

## Chapter 160

Andrius grunted. He pulled the silver needle out and relieved the worker of his burning pain.

However, the worker quickly realized he lost control of his body. In a few short seconds, he felt weak and lost control of his bowel muscles.

When he regained his senses, he said in fear, "Wayman Hanshu sent me to sabotage the Valiant Institute project! And also kill Luna Crest fall if I had the chance!"

The worker was scared. He dared not hold anything back against Andrius anymore and decided to be honest.

The Hanshus!

Andrius was furious. He was not bothered by the Hanshus at first because he did not want to exacerbate things to the point that it might cause panic.

Now, the Hanshus had taken the life of several discharged veterans.

If he had been one second later, Luna might have died on the spot as well.

Andrius was enraged by their dirty act.

"A—Andrius Moonshade ..." the worker said feebly. He looked at Andrius and said, "I have told you what I know. Now, can you spare me?"

He was horrified by Andrius' power.

One punch, and he was defeated. Anyone would be scared of Andrius' power after what happened.

In addition to the excruciating pain earlier, it branded the horror into his soul, and he could never forget it for the rest of his life. He did not want to die. He wanted to escape this horrifying place and from the man that resembled the devil!

"Spare you?"

Andrius narrowed his eyes. There was only anger in his eyes, no other emotions.

"The discharged veterans... They served the country on the battlefield, risked their lives to protect the people, and courageously charged into the enemy's frontline. They never gave in, and that's why their bodies suffered that much damage over the years.

"After they were discharged, they came back to Sumeria and volunteered to help. They are generous and kind, but..."

Andrius was fuming.

“But you pieces of trash, the very lives that they risked protecting, killed them! They didn't even know how they died! And you want me to spare you?”

Andrius did **not** conceal the killing intent in **his** eyes. **He** scoffed and **said**, “Do you think they will **agree** for me to spare you? Would they spare you if they were in my shoes?”

With every word out of his mouth, his face turned frostier.

When the last word escaped his mouth, **his** expression was as frigid as an iceberg, covered with killing intent.

The worker was shaking.

Before the worker could react, Andrius poked another needle into his body.

“Aaah! I'm so itchy! It's so itchy!”

The worker's body twitched terribly as the itch consumed him. The more he scratched, the itchier it got.

Soon, he started to scratch through his skin and bleed terribly. He was covered in blood as he screamed, “This is good! This feels good!”

He had no idea that he was scratching his own skin off.

He dug through his own flesh and even reached the bone.

In the end, he died a terrible death. Not a part of his body remained intact.

Andrius watched emotionlessly.

After that, he called Noir to handle the body.

Back at the construction site, Luna had just recovered her composure.

Even though the escaped worker explained a lot of the problems, she remained concerned and uneasy.