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Braylen Stewart responded cheerfully. “Then we’ll let Doug provide them with the equipment. But we will create some trouble during the transportation to destroy the machines!”

“Hahaha... How much loss will Morris Group suffer by that time?”

The few cunning men were overjoyed.

Another day passed, and Iris failed to come up with any new idea.

She wanted to resolve the issue on her own because she was desperate to prove her capabilities to her mysterious boss.

In the end, Iris contacted Wylder Prosser.

“Hahaha, I was wondering who called. Didn’t I tell you that you’ll regret your decision? So, what’s up?” Wylder said smugly. Morris Group is filled with useless and incompetent workers. They have to beg me, after all.

Iris cut to the chase. “Mr. Prosser, I can pay you an additional one and a half billion at most.”

“You’re decreasing my asking price from five billion to one and a half billion? Haha! I have to say, you’re good at negotiating! I’ll have to host a meeting to discuss this matter.” Wylder did not reject her immediately.

After he hung up on Iris’s call, Wylder contacted Wildan Saenz and the others through a video call. “What should I do now? Morris Group offered to pay one and a half billion instead.” He asked.

After a brief discussion among the four people, Wildan answered with a smile, “Sell the equipment to them, Wylder. We will cause some trouble during the transportation. Those machines will never reach Morris Group!”

Wylder was excited. “Doesn’t that mean I made a billion and a half for nothing?”

“Haha! Exactly!”

“Wait for another day before you get back to her, Wylder,” Wildan suggested.

“Alright. Got it!”

Inside Morris group.

Iris and the other executives were anxiously waiting for Wylder Prosser’s reply.

Isaiah reported to Levi at once after he was informed of the situation.

Levi was surprised after listening to him. I expected us to stumble into such a predicament if we purchase the equipment in North Hampton. That's why I asked Iris to order the machines at South City. I did not anticipate this problem to arise.

North Hampton Chamber of Commerce's extensive influence piqued Levi's interest. It's not fun to target them if they do not provide me with any challenge. "Alright. I'll handle this, Isaiah."

Levi dialed another number. "I need some equipment to arrive at my place by tomorrow."

"Consider it done, Sir!" The person on the other end of the phone answered.

Inside Morris Group.

Isaiah informed everyone that their boss had dealt with the issue regarding the procurement of the equipment.

"What? We can receive the equipment by tomorrow?" Iris was beyond excited.

"That's right!" Isaiah nodded.

Iris looked at Isaiah in envy. He's able to interact with the mysterious boss directly.

Iris asked curiously. "Mr. Wade, what kind of a person is our boss?"

"He's a great person and the man I admire the most in my life!"

Isaiah responded.

Elena agreed as well. “That’s right. Our boss is also my idol!”

Iris’s curiosity intensified after receiving their answers. I must pursue him!

Wylder Prosser contacted Iris the next day at 9 o’clock in the morning.

“What’s the matter, Mr. Prosser?”

Wylder said, “Our company has decided to sell the equipment to you for one and a half billion, Ms. Anabelle. We will send the equipment to you by today once you pay the amount. You are free to arrange your own transportation if you’re worried.”

In Wylder’s opinion, Morris Group would definitely agree to his proposal because they were desperate.

“Oh, you’re calling because of the equipment. That’s not needed anymore. We’ve acquired what we needed.”

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“What?” Wylder was taken aback. They’ve acquired the equipment? How is that possible? The North Hampton Chamber of Commerce had prohibited every medical equipment company from dealing with Morris Group. So how

could they've possibly lay their hands on the machines?

“Are you sure, Ms. Anabelle?” Wylder questioned her with uncertainty.

“That’s right. They are much more efficient. We will receive the equipment by 12 o’clock in the afternoon today.” Iris replied to him.

“Ah? Where did you purchase the equipment?”

“That’s none of your concern. This is our company’s matter. Goodbye!”

Wylder Prosser slumped in his seat, disheartened. There goes my wonderful dream of earning one and a half billion effortlessly.

He hurriedly reported the unexpected turn of events to Wildan Saenz and the others.

The few councils of the North Hampton Chamber of Commerce were astounded as well.

“They’ve procured the equipment?”

All four men utilized their connections at once to investigate the matter. What they found was that none of the medical equipment companies in North Hampton and surrounding cities had sold any machine to Morris Group.

Where did they source out the equipment then?

“The most important thing to do now is to figure out the transportation route of the equipment. We need to stop them immediately!”

They were in a state of agitation.

Meanwhile, Levi was hanging out with Azure Dragon and the others.

Levi received a phone call from Kyrie Duncan, the head of the logistics department in the North Hampton Warzone, at that moment.

“The medical equipment you purchased from North Hampton Warzone’s Defense Research And Development Centre is being transported now, Sir! As you ordered, we’ve arranged a fully-armed squadron to escort the logistic team!” Kyrie reported.

No one expected Levi to procure the equipment from the Warzone’s Defense Research And Development Centre.

