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Grass Roots

“Of course, I did. I am not a fool. But I only peeped through the red cloth so that the ginseng wouldn’t escape,” Frederick immediately explained.

His response only served to convince Jared and Josephine that he was cheated. Even William kept shaking his head, displaying a resigned smile.

Frederick was born in a well-to-do family and had never been in the real world, so he was still naive. After all, no one would dare to offend the mayor’s son. Thus, he had no idea how cruel society could be.

That Audi outside the Sullivan residence alone would deter everyone from getting near him. In Horington, People would run away from him no matter where he drove that car.

“I believe that you are not lying. I mean it!” Jared’s tone turned serious suddenly.

Just as Frederick was staring at him confusedly, Jared laughed again. “But I don’t trust the farmer who sold you this. Maybe he cheated you.”

At that, Frederick shot him a glare. I knew it! He still doesn’t believe me!

“I will prove it to you right now! Let’s see whether it is authentic ginseng or not!”

In a panic, Frederick took the box and undid the cord.

After opening the box, he froze on the spot. It turned out there was merely a handful of grass roots inside. The thousand-year-old ginseng root was nowhere in sight.

“Hahaha...”

Upon seeing that, Josephine burst into a peal of laughter. She was laughing so hard that she almost shed tears.

William could not hold in his laughter too.

He paid a million for a few grass roots. That's so pitiful.

"D*mn it. How dare he cheat me? I swear I will find him and sue him. This is unforgivable!"

Upon hearing them laughing at him, Frederick exploded with rage and smashed the box on the floor.

"Do you even know his name? And where does he live? How are you going to find him? That's Yeringham, not Horington. Your father has no power there!"

Jared continued to provoke Frederick. The latter was rendered speechless, and he flushed angrily. Unfortunately, he could not retort as Jared was stating the truth.

"All right, all right. Take it as a lesson learned, then. We all make mistakes in life. Let's continue to savor the tea!"

William immediately tried to defuse the tense moment and save Frederick from the embarrassment.

He figured it would be troublesome if Jared and Frederick got into a fight. After all, he dared not offend the mayor's son either.

"Mr. Sullivan, I still have a few hundred-year-old ginseng roots at home. Those are all authentic. I'll have my chauffeur bring them here now!"

Ashamed by his foolishness, Frederick was eager to make up for it.

"Fred, there's no need for that. I appreciate your goodwill!" William hastened to stop the younger man.

However, Frederick had already walked out to his car. While whispering to his chauffeur, he glanced at Jared occasionally. In the end, the chauffeur nodded and drove out of the residence.

Around twenty minutes later, he returned with a gift box in his hands. As he handed it to Frederick, he whispered something to the latter's ear.

Excitement flitted across Frederick's face, and he cast a scornful look at Jared.

Having signaled the chauffeur to wait outside with a wave of his hand, he walked toward William. “Mr. Sullivan, these are some hundred-year-old ginseng roots. Please have them when you are free.”

That time around, Frederick personally opened the gift box and showed them the ginseng roots. They all seemed to be of good quality.

“Fred, you didn’t have to be so courteous, but since you’ve brought them over, I won’t rebuff your kind gesture!”

With that, William received the box.

“Mr. Sullivan, please take good care of your health. Don’t eat whatever others give to you, especially those from an ex-convict. Those who have been imprisoned are wicked people. Even after they come out of prison, their sinful nature will never change.”

Frederick was looking at Jared while saying that, not even bothering to mask his contempt.

Evidently, he had asked his chauffeur to investigate Jared’s background, which was how he came to know about Jared’s past.

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Money Trees

“Frederick, what are you trying to imply? Not everyone who went to prison is a bad person. Please don’t simply make a judgment like that...”

Josephine was displeased as she knew Frederick was jeering at Jared.

Frederick’s expression darkened when he saw how protective she was toward Jared. “Josephine, why are you attracted to this ex-convict? Why do you keep siding with him? Don’t you know my feelings for you? If we get together, your family will prosper forever in Horington. Imagine that. Wouldn’t that be nice?”

“Frederick, even though many people envy your status, I’m different. I’m not interested in you. Do you understand?”

Josephine cast an annoyed look at Frederick.

