Baldy Lewis was upset.

Right when he was about to voice his threats further, he had a glimpse
of inside the truck. What he saw scared him to the point that he fell on his backside and even wet his pants.

Inside the truck were fully armed soldiers, pointing their guns at Baldy Lewis and his

men.

All the soldiers were waiting for a single order to shoot Baldy Lewis and his men to death.

Baldy Lewis and his men were horrified. They had
been the gangsters around the area, bullying and oppressing the unlucky ones who trespassed their turf, but when they faced the fully armed elite soldiers, they were like mice running into a cat.

They were so horrified that they could not even think properly.

Their expression turned bitter, and
they swallowed in fear, but their throats were extremely dry to the extent that it hurt when they moved their throat muscles.

Baldy Lewis' stomach hurt. If he had listened to Jamire, he would not have to face these soldiers.

It was all Solomon's fault!

Solomon had led him straight into a trap.

If he had the chance, he would slam Solomon's face on the ground and rub it against the asphalt road.

"S–sir…" Baldy Lewis forced a smile on his face and said with flattery, "Will you believe me if I said this is a misunderstanding?"

The soldiers jumped out of the truck and arrested all the gangsters.

"Whether it's a misunderstanding or not, we will know when we get back."

The soldiers were here just for an escort mission, but they ran into an opportunity to wipe out the local gangsters. Everyone would be accredited for their effort, hence they were more than willing to bring the gangsters back.

After the soldiers left with the gangsters, things returned to peace and harmony.

Fatty Frank retrieved his bank card and asked, "Boss, you said Baldy Lewis can't take the machines away. Is it because you knew about the soldiers?"

Andrius rolled his eyes at Fatty Frank. He said, "The machines were produced by the military factory overnight. Do I need to tell you who is escorting them?"