

The Wolf's Bride by Coffee's Tea Chapter 321 -

Chapter 321

“Uh...”

The receptionist's heart skipped a beat as he said worriedly, “Mr. Jones, are you really sure? If someone finds out, we will be done for...”

Despite his hesitation, his actions proved otherwise. He gulped excitedly when he heard of the

amount.

No one disliked money. He could not just give up on the massive amount of money because of honor and ideals.

“Pfft!”

Samson knocked on his head and bellowed, “Stop saying stupid sh*t. Are you asking for a beating? I am in charge of all the donations of the Martyr's Society. As long as we make the accounts look good and falsify the numbers, no one will notice anything!”

The society received a ten-billion donation the other time, and he had secretly embezzled one billion for himself. It was his first time back then. He did not have the skills nor the nerves to embezzle a larger amount of money.

However, the one billion gave him a taste of success. He spent the money on nine supermodels in just three days and had the best time of his life. He also got a new mansion, changed his cars, and slept with a ton of other women every single night.

He missed living such a lavish life every day, and it further fueled his greed.

This time, he decided to intercept the donation and embezzle an even larger amount.

“Just do it! Don't worry!” Samson assured the receptionist and added, “I've got ten news about the next chairman. The new chairman's name is Cloud Forger, the godson of Dean Mitchell who is the chairman of Simon-Tooke.

“Cloud Forger is known for his greed and love for women. If I can bribe him with some money and send some women into his bed, nothing can go wrong. Besides...”

Samson giggled. “If you do this beautifully, I can give you a hundred million as a reward, and you don’t have to worry about the rest of your life anymore.”

The offer struck a chord with the receptionist. He happily nodded and said, “Alright, Mr. Jones. I’ll do it right away!”

Andrius had no idea that the donation he made to the Martyr’s Society was being embezzled into Samson’s own pocket. He was having a drink with Noir in the garage.

“I can’t drink anymore.” Andrius looked at his watch and noticed that it was almost curfew. He had to go back to Dream’s Waterfront before the door was closed on him.

At 9:57 p.m., Andrius arrived at the gate of Dream’s Waterfront, but he received a call from Fatty Frank.

“Boss! G–Gold... T–Timez Bar...”

Thump!

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After a few intermittent words, he heard the phone fall to the ground.

Something had happened!

Andrius frowned. He checked the map on his phone before he made his way to Golden Timez

Bar.

He arrived at the location after a while. When he entered the bar, he saw a bunch of foreigners surrounding another group of people.

They all wore branded items from top to bottom, seeming to be affluent people. They laughed arrogantly as they teased and mocked the other group of people.

The other group of people was actually Fatty Frank, Angel, and the others from Team Five, but they were not in good shape as they were all forced to the floor.

Fatty Frank's face was swollen, and his mouth was bleeding; Angel had a clear slap mark on her face as well.

The foreigners did not hold back at all.

"What happened?" Andrius looked at the foreigners with a frosty gaze. He went up to help Fatty Frank up from the floor.

The foreigners believed they had everything under control, so they did not stop or give Andrius a hard time.

Fatty Frank could barely speak properly.

Angel then explained, "Boss, these foreign b*stards hit us!"

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Angel's eyes were overflowing with grievance and anger. "We drove here, but those foreigners were drunk, and they hit Frank's car.

"We tried to reason with them, but they were rude and arrogant, and they didn't want to talk. They have the numbers so they, they..."

"I got it," Andrius said. He then turned around to the foreigners with a frosty glare. He was

mad.

The soldiers had fought with their lives to protect the people and the country, but these foreigners bullied them on their own turf. He would be the one to deal with these ignorant fools.

"You people..." Andrius squinted as he said coldly, "Why did you people drink and drive? Why did you people hit my colleagues? Why did you break the laws of Florence?"

“Tsk...” The leader of the foreigners, a blonde man, said frivolously, “I’m not a Florencian, so your laws don’t work on me. Now that you are here, you should pay us for our damaged car.”

