Chapter 287

Out Of Shots

Jared's hand darted out and seized Leyton's wrist in a death grip. He uttered coldly, "I don't need to rely on anyone other than myself to intimidate you."

Snap!

Jared broke Leyton's arm as though it was a twig, and the latter screamed in anguish.

His agonized wails echoed throughout the factory.

Jared kicked Leyton in the stomach, and Leyton spat out a mouthful of blood. The force sent him flying like a rag doll, and he immediately curled into himself as he landed on the ground.

"Y-You!" Leyton sputtered painfully and glared at Jared.

"I've given you a second chance, yet you dumbly chose to waste it," Jared commented and strode toward the cowering Leyton.

"Kill him! Kill him!" Leyton wailed, panicking at the sight of Jared's ruthless advance.

The two bodyguards looked at Tyrion and awaited his orders.

Tyrion nodded and commanded, "Kill him."

The bodyguards exchanged a glance before charging at Jared, who continued striding toward Leyton, unperturbed.

The bodyguards were almost in front of him when Jared's hands shot out, seizing the men by their necks.

The massive men were lifted into the air by their necks.

"Argh!" Their faces turned red as they flailed around, struggling to breathe.

Crack! Crack!

Their struggling forms stilled instantly, the sounds of crunching bones a sure and chilling sign of their demise.

Thud!

Jared loosened his hold on their necks, and the lifeless bodies landed heavily on the ground, stirring up layers of dust.

Leyton and Tyrion were shocked into silence.

How could Jared fell two masters of internal energy in the blink of an eye?

Tyrion's hand began shaking uncontrollably. His confidence was rapidly waning despite the gun in his hand.

Leyton was still struggling in pain. He crawled toward Tyrion and begged, "Mr. Whitaker, use your gun! Quick! Kill him!"

Tyrion snapped out of his thoughts and cocked his gun at Jared.

"Jared! Be careful!" Josephine shouted in warning before biting Tyrion's forearm with all her might.

"Argh!" Surprised by her attack, Tyrion shoved her aside.

Josephine immediately ran toward Jared, and Tyrion fired his gun at Josephine instead, a crazed expression on his face.

Jared's gaze hardened as he heard the gunshot. He was at Josephine's side in an instant, bodily shielding her.

The bullet whizzed past Jared's head, and Josephine shuddered at the close call.

Tyrion was unnerved by the missed shot. He quickly fired two more shots in succession.

Bang! Bang!

To Tyrion's horror, Jared continued walking calmly toward him, unharmed.

"F*ck! What's wrong with this gun?" Tyrion cursed before gripping his gun with both hands.

He calmed his nerves before taking aim at Jared.

The bullet missed its target once more.

Tyrion was frantic with worry. The bullets seemed to have grown eyes of their own as they avoided Jared at all costs.

He pulled the trigger again, only to realize that he had run out of bullets.

Tyrion hastily threw his gun at Jared and turned to run off.

His escape was halted by Leyton, who clung to Tyrion's leg like a limpet and whined, "Save me, Mr. Whitaker. Don't leave me here!"

Tyrion could only focus on saving himself. He tried to shrug Leyton off and snarled, "Let go of me, f*cker! Let go!"