

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man
Chapter 117 A Vigorous Counter-attack

Summary

He is a young man about 20 years old.

Everyone in the hall was shocked. "

" Did this young man call him here? "

The scar-faced man raised his hand to signal to his subordinates.

The crowd turned curious eyes to the man in black who just walked in. "

The hall was full of people

"Sir, there may be a misunderstanding...

The confidence Omar and his men felt before was completely gone. "

" Please spare my life! "

The people in the hall were all taken aback.

They exchanged confused glances, wondering who dared to come in the middle of such a situation.

The crowd all turned their curious eyes at the man in black who just walked in.

He was a young man in his twenties.

The ferocious scar on his face gave people goose bumps.

His piercing eyes scanned the hall as if he was looking for a prey.

`Who is he?` `Did this young man call him here?` `It seems that he is not easy to deal with, but he's outnumbered.

**How could he win against a large group of people?` `Oh my God! Does he want to die too?` The hall was fill
r, he said, `Didn't you say that you're going to kill me? Do it now!` `Sir, there might be a
misunderstanding...` Although his voice was trembling, Omar tried to explain.**

But it was too late.

The scar-faced man raised his hand, giving a signal to his subordinates.

The fighters behind Rafael took out their batons right away.

And then they all charged toward their enemies.

The confidence Omar and his men felt a while ago had disappeared entirely.

They couldn't win against a hundred strong fighters.

Therefore, in the end, they screamed in defeat.

`No!` `Please spare my life!` `I beg you!`.