The blonde man grinned and continued arrogantly, “Call me ‘Daddy’ three times and I will let all of you go. Remember, ‘Daddy’ three times. On your knees ...”

Andrius was furious.

The foreigners had stepped over the line and must be taught a lesson.

Slap!

Before the blonde man could finish, Andrius slapped him in the face.

The powerful slap did not only stop the blonde man’s words but it also sent him flying and spinning in the air before he crashed into the wall behind him.

Bump!

He fell and broke the table and chairs.

“Aaaarrgh!”

Having been struck, he crashed into the wall and fell on the broken glass, so the blonde man cried painfully in the rubble.

The other foreigners were shocked when Andrius hit their boss. They all jumped on him, trying to teach him a lesson that he would not forget.

Andrius glared at them coldly and silently. He did not hold his punches back.

Bang! Bump! Thump!

With a punch, a slap, and a kick, his combo moves sent all the foreigners flying away.

In less than ten seconds, not one foreigner remained standing. All of them crashed and curled up on the floor, growling in pain.

“What the f*ck!”

The blonde man finally got to his feet. He was covered in blood and glass shards. He pointed at

Andrius

with his trembling hand and roared, “You Florence pig! How dare you hit me? Do you know who I am?! Do you know who my father is?!”

“I’m Louis Mitchell! My father is Dean Mitchell, the chairman of Simon–Tooke! I will destroy you when I go back!”

The blonde man was Dean Mitchell’s son!

What a small world!

Not only Andrius, but even Fatty Frank, Angel, and the others clenched their fists tightly.

“Dean Mitchell’s stupid son?” Andrius grinned, showing his white teeth with a frosty presence. “Great. I’ll deal with this once and for all.”

He then grabbed Louis by the hair and dragged him to the toilet.

He dragged Louis to a toilet stall that had a present left behind by the previous user. With a grin, Andrius shoved Louis’s head into the toilet bowl.

The Wolf King had high accuracy and he easily aimed Louis’s mouth at the still-hot present in the toilet bowl.

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“Ugh!”

As a wealthy second generation, Louis had never been treated like this before. He tried to get up to vomit, but Andrius stomped on the back of his head, pushing him deeper into the pile of hot cakes.

With that, the pile of hot cakes was shoved into Louis’ mouth.

“Don’t just eat it, drink some soup.”

Andrius

then stepped on the handle, flushing the toilet. The water flushed into his mouth and pushed the entire pile into his mouth.

The taste knocked Louis out cold.

Andrius left him in the stall when he went out and brought Fatty Frank to the hospital.

“Boss, can we not go to the hospital?” Fatty Frank recovered after some rest. He spoke in a muffled voice due to the bruises and swells on his face.

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t want my family to know. And I don’t want Harman and the other executives to give us a hard time,” Fatty Frank said timidly.

“Fine.”

Andrius pondered. He then brought the group to Dr. Artemis’ clinic.

Dr. Artemis and Lyra came out to help Fatty Frank, Angel, and the others into the clinic.

Andrius said to Dr. Artemis, “Dr. Artemis, Lyra, I’ll leave them with you for the next two days.”

“Don’t worry.”

“Not a problem, Andy! You go ahead. Leave them to me!”

The grandfather and granddaughter duo assured Andrius.

Lyra spoke in a sweet voice when she called Andrius ‘Andy’. Coupled with her adorable looks, even when Fatty Frank was badly beaten up, he mustered enough strength to give Andrius a big thumbs-up, giving his approval.

Andrius did not know how to comment on Fatty Frank’s unusual thoughts.

He then wrote the prescription on a piece of paper and gave it to Dr. Artemis. “Dr. Artemis, you can follow this prescription. Add some water and apply it on them.”

He then gave Fatty Frank and the others a piece of advice before he left the clinic.

Looking at the time, it was past 11 o'clock. There was no way he would be granted entry at Dream's Waterfront, so he spent the night at the Royal Gardens.

