step. It was almost as if he was looking at a terrifying beast as he started trembling violently. If not for his pride keeping him hanging in, he would have probably turned limp and dropped to his knees in front of Lucas.

Lucas walked up to Andrew and said with a faint smile, "Mr. Brooke, as I said just now, you're even more foolish than I imagined. What do you think?"

Andrew's heart quivered, and he felt as if he had taken a strike to his head.

Yeah! I'm just a fool!

I clearly knew long ago that Lucas Gray isn't a simple person, but I still self-righteously disregarded him and repeatedly offended him. I even tried to exploit and kill him!

I'm really foolish!

The sense of pride within Andrew's heart vanished, and he could no longer hold on. He dropped to his knees with a loud thud and knelt in front of Lucas with a despondent look of despair on his face.

“Mr. Gray, Mr. Gray, I know that I was wrong! I was blind and foolish to have offended you! I-I’m willing to pledge allegiance to you on behalf of the Brookes, and I vow to never offend you again! Please give us a chance!”

Kneeling on the ground, Andrew pleaded desperately in pain and agony.

Lucas said indifferently. “Your grandson harbored designs on my wife previously, but I didn’t pursue the matter and instead gave you a chance to serve me. Yet you guys didn’t behave and even betrayed me time and time again. You guys ruined the chance you were given. Do you think I’d give you another chance to betray me?”

“No, no, no, we won’t dare to do it again! Mr. Gray, I really know my mistakes. As long as you’re magnanimous enough to forgive us once, we’ll definitely willingly become your subordinates and do everything you want us to in the future!”

Andrew repeatedly promised while looking at Lucas with his wrinkly eyes. He wished he could take out his heart and show it to Lucas to prove his sincerity.

At this moment, Andrew was indeed truly full of regret!

After witnessing Lucas’s terrifying strength, he immediately understood that even without his incredible background and the power of the military, Lucas would still be able to destroy the Brookes with his individual strength.

Only now did he finally understand why Stanley had told him that they had offended someone they shouldn’t have and that they would soon vanish.

He now understood that Stanley was referring to Lucas!

Unfortunately, he didn’t believe it at all at the time, and now it was too late for regrets!

Chapter 212: The Annihilation of the Brookes

After seeing Andrew kneeling in front of Lucas and begging him for mercy, the Brookes were even more horrified as they frantically followed suit and knelt behind Andrew. They started begging Lucas for mercy and pleading with him to spare them.

Lucas stared at the people in front of him coldly without any pity.

He had already given the Brookes too many chances. But unfortunately, they had thrown those chances away. They had even sent Stanley and the gunmen to kill him.

If not for the fact that Lucas was powerful and strong enough, he would have definitely been nabbed by the Brookes now.

If he was weak, the Brookes definitely wouldn't have let him off!

At this moment, a few more people hurriedly came to the entrance of the Brooke residence.

When they saw the scene at the entrance, they were stunned for a moment.

All the Brookes were kneeling on the ground while around thirty gunmen were lying on the ground and wailing with blood seeping out of their eyes.

However, the shock was fleeting, and their expressions were soon calm again. As if nothing had happened at all, a figure walked toward Lucas and handed a folder of documents to him respectfully. "Lucas, all the properties belonging to the Brookes have been inventoried, and the valuation reports have been released. Please take a look."

The person who came was none other than Flynn, the general manager of the Stardust Corporation.

The Brookes thought that the police of Orange County had arrested him, but they didn't expect that he had merely taken the initiative to go to the police station to cooperate with the investigation. Flynn had actually already left the police station a long time ago and done numerous things in secret.

Lucas didn't take the folder and instead said, "Bring them to Mr. Brooke and let him sign them."

"Yes, Lucas!"

Flynn turned around and handed the folder in his hand to Andrew. "Mr. Brooke, we hired a team of senior auditors and appraisers to value all the properties under the name of the Brookes. The acquisition contracts are in here too. Take a look at them and sign at the bottom of the pages if there are no problems."

Flynn didn't give him any room for discussion, and there was an obvious hostility in his voice.

Andrew understood that Lucas was trying to acquire all of their properties forcibly. The acquisition contracts in front of him had to be signed regardless of whether he was willing to or not!

At the thought of losing the businesses and properties that he had painstakingly acquired over the past decade or so, Andrew naturally couldn't bear to let them go.

"Mr. Gray, you... please don't take all our properties away. I-I'm willing to cooperate with you. I can even give you half of the property rights as long as you're willing to let us keep our assets..." Refusing to give up, Andrew pleaded in agony.

But Lucas merely looked at him calmly before saying, "Mr. Brooke, the fact that I am willing to spend money to buy your assets at the market price after valuation is moral enough. I could have just snatched them from you without spending a single cent. Or I could have also let your businesses continue being sealed until you went bankrupt within half a month. Think it over yourself."

Andrew's face was ashen, and it finally dawned on him that the sealing of the Brookes' factories and warehouses, which they were informed of in the morning, was all Lucas's doing!

He finally understood that in terms of combat strength, the Brookes were far inferior to Lucas. And in terms of authority and power, the Brookes were no match for him! It was all because he was too foolish to have underestimated him!

The loss of their business was the retribution that they deserved!

Andrew looked despondent, but deep down, he no longer dared to defy Lucas. While quivering, he took the acquisition contracts from Flynn and signed his name.

With his acknowledgment and signatures, all of the Brookes' businesses, properties, and real estate now belonged to Lucas!

From now on, the Brookes would no longer have a place in LA!

Lucas left the Brooke residence together with Jordan, Stanley, Flynn, and the others.

On the way back to Orange County, Lucas suddenly instructed Flynn, "Spread the news that the Brookes have fallen. Whether the Brookes survive or not will depend on themselves."

Flynn knew what Lucas meant and took out his phone to make arrangements.

Sitting in the back seat of the car, Stanley had a complicated look on his face after hearing Lucas's decision.

During the past ten years or so, the Brookes had been using Stanley to kill and carry out various underhanded schemes against many of their rivals and enemies.

In the past, the Brookes relied on Stanley's power to behave arrogantly and unscrupulously. But now that they were facing destruction and Stanley had left them, there would definitely be countless enemies coming to seek revenge.

Could the Brookes still resist now?

But Stanley soon thought of the events that occurred today in the Brooke residence. Andrew had made his gunmen threaten Stanley and force him to make a choice while

the rest of the Brookes humiliated him and cursed at him. He no longer felt any emotional attachment to the Brookes.

Just as Lucas said, the survival of the Brookes would only depend on themselves.

“Flynn, you will stay in LA for the time being and preside over the matters here for me. Clean up the Brookes’ businesses properly. Once you’re done, I have more important tasks for you,” Lucas suddenly said to Flynn.

Flynn was first stunned, but he was soon overjoyed. Lucas obviously meant that he was going to put him to important tasks!

“Yes, Lucas. I will definitely try my best to complete the task!” Flynn exclaimed with delight written all over his face.

Lucas glanced at Stanley. “What are your plans next?”

Stanley seemed hesitant.

Before he met Lucas, he felt incredibly ashamed and remorseful for what he had done and was determined to break free from the Brookes and stop helping them. Of course, he didn’t have the cheek to return to the Falcon Regiment. Thus, Stanley thought that he would go to a place where no one knew him and spend the rest of his life there.

But after he witnessed Lucas’s powerful strength, his heart was full of fire again.

He looked down again and said with determination, “Mr... Mr. Gray, I know that I’ve made many mistakes in the past, and I’m not qualified to mention the Falcon Regiment again, but I hope that I can stay by your side. No matter what, I will be at your disposal!”

Jordan’s mouth moved, seeming to want to say something. But in the end, he didn’t.

Just now, at the entrance of the Brooke residence, Stanley would rather die than continue to stay and work for them. His attempt to sacrifice himself to protect Lucas was enough to show that he was a real man who had not lost the spirit of the Falcon Regiment.

Lucas also had a good impression of Stanley. After thinking about it, he said, “Okay then. Since you want to work for me, I will accept you as my subordinate. You don’t have to return to Orange County with me. Since you’re more familiar with the situation in LA, stay here with Flynn. After everything has been taken care of, you may return to Orange County to see me.”

In the beginning, Stanley carried little hope that Lucas would take him in because he had done too many misdeeds that brought shame to the Falcon Regiment. But now that

Lucas agreed to take him in and even assigned him to a task, he couldn't help but be overjoyed. "Yes! I'll surely accomplish the task!"

Chapter 213: Enemies Visit

Flynn and Stanley stayed in LA, while Jordan and Lucas returned to Orange County by car.

The Brooke residence...

Andrew was sitting in the middle of the courtyard and watching his devastated family members packing their belongings. His eyes were full of sorrow and reluctance to leave.

He had built the villa and the entire family manor of the Brookes single-handedly. He thought that he would still live here after retiring, but he never thought that there would be a day where he had to leave.

Lucas had acquired all of the properties belonging to the Brookes in LA, including the house in front of him, the plot of land he owned, and everything on it.

He looked at the pine at the entrance again.

Just a short while ago, Lucas said that the pine needed a new owner. And indeed, in less than an hour, it gained a new owner.

Andrew looked crestfallen and miserable.

Suddenly, the butler ran toward him anxiously and yelled in panic, "Mr. Brooke, bad news! All the media in LA are reporting about the fall of our family!"

"What?!" Andrew looked aghast, and he sprung up from his seat.

This was undoubtedly a terrible piece of news!

Over the years, the Brookes had offended countless people and had numerous enemies both in the open and hidden in the dark. Now that the news of their family's fall had spread, many would definitely come knocking on their door to seek revenge!

But now, Stanley, whom the Brookes relied the most on, was no longer around!

Andrew immediately ordered, "Everyone, stop packing your things. Take only your most valuable items that you carry easily and then gather at the entrance! Drive all the cars to the entrance. We'll leave immediately as soon as everyone is here!"

“Yo, Andrew Brooke, where are the Brookes headed to?”

As soon as Andrew gave his orders, the Brookes suddenly heard a sarcastic remark before they even took action.

Andrew turned around and saw a large bunch of people walking in menacingly.

Andrew’s heart hammered violently. They were all members of the families that the Brookes had offended, and they obviously had hostile intentions!

Oh no!

These people are here too soon!

Andrew forced himself to stay composed as he rebuked with a hostile expression, “This is the territory of the Brookes. Who allowed you to trespass?”

“Hmph, Andrew Brooke, don’t feign ignorance! Don’t you know what we’re here for? Five years ago, you sent someone to kill my uncle over a contract you wanted to snatch from us. Did you forget this matter?” A tall young man glared at Andrew resentfully.

A member of another family chimed in, “You also killed my grandson over a minor conflict between youngsters. I still remember this incident. Now I can finally avenge my grandson!”

“The Brookes have been competing with the Turners for our business deals and caused us to suffer heavy losses. We also want to settle the score with you!”

“The patriarch of the Whites was driven to his grave two years ago by you, Andrew Brooke. It’s payback time!”

...

One by one, the members of various families that had feuds with the Brookes stood in front of Andrew with righteous indignation, their eyes full of immense hatred and resentment.

The more Andrew listened, the more frightened he became. Some of the things they mentioned still rang a bell, but he had already forgotten some of the other matters. After all, the Brookes had offended too many people!

Those who came to settle scores with the Brookes would surely not let them get away with it easily!

Seeing that so many of their enemies had arrived, the Brookes were all petrified with fear. Some of the timid ones were even on the verge of tears.

At this moment, they missed Stanley greatly. In the past, as long as Stanley was around, they wouldn't have to fear these people at all. In fact, even the first-class families of the city had to be polite and respectful toward them.

Unfortunately, Stanley was no longer with the Brookes!

At this moment, the Brookes seemed to have forgotten that just a moment ago, they were lashing out at Stanley and wishing they could stomp him to death.

"Hmph, these are all old scores. Why rake them up again? If you really want to settle scores with the Brookes, let's meet up another day and sit down to discuss it. How does that sound?" Andrew pretended to be calm and pulled a delaying tactic to stall for time.

"Hah, Andrew Brooke, do you take us for fools? I bet we wouldn't even have to wait until another day before you people scurried far away by evening. Who are we supposed to settle scores with you by then?"

"Hmph, come surround the Brooke residence and seal off the front and back doors. No one is allowed to leave!"

These families had joined forces, and all of them had brought their respective bodyguards and henchmen. As soon as they gave their orders, there was immediately a large crowd outside the Brookes' manor, and no one could escape!

The Brookes immediately panicked, and Andrew had an extremely gloomy expression.

He looked at the young man taking the lead and said furiously, "Elliot Parker, I don't think I've ever offended you, have I? Your family and mine have cooperated, and we share many business dealings. Why did you join them in dealing with us?"

Elliot sneered. "Andrew Brooke, fancy you having the cheek to say that we have business dealings. In our previous cooperation, you passed off inferior goods as high-quality goods, and when we sent someone to discuss it with you, you humiliated us and kicked us out. Did you forget?"

Andrew questioned in exasperation, "You need evidence before you can accuse us! Since when did we pass off inferior goods as high-quality goods? When did we insult the Parkers?"

"Hmph, don't you remember? Well, the Brookes have done too many unconscionable things, and you guys definitely don't remember these trivial matters. But it's alright. The Brookes are going to get their comeuppance today!" Elliot sneered and took a few steps forward.

Andrew stopped in front of those people and narrowed his eyes. "Elliot Parker and the rest of you, how dare you come here to cause trouble? Do you really think there's no one to back the Brookes up anymore?"

Elliot raised his brows. "Now, everyone in LA knows that your family has collapsed. And even the top henchman of your family has already left your family. You're like a tiger without claws. What else can you do?"

"Hmph, who said that we're pushovers now? Who told you that our top henchman is gone?"

Andrew's face turned sullen, and he suddenly whipped out his phone to make a call. "Stanley, some blind people just like coming to the Brookes to stir up trouble. Come back in ten minutes to deal with them!"

Then Andrew stared gloomily at the dozens of people surrounding the gate of the Brookes' villa, and his gaze became menacing and ruthless. "Hmph, I was going to talk to you guys nicely. But since you want to be dealt with the hard way, don't blame us for being ruthless later!"

Chapter 214: Escaping

When the people who came to besiege the Brookes saw Andrew's behavior, they immediately hesitated even though they just claimed that they could take the Brookes down easily.

They began to wonder if that terrifying godlike man had really left the Brookes.

If he had left only for a while and could be summoned by Andrew with a single phone call, none of them here to settle scores with the Brookes would be able to escape!

The news of the destruction of the Brookes was already confirmed in LA according to the news broadcast. But there were only rumors about Stanley's departure, so no one could confirm if he had really left or not.

At the thought of this, many people began to feel their hearts palpitate.

"Hmph, old fogey, are you still trying to put up a pretense and scare us?"

At this moment, a young man from one of the families suddenly cursed because he didn't believe Andrew's words. He felt that Andrew was just making false claims to scare them.

Andrew's heart skipped a beat, but he tried his best to pretend to be nonchalant. In fact, he even threatened, "Punk, if you don't want to follow in your brother's footsteps, continue kicking up a ruckus here! Stanley will return in a few minutes, and you'll naturally know whether I'm boasting or not!"

Seeing that the people in front of him were hesitant and apprehensive, Andrew decided to strike the iron while it was hot and continued, "Hah, the Brookes have been running businesses for more than a decade, and we have enough manpower and wealth. We've just restarted our empire in another place! Stanley has stayed with us for so many years. As long as we hire him with a high salary again, why would he leave?"

"I don't know who instigated you or where you heard the news of Stanley's departure, so you came to the Brookes to stir up trouble.

"However, I'll make things clear now. If you all leave this place now, I can still consider that nothing has happened and not hold it against you on account that we know each other. But if you still want to seek revenge and cause trouble, I'll have Stanley break all of your legs when he comes back! Even if you flee back to your families, I won't let you off!"

Andrew had a hostile expression on his face as he glared at the people in front of him. He didn't seem scared at all and instead seemed rather fearless.

Everyone immediately thought of retreating. After all, Stanley was known for being brutal and ruthless. They were really terrified.

"Forget it. Anyway, it's just some minor grudges from the past. There's no point in getting our families involved. We'll get going now. Bye!"

"We... we have other things to handle at home too. We're going to get going!"

"Forget it. We don't care anymore. Let's go!"

"Damn it. If that killer comes back, it'll be over for us. Let's hurry and leave!"

...

All of a sudden, everyone was terrified and immediately left.

In front of the large gate of the Brookes' villa, Elliot and a few others were the only ones left.

"Elliot, what's going on? You must have a death wish for choosing to stay behind. Are you that eager to die?" Andrew questioned derisively while looking at Elliot.

Elliot snorted and shouted, "Andrew, don't be too smug! Stanley hasn't returned yet. I can kill you before he comes back!"

Andrew laughed out loud nonchalantly. "Sure. Anyway, I've already lived such a long time. Even if I die, it won't be a loss! Your entire Parker family will be buried along with me. It'll be worth it. Come on. I'm standing right. Try killing me!"

"You!"

The more fearless Andrew seemed, the uglier Elliot's face became. He gritted his teeth and held back for a long time, but he still didn't dare to really make a move on the Brookes.

"There are still five minutes left. Stanley will be back soon." Andrew deliberately lifted his wrist to look at his watch before warning.

