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However Luna remained worried. She urged Greg to perform a thorough inspection of the remaining machines.

As for herself, her face was pale, and she had not recovered from **the** shock. She was still staring at the metal frame with a blank look.

If it was not for Andrius, she would have met her maker. For a moment there, the complicated feelings drowned her.

Then, Andrius came back.

"Where's that person?" Luna asked when she noticed he came back empty-handed.

Andrius simply came up with an excuse, "He fell off the cliff when I was chasing him. I guess he's dead."

"Then... Did you find out who sent him?" Luna asked without suspecting him.

Andrius said honestly, "It's the Hanshus. Wayman Hanshu sent him here to sabotage the Valiant Institute project, and possibly, you."

Luna's face turned paler.

Escaping death in the nick of time shocked her, and she had a hard time calming her thoughts.

"Wayman Hanshu, Solomon Stormbrew, they teamed up to target us! What a bunch of jerks!" Luna was shaking when she squeezed those words out of her gritted teeth. Too bad we didn't get the culprit, or we could've turned him over to the police and they would've suffered."

Andrius did not comment on it. He knew that turning the culprit over to the police would not solve the problem with them.

“The veterans...” Andrius sounded heavy while his expression spelled grief. “You have to settle their funeral arrangements properly. Compensate them properly according to the law and whatever terms, not a penny less. Don’t leave any of your weak points exposed for others to attack as well.”

Luna looked at the victim’s family who was sobbing. She felt terrible as well. She nodded firmly and said, “I will see it through myself.”

“And...” Andrius added, “Bring Athena with you when you go out the next time. Don’t simply wander around alone. At least, she can take care of you when danger happens.”

Luna did not argue with Andrius this time, which was rare. Maybe she was still shaken by what happened, or maybe his sincerity touched her heart. She had no idea why she reacted this way.

“I understand.” Luna nodded as **she** looked at Andrius with teary eyes. She said, “Thank you for saving me.”

Andrius simply hummed a reply.

Luna did not know what else to say. She turned around and went over to the victim’s families to offer help.

Even though such a tragic accident had happened, the Valiant Institute project was on schedule. She had to make sure everything was back on track as soon as possible. She could not afford to drag it out anymore.

Andrius watched Luna go back to work before he left the construction site.

“Noir!” Andrius called Noir immediately and said with obvious killing intent, “Locate Wayman Hanshu right away and update me once you get him.”

“Alright, boss!”

Noir rarely saw Andrius with a temper.

Judging from the tone, Noir knew something serious had happened. He dared not slack on the assignment and quickly went to locate Wayman.

Andrius' expression was covered with a layer of frost. He was the Wolf King of the Western Frontline. He treated every soldier the same and valued their lives and sacrifices they made for the country, be it his troops or soldiers from other places.

Back then, he had even said, "Leave no man behind!"

He acted as a role model for his words and carried it out himself.

However, what happened today took the lives of veterans, not on the battlefield but

because of the Hanshus' vendetta.

If he did not do right by the slain soldiers, he would not be able to face himself, let alone the soldiers.

The Hanshus must pay for what they had done.

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The Royal Dragon was an extremely lavishing and grand six-star hotel.

Inside the

VIP room, Wayman had prepared a feast to celebrate the death of Luna and the sabotage of the Valiant Institute project.

He was waiting for his man, nicknamed Yellow Hat, to come back with the great news.

To his surprise, it was way past the promised time, but Yellow Hat had still not come back with any news.

Knock, knock.

Wayman's fingers tapped on the table anxiously. He pulled his phone out for the fifth time and called Yellow Hat.

Toot...

The call went through but no one answered.

A bad feeling rose from Wayman's heart.

Had the plan gone south?

It should not have!

Yellow Hat was powerful enough to deal with Andrius.

"You don't need to wait for him. He's on his way to his next life already."

It was then that a frosty voice echoed across the spacious VIP room.

Shocked, Wayman looked toward the source of the voice.