“Why? Why is that?” Enraged, Frederick grabbed Josephine’s arm. “Which part of him is better than me? He’s an ex-convict! How could he possibly be better than me?”

His face contorted with rage as he thundered at her.

Josephine furrowed her brows from the pain. “Frederick, you are hurting me!”

As if he had lost his mind, Frederick maintained an iron grip on her, unwilling to let go.

“Fred...”

William’s expression hardened at that scene. That’s crossing the line! How could he injure my daughter before me!

“You’re courting death!”

At that moment, Jared narrowed his eyes as he exuded a menacing aura.

A second later, he clutched Frederick’s wrist forcefully.

Feeling an excruciating pain shooting up his wrist, Frederick shrieked, “Argh!”

His grip on Josephine’s arm loosened, and she seized the opportunity to hide behind Jared.

The next second, Jared thrust his arm forward, intending to land a punch on Frederick.

William’s heart sank, and he quickly yelled, “Jared, please don’t...”

Frederick’s the mayor’s son. The consequences will be unimaginable if he gets beaten. Moreover, if Jared doesn’t hold back his strength and accidentally kills him, we’d be doomed!

Fortunately, Jared stopped his punch in time upon hearing William’s words. Nevertheless, Frederick was so frightened that he wetted himself.

After all, no one had ever dared to lay a finger on him.

“I will kill you if you dare to touch Josephine again!” Jared warned and pushed Frederick abruptly.

Even though it seemed like a gentle nudge, the latter flew out of the pavilion and fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

Frederick stood up immediately, his gaze filled with venom. Staring at his wet pants, he was beyond embarrassed to linger around any longer.

“Bast*rd, you’re just an ex-convict! How dare you go against me? I will make sure you pay for this! Just you wait and see!”

Having spat a threat, he turned and left.

Once he was out of sight, William sighed in relief. “Luckily, you stopped in time. If you had punched him, the consequences would have been terrible! He’s the mayor’s son, after all!”

“I broke his wrist, though,” Jared remarked faintly.

He had long known about Frederick’s identity, but it did not bother him in the least.

“What?” William was dumbstruck. “D-Did you say you broke Frederick’s wrist? This is bad!”

Josephine was startled too. “We’re doomed. He won’t let this slide so easily!”

The father and daughter duo was filled with apprehension.

“It seems like we will need to find Mr. Grange for a favor. Even though he has retired from the state government, I supposed he still has the connections. He should be able to help!”

The first person that crossed William’s mind was Walter.

Even though the Sullivan family was the richest in Horington, they were merely money trees in the eyes of the politicians.

“I don’t think we have to panic even if he’s the mayor’s son. Plus, it’s not like a broken wrist is incurable. As the mayor, his father should be a reasonable man.”

Jared was puzzled upon seeing how concerned William looked.

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Less Than A Thousand

“The thing is, Frederick is too used to having his way all the time because of his social status. Although his father, Mr. Lowe, is an honest and upright man, he’s too busy with work to keep track of his son’s behavior. At the same time, no one around him dared to tell him anything bad about his son. That’s how Frederick has become so bumptious. I’ll go and get some pointers from Mr. Grange regarding this.” William left to find Walter after saying that.

“You shouldn’t have been so rough! We might be in trouble now!” Josephine shot Jared a helpless look.

“Well, that’s what happens when someone lays a finger on you!” the man said with a straight face while staring at her.

Upon seeing how protective Jared was of her, Josephine could not help but feel touched. After rolling her eyes at him, she suggested, “You better leave and lie low in the meantime. Let my dad consult Mr. Grange first. You should only return once they’ve settled that matter.”

Josephine then pushed Jared out of the residence, urging him to leave as soon as possible as she was afraid Frederick might bring some men over to take revenge.

Left with no choice, Jared let out a resigned sigh and headed home. Since the resources inside the Starry Compass were enough for him to cultivate for a full day, he did not go anywhere else.

The following morning, William gave Jared a call to invite him over to the Sullivan residence. As it was his future father-in-law’s order, he dared not defy it.

When Jared arrived at the Sullivan residence, he saw the older man had filled the trunk of a car with gifts.