"Damn it! Andrew Brooke, just you wait! One day, I will make sure you get it! Let's go!" Elliot finally couldn't help but curse as he left the Brookes' villa together with the rest.

He was the scion of the Parkers and the future successor. He definitely couldn't stay here and let Stanley cripple him!

As Elliot left, the others standing in front of the Brookes' villa also left.

Only then did the Brookes heave a long sigh of relief and relax.

"Will Stanley... really come back?"

Although they had witnessed everything that happened previously, there were some who were still waiting to hear his answer expectantly.

Andrew shook his head bitterly. Of course, he knew that Stanley definitely wouldn't return to the Brookes. He had indeed deliberately said those words to scare them away.

"All of you, drop everything you haven't packed and get in the cars immediately. We'll set off now! Otherwise, we won't be able to escape! We will leave separately and gather in Florida. Got it?!" Andrew hollered and took the lead to get in a car.

Countless members of the Brooke family behind him were in a state of panic as they hurriedly got inside the cars and soon left in various directions.

By the time the people of other families in LA realized that something was amiss, the Brookes had long since scattered among the traffic of LA. They had already left the city, and the other families wouldn't be able to catch up at all.

In the luxurious villa belonging to the Parkers in LA, Elliot flew into a rage and slammed his teacup hard onto the ground when he heard that Stanley hadn't return to the Brookes and that the Brookes had actually taken the opportunity to flee from LA!

Bang!

The white porcelain teacup instantly shattered into pieces!

"You still have the nerve to smash your cup, huh? You good-for-nothing, I told you to go to the Brookes and stop them from leaving, but you did exactly the opposite!" Ian Parker, Elliot's father, cursed furiously and raised his hand to slap Elliot hard on the face.

Smack!

Elliot put his hand on his red and swollen cheek and roared furiously, "Dad, that sly old fox Andrew Brooke deliberately lied to us that Stanley Ray was coming back soon. He threatened to kill me if I didn't leave. Well, that's why I... I thought that if he really came back, you wouldn't be able to see me again. He seemed really aggressive, and everyone was scared by him. Who expected that that bastard was lying!"

"How dare you argue?! Anyway, you failed to get the job done properly! Hmph, in order to stop those people from talking, I'll leave it to you to handle the other matters regarding the Brookes. Hurry up and make up for it! This time, you have to do a good job and not make any mistakes again!" Ian said with great determination and a gloomy gaze.

"Dad, what do you mean?"

"Although the Brookes have fled, they still own many businesses, factories, and real estate properties in LA. They couldn't have moved them all away. I don't care if those properties no longer have an owner or whoever they belong to now. I want you to bring some people and snatch them!"

Chapter 215: Cooperate With Me

At this moment, Lucas had just arrived back in Orange County.

Flynn called Lucas and briefly reported the situation in LA to him. "Lucas, we've just received news that after word about the destruction of the Brookes got out, several families in LA approached the Brookes to exact revenge on them. However, Andrew Brooke lied and scared them away by claiming that Stanley Ray would immediately return. Currently, the Brookes have all fled LA, and they seem to have headed south, but we don't have their exact destination."

Lucas's lips curled into a faint smirk. "That old fogy Andrew Brooke is indeed a sly old fox. As I said before, it's all up to them whether the Brookes can survive or not. Since they've left LA, there's no need for us to bother about them anymore."

"Yes!" Flynn immediately acknowledged. "I also have one more thing to report to you. The businesses and properties of the Brookes now belong to you. But just now, we found out that the Parkers intend to intervene and seize all of them. What do you think we should do..."

"The Parkers? How bold of them! How dare they covet my things. They must have failed to consider why the Brookes were destroyed. What a foolish bunch. Let Stanley handle this matter and try to deter them. When necessary, you may attack. But tell him not to get anyone killed."

Lucas wasn't worried about the affairs in LA because he had kept Stanley there, all for the sake of using the reputation he had built to assist Flynn in taking care of the matters there quickly.

"Yes, Lucas!" Flynn felt relaxed after hearing Lucas's arrangements.

With a terrifying and intimidating expert like Stanley in LA, it would be a matter of time before the things there were taken care of.

As soon as Lucas hung up the call with Flynn, he went to the kindergarten to pick Amelia up from school. Then he went to the Brilliance Corporation to pick Cheyenne up.

Cheyenne had been frowning throughout the journey home, as if she was troubled about something.

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" Lucas asked with concern while driving.

Only then did Cheyenne return to her senses. She shook her head and said worriedly, "I'm just a little worried about my dad. He's been missing for the past few days, and I can't reach him through the phone. I'm really worried... that he might have met a mishap."

2

Lucas frowned slightly too.

Previously, Cheyenne's father, William, often stayed out late and refused to go home. Once, he got dead drunk and was later found gambling at the casino in the Opulence. He was then nabbed and forced to return about 800,000 dollars in cash.

If Lucas hadn't arrived in time to save him, William would have had his limbs cut off.

But after that, William didn't reflect much on himself and still continued staying out all the time. Even though they had already moved to the villa in the middle of Pearl Lake, William probably wasn't aware of it because he hadn't been home in days.

And when Cheyenne tried to contact him, she couldn't reach him through his phone nor find him at all.

Seeing how worried she was, Lucas comforted, "It's alright. I'll go look for William later. I promise I'll find him and take him home."

Only after hearing his words did Cheyenne feel relieved.

As long as Lucas made a promise, he would definitely fulfill it. This was the sense of trust and reliability that she had felt from Lucas over this period of time.

Soon after Lucas drove Cheyenne and Amelia home, Cheyenne's phone suddenly started ringing.

She answered the call and listened for a while before her expression changed drastically. She said anxiously, "Really? Okay, I know. I'll get going now! Thank you!"

After she hung up, her eyes turned red, and she was on the verge of tears.

"What's wrong? Who called?" Lucas asked.

"A friend of mine. She just told me that she saw my dad gambling in Little Atlantis City!" Cheyenne said in misery, sounding like she was sobbing.

Lucas knew about Little Atlantis City. It was a place modeled after the internationally renowned Atlantis City Resort located on Paradise Island in the capital of the Bahamas. Little Atlantis City was the top entertainment joint in the city and housed the largest casino in town, as well as some brothel-like places.

He didn't expect that William hadn't learned his lesson at all after the previous incident in the Opulence. He even continued gambling in a place like Little Atlantis City.

Gambling was a terrible vice in the first place, and many gambling addicts often ended up losing everything, resulting in the destruction of their families.

William was rather silly too, as he would often fall into the traps laid by others. In a place like a casino, he was just like a piece of fat meat that those with ulterior motives were looking forward to slaughtering.

Lucas frowned.

It would be simple if they just wanted to bring William home, but Lucas wanted him to wake up and quit his vices. Thus, he would have to do it the hard way.

Thinking of this, Lucas looked at Cheyenne and said softly, "We have to think of a way to make your dad quit his addiction. I have a solution for this, but I need your cooperation."

Cheyenne quickly nodded. "Tell me. As long as it can make him quit his gambling addiction, I will cooperate with you and do whatever you ask of me!"

Lucas told Cheyenne his plan.

"Will... that work? Will it cause any trouble?" she asked, feeling worried after hearing what he said.

"Don't worry. With me around, it will be fine," he said comfortingly.

His words instantly made her feel much more at ease.

"Okay, let's set off now!" Cheyenne exclaimed.

They put Amelia in Charlotte's care before driving off to Little Atlantis City.

Soon, Lucas and Cheyenne arrived at the luxurious and ostentatious Little Atlantis City.

"Welcome, may I ask what type of entertainment services the two of you would like? Our usher will lead the way," the front desk attendant greeted in a sweet voice and smile.

"We would like to go to the casino on the top floor," Lucas said. Previously, Cheyenne's friend had informed her that she saw William in the casino on the top floor.

"I'm so sorry, but if you'd like to go to the top floor, you have to be a platinum level member of Little Atlantis City," the front desk attendant said respectfully.

"What can we do about it?" Lucas said as he took out a gold and black card.

After the front desk attendant saw the card, her eyes instantly lit up, and she said in a softer and more pleasant voice, "Sir, there are two ways you can apply for membership. If you have a member referral, you only need..."

"How much will it cost? I want two platinum membership cards," Lucas interrupted.

In fact, the rules of such places were largely similar. If you came with a friend who was a longtime member of the place, the fee for a platinum membership card would be much lower.

But if you were purely a newcomer without a referral or a friend to introduce you, you would have to pay more to get a membership card due to safety reasons.

Lucas was now anxious to go upstairs to look for William together with Cheyenne, so he couldn't be bothered to find someone to refer him and simply offered money.

"Alright... If you apply for the membership card directly, it will cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each. Would you like two?" the front desk attendant asked smilingly.

Chapter 216: Looking for William Carter

Soon, they received two platinum membership cards at the cost of slightly over 300,000, which was deducted from Lucas's gold and black card.

After being led to the top floor by the usher, Lucas dismissed him and walked toward the casino with Cheyenne.

Cheyenne felt the pinch of spending more than 300,000 on the two platinum membership cards. "The membership cards are too expensive. If I had known, I would have let my friend refer us. It's not worth it to spend so much money on a membership card."

Lucas smiled faintly. "It's faster to get the membership this way, and it'll allow us to find William sooner."

There were rows of exquisitely crafted masks hanging on the walls on both sides of the corridor, which were prepared for guests who wanted to play in the poker room but wished to keep their identity concealed.

Lucas took a random mask from the wall and put it on his face. The mask was enough to cover his entire face and revealed only his long and narrow eyes.

"Go to William later. I'll look for you afterward according to plan."

Lucas's voice had changed significantly compared to usual, and he sounded like a completely different person.

Cheyenne looked at him in astonishment. If not for the fact that Lucas was standing right in front of her and talking to her, she probably wouldn't have been able to tell who he was!

"Okay, go ahead. Quickly." Lucas looked at Cheyenne's dumbfounded expression in amusement.

Only then did Cheyenne snap back to her senses. "Alright, I'll wait for you." Then she turned around and entered the poker room.

As part of the top entertainment joint of the city, Little Atlantis City's poker room was definitely extremely crowded and lively. There were hundreds of card tables of various designs lined up in the spacious hall, and there were plenty of people surrounding each table with their eyes glued onto them.

There were also many people wearing masks on their faces like Lucas.

It was Cheyenne's first time being in such a place, so she was at a loss for what to do.

"Cheyenne, here!" A clear and tender voice belonging to a woman sounded near Cheyenne.

Cheyenne turned around and saw a fashionably dressed, youthful-looking woman standing at a table not far away. The woman was walking up to Cheyenne. She was none other than Cheyenne's close friend Lena.

"Lena!" Cheyenne hurriedly walked over and gripped her hand. But before she could catch up with her with pleasantries, she anxiously asked, "Lena, where's my father?"

"Come with me. He's here."

Lena took Cheyenne's hand and walked with her through the gaps in the crowd all the way until they reached a table near the corner. She then pointed to one of the people at the table. "William is right there."

Cheyenne looked in the direction Lena was pointing and saw a scruffy William, whose face was covered in stubble and hair was all unkempt and greasy. His clothes were crumpled and hanging loosely off his body as he stared at the cards laid out on the table, his gaze full of zeal and mania.

"Hahahaha, I finally got a good hand this time. Just you wait. I'll definitely win this round!" He exclaimed delightedly with the cards in hand.

Seeing the way William was behaving, Cheyenne burst into tears, and she rushed forward to grab his arm. "Dad! You haven't gone home for so many days. Have you been staying in this place?"

Upon seeing his daughter suddenly appear, William couldn't help but feel guilty and flustered. "What are you doing here?"

"You didn't come home, and I couldn't reach you on your phone. It took me great lengths to come here and find you. Dad, stop gambling and come home with me!" Cheyenne begged miserably.

"I... I..." William didn't want to go home at all, and he still had the good hand of cards that he had finally obtained. How could he be willing to just leave it behind and leave?

"William Carter, are you going to play or not? Hurry up! If you're not interested, get lost quickly. We want to play!" A poker player next to him frowned and urged in displeasure.

"Of course I'm playing!" William hurriedly responded. Then he pushed away Cheyenne's hand before pushing the pile of chips in front of him forward. "I'm going to increase my stake! Do you guys dare bet?"

"Dad, stop playing and come home with me!" Cheyenne became panicked and angry when she saw that her father was still obsessed with poker. She tried to grab the cards in his hand and throw them away.

"Get lost!" William pushed Cheyenne away hostilely and hollered fiercely, "Don't disturb me! If you have anything to say, wait until I'm done!"

"I'll follow suit!"

"Me too!"

Several other people at the table also threw out the chips in front of them and followed suit to raise their stakes.

"Okay, let's turn our cards over!"

Everyone showed their cards.

"Hahaha. I win this game again! I win again!"

A chubby man wearing golden jewelry suddenly laughed out loud and collected all the chips on the table. He then mocked William loudly, "William Carter, you can't make it anymore. You've already lost!"

William was extremely sullen, but there was nothing he could do except watch the chubby man take his chips away. He thought that his hand this time was good and that he could recoup his losses, but to his surprise, he lost.

"Dad, let's go home..." Cheyenne once again tried to persuade.

1

Boiling with fury, William looked at Cheyenne beside him and immediately flew into a rage. He vented all his anger on her as he barked, "Damn it. I had a good hand, but you kept making so much noise while you were beside me. You made me lose all my good

luck! Hurry up and get lost. Once I've won enough, I'll go back. I don't need you to urge me!"

Cheyenne was still a young woman in her twenties. After being yelled at mercilessly by William, she felt miserable and aggrieved. The tears in her eyes made her look even more beautiful.

The other players around the table looked over after hearing William's scolding.

When they saw the gorgeous Cheyenne, their eyes were full of amazement.

Being a stunning beauty, Cheyenne's presence among the poker players in the room was akin to a piece of fresh and tender meat suddenly appearing in the middle of a pack of hungry wolves. Many men even looked at her lustfully and lecherously.

"Hey, William Carter, is this your daughter? I couldn't tell that you'd be able to have such a beautiful daughter!"

The chubby man decked out in gold jewelry stared at Cheyenne intently with a disgusting expression. "William Carter, you've just lost so many rounds, I bet you've lost all your capital, right? I'll give you eighty grand to recoup your losses in exchange for two days with your daughter. How does that sound?"

2

Chapter 217: The Beginning of the Round of Poker

The chubby man had a look of certainty on his face, and he even tried to reach out to pull Cheyenne toward him so that he could grope her.

With his understanding of William's gambling habits, coupled with the fact that William had lost all his money, the fat man felt that William definitely wouldn't turn his offer down. So after speaking, he treated Cheyenne as his property and reached out to violate her.

"Get lost! Who gave you permission to touch my daughter with that dirty hand of yours?" William sprung up and hollered furiously before smacking the chubby man's hand away. He then moved Cheyenne behind him to shield her.

"She's my daughter, not a promiscuous plaything. If anyone dares to touch my daughter, I'll go all out!"

1

Not only was the chubby man bewildered by William's actions, but even Lucas, who was standing near them and observing, was surprised. He even changed his impression of William.

It seemed that although William was incompetent and a huge scumbag, he at least still regarded Cheyenne as his daughter.

But Lucas wondered if William would still be able to stay firm in his position as Cheyenne's father and value their kinship. If he still protected Cheyenne like he was doing now, Lucas would have to change his plan.

After the initial surprise, the chubby man reacted to William, a penniless man now down and out, actually having the audacity to berate him in public. He was enraged and grabbed William by his collar. "Damn it, William Carter. How dare you scold me in public? You must be tired of living."

Only then did William recall that the chubby man didn't have a simple identity. He was from a powerful family in Orange County, and he definitely wasn't someone William could afford to provoke. William immediately started shuddering.

"I... I... I did it in a moment of pique!" William stammered and explained, much less confident than he was moments ago.

At this moment, someone reached their hand over and pressed it on the chubby man's hand. The chubby man felt a sudden soreness in his wrist and involuntarily let go of William's collar.

The chubby man cocked his head toward the side and saw a masked man standing right beside him. The hand that pressed against his just now belonged to this man.

"W-who are you..." the chubby man asked apprehensively in shock as he stared at the mask Lucas was wearing.

The patrons of Little Atlantis City were all wealthy, especially those who wore masks—they were usually powerful figures of status whose identities couldn't be revealed indiscriminately.

So although the chubby man was infuriated that Lucas had interrupted him, he didn't dare to lose his temper on the spot, for fear that he might offend a distinguished figure.

Lucas stared at the chubby man indifferently with his eyes full of disdain as though he was staring at a piece of garbage. "Do you think you're qualified to ask about my identity? Get lost!"

Then he pushed the chubby man away and sat on his seat.

The chubby man was so furious that his face and neck flushed red. The moment he was about to curse, he immediately curbed the urge to do so.

Since he dares to speak in such an arrogant tone, he must be a powerful bigwig I can't afford to trifle with!

Despite being overwhelmed with fury, the chubby man could only force himself to bear with it.

The man who sounded extremely arrogant was naturally Lucas.

He was wearing a mask, and he had also made his voice sound different than usual. Even William, his father-in-law, who was now sitting right in front of him, was stunned and couldn't recognize his son-in-law.

"This gentleman, would you like to join this game? Our stakes are high."

A few other poker players at the same table couldn't help but be excited after seeing how domineering Lucas was.