Andrius came in through the main entrance with a somber look. His killing intent was prominent and fierce.

"Impossible!" Wayman squealed instinctively.

Yellow Hat...

The man might have looked like a normal person, but he was fourth on the hitmen ranking of the Hanshus. He was so powerful that even Scarface revered him.

How did it go wrong?

Clank!

Noir tossed something over to Wayman.

It was

Yellow Hat's head. His face was heavily disfigured, but Wayman recognized the head as his man's.

"Andrius Moonshade..."

Wayman's expression turned frosty. Surprisingly, he was not afraid. "You are indeed powerful. **Not** even Yellow Hat is your match.

“But you have miscalculated something. If you had killed him and had just gotten on with it, you might have lived a few more days, but now that you’ve brought his head back and confronted me, then today will be your death!”

Wayman

sounded confident and fearless. He has another man with him: the third on his family’s hitmen ranking. He was so powerful that he trumped Yellow Hat and Scarface combined.

Clap, clap, clap!

Wayman clapped three times.

The spacious VIP room plunged into temporary darkness. It was not night yet, and the lights were still on.

A giant had actually entered the room, and his massive figure blocked out the lights, causing the misconception that everything had gone dark.

The man was 2.2 meters tall. His arms were more robust than a normal person’s thighs, and his palms were like a fanned-out paper fan, spanning larger than a basketball.

The muscles on his body bulged and were deeply contoured. There was not a part of flappy meat on his body.

He was the hitman that ranked third on the Hanshus’ hitmen ranking, nicknamed King Kong.

Andrius glanced at the giant and said, “Is he your ace?”

“Andrius Moonshade, afraid? But it’s too late!” Wayman narrowed his eyes and grinned viciously. “King Kong, this punk here looks down on you.”

“Roar!”

King Kong

released a loud roar. The powerful soundwave could rip one’s eardrums and concuss one’s head. Even the dishes on the table trembled. The soup rippled and splashed all over the table.

Then, he grabbed the trolley for the wine beside him.

Crack!

The trolley was easily twisted, but that was not all.

As King Kong continued to exert his strength, the trolley was crumpled into a piece of metal scrap.

Then, he punched the metal ball onto the ground, pounding it flat like a pancake. The physique strength he possessed was abnormal.

“**So**, you are Andrius Moonshade,” King Kong boomed, sounding deep and intimidating as if he was a giant from underground.

“**Get** on your knees and I shall grant you a fast **death**, or else...”

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King Kong grinned, showing **off** his **rotten** and yellowish **teeth**. Each tooth **was the size** of a man’s thumb, which was terrifying.

Then, he cracked his fists. What he was about to do to Andrius was self-explanatory. Andrius did not say a word. He curled his lips and taunted King Kong with his finger. “Raaaawr!”

Infuriated, King Kong roared and dashed toward Andrius. Each step he took shook the entire floor.

With just three steps, he shortened the distance between him and Andrius. He raised his hand and threw a punch at Andrius. His fist alone was bigger than Andrius’ head.

“Hmph!”

Wayman picked up his glass of wine and finished it to the last drop. He knew that things would soon turn gory.

The punch from King Kong could break Andrius' skull, causing his brains to splatter. There was no way he could survive this deadly blow.

However...

Swoosh!

Andrius threw a punch at King Kong as well. He launched his punch a few milliseconds later, but his blow landed first.

A powerful smash landed on King Kong's nose, breaking it and causing it to bleed profusely.

King Kong was sent flying away.

Bang!

He crashed onto the floor with a loud thud and even bounced up a few inches due to the momentum.

Blood splattered.

King Kong's head tilted, and he died on the spot.

The entire VIP room was silenced by the shocking scene.

Wayman was lost for words. His jaw dropped as he looked at King Kong's body. Before he could swallow his wine, it drooled from the edge of his mouth. The wine wet his shirt and also his crotch.

Wayman did not expect Andrius to be this terrifying.