“Jared, I’ll bring you to visit Mr. Lowe at his home. We should go over and apologize sincerely. Being the honorable man he is, I think he’ll forgive you,” William said.

Jared had initially thought of rejecting the idea but changed his mind upon seeing the dark eye circles on William’s face. He must’ve been up all night worrying about it!

Josephine wanted to go along as well, but William thought it was a bad idea because things could potentially get ugly if a scuffle were to break out due to her.

After making all the preparations, William drove Jared to the mayor’s house.

Glen Lowe had been the mayor of Horington for more than a decade by then. Through his own hard work, he successfully developed Horington from a town to a city. Indeed, he was a competent government official.

Soon, they arrived in an old neighborhood. Glen’s house was a simple two-story house with a land size of around two hundred square meters.

It was an extremely unorthodox sight for Glen to live in such a neighborhood, considering how successful he was as the mayor of the city over the past decade. Yet, there was a luxury car worth over a million parked in front of the house. Needless to say, the car seemed to be sticking out like a sore thumb.

“Watch what you say when we’re inside. Also, don’t do anything impulsive!” William exhorted.

Jared nodded in acquiescence.

Upon ringing the doorbell, a middle-aged woman in an apron answered the door. That woman was none other than Glen’s wife, Helen Wood.

“Hi, Mrs. Lowe! We’ve made an appointment with Mr. Lowe!” William greeted in a respectful manner when he saw the middle-aged woman.

Jared was shocked to learn about the woman’s identity. She’s the mayor’s wife? Isn’t she dressed a bit too casually for a woman of her social status?

“Come on in, Sullivan! Glen told me you were coming.” Helen welcomed their arrival cheerfully. “Why did you bring gifts along? Don’t you know Glen doesn’t like receiving gifts?”

“These are just food such as milk and honey, Mrs. Lowe. Don’t worry; the total value isn’t over a thousand!” William explained hastily.

Apparently, Glen had a quirky rule for visitors. Regardless of his relationships with them, he would refuse to receive their gifts if they were worth over a thousand.

Helen only accepted the gifts upon hearing William’s explanation. “Please sit, the both of you. Glen is still having a meeting with some businessmen. I think he’ll be done shortly!”

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Honorable

“Thank you, Mrs. Lowe!” William smiled faintly before sitting down on a couch along with Jared.

While waiting for Glen, the latter took the opportunity to scan the room he was in. The furniture in this house is old and worthless. This doesn’t seem like a house fit for a mayor at all! Besides, Helen’s so friendly and humble, although she’s the mayor’s wife. I don’t understand how Frederick ended up being so different from his mother.

Not long after that, the door to the study was opened, and four men walked out.

One of them was Glen. He was in his forties and looked like a total gentleman with glasses on. Although he was dressed in simple clothing, he exuded an authoritative aura.

The three other men must be the businessmen Helen mentioned. One of them was a skinny guy with a goatee. Apart from his glinting eyes, Jared felt a wave of spiritual energy emitting from his body.

“Is he an energy cultivator as well?” Jared mumbled under his breath and could not help sparing him a few more looks.

“I hope you’d reconsider our offer, Mr. Lowe. Our investment would definitely bring more opportunities to Horington and help in the city’s economic development. As long as you’re willing to give us the southern region, we can transform it into another city within three years,” the businessman with a goatee declared.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t make my decision solely based on financial gains and have my descendants denounce me. Besides, I must look after the welfare of the citizens. Money isn’t the only thing I need to safeguard my position. The support of the people is also essential. I don’t think we need to discuss this further. Show yourselves out,” Glen said with a frosty expression on his face.

It was apparent that his meeting with the businessmen had ended on a sour note.

“Well, if you’re so adamant about it, Mr. Lowe, I guess we have nothing else to talk about. Goodbye!” With that, the businessman with a goatee reached out for a handshake.

Although the discussion was not fruitful, a customary handshake was still deemed necessary. Hence, Glen shook the man’s hand.

As soon as their hands came into contact, a wisp of black mist could be seen being transferred from the man’s palm into Glen’s body.

While Glen was utterly oblivious to it, Jared witnessed the whole thing. He furrowed his brows immediately and stared intently at the man.

