

*The notorious Racer Gang leader was on his knees! He was actually kneeling before Andrius!*

The whole room was so silent that everyone's pounding heartbeats could be heard. No one understood what just happened.

Amidst their astonished gazes, Andrius stated, "I remember you. You were beside Jamire that night..."

When he heard Andrius, Lothar forced a bitter smile on his face.

He had been there when Jamire summoned his men at the Northern Point construction site to confront Andrius. He had witnessed the Lycantroops marching on them and the hundred tractors leveling the entire construction site to the ground.

From that night onwards, Lothar had branded Andrius' face in his mind so that he would never cross paths with the devil again.

Now, the devil just declared that he remembered him.

What else was more terrifying than that?

Lothar gulped nervously. He roared, "On your knees!"

He held the most power in the Racer Gang, so obviously, no one in the gang dared to disobey him. His men immediately knelt down.

Thud!

It was quite a magnificent scene seeing more than a dozen men kneel down at once.

Fatty Frank and his team were astonished. They wondered who Andrius really was. How could he bring the leader of the Racer Gang

to his knees?

Among them, Angel's reaction was the strongest.

Andrius swooping in at that critical moment was an act of rescuing a damsel in distress.

Her eyes shone as she looked at Andrius differently. The disdain she had for him was completely gone and was replaced by admiration.

Andrius looked at Lothar kneeling before him. He said indifferently, "What should I do with you?"

"Please spare me, sir..." Lothar was sweating profusely. He shuddered strongly, and even his teeth were chattering.

"Please spare us, sir. We will do anything you tell us to..."

“Then, every one of you, break one of your fingers.” Andrius glanced at Fatty Frank and his team and said, “Today is my first day in Team Five. Let’s not make things bloody. It’s inauspicious.”

“Yes, yes, yes...”

With that, Lothar breathed a sigh of relief.

Breaking a finger was better than losing his life.

Then, Lothar pulled his dagger out and cut off one of his fingers without hesitation; his men followed.

For a moment there, the room reeked of blood. Fatty Frank and his team were trust fund babies, but they had never seen anything gory or bloody, hence they were all rendered speechless.

The painful screams from the men were like a requiem from hell, sending chills down their spines.

“You may leave now.”

With Andrius’ permission, Lothar brought his men away immediately.

Until the last of them had left, Andrius then got up and looked at Fatty

Frank.

“So, Frank, are we going to continue where we left off? The welcome ceremony by Team Five?”

“N-no, no more...”

Fatty Frank and his team were utterly speechless.

Andrius simply left the room.

When he returned to Dream’s Waterfront, Andrius saw Luna reading a fashion magazine in the living room with her long legs crossed.

Luna put the magazine down and asked, “How’s your first day with Team Five?”

A sudden epiphany rushed into Andrius’ mind when he heard her.

Fatty Frank had given him a hard time because of Luna’s order to do so. It seemed like she was a woman who liked to hold grudges.

He had only been late a few times. Was it necessary to go that far?

However, he feigned a painful expression and said, "O-okay, I guess. Frank and his team are very welcoming."

"Is that so?" Luna asked as she looked into Andrius' eyes.