

Visible World chapter 11 read online

Chapter 11

Jonah Jones, also known as the Third Master, was the cream of the crop amongst New York elites. Jonah had his hand in investment, security, politics, and many other industries in New York. With his influence, he could solve any issue at a price. However, he was known for his righteousness. Everything he did was done the right way; hence no one could find fault with him. His capabilities and ingenuity were highly esteemed, so much so that even the Hammel family relied on him. Steven knew that he could not afford to get on the Third Master's bad side, even with his background.

Justin was pleased to hear that the Third Master was visiting his place personally. His confidence skyrocketed, and he shouted, "Little bastard, the Third Master is coming! You're dead! Tremble before me!"

The Third Master was rumored to be a practitioner of martial arts. If they were to exchange blows, the Third Master would surely beat the hell out of Anthony. It would be dangerous to underestimate Jonah.

Anthony observed Steven and Peter's pale faces and his heart skipped a beat. "Let's go then." He said to them. Anthony was not trained in martial arts, and since his awakening was recent, he did not have much combat experience. He was also afraid that his powers would suddenly disappear.

As they walked towards the exit of the hall, suddenly a voice rang out, "Please stay! I would like to have a drink with everyone here today!" The voice was clear and steady, with an unquestionable hint of authority. Upon hearing that, everyone stopped in their tracks.

Anthony raised his eyes to see a middle-aged man with a crew cut. He was dressed dapperly in a modern Chinese tunic suit and cloth shoes. The overall impression that he gave was that he was an immaculate and precise man. Yet his gaze was as sharp as a knife. It felt like he could see through your soul.

What a seasoned and masterful person! Anthony thought immediately. So, this is the Third Master? It seems like I'm going to get whooped today. I've only got myself to blame. I was too hopped up on adrenaline and caused a scene. I need to be more careful and quiet next time. Anthony felt a little upset.

Jonah only brought four men with him. However, each of them had bulging muscles, which meant that they practiced some form of martial art. Anthony did not feel confident that he would emerge as a victor if they were to fight.

Since he was not allowed to leave, Anthony decided that he would stay calm and collected. After all, he wanted to observe how the Third Master would manage this situation.

Justin bolted to Jonah's side and announced, "Third Master, this little prick caused trouble. He used me as a washcloth to wipe the spit off the floor..."

Jonah made a wry face when he heard Justin talk about spit. He thought to himself, That's pathetic. He bested you on your own turf?

"You did this, boy?" Jonah clasped his hands behind his back and said softly. He was dealing with Justin's situation out of obligation to the Hammel family. Truthfully, he was here on another mission.

Anthony replied casually, "Yep. It's between Hammel and me. Are you going to butt in?" Justin was astounded at Anthony's insolence and jumped in, "You can't quibble your way out! If you disrespect the master any further, you'll pay for it..." Before Justin could continue with his needling, Jonah touched his arm to stop him. "Alright. I'll deal with my issue first. I'll deal with yours later, Justin." Jonah said before turning to scan the crowd.

"Mister Anthony Stewart, may I speak with you?" He called out.