It was as if the businessman was aware of it, for he turned his head toward Jared and gave him a once-over before shifting his gaze back to Glen.

After the three businessmen left, Glen looked terribly enraged as he sat sipping the tea prepared by Helen.

“Glen, Sullivan has been waiting for you!” Helen reminded.

With that, Glen came back to his senses. Standing up with an apologetic look, he greeted William, “Hi, Sullivan! Come and have a sit. I was so upset that I’d forgotten about you!”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, Mr. Lowe. You’re working so hard day and night for Horington! We’re very grateful for your time!” William then walked toward Glen, with Jared following closely behind.

“Sullivan, you’re one of the main reasons Horington has become what it is today! Without your help, it’d be an impossible feat for me.” Glen chuckled and continued, “Fred had kept me up to date regarding your family’s land at the western part of the city. I’ve already arranged for people to expedite the approvals. As long as it’s a legitimate business, you can always come to me directly. There’s no need to ask Fred to be the middleman!”

He then queried, “On a side note, Mr. Grange told me on the phone that you’ve come to apologize to me. What’s that about?”

In response, William explained hurriedly, “There was a misunderstanding between Jared and Fred at my house yesterday, Mr. Lowe. A scuffle broke out, and Jared acted impulsively when he struck Fred. Hence, I’ve brought him here to apologize for his mistakes.”

Glen cast a glance at Jared and flashed a faint smile. “It’s normal for youngsters to have a bit of a temper. You didn’t have to get Mr. Grange to call me for such a trivial matter. I thought you had done something illegal. If that’s the case, it would never work no matter who calls me!”

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Misfortune

“No, that’s not it...” William shook his head before turning to Jared and instructed, “Apologize to Mr. Lowe first, Jared.”

Jared had a good first impression of Glen. Based on what he saw, he could tell that Glen was a righteous government official. After meeting his parents, I seriously think Frederick was an adopted son!

“I’ve gone a step too far yesterday when I broke your son’s wrist, Mr. Lowe. However, it isn’t a permanent injury. His wrist will still be fully functional,” Jared said impassively.

His attitude was halfhearted because he felt like he had nothing to apologize for. The only reason he was amiable toward Glen was that he respected him as a good government official.

Upon hearing that Frederick's wrist was broken, both Glen and Helen frowned.

Seeing that, William immediately explained and told them everything that had happened the day before, including the fact that Frederick was forceful toward Josephine in front of the others.

At that, Glen flushed furiously and looked at Helen. "Has that rascal returned home?"

"No, he hasn't been back since yesterday!" she answered, shaking her head.

After clenching his teeth, he roared, "I'll break that rascal's legs the moment he returns home!"

Having said that, he took out his phone and called his chauffeur.

The chauffeur arrived almost instantly and was bewildered to see William and Jared inside the house.

"You asked for m-me, Mr. Lowe?" he asked, trembling with fear.

"Sebastian, did that rascal use my car yesterday?" Glen asked sternly.

"N-No..."

The chauffeur was stuttering so much that he could not even finish a complete sentence.

Bam!

Glen slammed the table angrily and thundered, "Spill the truth!"

The chauffeur shuddered violently and blurted, "Yes, he did use your car!"

When Glen heard that, he trembled with rage. "Didn't I tell you not to let him use my car? That's not his car! That car belongs to the government! How could you let him use as he pleases? Do you want to get fired?"

Sebastian was befuddled. In fact, he was so scared that he was on the verge of crying.

When Helen saw that, she rushed toward Glen and advised, “Calm yourself down, Glen. Otherwise, you’re going to get sick again! I’ll have a talk with Fred, okay? Since his wrist is broken, don’t you think we should first find out where he is?”

“What for? Just let him die on the streets!” Glen was so enraged that his chest was heaving rapidly. “That rascal’s going to ruin my legacy sooner or later!”

Helen kept patting his back before shifting her gaze toward Sebastian. “Do you know where Fred is, Sebastian?”

“Mr. Lowe is currently at the hospital. They’ve re-attached his wrist. However, I believe he’s busy contacting people to seek revenge,” Sebastian replied truthfully. Being in hot water himself, he gave up on covering for Frederick.

