

Runaway 795

Chapter 795

The gang came out of hiding, strutting as they headed straight to a bar.

All that hiding had left them with a terrible case of cabin fever, and now that they felt safe, they were naturally overjoyed and eager to let loose.

It was time for chicks, alcohol, and debauchery.

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Meanwhile, James had been keeping a tight surveillance on all entertainment centers and transit areas soon after he had spread the fake news that the police caught that gang.

Since neither he nor Isaac could be sure if they were in the city, they had to go loud.

Soon, they caught the gang's trail.

"They're at KK Bar."

James hurried to look at the footage, his gaze darkening when he confirmed that it was the gang, and hurried to KK Bar with his men.

At the bar in question, the lanky man and his gang were enjoying themselves to the fullest, taking a private room and several alluring ladies.

Their clothes were off, their empty beer bottles covering the entire table.

Some were singing and dancing on the table, drunk from the thrill!

But just as they were enjoying themselves to the fullest, the door to the private room suddenly crashed open and over twenty men in black rushed inside!

They looked lean and mean, and their muscular forms made it obvious that they were not your average Joes!

"Who are you people?!" The lanky man sprang to his feet, releasing the babe he was holding just then.

James appeared at the doorway and barked, "If you're not involved, get out!"

The ladies who worked at the bar recognized their cue right away. Seeing that there was trouble, they

made themselves scarce right away.

“Who are you people?” The lanky man had a foreboding feeling just then. “I think we need to go, boys!”

Bang!

The door was shut fast!

“Go? Where do you think you’re going?!” James asked sinisterly. “None of you are getting away!”

Naturally, the gang would not go down without a fight. “Let’s do this!”

Both groups went into fistcuffs immediately, but the lanky man and his gang were subdued soon enough. Battered and bruised, it did not even take half an hour for them to be floored, unable to recover at all.

“Take them away!” James barked, and his men tied up the gang members with nylon rope, before carrying them out of the bar!

While they were carried out, the gang realized that they had been tricked—they had just shown up and were caught immediately?

It could only be a trap instead of plain coincidence!

But regretting it now was too late, and they were all brought to an abandoned factory.

Isaac stood nearby without getting involved as he let James take charge of interrogation.

After all, Erin was the victim, and James was indirectly hurt.

James had to get even.

“Spit. Who’s the mastermind?” James asked as he fiddled through the inventory of tools that his men brought expressly for use against these scum.

“We don’t know what you’re talking about!”

The gang certainly was not going to admit it.

James stared at the man who just spoke. “You don’t know? Then why are you hiding?”

“Who’s hiding?”

Since they were being stubborn, James was not bothered to reason with them.

“You talk too much, so we’ll start with you.”

James went to work.

Picking up a knife, he dropped to a couch and sliced through the man’s pants.

The man turned pale from fear and stammered, “W-What are you doing?!”

James was not bothered to answer—they were just going to keep being stubborn if he did not make an example of one of them.

He then raised his hand, and one of his men brought a glass bottle.

He opened it and poured the contents on the man’s phallus!

“Argh!!!”

His screams echoed throughout the abandoned factory right then and they all smelled something burning!