

## Chapter 42 Mr. Hoffman

Liam grabbed his phone and dialed Theo's number, right in front of everyone. "I need you to look into someone for me. His name is Aikin Frazier, a gang leader in Salem."

Theo replied respectfully on the other end of the line, "There's no need for an investigation, sir. Aikin is working for the Hoffman family. We joined forces with some gang members to expand our reach, and he is one of the members we are backing. Did he offend you? Should we eliminate him for you? We can easily find a replacement."

"No need for that. I happen to be in need of useful people," Liam coolly replied.

Theo, on the other end of the line, eagerly responded, "Understood. I'll contact Aikin right away."

With a satisfied smirk, Liam hung up the phone, now aware that Aikin was part of the Hoffman family's operation.

"Ha!" Klaus laughed mockingly as Liam ended the call. "I didn't believe it when I heard that you had been pretending to be the CEO of Kingland Group. But now I do. It's clear you're just a delusional fool, already backed into a corner and still living in your own fantasy."

With a flick of his wrist, Liam silenced Klaus' mocking laughter. "Your ignorance is showing, Klaus. You have no idea what's happening right now. Just wait for the call."

"Shall we sit here twiddling our thumbs and wait for you?"

Klaus snarled, brandishing his gun once more.

In that moment, Aikin's phone rang.

The atmosphere was plunged into a tense silence as all eyes locked on Aikin.

He frowned upon seeing Theo Reed's name on the caller ID, a feeling of unease creeping up on him.

Theo was the mastermind behind Aikin's rise to the top of the underworld, with over ten puppets just like him serving under his command.

He was the true king of the underworld.

And as for Aikin? He was just a pawn in Theo's game.

Aikin quickly answered the call, knowing the weight of the person on the other end. He greeted Theo with a respectful tone, "Good evening, Mr. Reed. How may I assist you?"

Theo's voice came through the line, crisp and commanding. "Listen up, Aikin. The man in front of you is the head of Kingland Group. He's in charge now. From now on, you answer to him. This is your big break, so don't squander it."

Aikin's head was buzzing as if he had been struck by a thunder.

He had always thought of Theo as a major player, but it turned out the young man before him was even more powerful.

And he had just tried to attack him?

The realization left Aikin unsteady on his feet.

Klaus, unable to contain his rage any longer, bellowed at Liam.

"You've been granted an extra five minutes of life. Be grateful for that. Boys, take him out!"

In response, all the armed henchmen aimed their weapons at Liam.

Slap!

In a shocking display of power, Aikin spun around and slapped Klaus hard in the face, sending him reeling back from the sheer force of the strike.

Blood splattered from Klaus' mouth as one of his teeth was knocked loose from the impact.

Klaus was caught off guard as Aikin delivered a powerful slap that sent a tooth and a stream of blood flying from Klaus' mouth. "Aikin, why did you hit me?"

Klaus could only gape in disbelief as Aikin delivered another blow, venting his pent-up anger.

With a menacing scowl, Aikin let loose another brutal kick, showing Klaus no mercy.

Bang!

With a thunderous force, Klaus was sent sprawling to the ground as Aikin pounced on him with ferocity, unleashing a barrage of punishing kicks.

Klaus howled in pain as each brutal impact rained down upon him, leaving him at the mercy of Aikin's wrath.

With each explosive kick, Aikin let out a string of curses aimed at Klaus. "You clueless moron! Do you know who Mr. Hoffman is? He's my superior!"

Klaus lay writhing in agony on the ground, each blow from Aikin sending bolts of pain through his body.

He couldn't believe it. The man he had just tried to take down, the one he thought was beneath him, was actually Aikin's boss. How could that be?

Klaus rose from the ground, disbelief etched on his face. "Aikin, you are the king of the gangs in Salem. Are you telling me this person is your boss?"

Aikin shot Klaus a cold look. "What do you think allowed me to climb the ranks so quickly? I had someone behind me, fool!"

Klaus couldn't grasp the truth. He asked, "Aikin, are you sure it's him?"

Aikin's cold gaze pierced through Klaus, sending shivers down his spine.

Fear consumed him as he realized the life-or-death situation he was in. No moral principle would be upheld at this moment, and he knew it.

He had led Aikin to target his own boss. Why would Aikin show mercy?

Even if he did, Liam wouldn't be so forgiving.

Klaus stumbled backward, his knees giving out as the reality of the situation hit him.

He felt a warm, wet sensation spread down his legs as he collapsed to the ground.

The men around were stunned, unable to grasp what was happening.

The man they had been pursuing was actually the boss of their boss.

Aikin approached Liam, step by step, with a darkened expression, and knelt before him in front of everyone's astounded eyes.


Bang! Bang! Bang!

With each bow of his head, Aikin slammed his forehead onto the hard, dark earth, leaving behind a smeared trail of his own blood.

Veins bulged from his neck as he roared apologies to Liam

with all the force he could muster, "Mr. Hoffman, I am deeply sorry!"



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