

Chapter 286

Gunning For Victory

A white off-road vehicle pulled up before the entrance to an abandoned factory in the west country of Horington.

Jared alighted from the vehicle, exuding a deadly aura.

Leyton uttered, "He's here!" Jared's lonesome arrival fueled both his excitement and his nerves.

He asked Tyrion, "Jared is pretty strong, Mr. Whitaker. Are you sure your guards can defeat him?"

The guards overheard Leyton, and their expressions chilled. One of them swung his fist at a massive cement block beside him, sending cement shrapnel flying across the room and exposing its steel frame.

Leyton was stunned silent.

Tyrion said scornfully, "These men are the best of the best in the art of internal energy. They can easily kill an ox with a punch. Do you think they'd struggle over a mere human?"

"O-Of course not!" Leyton nodded eagerly.

"If they somehow fail to subdue Jared, there's still me!" With that, Tyrion whipped out a handgun from his pocket.

He reloaded the handgun in front of Leyton and mused, "Jared may be good, but not even he can dodge a bullet."

Leyton boomed, "Haha, Jared's dead meat! No one's going to save him now!"

The handgun went miles in soothing Leyton's anxiety. After all, Jared's bare fists were no match for a fatal gunshot.

Josephine eavesdropped on their conversation, panic rising in her chest when she realized that Tyrion had a gun. I can't allow Jared to risk his life for me. Dear God, I can't bear to watch him die! How can I warn him when I'm locked up in this hovel?

Jared had begun approaching the abandoned factory. His spiritual energy traveled across the space, allowing him to sense everything in a ten-meter radius.

He saw two buff men standing guard at the entrance. Their massive builds implied that they were skilled fighters.

Leyton was sitting in a chair, his legs crossed leisurely. He was staring at Jared derisively, his contempt for the latter loud and clear.

In his eyes, Jared was a man destined for the gallows.

"I can't believe you dared to show up alone, Jared. I'm impressed by your foolish dignity!" Leyton jeered as he got to his feet.

Jared replied calmly, "Cut the crap. Where's Josephine?"

Josephine recognized Jared's voice and yelled, "I'm here, Jared. Run! They have a gun!" She banged on the door with all her might.

Jared heard her muffled pleas coming from one of the rooms and ran toward it.

The two bodyguards immediately approached him menacingly and blocked his advance.

The room door was opened from the inside, and Tyrion roughly shoved Josephine out, a gun in his hand.

She looked disheveled and mistreated, given her matted hair and grimy face.

When she saw Jared, she shrieked, "Leave me, Jared! They wouldn't dare to kill me. Save yourself! Go!"

"Shut up!" Tyrion bellowed, silencing her with a hard slap.

Jared's deadly aura swelled and filled the room, causing Tyrion to shudder.

Tyrion quickly pointed the barrel of his gun at Josephine's head.

He threatened, "If you take one more step, I'll shoot her right now!"

Fear began to tinge his gaze.

Leyton, however, was not done with ridiculing Jared. He mocked, "Don't even think about leaving this place alive now that you're here, Jared. You think you're untouchable because you know Tommy Lewis and Walter Grange? How dare you intimidate me just because you have some fearsome acquaintances! Well, none of them can save you now!"

Leyton's indignance and fury ballooned when he was reminded of his meek behavior toward Jared in the past. He strode toward his nemesis and raised his hand to slap him.