This person seemed to be a big shot, and this was a good thing because it meant that he was rich enough to pay even if he lost a lot of money during the game. Such people were the type of players that experienced players like them, who spent loads of time on poker and even made a living off it, liked playing with the most.

"Is that so?" Lucas casually took out a gold and black Dubai First Royale Card from his pocket and handed it to the service attendant beside him. "Get me three million dollars worth of chips."

"Wow!"

"He's starting with a capital of three million dollars. What a baller!"

The poker players gathered around the table couldn't help but gasp in shock as they stared at Lucas like they were looking at a whale.

He was definitely a whale with a ton of money!

William also had excitement written all over her face. Although he didn't have much money left—only around a few hundred thousand—he would be able to recoup his capital as long as he won a few rounds against this young baller. He thought that he might even win several to dozens of times the amount of his capital!

Soon, the service attendant carried Lucas's chips to him, and the game officially began.

“Hey brother, how do you want to play?” A ginger sitting at the poker table stared at Lucas with a zealous gaze and asked roguishly.

Lucas calmly leaned back in his chair and said indifferently, “Let’s play a simple game where the biggest hand wins. Four cards facing up and one facing down. How does that sound?”

The few poker players at the table exchanged glances with each other gleefully.

This was indeed a simple game, as it required little technical skills and was mostly dependent on luck. Each game would end quickly too, so the amount of money won or lost would be quite large.

But it happened to be just what they wanted.

“Okay, we’ll go ahead with that. Dealer, begin!”

The beautiful woman wearing the dealer’s uniform and standing at the side smiled and nodded. She extended her slender fingers to shuffle and deal the cards.

Soon, the few players each had a few cards in front of them.

“I’ll raise the stakes eight grand!”

“Call!”

“Call!”

...

They raised the stakes by eight thousand in one go. The stakes of the game were undoubtedly high.

William hesitated for a moment before gritting his teeth and saying, “Call!”

Soon, all the people at the poker table called the bet. Lucas was the only one who hadn’t.

Everyone turned to look at Lucas, waiting to hear his answer.

“I’ll raise the bet by a million dollars.” Lucas’s voice was calm, but his words were like a drop of water added to hot oil and instantly led to an uproar.

“What?! He raised the bet by a million dollars?! That’s outrageous!”

“This is so exciting! Who can call this bet? It’s a million dollars!”

“Damn, that’s too much! The stakes are going to be millions of dollars!”

...

The people at the card table and the spectators around the table all gasped in amazement.

Actually, the simplicity of the game was precisely the reason that there was a greater degree of freedom in choice in terms of raising the bet.

After the dealer had placed the basic bet, everyone was free to raise the bet. Those who were willing to continue playing could call, while those who felt that the risk was too high could choose not to call. Those who didn’t call would be considered to have folded and would thus be kicked out of the game automatically. All of the chips they placed would also be given to the winner.

However, no one dared to call with Lucas’s raise of a million dollars. Of course, greater risks also meant greater returns. If they called the bet and won, they would win more than a million dollars at once, which was simply more than the lifetime earnings of an average person!

This was what gambling was all about!

You could either strike a fortune overnight or lose everything in a single night. It was brutal and harsh.

The people at the table were all obviously hesitant. But after weighing the cards they had in their hands, they finally gave up calling the bet.

William was the only one who repeatedly looked at the cards in his hand and finally gritted his teeth before saying reluctantly, “I... call!”

1

Chapter 218: She’ll Be Collateral

As soon as William said that, the chubby man whom Lucas had replaced as a player at the table and who could now only stand by and watch couldn’t help but sneer. “William Carter, you want to call? That’s a million dollars in cash. Are you sure you can afford to call?”

The poker players next to him also agreed. “Exactly, William Carter, we all know how much money you have. When you first came here a few days ago, you had less than a

million dollars. Besides, you've lost so much money in the past few days, you probably only have a few hundred grand left. How can you afford to call the bet?"

When they exposed how much William had, his face flushed with embarrassment. But he soon swallowed his pride and exclaimed loudly, "I really have a good hand! As long as I can call the bet, I will definitely win! If someone lends me a million dollars, I'll pay you one-point-two million when I win. I won't go back on my word!"

His words immediately sparked more mockery and louder discussion.

The majority of players here were experienced gamblers who had met all sorts of people at the poker table, especially those who often borrowed money to continue gambling.

But people like William who bet all the money he had and even tried to borrow more from others were rare!

"Damn it, William Carter. Are you trying to gain something without risking anything of your own? You're penniless now, but you want us to lend you money? You're really thick-skinned!"

"Haha, this is the first time I've witnessed something like this! William Carter, why don't you lend me a few grand? If I win, I'm willing to share half of my winnings with you. Will you do it?"

"Exactly! Does this dimwit take all of us for fools? If we had so much money, why wouldn't we play ourselves? We'd be able to win a million dollars in one go. Why should we lend our money to you so that you can gamble?"

"That's right! If you lose, you won't even be able to pay back the million dollars you owe! Who would be so stupid as to lend you money?"

...

Almost everyone was mocking and sneering at William.

Cheyenne looked very uncomfortable. But since William was her father, she could only step forward again and grab his arm. Looking at him with a pleading and miserable gaze, she sobbed and said, "Dad, stop gambling. Let's go home!"

"Get lost!" William pushed Cheyenne away roughly. Now, all that was on his mind were on the cards he was holding and the million dollars that he was about to win. He regarded anyone who wanted to obstruct him as his enemy.

He had utterly become engrossed in gambling, and his eyes were bloodshot.

Cheyenne was caught off guard when he pushed her away and almost fell to the ground. Fortunately, her friend Lena was standing beside her and managed to reach out quickly to grab her.

Lucas watched everything with a sharp gaze in his eyes.

If William wasn't Cheyenne's father, he would never have allowed anyone to push or shove Cheyenne without bearing any consequences.

Everyone treated William like he was a joke, so no one was willing to lend him money.

After pleading in vain, William suddenly looked at Lucas, and his eyes lit up. "Sir... Sir, please lend me a million dollars! If I win later, I'll give you back three hundred grand. How does that sound?"

William's words made everyone sneer and guffaw loudly in derision.

How thick-skinned must he be to borrow money from his opponent to win his opponent's money? What an oddball he is to come up with such an idea!

Lucas sighed in his head about William. His father-in-law had actually stooped so low and forgone his pride for the sake of gambling.

Lucas didn't agree to William's request to borrow money from him but didn't reject him right away. He said with contempt, "Are you that confident you can win?"

William didn't even hear the mockery in Lucas's tone, and instead, he felt that there was hope in borrowing money. He frantically nodded. "That's right! The cards I got in this round are great. I can definitely win against you!"

Everyone else at the table couldn't help but want to call William a fool.

If he really had an excellent hand and was confident of winning, there would be even less of a need for the young man to lend money to William for him to call his bet.

As long as he didn't lend William the money, William wouldn't be able to call the bet, much less win the game. In that case, the young man would be able to rake in all the other chips on the table, which were worth at least a hundred grand.

But if he lent William a million dollars and William ended up winning, the young man would end up losing 700,000 even if William returned 300,000 to him.

This was a calculation that an ordinary person could make!

William was just too blinded not to realize this. He even had the cheek to ask Lucas for money so that he could win Lucas's money. What a weirdo!

But to everyone's surprise, the young man actually agreed!

"If you are really so confident in yourself, then I will give you a chance to win against me. But I won't lend you a million dollars for nothing. You'll have to put up your valuables as collateral," Lucas slowly said while staring at William.

William was exhilarated to hear this but then immediately frowned. "Collateral... Valuable? But I don't have anything valuable on me now! Well... can I go home later to bring them here to you?"

Lucas shook his head and suddenly smiled before pointing at Cheyenne.

"Isn't she your daughter? Well then, use her as collateral!" Lucas's voice was like that of a demon. "If you lose to me later, this woman will belong to me!"

Cheyenne was naturally aware of Lucas's plan long ago. So when she saw this, she played along and pretended to be terrified. She avoided his gaze and hid behind William while pleading softly, "Dad..."

"No." William clenched his jaw and turned Lucas down. "Cheyenne is my daughter. I won't lose her to you!"

Lucas shrugged and retorted, "Didn't you just say that you were absolutely confident that you would win this game against me when you asked to borrow money from me? If you have the confidence to win, why would you worry about losing your daughter to me?"

After William heard this, the look of determination on his face gradually vanished as he began to waver.

Yeah, I said that I'm confident in winning against him. And as long as I win this round, I'll win more than a million dollars. Cheyenne will be safe and fine too!

Yeah!

It's just putting Cheyenne up as collateral temporarily. There are no risks involved!

With that thought, William made up his mind and agreed. "Okay! I'll temporarily put my daughter up as collateral, but you have to give me a million dollars worth of chips now!"

1

Chapter 219: Outcome of The Bet

“Dad! What... what are you talking about?!” When Cheyenne heard her father actually use her as collateral for a million dollars worth of chips, her eyes widened, and she looked at William in disbelief.

Standing beside Cheyenne, Lena also widened her eyes in shock and exclaimed in astonishment, “William, Cheyenne is your biological daughter! How can you put her up as collateral and use her as a gambling stake?”

Lucas’s face, hidden beneath the mask, had become completely gloomy and sullen. He glared at William coldly. “Are you sure you’re going to put your daughter up as collateral to me? If I win, she will be mine. I will take her away, and regardless of what happens to her in the future, you will have no right to ask any questions!

“In that case, do you still agree to use her as collateral?”

Lucas’s voice was extremely cold, and it even contained some murderous intent that he was unable to hide!

“Dad, stop... stop gambling. Come home with me, okay?” Cheyenne asked while looking at William with tears and a pleading gaze in her beautiful eyes.

The eye contact he made with his daughter made his heart tremble. But when he thought of the million dollars he would obtain soon, he decided to bite the bullet and go all out.

“Yes! I agree to pledge my daughter to you as collateral. As long as you win, you can take her away!” William declared through gritted teeth.

1

The glimmer of hope in Cheyenne’s eyes vanished the instant she heard his words. She never thought that her father would be heartless enough to pledge her to someone else as collateral as if she was an inanimate object. He went ahead without hesitation, even if she might be in a living hell in the future!

Having suffered an immense blow, Cheyenne began to lose her balance, and her body swayed. But Lena hurriedly held onto her and asked worriedly, “Cheyenne, are you alright?”

Cheyenne shook her head with difficulty. In fact, if it wasn’t because she knew that the person who made this request was Lucas, and so she wouldn’t be in any danger, she might have already lost her balance by now.

“Oh my god! This man actually pledged his daughter as collateral for the sake of having more money to gamble! He’s so inhumane!”

“Tsk! Tsk! His daughter specially came here to take him home, but he sold her out! She went to such great lengths for her bastard of a father. It’s not worth it at all!”

“Exactly. He’s worse than a beast! I may have lost lots of money, but at least I wouldn’t put my family up as collateral to others!”

“This old foggy William Carter is really a scoundrel. He’s a scumbag!”

...

The stakes at this poker table were extremely high. And the fact that a living person had been used as collateral attracted lots of onlookers, who all expressed their disgust for William’s behavior.

Although most of the gamblers in Little Atlantis City were gambling addicts, there were many who were professional gamblers. Even they were repulsed and in disdain of William’s shameless behavior.

When William heard the scoldings coming from around him, his face began to become burning hot. But he repeatedly comforted himself, “It’s alright. I’m just temporarily using Cheyenne as collateral. I’m going to win this game soon. I won’t let Cheyenne really be taken away!”

While constantly consoling himself, William ignored everyone’s reaction and clenched his teeth. He then took the million dollars worth of chips from Lucas.

“A million dollars, I’m calling the bet!”

The veins on his forehead were bulging as he resolutely pushed all the chips in front of him to the center of the table!

“Open!” With a professional smile on her face, the dealer turned to look at Lucas. “Sir, this player has called your bet of one million dollars. Would you like to raise the bet?”

Having achieved his purpose, Lucas naturally shook his head. “No, open!”

In fact, both of them now had five cards each in front of them. And apart from the bottom one, the other four cards were facing up, so everyone could see them.

William’s cards that were facing up were a queen of diamonds, ten of spades, jack of hearts, and nine of diamonds, which happened to be in consecutive order.

If the card that William had facing down was an eight or king of any suit, the five cards in his hand would be a standard straight. And it would be a relatively high straight.

This was also why William felt that he had a winning hand and was very confident that he would win.

On the other hand, Lucas's cards that were facing up were a nine of spades, ten of spades, jack of clubs, and king of spades.

Although it seemed that Lucas's cards added up to a bigger number than William's, his cards were not consecutive, and he was bound to have a smaller hand than William.

Now, William just needed the bottom card to be revealed!

"My bottom card is... the king of hearts!"

William turned his bottom card over and slammed it down hard on the center of the table with a loud thud!

It really turned out to be a straight! And it was a straight with the largest number of points!

According to the rules here, 9, 10, J, Q, and K would form the largest straight!

Everyone gasped in amazement, thinking that it was no wonder that William would use his daughter as collateral!

Cheyenne didn't know the rules of these card games, but Lena was more knowledgeable in this aspect. Upon seeing William's five cards, she immediately felt a huge sense of relief and exclaimed happily, "Cheyenne, William seems to have the upper hand now. You'll be fine!"

Hearing the exclamations coming from the people around him, William felt that he had regained all his lost pride. Pointing to the pile of chips on the table that was worth millions of dollars, he said smugly, "It seems that I've won this game! These are all mine!"

"Hold it! I haven't revealed my bottom card yet. Are you sure you've won this round?" Lucas cocked his head slightly toward the side and stopped William, who was reaching out eagerly to grab the chips.

"Hmph, my cards have formed the biggest straight! If you can get a queen, the cards you have can only make a straight comparable to mine. But what do you think is the likelihood of both of us getting an identical straight at the same time?" William retorted in displeasure.

"Since you could get it, why can't I?" Lucas smirked coldly and turned his bottom card over, only to reveal that it was indeed a queen of spades!

Lucas's cards were surprisingly also a straight consisting of 9, 10, J, Q, and K!

If the cards were equal in terms of numbers of points, they would have to compare according to suits. The hierarchy of suits had always been spades > hearts > clubs > diamonds.

Four of Lucas's cards were spades, making his cards bigger than William's!

The winner of this game was not William, but Lucas!

Everyone was astonished!

Flabbergasted, everyone stared at the two straights equal in points but not in suits and soon got into an uproar!

William's face immediately turned extremely pale!

Unable to believe what he was looking at, he rubbed his eyes hard and opened them again!

But no matter how much disbelief William was in, he had no choice but to admit that he had really lost this game that he had been certain about winning!

Lucas stood up, walked over to Cheyenne, grabbed her by her waist, and declared domineeringly, "This woman is mine now!"

Chapter 220: Finally Came to His Senses

Lucas's voice was extraordinarily cold, especially when he glanced at William. *This man really lost Cheyenne to a man. He really deserves to die!*

Unfortunately, at this moment, William's eyes were out of focus, and he had a deadpan expression as he stood rooted to the ground, as if he was out of his element and dispirited. He didn't catch Lucas's murderous gaze at all, nor did he respond to Lucas's act of holding Cheyenne by her waist.

Suddenly, Lena violently pushed away Lucas's arm, stood in front of Cheyenne, and yelled at him, "Let go of her!"

Lucas looked at her and narrowed his eyes. "Shut up. This matter is none of your business. Otherwise, don't blame me for being nasty to the Sawyers."

Lucas had long since learned a lot of information about various people through the intelligence network that Jordan had set up.

For example, Cheyenne's close friend Lena actually happened to be the daughter of Ethan Sawyer, the richest man in the county.

Ethan had always protected his son and daughter well. Ever since they were children, he sent them abroad to pursue an education. Thus, very few people in Orange County were aware of Lena's identity.

Although Lucas was acquaintances with Ethan, he wouldn't hesitate to be hostile to Lena if she tried to foolishly ruin his plan!

"You... You know who I am?"

Surprised that Lucas knew of her identity, Lena gaped her mouth open a little. But at the thought that her close friend was about to be taken away by this stranger like a spoil of war and that she might face horrendous treatment in the future, Lena felt that she had to protect Cheyenne instead of being a coward!

"Since you know who I am, can you spare Cheyenne for the sake of my father? I'll get my father to pay you that one million dollars William owes you!"

Lucas sneered. "Do I look like someone who lacks a million dollars? I'm taking this woman with me! If you don't want to offend someone and make an enemy for your father, you'd better shut up!"

Cheyenne pulled Lena away and persuaded softly, "Lena, thank you for your good intentions. But since my father said those things and used me as collateral to this man, just stay out of this."

Cheyenne was honestly very touched to see Lena standing up for her.

It was actually a very lucky thing to be able to meet such a good friend in this life!

Cheyenne advised Lena to stay out of it naturally because she had planned this together with Lucas. She wouldn't be in any danger leaving with Lucas at all.

But Lena thought that Cheyenne just didn't want her to be implicated and get into trouble, so she was instead even more determined to save her close friend!

"Cheyenne, I'm not afraid of being implicated. I must save you. I can't let someone take you away!"

Lena was full of determination as she grabbed Cheyenne's hand tightly before saying to Lucas, "How about this? I'll give you two million dollars to let her go. Cheyenne is already married. Go find another woman!"

Lucas was slightly surprised, as he didn't expect Lena to be so insistent on saving Cheyenne.

