

Chapter 367 A Mysterious Man

Larry's POV:

My wand! They actually took away my wand.

My distressed croak faded abruptly into an almost inaudible squeak.

"Damn it!" Like a child, I stomped my feet on the ground helplessly as I pointed to the beggar and shouted, "Give me back my wand!"

I sprang at the beggar, but my legs wobbled and my knees were weak. He nimbly stepped aside, while I lost balance and fell to the ground.

"Ah!" My chin hit the bottom of the stairs and a scream of pain escaped my lips as I winced on the ground.

"What are you doing? Silly old man!" The beggar pointed my wand at me, grinning from ear to ear, while the others laughed at me.

"I may look weak, but don't think I'm a pushover!" I bit the pain and got up from the ground slowly. My hands trembled as I pointed my finger at them. "You will all pay for insulting me."

"Is that a threat? What's wrong with this old man?" A beggar, with red hair, curled his lips, as he walked up to me menacingly. He flicked the cigarette butt away and said, "Hey, old man, how dare you speak to us like that?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he raised his foot and kicked me in the chest before I could even respond.

"You..." I fell to the ground almost immediately.

"Look at him!" The red-haired beggar laughed so hard that tears started falling from his eyes. "He's just a pathetic old man who can't even stand up straight. Guys, why don't we make fun of him?"

The other beggars ganged up on me on his word, whistling and rolling up their sleeves as if they were going to beat me up. I swallowed nervously, dreading what was to come. I didn't want to think about what they would do to me. I wanted to kill them all! I wanted to kill these filthy peasants!

If I just had my magic wand, I would make these beggars regret ever crossing me. By any means necessary, I had to take my wand back.

Although I didn't lack confidence and courage, I did, however, lack the strength to take on all these beggars at once. Despite their scruffy and unkempt appearance, they were hardened by the hardship of a poverty-stricken life. I felt the first punch to the gut as it knocked the wind out of my sails. They beat me to a bloody pulp as I squirmed on the ground, gasping to catch my breath.

Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! I cursed at them in my head, but it wouldn't change the fact I got humiliated by several beggars.

"His clothes might be worth some money," the red-haired beggar said, pointing at me. Then he reached out to pull my coat. I tried to resist, but I was too weak to defend my honor and my coat.

"Oh, he has a wallet!" The beggar who had taken my wand now took my wallet from my trouser pocket. He cackled as he counted the banknotes in my wallet and said, "There's enough for us to have a good time!"

Damn it! A despondent expression came over my face as I felt utterly helpless. That was my money! The money I had worked hard for!

"You bastards! Get away from me! Give me back my money!" I hurled curses at them without even thinking about the consequences. "I curse you all to become barren! You idiots! How dare you take my things?!"

"How dare he talk back to us?" The red-haired beggar sneered at me. "Guys, I think this old man is having difficulty understanding us. Is it because we have been too lenient on him?"

"Let's get him!" Another beggar shouted.

I had a feeling that something bad was going to happen. Feelings of remorse came over me as I began to regret offending them in a fit of anger. Unfortunately, it was too late for regrets.

Each punch landed on my face relentlessly, like the rain, while I begged them to stop. I fell to my knees and spat out blood when one of them kicked me in the stomach. I had never been humiliated like this before, and yet it was my inability to fight back that drove me up the wall.

Eventually, the beggars stopped hitting me.

"Stop! Don't beat him to death. We don't need the police breathing down our necks because of some old man," a beggar said. "We can't let him die in the church. The police won't let us stay here if he dies here."

"We can just throw him out," another beggar replied.

My eyes widened in horror when I heard their words, but I had no strength to stop them. I could only grit my teeth and stop myself from screaming again.

Before I knew it, someone grabbed my collar from behind and dragged me across the concrete floor. I nearly choked on my shock as I could hardly breathe and my vision started to become blurry.

"Leave him here! Let's go!" After throwing me out of the church, the beggars left without looking back.

I lay on the ground and clutched at the soil with my fingers, gnashing my teeth with resentment. This was all happening because of Anthony and Jennifer! And Amelia! If it weren't for them, none of this would have happened to me. I wanted to wrap my hands around Jennifer's and Anthony's throats and strangle them, one by one. Then, I would lock up Amelia in my dungeon forever.

"Ah!" I tried to get back on my feet, but I failed. I couldn't even move my legs, almost as if they were broken.

As if things weren't already bad for me, it started to rain. It seemed as though God himself was against me.

The bean-sized raindrops fell on the ground, splashing mud at me. My whole body was covered in wounds, and now I was drenched in water. Like a pathetic wretch, I crawled towards the shade.

I felt like a snail, dragging my entire body through the mud. It took me a long time to move only a few meters. I wanted to give up, but I had no choice.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of footsteps coming from behind. I looked back slowly and saw the red-haired beggar again. Why did he come to me again? Didn't he have enough of torturing me?

"Here you go, old man. I have no use for this stupid stick! I almost hurt my buddy because of this thing! Take your crap and get out of here."

He burst into laughter after he kicked me again as if it brought him joy just to watch me suffer.

I clenched my fists and crawled forward towards my wand in the rain. At least, they didn't kill me. As long as I was alive, I could gather my strength and make these bastards pay for what they did to me.

I promised myself that I would make each and every one of them feel sorry for ever meeting me in the first place.

However, right now, I needed to find shelter from the rain. Just as I stumbled forward, a pair of black leather shoes suddenly appeared in my sight.

I looked up in astonishment and found a man, dressed in black, standing in front of me. He wasn't holding an umbrella, but not a single drop of rain fell on his body. I knew it then that he was a wizard as well.

I looked at him warily as I didn't know what his intentions were. Needless to say, I knew that if he wanted to attack me right now, there was nothing I could do to stop him without my powers.

"Are you Larry, the grand wizard?" The man in black looked at me. "How did you end up like this?"

I was shocked; I didn't expect this mysterious man to know my identity.

"You are also a wizard? Yes, I am Larry. Please, help me. I'll repay you in double when I gather my strength." I was in no position to make demands, so I stifled my pride and begged the mysterious man for his help.

"Of course, I'm going to help you. I can't stand by and watch a fellow wizard suffer. Larry, come with me," the mysterious man said as he reached out his hand to me.

I felt hope in my heart again. I was going to be saved! I just needed some time to recoup and then I would have my vengeance on those who tortured and humiliated me.