

Chapter 517 Venting His Anger

The assistant clutched his head, curling into a ball.

A kick to his stomach made him feel as if his internal organs were broken.

In agony, he gasped. "I... I truly don't know anything..."

Hardly had he spoken when another blow struck him.

This time, Alick delivered a fierce kick to his chest.

"Ah!" The assistant let out a sharp cry.

A crackling sound echoed, hinting at a possible fracture.

Clutching his chest, his face drained of color.

Gasping for air, his body writhed in spasms.

Alick signaled his men to hold back.

He hadn't intended to kill the assistant.

"You guys shouldn't hit him so hard."

The others looked at him, visibly puzzled.

After all, Alick had been the one to hit the assistant so forcefully.

Clearing his throat, Alick asked, "Why are you looking at me?"

Yet, they continued to gaze at him.

With a wave of his hand, he conceded, "Fine, I hit him hardest. Check if he's still alive."

A man in black knelt down, checking the assistant's breathing.

It was strong.

"He's not going to die," he announced, standing up.

Isaac, looking down, remarked, "I might torture Jaylen, but I wouldn't let him die. You, though, are a different story. Have you thought about that?"

The assistant's voice quivered as he said, "I... I really can't say."

His loyalty to Jaylen was unwavering.

The pain from the blow was intense.

At that moment, he wished for death.

The thought of death was terrifying.

In death, there would be no more pain.

But also, there would be no more experiences in the world.

Eventually, he would be forgotten, fading into nothingness.

The thought was chilling.

Yet, his belief was firm.

Jaylen had been good to him.

He couldn't betray him.

Isaac lifted an eyebrow, surprised by his stubbornness.

"Why don't we bring in Jaylen?" Alick whispered the suggestion.

Isaac considered it, then quickly agreed, "He's not scared of dying. Maybe he'll talk if he sees his assistant suffering like this."

Without overthinking, Isaac said, "Go ahead with your plan."

Torture often failed to break a loyal person.

Alick's idea seemed promising.

He instructed his men to execute the plan.

Shortly after, a doctor revived Jaylen with acupuncture.

Jaylen's eyes fluttered open, his body aching, unable to move his limbs.

He felt that his life was now a living hell.

"You... What are you planning to do?" Jaylen struggled to speak, his throat so dry that his voice came out raspy and weak.

He tried to scoff, but he didn't have the strength.

Alick, standing next to the bed, said calmly, "We're not going to hurt you."

Jaylen let out a bitter laugh.

"Bring him over here," Alick ordered, and his assistant was roughly pulled to the bed.

Alick let Jaylen see the assistant up close.

"It's okay. You don't have to say anything."

Anger flared in Jaylen. "Do whatever you want to me. It's my fault... Just don't take it out on him..."

"Ha-ha." Alick chuckled. "You're in no position to negotiate with us."

"Do it!" he commanded with a wave of his hand.

The men started beating the assistant, who screamed out in pain.

The sound was agonizing.

Baron, terrified, tried to cover his ears, but Alick held his hands down, forcing him to listen.

"Isn't the sound beautiful?" Alick said with a twisted smile.

Jaylen glared at him furiously.

The assistant's cries were heart-wrenching, filling Jaylen with panic.

This man was his most loyal follower.

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🎁 +120 Points at most

Was he really going to stand by and watch him get beaten to death?

Who would ever help him again after this?

"Stop!" Jaylen shouted as loudly as he could.

"What? You want to say something?" Alick asked mockingly.



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