

Chapter 288

Violent Apologies

Leyton merely tightened his hold on Tyrion's leg; Tyrion was his only shot at making it out alive.

Just then, Jared had reached them and grabbed Tyrion's shirt collar.

Tyrion shook like a leaf. "W-What are you doing? I'm a Whitaker! My dad will make you pay if you hurt me!"

Slap!

Jared slapped Tyrion so hard that the latter spun several times. He also lost all of his teeth.

"This slap is for Josephine!" Jared gritted out before punching Tyrion in the stomach, causing him to release a tortured scream and double over in pain.

Tyrion and Leyton made quite the pair. They hunched over in extreme pain at the mercy of Jared.

Jared glared at the two before placing a foot on Leyton's head.

Leyton immediately begged for his life. "I-I was wrong, Jared! Please forgive me! Forgive me! I swear I'll never give you trouble again! I'll give you our family's entire wealth as long as you spare my life!"

Coldly, Jared replied, "I've spared you once, but you didn't appreciate it..."

He mercilessly stomped his foot.

Leyton died a gruesome and painful death, his blood splattering around him, dousing a terrified Tyrion.

Tyrion screamed in horror. He had never seen a person die before his eyes.

A frightened Josephine covered her mouth to stop herself from shrieking. Jared had never killed someone in front of her until today, and in such a gruesome manner, no less. Still, she knew that he had acted violently to protect her, and she did not cower in fear despite sensing his murderous intent.

Jared lifted his blood-soaked foot and stepped on Tyrion's head next. The nauseating smell of blood turned Tyrion downright hysterical as he pleaded, "Please don't kill me. Don't kill me! I can give you anything you want. Anything!"

"I want your life!" Jared barked viciously, sending fresh waves of terror through Tyrion's body.

Josephine pulled Jared aside and hastily advised, "Jared, you can't kill him. Don't be rash."

While the Sullivans and Jared's supporters could comfortably deal with the Scott family over Leyton's death, the Whitakers were a whole different ball game. If Jared killed Tyrion, not even the Mayor of Horington could dissuade the Whitaker family from avenging their son.

Jared turned to her and apologized, "I'm sorry I put you through this, Josephine."

He ran his fingers tenderly over the angry handprint on her cheek.

"I'm fine. Let's go home. I don't want Dad to worry."

Josephine felt eons better as she reveled in the warmth of Jared's palm.

Jared nodded before turning his attention back to Tyrion, who looked away timidly.

"I will spare your life, but you will pay for your misdeeds."

With that, Jared stepped on Tyrion's calf, shattering his tibia beyond cure.

"Argh!" Tyrion's face twisted in agony as he vented his pain.

"Let's go." Jared held Josephine's hand and prepared to leave.

They had barely taken two steps when Josephine whirled around, confronting Tyrion, "Who on earth told you about this and arranged for you to come to Horington?"

Josephine had been pondering this issue for a long time. It seemed inconceivable for Leyton to possess the resources and reputation needed to make Tyrion's acquaintance.