With just one punch, he killed King Kong on the spot. How freakish was that?!

Was he a monster?

He must be inhuman!

Wayman was stunned, unable to digest what he saw.

“Wayman Hanshu, it’s your turn now.” Andrius’ flat voice pulled him back from the

blank state.

“A—Andrius Moonshade!” Wayman started to stammer, his body shaking.

“Don’t kill me! I can pay! I can give you money! Is that okay?”

Looking at Andrius’ eyes, Wayman felt chills running down his spine and froze his body and brain, causing him to sweat profusely.

He trembled and fell off the chair.

“A hundred million,” Andrius said.

“O—Okay! A hundred million! I’ll pay up!”

It was an astronomical figure, but Wayman did not want to die. He swallowed nervously and accepted defeat.

Andrius then spelled his bank account, and Wayman made the transfer immediately.

“1—it has been transferred,” Wayman said with shaking lips.

Andrius glanced at the notification without saying a word.

With his silence, Wayman carefully moved to the entrance while holding himself up against the wall. His legs were too weak to stand by themselves.

However, Andrius stopped him before he could leave. His lips curled into a frosty grin. “A hundred million is just to spare your life. It doesn’t mean that I will let you go. You have to be punished for what you have done.”

As his words subsided, a silver needle was inserted into Wayman’s body.

Wayman suffered excruciating pain.

It felt like he was covered with honey, and a million ants and wasps were biting and stinging him. He scratched the imaginary itch furiously.

The more he scratched, the itchier it got. It fell into a vicious cycle.

A while later, he was covered in his own blood, and not a part of his body remained intact.

Andrius and Noir left the room.

Bang!

When they were a hundred meters away, a **loud** bang went off in **the** hotel behind them.

Andrius said without stopping or turning around, "This is the **consequence of** targeting veterans."

The news media of Sumeria had a restless night after what happened.

First, there was the tragic accident at the Valiant Institute project's construction site, killing several veterans,

Now, one of the three big families of Sumeria, the Hanshus, lost its family head.

Wayman jumped off the hotel and died a gruesome death.

Rumors were saying that the Hanshus were behind the tragic accident at the Valiant Institute project's construction site which was aimed to destroy New Moon

Corporation.

Wayman paid the price with his life because the souls of the dead veterans had gone to him for revenge.

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On the same day, Simon retrieved Wayman's body and set up a funeral at the most prominent spot of the Hanshus' estate.

Many influential figures arrived at the Hanshus' to pay their respects.

"Old Master Hanshu, my condolences."

“My condolences, Old Master Hanshu.”

Simon entered the funeral hall with a company of elite figures, but there were no emotions on his face. Although he looked at the elite figures and listened to their seemingly kind words, he did not respond to any of them.

They were just trying to seize the opportunity to get closer to the Hanshus, seeing if there was a chance that they could gain more profit.

“Old Master Hanshu...”

Then, a truly influential figure arrived.

It was the richest man in Sumeria, Old Master Henderson, also known as Anthony Henderson. He arrived at the funeral with his granddaughter, Suletta.

“Anthony Henderson!”

Simon finally showed anger on his face.

He got up on his feet and strode over to Anthony. With a frosty look, he said, “If it wasn’t for you, if you had not protected Andrius Moonshade ... that punk would have died a long time ago, and this tragedy wouldn’t have befallen us Hanshus. What do you have to say for yourself?”

Anthony might have been the richest man, but the Hanshus were just as influential.

If Simon wanted to go against Anthony with all he got just to avenge his son, Anthony might face a huge problem as well.

Simon had been waiting for Anthony’s arrival the whole night.

Anthony’s face turned gloomy. He was one of the few in the city with the highest status, so being questioned in front of everyone irritated him.

However, he was aware of what the Hanshus could do and understood the anger in Simon’s heart.

If he was in Simon’s shoes and had lost Suletta, he might have reacted a hundred times

worse.

