

Noir did as he was told.

Meanwhile, at the Hanshus, Randal was drinking with a beautiful woman in his arms.

However, he still could not get rid of the stench of his own urine in his throat; not even the wine could wash it

away.

As a matter of fact, it was just his own nightmare haunting him because the doctor had washed all the urine out of his body on the first day.

Unfortunately, he had been traumatized and could not overcome the horror.

“Damn it! Why isn’t the Dark Night replying to my message?” Randal picked up his phone and wanted to call the leader.

Suddenly, a frosty voice came from outside the door.

“You don’t need to call them. They are already here.”

Why did the voice sound like Andrius?

Randal jumped to his feet as fear shrouded his face.

A round object crashed through the door and flew towards Randal.

Shocked, Randal jumped onto the couch to avoid the incoming projectile.

Thunk!

The round object fell on the table and bounced twice before stopping. Some red liquid splashed, and a drop of it landed on

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Randal's lips.

Randal instinctively licked it off his lips. It tasted sweet but also coppery.

He looked at the object on the table, and when he finally got a clear look, he was horrified. His legs turned weak as he collapsed on the couch.

It was the head of the Dark Night leader.

The man’s eyes were bulging, and it was evident that he had died a terrible death. The head landed on the table and was facing Randal.

“Aaaargh!”

The woman beside Randal passed out immediately.

Bang! Bang! Thunk! Clunk!

Then, all of the heads of the hitmen were tossed inside, and they landed in front of the couch.

Randal was so terrified that he wet his pants. His face paled and his voice trembled as he said, “A-Andrius Moonshade?!” “Hmph?”

A scoff could be heard. Then, someone walked in. It was Andrius.

“A-Andrius, y-you are not dead?!” Randal was horrified. He retreated until he reached the wall, and there was nowhere for him to run.

“Dead?” Andrius chuckled. “You are still alive, so why would I be dead?”

Then, he strutted over to Randal slowly but confidently.

Andrius disliked killing people, especially when he arrived in Sumeria, a mega city. The laws and environment were unlike the battlefield or the border.

However, Randal challenged his patience again and again. If Andrius continued to let Randal roam free, he could not forgive himself.

“D-don’t come near me!”

Randal leaned against the wall. The wet stain on his crotch expanded wider. “I’m the young master of the Hanshus! My grandfather is Simon Hanshu! If you lay a finger on me, he will not spare you! Stop it! Stop!”

However, Andrius continued towards him.

Randal swallowed nervously, but his throat felt terribly dry said hoarsely, “Andrius Moonshade, you might be good at fighting, but one word from my grandfather, and the Cresti will be doomed!”

The moment his words subsided, the atmosphere in the room turned even frostier.

Andrius’ figure flashed and appeared in front of Randal.

Before Randal could react, his neck was seized.

“Randal Hanshu. There’s one thing that you should not do, which is threaten me. I hate being threatened.”

His frosty voice was like judgment from hell.