

## **I Am The One chapter 9 Calling for help**

"Don't say a word to him!"

Suddenly, a cry echoed from the front door.

This time, four burly men entered the lobby.

Each held a blunt weapon.

Judging by their uniforms, they appeared to be security guards, similar to the ones Henry had tossed aside earlier.

Of the four security guards, the man at the front appeared to be the most senior and authoritative.

His gaze was piercing, and from his face, he seemed to be approaching his fifties. Compared to the other three men, this man appeared to be the strongest.

Seeing the reinforcements, the security officer lying on the floor quickly got up and joined them.

"Mr. Ferguson, he... he's a troublemaker!"

The man named Walton Ferguson paid little attention to the security officer's words. He strode toward Henry with an air of arrogance.

"Are you here to cause trouble?" The middle-aged man asked dismissively.

"Sorry! You must be mistaken! I'm not here to cause trouble. I just came to meet someone."

"Then you must be a criminal! No one comes to this hotel to attack a security guard! And since you're the only one here, it must be you who did it!"

What kind of thinking was that?

Henry scoffed inwardly.

Just because you're a security guard doesn't mean that anyone who disagrees with you is a criminal.

Even though this kind of thinking was almost commonplace, Henry didn't agree with it.

"I just wanted to meet someone, and I politely asked the hotel staff to contact that person for me. But this officer not only considered me a criminal, he even tried to drag me like an animal! Now tell me, isn't a security officer who uses violence against people just as bad as a tyrant?"

Although Henry didn't explicitly point at the security officer, he felt stung by his words.

"You disrespectful brat! What do you mean by that? Don't play word games with me! You're a troublemaker and you're still trying to deny it!"

Suppressing the pain in his chest, the security officer shouted at Henry.

"Boss and everyone else, don't listen to this sly young man! Let's catch him! After that, we'll silence him so he won't speak so freely in the future!"

Walton, standing at the front, waved his hand.

"Surround him!"

Immediately, the four junior security officers approached Henry from all sides.

The receptionist, witnessing this scene, could only pray in silence.

She hoped that the security officers would show Henry some mercy.

"Sir, forgive me! You shouldn't have gotten involved with Mr. Zachary," she thought with a worried look on her face.

The reason she had called a security officer was on Zachary's orders.

Although the owner of the Emgrand Hotel was mysterious, his father knew him.

Using their good relationship, Zachary acted as if he owned the hotel.

After Henry called him earlier, Zachary had instructed the receptionist to contact security if anyone named Henry inquired about him.

On the other hand, Zachary had also instructed security to arrest Henry and give him a little corporal punishment.

Zachary wanted to show Henry that he was untouchable, a Waterside deity that Henry shouldn't mess with.

"Young man, let me show you a little mercy! Stop resisting, and we may give you the least painful punishment possible!"

As he spoke, Walton's mouth cracked with laughter, as if he found the situation extremely amusing.

"Your minions crumbled without me even touching them; I doubt you'll fare any better!"

What?

Impertinent!

"Everyone, show no mercy! Take him down!"

The middle-aged man lost his patience.

He wasn't just a former bodybuilder, he was also the highest ranking belt in one of the martial arts schools.

Wherever he went, people showed him their respect.

He had been appointed as the head of security here at the special request of the hotel owner, who knew of his abilities.

Although he was a security officer, his salary was not lower than that of a manager. Therefore, like Zachary, he sometimes acted high-handedly in the hotel.

This time, Henry's remarks were a grave insult to him.

The four security guards moved forward together.

In their minds, it was no longer just a matter of capturing Henry, but of destroying him.

Seeing the ferocity in their eyes, Henry quickly understood the situation.

He couldn't afford to be half-hearted with them.

"You're not security! You're a bunch of thugs!"

At the same time, the sound of blunt objects hitting something hard resounded loudly.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

After that, the bodies of the four assailants flew through the air one by one and landed several meters away.

What?

The old man was astonished.

His four subordinates were not ordinary people, they were his hand-picked elite disciples.

Each of them had mastered martial arts techniques just below his level.

However, in front of Henry, they looked like helpless children facing an adult.

"Young man, who are you? Are you a martial artist? What is the name of your school?"

This time, the middle-aged man asked cautiously, showing more restraint after seeing what Henry had just done to his disciples.

What kind of question was that?

Henry, who had spent almost the last twelve years of his life absorbed in books, didn't care.

"I don't understand what you're talking about! I want to give you one last chance! Let me meet Zachary, or you'll end up on the ground just like them!"

"Arrogant! You're just a greenhorn who doesn't know the height of heaven! Don't misunderstand me! I'm asking about your background so that I can destroy it after killing you!"

Despite saying that, the middle-aged man didn't move an inch from where he stood. "Huh! Old man, listen to me! There are two kinds of people in this world. The first type gets wiser as they get older. While the second type, the older they get, the more unreliable their words and actions become. And do you know how I rate you?"

Henry stopped speaking and Walton seemed indifferent.

A few seconds later, Henry's voice, which had been twenty meters away from him, suddenly sounded very close.

"Clearly, you are the second type!"

What?

Before the old man could comprehend it, his body was flung backwards more than fifteen meters.

As his body hit the ground, a pitiful scream filled the air.