Meanwhile, in Centro Hospital, Louis had just come out from getting his liver cleaned. He was rid of all the filthy substance in his body, but he could still feel the vile taste. He might have washed the filth from his throat and liver, but the terrible experience would scar him for life.

"Sh*t! Motherf*cker! I'm going to murder him!"

Louis was furious. He cursed out loud before he glared at his men.

"Go! Find them! Bring them to me! I will slice them into a thousand pieces and burn them to ashes!"

On the next day, Andrius arrived at New Moon Corporation punctually.

To his surprise, Luna was in Team Five's office.

When Andrius entered the office, she questioned him with a strict look, "Andrius, where were you last night? Why didn't you come back?"

Andrius simply came up with an excuse, "Fatty Frank fell into the drain last night because he was too drunk. I went to help and missed the curfew."

"Is that so?" Luna looked at Andrius suspiciously. Judging from her glance, she did not believe Andrius' words.

Andrius shrugged. "Call Fatty Frank if you don't believe me."

Luna then made a call but hung up right away. "I'll give you another day off. Go take care of them. If anything happens, remember to inform me right away."

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“Mm–hmm.”

After he left the office, Andrius took the electric bike to Dr. Artemis' clinic.

However, when he arrived, he saw nothing but a mess in the clinic. The tables, chairs, and racks were wrecked.

Dr. Artemis, Lyra, Fatty Frank, Angel, and the other members of Team Five were nowhere to

be found.

Andrius had a bad feeling about this. He then spotted a line of crooked words on the table that were written using blood. It still had not dried up completely.

“Punk, if you want to save them, come to the abandoned factory in the western suburbs. Don't be late!”

Andrius' expression turned grim.

He had given Louis a little punishment last night, but the b*stard went after Fatty Frank and the others. Even Dr. Artemis and Lyra were caught in the conflict.

He quickly hopped onto his electric bike and headed to the location.

In an abandoned factory in the western suburbs, Fatty Frank, Angel, and the others from Team Five were all tied up on chairs; Dr. Artemis was also bound.

Fatty Frank and the others were still recovering. Now with new injuries inflicted on them, not a single part of their body remained unharmed.

Lyra was pressed onto the chair by two buff foreigners.

Louis stood in front of her, sizing her up pervertedly.

“Girl...”

Louis was aroused by her adorable features. He lifted her chin and his blue eyes showed nothing but desire and lust. “You have quite the looks. Why don't you come with me tonight? Make me happy and...”

Ptui!

Before Louis could finish, Lyra spat in the man's face and shouted, "Get your hands off me, you piece of foreign sh*t! You will suffer when Andy is here!"

Louis was not angry at all despite being spit on. He licked the spit with his tongue as Lyra looked at him in disgust.

"Tsk tsk tsk." Louis clicked his tongue and teased her, "Girl, you're feisty. You're even feistier than my cousin in Europe. I like it."

He grinned and continued, "If your little Andy can't make it, let's just forget about him; if he shows up, I will make sure he leaves in a coffin!"

"You? You and what army?"

Lyra remembered when Andrius had saved her a while back. He had been like an **angel**

descended from heaven. She looked at Louis with contempt and shouted, "None of you is Andy's match!"

"Oh really? How about me and this army?" Louis said. He then clapped his hands three times.

Fwoosh!

An army of ripped thugs appeared in the factory. They were all at least six feet tall, buff, and intimidating. They were like a solid wall made out of concrete when they stood in line, appearing extremely pressuring.

More importantly, many of them were armed with machetes.

Louis had spent a fortune to hire the gangsters to deal with Andrius.

Lyra was horrified.

Andrius might be good at fighting, but he was severely outnumbered. There was no way could win against such overwhelming odds.

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“So...” Louis moved closer to Lyra and teased her again, “Babe, I think you should follow me. There’s nothing your Andy could do even if he shows up.”

He tried to put his hand on Lyra’s shoulder.

Then, a loud bang came from the entrance, followed by the heavy steel gate falling onto the ground.

Dust flew following the loud clunk of the gate slamming to the ground.

