

James sat on the sofa, crossed his legs, and lit a cigarette.

The smell of cigarette smoke filled the air.

Opposite him, the black-vested, middle-aged man who had been fiddling with walnuts had a darkened face.

"I will say this once more. If you want information, make the transfer now." James lightly waved.

"Nah, it's alright. I'm not buying it. It's not worth it."

He stood up. Henry and Black Rose followed suit.

The man in the black vest snorted.

"What do you take this place for? Do you think you can just come and go as you please?" James chuckled.

"Have your boss come to us himself if he's interested in a deal. It's a huge one, after all. I'm afraid you aren't qualified to conduct business with me."

Though momentarily stunned, the man in the black vest quickly regained his composure.

"Are you implying that I'm not Jake Graham?"

James pointed at the surveillance camera in the corner of the room.

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"Your boss must be watching in the shadows, isn't he? As expected, Jake Graham is extremely cautious. So much so that he's sent his subordinates to conduct business with me in his stead. He lacks sincerity. I'm calling this off."

Meanwhile, in the other room.

The sixty-year-old man, who was smoking his cigarette, had a grim look.

James Caden was no ordinary man.

Not only did he not bat a single eyelid with a firearm pressed against his head, but he also had a keen sense of observation. He looked at the footage and did not act rashly.

James, meanwhile, glanced at the black-vested man fiddling with the walnuts and laughed.

"You look like him, alright. Not even a single trace of a flaw."

"If so, why do you say I'm not the real Jake Graham?"

"Your aura."

James explained, "Jake Graham is an extremely influential man. As the King of the Underworld and the honcho of a local turf, he must exude some sort of aura. But you, on the other hand..."

"Based on this alone?"

"That's right."

In the stone building.

A goon approached Jake.

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"Boss, I called Brooks. He was mumbling the entire conversation and didn't say much. But he did mention that the guy purchasing information isn't someone to be trifled with."

"Alright, I understand." The man lightly waved.

He then stood up and exited the house.

James turned to leave.

Clap, Clap, clap.

At that moment, someone clapped.

Following that, an old yet energetic man in a green shirt with a slick haircut walked out. He was clapping.

"Impressive. Truly impressive."

James glanced at the approaching man. He could feel a strong aura exuding from the man. He knew, then, that that was the real Jake Graham. He never expected that Jake Graham, infamous in the underworld, would be elderly.

Jake lightly waved at the mercenaries.

"Stand down."

"Yes, Boss." The fully-armed mercenaries stood down.

"Boss."

The man in the black vest bowed and respectfully greeted him.

Jake nodded lightly and sat on the sofa.

Meanwhile, the man in the black vest stood at his back.

Jake glanced at the trio.

"You wish to purchase the truth of the Cadens incident ten years ago?» James looked at him.

"Yes.You have it?"

"Indeed, I do.But the price remains the same.Ten billion."

James snickered.

"Ten billion is too expensive.I'll settle for ten dollars."

Upon hearing this, Jake's face immediately darkened.

The man in the black vest behind him drew his pistol and pointed it at James.He asked coldly, "Are you just looking for trouble?"

"That's right... James' face turned grim.He threw the cigarette bud in his hands with great force.A cigarette bud in James' hands was a terrifying secret weapon.

