

Chapter 277

Steven dared not speak another word. He had spent hundreds of millions to be Francis' disciple, an average disciple at that. With no strong ties to the latter, he could be forsaken easily. He could not be compared to the four young men in front of him.

They were Francis' favorite disciples.

"Mr. Chance, I sent Steven flying with just a punch. How am I no match for this guy?" Tommy refused to believe that he was inferior to Carter.

"You can try fighting him if you don't believe me," Jared remarked casually with a smile.

It's not a bad thing for Tommy to taste defeat, or else he will think he's invincible after taking the enhancement pill. That won't do him good in the future.

"All right. Keep your eyes on me, Mr. Chance!"

At once, Tommy dashed to Carter, drawing back his fist to throw a punch.

That time around, he packed a hefty punch with force equivalent to half a thousand pounds.

One hit from it would cause the party on the receiving end to be flattened into a patty

However, Carter managed to dodge his strike and reappeared at his side.

Tommy's eyes widened in shock. In one swift motion, he hastily turned around and sent another punch in Carter's direction.

With a sneer, Carter raised his leg and landed a kick directly to Tommy's midriff, sending him staggering a few steps back.

While terror washed over Tommy, Carter showed no intention to halt.

As Tommy struggled to regain his footing, he took the opportunity to slam his fist onto his opponent's temple.

Tommy was still backpedaling uncontrollably. Even though he spotted Carter's punch coming at him, it was too late. He could not get his arms up fast enough to defend.

Jared's expression hardened, and a murderous look flitted across his eyes.

Only a few exchanges of blows were required to determine the winner, yet Carter was planning to kill Tommy, not to mention he was attempting to do it right in front of him. There was no way Jared would sit on his hands and let that happen.

Whoosh!

With a mere flick of his finger, the button on his shirt shot toward Carter like a bullet.

Carter's heart was in his mouth when the sound of something cutting through the air rang close to his ear. He immediately took a step back. Although he successfully dodged the button, Tommy had made use of the opening and slipped away.

"Brat, how dare you sneak up on me?"

Carter was boiling with rage as he bolted toward Jared.

"You talk too much."

Narrowing his eyes, Jared slammed his fist into Carter's abdomen.

Following a loud thud, Carter felt waves of pain stemming from his midsection. Tasting blood in his mouth, he tried to keep it down, but the urge to heave was too strong. A mouthful of blood spurted out from his mouth, and amid them were pieces of organs.

Horror struck Carter as he pointed at Jared, trying to say something but his mouthful of blood stopped him.

Thud!

Carter's body fell to the ground. The light in his eyes soon dimmed.

Tommy gulped at the brutal sight. His arrogance from earlier was gone, replaced with a haggard look as he stood behind Jared.

"Carter!"

Francis rushed to Carter with a look of grief when he saw his disciple had died.

"How dare you kill my disciple! I'll chop you into a million pieces," the elderly man spat through gritted teeth and glared at Jared venomously.

"So only your disciple is allowed to kill my man, but not the other way around? You are so domineering," Jared taunted, ignoring Francis' threat.

"Brat, you have the right to be arrogant since you've reached the pinnacle of internal energy at such a young age. But heed my words that arrogance will bring you trouble. You have to know that there are many people in this world, so there's always someone better and stronger than you. Since you're talented in martial arts, become my disciple, and I'll let the matter of you killing my disciple—"

"Please. Look at yourself in the mirror first. You don't deserve to be my mentor," Jared interrupted and spat at Francis before the latter could finish speaking: