

## Chapter 200

“Gulp...”

Everyone was shocked and **took** two steps back.

**Some gaped speechlessly.**

Some sucked in a cold breath.

Some could not help but gulp.

Then, everyone turned their heads to the door.

There, Andrius and Noir slowly walked in. a

“Idris Crestfall...” Andrius’ face was like ice and did not look human at all. “Are you satisfied with your gift?”

Gift?

The dignitaries felt chills go down their spines.

Anthony immediately shrunk back and made himself appear smaller, afraid that Andrius would see him.

That was the real Wolf King!

Idris suddenly panicked.

Joshua...

While he looked ugly, he was naturally powerful! However, the powerful Joshua was still mercilessly killed. and tortured to death by Andrius....

In that case, how powerful was Andrius?

“Guards!” Idris took a step back while anxiously calling for his guards. “Guards! Where are my guards?!”

“Stop shouting,” Andrius spoke indifferently with some hints of mockery. “Your guards are too weak. They didn’t even last five minutes against Noir.”

Idris was suddenly numb..

The guards that followed him around were all carefully selected. In blunt terms, each one of them could easily take down ten burly men all on their own.

However, they were all subdued by that oaf beside Andrius?

What...

What kind of freaks were those two? How could they be so violent?

Thud!

**In** the next second, Idris' back was pressed up against the wall. There was nowhere left to retreat.

"Stop struggling, old man." Noir smiled coldly and pressed a knife to Idris' neck. "I'm not good with my hands, so don't move or I might break your skin. You'll end up suffering for nothing."

Idris did not dare to speak, much less move.

**As** for the dignitaries, they all fell silent the moment they saw Joshua's head. They did not even dare to breathe loudly, what more stand up to help.

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"**T'll give you a chance to live,**" Andrius walked **up** to Idris **and** spoke in an Indifferent voice as if he was a **Judge**.

"What is it? Tell me!"

**What** Idris feared most was death. Now that he had a chance to live, he naturally grabbed onto **it**. "**As long** as you let me go, I'm willing to do anything!"

Where there was life, there was hope!

As long as he could survive today, there would be plenty of opportunities for revenge in **the** future.

"The Crestfall family is rich, isn't it...?" Andrius smiled, his playful gaze falling on **Idris'** face. "Let's play a game of 'spending money to buy a life' today."

**Idris** immediately sighed in relief.

So, Andrius was after money.

That was easy.

"I'll... I'll pay one hundred million!" Idris held up a finger.

Swoosh!

Before he could finish speaking, Noir sliced off the finger and said with a gleeful smile, "Old Master Crestfall, is your pitiful life only worth one hundred million?"

“Aaargh! M–my... my finger...”

Idris felt agony and was about **to** pass out. Beads of sweat rolled down his forehead incessantly.

However, his mind was clear in the face of life and death. He gnashed his teeth and said humbly, “How.. how much do you want?”

“Ten billion. Is that too much for you?”

Andrius' voice fell clearly into everyone's ears.