

Chapter 273

Protective Of His Son

Tyrion's eyes lit up when he heard Jared's name, and he instantly followed Sandy's gaze.

Jared stopped in his tracks and gave her a frosty look.

Still linking arms with Tyrion, Sandy walked toward him.

"Hey, Jared. I didn't expect to see you here. My, I almost forgot that you're a millionaire now!" she remarked, casting him a teasing look. "Allow me to make the introductions. This is Mr. Whitaker. He's from the Whitaker family in Summerbank."

Sandy intentionally emphasized the word "Summerbank" as though she was afraid Jared would miss out on that.

"You're Jared Chance? I've heard a lot about you." Tyrion extended his arm for a handshake, but his gaze carried a hint of hostility.

Jared had no idea who Tyrion was, so he was baffled by the latter's animosity. Is it because of Sandy?

Nonetheless, he shook Tyrion's hand in return.

Just as he was about to pull his hand away after the handshake, Tyrion clutched his hand and refused to let him go.

Then, Tyrion started wrenching Jared's hand forcefully.

The whole time, a smirk played on his lips. He had trained in the military for years, making him different from ordinary scions. His capabilities were not to be underestimated.

Narrowing his eyes, Jared started gathering spiritual energy from within him. Seconds later, he exerted a terrifying force on Tyrion's hand.

Tyrion was taken aback when he felt the intense strength. He tried to break free from Jared's grip but to no avail.

Cold sweat started to break out on his forehead. Yet, with the crowd watching them, he dared not beg for Jared's forgiveness or cry for help as it would be downright humiliating.

At that moment, Tommy walked out and hastily came up to greet Tyrion. "Mr. Whitaker, I wasn't expecting you to come over! Forgive me for not welcoming you sooner!"

Since Tommy had appeared, Jared snorted and shot Tyrion a scornful look before releasing him.

The color drained from Tyrion's face, and his hand was trembling. After shooting daggers at Jared, he stalked out and did not bother to spare Tommy a glance.

"Mr. Chance, he's from the Whitaker family in Summerbank. You should avoid offending him and his family if possible. His father, Kane, is known for being overprotective of his son. He would not let you off easily if he knew you'd humiliated him in public!" Tommy cautioned, whispering in Jared's ear.

"I wouldn't do anything to him unless he provokes me. So what if he's one of the Whitakers?" A cold glint flashed across Jared's eyes. He then turned around and returned to the room in the back.

Since he met his birth mother last night, he had become more bloodthirsty. However, it seemed that he was not aware of the change in his behavior.

Perhaps, the change in his behavior had to do with his eagerness to improve his ability. At that point, he just wanted to gather enough money to buy those expensive herbs that would aid in his cultivation.

"D*mn it! No wonder Leyton is afraid of this dude." Tyrion gritted his teeth and mumbled under his breath while staring at his pale hand.

"Are you okay, Mr. Whitaker?" Sandy voiced her concern while gently massaging his palm. "Jared used to be a dimwit who knew nothing about martial arts, but after spending three years in jail, he seemed to have transformed into a powerful martial artist!"

What exactly happened to Jared when he was jailed for three years?

"He must have been beaten up by the other inmates frequently. Otherwise, he couldn't have become so strong. Anyway, no matter how good he is at martial arts, he won't live for long," he declared, his eyes gleaming with spite.

"What do you mean by that?" Sandy asked.

She was unaware of the discussion Leyton had with Tyrion last night.

Tyrion gave her a cold stare. "Don't ask unnecessary questions."

"Sorry, Mr. Whitaker!" His warning gave her a nervous start, and she quickly apologized to him.