Therefore, Anthony said with a frosty look, “Andrius Moonshade and the Crest falls... I will make them pay for what they did, but not now.”

Simon’s pupils shrank in shock.

Before he could voice his question, Anthony continued, “The new military governor’s succession ceremony is soon, and **the** mysterious Wolf King will attend it. If blood is shed now,

it will only disrespect the new military governor and the Wolf King. So, let’s wait after the succession ceremony.”

Simon resented Andrius and New Moon Corporation, but Anthony’s words made sense as well.

Carrying a vendetta at this particular time would be challenging the new military governor and the Wolf King.

Should either one of them hold the three major families responsible, neither Simon nor Anthony could handle the responsibility.

Anthony relaxed his somberness and added, “I will pressure the Crestfalls since

Andrius Moonshade killed your son. I will make them hand over Andrius, and you can do whatever you want to him.”

He made it sound easy as if Andrius was a piece of meat he could give to Simon on the table.

“Fine. I will wait for your news then,” Simon answered.

The night was restless since two of the three most influential families in Sumeria got together for a discussion.

The next day, Luna went to work as usual.

To her surprise, her secretary, Danni, told her that Andrius did not come to work.

“Take note of his absence and remember to deduct...”

Just when Luna wanted to punish Andrius for his absence, she thought of Andrius saving her from the collapsing metal frame and hugging her tightly in his arms to protect her from the hands of death.

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If it was not for Andrius, she would have already been dead.

“Forget it. I’ll let him off the hook this time,” Luna said to Danni.

Danni nodded and left the office.

On second thought, Luna decided to call Andrius to find out what was going **on**.

Toot...

The call connected but no one picked up.

Luna called him a few times but still did not get an answer. She was annoyed.

“That guy... I called him but he isn’t picking up. Where is he? What is he doing?”

Luna simply had no idea.

At the same time, Andrius was going through the list of victims that Noir gave him, especially the veterans who died in the tragedy. He went over to their families to offer some consolation.

“Madam, we are sorry for your loss. We are in grief for John’s passing as well...”

Andrius was at one of the victims’ houses.

The house was by no means big, but in front of the entrance was a small altar for the deceased, John Cage.

The altar took up most of the space, so there was very limited space for people to bow or kneel to pay their respects.

However, Andrius had gone through many difficulties. He stood by the family's side and sat with them wherever they sat without complaining.

Andrius then took out a bank card and gave it to the mother of the deceased. "This is the compensation New Moon Corporation has prepared for you. I am here to deliver this to you. The password is his birthday. And..."

Andrius signaled Noir who gave the mother a contact number. "If you need any help, just call this number. Don't feel embarrassed or anything. Your husband made sacrifices for the country, so this is the least we can do for him."

He sighed heavily.

Even though he was powerful and influential, he was unable to revive the dead. Providing the family with support was the best thing he could do.

"Thank you, thank you so much," the mother said plainly with a blank look. No amount of money could revive her son.

With that, Andrius **and** Noir continued to the next victim's house, offering support.

Not a single name was **left** out **on** the list.

Visiting all the families took a long time.

On the way back, after they were done with all the visits, the two of them had heavy

looks on their faces.

Noir did not say a word.

Andrius reached for his phone and found a ton of missed calls from Luna.

The latest text from her was, "Andrius, something's happened. Come home when you see this."

Andrius had a feeling something bad had happened.

"Noir, back to Dream's Waterfront now."

Noir turned the car around immediately.

Twenty minutes later, Andrius arrived at Dream's Waterfront.

After a quick glance, everything seemed to be in order. He told Noir to go home while he went in himself.

Harry, George, Dick, and their respective families were all there. They all seemed angry as if they had a huge argument.

"Andrius Moonshade! You are finally back!"

When Andrius saw them, they spotted him as well.

Dick

shouted angrily, "You jinx! How dare you put us in this situation? Our family is really unlucky to call you a son-in-law!"

