

Third Master Ringstone and his men were stunned by the armed Lycantroops.

“W-what is going on?”

“Why are there so many Lycantroops here?”

While they were astonished, the Lycantroops entered formation and pointed their guns at Third Master Ringstone and his men.

Cling! Clunk!

Third Master Ringstone’s men were so terrified that their choppers fell onto the ground. A few cowardly ones even wet their pants.

The men had dominated in the Sumerian underworld for many years and had committed so many atrocious crimes without the slightest remorse, yet they were terrified by the Lycantroops.

Noir walked up to Andrius and saluted formally.

Both Third Master Ringstone and Hendrick were flabbergasted because the Lycantroops were here because of Andrius!

They had finally hit a snag after so long.

Thud!

Third Master Ringstone’s legs turned weak, and he fell to his knees. His men knelt down as well and lowered their heads, begging for

mercy.

Third Master Ringstone gulped nervously and stuttered, “S-Sir, i-it’s a misunderstanding...”

“Did I give you permission to speak?”

Noir strode up and kicked the man on the shoulder. Third Master

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Ringstone dared not even squeal in pain even though it hurt.

Noir bellowed, “One more word and I will put a bullet in your head!”

Third Master Ringstone nodded repeatedly. He dared not even breath heavily as he was afraid it might anger Noir.

Andrius looked at the kneeling Third Master Ringstone and said, "Third Master Ringstone, is it?"

"No, no, no, no!" Third Master Ringstone explained nervously, "I daren't call myself master in front of you, sir! My name is Jamire Ringstone. Just Jamire will do."

"Great. Jamire. I will be leveling the construction site to the ground. Do you have any objections?" Andrius asked.

"N-no objections..." Jamire answered.

"Do it."

Andrius signaled with his hand gesture and the hundred bulldozers started up once more.

Vrooom...

The first factory was destroyed and leveled to the ground.

With it went Jamire's hope and profits in a plume of smoke. He had a lot of stakes in the Northern Point construction site, and it was worth a lot on the market.

As more and more buildings were leveled to the ground, his heart clenched as if a knife had stabbed him.

However, he was not an idiot. He chose his life over money because he had to be alive first to enjoy his wealth.

Andrius' frosty expression relaxed after a large number of factories were leveled to the ground. He then looked at Hendrick. "So, you are Hendrick Mysticwood, the chairman of Mystic Woods Group?"

"Y-yes, I am, sir..."

Hendrick nodded repeatedly. He pleaded, "I was deceived. Please spare me, good sir..."

"Who deceived you?" Andrius asked,

“Solomon Stormbrew of Castlerock Corporation! He made me stall so that New Moon Corporation would have difficulties recollecting their funds.” Hendrick spilled the truth out of fear.

Solomon Stormbrew of Castlerock Corporation! Andrius’ eyes narrowed when he heard the name.