Levi nodded. “Okay. Thank you. This set of equipment is bought under Morris Group’s name, Mr. Duncan. I’ve transferred the payment. Please check.”

“Understood, Sir!”

Levi reminded after hanging up the phone call. “Kirin, tell Iris and the others to wait for the equipment at the factory. The machines will arrive in two hours.”

Then he looked at Azure Dragon. “Spread the information on the transportation route, Azure Dragon!”

Inside Bale Group.

“We’ve identified the transportation route! There’s still one and a half hour for us to stop them.” Ron Bale glanced at his watch worriedly.

Braylen Stewart said through gritted teeth, “Should I contact Phantasma? We’ll let him handle this!”

“Okay. Make sure Phantasma destroys those machines!” Their eyes gleamed with malicious intent.

Phantasma was one of the mafia bosses in North Hampton. He ran a credit company, with most of his employees being thugs.

He was a ruthless man who would not hesitate to kill another person. Phantasma often did the North Hampton Chamber of Commerce’s biddings. It was a common thing for him to cripple others while dealing with those matters.

“We can rest assured if Phantasma handles this task.”

“He’s cruel and meticulous. What he does will never be traced back to us even if he murders someone.”

On a secluded highway in North Hampton.

A bunch of vicious-looking men placed plenty of nails on the road and parked multiple cars to block the path.

A long-haired man dressed in a black outfit was seated inside an SUV parked aside. His fingers were covered with rings as he puffed on a cigar.

If one were to look closely, a pupil was missing from one of his eyes, so his appearance was indeed frightening like a ghost. The man was none other than the infamous Phantasma.

“Stay vigilant and work smart later on. They reminded us to cripple a few people as a warning to Morris Group...”
Phantasma’s hoarse voice was capable of sending chills down others’ spines.

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“Don’t worry, boss!”

Phantasma’s subordinates rubbed their palms together in excitement. Strapped around their waists were various sharp blades.

The logistic team finally arrived after a short while.

The logistic team was made up of thirty cars because the machines were worth up to five hundred million, after all.

The car leading the team came to an abrupt halt upon noticing the row of cars messily parked in the middle of the road.

The rest of the cars stopped as well.

Doug Rice was seated inside the car leading the team.

He was about to get out of the car and check out the situation when he saw over a dozen menacing-looking men advancing in his direction.

Doug was scared out of his wits.

Phantasma and his underlings walked up to the car and he knocked on the car window.

Doug was fearful as he looked at the batons in their hands. He immediately lowered the car window.

Phantasma croaked. "Are you from Morris Group?"

"Yes... That... That's right..." Doug nodded.

"Okay. You may leave now, but those machines will have to stay." Phantasma ordered.

"I can't do that. We can't leave without the equipment..." Doug said.

The rest of his sentence was stuck in his throat as Phantasma's subordinates glared at him.

Doug immediately contacted Iris and informed him of the predicament.

Iris and the others were worried sick.

But Elena was unusually calm. “There’s no need to worry. Boss has arranged everything. All we have to do is wait here patiently.”

Phantasma led his men toward the back of the convoy afterward.

Although the Warzone Defense Research And Development Centre produced the equipment, the logistic team was not provided by the army. Instead, it was Doug Rice who had hired the logistic team.

Phantasma and his men would have fled in fright if they saw that it was a fleet of military vehicles.

All the carriages attached to the cars were covered by black drapes.

Phantasma and his men removed the black drapes and sized up the equipment underneath.

They smiled wickedly when they have ascertained all thirty cars to be loaded with the medical equipment.

Phantasma contacted Ron. “Mr. Bale, I’ve checked all thirty cars, and all of them are carrying the equipment.”

“Excellent! Destroy all the machines, Phantasma! Morris Group can dream about laying their hands on the equipment!” Ron said coldly.

“Okay. I will check the rest of the cars and destroy everything. I’ll also cripple a few men afterward.” Phantasma continued to examine the remaining vehicles.

The rest of the cars were loaded with accessories and spare parts of the machines.

In the end, there were only three cars left to check.

Phantasma felt panic rising within him at the sight of the last three cars. For some unknown reason, His left eyelid was twitching continuously.

With an apprehensive heart, Phantasma walked up to the cars.

He used his baton to part the drapes.

The interior of the car was dark, but he could make out a group of people inside.

One of Phantasma’s subordinates exclaimed, “There are so many people inside!”

Another man added. “These must be the workers to unload the equipment.”

Phantasma ordered harshly, “All of you, get out of the car! Someone come and part the drapes!”

Two of his underlings parted the drapes. Sunlight illuminated the dark interior at once.

Everyone was frightened when they saw the people sitting

inside the car.

Phantasma and his men dropped their batons unwittingly. The cigarettes held between their lips fell as their jaws dropped.

Inside the car were over a dozen men dressed in military outfits. They were pointing their loaded guns at Phantasma and his subordinates.

No one expected to see a group of fully-armed soldiers inside the car.

“Did you just order us to get out of the car?” The company commander leading the group pressed his pistol against Phantasma’s head.