George then signaled the younger ones. "Get him!"

"Old Master Henderson told us to turn you in before midnight, and he will spare us. We cannot let you escape now."

Andrius finally knew what Luna meant when she texted him saying something bad had happened.

Anthony had threatened the Crestfalls to turn him in.

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Andrius was not concerned about the young ones,

He went over to Luna and asked, "What **is going** on?"

With

a straight face, she asked, "Andrius, tell me did you beat up the head of the Hanshus, Wayman Hanshus, last night and caused him to jump off the building?"

“Isn’t it obvious?”

Before Andrius could say a word, George interrupted with a scoff, “Hmph. Wayman Hanshu is the head of one of the big three. Why would he jump off the building without a reason? What drove him so mad that he had to kill himself?”

Upset, he glared at Andrius with detest and resentment. “Andrius Moonshade, you are a menace to the Crestfalls!”

Dick then added, “Andrius, the ghost of the deceased veterans seeking revenge is a bluff. You can fool the public but not us!

“If you hadn’t beaten him up, **why** would he have jumped off the building?”

He sounded so aggressive as if he had been there, witnessing the murder.

Andrius was rendered speechless. The Crestfalls had a sharp instinct, but they missed out on the crucial point.

The group took advantage of his silence and berated him even more.

Dick shouted, “Andrius, I take your silence as a yes! This will be easy. You are responsible for your own actions. If you have beaten Wayman Hanshu up and caused his death, you should be the one to bear the consequences.

“The Hanshus are asking us for you. Go turn yourself in and leave us out of this!”

Janet was more decisive than her husband. She signaled the younger ones to surround Andrius. **If** he refused to comply or cooperate, they would make him do so.

“Andrius, don’t make this hard for us.”

“We are doing this for the sake of the family. Be a man and bear the responsibility, and go to the Hanshus.”

“As for your fate...”

“You know what is coming for you after what you have done. You have to bear the consequences.”

Harry looked at Andrius with disgust. “Andrius, do you know how much trouble have you brought to the family? If you don’t turn yourself to the Hanshus, don’t blame us for being rough.”

The threat in his **words** was **obvious**.

“Sigh...”

((

Belarus, Master Crestfall, sighed. He stepped up and gave a good word of advice, Andrius, both the Hendersons and the Hanshus are serious about this. It’s not looking good.

“Go to the Hanshus, apologize to Old Master Hanshu. I will contact my old friends from the military and see if I can get you some help. Try to mitigate the problem, avoid conflict at all costs, or else we won’t make it through with the Hendersons.”

The Crestfalls surprisingly agreed on the same idea.

Andrius said helplessly, “If you say so, Master Crestfall, I will go meet them and see if I can get Old Master Hanshu to forgive me.”

Forgive? What a joke.

He had no idea if Old Master Hanshu would forgive him, but he certainly would not forgive that old man.

“Andrius...” Luna went over to him with a worried look. She spoke in a rare gentle tone and reminded him, “Remember to be humble and lower yourself when you are there. You did something wrong, so if they scold you, just endure it. Show your sincerity and apologize with your heart. Maybe we can still turn this around.”

“I got it,” Andrius said before he left Dream’s Waterfront.

At midnight, Andrius headed to the Hanshus’ estate alone.

At the funeral, there was a brand new coffin in front of Wayman’s. It was the coffin that Simon had prepared for Andrius.

Whether Andrius would turn himself in or they had to capture him at the Crestfalls, Andrius had to die today!

Simon had specially prepared for the occasion.

There were at least a hundred martial art experts at the funeral.

Once Andrius stepped through the gate, there would be nowhere for him to run. He would be killed on the spot to honor Wayman.

Dang!

The old clock in the hall chimed at midnight.

A man appeared in front of the Hanshus' estate.

"Andrius Moonshade, you are finally here."

Simon had a frosty killing intent on his face as he glared at Andrius fiercely. Andrius' reflection could be seen in his deep eyes.

