

After lunch, Andrius took Fatty Frank's car to the construction site.
On the way there, Fatty Frank called Connor's phone.

To his surprise, Connor informed him that he would be waiting for him at his office at the factory.

Fatty Frank looked worried. He asked, "Boss, do you think Connor is up to no good?"

Andrius said, "We'll cross the bridge when we come to it. Let's see what trick he has up his sleeve."

Right!"

With Andrius by his side, Fatty Frank gained confidence. "With Boss by my side, no tricks will work on us!"

Andrius was amused.

The two of them soon arrived at the factory.

Connor kept his promise and was waiting for them in his office. However, behind the man was a group of buffed men, lined up neatly with their hands behind their backs, showing off their bulging pecs. They looked like they were about to threaten someone.

"Yo..." Connor looked at Fatty Frank and teased him with a sardonic smile. "It's just a relocation. Why did you bring someone with you? What is it? Afraid that I won't move?"

He scoffed. "Even if I don't relocate, I don't think your guy can do anything to me. He looks puny and weak."

Fatty Frank's expression turned bitter. If he came alone, he would have already run. However, with Andrius by his side, he was able to draw confidence from him. He went up to Connor and asked, "Connor, are you signing this relocation contract or not?"

"Of course! Of course, I'm signing it!" Connor showed unprecedented cooperation and took the contract out. "I, Connor Rogers, am a good citizen, not a prick. I've signed it. It's your turn."

Fatty Frank despised the man's words, but he did not refute or comment on them.

Since Connor was willing to cooperate, he did not want to drag things out either. He lifted his pen and wanted to sign the contract.

Before his pen could touch the paper, Andrius pulled him back. He wanted to read through the contract carefully.

Connor looked at him strangely. Upset, he said, "Hey, punk! Are you trying to say I'm cheating you? It's just a contract. Do you need to go through every detail? Besides, the price is already fixed. Sign it and get over it. Stop being a p*ssy!"

Andrius then pointed at the contract and grinned coldly. "Thirty

million. This area that your factory is located is just one spot in the entire land that we are buying, and you want to charge us thirty million just for you to relocate?"

Fatty Frank was stunned. "What? What thirty million? We agreed on three million!"

Then, he had a look at the contract and realized what was going on. He roared at Connor, "You b*stard! You raised the price tenfold?"

Connor grinned wickedly. He signaled the men behind him and said, " Yeah. It's just one tiny spot, but my men have taken good care of the land for you guys for so long. It's only fair for me to charge some extra fees. Thirty million is just nice."

He then grabbed the contract from Andrius and shoved it into Fatty Frank's hand. "Fatty, sign it. Don't force me to be rough."

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With that, the men behind Connor cracked their fingers and exercised their necks. The cracking of finger joints echoed in the room.

The men then took a step forward together.

Thud!

The unified thuds made, Fatty Frank clench his muscles nervously. If he refused, he would have to face the buff men's fists.

"Boss, what should we do now?" Fatty Frank swallowed nervously and looked at Andrius.

"It's easy."

Andrius' body shifted all of a sudden.

Connor cackled in disdain. "Punk, I hired all these elite fighters. Any one of them can..."

"Ugh!"