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Ells was utterly dumbstruck when he realized what was going on. *Madam Louise ordered for her men to capture me because Mr. Mordant's furious and would like to unleash his anger on me. This can only mean that Madam Louise has been angry at me all along.* "Madam Louise!" Ells hurriedly turned to Madam Louise before falling onto his knees with a loud *thump*. "Madam Louise, didn't you—"

"Shut up!" Madam Louise looked extremely annoyed as she pointed a finger at Ells. "What right do you have to voice your opinions right now? You'll have to follow my rules since you're here. Do you think Mr. Mordant is someone you can afford to offend?"

Her words rumbled in Ells' mind like a

series of landmines. *afford to offend? Of course not!* heir conversation. He then turned to look at Tang Yin with a malicious grin. "Since he has kneeled down, I guess you should kneel down too, right?" Mordant asked.

The corner of Tang Yin's lips curled upward as he shrugged. "You want me to kneel for you? I don't think I can do that!"

"How dare you! Do you even know who I am?" Mordant was furious. He had been certain that Tang Yin would kneel for him since Ells had already done it, but he hadn't expected Tang Yin to be so stubborn. "I think so!" Tang Yin chuckled as he took two steps back. "Mr. Mordant? The heir of the Mordant family, the CEO of Wuthering Enterprise,

the chief executive of Alris Group, a member of the Freemasonry...”

“How did you find out about all that?” Mordant’s pupils shrunk in astonishment after he heard the other man’s words. This young man in front of him knew more about him than anyone else in the entire hall. Meanwhile, Ells was completely stunned to hear the list of positions and titles that Mordant held. He stared at Mordant with his jaw hanging loosely, especially after the last sentence that Tang Yin said. *He said that Mr. Mordant is a member of the Freemasonry?!*

“Guards. Take him down!” Mordant howled. Although his eyes were filled with fury, he cautiously took a few steps back in a vigilant manner.

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“You don’t have to be afraid, nor do you have to be worried! It’s not a surprise that I know all about your personal details! I simply came over to ask about Mr. George’s recent whereabouts...”
Tang Yin beamed as he lifted the empty wine glass in his hand.

“George...” The look on Mordant’s face altered immediately after the mention of this name. “I-I know who you are. You’re Tang Yin!” he cried. By then, all the guards were already headed toward Tang Yin. He frowned a little as he saw the guards rushing toward him. *Crack! Crack!* Tang Yin sent a few kicks over, and the sickening sound of bones breaking immediately filled the silence of the party hall. *Tang Yin? Who’s Tang Yin?* None of the guests knew who Tang Yin was; they had never even heard of this name.

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Oheir, who was in a corner of the hall, trembled in fear as he quickly turned around to leave the venue. Tang Yin immediately held a wine glass in his hand before applying full strength on his grip. A crisp sound emerged as Tang Yin crushed the glass with his bare hands before he flicked a piece of glass directly toward Oheir.

“Ah...” The man’s wail of agony filled the room, and everyone watched the entire scene in horror. They saw Oheir falling onto the ground before he twitched and twisted in pain. Mordant was dumbstruck. He knew who Tang Yin was; he had even watched as Tang Yin murdered a number of men who were once members of the Freemasonry.

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“Do I have to get on my knees now?” Tang Yin asked as he walked toward Mordant, his mask still on his face.

“No...” *Thud*. Mordant immediately fell onto his knees. How would he ever dare to ask Tang Yin to kneel for him? All he wanted to do then was to take back everything he had said so that he could just escape from the hall. “I don’t have that high of a position in the Freemasonry, Tang Yin. I don’t know much about the information you’re looking for!” he cried.

“Hmm? In that case, I guess you’ll have to die... After all, there’s another member who’s alive there. I can get the information from him!” Tang Yin gave him a cold glare.

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“No! No!” Mordant was shocked by Tang Yin’s threat, and he quickly edged himself forward. “I know. I know... I heard that George has gone to Africa! He’s at our laboratory there!”

“Where exactly is the laboratory?” Tang Yin smirked.

Mordant seemed to hesitate a little. “It’s —” Before he could say anything more, Tang Yin raised his hand and sent a rough smack right onto Mordant’s head. *Thump*. It wasn’t a loud sound, but it was enough to send chills down everyone’s spines as the audience watched this happening. They saw the impact Tang Yin’s palm had against Mordant’s skull—Mordant’s head split apart and blood splattered everywhere the moment he was struck.

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“Where is the laboratory...” Tang Yin took a step forward and lifted his arm up again. But this time, he was looking at Oheir.

“Berkshire! It’s at Berkshire!” Oheir shouted. In the blink of an eye, Tang Yin was already standing in front of Oheir. He shook his head lightly before he lifted a leg up to stomp his foot down on the latter’s head. The spark in Oheir’s wide eyes gradually died off before his pupils completely lost focus.

The crowd fell silent as everyone’s gaze lingered on Tang Yin, who sighed as he relaxed his shoulders. “I didn’t want to do this. I simply wanted to find a quiet spot where I could interrogate them about a few things! But I’m sure you guys saw that sommelier, Ells,

disturbing me. Since he tried to give me trouble, I had no choice but to attack first..." The crowd jumped in surprise before they quickly shifted their gazes of hatred over to Ells. If Ells hadn't disturbed Tang Yin, perhaps the latter would've peacefully found and dealt with Mordant and Oheir without creating a scene. In that case, whatever Tang Yin did with them would have been none of the audience's business. But things turned out differently in the end!

"I might need everyone's cooperation for a bit. I don't really enjoy killing people after all!" Tang Yin chuckled.

"W-What do you want to do?" Madam Louise asked, her face as pale as a sheet.

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“I need you guys to stay here... I want all of your communication devices handed over to me, then I want all of you to stay in your seats!” Tang Yin ordered after he observed his surroundings.

“Who are you to give us orders?” Ells made a sudden loud protest. He didn’t mind getting on his knees for someone from the Freemasonry, but he simply refused to remain submissive toward Tang Yin.

Swoosh. A piece of glass shard flew through the air and made a deep cut on Ells’ neck. Ells’ eyes widened as he choked and gasped for a few moments before his body went limp on the ground.

“I would advise you guys to be a little

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more obedient. Otherwise, I will not be able to promise you fair treatment...”
Tang Yin grinned. He looked like a devil with a mask right then. Next, he turned toward Madam Louise’s niece, who was still standing on the stage. “What’s your name?”



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