"If I didn't **show** up...

grace

Your little preparation would've gone to waste."

"Cut out **the** nonsense!"

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Simon's eyes narrowed, gleaming dangerously.

He looked at the coffin beside him and said fiercely, "Andrius Moonshade, do you want to lie down inside and take your own life, or I must make you after I break your limbs?" Andrius cackled with laughter. He looked at Simon's aged face and said indifferently, "I think I'm too young to lie down in there. It's more suitable for you."

His words fueled Simons' anger. The old man's brows and beard were quivering. "How audacious! Get him! Break all his limbs! Break one and I will reward you

with five million! Anyone who cuts his head off, I will reward him with ten million and a mansion!"

With the order from Simon, all the men threw themselves at Andrius fiercely.

"Kill him!"

"Kill him! And we will be rich!"

"Go! Go!"

The men had a boost of adrenaline when they heard the rewards. They even chanted as they charged toward Andrius.

Andrius scoffed coldly, "You have to be alive to spend that money."

Then, he also charged at the attacking men. He threw a punch at the leading man, sending him flying into the sky.

After flying in a perfect arch, his head crashed on the ground, and he died on the spot.

Swoosh!

Thud!

Whack!

Bam!

In less than five seconds, more than a hundred men were all defeated.

"It's your turn now!" Andrius walked towards Simon.

"Hmph!" Simon was not afraid at all. Instead, he scoffed and clapped thrice, "You guys are up."

As his voice subsided, a bunch of men jumped out and surrounded Andrius.

These men had blonde hair and sapphire eyes. They were equipped with AK-475, machine guns,

and even an RPG rocket. They were obviously mercenaries from abroad.

“**You** people... Grim Reaper Mercenaries?”

Andrius saw the scythe emblem on their chests, and his eyes turned cold.

The soldiers fought with their lives on the battlefield to prevent invaders from invading the country. Simon, on the other hand, hired foreign mercenaries into the country. He must be punished by death.

Simon took his silence as a sign of fear. He cackled as his arrogance was boosted.

“Andrius Moonshade...” He looked at Andrius and taunted him, “You killed Scarface and King Kong. How can I not be prepared for you?”

“Now that you know they are from the Grim Reaper Mercenaries, are you afraid? Too late! I thought you were strong! I want to see how strong you really are!”

His violent emotions twisted his expression as he shouted, “Kill him! Tear him apart!”

“Break his limbs! I want to see him crawl on the ground like a dog! Then, bring him in front of Wayman and force him to bow 99 times! Not one bow less can settle my grief!”

Simon looked arrogant, violent, brutal, and even bloodthirsty. He was blinded by vendetta, similar to the devil.

The mercenaries rubbed their fists and looked at Andrius hungrily, wanting to tear him apart.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Clank! Clank! Clank!

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Hi

&

Then, heavy rhythmic noises came from afar, followed by the trembling of the land.

Simon and his mercenaries looked toward the source of the noise.

Gasp!

Everyone gasped in fear when they saw what happened.

At the horizon, where their eyes could reach, countless tanks rolled in and crushed everything in their path. Behind and beside them were battalions of soldiers, armed with weapons, looking grand and united.

The murderous aura that scattered into the air shocked Simon and the mercenaries.

Moreover, there were two attack helicopters hovering in the sky.

These were the legitimate soldiers of the country!

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Clank!

Whamm!

The Grim Reaper Mercenaries had killed many in the past, but when they saw the army of soldiers, they were shaken. Their weapons fell from their hands as they trembled. Simon's jaw dropped as well, his heart pounding quicker than ever.

Who exactly was Andrius Moonshade?!

How could he summon that many soldiers together with tanks and helicopters?

Simon had messed with someone that he could not afford.

It was over!

The Hanshus had run into a wall this time, and there was nowhere else to run.

Simon was already in his 70s, and the massive scene scared him so much that he peed his pants so much that it drenched him. It showed how afraid he was.

