

The Man's Decree Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Appetizer

As Jared walked down the hill, he was stopped by a group of four to five men along the way.

"Jared, you're finally here! I've been waiting for you for a long time."

Warrick smirked at Jared.

Behind him was a group of fierce-looking men wielding clubs in their hands.

"Why are you waiting for me?" Jared shot Warrick an icy glance. "If you're looking for a fight, you lot are no match for me. Yesterday, I took out more than ten men from the Scott family singlehandedly. Do you think just a handful of you can defeat me?"

"Hahaha! Jared, how dare you speak with such arrogance before knowing who I brought with me? You'll naturally learn their identities once you're begging for mercy on your knees!"

Laughing heartily, Warrick was unfazed by Jared.

Warrick had seen for himself what happened yesterday. Baldy and his men were nothing more than incompetent street thugs who were each defeated by a single punch from Jared.

Unlike the day before, Warrick's men were all martial artists who could single-handedly defeat ten men by themselves without breaking a sweat.

"It seems I let you off too lightly the last time. I should have broken your limbs so that you won't be making a fool of yourself right now," Jared sneered while giving Warrick the side-eye.

"Damn you! How dare you still bring up yesterday? I'm going to beat you till you grovel for mercy if it's the last thing I do!"

With that, Warrick turned to his men. "Men, someone is willing to pay a hundred thousand to whoever that beats him till he begs for his life on his knees!"

At the mention of a hundred thousand, the men's eyes sparkled.

"Don't worry. If you want us to make him cry, laughing will be the last thing he does."

"If you want him to drop to his knees, we'll never allow him to stand!"

"Given how weak he looks, one kick from me alone will cause him to cry for his mommy!"

The men threw Jared condescending looks, clearly not seeing him as a threat.

"Is Sandy the one offering the reward?" Jared asked Warrick.

Warrick nodded candidly. "That's right. I'm not worried about letting you know. After all, it's not like you'll dare to cause her any more trouble. After beating up Leyton, the Scott family will definitely not forgive you. All I'm doing now is serving you the appetizer of what's about to come."

"Fine. Looks like I shouldn't have shown you any mercy."

After spreading his hands with a shrug, Jared suddenly launched a kick in Warrick's direction.

Bam! Warrick was sent flying upon impact.

His men, who had looked down upon Jared a moment ago, froze as they couldn't believe their eyes.

To be able to send someone flying with a kick, one needed to be extremely powerful. Evidently, Jared wasn't someone to be trifled with.

Cough! Cough!

Crashing onto the ground, Warrick threw up a pool of blood. After that, he bellowed vengefully, "Kill him! Kill him!"

After exchanging glances with each other, his men charged forward, motivated by the reward.

Just as expected, all of them were not only trained men but also well coordinated.

Pfft!

Jared sniggered before dashing forward to meet their attack.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

In less than half a minute, the group of men had collapsed onto the ground, groaning and grimacing in pain.

Warrick was so shocked that he gulped in fear.

He couldn't imagine what Jared had gone through in prison to have gained such strength.

After all, the men he hired had spent their whole lives training in martial art schools and had made a name for themselves. In spite of that, all of them were easily defeated.

"Do you still want to kill me?" Jared taunted Warrick as he slowly walked up to him.

"W-What are you trying to do?" Stricken by horror, Warrick backpedaled. "T-This was Sandy's idea. I—"

Before Warrick could finish, Jared stomped on his arm.

The moment he felt the excruciating pain, Warrick let out an agonized cry.

Without a doubt, his arm had been broken.

"Stop using Sandy to threaten me. Both she and Leyton will be getting what's coming from me."

With that, Jared turned and left, ignoring Warrick's miserable cries.