

## Chapter 297 Monster

Everyone was stunned.

Did the mysterious man just come here for a little trip?  
Was this a place he could visit and leave as he pleased?  
Gerry laughed scornfully.

He said, "Brat, it seems that the people you asked to come over are unwilling to die for you. Your rescuer flinched at our numbers. But don't worry. He will die for having beaten my men."

After saying that, Gerry turned to his men and shouted, "Follow him and beat him up until he can't walk!"

His men quickly picked up their weapons and rushed out. After giving orders to his men, Gerry turned around and looked at Trevor. He flashed him an ominous grin.

"And now we're alone at last. How would you like to die, little mister rich kid?"

Trevor watched as Gerry stalked toward him.

He knew that Bradley was sent by his father, so he didn't need to worry about Bradley betraying him.

Trevor squared his shoulders and raised his chin.

"For someone who's being paid to pummel helpless people to death, you talk too damn much."

Gerry looked at Trevor with wide eyes. He didn't expect that the arrogant little wretch would mock him in this situation.

The smug look on Trevor's face angered Gerry so much that Gerry almost went blind with rage. Gerry raised the steel pipe in his hand, ready to bash into Trevor's head. Trevor closed his eyes as Gerry charged at him, but the strike he was waiting for never came. Instead, he heard a loud clash of metal against metal.

Clang!

When Trevor opened his eyes, he found that Bradley had returned.

The man his father sent to defend him stood protectively in front of him and held a car door against Gerry's steel pipe.

Trevor opened his mouth slightly in slack-jawed amazement while Gerry's eyes were almost popping out of their sockets.

It turned out that the man named Bradley, who had come to a fight barehanded, just fetched himself a weapon and shield of opportunity.

Gerry couldn't believe what he was seeing.

How could anyone rip a car door right off its hinges?

And Bradley didn't even look strained at all lugging the

detached car door around. In fact, he could still use his free arm to fight.

Was he even a human being? He was extremely powerful!

Gerry turned around and looked behind him.

Everyone he sent to bludgeon Bradley to death was all on the ground, wriggling like a couple of earthworms in a salt bed.

They used the physical strength they had left to whimper. Bradley lifted the car door with one hand as if it were a plastic shield made for children.

He looked at Gerry with cold eyes and said, "Since you disdain my coming here unarmed, I borrowed something of yours to even out the playing field."

Borrowed?

Gerry cursed under his breath. He stared at the car door in Bradley's hand.

The more he looked at the door, the more familiar it registered.

It was the door of his Hummer!

"You bastard! I just bought that new Hummer!"

Gerry was so angry that he wanted to pounce on Bradley and rip his throat out with his bare hands.

He roared angrily at his remaining subordinates, "On me!

**Let's kill this son of a bitch!"**

After saying that, he took the lead and rushed toward Bradley.

Gerry believed that he had a better chance at winning the fight. He had a weapon and a small army on his back.

Even with Bradley's great strength, he was still outnumbered.

However, Gerry badly underestimated Bradley.

Neither he nor any of his men managed to land a hit.

The next moment, Gerry found himself with a sharp pain in his abdomen as if he had been hit by a truck.

He flew a few feet away and then crashed on the ground.

As he went dizzy and fought to stay conscious, he heard clashing metal, crunching bones, and ugly groans.

When he forced his eyes open, he saw his men on the ground, beaten half to death.

Finally, Gerry felt terror set in.

Bradley's brawn was the stuff of nightmares.

It was stupid and reckless to go against him.

Gerry blamed himself for mocking Bradley about trying to rescue Trevor with nothing.

If Bradley didn't wield a big car door, then Gerry and his men would've stood a chance.

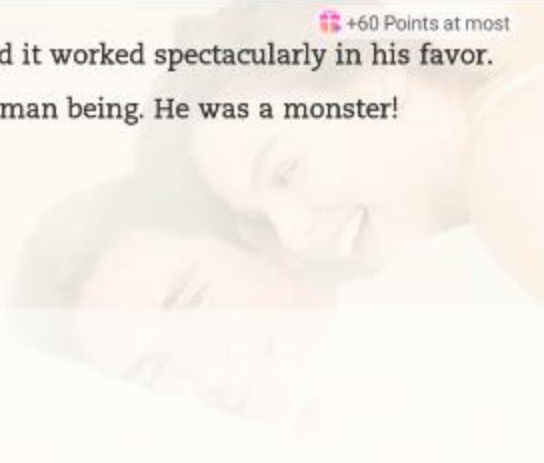
But as Bradley said, he got something to even out the

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+60 Points at most

playing field, and it worked spectacularly in his favor.

He was not a human being. He was a monster!



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