As the tanks came closer, the soldiers came down and got into formation behind Andrius with Noir leading the group.

While the helicopters hovered in the sky with their hatches opened, two ropes fell and a group of soldiers slid down. Pitch-black barrels of guns were pointed at all the mercenaries.

When the soldiers got into formation, the leader of the battalion ran over to Andrius and shouted, "Western Second Battalion, in formation. Awaiting your order, Wolf King!"

Wolf King?!

When Simon heard the name, he collapsed on the ground with his eyes out of focus.

The entire city had been preparing for the arrival of the Wolf King for a while now, which stated just how important and influential he was.

However, the Hanshus made an attempt on the Wolf King's life, which was suicidal.

It was over! It was way over!

The mercenaries were horrified when they heard the name as well.

The mission they took up led them to face off against the Wolf King?

If they had known the mission was an attempt on the Wolf King's life, they would never have accepted it no matter how much the reward was.

"Spare us."

“W—we surrender. **Don’t** kill us.”

“Wolf King, spare us!”

The mercenaries were horrified as they stammered.

Andrius glanced at the mercenaries coldly and said, “This country forbids mercenaries, and since you people are already here, you shall stay.

“Arrest them.”

With Andrius’ order, a number of soldiers strode in and brought the mercenaries away, leaving Simon alone.

“M—Master Wolf King!” Simon mustered all his strength to kneel straight up before Andrius. “Forgive my foolishness! I do not know that you are the Wolf King... Please spare me! I can pay you! I can give half of my entire assets!”

Simon did not want to die just yet. He pleaded strongly, his old face covered with fear and horror.

“Spare you?” Andrius looked at his old face and scoffed, “When you send your hitmen after men, why didn’t you think of that?”

told Wayman to

“Why didn’t you think of the Crestfalls when you put them in a difficult situation? You prepared this whole thing just for me, and you want me to spare you?”

His words faded.

Swoop!

A silver needle entered Simon’s left temple and came out from the right.

The speed was so fast that the needle did not stay in his head for more than a second, but it destroyed Simon’s cerebral cortex.

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Simon was put in a vegetative state, forever bed-bound. He could no longer wake up and could no longer speak a word.

On both sides of his temples were little dots of blood, and when mixed with his sweat, no one could easily spot them.

“Fall back,” Andrius said to Noir.

The soldiers brought the bunch of international mercenaries back while Andrius returned to Dream’s Waterfront.

For some reason, Luna removed the curfew and Andrius went in easily.

When he stepped into the living hall, the little noises he made brought Luna out. She was still waiting for him.

“Andrius...” The expression on her face shifted when she saw Andrius. “How’re things with the Hanshus?”

“It’s done,” Andrius said calmly.

“Really?” Luna widened her exhausted eyes, suspicious. “The Hanshus accepted your apology?”

“You can say so,” Andrius said after some thought.

After all, Simon did not hold him responsible for what he did since the man could not move or speak anymore, so he took it as an apology accepted.

“Great! Great!” Luna breathed a sigh of relief.

When she looked at Andrius, her expression turned somber. “Andrius, I want you to remember that it’s wrong to beat people up. Do not simply start a fight. Do not do that again. The city is a complicated place with schemes and plans going on. Your fists aren’t as reliable here. Once you act rashly, it only causes trouble.”

She looked really concerned about Andrius.

Andrius hummed a reply. His thoughts were exactly the opposite of hers.

In this world, his fists were the most reliable way of communication.

Of course, he could not say that to Luna, so he simply nodded and went to bed.

Back at River Helm, Anthony went to bed before midnight since he was no longer young. He did not stay up to wait for the results.

Suletta got a hold of the news soon.

After Andrius went to the Hanshus alone, Old Master Hanshu was hospitalized. She had no idea what happened other than that.

It was huge news, so Suletta immediately informed her grandfather.

“Grandfather, wake up! Something huge has happened!”

Anthony opened his tired and bloodshot eyes and asked, “What is it?”

