

Visible World chapter 10 read online

Chapter 10

Justin stared down at Steven. He was not afraid of Steven, although he was the son of the mayor. "I don't mind you, Steven, but this boy Anthony played me. You saw it too, right?"

Justin summoned a wad of phlegm from the pits of his throat. The wad splashed on the floor with a loud splat. "You know what? If the boy wipes the spit off the ground, I'll let him off the hook." This prick stole my woman and tried to screw me over! Dammit! Justin thought.

"Hey, that's too much!" Steve's face darkened. Anthony put a hand on his arm to hold him back and said, "Thank you, Steve, but it is alright. I just have to wipe the floor, right?" Anthony beamed at Justin. He walked towards Justin and slung his arm over Justin's shoulders. Anthony's casual actions chilled Justin's heart, and he shuddered. "Damn you, don't touch me! I asked you to wipe the floor!"

"I don't have a piece of cloth that I can use to wipe the floor. Perhaps I can use your face!" Anthony held Justin by the back of his neck and threw him to the ground as he spoke. A crunch rang out the moment Justin's face met the ground. The crowd heard the sound and grimaced in pain. However, Anthony was not concerned at all. He held Justin like a washcloth and began to scrub the floor.

"Damn yghhhhh..." Justin opened his mouth to scream. However, he felt a lukewarm glob of something slipping past his lips and down his throat. Heaven knows what it felt like to swallow expelled mucus.

Anthony held Justin up by his neck again. "Oh, is it clean already?" He asked and grinned at his washcloth. Justin's face was a sticky mess, and black streaks adorned his face. His anger boiled when he saw his bodyguards' frozen expressions. "Fools! Get him!"

At his command, his bodyguards came to life and rushed at Anthony. Their stances and punches bespoke of the vigorous training that they underwent. Yet, with Anthony's Carnelian vision, it was as if they were moving in slow motion.

Anthony released Justin and moved in a blur. He aimed a few kicks at their back. Some of them got a boot to their family jewels, and others got a poke in the face.

In under a minute, the bodyguards collapsed. The sound of anguish rang in the hall.

"My butt!"

"My family jewels!"

“Damn it! My nostrils hurt!”

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Everyone in the hall inhaled sharply when they saw the group of bodyguards lying on the ground. Poppy Perkin’s man is one hell of a fighter! Who is he? Steven and Peter observed the crying group of men and were awestruck by Anthony.

Justin wore a look of horror on his face as he backed away slowly from Anthony. “You still have the balls to make a mess in my hall?! You’ll pay for it!”

When he was a distance away from Anthony, Justin took out his phone and made a call. “Third Master, Justin here. Can you send some men here? There’s trouble at Hammel’s Heaven. Oh, you’re already on the way? That’s great..”

Steve and Peter paled when they heard Justin’s conversation with the Third Master. “Let’s go, Anthony! Don’t mess with the Third Master.”