“That rascal has the nerve to seek revenge?” Glen leaped to his feet and barked, “Get him here this instant! If he refuses to come back, he’s no longer allowed to return home forever!”

Sebastian nodded and left in a hurry.

“Mr. Lowe, Fred is still young. Don’t be too hard on him!” William quickly advised.

Glen let out a sigh. “Sullivan, this is so embarrassing. I guess it’s my family’s misfortune to have such a useless son.”

The mayor then shifted his gaze toward Jared shamefully and said, “I’m sorry you have to see this, young man. I feel so ashamed of my disobedient son. He deserves to be punished, so I don’t blame you. We, as parents, have failed at parenting!”

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Soul Capturing Technique

“No one is perfect, Mr. Lowe. I believe your son will change for the better under the continuous guidance of you and your wife!” Jared was very impressed with Glen’s personality.

Frederick must’ve only become who he is today because Glen was too busy at work. He must’ve been so focused on his duty that he has neglected his son, causing the latter to have an arrogant personality.

Soon, Sebastian arrived with Frederick, who had a bandaged arm. The injury he sustained on his wrist had obviously been taken care of.

After walking through the door, he was not surprised to see William and Jared. It seemed like Sebastian had kept him up to speed while on the way there.

“Dad...” Frederick called out in a shaky voice.

“You rascal! I’m going to beat you up!” Glen picked up a stool and aimed it at him. The latter was so frightened that he cowered in the corner of the room. It was apparent that he feared his father a lot.

“What are you doing, Glen?” Helen abruptly grabbed her husband while signaling Frederick to run upstairs through her gaze.

“Calm down, Mr. Lowe!” William approached him and urged.

Suddenly, Glen, still raising the stool, blacked out and collapsed to the ground.

The sudden turn of events startled William and Helen.

“Glen! Glen!” Helen yelled anxiously before turning to Sebastian and ordering, “Quickly send him to the hospital!”

“Wait!” Jared rushed toward Glen and put his palm on the latter’s forehead.

While she looked at him puzzledly, William remembered that Jared was a Miracle Doctor.

“Jared is well-versed in medicine, Mrs. Lowe! Let him check on Mr. Lowe!” William explained.

Helen nodded, although she was still doubting Jared’s capability. By then, beads of cold sweat had broken out on her brow from anxiety.

Jared furrowed his brows upon checking Glen's condition, and his expression turned grim.

"Jared, is it bad?" William panicked after noticing the look on the younger man's face.

Where are we going to find a leader as upright as Glen if something goes wrong?

Jared shook his head. "Mr. Lowe only collapsed due to fury. He's going to be fine!" However, he was actually more concerned about another matter.

Someone has used the Soul Capturing Technique on Glen! It must've been the man with a goatee! He must've done it when he shook hands with Glen. My earlier guess was correct.

The purpose of the Soul Capturing Technique was to make someone lose their soul temporarily. In other words, the victim would essentially turn into a walking corpse and would fully be under the caster's control.

Evidently, the man with the goatee had used the technique on Glen so that he would be given control over the land in the southern area of the city.

"Since he's going to be okay, it's time you wake Mr. Lowe up!" William quickly urged upon seeing how worried Helen was.

Jared nodded before applying pressure on one of Glen's acupressure points. In an instant, the mayor regained consciousness and opened his eyes slowly.

"Glen, you're awake! You scared me to death!" Helen let out a long sigh of relief.

Although Glen had woken up, he appeared visibly dazed. "What happened to me?"

"You blacked out due to fury! I've told you countless times to control your temper, haven't I? Why do you not listen? Luckily this young man is here with us. Otherwise, what were we supposed to do?" she grumbled while helping him up.

Glen looked at Jared with bafflement written all over his face. "You know medicine?"

“Just a little!” The latter nodded.

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A Load Of Nonsense

“Mr. Lowe, Jared knows a lot in medicine. In fact, he was the one who cured my sickness!” William told Glen proudly.

Jared would become his son-in-law eventually, so he took pride in the young man’s capabilities.

“Is that so? I couldn’t tell since he’s so young!”

