

“Just wait! Third Master Ringstone will get you!”
Andrius was not bothered by Hendrick’s threats.

Five minutes went by.

Hendrick glanced at his Rolex and scoffed coldly, “Punk, five minutes are up. You failed to level the Northern Point construction site. You’re dead meat!”

“Men!”

With Hendrick’s shout, the security guards waiting outside the room stormed in.

“Get him! Take him to Third Master Ringstone!”

The security guards rolled their sleeves up before they tried to apprehend Andrius.

However, right before they could touch him, rumbling noises sounded- outside the window, followed by the ground trembling.

Hendrick and his men frowned. “What’s going on?”

One of the security guards then said, “Sir, there are a lot of tractors
outside!”

“What?”

Disheartened, Hendrick called his men to go out. “Go have a look!”

The group of them ran outside and were shocked by what they saw.

A number of tractors were outside the construction site. The smoke that their exhaust pipes emitted made the air smell like diesel fuel.

“W-what are you people doing?”

Despite Hendrick’s arrogance, he was frightened by the intimidating
scene.

“I said I’d level the construction site to the ground,” Andrius’ voice rang out. He sauntered out of the office.

Hendrick was furious. “Kid, there’s no reason for you to go this far...”

“You talk too much.” Andrius interrupted Hendrick and bellowed, “You have one more minute to leave the place, or you will have to bear the consequences.”

A hundred tractors were waiting outside the construction site, and they were not here for games.

The workers dared not stay for another second and fled the scene like startled birds.

One minute passed.

Andrius snapped his fingers and commanded, "Level it down."

Grrrr...

A hundred tractor engines roared to life, releasing a thunderous noise

that shook not only the sky but also the ground.

It was at that moment a minivan sprinted in and screeched to a stop

before the tractors.

A middle-aged man came out with two antique walnuts in his hand. He roared furiously, "Who the hell dares to level my construction site?"

It was Third Master Ringstone, the most powerful man in the

Sumerian underworld.

Hendrick ran over to him immediately and pointed at Andrius. "Third Master, this punk here is trying to level our construction site!"

"Kid, you are a bold one, bringing that many tractors here to my

Ringstone clapped.

A large number of armed men jumped out from the shadows and surrounded all the tractors immediately.

"Wreck the tractors! And take that punk down!" Third Master Ringstone ordered.

Thud, thud, thud...

Right before the armed men could start wrecking the tractors, the ground trembled.

A thunderous march could be heard.

"What's going on?"

Third Master Ringstone frowned and looked around nervously.

As the marching came closer, it sounded like an army had arrived.

The night grew restless as a large group of armed Lycantroops appeared in front of Third Master Ringstone and his men.