

A Man Like None Other Chapter 12

“Beat him up! Kill him!” Warrick shouted with much viciousness. He was struggling to his feet with a hand over his cheek after he went flying with a slap from Jared. On the stage, the corners of Leyton’s mouth turned up in a sadistic smile. *Everyone is just watching Jared make a fool of himself! No one sympathizes with him, so they definitely won’t save him!* In the face of the attack by the dozen men, Jared sneered and took a step forward. *Boom!*

With that single step of his, the entire banquet hall seemingly shook as though there was an earthquake. In a split second, the goons let out agonized wails before they all went flying back, smashing the tables and chairs around them. The entire place became a disaster area. At once, the guests were all stumped. As Baldy gaped at his lackeys on the ground, a chill ran down his spine. At that moment, a well-dressed middle-aged man at the wing of the stage frowned deeply.

That person was none other than the patriarch of the Scott family, Yoel Scott, who was also Leyton’s father. Naturally, he was there since it was his son getting married. As such, he saw Jared throwing the dozen goons back. He was a martial artist himself, so he could tell that the man’s capabilities weren’t to be underestimated. On the stage, Leyton’s brows creased when he saw the turn of events. “Damn it! What a useless bunch!” he roared as he rushed down the stage.

“Darling...” Sandy, too, dashed after him. “Don’t act rashly, Leyton!” Yoel, who had been sitting at the side of the stage without making a move, likewise went over, afraid that his son wouldn’t be Jared’s match. “What’s going on? What exactly is happening here?” A dozen hotel security guards rushed in with rubber batons. In the five or six years Glamor Hotel had been operating, no one had dared to make trouble there.

After all, it was the property of the wealthiest family in Horington, the Sullivan family. Furthermore, it was the heir to the Scott family’s wedding then. The Scott family’s influence was a mere fraction beneath that of

the Sullivan family, so whoever dared to kick up a fuss was equivalent to having a death wish. In the private room on the third floor, William frowned when he heard crashing sounds from downstairs.

The hotel manager hastened over, his forehead dotted with cold sweat.

“What’s happening downstairs?” William questioned in chagrin.

“Someone is making trouble at the Scott family’s wedding banquet. He beat several people up and even broke things,” the manager hurriedly explained. The moment William heard that, his face flushed bright red with fury. “Someone dares to make trouble here? What are the lot of you doing?”

How useless! Hurry up and send some security over lest the reputation of the hotel becomes tarnished!” “I’ve already done that,” the manager replied. “Why aren’t you there to handle the matter, then? Are you waiting for them to get up in arms?” William snapped, scaring the other man so badly that he took to his heels. “Dad, you’re not all that well, so please stop fuming. I’ll go downstairs and take a look.” After reassuring him, Josephine left the private room as well. She was presently handling many matters of the Sullivan family. After all, she was William’s only daughter, and the man wasn’t in the pink of health right then, so all the burden fell onto her shoulders.

Meanwhile, more than a dozen security guards surrounded Jared in the banquet hall on the second floor. The manager trotted over, bowing and scraping in front of Yoel. “I’m really sorry, Mr. Scott. I didn’t expect someone to be so audacious as to dare cause trouble at the wedding of your son. I’ll kick him out right away!” After saying that, he said to the dozen or so security guards, “Why are you all still standing around?”

Haul the person making a scene here out!” “Wait!” Yoel uttered when the security guards were about to act. “How could you just let him go when he wreaked havoc at my son’s wedding and unsettled my guests? How would the Scott family be able to hold its head up in public? Even if he doesn’t pay with his life today, he must leave his hands and legs behind!” “Uh...” His demand placed the hotel manager in a dilemma. *What if he*

holds a grudge against the hotel and returns to make trouble here again in the future? Discerning his thoughts, Yoel sneered disdainfully, "The Scott family will personally resolve this matter.

You can all get out of here now!" "Sure, sure! We're leaving right away!" The manager quickly nodded exuberantly upon hearing that he didn't need to do anything. "I don't want his limbs, Dad! I want his life! I want him to die since he dared to disrupt my wedding!" When Leyton finished speaking, he shot daggers at Jared. "I'm going to kill you today, Jared! I want you to know the consequences of angering me!"

"As I said earlier, you wouldn't be getting married if I attended your wedding, but you just wouldn't believe me. Do you believe me now?" Jared drawled with a chuckle, his gaze fixated on the man. There wasn't a hint of fear in it. "Not even when hell freezes over!" Leyton swung his fist at Jared ruthlessly.

Thump! Snap! The crisp sound of bones shattering then split the air. On the heels of that, Leyton's arm bent downward at a peculiar angle, making it very clear that it was broken. "Ahh!" The agonizing pain had him howling at the top of his lungs. Everyone was staggered when they saw that. *Oh my God, he actually dared to make a move against Leyton? He must be sick of living!*