Glen did not take William’s words seriously. In his opinion, excelling in medicine would take years. As Jared seemed like he was only in his twenties, he deemed it unthinkable for him to be a medical expert. Nevertheless, he did not retort William.

Just then, Helen said to William, “Sullivan, please stay for lunch. I’m going to cook now.”

William immediately responded, “Mrs. Lowe, there’s no need for the trouble—”

“Sullivan, it’s not an inconvenience at all. Here, take a seat and play two rounds of chess with me. And let’s drink during lunch!” interjected Glen, waving his hands at him.

Upon seeing that, William did not reject anymore. He sat down and started playing chess with Glen.

Jared watched their chess game from the side. He was hesitating if he should tell Glen about the Soul Capturing Technique.

After pondering for a while, he decided to reveal everything to the latter. Otherwise, Glen might be manipulated by those so-called businessmen.

“Mr. Lowe, there’s something I need to tell you,” Jared piped up.

“What is it? Just tell me.” Glen did not even lift his head as he uttered a reply.

“When I checked your body just now, I found out that you have been cast with the Soul Capturing Technique. Someone is trying to manipulate you, most probably those businessmen.” Jared told everything that he had discovered.

Right after he spoke, Glen put aside the chess piece in his hand and raised his head. Staring at Jared sternly, he said, “Young lad, why are you so superstitious when we’re living in a modern era? Soul Capturing Technique? That’s the most foolish thing I have ever heard! Aren’t you too ignorant?”

As the mayor of a city, unquestionably, Glen did not believe in his words and regarded manifestations of supernatural origin as tricks meant to deceive others.

Meanwhile, William’s expression turned solemn after he heard Jared. After all, he had witnessed Jared’s ability in Lagrange Monastery with his own eyes. Thus, he knew the latter was not fooling around.

“Jared, are you speaking the truth? Are you certain about that?” he asked, facing the young man.

Jared nodded in affirmation.

With that, William shifted his gaze toward Glen. “Mr. Lowe, Jared knows about magical techniques. He can perceive things that most of us cannot. Maybe you should let him—”

“Shut up!” Glen furrowed his brows. “Sullivan, you are not a young lad anymore. How could you believe such nonsense coming out of a kid’s mouth? Soul Capturing Technique? Where exactly is my soul then?”

“Mr. Lowe, please listen to me. It’s—”

“Sullivan, if you don’t stop now, I’ll have to ask you to leave. This is a load of nonsense!”

Glen’s countenance was frosty. He was evidently averse to Jared’s words. After all, a man of his status could not believe in such things.

Seeing that he was adamant about it, William dared not press on. Jared also shook his head and kept quiet.

A short while later, Helen finished preparing the meal and invited them to the dining table. However, the atmosphere during lunch was somewhat awkward. Glen's face was black as thunder throughout the whole meal.

After lunch, William and Jared did not linger in the mayor's house for long.

On their way back, William was still concerned. "Jared, was Mr. Lowe really cast with the Soul Capturing Technique?"

"Yes, it's true!" Jared nodded.

"Then you should find a way to save him. A leader as good as him is hard to come by. Even though he might be conservative at times, he is a righteous and just person!" William implored, casting a pleading look at him.

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A Mage

"I will!"

Even if William did not mention it, Jared would never let those businessmen have their ways. After all, it was related to the well-being of all the citizens in Horington.

Upon receiving his assurance, William heaved a sigh of relief. He had utter faith in Jared as he had witnessed his extraordinary capabilities.

Halfway through the car ride, Jared alighted the vehicle. Instead of following William to the Sullivan residence, he called Tommy and asked the latter to gather some men.

Moments later, Tommy arrived with a group of subordinates.

"Mr. Chance, did something bad happen?" he queried as soon as he arrived.

"Stop asking questions. Just come with me."

Jared brought him and the others to stand guard outside Glen's house.

“Uh... Isn't this Mr. Lowe's house? Mr. Chance, w-what are you trying to do?”
An awkward look crept onto Tommy's face.

Even though he was the underground king of Horington, he was still afraid of Glen, the real king of Horington.

“I said stop asking questions!” Jared snapped as he reclined his seat.

Then, he lay down and closed his eyes to rest, ignoring Tommy.

Meanwhile, the three businessmen were in a remote inn in Horington.