At this moment, Lucas's impression of Lena increased greatly.

But it was definitely impossible for him to hand Cheyenne over to her because that would ruin their plan.

Lucas shook his head and said resolutely, "No."

Lena bit her lower lip and said unwillingly, "Then what do you want to let her go? I'll definitely promise you as long as I can do it!"

Lucas suddenly chuckled teasingly. "Really? Since you have such a close relationship with each other, come with me together!"

Then he went forward without mercy and nonchalantly picked Lena up to put her on his shoulder. He then pulled Cheyenne with one hand. And just like that, he led the two beauties out of the poker room!

"Ah! Scoundrel, what are you doing? Hurry up and let go of me!" Lena shrieked while struggling with all her might on Lucas's shoulder.

Unfortunately, she was too weak compared to Lucas.

Just as they were about to leave, William suddenly snapped out of his trance—perhaps because he was jolted awake by Lena's shrieks—and hurriedly dashed toward them.

His heart full of regret, William stopped in front of them. "Wait a minute! Wait! I-I regret it. Don't take my daughter away! Since I owe you money, I'll go home and get it for you. Even if I lose all my money, I must get my daughter back! Please let my daughter off!"

How could I have been so obsessed with one million dollars and insisted on gambling, so much so that I ended up losing my daughter?!

Seeing Lucas still holding his daughter tightly, William gritted his teeth and fell to his knees with a loud thud!

"Please, I'm begging you... I know that I was too obsessed with gambling and ended up harming my daughter! My daughter is innocent. Please let her go! I'll do anything you want, but don't take my daughter away!" William knelt on the ground with tears all over his face as he pleaded with Lucas in misery.

When Lucas saw William kneeling and begging him to let Cheyenne go, his anger faded a little. It seemed that William had finally come to his senses and that he wasn't that inhumane either.

But his plan had yet to be fully realized, and it wasn't the time to be soft-hearted yet. Otherwise, William would never learn his lesson or quit his gambling addiction!

"Get lost! It's too late to say this now!" Lucas decided to be ruthless and forcefully pulled the tearful Cheyenne away. He then walked toward the door of the poker room.

"Hey, it seems inappropriate for you to leave just like that, right?" A gloomy voice suddenly came from the front.

Lucas frowned and looked at the elevator in front of him. He saw a few tall and burly bodyguards in front of him. The young man in his thirties in the middle had already blocked Lucas and the others' path.

When the surrounding poker players saw the young man in his thirties, many of them seemed surprised.

"It's Tony Zander! The owner of Little Atlantis City! How is he suddenly here?"

"He must be here because of those two beauties being taken away by that punk! Speaking of which, I just realized that these two chicks are really beautiful!"

"It's no wonder... I heard that Tony Zander really fancies beautiful babes. He has always stayed out of the affairs in Little Atlantis City, but this time, he actually intervened and stopped that young man."

"Hehehe, it seems that we're in for a good show!"

...

The poker players were discussing quietly, but Lucas had a sharp sense of hearing and had long heard everything they said.

It seemed that something greatly troublesome would happen again.

Lucas was feeling irritated and questioned, "What do you want? I want to leave. Do I need your approval?"

Tony raised his hand and slicked his greased hair back in order to look suave. "If you leave on your own, I won't stop you. But if you try to snatch women away from me on my turf, I have to take care of it!"

Chapter 221: The Stopper

“Trying to snatch women?” Lucas sneered. “I won this woman at the poker table. Are you thinking of intervening?”

When Lena saw that someone had stopped Lucas, she immediately started struggling and hollered, “He didn’t win me at the poker table. He’s trying to take me away forcefully!”

Tony looked at Lena’s pretty face, and he immediately seemed amazed by her beauty. “Don’t worry, pretty lady. I’m the owner of Little Atlantis City. I’ll never let anyone take someone away by force!”

Then he narrowed his eyes and glared at Lucas with a threatening gaze. “Did you hear that? You didn’t win this beautiful babe. Hurry up and let her go.”

Lucas frowned. He took Lena off his shoulder and put her down on the ground.

He never had any intention of doing anything to Lena in the first place. But because Lena kept pulling Cheyenne back and refused to let her go, he had no choice but to take Lena away too, so as not to waste any more time. He planned to have Cheyenne explain to Lena clearly after they left.

But since Lena vehemently refused to cooperate and was about to cause even more trouble for Lucas, he decided to leave her alone.

He took Cheyenne’s hand and said coldly, “Okay, can you get out of the way now?”

Seeing that Lucas had obediently let her go after Tony’s intervention, Lena thought that he was scared of offending Tony. So she hurriedly held onto Cheyenne’s hand and said, “No, you can’t take Cheyenne away. Quickly let go of her!”

Cheyenne was a close friend of hers, and she thought that if Cheyenne was taken away from Little Atlantis City, she might never see her again!

Cheyenne didn’t expect her close friend Lena to be so insistent on stopping her from leaving. Although she was very touched by how much Lena cared about her and how hard she was trying to protect her, Cheyenne felt that Lena was doing a disservice to them by foiling their plans now!

But Cheyenne could only keep her feelings of anxiety to herself, as she couldn’t explain it to Lena now.

Lucas said coldly, “Didn’t you see that her father already lost her to me just now? Since he wanted to take on the bet, he should bear the consequences. I even confirmed it with him several times, and he agreed to let me have his daughter if he lost. Even if you’re her friend, you’re in no place to make me let her go!”

“You!” Lena was enraged. “Cheyenne is a living person, not an object that you can use for trade. What right do you have to take her away like a spoil of war? I just said that I’m willing to pay you two million dollars in exchange for her!”

Tony also interjected, “Exactly. Such a situation where a living person is used as a bet has never happened in Little Atlantis City before. Punk, although I don’t know who you really are, this beauty obviously doesn’t want her friend to be taken away by you. Besides, her gorgeous friend may not be willing to leave with you either. You’d better let her go!”

Lucas sneered. “You’re so funny! I have to let her go just because she doesn’t want to leave with me? Does this mean that people who come to Little Atlantis City to gamble and end up losing money don’t have to repay their debts to you just because they’re not willing to do so?”

“Punk, you’re being unreasonable!” Tony was rendered speechless by Lucas’s question. He narrowed his eyes and threatened, “You’d better let her go obediently. Or else I won’t let you leave this place!”

After Tony finished speaking, the group of tall bodyguards behind him immediately stood out and surrounded Lucas. They obviously didn’t intend to let him leave easily.

Lucas raised his eyebrows. “Does this mean I have to leave her here no matter what?”

Tony guffawed unrestrainedly with a look of determination on his face. “Yes! This is my turf, and as long as I don’t let you go, you will never be able to leave! But I am not a bully either, so if you let go of the lady next to you, I promise I won’t make things hard for you, and I’ll let you leave safely instead. I’ll also pay you the one million dollars you should have won on behalf of this lady. What do you think?”

The fact that Tony could own a top entertainment venue like Little Atlantis City and run it exceptionally well in Orange County meant that he definitely had ruthless means.

In the eyes of onlookers, Tony was being kind enough by willing to take a step back and negotiate with Lucas while offering to pay him a million dollars.

“Forget it, young man. I advise you to hurry up and agree! You should count your blessings that you can leave safely with a million dollars in your pocket!”

“Yeah! Tony agreed to offer you such favorable terms today only because he’s in a good mood. Otherwise, you definitely wouldn’t even be able to leave Little Atlantis City!”

“That’s right. Young man, don’t let your impulsiveness rule your head. It’s not worth doing this for a woman!”

“Yeah, exactly! If Tony gave me a million dollars, I’d surely take the money and leave immediately instead of being stubborn and insistent here!”

...

The surrounding poker players all couldn’t help but whisper and chime in with their two cents.

Some of them were really giving advice out of good intentions, while others were just being sarcastic out of jealousy.

Seeing that the owner of Little Atlantis City had stopped Lucas and was even about to get into a conflict with him because of her, Cheyenne began to panic and really wanted to just tell the truth.

But when she saw her father, William, standing near them, she couldn’t help but hesitate again as she considered the fact that their efforts would have gone in vain if she revealed the truth.

Noticing that Cheyenne was getting anxious, Lucas squeezed her hand comfortingly and then looked at Tony. “Mr. Zander, I really don’t want to let her go even though you want me to. Since you operate a casino here, why don’t we have a gamble? If I win, I’ll take her away. But if I lose, I will leave her behind. What do you think?”

As soon as Lucas said this, everyone got into an uproar.

“Little Atlantis City is Tony’s turf. How dare this man ask to gamble with Tony? He really has a death wish!”

“Tsk, I bet he’s complacent now just because he won earlier and thinks he’s really impressive! Who does he think Tony is? Does he think he can win against him that easily?”

“Hah, how silly! He chose to do things the hard way instead of taking that one million dollars! I’ll see what he can do once he loses everything!”

...

Tony raised his eyebrows with some surprise. “Kid, do you really want to bet with me?”

“Yes, I have the guts to bet with you. As the owner of Little Atlantis City, are you too scared to take the bet?” Lucas deliberately tried to provoke him.

“Hmph, what a joke! Why would I be scared of you? Fine. Since you don’t know any better, I’ll fulfill your wishes! Let me be candid and make things clear in advance. You

have to lay down real cash as a stake. The girl is just a bonus. If you end up losing to the point of going bankrupt, don't blame me for bullying you!"

Chapter 222: Another Round

Having operated a casino for over a decade, Tony was naturally confident and not the least bit afraid of gambling with Lucas.

"Of course, if you agree to bet, you must accept to lose. Mr. Zander, if you lose in a while, I hope you will keep your promise," Lucas said indifferently.

Tony slicked his greased hair again and said with utmost confidence, "Haha, punk, you're mad! Tell me, how do you want to play?"

"We'll play a simple game where the person with the highest card wins. We can also play dice or poker. How does that sound?"

"Of course. How do we decide the winner?"

"When one side admits defeat. How about that?" Lucas narrowed his eyes.

The people around were suddenly in an uproar again.

There would usually be a standard set point in such gambling games, such as the number of rounds, number of wins by one party, or when one party lost everything.

A rule where the game would go on until one party admitted defeat and surrendered was extremely rare!

Figures of status usually cared a lot about their pride and wouldn't admit defeat easily unless they already lost everything they had to lose!

"Hahahaha, punk, you're the one who came up with this idea! So don't blame me for being ruthless!" Tony said with an icy cold gaze. *Since this man doesn't know any better, I'll win all his money and teach him an unforgettable lesson!*

Soon, Tony got someone to prepare a VIP room and took Lucas, Cheyenne, and Lena inside.

This disappointed many people in the hall. They wanted to see what would happen, but they didn't dare to make Tony start a gamble with the young man in the hall. Thus, they could only stand near the private room and wait for the final result.

There was a giant gambling table in the middle of the spacious room. Lucas walked over with a composed expression and sat down on one of the seats while Cheyenne stood behind him worriedly. Lena hesitated for a moment before walking over too. She then stood beside Cheyenne and grabbed her hand tightly.

Tony snorted and walked over to take a seat opposite Lucas while his underlings walked over and stood behind him.

“Hmph, kid, you’re really arrogant. Let’s hope you can still be arrogant later!”

Tony stared at Lucas with a hostile gaze and gestured for the dealer to start preparing the cards and things needed for the game.

At this juncture, Lucas seemed to recall something. “Oh, by the way, I left the three million dollars worth of chips I just exchanged and the money I won at the table just now. Mr. Zander, Little Atlantis City won’t swallow up my money, right?”

Cheyenne was stunned. Only then did she recall that Lucas had just exchanged three million dollars for a pile of chips that he left at the gambling table where William had been. Later, she got distracted because her father had used her as collateral and lost the bet. She then left with Lucas according to plan and completely forgot to get those chips!

But those chips, including the ones that Lucas won, were worth a total of more than three million dollars. It wasn’t a small sum of money at all!

At the thought of this, Cheyenne couldn’t help but look at Lucas with a sorrowful gaze. She had forgotten about those chips, and so did Lucas. No matter how wealthy he was, he shouldn’t be squandering it away like that.

Tony’s face twitched, and he felt extremely speechless.

This man actually forgot about his chips worth more than three million dollars. Can he be any more arrogant?!

He must be trying to show off his wealth in front of me and show that he doesn’t care about that money, huh? Fine. I’ll teach him a good lesson today and see what he can do after he loses all his money!

“Hmph, although you are indeed careless, it’s none of our business if someone else takes the chips away. But the staff of Little Atlantis City aren’t the type to take advantage of others when they’re not paying attention. We won’t swallow up the chips belonging to our customers.

“You, go fetch his chips for him!” Tony casually pointed to a subordinate beside him and instructed him to go and bring Lucas’s chips over from the other table.

He was actually not worried about those chips being snatched away and divvied by others.

The security measures of Little Atlantis City had always been good, and those who were rich and people of status wouldn't bother taking away the chips left behind by others. On the other hand, those gamblers of inferior status wouldn't dare to secretly take the unowned chips of Little Atlantis City even though they were greedy.

Of course, the reason Tony didn't withhold Lucas's chips was naturally that he wanted to maintain his poise in front of the two beautiful women, Lena and Cheyenne. Furthermore, he firmly believed that no matter how many chips Lucas had, they would all become his in a while.

In that case, why should he be a villain in vain?

After they placed their chips on the table, the game officially began.

The beautiful dealer stood in front of the table with a brand new deck of playing cards, as well as two dice cups and a few dice.

"Gentlemen, the first round is about to officially begin. Which gambling equipment would you like to use?" the dealer asked in a sweet and tender voice.

"We'll use the cards first," Tony instructed.

The dealer moved swiftly and quickly unpacked the deck of cards. She then skillfully shuffled them once before dealing a card in front of Lucas and Tony respectively.

Of course, both cards were facing down, so neither of them knew what the other's card was.

"Gentleman, please place your bets," the dealer said with a professional smile.

Without hesitation, Lucas pushed all of the chips, which were worth more than three million dollars, forward.

The people in the private room immediately gasped and inhaled sharply.

The people in Little Atlantis City had seen wealthy and generous people before. But those who would place a bet of more than three million dollars at once without even batting an eyelid were extremely rare!

If he wasn't being reckless, then he was definitely incredibly wealthy!

After all, in most gambling games, luck was an important factor. Especially in this game with such simple rules and didn't involve any gambling techniques, the players had to rely solely on luck!

Tony's expression also changed drastically as a glint of light flashed in his eyes.

He had heard from his subordinates that the masked man had suddenly appeared in Little Atlantis City. This man was extremely ostentatious and liberal with his money, as he had exchanged three million dollars worth of chips in one go.

Tony knew that Lucas should be a wealthy man, but even he had to admit that betting three million dollars in one go was extremely extravagant.

"Are you sure you want to bet three million all at once?" Tony stared at Lucas in the eye, seemingly questioning his choice.

Lucas leaned back in his chair and deliberately said with derision, "Yes. Why? Mr. Zander, do you not dare to call a bet of three million?"

Tony sneered. "Hmph, it's just three million. I can still afford to call it!"

Then he pushed out a large part of the neatly arranged pile of chips in front of him. "I'm calling! Three million!"

Since they had both placed their bets, it was time to turn over the cards.

Lucas turned over the card in front of him right away without even looking at it.

Everyone looked over and saw that Lucas's card was a four of spades!

"Hahahaha! It seems that you're not that lucky this round! You're going to lose!" Tony guffawed gloatingly.

In a game where the higher card won, getting a low card was truly unfortunate!

Cheyenne frowned and bit her lower lip tightly.

But Lucas remained unfazed, still looking as nonchalant as ever. "Is that so? Your card might be lower than mine, Mr. Zander. Who knows?"

Chapter 223: Losing Two Games in a Row

After hearing what Lucas said, Tony snorted in disdain. “Hmph, you’re so stubborn, huh?! What are you still daydreaming about? Unless I get a three, you will lose. But you should be well aware of how slim the chances of that happening are.”

“That’s hard to say. Maybe your luck is just worse than mine?” Lucas continued in an indifferent tone.

“Fine. I’ll make you give up completely!”

Then Tony pinched the card in front of him, flipped it over, and slammed it down hard onto the table!

Three bright red hearts appeared in front of everyone immediately!

Three!

It was really a three of hearts!

Everyone in the large private room was instantly silent!

In particular, Tony’s subordinates all shuddered and hung their heads low, not daring to look at Tony’s expression at all.

At this moment, Tony’s face was extremely sullen and ominous.

He had just mocked Lucas and said that Lucas was daydreaming, but he never expected that he would lose despite the slim chances!

He had completely contradicted himself!

Tony lost this round!

Lena’s eyes were full of disappointment as well, but Cheyenne secretly felt a huge sense of relief.

“Mr. Zander, it seems that you’re unluckier than me! Your three million dollars belong to me now.” Lucas gestured for the dealer to move all the chips on the table to him.

The dealer looked at Tony timidly. Although he had an austere expression, he didn’t say a single word. Only then did the dealer carefully move all the six million dollars worth of chips to Lucas.

“You just got lucky and won this round by fluke. It’s no big deal. Let’s continue!” Tony said through gritted teeth.

“Mr. Zander, you’re very straightforward! I can’t be petty then. I’ll bet six million this round.” Lucas smiled and pushed all his chips forward again!