Suletta said straightforwardly, “Grandfather, based on the news I got, Old Master Hanshu was hospitalized, and Andrius returned to Dream’s Waterfront!”

Anthony shuddered and woke up instantly. His bloodshot eyes flickered and then said, “Let’s go, Suletta! We have to see what happened to Old Master Hanshu!”

Twenty minutes later at Centro Hospital, when Anthony and Suletta arrived, the doctors came out from the emergency room.

He went up to the doctors and asked, “How’s Simon Hanshu?”

The leading doctor shook his head and said heavily, “Based on our inspection, he’s comatose and can no longer wake up. As for the reason, we are still looking into it.”

The doctors then left, leaving Anthony stunned on the spot. Deep inside, he was fuming.

“Andrius Moonshade, what a stubborn cancer! How dare he strike Old Master Hanshu!?”

Anthony was furious. He had saved Andrius, yet the boy had gone out of control. It was like having a pet that bit its own master.

“Andrius Moonshade! I am not the richest man in Sumeria if I don’t tear you to pieces!”

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Chapter 170

Anthony Henderson **was** a name that everyone **in** Sumeria was familiar with. Every move he made **was** amplified and placed under the spotlight.

Therefore, his being at the hospital was news to the media.

The news spread like wildfire. The richest man in Sumeria was going after Andrius and the Crestfalls!

It was late, but the moon was shrouded behind dark clouds.

Luna finally fell asleep after some turning and tossing, but she was soon woken up by her phone.

It was her third uncle, Dick.

“Luna, what the f*ck is wrong with that Andrius? Does he want us dead that much?”

Dick was furious as he continued, “Can you get a hold of him? If he wants to die, just let him go. Don’t drag us down! If you can’t control him, tell him to go back to his cave in the mountains!”

Luna was baffled, but she had a feeling something had gone wrong again. She asked timidly, “What happened?”

“What happened?!” Dick scoffed. “The whole of Sumeria knows but not you?!”

Before Luna could say a word, he continued roaring, “Your husband beat Simon Hanshu up! The man is hospitalized and comatose for life!”

“Anthony Henderson picked up the news and he’s coming after us! Tell me, if Andrius isn’t a jinx, what is!? He’s punishable by death! He messed with the richest man, and our family is going down with him! Am I right?!”

Dick tapped on his phone angrily and hung up the phone.

Even through the phone, Luna could feel his wrath.

Before she had the time to digest the news and buffer, George and the others called her with complaints, criticism, and scoldings. Not a single one talked to her calmly.

Luna was angry but also afraid. She put on her jacket and went knocking on Andrius' door.

With a frosty look, she asked, "Andrius, why did you beat Simon Hanshu up and put him in a comatose state?! Anthony Henderson got wind of it, and he's coming after our family! Are you a harbinger of malice or what?! Are you doing to destroy our family and give me a heart attack before you finally stop?"

Luna got agitated as she spoke.

She was fuming.

"It's no big deal," Andrius said with half-opened eyes. "Go to sleep."

He closed the door on Luna.

Luna was angrier than before. She could not sleep like nothing happened. She tossed and turned in her bed the whole night, trying to come up with a solution to the situation.

Harry called her a few times to discuss this as well.

The next day, when the sun rose, Luna was already on her way to the office. She skipped breakfast, and her eyes were bloodshot.

She had to contact Anthony to apologize, or else things would get out of hand soon, and the Crestfalls would be doomed as they lost their status in the city.

Harry was at the office as well.

The two of them finally got Anthony's contact number.

After arranging his words, Harry called Anthony.

“Master Henderson? It’s me, Harry...”

Toot...

Before he could finish introducing himself, the call was hung up.

The moment Anthony heard it was Harry, he hung up the phone and did not give the man a chance to speak. He was furious.

Although both Harry and Luna were afraid, not apologizing would only make the situation worse, so Harry bit the bullet and made the call again.