

Chapter 40 Carve Him Up

As Aikin expressed his rare admiration for Liam, Klaus was taken aback, unable to believe that the person he sought to eliminate was so highly regarded by the king of all gangsters.

Klaus let out a helpless laugh, shaking his head in disbelief. "Why would someone with such skills waste their time serving the Lambert family for three years? It doesn't make sense. Is he a glutton for punishment?" he said, his tone heavy with irony.

Aikin's eyes glimmered with memories as he recounted the tale of Hoff's daring rescue of him. "I'll never forget that day at the racetrack," he began.

"When I was watching a racing, several killers suddenly appeared and were trying to shoot me dead. I had no choice but to jump into the racetrack to run for my life. Death was hot on my heels. That's when Hoff, the greatest racer the world has ever seen, swooped in like a hero from a movie. With skill and precision, he sideswiped the assassins and sent them tumbling. I never even got a glimpse of his face, hidden behind his racing helmet, but I'll never forget the feeling of safety that washed over me. And then, just as suddenly as he

appeared, Hoff vanished without a trace. No one's heard from him since."

Aikin's admiration for Hoff was palpable, and Klaus couldn't help but feel envious.

Aikin was known for valuing his friendships and others' favors, and the fact that he owed Hoff his life made Hoff his god.

Klaus was aware that if Hoff ever made a request, Aikin would not hesitate to help.

Klaus thought of how he and Aikin had sworn to be brothers for life, with Aikin's loyalty to his companions being a key factor in their bond.

Aikin's unwavering devotion to his friends was what made him the kingpin of all gangsters in Salem, leaving Klaus still struggling in Ninverton, which was under Salem.

At this time, Klaus' and Aikin's reverie was shattered by the shrill cry from the car intercom.

One of their henchmen announced with a mixture of shock and excitement, "Boss, we've finally cornered him!" Rushing to the scene, Klaus could hardly contain his excitement.

The sleek Maybach was now cornered in a deserted alley, its wheels incapacitated with a flat tire and a massive



dent marring its front.

The once-impenetrable ride had finally been brought to a halt.

Aikin looked around with a sharp gaze and breathed a sigh of relief. "That's why you were able to corner him," he said.

He quickly realized that there were only fifty people around, much less than he had expected.

With a self-deprecating chuckle, Aikin shook his head. "What a blow this is."

He noticed that all of his men had sustained injuries in the scuffle.

The high-speed race left most of the passengers battered and bruised, with some even sporting nosebleeds from the intense impact.

Amidst the chaos and destruction, Liam emerged from the broken-down Maybach with effortless grace.

Despite the battered state of his surroundings, he moved at a slow, deliberate pace, as if strolling in the comfort of his own personal oasis, surrounded by his loyal servants rather than potential enemies.

Klaus fumed with rage as he brandished his pistol, aiming it menacingly at Liam.

Snarling in fury, he growled, "You're still acting high and

mighty?! You cut a finger of mine, and today I'll have my revenge!"

Liam stood tall, his gaze unwavering, not a hint of fear visible in his calm eyes.

With a battlefield veteran's experience, surviving bullets was child's play to him.

This momentary altercation was nothing in comparison to the wars he had fought and won.

So childish.

Aikin's face hardened as he stared at Liam with a mixture of admiration and suspicion. He crossed his arms and said, "You sure have guts, kid. But you messed with the wrong person, and now you're going to pay the price."

With a flick of his wrist, the crowd parted to make room for the burly four men who emerged from their midst.

Their tattoos were frightening and their muscles bulged impressively.

Aikin's eyes gleamed with pride as he proudly introduced them. "These are my most trusted henchmen, each one a heavyweight boxing champion in their own right."

He said it with nonchalance, not needing to elaborate any further.

These four ruthless fighters had been hand-picked by

Aikin from the underworld's brutal boxing tournaments and were rumored to have taken the lives of at least ten men each in the ring.

Klaus and his gang would be lucky to last a few minutes against these beasts.

Liam took a cursory glance at the four and smirked. Their physiques might be intimidating to some, but he was battle-tested from real wars and their presence meant nothing to him.

He was confident in his own fighting abilities and ready for anything that might come his way.

"Bring it on, if you dare," Liam snarled, his voice dripping with disdain. "Don't waste my time with your idle threats."

Aikin's rage boiled over at Liam's nonchalance. He was done with trying to reason with the stubborn man.


His plan to give Liam a taste of his own medicine before recruiting him had been scraped.

With a cold and disdainful expression, Aikin spun around and addressed Klaus. "I entrust him to you. Do with him as you please."

Klaus rubbed his hands together eagerly, his eyes gleaming with sadistic delight. "I'll show him what it means to cross me," he growled.

"Men, grab him! I want to carve him up piece by piece."



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