

They hoped that Randal could spare them just because they helped turn Andrius in.
“On your knees!”

The two of them put their hands on each of Andrius’ shoulders from the back and wanted to make him kneel.

Andrius’ eyes turned frosty. He had helped the Crestfalls out

of goodwill, yet the two little rascals wanted to make him kneel in front of Randal?

Little pieces of sh*ts!

Smack! Smack!

Andrius slapped the two of them in the face, sending them flying and crashing into their family members.

“The enemy is in front of you. Instead of thinking about how to fend off the enemy, you decide to turn one of your own to the enemy? This is the first time in my life I’ve seen such

nonsense! How could the Crestfalls have someone as cowardly as you two?”

Andrius slapping the two young Crestfalls was like a stone

tossed into a calm lake.

The Crestfalls already disliked Andrius. When he slapped and lectured them, it fueled their anger to the boiling point.

Clap, clap, clap.

Randal clapped his hands and smiled brightly.

“Andrius Moonshade, you are a man with dignity, and I hope you can keep that up.” Randal’s expression turned grim as he continued, “After this, you will have to kneel and crawl like a dog in front of me for the rest of your life.

“I’ll also strip Luna Crestfall naked and make you watch how I f*ck her! I’ll see if you can continue to act the same way.”

While Randal scoffed wickedly, the hitmen behind him echoed and laughed.

Andrius’ expression turned frosty.

Luna was his nominal wife. Even though they had no feelings for each other, she was not someone that any John Doe could insult.

He said coldly, "Randal Hanshu, it seems like you still haven't digested the piss that I fed you last night. Your mouth stinks."

Drinking the urine last night was the biggest insult in Randal's life, and he could never remove the stain from his life.

When Andrius mentioned the event last night, it was like an act of prying his wound open and sprinkling salt on it.

Randal was infuriated, but before he could say a word, Andrius disappeared.

Then, his hand reached out to Randal's neck, grabbing him and

lifting him into the air. The suffocation shocked and horrified Randal. His legs fluttered nervously, but he could not break free from Andrius' restraint.

The fear made him wet his pants.

"L-let go of me!"

"Dark Night, s-save me!"

Everyone was equal in front of Death.

Suffocating in fear, Randal reached out to his hitmen for help.

The hitmen surrounded Andrius, but with Randal in his hand, the hitmen dared not act recklessly by jumping on him.

The leader of the Dark Night stared at Andrius and bellowed, "Let go of our master! If you hurt him, I'll make sure the Crestfalls go down with you today."

Andrius looked at him.

While the leader and the rest of the hitmen stared at Andrius cautiously, Andrius lifted his other hand and slapped Randal's

face.

Slap!

The clear and loud slap echoed across the front yard.