The corners of Tony’s eyes twitched for a while, and he stared at the dealer before exclaiming, “Six million, I’m calling!”

Six million dollars for a single game was undoubtedly a massive bet.

But Tony was confident that he would trump Lucas this time! As long as he won this game, he would get back the three million dollars he just lost, and he would also win an additional three million dollars from Lucas!

One of his underlings immediately came forward and pushed another plate of chips toward Tony. He then moved over three million dollars worth of chips before pushing them to the center of the table.

The dealer began to reshuffle the cards, and soon, she dealt one card to each of them.

This time, Tony lifted the corner of his card. After he saw the points clearly, he immediately looked satisfied.

“King of diamonds! Let’s see how you can win against me this time!” Looking as if he was about to take revenge, Tony turned over the card in his hand.

Lucas once again turned his card over without taking a single glance.

The colorful king card left everyone astounded!

Bang!

Tony couldn’t help but punch the table hard!

He lost again!

He lost six million dollars just like that!

Tony raised his head and glowered at the dealer furiously.

He had already shot her a glance just now to hint her to cheat and tamper with the cards when she was dealing. But she was too stupid to take the hint and dealt the highest card to his opponent!

When the dealer saw how Tony was glaring at her, her legs went limp, and she was on the verge of tears.

She had obviously tampered with the cards without anyone realizing, and she should have dealt the king to Tony and a 5 to Lucas. How did things turn out completely different from what she had expected?

“Mr. Zander, you’ve lost nine million dollars in such a short period of time. Are you sure you can continue?” Lucas said leisurely while remaining seated calmly.

Tony’s now ashen face started trembling, and he gritted his teeth at a complete loss for words.

He lost nine million dollars just like that! This amount of money was almost as much as the amount of profits Little Atlantis City generated in half a year. Yet he lost it in two minutes!

If he continued losing...

“Mr. Zander, I don’t see the need for us to continue gambling until one of us admits defeat. How about you let me leave with her, and I’ll consider this game a joke. I’ll return the nine million to you too. How does that sound?” Lucas said with a smile.

Tony’s expression changed drastically. Lucas’s suggestion would instantly negate his loss of a staggering nine million dollars. But if he agreed, it would mean that he was giving in to Lucas and compromising.

With so many subordinates watching around him and a large group of people outside waiting to see the outcome, how could he, the owner of Little Atlantis City, take the embarrassment?

Tony gritted his teeth menacingly and said with a furious gaze, “Hmph, I don’t need your hypocritical kindness! Let’s continue gambling! I don’t believe I can’t beat you this time! This time, let’s play dice instead. Are you game enough?”

Lucas chuckled with raised brows. “Sure. If you want to change the game, I’ll comply, but let’s hope you have better luck this time!”

Tony glared daggers at Lucas viciously. But unfortunately, Lucas was still wearing a mask, so he had no idea who this detestable punk was.

He stood up, pushed the incompetent dealer to the side, and picked up a dice cup and a dice himself. He then bellowed irrefutably, “I’m going to shake it myself! You can choose to let the dealer shake yours or do it yourself. Don’t accuse me of bullying you!”

When Cheyenne heard this, she clenched her fists and began to look worried.

Tony sounded rather self-righteous, but it seemed fair too.

But shaking a dice was different from random card dealing, and the experience of the person shaking it was an important factor.

Although Cheyenne didn't play such casino games, she often heard that those who were proficient in shaking dice could tell the number of dice in the dice cup just by hearing the noise made by it. And they could also accurately get the points they wanted.

Tony operated Little Atlantis City and had been in the gambling business for at least over a decade. So she reckoned that he must be extremely proficient in shaking dice and thus was at a great advantage.

In contrast, Cheyenne was unsure if Lucas could shake dice well or not. But even if he could, he probably had far less experience than Tony.

If it was a comparison of dice shaking, Lucas would lose the upper hand!

She wanted to ask Lucas to turn it down, but he nodded and agreed before she could even speak.

"Okay!" Then Lucas stood up and walked to the spot beside Tony. He then picked up the remaining dice cup and dice on the table.

Another round of gambling was about to begin!

Chapter 224: Revealing Menace

Both Lucas and Tony were standing by the card table, each holding a dice cup and a dice.

"Since you also choose to shake it yourself, how about we have the dealer be the judge of this game? We'll start shaking, stop, and then open the cup at the same time. How does that sound?" Tony said confidently as he tossed away the dice in his hand.

"No problem." Lucas nodded.

The dealer took a deep breath, stood between the two of them, and then swung her hand down. "One, two, three, begin!"

Lucas and Tony simultaneously threw their dice into their dice cup and then started shaking.

Amid the sounds of dice rapidly knocking against the walls of the dice cups, everyone held their breath and listened carefully to the movement.

Everyone in the room except for the two beautiful women, Cheyenne and Lena, and Lucas were subordinates of Tony.

Listening to the sound to determine the number of points on a dice was an extremely important thing to do when it came to dice shaking, so they naturally dared not make a single sound, fearing that they would disturb Tony and thus anger him.

Although both of them were shaking a dice cup simultaneously, their movements were completely different.

Tony had his eyes closed, and his movements were extremely rhythmic. It was obvious that he was experienced.

But Lucas was acting differently. His expression was concealed by the mask on his face, but his standing posture was extremely casual, as was his shaking of the dice cup. It was almost as if he was just shaking it casually.

As Tony watched Lucas's movements, a hint of contempt and derision appeared in his eyes.

He could tell from Lucas's action that he wasn't experienced in dice shaking, and he didn't even know the simplest trick. He was extremely confident of winning!

"Stop!"

Hearing the dealer's crisp voice, both of them placed the dice cup in their hands on the card table at the same time.

Tony pressed his hand on the top of his dice cup and asked with a smile on his face, "Hah, how much are you betting this time?"

The rule of gambling had always been that the winner of the previous round would place their bet first, while the others decided whether to call, raise the bet, or quit the round.

Previously, Lucas had been placing high bets, but Tony didn't believe that Lucas would dare to bet such a huge amount in the game of dice!

But if Lucas really bet a small amount this time, Tony would be disappointed because he still had to rely on Lucas's bet to recoup his losses and even double his winnings!

Everyone else also cast their gazes onto Lucas to see how much he would bet in this game.

"I'll bet twelve million dollars!" Lucas bet the three million dollars he had at first, plus the nine million dollars he had won later!

Twelve million dollars!

This massive amount made everyone gasp in astonishment!

Even Tony was extremely surprised, but he soon looked ecstatic.

“Twelve million dollars? Are you sure? Do you think you would still be able to win this time?” Tony said with a look of excitement.

“Who can say for sure? Maybe I’m just lucky today! I’m betting twelve million dollars. Mr. Zander, will you call?” Lucas didn’t sound worried at all.

“Hmph, of course I’m going to call!”

Tony gestured for the underling beside him to bring out more chips. But the latter seemed to be put in a spot as he inched closer and whispered into Tony’s ear, “Mr. Zander, the number of chips you withdrew today has exceeded the limit...”

Smack!

Tony turned around and slapped the underling on the face!

“Damn it! All of Little Atlantis City belongs to me. Bring me as many chips as I tell you to! Are you scared that I might run out of cash?”

The underling covered his face, feeling incredibly aggrieved. The number of chips withdrawn in a day couldn’t exceed eight million dollars, which was a rule that Tony had set himself. The underling had reminded him out of good intentions only to get slapped on his face.

However, he dared not express his anger and had no choice but to hurry outside to fetch another tray full of chips.

The people waiting outside the room for the outcome of the game couldn’t help but be shocked when they saw the massive amount of chips being brought into the room before the outcome was decided.

Although they didn’t know who the chips were meant for, they knew that the bets in the game must have been extremely high!

Soon, a total of 24 million dollars worth of chips were piled up in the middle of the card table like a tiny mountain.

The people watching the game couldn’t help but gulp when they saw the enormous number of chips.

It was a total of 24 million dollars! Most people would never be able to earn that much money in ten lifetimes!

“I’ve brought the chips. Now let’s open and see who the final winner is!” Tony said fiercely and then opened his dice cup!

Lucas followed suit and opened his to reveal the dice inside.

One of the dice had the ‘5’ side facing up, while the other had ‘6’ facing up!

Everyone looked at the dice in front of Lucas in utter shock!

Tony’s expression changed drastically, and he shrieked in horror, “How is that possible?!”

The dice with six points was resting quietly in front of Lucas, while the dice in front of Tony showed only five points!

He actually lost once again!

“Impossible! This is absolutely impossible! You must have tampered with something!” Enraged, Tony pointed at Lucas and bellowed furiously.

He was very confident in his dice shaking skills. He had clearly shaken his dice until 6 faced up, but why did it suddenly become 5?!

This punk must have cheated!

Lucas chuckled lightly. “Mr. Zander, you need evidence before you can make such claims. Everyone around you is your subordinate, and they’d know if I tampered with anything. Furthermore, you have surveillance cameras monitoring all angles here. Besides, you’re an expert in the first place. If I cheated in front of you, wouldn’t you have discovered it?”

Tony clenched his teeth and turned around abruptly to stare at his underlings.

They all hung their heads low, too afraid to speak. After a long time, someone finally said boldly, “Mr. Zander, I... I don’t know if he tampered with it or not, but I really didn’t discover anything amiss.”

“Me... me too! Maybe we can look at the footage of the surveillance cameras...”

“Yeah, Mr. Zander. Why don’t we watch the footage of the surveillance cameras...”

“Shut up!” Tony barked furiously. “You’re a bunch of good-for-nothings!”

Lucas said indifferently, "Mr. Zander, you can afford to lose, right?"

Tony's face turned red and then pale. He seemed incredibly dismayed.

Including this round, he had lost a total of 24 million dollars to Lucas in this private room!

When he had lost three million and then nine million in the previous two rounds, he felt the pinch, but he wasn't too bothered by it because he felt that he should be able to win it back soon.

But now that he had lost a total of 24 million dollars, he felt that it was an unbearably major loss!

Tony's expression changed greatly. Suddenly, he pulled out a black pistol from his pocket and aimed it at Lucas's head.

"Damn it. How dare you cheat at my casino? You must be really tired of living!"

Chapter 225: It's the Fourth Time

"Ah!"

Tony's sudden outrage and accusation of Lucas cheating really caught Cheyenne and Lena off guard, and they shrieked.

But Lucas wasn't surprised.

He had long seen that people like Tony were the kind of people who couldn't afford to lose.

It was his turf in the first place, and he was accompanied by a lot of his henchmen and subordinates. Even if he refused to comply and admit defeat, no one would dare to say anything.

Unfortunately, Lucas wasn't the type to be frightened by a tiny pistol.

"Heh." Lucas suddenly chuckled when he thought of something.

This was already the fourth time a gun had been pointed at him in the short period of time since he returned to Orange County.

The first time was in Gordon Douglas's Heaven Media. At that time, Gordon aimed his pistol at Lucas, but Jordan quickly snatched it from him, not giving him any chance to shoot at all.

The second time was during the Hale family's baby shower, where all their henchmen aimed their pistols at Lucas and tried to force him into apologizing. Of course, the outcome was that all the Hales were brought away for investigation. If Lucas hadn't decided to spare them in the end, the Hales would have ceased to exist in Orange County long ago.

The third time happened in the Brooke residence in LA just a few days ago. Similarly, all those who dared to threaten Lucas were stabbed in their eyeballs by pine needles and blinded. The Brookes also crumbled and were now fleeing in all directions.

Now, in front of him, Tony was the fourth person who dared to aim a gun at him.

"Hmph, you can still laugh out loud even when being held at gunpoint. I have to admit that I really admire your courage."

Tony held the pistol and pointed it at Lucas's head with a triumphant expression, as if he was already confident of winning. He was relishing in the feeling of being in control of the entire situation.

But Lucas's voice remained unchanged, and he wasn't in the least bit nervous or scared at all. Instead, he said in a composed voice like before, "Mr. Zander, I originally thought that you had character since you own such a huge entertainment joint like Little Atlantis City. I didn't expect you to be such a sore loser."

"Bullshit! If you hadn't cheated and tampered with the cards, how could I have lost to you? Cheaters have to have their hands chopped off when caught cheating in my place!" Tony barked furiously.

"Ah!" Cheyenne was already incredibly nervous. After hearing Tony's brutal threat, she immediately screamed in fright and quickly covered her mouth while a cold chill spread throughout her body.

She didn't know about the previous times that Lucas was held at gunpoint. In her opinion, a gun was one of the most powerful weapons in modern society, and a bullet was incredibly fast. Almost no one could dodge a bullet!

She was especially terrified because they were now on the top floor of Little Atlantis City, in Tony's turf, so it was impossible to even escape!

"Cheyenne, we'll be fine." Lena hurriedly grabbed Cheyenne's clammy hand that was as cold as ice and comforted her gently.

In fact, she was also shocked. But she decided to comfort Cheyenne because she thought that Cheyenne was afraid that Tony would also exact those brutal means on her.

Lena was actually still more biased toward Tony. Besides, she believed that Tony wouldn't harm her and Cheyenne, who were vulnerable women.

In the worst-case scenario, she would reveal her identity as the daughter of Ethan Sawyer, the richest man in Orange County. She reckoned that Tony would let the both of them off on account of her father.

Lucas was not the least bit intimidated by Tony's threat. "If you can't afford to keep playing because you lost too much money, I can return all the money you lost. I just want to take this woman away with me. As long as you comply, I can pretend that this gamble never happened."

"Hah, impossible! You've made me embarrassed today, so how can I let you off easily?" Tony suddenly guffawed haughtily.

"Well then, what do you want?" Lucas asked indifferently.

"How about this? I'll give you two options. First, you become my henchman and work under me. I won't mistreat you. You can also take that woman away with you. Two, die here!" Tony stated his decision smugly. *This young man is bold and collected. He's definitely a rare talent.*

Moreover, Tony was certain that Lucas must have tampered with the cards and dice! But he had resorted to intelligent tricks, so much so that Tony couldn't even figure out how he had done it.

Therefore, he felt that Lucas was of great value, and all the more, he wanted to take Lucas as his henchman and use him as his greatest support.

As long as he had such a powerful henchman, it wouldn't be long before he rose to become one of the big shots of Orange County!

Lucas didn't immediately turn down Tony's offer and instead pondered quietly for a moment. "I think we need to discuss this properly. Let the two ladies go outside. It won't be convenient to talk about this with outsiders around."

Then Lucas winked at Cheyenne, who was behind him, and hinted for her to go out and wait for him outside.

She hesitated for a moment but decided to trust him and proceeded to go outside and wait for him.

She knew that even if she stayed here, she would not only not be of any help to him, but she might even become his burden.

After Cheyenne and Lena left the room, Lucas was left alone with Tony and his henchmen.

Lucas took off the mask that he had been wearing for a long time, casually threw it on the ground, and then went to sit on the seat that he had been in just now.

Tony's face instantly became sullen. *Seems that this punk doesn't take me seriously at all!*

"Punk, you're very brazen, huh! Aren't you scared that I might shoot you dead if you provoke me?" Tony raised his pistol and once again aimed the black muzzle at Lucas.

But Lucas kept a straight face, picked up one of the dice on the table, and began spinning it on the table. "You just said that you want to take me as your henchman, but I'm afraid you're not worthy enough!"

Hearing this, Tony flew into a rage and barked, "Bastard, how dare you fool me?! Do you think I really don't dare to shoot!"

Lucas smiled and shook his head. "Nope, but you can't kill me."

There wasn't even the slightest tinge of fear on his face nor eyes!

Tony narrowed his eyes and stared at Lucas for a long while before finally confirming that Lucas really wasn't afraid that he would shoot!

He didn't know if Lucas was just plain ignorant and arrogant or because he had a backer.

But judging from Lucas's performance during the previous rounds of gambling, Tony didn't quite think that he was ignorant and arrogant.

Does this mean he's certain that I won't dare to shoot him? Tony sneered. "Don't be a smart aleck! You think I don't dare to do anything to you because of all the people out there, right? Well, you're wrong then! I'm the ultimate ruler in Little Atlantis City, and even if I shoot you to death in front of everyone, no one will hold me accountable! Do you want to try?"

Lucas glanced at him with annoyance in his eyes. "Are you done talking nonsense?"

Before Tony could have another outburst of anger, Lucas sized up the henchmen behind Tony and then fixed his gaze on a young man who was quite decent-looking.

He then said, "I want a new person to be in charge of Little Atlantis City. Whoever dares to step forward and kill this man will be the owner of Little Atlantis City from today onward."

Lucas's words were like a boulder thrown into a lake.

Stunned by his words, they looked at each other and were at a loss for how to react.

As the person Lucas was pointing his finger at, Tony nearly exploded with rage!

"Bastard! I think you're tired of living! Damn it. I wanted to give you a chance and groom you because you're quite capable, but since you don't know any better, go to hell!"

Then his finger moved on the trigger, ready to shoot Lucas!

Suddenly, a cold and sharp blade was pressed against Tony's neck.

"Stop, don't move." A deep but familiar voice rang beside Tony's ear.

As expected, Tony didn't dare to move. As someone who had been involved with gangs for years, he could tell just from the feeling of the cold and sharp blade being pressed against the artery of his neck that it must be an extremely sharp dagger!

He could even sense the chilliness coming from the blade. It was as if the dagger would slit his throat as long as he breathed a little harder!

Now, Tony didn't even dare to breathe hard, let alone shoot.

