

## Chapter 162

The Royal Dragon was an extremely lavishing and grand six–star hotel.

Inside the

VIP room, Wayman had prepared a feast to celebrate the death of Luna and the sabotage of the Valiant Institute project. He was waiting for his man, nicknamed Yellow Hat, to come back with the great news.

To his surprise, it was way past the promised time, but Yellow Hat had still not come back with any news.

Knock, knock.

Wayman's fingers tapped on the table anxiously. He pulled his phone out for the fifth time and called Yellow Hat.

Toot...

The call went through but no one answered.

A bad feeling rose from Wayman's heart.

Had the plan gone south?

It should not have!

Yellow Hat was powerful enough to deal with Andrius.

“You don't need to wait for him. He's on his way to his next life already.”

It was then that a frosty voice echoed across the spacious VIP room.

Shocked, Wayman looked toward the source of the voice.

Andrius came in through the main entrance with a somber look. His killing intent was prominent and fierce.

“Impossible!” Wayman squealed instinctively.

Yellow Hat...

The man might have looked like a normal person, but he was fourth on the hitmen ranking of the Hanshus. He was so powerful that even Scarface revered him.

How did it go wrong?

Clank!

Noir tossed something over to Wayman.

It was Yellow Hat's head. His face was heavily disfigured, but Wayman recognized the head as his man's.

"Andrius Moonshade..."

Wayman's expression turned frosty. Surprisingly, he was not afraid. "You are indeed powerful. **Not** even Yellow Hat is your match.

"But you have miscalculated something. If you had killed him and had just gotten on with it, you might have lived a few more days, but now that you've brought his head back and confronted me, then today will be your death!"

Wayman sounded confident and fearless. He has another man with him: the third on his family's hitmen ranking. He was so powerful that he trumped Yellow Hat and Scarface combined.

Clap, clap, clap!

Wayman clapped three times.

The spacious VIP room plunged into temporary darkness. It was not night yet, and the lights were still on.

A giant had actually entered the room, and his massive figure blocked out the lights, causing the misconception that everything had gone dark.

The man was 2.2 meters tall. His arms were more robust than a normal person's thighs, and his palms were like a fanned-out paper fan, spanning larger than a basketball.

The muscles on his body bulged and were deeply contoured. There was not a part of flappy meat on his body.

He was the hitman that ranked third on the Hanshus' hitmen ranking, nicknamed King Kong.

Andrius glanced at the giant and said, "Is he your ace?"

"Andrius Moonshade, afraid? But it's too late!" Wayman narrowed his eyes and grinned viciously. "King Kong, this punk here looks down on you."

"Roar!"

King Kong released a loud roar. The powerful soundwave could rip one's eardrums and concuss one's head. Even the dishes on the table trembled. The soup rippled and splashed all over the table.

Then, he grabbed the trolley for the wine beside him.

Crack!

The trolley was easily twisted, but that was not all.

As King Kong continued to exert his strength, the trolley was crumpled into a piece of metal scrap.

Then, he punched the metal ball onto the ground, pounding it flat like a pancake. The physique strength he possessed was abnormal.

“**So**, you are Andrius Moonshade,” King Kong boomed, sounding deep and intimidating as if he was a giant from underground.

“**Get** on your knees and I shall grant you a fast **death**, or else...”