

"T-then how much is it?"

A hint of anger flashed in Conner's eyes, but he dared not express it.

Andrius bellowed, "According to the market price, your place is worth, at most, a million."

A million only?

Connor was infuriated. He really wanted to toughen up and fight back, but he was losing in terms of power.

With Andrius stepping on his hand, he could not fight back even if he wanted to. He was forced to accept the terms. "F-fine."

Andrius released Connor and watched the man print a brand new relocation contract. After he checked the amount and made sure it was a million, both Fatty Frank and Connor signed it.

Fatty Frank had yet to recover from the blank state of his mind. He remained stunned from the moment Andrius dodged the bullet. Until Connor reluctantly pushed the contract and the pen to him, then he recovered his composure.

He happily signed his name on the contract.

Then, Fatty Frank and Andrius left the office.

Fatty Frank said excitedly, "Boss, you are the best! You just need to show this kind of person the power of your fist!"

Andrius was not overly bothered. "People like him are afraid of power. Beat him up and he'll be like a good puppy."

The two of them got into the car and left.

Back at Connor's office, he watched the car drive away from his sight

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from the window. His expression remained gloomy. "That b\*stard. How dare he meddle with my profit?! Don't let me get the chance, or I will cut you up alive, mince you, and feed you to the dogs."

He grumbled before he called Solomon. "Mr. Stormbrew, I've lost the occupancy of the land."

Solomon's displeased voice came from the other side of the phone. "What do you mean by that, Connor?"

Connor explained in an upset tone, "New Moon Corporation just sent two men over. One of them was Fatty Frank, and the other one was a fierce guy. He beat up all my men and forced me to sign the contract."

Solomon went silent for a moment before a peal of bright and

cheerful laughter came from the phone.

Connor was still aggrieved when he heard the laughter from the

phone. It fueled his displeasure. "Mr. Stormbrew, what are you laughing at?"

Solomon said, "I am laughing because the New Moon Corporation is digging its own grave!"

Connor was confused. "What do you mean?"

"If you were forced to sign the contract, we will use the media to make news out of this, and we can tell the public New Moon

Corporation resolved in violence to force you to relocate. They sent people over to beat you up..."

Before he could finish, Connor cried in excitement, "Mr. Stormbrew,

you are a genius!"

Solomon grunted. "I already have a plan. Just play along tomorrow and you will get ten million after this is done."

Connor tapped his chest confidently and said, "Mr. Stormbrew, don't you worry. I will do my best to support you."

After hanging up the phone, Connor called his friend. "Hello? Let's grab a beer at our usual place."

Half

an hour later, Connor finally met up with his friend, Jamire Ringstone!

They sat down and had a couple of glasses before they started to blabber about nonsense.

Then, Connor mentioned what happened earlier today.

"Jamire, I bet you've seen a lot of powerful men after staying in Sumeria for so long."

He was thinking about Andrius. Although he looked bitter and hated Andrius, he had to admit that the man had looked cool when he dodged the bullets.

"Why are you talking about this?" Jamire was slightly surprised before he chuckled and said, "I've been traveling the world for many years, and I've met more powerful men than the women you've slept with..."

"Then, have you seen anyone who could dodge bullets?" Connor asked, leaving Jamire stunned.

“Dodge bullets?” Jamire went silent. He had seen men who played with fire and swallowed swords, but dodging bullets was something

out of a movie. Even he had never seen someone do it before.

However, he somehow thought of Andrius and believed a man like Andrius must know someone who could dodge bullets. “You’ve never seen it before, right?”