"Joe! What are you doing?!"

"Hurry up and let go of Mr. Zander! Or else don't blame us for being ruthless!"

"Are you out of your mind? You scoundrel!"

...

After the surrounding underlings got a clear look at what was happening and got over their shock, they whipped out their weapons and aimed at the refined-looking young man who was pressing his dagger against Tony's neck. They were all hollering at him and demanding that he let go of Tony.

The young man was Joe Daniels, the manager of the Opulence, whom Lucas had met twice.

Previously, Joe had lent William 76,000 dollars in the Opulence, but it soon snowballed to 450,000 dollars, including interest. William was threatened to pay up or have his

limbs removed. Later on, Lucas delivered a truck full of coins worth almost a million dollars and buried the entire hall of the first floor in them.

Since then, Joe had been scrupulous toward Lucas, and he even visited Lucas and William to offer his apology with a check of 450,000 dollars. Only then did the matter blow over.

Lucas had noticed Joe standing behind Tony from the moment he entered this private room. There was some hatred in Joe's gaze when he looked at Tony, unlike that of the other underlings, who were scared and wary of Tony.

Thus, Lucas had actually deliberately mentioned the change of owner of Little Atlantis City because he wanted Joe to hear it.

Lucas could tell that Joe was an extremely intelligent and ambitious person. Having witnessed Lucas's prowess and abilities, Joe had become fearful and respectful toward him. As long as Lucas gave an order, Joe would definitely grasp the opportunity to take down Tony and become the new owner of Little Atlantis City.

Indeed, Joe's actions did not disappoint Lucas.

"Tony Zander, get all your men to put down their weapons and retreat to the corner! Otherwise, I'll slit your neck!" Joe said with a firm gaze of determination in his eyes.

He pressed his sharp dagger harder against Tony's neck threateningly, and a red line of blood immediately appeared below the blade.

Feeling a sharp pain in his neck, Tony panicked. He was incredibly scared that Joe might let his hand slip and cause the dagger to slit his neck. No longer bothered to care about the pain, he frantically exclaimed, "Didn't you hear that? Hurry up and put your weapons down and then go stand in the corner! I won't spare anyone who dares to act rashly!"

The underlings hesitated for a moment and then did as they were told. They dropped their daggers, steel rods, and other weapons on the ground and then retreated step by step to the corner of the room.

Only then did Joe lift the dagger slightly off Tony's neck.

"Joe!" Tony was gritting his teeth resentfully. He was furious and flabbergasted, but he dared not speak loudly and could only question through clenched teeth, "Why? I feel that I treat you well, and I even gave you the chance to work at the Opulence to gain some experience. Why are you betraying me?"

Joe sneered disdainfully. "You treat me well? Bullshit! The Opulence is a business that my friend and I worked hard to establish. You encroached on my property and even

killed my friend. In the end, you forced me to work for you like a dog! You had merely offered to me what was rightfully mine like it was a benefit bestowed out of kindness on your part!

“This is not betrayal but revenge! You deserve all of this!”

When Joe thought about his friend’s tragic death, his eyes were full of hatred, and he became extremely agitated too, so much so that the dagger in his hand even began to tremble.

“You... Calm down, and let’s talk things over... Joe, I admit that I did you wrong back then, but I really didn’t kill your friend. It was Kevin Creed!”

“Kevin Creed?” Upon hearing this name, Joe couldn’t help but subconsciously recall who Kevin Creed was and what feud there was between his friend and Kevin Creed. He subconsciously loosened his grip on the dagger a little.

At this very moment, Tony threw his head back abruptly and slammed Joe’s nose with the back of his head. Before Joe could react, he quickly grabbed Joe’s hand on his neck and immediately turned around to aim the pistol, which he originally aimed at Lucas, at Joe’s head!

He was extremely quick. And spurred by a strong desire to live, Tony acted the fastest he ever had in his life!

There was a sudden twist in the situation, and the person that had been threatened now had the upper hand.

“You want to betray me, huh? Go to hell!” Tony curled his finger around the trigger with a ruthless expression!

Joe’s heart was full of despair and regret!

He regretted getting distracted by a few words from Tony and ending up being threatened by Tony instead. He regretted failing to act decisively enough and not slitting Tony’s neck right away to avenge his friend!

He was indignant!

Whoosh!

At the very moment that Tony was about to pull the trigger of the pistol, a tiny object darted through the air like a bolt of lightning with a lingering explosive sound.

With a dull sound, this tiny object punctured and pierced through the middle of Tony’s wrist. Blood immediately gushed out!

Feeling a sharp pain in his wrist, he lost all power in his fingers, and the pistol he was holding fell to the ground.

“Ah! My wrist!” Tony immediately held his wrist and shrieked in misery.

Horrified, everyone in the room looked over, only to see a dice stained with fresh, bright red blood stuck in the wall near them.

The tiny object that just pierced through Tony’s wrist was obviously this dice!

And this dice had darted out from Lucas’s hand!

Chapter 227: Shriek of Misery

All of Tony’s underlings looked at the dice stuck in the wall with astonishment all over their faces. Seeing that the dice had pierced through Tony’s wrist and bore a hole in it, they huddled in the corner, not daring to breathe.

Joe reacted very quickly. After seeing that Tony had been subdued by a tiny dice that Lucas threw, he quickly stepped forward, grabbed the dagger with resentment in his eyes, and then ruthlessly and accurately slashed Tony’s wrist!

“Waahhh!” Tony shrieked miserably as his entire right hand was severed by the sharp dagger!

His severed hand fell to the ground, and fresh blood immediately gushed out of his wrist. There was instantly a pool of blood.

The underlings began shuddering in fear, feeling intimidated by Joe’s ruthlessness.

Due to the intense and excruciating pain in his wrist, Tony’s eyes rolled backward uncontrollably, and he passed out in pain.

But his miserable shriek had already penetrated through the walls of the room and spread outside.

The people who were waiting to hear the outcome of the gamble outside couldn’t help but shudder in fear when they heard the miserable shriek. Then they started whispering among themselves.

“Wow, listen to this. He’s shrieking so miserably. Tony must have taught him a hard lesson!”

“Of course. Tony is the boss of Little Atlantis City! That punk happened to get into a conflict with Tony here, so he must have been dealt with harshly!”

“Hey, I just advised that young man to take the money and leave, but he refused to heed my advice. Great, he might just die now!”

“No way. Would Tony really kill someone in Little Atlantis City?” asked a bewildered newcomer who had just arrived to gamble.

“Hehe, that’s hard to say! After all, it’s not like there hasn’t been anyone who died here before. Everyone here knows that such things have happened in the past.”

...

“Oh my goodness... Tsk, it’s really terrifying.”

The crowd was lively, and they were all chatting with one another. Of course, they made sure to keep their voices low when talking about the casualties in Little Atlantis City. After all, there were security guards and service staff of Little Atlantis City everywhere. If someone added fuel to the fire and informed Tony about it, they might be dealt with severely.

But they all felt that the person who had shrieked in misery was definitely Lucas, the young man who bet against Tony. None of them thought that Tony was the one who had shrieked.

Cheyenne, whom Lucas had asked to go out of the room, was now standing outside the room with her face as pale as a sheet and her body extremely cold.

Although she felt that the voice didn’t seem to belong to Lucas, the shriek sounded really miserable, and it was almost off-key. She thought that it might have been distorted since it passed through the walls.

Besides, in that private room, everyone except Lucas was Tony’s underlings. There were more than ten of them, so she thought it was very likely that the only possible person who had screamed was Lucas.

Cheyenne was so anxious that she couldn’t think of anything else, and she wanted to dash into the room after pushing Lena’s hand away.

But several security guards were guarding the entrance to the room, all of whom pushed Cheyenne to the side hostilely, not allowing her to get close at all.

With a look of despair in her eyes, Cheyenne felt extremely worried. But as a vulnerable woman, there was nothing she could do now.

She had no choice but to grab Lena's hand helplessly and ask in a shaky voice, "What should we do? Could something have happened to him? If I had known... If I had known this would happen, I wouldn't have let him go up against Tony Zander..."

Seeing Cheyenne's bizarre reaction, Lena finally realized that the relationship between Cheyenne and the person she thought was a crook trying to take Cheyenne away seemed to be more complicated than she thought.

"Cheyenne, do you guys... know each other?" Lena asked hesitantly.

But Cheyenne was now overwhelmed with anxiety and didn't have the time to explain to her at all.

Inside the private room, Joe's eyes were full of delight as he relished in taking revenge after cutting off one of Tony's hands with his own hands.

Everyone else in the room was astonished and horrified, except Lucas, who was the only one remaining composed in his seat without a change in expression. He acted as though he didn't see all that blood on the ground and the bloodied, severed hand.

Clang!

Joe dropped the dagger in his hand, walked to Lucas, and suddenly dropped onto his knees with a loud thud.

"Mr. Gray, you saved my life and helped me take revenge. I will definitely be loyal to you in the future. Please give me the chance!"

The group of people huddling up in the corner couldn't help but be incredibly shocked when they saw this.

Although Joe was Tony's henchman, he was given the chance of holding a high position in Little Atlantis City and became the manager of the Opulence because he was extremely intelligent and good at management.

Joe could be considered the person with the second-highest status in Little Atlantis City, second only to Tony. It was up to him to manage the staff of Little Atlantis City, and he held a significant position among the underground eco-chain of Orange County.

But such a powerful person was now kneeling in front of the young man they had never seen before. He even wanted to submit to Lucas and be at his disposal!

If they didn't know that Joe had always been a smart person, they would have thought that he was out of his mind or scared silly at this point.

In their opinion, there was nothing unusual about the young man in front of them, except that he was a little bolder and wealthier than most people. They were also stunned by the fact that he had used a dice to pierce through Tony's wrist.

In other words, he just had some martial arts background.

But other impressive experts would definitely be able to do that too!

So they were puzzled as to why Joe had knelt and defected to him.

They even suspected that Lucas and Joe had colluded long ago and that today's events were all part of a plan that they had devised to lure Tony into the room and then take the opportunity to attack him so that they could encroach on his power.

Lucas didn't care about what they were thinking and said calmly to Joe, who was kneeling down in front of him respectfully, "Get up."

"Yes!" Joe immediately obeyed. He stood up, walked to Lucas's side, and looked down, as if he had already become Lucas's underling.

Lucas glanced at the people in the corner before saying calmly, "As I said before, whoever has the guts to kill Tony Zander will become the new owner of Little Atlantis City. From now on, Joe Daniels will be in charge of Little Atlantis City!"

Chapter 228: You're In Charge Now

Joe was instantly on cloud nine. Lucas's words not only meant that he would officially become the person in charge of Little Atlantis City from today, but it also meant that Lucas had accepted him as his subordinate!

Since the last time they met at the Opulence, Joe had already determined that Lucas was an extraordinary person. And the series of events that happened in Little Atlantis City today had once again proven Lucas's absolute strength and power!

Joe had always been a clear-headed person who was good at analyzing the pros and cons of every matter. He was certain that as long as he was subordinate to Lucas, his future achievements would definitely be far beyond Little Atlantis City!

On the other hand, among the people standing at the corner, there were some who didn't agree with Lucas and simply sneered at him contemptuously.

A bearded middle-aged man walked out from the crowd and shouted, "Punk, I don't know who you are, but Tony is still the owner of Little Atlantis City! He isn't dead yet. Who are you to appoint a new owner?"

His name was Alex Stone, a powerful figure in Little Atlantis City who was second only to Tony and Joe.

Alex was not actually that loyal toward Tony. But rather, he was incredibly displeased with the fact that Joe was about to take charge of Little Atlantis City. So he stepped out to express his disgruntlement and objection.

In his opinion, even after Tony's death, the management personnel of Little Atlantis City should be the ones to decide who the next helmsman of the entertainment joint should be. And he naturally wanted to be the next ruler of Little Atlantis City who enjoyed supreme authority.

However, Lucas was just an outsider. Yet he intervened and made the decision to appoint Joe as the next helmsman. Alex felt that Lucas had no right to do so.

He was indignant!

"It's not up to you to oppose my decision." Lucas glanced at Alex coldly before looking away. He wouldn't take the opinion of a nobody seriously at all.

Alex immediately felt infuriated, perhaps because he had been agitated by Lucas ignoring him. He suddenly developed the courage to pull out a dagger that he had hidden at his waist and pounced at Lucas.

"Brothers, there's no need to be afraid of him! Hack this bastard to death!"

Alex charged forward while roaring.

Lucas's gaze turned gloomy, and the other dice he was fiddling with suddenly popped out from the gap between his fingers and darted out like a bullet!

This dice accurately hit the center of Alex's eyebrows, boring a huge hole through his forehead!

Alex froze right on the spot as his body stiffened in the midst of charging forward. But the light in his eyes gradually disappeared, and a stream of crimson blood began to pour out of the hole in his forehead together with some white substance.

Bang!

Only after several seconds did Alex's heavy body suddenly hit the ground and turn motionless!

But his eyes were still wide open in confusion, as if he hadn't figured out what happened to him before his death.

Dumbfounded, everyone watched everything that happened before their eyes with their hearts hammering.

The dice Lucas threw actually penetrated through the hard and sturdy skull of a human, resulting in a fatal injury. The power of his dice was simply comparable to a bullet!

Initially, they thought that Lucas managed to make the dice pierce through Tony's wrist only because he was skillful and got lucky.

But none of them dared to think so now!

This young man was actually keeping a straight face even after killing Alex!

He wasn't afraid to kill someone at all! As long as he was willing, he could casually kill all of them with the cup of dice on the table!

With this thought in mind, they could no longer maintain a steady gait as their legs turned into jelly. They dropped onto their knees, kneeling in front of Lucas and begging him for mercy.

"Sir, I have no objections! From today onward, you are our boss. We are willing to listen to whatever you say!"

"Yes! Me too! I pledge allegiance to you, and I'll do whatever you tell me to do without question!"

...

Lucas didn't pay attention to them and instead said to Joe, "I'll leave it to you to handle everything here."

With these words, he once again affirmed Joe's position as the new helmsman of Little Atlantis City. It would also be up to Joe to decide whether those who got on their knees to beg for mercy would stay or go.

"Yes! Thank you, Mr. Gray!" Joe hurriedly agreed while bowing, his heart full of joy.

Seeing Lucas stand up and walk out of the door, he hurriedly went forward to ask for instructions again. "Mr. Gray... what do you plan to do with Tony Zander?"

At this point, Tony hadn't died yet. He had merely momentarily fainted from the pain of having his wrist pierced through by the dice Lucas threw and then his entire hand chopped off by Joe. His body was now soaked in the blood that was gushing out of his aorta. If he wasn't treated in time, he would definitely die of excessive blood loss.

Joe naturally wished he could kill Tony now to avenge his deceased friend. But Tony had a significant status that gave him great authority and influence in the industries of entertainment joints and underground gambling dens in Orange County. Joe didn't know if Lucas planned to have Tony die or not.

Without stopping in his tracks, Lucas said uninterestedly, "I'll leave him to you. Do whatever you want with him."

When Lucas reached the door of the private room and placed his hand on the door handle, he turned around and said to Joe, "I'm handing over Little Atlantis City to you because I want you to run it like a proper business and control the entire underground industry of Orange County. Ban all businesses that involve vices like prostitution, gambling, and drugs! Otherwise, I'll strip you of your position. Do you hear me?"

Joe's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly assured solemnly, "Yes, Mr. Gray! I will definitely do as you say. From today onward, Little Atlantis City will no longer be involved in prostitution, gambling, and drugs! I will also supervise and enforce restrictions in other areas of Orange County so that such things will never appear again!"

Such vices had harmed countless people, and although they had been repeatedly banned, it was still difficult to cut off the source completely.

Lucas couldn't guarantee that he could completely eradicate these vices, but he would do his best to make sure that the sources were cut off, at least within the area of Orange County that was within his abilities!

This was also why he let Joe become his subordinate and appointed him as the new helmsman of Little Atlantis City.

After casually taking off another new mask from the wall and putting it on, Lucas opened the door and walked out.

The poker players who had gathered outside the door and stared at it for a long time immediately fixed all their attention on the door when they saw it suddenly open and Lucas stride out of it.

They were extremely curious about the outcome of the gamble and the miserable shriek they had just heard.

But they were extremely surprised to discover that the person walking out of the private room was the masked young man whose identity they didn't know!

He was completely unscathed. Obviously, nothing had happened to him.

In that case, who was the one who let out that shriek of misery?

Chapter 229: Minor Conflict

As soon as Lucas walked out, a slender figure suddenly leaped into Lucas's arms and hugged his waist tightly.

With a trace of shock on his face, Lucas gaped a little, dumbfounded for a moment.

He never expected that Cheyenne would leap into his embrace and hug him tightly in front of everyone!

After being dumbfounded for a while, Lucas finally snapped back to his senses. His heart was full of joy and sweetness.

He reached his hands out and gently put them around Cheyenne's waist while patting her back comfortingly.

Fortunately, William had already left Little Atlantis City by this time. Otherwise, he would have definitely felt that something was amiss if he saw Cheyenne jumping into the arms of this masked man. He would then discover that the masked man was Lucas, his son-in-law.

On the other hand, after Lena saw what Cheyenne was doing, she was even more certain that Cheyenne's relationship with him was extraordinary, unlike what she had thought previously.