A tall figure appeared behind the dusty entrance.

It was Andrius!

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“Andy!”

“Boss!”

“Boss!”

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief when they saw Andrius.

The thugs reacted strongly to Andrius’ deafening entrance. The expressions on their faces went through multiple changes.

From a vicious look to a blank look, then a mortified one, they all happened within half a second.

The thugs used to work for Jamire Ringstone. They knew there was someone in Sumeria who could erase them from existence with ease, someone that they could not afford to offend. Now, that particular someone appeared before them.

The thugs were sweating profusely, and their legs turned weak due to fear. They wanted to kneel and beg for their lives.

When Andrius appeared, Louis somehow felt the bitter taste of sh*t in his mouth

and his stomach started to hurt. A disgust rose from his heart as it reminded what he was forced to eat last night.

Louis was furious. He roared at Andrius, “You punk! You really showed up alone? Go to hell! Get him! Beat him up, kill him, and I promise to pay you all handsomely!”

Louis ordered the thugs to attack, but to his surprise, Andrius smiled at the group of thugs.

Then, the thugs fell on their knees one after another as all of them surrendered instantly. They all looked horrified.

“Master Moonshade!”

“Master Moonshade!”

“Sir!”

The thugs knelt and kowtowed on the ground repeatedly and anxiously, afraid that one less bow would make Andrius mad.

“We were deceived by this motherf*cker!”

“Master Moonshade, we have no intentions of going against you!”

“It’s because of this piece of sh*t! That f*cking foreigner! We are innocent!”

“Master Moonshade, please forgive me! I still have a family to feed!”

All of them started to beg for their lives.

Louis went berserk instantly. He pointed at the thugs and roared, “What the f*ck is this? I **paid** you people to be here, and you are begging him?”

“Do it! Do it now! He’s just one guy! Why are you people so afraid of him? Kill him! I will bear all responsibility!”

The local thugs would not take orders from a foreigner like him. Even Jamire, a local gangster boss, was afraid and revered Andrius like he was some God, let alone the low-level thugs. Fighting Andrius was suicidal!

They continued to kowtow and beg for their lives.

As a matter of fact, because of what Louis said, the thugs got even more horrified, and they started to slam their foreheads on the ground even harder. The thuds could be heard across the abandoned factory.

The scene shocked Fatty Frank, Lyra, and the others. They did not know Andrius was such a terrifying figure. He simply showed up and the thugs reacted like they had seen a ghost.

It was unbelievable!

“Enough.” Andrius glared at the thugs coldly and said, “You, which one of you beat them? Raise your hands.”

A few thugs raised their trembling hands. They dared not be dishonest in front of Andrius. “Cut your thumbs off and I will spare your lives,” Andrius said emotionlessly.

All the thugs were deeply shaken.

He was merciless!

The thugs were afraid, but they dared not ignore Andrius’ order either.

Thump! Splat! Crack!

The thugs who beat Fatty Frank and the others bit the bullet and cut off their thumbs with their machetes.

The pain made them sweat profusely, but they dared not make a sound of pain in front of Andrius.

The scene shocked Louis and his foreign friends. They had no idea why the thugs were so afraid of Andrius.

“Now, scram!” Andrius bellowed at the thugs.

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“Yes! Yes! We will get out right now!”

“Thank you for sparing our lives!”

“We will disappear immediately!”

“Thank you, Master Moonshade!”

The thugs crawled out hurriedly after escaping death.

Only Louis and his foreign friends were left in the abandoned factory.

“It’s your turn now,” Andrius said coldly as he walked over to Louis.

“D—don’t come near me! Stay there!”

Andrius’ frosty gaze sent chills down Louis’s spine and made his skull numb. It was as though he was being stared at by a vicious beast.

Andrius ignored the man and continued walking over. He was not striding but was walking at a steady pace.

Louis freaked out. His lips shivered as he stammered, “M—my father is the chairman of Simon- Tooke! He’s Dean Mitchell! You cannot hurt me!”

