

## Chapter 185

The old man was scrawny **and** short. He **had** deep wrinkles on his face and caved in eyebags **that somehow flashed** wickedly from time to time. His stare was similar to that of a **viper**.

**More** importantly, his fingernails were maroon in color, extending long and sharp. It resembled the claws **of a hawk** who had just crushed its prey. It was frightening to look at.

Elder Nevermore, you're here just in time! Kill this **man** for me!"

Cain was delighted by the old man's arrival. He pointed at Andrius and commanded the old man to kill him.

"Young Master Crestfall, a piece of cake."

The old man cupped his fists at Cain before he headed to Andrius. He said as he walked closer, "Kid, I am Ulysse Nevermore, a pseudo-martial artist."

He sounded proud and his gaze at Andrius was full of disdain. "I cultivated the Nine Yin Skeleton Claws, and I have mastered it to perfection."

Then, he swung his hands in the air.

Swoosh!

Clank!

Powerful qi energy blasted forward.

The tea table beside him was shredded to pieces and fell to the ground.

This is great! Elder Nevermore is indeed powerful!" Cain cried his praises when he saw Ulysse's attacks. With Ulysse on his side, he was not afraid of Andrius.

He could kill Andrius right here, right now.

Ulysse grinned and sneered, "Up until now, my claws have crushed 399 people's skulls and 421 people's hearts, and also eliminated eight families from the face of the earth! All because of my Nine Yin Skeleton Claws!"

The delight and pride on his face were obvious. They were the achievements and glory that he had accumulated over the years.

"If you know who you are dealing with, you should kneel down and kowtow a hundred times to me and Young Master Crestfall. I maybe can grant you a quick death. If not..."

Ulysse clicked his tongue strangely again. The meaning was self-explanatory.

“You talk too much!” Andrius found the old man irritating with all the talking. He grunted coldly and said.” Old man, since your hands are covered in blood, I shall send you to hell and you can repent your sins there.”

As his words subsided, Andrius darted towards Ulysse. He lifted his leg for a dropkick.

Ulysse was furious. He roared, “Punk, your arrogance is useless here! I will rip you to shreds now!”

He responded with a grab with his claw toward Andrius leg.

With his grip strength, if he could get a hold of Andrius’ leg, he could very well rip the leg off.

However, Andrius’ furious dropkick landed on Ulysse’s chest **in a flash**. It felt like a speeding **truck** had run him **over** or like a mountain **had** crashed **on** him.

Bang!

**The powerful** kick sent Ulysse **flying** away, crashing onto the wall behind him. Blood gushed from his mouth **upon** impact.

**Before** Ulysse could slide off the wall, Andrius dashed towards him. He extended his left hand and grabbed Ulysse’s wrist precisely, like an iron claw latching to its prey.

**Then**, his right hand grabbed one of Ulysse’s fingers and snapped it.

Crack!

**The** finger was broken on the spot!

Crack!

Crack!

The broken fingers sounded consecutively.

All five of Ulysse’s fingers were broken.

The fingers were crooked, bruised, and bled profusely. It was gory to look **at**.

The excruciating pain of losing his fingers made Ulysse sweat profusely. His eyes rolled back, and he almost passed out on the spot.

“Aaargh!”

Ulysse’s painful screams echoed across the suite. He finally knew it was a mistake messing with Andrius and that it was suicidal trying to take his life.

“Spare me!”

Ulysse was truly afraid. One misstep and he might die on the spot today.

He started to beg and plead for his life. “S–sir, please spare me life! I– I was wrong. I won’t do it again! I will do whatever y–you want...”

The physical pain and the mental horror tormented him, causing him to stammer continuously. He could barely finish a sentence properly.

Andrius grunted in disdain. “I thought you want to rip me apart. It’s too late for you to beg now. You’ve committed atrocious murders, so it’s better for you to go to hell.”

Then, Andrius grabbed his–other hand and did the same.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The cracks and Ulysse’s screams sent chills down one’s spine, causing goosebumps all over one’s skin. “My hands... Aaaaagh!”

Ulysse wanted to plead, but the pain drowned him, so he could only scream in pain whenever he opened **his** mouth.

All ten of his fingers were snapped, and the excruciating pain knocked him out.

However, Andrius did not spare his life. He stomped on the old man’s head, crushing him completely.

Splat!

**Blood and** brains splattered, **and** some landed on Cain’s face, frightening him.

Horrified, **he** stumbled backward. The pride and arrogance on his face had faded, replaced by endless **horror**.

“S–stay away from me!”

Cain stepped back as he stared at Andrius in horror.

Andrius said leisurely, “You’ve used up all three of your chances. Now, it’s my time to keep my promise. What else do you have to say? Speak up, or you won’t have the chance.”

When his words subsided, he was already in front of Cain.

“Aaaah!”

The sudden intimidation made Cain pee his pants. Yellow liquid wet his pants and trickled down his legs, causing the air to reek.

He stared at Andrius in horror and said quickly, “Andrius Moonshade, you cannot kill me. I am the young master of the Crestfalls from the East River State! If **you** touch me, you will be making new enemies for Belarus and Luna! You are strong, but the Crestfalls won’t escape this!”

Threats! Blatant threats again!

Andrius chuckled.

The last person who threatened him landed in the hospital as a retard. Swoosh!

Without saying anything, a silver needle was poked into Cain’s body.

Cain was stunned before his eyes closed and passed out.

Then, Andrius left the suite.

www

After a while, Karen, Cain’s personal assistant, came up and saw the room full of bodies, and Cain lying unconscious near the wall.

She was astonished and horrified when she checked on Cain.

“Go! Contact the master! Something bad has happened to the young master!”