Is this masked young man her husband she mentioned to me before?

The people around were still surrounding Lucas. Many of them wanted to ask him what happened in the room and who the final winner of the gamble was, which was their greatest concern. They also wanted to find out what the shrieking was about.

Lucas frowned slightly, feeling annoyed that they were surrounding him and bombarding him with questions.

At this moment, Joe and the other managers of Little Atlantis City came out of the room one after another. The security guards immediately dispersed the curious poker players and sent Lucas and the others down the elevator.

When they were far away from Little Atlantis City, Lucas finally removed his mask and revealed his handsome face.

Lena looked at Cheyenne, who had been leaning close to Lucas, and teased with a grin, "Cheyenne, aren't you going to introduce this mysterious man to me?"

Seeing the teasing gaze in Lena's eyes, Cheyenne finally realized that she was still subconsciously tugging on Lucas' sleeve. She hurriedly let go and blushed in embarrassment. "Uh, he's not a crook. He's actually my... my... Well, you know what I'm talking about. His name is Lucas Gray."

Cheyenne hesitated for a while, but she still couldn't bring herself to call Lucas her husband in front of him and Lena. So she decided not to do so altogether. She then introduced Lena to Lucas. "This is Lena Sawyer, a close friend of mine for many years."

Lucas nodded at Lena in greeting.

He had found out long ago that Lena was Ethan Sawyer's daughter.

Cheyenne took Lena's hand and sincerely apologized to her, "Lena, it was too complicated in there just now, so I couldn't explain it to you clearly. I'm so sorry to have made you worry!"

Lena waved her hand and grabbed Cheyenne's before saying with a smile, "It's alright. Everything's fine as long as you're safe. I was just really worried that you were taken away by a crook and might not be able to make it back alive. If I knew that you and your husband had agreed to put on an act together to make your father quit gambling, I wouldn't have meddled presumptuously! If it wasn't for me, you guys wouldn't have been targeted by Tony Zander and ended up wasting so much time."

Lena was a straightforward person, and she directly said her piece. Suddenly reminded of something, she hurriedly asked Lucas, "By the way, what exactly happened in the private room? I heard a loud shriek and thought that something happened to you! Cheyenne was so frightened that she turned pale at the time. That was when I discovered that there was something going on between you two."

Hearing her best friend's description of her worried self, Cheyenne couldn't help blushing again.

Lucas was rather reluctant to tell the two young women about the bloodbath that had happened in the private room. So he merely shook his head and said casually, "It's nothing much. A nobody offended Tony Zander in the room, so he got someone to deal with him."

Lena wasn't a fool, so she could naturally tell that Lucas was just being perfunctory with her. She immediately pouted. "You're so stingy. You're refusing to even tell me what happened in that room. That shriek sounded really horrifying. Only a fool would believe that it was just a nobody being taught a lesson. Hmph, forget it if you don't want to tell me. Why did you have to make up a random excuse to fool me?"

Lucas was speechless.

But he had never had much patience with women other than Cheyenne. When he heard Lena's accusation, he didn't bother explaining either and simply said calmly, "Believe it or not, that's the truth."

"You! What kind of attitude is that?" Lena got even more furious and pouted her lips.

Seeing that tension arose from a slight conflict between them, Cheyenne hurriedly stood in the middle and tried to give both of them an out. "Lucas, Lena is my best friend, and she tried everything she could to save me just now. Don't be so harsh with your tone when you're talking to her!"

Immediately afterward, she grabbed Lena's hand and comforted her, "Lena, simmer down. Lucas is just hot-tempered. He's not nitpicking on you. He gets on my nerves all the time too!"

Lucas raised his hand and touched his nose. *When did I ever get on Cheyenne's nerves?*

Lena wasn't a petty girl who would throw a fit over a trivial matter. After hearing Cheyenne's persuasion, the trace of dissatisfaction on her face vanished, and she humphed at Lucas. "Hmph, I won't bother holding it against you on Cheyenne's account. But since you're Cheyenne's husband, you must treat her well in the future. Otherwise, I won't spare you!"

Then she waved her clenched fist at Lucas.

Lucas looked at Lena speechlessly.

Although Lena had a hostile attitude toward him, she had indeed stood out to protect Cheyenne without hesitation when she thought that Cheyenne was in danger just now. She even repeatedly tried to stop him from taking Cheyenne away, showing that she truly considered Cheyenne her best friend and truly cared about her safety.

So Lucas wouldn't hold it against Lena even if it was for the sake that she was nice to Cheyenne.

It was getting late, and he decided to send Lena home together with Cheyenne. It happened that Lena lived on an estate by Pearl Lake near Lucas's villa.

Lucas quickly started the engine of his black Jaguar and drove toward Pearl Lake with Cheyenne and Lena.

During the journey, Lena still couldn't help asking curiously, "I'm really curious about why Tony Zander let you go. Did you agree to do something for him? He's not a kind soul!"

Chapter 230: Frightening Motorcycle Encounter

Upon hearing Lena's question, Lucas shook his head while driving. "I won't do anything for him, of course. They had a minor internal conflict just now, and it escalated into a scuffle, so I came out."

Lena nodded. "That sounds much more plausible. That scoundrel Tony Zander gets up to heinous misdeeds all day, so you mustn't work for him. Evildoers will never end up well! But you must have offended him by running away just like that, right? Why don't I put in a good word for you in front of my dad and ask him to help you?"

Lena raised her chin arrogantly, as if to say, 'Quick, come beg me, and I'll help you talk to my dad'. She should have looked obnoxious, but she surprisingly didn't seem detestable when doing this. Lucas just found her eccentric.

Lucas thought, *Ethan Sawyer and I are on much closer terms than she thinks. Why would I need her to plead for me? Besides, Tony Zander is probably dead by now. There's no need to care about him at all.*

But he naturally wouldn't tell her about it.

"Okay, thank you for your help then," Lucas said casually.

Lena was immediately irked again. Swinging Cheyenne's arm, she complained, "Cheyenne, look at your husband. He's being perfunctory again! Why is he always like this?"

Caught between laughter and tears, Cheyenne pinched Lena's face and said jokingly, "Okay, it's his fault. I'll teach him a lesson when we get home later."

"That's more like it! Men have to be disciplined before they become good husbands! Prepare some washboards, keyboards, and stuff like that. Make him kneel on them whenever he makes a mistake!"

Cheyenne smiled. "Okay, I'll go home and prepare them as you say!"

While they were joking, Lucas shook his head secretly. *Some women are just too scary. Fortunately, Cheyenne is never like them.*

As they laughed and cracked jokes, they soon arrived at the Sawyers' villa.

Lena grabbed her purse and was about to get out of the car. But before she alighted, she turned around and cautioned, "Everything I said just now is true. Tony Zander has a horrible reputation, and he's known to be vicious and petty. There's almost nothing he

won't do! Since your husband offended him today, he definitely won't let this go easily. You guys must be careful. I'll go home and tell my dad about this so that he'll go deal with Tony Zander. I believe he will concede for my dad's sake."

Cheyenne was once again touched by her.

She was about to say something when Lucas suddenly said, "You don't have to trouble your dad for that. It's hard to say if Tony Zander will make it past tonight. He definitely won't come to make trouble for us."

Lena was immediately shocked. "What do you mean he won't make it past tonight?"

Lucas shrugged his shoulders. "Didn't I just tell you that there was a scuffle between the managers of Little Atlantis City and Tony Zander? Tony Zander was at a disadvantage, so he probably wouldn't win. I doubt he'll survive for long."

Lena was apprehensive about Lucas's words, and she immediately had a look of bewilderment on her face.

But Tony's underlings had always been involved with gangs, so if there was really a power struggle, Tony's fate would be uncertain.

"Okay, anyway, just don't be too careless the next few days. Keep your guards up. I'll head home now!"

Then Lena opened the car door, got out of the car, and waved her hand at Cheyenne. She then walked toward the Sawyers' villa.

Boom!

Suddenly, the roar of a vehicle engine came from near the shade of the trees, and a motorcycle suddenly dashed out from it and sped toward Lena!

While it was about to collide into Lena, the blinding headlights shone on her face, clearly revealing the look of horror on her face.

Lena knew she was in trouble and was about to run away. But when she saw the motorcycle about to hit her, her mind went blank, and she froze right on the spot, unable to move her feet!

Lena slipped into a whirlpool of thoughts while on the dangerous brink of death.

I'm still so young. I don't want to die yet!

Who wants to kill me?!

Just when a strong feeling of despair surged in Lena's heart, she felt someone gripping her waist tightly, and she was soon lifted into the air!

The motorcycle shuttled past her with a gust of wind that messed up her hair.

But the sound of the engine gradually faded away. And when Lena discovered that there was no pain in her body, she finally realized that the motorcycle didn't hit her!

She didn't die!

After the near-death experience, Lena immediately opened her eyes, only to see a handsome face in front of her.

Even after Lucas put her down on the ground, Lena still couldn't recover from the shock and snap out of her trance.

"Lena! Are you alright?" Cheyenne scurried over, her face as pale as a sheet. While asking about her condition anxiously, she checked Lena's body for wounds.

Only then did Lena come back to her senses and felt her rapid, chaotic heartbeat. The thought of the close shave with death just now made her break out in a cold sweat.

She had stayed abroad most of the time before, and no one knew her identity, so she hadn't been harassed much.

This was the first time she had been so close to death!

Besides, it happened near her home, and she reckoned that the motorcycle must have been lurking in the dark for a long time. The perpetrator was obviously after her. Given how fast the motorcycle was speeding, that person was obviously out to kill her!

Lena wiped the cold sweat on her hands and said to Cheyenne with a forced smile, "I'm alright. Fortunately, your husband saved me."

Lucas narrowed his eyes as he looked in the direction the motorcycle had vanished.

He didn't go and chase the perpetrator. After all, Cheyenne was still here, and he didn't know if there were other killers lurking in the dark around them. He wouldn't leave Cheyenne alone here and let her fall into a potentially dangerous situation.

Cheyenne was overwhelmed with worries. The person riding the motorcycle just now was obviously out to murder Lena, but who could it be? Who was trying to kill her best friend?

Lena soon got a grip on her emotions and calmed down. She instead even comforted Cheyenne, "Cheyenne, don't worry. I'll call my dad now and ask him to check on this matter."

Then she took out her phone and called her father, Ethan. "Dad, I just encountered an intentional attack at the entrance of Pearl Lake. I'm alright. I'm not injured. But the perpetrator was riding a bike, and he had been hiding near the villa for a long time. The license plate is B12654. He fled along the lake toward the north."

Lena managed to explain everything that happened and even comforted Ethan, reassuring him that she was unharmed, within the short phone call. She even managed to remember the motorcycle's license plate, as well as the direction it fled in. She provided all the important information and spoke with clarity.

Lucas couldn't help but look at Lena in surprise.

Chapter 231: Loose Corners

Lucas originally thought that Lena was a weak and spoiled daughter of a rich man, but he didn't expect that she was not simple-minded.

"Lena, the situation you were in just now was too dangerous. Why don't you come home with us for the time being?" Cheyenne suggested worriedly.

Lena smiled and shook her head to turn down Cheyenne's kind offer. "Cheyenne, thank you, but there are security guards in the villa. I'll be safe once I go inside. I'll be alright."

Cheyenne thought about it and felt that she was right. Since Lena was already at the doorstep of her own home, Cheyenne merely reminded, "Be careful then. Ask your dad to assign a few elite bodyguards to protect you in case those crooks get up to more malice and try to harm you."

Lena nodded. "Alright, I will."

Then she turned and said to Lucas, "Thank you so much for saving me. I owe you my life. I'll definitely repay you for your kindness!"

Before Lucas said anything, she turned around and walked toward the villa.

When Cheyenne saw Lena walk into the villa, she finally turned around and said, "Let's head home too."

When Cheyenne got into the passenger seat of the Jaguar, Lucas restarted the engine and continued to drive toward the villa in the center of Pearl Lake.

But at this moment, Cheyenne was obviously in low spirits and seemed rather worried.

Lucas knew that she was worried about Lena's safety, so he couldn't help but ask, "Lena has been living abroad all along and rarely comes back to Orange County, right?"

Cheyenne nodded. "Yes, Lena's dad sent her abroad when she was at a tender age, and she has been living there since. She rarely comes back to Orange County and only does so once in a while. I got to know her when I did her a favor by chance many years ago, and we eventually became best friends.

"Over the years, we seldom met, and we usually communicate over the phone or through the internet. I only learned that she's the daughter of the richest man in Orange County some time ago. But very few people here are aware of her identity. I really wonder who the culprit behind today's incident is."

Lucas comforted, "Don't worry. With Ethan Sawyer's abilities and resources, I'm sure they'll find out who the real culprit is soon. And he will definitely tighten the security measures to ensure her safety in the future. Today's incident shouldn't happen again."

Cheyenne thought about it carefully, and only then did she start to relax.

But she soon recalled everything that happened in Little Atlantis City today and couldn't help but ask curiously, "Speaking of which, you won three rounds in a row when you gambled with Tony Zander in Little Atlantis City today. Was it really because of luck, or did you resort to some other means? Have you learned how to gamble before?"

Lucas smiled and shook his head. "No, I've never played those games before. I should have just gotten lucky today."

Refusing to believe him, Cheyenne asked, "Was it really just luck? I don't believe it. If it was just luck, how did you dare to bet so much money each round? You even ended up with nearly thirty million dollars worth of chips."

Lucas smiled mysteriously. "I just had a feeling that I'd win. That's why I bet so much. I really got lucky this time. I think it should be because you were standing next to me."

Cheyenne instantly blushed and tilted her head toward the side. She said softly, "You've got such a glib tongue. I wonder where you got that from."

Lucas chuckled and was about to speak when he heard his phone beep twice.

He picked up his phone and swiped his finger across the screen to unlock it. There was a notification from the bank to inform him that 27 million dollars had been transferred to his bank account.

The other notification was for a text message from Joe, informing him that the money was the money he had won from gambling with Tony in Little Atlantis City. Three million of it was his principal amount, while the rest was transferred from Tony's account.

There was nothing wrong with deducting the money from Tony's account since he had lost the money to Lucas.

But rightfully speaking, Little Atlantis City was supposed to get a certain percentage of the chips won by the poker players there when they were finally converted into cash. The larger the amount won, the higher the percentage of commission. For example, Little Atlantis City should have gotten nearly a million dollars out of Lucas's winnings of 27 million.

But the money that Lucas won tonight was all credited to his account without a single cent less. It was obviously a deliberate gift to Lucas from Joe.

Besides, at the end of the text message, Joe also implicitly told Lucas that Tony had died.

Cheyenne was about to turn her head to say something to Lucas when she accidentally caught a glimpse of the text message on his cell phone, leaving her in astonishment as she widened her eyes.

"Twenty-seven million dollars?! Why did so much money get transferred to your bank account?!" Cheyenne exclaimed in shock.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes tonight, she wouldn't have believed that Lucas had won more than 20 million dollars in less than 20 minutes! This was even faster than printing money!

"Haha, that's why I said that Lady Luck was smiling at me today. Not only did I win all three rounds, but I even encountered such a wealthy fool like Tony Zander. Otherwise, how could we have such a windfall?" Lucas said with a deliberate smile.

Cheyenne quickly calmed down after being agitated. But when she thought of her father being addicted to gambling, her heart sank, and she was once again in low spirits.

Cheyenne was hurt and heartbroken when William used her as collateral during his gamble today. But when she saw how he knelt in front of Lucas and wept miserably while begging him not to take her away, she felt conflicted, and her heart was full of complicated emotions.

"Lucas, what do you intend to do to my dad?" Cheyenne asked with a conflicted expression.

Lucas glanced at Cheyenne and said calmly, "Actually, when he used you as collateral, I really felt that he was completely unworthy of being a father, and I even felt an urge to kill him.

"But when he knelt before me and begged me to let you go, I could tell that he truly regretted it at the time and wanted to take you back. He still cares about you, but when he's obsessed with gambling, he can't care about anything else.

"So, I want him to wake him up and make him realize that if he continues to be addicted to gambling, he will lose his daughter, his family, everything. Only after he loses everything and hits rock bottom will he come to his senses and quit his addiction, which is the cause of these consequences!

"So, Cheyenne, you have to cooperate with me. You can't go easy on him. Even if he looks for you at the office, you must refuse to see him and make him truly realize what he has really lost. Otherwise, he will never be able to come to his senses and turn over a new leaf!"

Cheyenne thought about it for a long while, and the gaze in her eyes gradually became firmer. "You're right. If I let myself be softhearted and give in, all our previous efforts would be in vain. I might even end up harming Dad! Don't worry. I'll tell Charlotte about this and get her to cooperate with us too. No matter who Dad goes to, we won't see him!"

The Jaguar soon stopped at the entrance of the lake villa, and the two of them alighted to go home.

In the Sawyers' villa, Lena was currently bent over her desk and drawing the outline and contours of a person's face with a pencil on a piece of paper.

The person she was drawing was a handsome young man. His eyebrows were sharp, his nose bridge was high and taut, and his lips tightly pressed together.

It was Lucas!

Lena rubbed the man's features she had drawn on the paper with her slender fingers and suddenly smiled radiantly.

"Cheyenne, your man is such a good catch!"

Chapter 232: Finally Came To His Senses

Lucas, Cheyenne, Charlotte, and the others each got busy with their own matters in the meantime.