The only thing he could rely on was his father’s reputation, hoping that it would deter Andrius. Unbeknownst to him, he might have still been okay if he left his father’s name out of this. When he mentioned his father’s name, it made the beast even angrier.

Andrius’ expression grew colder. He stepped forward to Louisy and looked into his blue eyes coldly. “I don’t want to put you in a difficult position, but you keep pissing me off.”

Andrius grabbed Louis by the neck. “You drink and drive in my country, you beat my colleagues up, and you disregarded the laws of Florence....

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With each crime he mentioned, his eyes grew colder and the grip on Louis’s neck grew stronger.

When the last word escaped his mouth, Andrius’ eyes were already overflowing with killing intentions.

Louis was horrified as he sensed death was coming for him.

Everyone was equal in front of death.

He gulped nervously and begged, “No, please! Please! Andrius Moonshade, please don’t kill me! I can give you money! I can give you a lot of money!”

Louis cried like a little baby. He wet his pants. The urine dripped on the ground and polluted

the air with a stench.

“One billion,” Andrius said emotionlessly.

“O—one billion?” Louis was stunned by the number.

His father might be the chairman of Simon–Tooke, but it was his father’s money, not his. One

billion would practically kill him.

However, Andrius’ frosty look prevented him from declining the offer.

“Okay, okay! I’ll pay! I’ll pay you right now!”

Louis lost his previous arrogance. He simply wanted to pay Andrius off and flee from the devilish man.

“Transfer the money to this account.”

Louis started to make the transfer. He dared not delay a single step.

A while later, as the notification rang on Andrius’ phone, he tossed Louis onto the ground. He then checked on Fatty Frank and the others.

“Boss! You are so cool!”

“You’re awesome!”

“You are my idol!”

Team Five’s members adored and worshipped him like a God.

Lyra said sweetly, "Thank you, Andy!"

Fatty Frank winked at Andrius again.

"Louis, are you okay?"

"Are you alright?"

"We..."

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Louis' friends finally spoke.

Louis did not say a word. He got up with his friends' help and wanted to leave the nightmarish factory.

"I did not say you could leave." Andrius' frosty voice sounded again.

Stunned, Louis' legs froze. He could no longer move, let alone run away.

"W—what do you want?" he asked in horror.

Andrius grinned.

To Louis, it was the smile of the Grim Reaper.

"The money only covers their medical fees and the car, plus Dr. Artemis and Lyra's compensation. You and I, we're still not done yet.

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Then, Andrius flicked his finger.

Several silver needles, as thin as a strand of hair, shot toward Louis's body.

Louis had a bad feeling about this. He instinctively asked, "W—what did you do to me?"

“You will soon find out.” Andrius smiled meaningfully.

“Aaaaaaargh!”

At the next moment, Louis screamed excruciatingly. He felt a terrible itch all over his body, and it was not on his skin. It came from his organs! The deepest part of his body!

It felt like he was being bitten by ten thousand ants inside.

“Aaaaaaargh!”

Louis tried to scratch himself, but there was no way he could reach inside his body. He twirled and tossed on the ground.

His friends were horrified and were at a loss for words and actions.

Thunk!

Thunk!

Thunk!

Suddenly, Louis started to knock his head on the wall as if it would cure the itch in his body. Each knock was stronger and harder than the previous. His head bled profusely and soon, he slowed down as his eyes lost focus. His body slowly collapsed on the ground.

The severe concussion from the knocks made him a vegetable.

By then, Andrius had left the abandoned factory with Fatty Frank, Dr. Artemis, and the others.

Meanwhile, Dean Mitchell, the chairman of Simon–Tooke, stayed in Jade Gate Mansion District while he was in Sumeria.

“What did you say? My son? Louis is in a vegetative state? Andrius Moonshade from New Moon Corporation?”

The call from the hospital shocked Dean with the news. His phone slipped out of his hand and fell on the floor.

“Andrius Moonshade! F*ck! Andrius Moonshade!” Dean roared. He threw a punch at the mirror beside him, shattering it into pieces. “I will f*cking kill you! I will rip you apart from limb to limb and hang your torso in front of Simon–Tooke’s entrance!

