

Chapter 42

Everyone turned around and saw Fatty Frank standing up.

As though Angel saw a beacon of hope, she screamed, “Fatty Frank, save me!”

“What are you going to do about, Fatso?!” Lothar linked his fingers and cracked them. The loud pops from the joints of his fingers made Fatty Frank flinch.

“Lothar, let’s talk.” Fatty Frank bit the bullet and decided to negotiate with the man. He went up to him with a flattering expression and said, “We are all from New Moon Corporation . We can pay ...”

“What if I don’t want your money? I just want her today,” Lothar said.

Fatty Frank’s expression turned bitter. “Lothar, please...”

Thud!

Lothar landed a kick on Fatty Frank’s stomach .

Fatty Frank’s 100-kilogram body was kicked

away like a ragdoll, crashing onto the table. The seemingly sturdy table broke into pieces upon impact.

Fatty Frank struggled to get up while he coughed blood out of his mouth.

Lothar did not hold back with his kick at all. Had Fatty Frank been any thinner, bleeding would have been the tip of the iceberg.

He wiped the blood off his lips and coughed fiercely. "If you just let Angel go, you can beat me up however you want."

Thud!

Lothar kicked Fatty Frank once more.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

No matter how many times Lothar kicked and punched him, Fatty Frank refused to stay down.

Lothar rubbed his burning knuckles and bellowed, "You piece of sh*t, you are quite durable given your size."

With that, he grabbed the wooden chair from the side and was about to smash it on Fatty Frank's head.

Suddenly, another voice in the room spoke, “Are you done?”

Lothar’s hand that was holding the chair froze in the air. He turned around to look around and followed the origin of the voice.

He then spotted a man in a black T-shirt sitting in the corner. Had he not paid attention, he would never have noticed the man in the corner.

It was Andrius.

Lothar squinted. Although he could not see Andrius’ face, he roared, “Bring him here!”

The man behind Lothar immediately went up to Andrius and made an attempt to grab his shoulder.

Before the man could touch him, Andrius’ swift hands reached out to seize the man’s wrist.

Crack!

With a strong grip, the man’s arm was twisted in a freaky way, and he started to scream in pain.

“Argghhh!”

The excruciating scream gave everyone else goosebumps.

How powerful was Andrius if he could break the man's arm with a single twist?

Fatty Frank and the trust fund babies were startled.

The seemingly quiet and gentle guy had just broken Lothar's man's arm!

If he made a move on them, no one would be able to handle his strength.

Looking at his man's injured arm, Lothar's scornful expression was replaced by a serious scowl. He narrowed his eyes in the direction to see who the person was, but the dim environment prevented him from seeing clearly.

He walked closer to Andrius and said, "Turn on the lights! I want to have a good look at this b*stard's face!"

Click!

All the lights were turned on, and everything in the room was suddenly crystal clear. Andrius was sitting on the chair, and Lothar finally got a clear look at his face.

Lothar's men were enraged. "You piece of sh*t! How dare you sit when Lothar is in the room? Get

him!”

Right before Lothar’s men could touch Andrius though, a strong thud was heard from behind.

The men immediately turned around.

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