As the general manager of the Brilliance Corporation, Cheyenne naturally had many new plans to carry out and arrangements to make.

As the acting general manager of the Stardust Corporation, Charlotte also had a lot on her plate every day. She had to handle the daily affairs of the Stardust Corporation and suppress those who refused to obey her and were throwing their weight around just because they were old. She also had to handle the follow-up matters of the Oliver Harvey case and try her best to minimize the impact of this matter on the Stardust Corporation.

Fortunately, Charlotte was quite competent and managed to handle everything without Lucas's help.

As for Flynn, the rightful general manager of the Stardust Corporation, he was originally supposed to return to work at the Stardust Corporation after taking the initiative to cooperate with the police in the investigation of the Oliver Harvey incident.

But Lucas assigned him to take over and organize the businesses left behind by the Brookes in LA, and he would report his daily progress to Lucas over the phone every day.

With Stanley providing help and presiding over the matters in LA, the families that were coveting the businesses of the Brookes suddenly gave up and didn't dare to openly snatch them away anymore. Thus, Flynn's takeover was extremely smooth and successful.

Lucas didn't idle about either. Apart from assigning tasks remotely and responding to the reports he received, he also made arrangements for people to take over the Hales' businesses in Orange County that they had voluntarily handed to him. There were also many other miscellaneous things that he had to do.

His tense and busy days passed by just like that, and soon, more than half a month passed. It was officially summertime.

Orange County was near the coast, where rainfall was abundant. Since it was near the ocean, it was usually humid and warm during summer, which was rather uncomfortable.

What surprised Lucas and Cheyenne was that during those two weeks, William didn't appear at all, nor did he go to Cheyenne's and Charlotte's workplaces to look for them.

Of course, Lucas had sent someone to tail William and guard his safety secretly. This person would also report William's whereabouts to Lucas every day.

In the Civic Plaza of Orange County...

It was only five in the morning, but the summer sun was already up and shining brightly.

William, who had curled up and slept on a park bench for yet another night, frowned when he felt the bright rays of sunlight shining on his eyelids. It took him a long time to open his eyes with great difficulty before sitting up.

He sat on the bench and froze for a long while before he finally remembered the state that he was currently in. He stood up from the bench and dragged his feet to the nearby public restroom in the park.

He collected some tap water in his palm from the faucet of the public restroom and rinsed his face to wake himself up.

William muttered to himself, "It's time to go find a job."

He then combed his fingers through his unkempt and greasy hair a few times before turning around to leave.

But as he walked, tears began to well up in his eyes before finally flowing down the contours of his face and dripping onto the concrete floor.

His heart was now full of regret and misery that made him feel immense heartache.

He really regretted it!

He originally had a harmonious and complete family, with a wife, two smart and beautiful daughters, and an adorable granddaughter.

It was his fault for developing a gambling addiction and staying out late every night. He had even ended up losing several million dollars.

His daughters had been worried sick about him and searched high and low for him everywhere. In the end, Cheyenne even went to a sordid place like Little Atlantis City to look for him. She begged him to go home with her and quit gambling.

But what did he do? He hurled such malicious and hurtful words at his daughter, pushed her away, and even used her as a stake for his gamble by putting her up as collateral to a complete stranger!

He ended up losing his daughter to that stranger, who took her away.

The stranger was wearing a mask, so William didn't know who he was.

But every time William thought of what the stranger had said to him, he felt a chill in his heart and wanted to give himself a few more loud slaps on the face!

The man said that if he lost his daughter to him, his daughter's future life and wellbeing would have nothing to do with him anymore!

These days, he often got jolted awake from his nightmares of Cheyenne being abused and tortured to her very last breath by a man whose face he couldn't see clearly. In his nightmares, she would often be bawling and begging him to go to her rescue and take her home. But whenever he tried to reach his hand toward her, his efforts would be futile. He would never be able to touch her no matter how hard he tried, and he could only watch her get bullied again and again.

William really regretted everything that he had done!

He wanted to go back to his daughter, but he just didn't know where he could go to look for her.

He had once returned to the residence that they had lived in for decades. But he found that something happened during his absence, and the house was now a wreck.

All of Karen's, Cheyenne's, Charlotte's, and Amelia's belongings were no longer in the house.

He reckoned that they should have moved, but he didn't know where they moved.

He couldn't blame them for moving to another place without informing him because he only had himself to blame for spending all his time at the casino and completely neglecting his family.

He deserved to be in the plight that he was in now!

But no matter what, he had to get his daughter back!

Now that he was homeless and penniless, he had been living on the streets and wandering around aimlessly the past few days. He was searching for Cheyenne while also trying to find a job so that he could make some money to support himself and continue to look for his daughter.

But he was old and lacked work experience. Besides, due to the fact that he had been living on the streets for a long time, he now looked scruffy, filthy, and unkempt. No one wanted to employ him.

He had spent all the money he had with him, and he couldn't even afford breakfast now. There was also no news of Cheyenne, and he had no idea where she was suffering now.

Overwhelmed with regret, William finally couldn't stand it any longer as he squatted on the ground and sobbed loudly.

"Cheyenne... where are you? I really know I was wrong. I wish I could bring you home right now, but I can't find you!"

William squatted on the ground while tugging his hair and weeping miserably with mucus and snot falling from his nose. Looking even more disheveled than before, he attracted the attention of the crowd. Many came to surround him, but he could no longer be bothered!

Screech!

At this moment, a car abruptly braked and stopped beside William.

William wiped a handful of tears and snot, looked up, and saw Lucas getting out of the car and standing in front of him.

At this moment, William felt an unprecedented sense of guilt and remorse within him. Choking between sobs, he said, "Lucas, I've let you down. I lost Cheyenne to someone else. I can't find her..."

"Dad!"

At this moment, a familiar voice that was also sobbing rang in his ears.

William immediately raised his head as if he had been struck by a thunderbolt and stared at the other person who got out of the car in immense disbelief.

Cheyenne had long burst into tears and was now standing right before him!

Chapter 233: Bathhouse

William raised his head with a look of astonishment and widened his eyes in disbelief. He could no longer be bothered by the tears and mucus still flowing down his face. Dumbfounded, he spluttered, "Cheyenne? Are you really Cheyenne? Or am I hallucinating again?"

Unable to contain her emotions any longer, Cheyenne leaped toward William and hugged him tightly, ignoring the stench of his body. She cried, "Dad, it's me. It's really me! I... I'm here to take you home."

William finally reacted and realized that he wasn't hallucinating at all. His daughter had really appeared!

He couldn't find her no matter how hard he had tried, and now, the daughter he thought that he would never see again in this life finally returned!

With tears streaming down his face, William held Cheyenne tightly in his arms and bawled loudly. "Cheyenne, I really know my mistakes! I won't do it again. I won't lose you again!"

Cheyenne also hugged her father tightly. She felt that he had lost a lot of weight over this period of time, and his originally muscular body was now a little bony. Clearly, William had been through a lot of suffering and hardship. Feeling rather heartbroken, Cheyenne burst into tears.

Charlotte also got out of the car. When she saw her father and sister holding each other and crying, she couldn't hold back her tears either. She leaped forward and hugged William tightly, weeping together with them.

"Dad, don't you ever go gambling again! Let's just live together as a family properly. Without you or Cheyenne, our family will no longer be complete!" Charlotte exclaimed while crying.

"Okay, okay. I won't go gambling again! Rest assured. I will never set foot in a casino again!" William reassured while sobbing.

At this moment, the fact that his lost daughter could return to him was already a godsend! He would definitely change his ways and never indulge in gambling again!

Lucas stood by the side, looking at the scene in front of him with a sense of relief within him.

It seemed that after those two weeks, William had truly turned over a new leaf. His and Cheyenne's efforts to put on an act did not go in vain.

For the past two weeks or so, Cheyenne had been extremely uneasy. Although Lucas had sent someone to keep close tabs on William, pay attention to his safety, and report every move to him every day, Cheyenne was still worried sick. On several occasions, she even had an urge to go out and see her father with her own eyes.

If not for fear of sabotaging the plan because of her impulsiveness, Cheyenne definitely wouldn't have been able to control herself.

After the three of them were done crying and venting their emotions, they wiped their tears and got inside the car.

William had not bathed and changed his clothes for nearly two weeks. Besides, it was now summertime, and the weather was hot and sweltering. He reeked of a pungent odor of sweat, which intensified when they were in the confined space of the car.

Charlotte crinkled her nose. Although she wouldn't be disdainful of her father, she really couldn't stand the smell. Since William had already decided to turn over a new leaf, she thought that he ought to take a shower, get changed, and go home all fresh and clean.

There happened to be a large-scale bathhouse near where they were now. When Charlotte saw it outside the car window, she hurriedly asked Lucas to pull over and said to William, "Dad, go take a bath in there while we buy you a few sets of clothes from the shops nearby. Get your hair fixed and go home handsomely!"

Hearing this, Lucas thoughtfully took out a wad of bills from his pocket and stuffed them into William's hands. "William, go ahead."

William felt a little embarrassed because he was aware that he had to smell horrid since he hadn't showered or changed his clothes for two weeks. Besides, he had no money on him now.

Blushing a little, he took the money from Lucas's hand and promised, "I won't take your money for nothing. Just take this as a loan to me. I'll return it to you when I make enough money in the future!"

Then he opened the car door and got out without waiting for Lucas to decline.

Cheyenne and Charlotte watched their interaction quietly. After a long while, Charlotte finally sighed. "Dad has really changed drastically."

Cheyenne nodded and said softly, "Yeah, Lucas, we really have to thank you this time!"

Lucas smiled. "We're all family. There's no need to be polite with me."

...

Meanwhile, William heard someone cursing in a sharp voice as soon as he entered the bathhouse. He hadn't even had time to get a clear look at the decor inside.

"F*ck, where did this stench come from?! It smells nasty! Hurry up and get lost! This isn't a place for you, stinky beggar!"

At the front desk, two beautifully dressed receptionists were covering their noses and looking at William with disgust, as if they were looking at a filthy piece of trash.

Knowing that he smelled awful, William hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry. I... I'm not a beggar. Something just happened to me, so I ended up like this. I'll pay more for the bath later."

One of the receptionists obviously didn't have the patience to hear his explanation. She hollered with extreme disgust, "I don't care how you got yourself in such a state and

whether or not you're really a beggar! This is an upscale bathhouse, and you made the entire place stink as soon as you entered! How are our customers going to enjoy their baths now? Hurry up and get lost!

"Security! Where's security? Are they skiving again? Why did they let such a person in here?!"

Soon after the receptionist hollered, several security guards rushed out from the duty room and barked, "Who is it? Are you tired of living? How dare you cause trouble in the Ocean Bathhouse?!"

When they saw the filthy William and smelled the pungent odor coming from his body, they flew into a rage. "Damn it. Where did this stinky beggar come from?! Is this a place you can be?! Get lost! Hurry up and get lost!"

"I just came to take a bath. I can afford it. I'm not a beggar!" While speaking, William took out the wad of cash he was holding and showed it to the security guards.

"Get lost. Even if you have money, we can't let you go in, you filthy thing!"

The burly security guard who was the leader started chasing William away without hesitation.

He subconsciously tried to push with his hands. But as soon as he saw William's dirty appearance, he raised his leg and kicked him ruthlessly.

"Ah!" William wailed in pain and fell to the ground.

But the security guard didn't stop at that and continued to kick him repeatedly until he rolled out of the bathhouse.

Cheyenne and Charlotte were still in the car and discussing where to buy some clothes for William. Before the engine started, they suddenly caught sight of the dirt-stained William being kicked out of the glass door of the Ocean Bathhouse like a soccer ball!

Chapter 234: We'll See Who Dares To Stop Us

"Dad!"

Cheyenne and Charlotte were stunned as they hurriedly opened the car doors and dashed over to help William up. Then they scrutinized him from head to toe to check his injuries.

"Dad, are you okay? Does it hurt anywhere? Where did they kick you?"

William was grimacing and wincing in pain because of the excruciating pain spreading throughout his body from the kicks. Fortunately, he only had some bruises and abrasions, without any serious injuries.

“Why did you hit my dad?! Did he offend you in any way?!”

Seeing that William was not seriously injured, they finally relaxed. Charlotte was hot-tempered, so she immediately turned around and questioned the security guard leader who had kicked William.

Charlotte had been in charge of the Stardust Group for some time and had gained a lot of experience in dealing with trouble. Her stern question made the security guard leader subconsciously freeze while his heart trembled.

But when he saw that the person in front of him was a young and pretty woman, his fear immediately vanished.

At the same time, he was also extremely surprised that this dirty old man had two gorgeous daughters.

The security guard leader chuckled. “Beautiful lady, it’s not my fault. Look at how dirty your father is. We could smell the unbearable stench of his body when he came in! The Ocean Bathhouse is an upscale bathhouse. If all our customers are as smelly as your father, wouldn’t it be impossible for us to keep our business running?”

Charlotte retorted in exasperation, “Isn’t the bathhouse open for business? Besides, it’s not like my father isn’t going to pay. If you’re afraid of disturbing other customers, we can pay a little more and book an entire bathroom! But why did you hit him?”

Charlotte made perfect sense.

The security guard leader was at a loss for words for a rebuttal and couldn’t help feeling ashamed and furious. “Who are you to reprimand me? You’re so young, yet you have a dirty beggar for a father. I doubt you’re a decent person!

“You probably came to promote yourself because you heard that there are lots of pretty girls working at the Ocean Bathhouse. Unfortunately, you’re probably just a plaything who has been toyed with by countless men. You’re not welcome in our bathhouse!”

Charlotte was stunned, and she froze for a long time before realizing the lewd meaning in his words. She immediately turned beet red!

Before she could curse, William flew into a rage when he saw his daughter bullied by this scumbag. He got up from the ground and charged furiously toward the security guard leader! “Scoundrel, how dare you insult my daughter? You’re going to get it from me!”

But before William could touch him, a long leg appeared in front of the security guard leader, who had made those malicious comments.

Bang!

A massive force struck the security guard leader in his chest. He only managed to scream before he was soon kicked away by the huge impact and slammed hard against the glass door.

Crack!

The glass shattered in pieces, and glass shards flew all over the ground.

After having his head slam against a pillar in the lobby, the security guard passed out without making another single sound.

The great commotion immediately resulted in a series of screams.

The other security guards in the lobby were dumbfounded and gaping in shock.

Among the security guards, their leader was the best at martial arts, yet he was knocked out without being able to resist and was now lying motionlessly on the ground like a dead dog!

William's fist was still hovering in midair. But the man opposite had already flown around eight meters away, passed out cold, and could no longer move an inch.

William blinked and looked at Lucas beside him, somewhat at a loss for words.

At this moment, his son-in-law had a fiery gaze in his eyes and was exuding a menacing aura while standing in front of them. He was mighty, overbearing, and not to be provoked.

Even William was intimidated by Lucas's domineering aura and didn't dare to move about.

While staring at Lucas's majestic stance, William somehow had a strange feeling arise in his heart.

The masked young man who took Cheyenne away from him in Little Atlantis City just two weeks ago seemed very much like Lucas!

"Hmph, we must get in even if you're stopping us! William, let's go in together. I'll see if they have the guts to stop us!" Lucas said coldly.

He was not throwing his weight around. But everyone in the bathhouse was a snob who looked down on those who didn't seem well-off and would even chase them away. If they had merely forbidden William from entering, it would be fine. But they had beaten William up and even hurled humiliating insults at him, as well as Cheyenne and Charlotte.

Lucas was bent on standing up for them!

Cheyenne and Charlotte now had a much clearer idea about Lucas's strength and abilities. It was safe to say that there was no one in Orange County whom Lucas was afraid of offending.

So after hearing what Lucas said, both of them went to William's side and said firmly, "Dad, just listen to Lucas. Let's go in and see who dares to stop us!"

William looked at Cheyenne and Lucas, who were standing together on his right, and suddenly felt that maybe the masked young man, who took Cheyenne away from him in Little Atlantis City that day, was really Lucas!

Otherwise, Cheyenne wouldn't have been so... composed. Apart from feeling incredibly disappointed in William for using her as a gambling stake, Cheyenne hadn't seemed to be scared or repulsed by the stranger.

They had also appeared at the same time that day. Cheyenne merely showed him great concern and worry, but she didn't seem to have mentioned what happened to her after the stranger took her away and how she returned.

So there was only one possibility about what the truth was!

The reason they did it was so that he could finally realize the consequences of losing his family due to his gambling addiction and the dangers of gambling so that he would quit gambling for good!

After figuring everything out, William didn't feel angry at all and instead felt grateful and overjoyed!

Fortunately, what had happened to him was just staged by Lucas and Cheyenne and not the cold, harsh reality. Otherwise, Cheyenne might have died!

Thinking of all the horrendous things that he had said or done in the past, as well as the humiliation and insults he had inflicted on Lucas, William was overwhelmed with guilt and self-reproach.

He decided that from now on, he would be a good father and never let his children down!

As soon as they stepped over the broken bits of glass to enter the Ocean Bathhouse, a group of people hurried over from the corner of the stairs and immediately saw the huge mess at the entrance. They also saw the unconscious security guard leader lying on the ground and the security guards standing by the entrance but not daring to step forward.

“What’s the ruckus about? What’s going on here?” a man bellowed in anger.