“F*****ck!” Dean went berserk as he roared at the sky.

“M–Mr. Chairman...”

A **servant** knocked on the door and said timidly, “Sir, your godson, Cloud Forger, has arrived.” “Godfather, what happened?”

Cloud heard his godfather’s shouts before he came into the room. He asked with concern **as** soon as he stepped in.

“My son,

Louis, your godbrother, became brain damaged because of Andrius Moonshade,” Dean squeezed the words out of his gritted teeth. The killing intent in his eyes and tone was intense.

“Cloud, do you have any idea how to destroy New Moon Corporation immediately? I want Andrius Moonshade dead, or else I won’t be able to face my son!” Dean looked at his godson with a gloomy expression.

“Godfather, we must put that aside first,” Cloud said as he shook his head.

Before Dean could blame him for not showing enough concern for his godbrother, Cloud explained, “Our priority now is your birthday. We must invite the military governor, Severus Sano, to attend the event.

“We can work on Louis’s condition at any time, but if we are unable to get close to the military governor now, we will be placed in a passive position in the future.

“With the military governor on our side, only then can we strengthen our foundation here and reach new heights. Until then, we can deal with Celestial Enterprise and New Moon Corporation altogether, and it will be a grand victory for us.

Dean slightly recovered from his gloomy expression.

In fact, not only in Florence, one must pave the path to wealth with meticulous planning and hard work in any country or location.

Rich businessmen like Dean and Cloud should focus on paving the path that led to the military governor and the mayor.

“You are right, Cloud.”

After he regained his composure, Dean asked eagerly, “Do you have any idea now?”

“I have.” Cloud grinned confidently. “I’ve gotten news that the donation from Celestial Enterprise is being embezzled by the Martyr’s Society.”

Dean raised his brow with interest. His expression looked brighter than before.

“The military governor must care a lot about the deceased soldiers’ families, so Celestial Enterprise will definitely deal with it with all means necessary.

“If we can use it to our advantage, we will be able to win the military governor’s favor. Cloud and Dean exchanged a sly look before they both grinned viciously.

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Meanwhile at Dr. Artemis’ clinic, Andrius was bandaging Fatty Frank and the others. There was no way the members of Team Five would miss this chance to flatter him.

“Boss, you are amazing! Every word you say just now held so much power!”

“I think you are freaking awesome! The G.O.A.T.!”

“I don’t think words can express how freaking amazing you are!”

“Enough.” Andrius was fed up with the flattery. He raised his hand and stopped them from continuing. “Just stay here and concentrate on recovering. Call me if there’s anything.”

Then, Andrius' phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out and saw Noir's name on the caller

1. ID.

"Andy, Ms. Timberland is organizing a little meet-and-greet with the deceased soldiers' families. She hopes that you can attend it. Do you have time?"

He would not miss it for the world!

Andrius said without a second thought, "Where is it? I'll be right there."

Noir provided him with the address.

Andrius then chatted with Fatty Frank and the others for a little while before heading to the provided address.

He met up with Sonia and Noir before they followed the plan Sonia drew up and headed to the location where the families of the deceased soldiers were staying at the moment.

Half an hour later, they arrived.

On the way here, Andrius had gotten a fair understanding of the situation of the families, including the family members they lost, their ages, and how they died. He remembered everything down to the intricate details.

Therefore, he was fully prepared when he knocked on the door and started to talk to the families to ask how they were doing.

"Madam Fowler, I'm Carter's friend from the army. I'm here to visit you." Andrius showed a rare solemnity as he spoke sincerely. "How are you doing? Have you received the latest compensation?"

"Yeah. I got it." Madam Fowler nodded but did not continue the topic.

Andrius continued asking Madam Fowler how things had been, but the woman was reluctant to engage in a conversation with him.

He thought that his visit reminded Madam Fowler of bitter memories, hence the reluctance in communicating. He did not linger for long and headed to the next family.

