

Chapter 39 Being Hunted

Klaus' menacing gaze locked onto Liam's car as if he was ready to pounce at any moment.

In the backseat sat a mysterious man, his attire consisting of a sleek black suit and a bold burgundy tie, complemented by a stylish beard.

But it was the piercing green eyes hidden behind dark shades that truly commanded attention, as fierce as the gaze of an eagle.

The man in the back seat let out a sly grin as he posed a question to Klaus. "Is that the one who dared to wound you, Klaus?"

Klaus' expression was full of bitter anger as he sneered at the mention of Liam. "Yes, this worthless coward has lived with the Lambert family for three long years. He only knows how to throw a punch. He has no allies. No one will even flinch if he meets his demise."

The man sneered with malicious intent, his words slow and deliberate, "I've assembled a hundred of my best men for this occasion. Let's see if he can withstand such odds. Can he take on a hundred by himself? He dared to hurt you. Then, he's made a fatal mistake. He's now my adversary."



Klaus nodded eagerly, a fire burning in his eyes as he backed the man's words.

With a fierce determination, he gazed upon the luxurious Maybach before him, his thoughts occupied by the vengeful notion of ending that loser's life today. Little did Liam know the wrath he had incurred. Klaus was determined to kill him this time.

In the back seat sat Aikin Frazier, the notorious king of the underworld.

As they grew up as inseparable childhood friends, their bond was stronger than that of blood brothers.

Meanwhile, as Liam drove on the road, he soon found the Mercedes Benz following him all the time.

No matter how many turns he took or lanes he switched, the vehicle stayed steadfastly in pursuit.

As they approached the intersection, things took a dark turn as not only did the car persist in following him, but five minibuses closed in, effectively trapping him.

With a furrowed brow, Liam pushed the accelerator, trying to break free from the encirclement.

However, fate was against him as a gray minibus suddenly barreled towards him, crashing into his car with a deafening impact.

Bang!

The moment the car was impacted, it lurched violently, shaking from the force.

With fierce determination, Liam clenched his jaw and slammed his foot down on the accelerator, pushing the vehicle to its limits.

Boom!

The luxurious Maybach burst forth with lightning speed.

In a split second, Liam spun the steering wheel sharply to the left, causing the rear of his car to collide head-on with the gray minibus.

Bang!

In a sudden turn of events, the gray minibus trailing behind him lost traction and collided violently with another bus.

The two vehicles careened out of control and crashed into the guardrail with a deafening impact.

Seizing the opportunity of his escape, Liam furiously accelerated down the road, leaving the chaos behind.

"You're useless!" Klaus snarled, his face contorted with anger.

"I want him surrounded! Anyone who stops him will be rewarded with a million dollars!" he barked into the car's intercom system.

The promise of a million dollars sent Klaus's men into a

frenzy.

They roared with excitement as they revved their engines and charged after the nimble Maybach.

Liam expertly swerved and weaved through the onslaught of cars, deftly avoiding collisions at every turn.

The Maybach was like a snake, slithering gracefully through the chaotic pursuit.

Despite their best efforts, at least three cars flipped over in the heat of the chase.

Klaus, following far behind, seethed with anger, his teeth grinding in frustration.

With a grave expression, Aikin announced, "This man is not to be underestimated."

Klaus was taken aback and asked in disbelief, "What do you mean?"

"He's playing with us, toying with our every move like a cat with its prey. He's bold, cunning, and incredibly resourceful. Believe me, if he hadn't crossed you, I would've recruited him to our team."

"Is he really that good?" Klaus said in a daze.

"He's got the skills of a seasoned racer, maybe even surpassing Hoff, the world's best racer." Aikin chuckled, a glint of admiration in his eyes.