

In the house, a middle-aged man sat on a sofa. He looked to be around forty years of age and was slightly chubby. He wore a vest and had a Green Dragon tattoo on his arm. He was playing around with two walnuts in his hands.

"Move." The mercenaries pressed their firearms against the trio.

They walked forward.

"Sit."

In a black vest and fiddling with a walnut in his hand, the middle-aged, chubby man pointed at the sofa.

James glanced at him and seated himself.

Henry and Scarlett sat by his sides.

Although they had taken their seats, the mercenaries did not leave and were still pointing their firearms at them.

James calmly asked, "Are you Jake Graham, the Boss everyone's talking about?"

The man said nothing and cast a glance at a man in a hood behind him. The man in the hood understood immediately and brought a laptop.

NO SUGAR  **125MG HEMP EXTRACT**  **125MG CAFFEINE**

KILL CLIFF
OCTANE
CENSORED
LASER
LEMONS
TASTY AF

HERBAL
LEMONADE
WITH A HINT OF LASERS

BOGO
50% OFF

CODE LASERS



The man in the black vest pointed at the laptop and said, "Swiss Bank. Make your transfer. I'll give you the information immediately upon transfer."

Without missing a beat, James laughed.

"Boss, why would I make a bank transfer when everyone's pointing their firearms at me? If you renege on your promise after I make the transfer, wouldn't I be taken for a fool?"

The middle-aged man in the black vest gestured.

"Worry not. I've never reneged on my promises. I'm the man I am today because of my credibility."

James turned and looked behind him.

Scanning his surroundings, he counted the number of mercenaries.

In an instant, he laid back on the sofa and crossed his legs.

Upon seeing this, Henry understood immediately.

As James laid back on the sofa, he said, "I've heard of your credibility, alright. However, I'm still concerned. Why don't we do this instead? You give me my information, and I'll pay after I've confirmed its authenticity."

Smack! Jake Graham smacked the table.

With that, the mercenaries behind James stepped forward and pressed their firearms against the trio's heads.

"Dude, how many times do I have to say this? At my place, you only get information after you've paid for it. We have no precedence of the reverse."

James laughed calmly.

"It's only natural to bargain when conducting business. Even if there has been no precedence, it doesn't mean there won't be any in the future."

Henry and James were calm and composed.

Black Rose, on the other hand, was different.

With a firearm pressing against her head, she did not dare move a muscle, and sweat beads were accumulating on her forehead.

At the same time, in the other room.

A sixty-year-old man was seated, smoking his cigarettes while watching the surveillance camera.

The footage of the surveillance camera showed the room James was in.

The old man snapped his fingers.

The man behind him immediately stepped forward and greeted respectfully, "Boss."

"Have you found out anything about them?"

"Boss, we've found something. The man in the middle is called James Caden. He just arrived in Cansington. Our information shows that he was recently decommissioned from the military in the Southern Plains. Yet, he doesn't have a high ranking and remains only a foot soldier. He's currently the son-in-law of the Callahans."

"The man beside him is Henry. He opened a clinic in Cansington."

"We're still currently unable to find out anything about the woman. She could be an illegal immigrant into Cansington."

Upon hearing this, the old man frowned.

Why would a decommissioned soldier and a guy managing a clinic be interested in purchasing information concerning the destruction of the Cadens from ten years ago? They were no ordinary men.

Not only did they not bat a single eyelid when there were firearms pressed against their head, but they were even laughing and joking around. They were men who had been through ordeals.

"Brooks recommended them?"

"Yes, Boss."

"Call him and request information on these three."

"Yes, Boss."