“Madam Jensen, how have you been lately? I’m Connor’s friend from the army. We used to be in the same battalion!”

Andrius wore a bright and warm smile on his face. He tried his best not to put Madam Jensen

in a terrible position.

Madam Jensen glanced at him before she looked down. “We’re doing good. We got the money, we have food on the table, and we have clothes to protect us from the weather. What else can we complain about?”

Judging from her tone, she sounded aggrieved.

Andrius was slightly confused. Just when he was about to find out why, Madam Jensen said, “If there’s nothing else, please move on to the next family. I have to be somewhere else.” “Uh…”

Andrius was forced to cut the visit short.

When he came out, he exchanged a confused look with Noir and Sonia. He had a feeling that something was not right. It seemed like he was not welcomed and that the two families he visited did not seem to like him.

Andrius frowned. He continued to the third family. He took a deep breath to adjust his state before knocking on the door.

“Madam York, how are you and your husband doing?”

“We’re fine! We’re doing fine!”

Madam York did not even look at Andrius and simply replied in a monotonous tone. “We got the money, not a penny less.”

Andrius narrowed his eyes. He spotted a hint of reverence in Madam York’s eyes.

Something was wrong.

Unfortunately, no matter what Andrius asked, Madam York replied the same thing: no problem, they got the money, nothing was wrong, etc.

Andrius realized that the visit could no longer continue. He looked at Noir and Sonia before he left Madam York with a few words of concern and left for the fourth house.

The fourth house door was opened.

Before he stepped inside, Andrius heard a conversation going on inside.

“Please, give me the million dollars! My son is dead and I’m old. I have no source of income left. I need the money to cure my partner’s condition. Please.

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An elderly person was kneeling in front of a middle-aged man with a bloated stomach, asking for compensation.

The middle-aged man’s name was Owen Sanchez, Samson’s right-hand man. It was not his first time doing this for Samson, and he was good at it. Samson trusted him with all the dirty deeds as well.

“A million? What million? Stop joking.” Owen stared at the old man and grunted coldly, “Your son was a deserter on the battlefield and was killed by the enemy. There shouldn’t be any compensation for a deserter’s family, but we are giving you the money because we pity you.”

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The old man looked up in disbelief and cried, “No! I don’t believe you! There’s no way my son would have been a deserter!”

“He was a traitor if I say so!” Owen then kicked the old man away and wanted to leave.

When Andrius, Noir, and Sonia came in, they saw Owen kicking the old man away which infuriated them.

Andrius’ heart bled terribly.

The soldiers gave their lives on the battlefield, yet their families were being treated poorly. Aside from not getting the compensation, the man called the deceased soldier a deserter.

It was an atrocious act! Horrifying!

On a smaller scale, it was just a million in compensation.

On a larger scale, it was a grave betrayal of the soldiers, tantamount to digging one's grave! Bang!

Noir could not bear the atrocity the man committed. He ran over with a strong kick, sending Owen seven to eight meters away before the latter crashed to the ground.

Owen was instantly crippled and failed to get up on his feet.

"Sir, how are you?" Andrius helped the old man up.

"This man..." The old man glanced at Owen, seeming afraid.

However, Andrius' presence fueled his confidence. He explained with a sobbing tone, "My name is Norman Houser. A while ago, a soldier brought the ashes of my son, Benjamin, back home and said that he sacrificed himself for the country...."

"The soldier also said we'd be given a million worth of compensation and that it'd be distributed by the Martyr's Society. Today is the day that we should get the money, but this man just told me that my son was a deserter! How could my son be a traitor?! There's no way! He's... He's..."

Norman could not hold back his tears.

"Your son was not a traitor!" Andrius' voice sounded unusual but firm. "He was a great man of the country. He sacrificed himself for the land that he was born in. He is a real hero!" "Really? My son is a hero?" Norman looked at Andrius with his bloodshot teary eyes, which gave Andrius heartache.

The families of the deceased never asked for any compensation.

