

A Twist Of Fate: Heir To The World's Wealthiest Man Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Rescuing Her

There were three people currently in the room, two men and one woman. The woman just so happened to be none other than Shelly, holding an empty beer bottle in her hand. A middle-aged man with greasy strands of hair on his nearly balding head was circling around Shelly, letting out an evil laugh.

"Miss Brooks, you are such a good drinker." Another young man, who was staring fixedly at Shelly's chest, also said lustfully, "As long as you drink some more, the grace period to pay us back is negotiable..." + At this time, Shelly's face was flushed and her vision appeared to be blurred. She seemed to be already drunk and could not string together a complete sentence. But not a lot of time had gone by since Shelly had walked in. How could she already be drunk? This meant that she was actually drugged! Garry thought about all the rumors circulating and instantly understood what was going on. He shouted, "Get your hands off of her!"

Garry hurried over, took Shelly's hand, and wanted to drag her away.

How could the two men just let Shelly leave like that? They were planning to play with this stubborn female college student well tonight.

"Damn it! How dare such an asshole like you barge in and interrupt me like this!"

The bald middle-aged man shouted angry words at Garry.

The other young man also shouted, "Where did all the security guards go? Where are they now?"

Then he rushed forward, about to grab Shelly...

Garry kicked the young man out of the way. At this crucial time, two security guards ran in. They were stunned when they saw the scene in front of them and asked in a hurry to get to the bottom of things, "Sir, what happened to you?" "Damn it! Don't you have any eyes?" The middle-aged man was very angry. "This guy right here has come to stir up trouble for me. Take him out immediately!"

The two security guards did as they were told and pulled out their batons and pounced on Garry fiercely.

With one hand supporting Shelly and the other fighting them off, Garry couldn't dodge their batons in time. When the batons were about to land on him, a deafening shout spread all across the room. "I want to see who dares to attack him!"

A strong figure leaped up from the side, flung himself in front of Garry, and blocked the baton attack with his back. Then he turned around, grabbed hold of one of the short batons and smashed it directly onto the head of one of the security guards. The security guard screamed in pain. He held his broken and bleeding head with blood-soaked hands. When Garry saw who it was, he exclaimed in surprise, "Stone!" "Don't worry about it, Mr. Smith. I'll handle things from here!" Stone's face was firm and unmoved, and his expression did not change at all even after his back had been hit. His eyes were frosty as he scanned the crowd

surrounding him as if he saw only a bunch of dead people.

Then he moved to raise his foot suddenly.

Bang! Bang!

That was two whams in a row.

The crowd only saw a blur of movement and before they knew it, the two security guards were kicked away by Stone. They fell heavily to the floor, too beaten up to get up. "Who in the world are you? How dare you come here to stir up trouble?" Even though it was obvious the young man was scared, he still managed to issue a threat in a loud voice. "I'll have someone kill you now!" The middle-aged man carefully studied Stone's face and suddenly something seemed to dawn on him. Then he had a terrified expression on his face and shouted, "You are Stone Miller who goes by the nickname 'Black Tiger'!" "You want to kill me? Do you actually think you can pull that off?" With murderous intent on his face, Stone bent his legs and charged at the middle-aged man as quickly as a wild panther chasing prey.

Before the people surrounding them could react in time, the middle-aged man had been punched and his head was being pressed down hard to the floor. "Buddy, this is just some sort of misunderstanding. I did something to offend your friend. I know I deserve death." But please spare my life!" The middle-aged man's name was Bartley Wilson. His face was being pressed to the floor and he kept begging for mercy without stopping. As one of the loan sharks in the city, Bartley, who wore a thick gold necklace around his neck, knew very well those people who he couldn't afford to offend. He was not afraid to stand up to someone like Stone who was strong and good at fighting, but he was really afraid of the force backing them! "Shut your mouth!" Garry said in a cold voice. Bartley no longer dared to beg for mercy. Garry snorted sarcastically and furrowed his brows. He walked up to Shelly and patted her lightly on the face, but he got no reaction. The woman was still unconscious. "What did you do to her?" Garry turned around and said in a cold voice.