

“Alright, Young Master Hanshu!”

“We’ll blast multiple holes in his body!”

“Die, Andrius Moonshade!”

“It’s time for you to meet your maker!”

The hitmen grinned viciously. They wanted to see the fear and despair on Andrius’ face when he died.

However, to their surprise, Andrius stood there with his arms crossed and ignored their threats.

How could Andrius be so confident and arrogant at a time like this?

None of the hitmen could bear his attitude.

Right before they pulled their trigger...

Vroom! Vroooooom!

Loud noises of a motorcade, consisting of expensive cars, came closer. The leading car was a Rolls-Royce Phantom and the number 8 on the car plate caught much attention.

“Stop!” an aged but dignified voice thundered.

All the hitmen were surprised. They looked at Randal, waiting for his next order.

Randal looked at the Rolls-Royce Phantasm. He raised his hand, signaling his hitmen to stop.

However, the guns were still pointed at Andrius.

Screech!

Seconds later, the expensive motorcade stopped in front of the Crestfalls’ gate.

The bodyguards came down and opened the door. A dignified old man with a powerful aura came out from the car.

It was Anthony Henderson, the richest man in Sumeria!

Randal’s eyes shrank in fear.

How well-connected were the Crestfalls?

He brought his own hitmen to their doorstep, and it attracted the attention of the richest man in the city?

He did not expect this at all.

The Crestfalls were also shocked.

Anthony Henderson was the true pillar of the city, the person who single-handedly contributed to the city's development and GDP.

There were countless people who would kill to just be related to the Hendersons because it would mean a successful career or life. Even being a watchdog for the Hendersons would be worth it.

However, the Crestfalls did not know the man, or else they would not have ended up in this awkward situation.

What could have brought Anthony Henderson here?

Could it be...

The Crestfalls' hearts skipped a beat and looked at Andrius.

Not only did Andrius offend the Hanshus, but he even offended the Hendersons?

Everyone's hearts pounded wildly.

Had Andrius offended Anthony Henderson, the Crestfalls would be doomed.

While everyone was drowned in their own anxiety, Anthony walked to Andrius with his golden cedarwood walking stick.

It was over! No one could save the Crestfalls now!

George, Dick, and Harry cried inwardly, and the only expression on their faces was despair.

Master Crestfall and Luna's hearts skipped a beat as well.

"I am Anthony Henderson," Anthony introduced himself as he held the golden cedarwood walking stick in front of him. He simply had a glance, and everyone's heart skipped a beat as if they were facing an army.

"Master Henderson!" Randal greeted him immediately.

"Master Henderson!"

"Good afternoon, Master Henderson!"

Before Anthony stated his intention, everyone in the Crestfalls tended to be respectful and polite towards him.

Anthony nodded. He then lifted his expensive walking stick and put it on Andrius' shoulder.

The Crestfalls got nervous. The moment had finally arrived. Their hearts raced, and they grew even more nervous than before.

“You cannot kill this man.”