

Chapter 166

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...”

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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...

grance

Your little preparation would've gone to waste.”

“Cut out **the** nonsense!”