When Norman lost his son, being able to call his son a martyr became the only mental support he had to make it through the rest of his life. It became his s

ole belief and pillar of support. It must have been devastating for him when the jerk called his son a deserter.

“Yes!” Andrius nodded strongly. “He is a hero of Florence, the pillar of the country, and because of him and many others, we are able to live a peaceful life!”

“Hero! My son is a hero!” Norman’s eyes glistened with hope.

Andrius then signaled Sonia with a glance, telling her to take care of Norman. He walked over to Owen with Noir.

“Speak. What is this about?”

Andrius tried his best to suppress his anger, but he could not control the killing intent in his eyes. It gave Owen chills.

“1-1 was just following orders from my superior.”

“Your superior?” Andrius’ eyes gleamed sharply. He roared, “And who is your superior?”

“It’s... it’s...” Owen dared not expose his boss, but Andrius’ expression frightened him.

In the end, after an internal struggle, he bit the bullet and said, “The deputy chairman of the Martyr’s Society, Samson Jones!”

Samson Jones!

Andrius’ anger erupted instantly. Owen was just a lapdog carrying out orders, so Andrius did not make him suffer, for now.

He put Noir in charge of Owen before going into the house to check on Norman.

With Sonia’s consolation, Norman had calmed down and looked a lot better.

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Andrius felt relieved. He said to Norman, “Mr. Houser, don’t worry. I will find out what is going on and I will give you a satisfying answer.

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“Thank you. Thank you so much.” Norman held Andrius’ hands tightly, expressing his gratitude. It seemed like he started to treat them differently.

After a little chat, Andrius and Sonia headed to the Martyr’s Society while Noir stayed behind.

“Ms. Timberland!”

At the Martyr’s Society, the same receptionist welcomed her.

However, when he saw Sonia, a hint of guilt flashed on his face though it was swiftly concealed.

Andrius and Sonia were not just anyone; they were able to spot the guilt on the receptionist’s face. They entered the parlor.

The deputy chairman, Samson, quickly came down to meet them.

“Deputy Chairman Jones.

Sonia was expressionless as she skipped to the point, saying, “I made an eight-billion donation the other day. I want to know how the society is planning to use it and whether it has been utilized.”

Samson was slightly nervous when he heard the questioning tone from Sonia, but he was an experienced and cunning old fox.

He smiled and said, “Ms. Timberland, the usage of the eight billion was drafted out that very night. We have already distributed four billion. As for the remaining half, I’m planning to put two billion into investment. The return will be invested into the society’s business to keep the funds running. I have already selected a potential project.

“As for the remaining two billion, it will be kept for now as spare cash. And...’

Samson had done his homework. He provided a seemingly flawless answer when asked.

He then revealed a little flag that the society prepared. "I told them to prepare a flag to commemorate you and Celestial Enterprise's contribution to the society."

Andrius found it amusing.

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Based on what Samson said, only half of the donation remained. Not only did the families fail to get the money, but the man even planned to embezzle the two billion through some investment project.

In the end, what Sonia got was just a lousy flag.

How ironic.

"So..." Andrius roared with a frosty look, "I just found out that the society is withholding the families' compensation. Is that true?"

Andrius' question startled Samson, but he was able to calm down quickly and question him back, "Who might this good sir be?"

"You can eat whatever you want, but you cannot just say whatever you want. The society is doing a service for the soldiers' families, and we have a strong conscience here. I, Samson Jones, live up to my name, the people of this country, and the land that I was born in!

"How could I have embezzled the money from the donation funds? It is atrocious! Sir, if you do not have any solid evidence, you'd better watch your mouth or I will sue you for slander!" Samson was fierce as he continued on.

Andrius scoffed and said firmly, "Samson Jones, even if you are eloquent enough to get the moon, your lies are useless in the face of solid evidence. Show me your computer. I want to have a look at the transfer history!"

Samson's pupils enlarged. He scoffed, "There is no way I will show you my computer as it contains classified secrets of the society! How could I show it to you? Don't even think about it!"