

A Man Like None Other Chapter 108

Chapter 108 What A Waste

Jared ignored him, sweeping a gaze over the cigars on the table. Then, he picked one up and sniffed it lightly. "This is some good cigar. What a waste!"

After saying that, he lit one and took a small puff before exhaling a circle of smoke. Judging from his expression, he seemed to be relishing it.

Seeing the indifferent and intoxicated expression on his face, everyone almost burst a blood vessel.

"Brat, I'll take your life today for having the audacity to injure Mr. Murphy!"

Roaring, Lux punched his fist at Jared. Not only was the blow exceedingly forceful, but it also emitted a whizzing sound as it cut through the air, making it evident that he was a trained fighter.

Jared remained nonchalant in the face of the punch. He took another puff of the cigar and exhaled at Lux, who was charging at him.

Following that puff of smoke, the latter, initially streaking forward at lightning speed with his arm extended, abruptly froze as though immobilized. His fist was only mere centimeters away from Jared.

All at once, everyone gaped at the sight. Under their incredulous gazes, Jared kicked the man and sent him flying. The strapping body flew right out of the office and slammed onto the ground heavily.

"Lux!"

Dexter's expression changed drastically, and he raced over to check on the man. After all, Lux was his most skilled fighter and had trained in kickboxing for over ten years.

When he reached the man, he was entirely stunned to see that Lux's chest had sunken in, and blood trickled out the corner of his mouth. His eyes were wide open, and he lay on the ground motionlessly that one could not tell whether he was still alive.

"Kill him! Finish him off!"

Rage swamped Dexter, and he went ballistic. Never had I been disrespected such! I'm going to rip him to pieces right this instant!

With that order, the remaining men lunged at Jared.

They did not believe that he could be their match in that cramped space regardless of how good his combat prowess was.

"Well, you asked for it!"

Harrumphing, Jared flew at them like a whirlwind.

His speed was so fast that they could not even catch a glimpse of him before they were all knocked to the ground.

In just a few seconds, the men sprawled across the office, howling in pain.

Although Jared did not take their lives, he broke their limbs, so their injuries were quite grievous.

Dexter was entirely dumbfounded, while the girl beside him had gone as white as a sheet.

Verily, he never expected his men to lose to a man who seemed so fragile that he would break at a mere nudge, particularly when they had outnumbered him.

“Say, you could have owed anyone a debt, but you just had to owe me. I hate it when people owe me money...”

Jared proceeded to stalk toward Dexter with a sneer on his face.

“W-Who are you? I only owe money to Sentiment Chemical Limited! Aren’t you an employee of the company?” Dexter questioned in a panic, his eyes trained on the man.

“Of course, I am. Sentiment Chemical Limited belongs to Josephine Sullivan, the daughter of the Sullivan family. And she’s my woman. With that said, don’t you owe me money?” Jared drawled with a smirk.

“Your woman?” Bewilderment was written all over Dexter’s face. Immediately after, his eyes started widening, and terror crept into them. “Y-You’re the one...”

His mouth gaped open, but he was so terrified that no sound came out.

He had been a gangster in the past, so he knew of many things, though he did not have the right to attend the banquet hosted by Walter. Naturally, he had heard of Jared, but it never crossed his mind that they would be the same person.

What? The person who defeated Steven Fisher and whom both Walter Grange and Tommy Lewis revered turned out to be this seemingly insignificant young man right in front of me?