The inn's living condition was terrible, hardly up to par with their statuses as businessmen. It seemed rather strange that the three of them would choose to stay in such a place.

The businessman with a goatee sat on the bed inside the room, whereas the other two stood humbly beside him.

His eyes were closed as he sat cross-legged. While his fingers moved rapidly, his lips quivered from him murmuring a long chant.

Just then, a wisp of black mist rushed out of his finger and vanished instantly.

“All right! It's done!” The businessman with a goatee sneered.

“Hahaha! There's nothing that Mr. White can't do!” A slightly plump businessman let out a boisterous laugh.

As a matter of fact, only the other two men—one plump and the other thin—were actual businessmen, but not the man with a goatee. His true identity was a mage.

In the city where they came from, many people believed in magic, so there were many mages there.

Be it choosing an address for a new company, naming a child, or even choosing the venue for a business meal, people would seek help from a mage.

Even though there were many fake mages around swindling people out of money, there were some competent ones. They knew all sorts of magical

techniques such as capturing souls, exorcising demons, and curing some intractable diseases.

Hence, those mages rose to fame. Some were even engaged by the rich.

The man with a goatee, Nicholas White, was a skilled mage with the greatest reputation in that city. The two businessmen had hired him with a huge sum of money.

They were interested in Horington and wanted to start some highly profitable businesses. However, as they would cause heavy pollution, they feared the mayor of Horington—who was well-known to be an honorable man—would rebuff them. Thus, they invited Nicholas to come over with them.

At that moment, the thin businessman took out the contract he had prepared beforehand. His lips curled into a smirk as he uttered, “I have already prepared the contract. All that’s left now is to wait for Glen to come and sign the contract. Once the deal’s sealed, he won’t be able to deny it!”

In fact, they had used the same method to settle many tricky deals and had never failed before.

“Transfer fifty million into my account after it’s done,” Nicholas said faintly.

“Will do!” the two businessmen replied obsequiously, nodding non-stop.

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No One Is Allowed To Move

Meanwhile, back in the Lowe residence, Glen, who was napping, suddenly opened his eyes.

He stared right at the ceiling with a glazed look in his eyes.

A few seconds later, he stood up, put on his coat, and walked out with a stiff gait.

Helen was cleaning the living room when she saw him walking out of the bedroom. Puzzled, she asked, "Glen, did something happen? Why did you wake up from your nap suddenly?"

Yet, he ignored her and opened the door to leave the house.

"Why isn't he answering me?" Helen grumbled but did not read into it.

She then continued to do her chores.

After walking out of the house, Glen got into his car and drove off.

"Mr. Chance! He came out. He's out!" Tommy saw Glen driving away and immediately nudged Jared.

Jared sat upright and observed Glen closely. Right away, he understood what was going on. "Follow him!" he ordered.

Tommy immediately started the engine and followed Glen's car.

Glen's car swerved around Horington for a long while and eventually stopped in front of a remote inn.

"What is he doing at such a place?" Tommy asked quizzically.

Jared glanced at the shabby inn and did not respond to him. Instead, he got out of the car and watched Glen walk into the building.

"Order your men to surround this inn. No one is allowed to leave!"

Without delay, he gave Tommy an instruction.

The latter nodded and shifted his gaze toward his subordinates. "Here's an order from Mr. Chance. Surround the inn, and don't let anyone leave. You'll pay with your life if you miss even a fly!" he uttered coldly.

"Yes, Sir!" The men from Templar Regiment immediately surrounded the inn and were on standby.

"Go in there with me!" Jared brought Tommy into the inn.

Inside one of the rooms on the second floor, Glen was standing inside like a puppet. There was no trace of life within his eyes.

Nicholas and the two businessmen stared at him and burst into laughter.

“Hahaha! What a useless mayor. He’s just a pawn in our hands!”

The plump businessman guffawed as he patted Glen’s face provocatively.

The thin businessman, too, yelled with elation, “Who would have thought that the mayor of Horington would become our puppet. From now on, the entire Horington will belong to us...”

“Hurry, take out the contract and let him sign it first!” Nicholas urged.

His task would only be completed after Glen signed the contract, and Nicholas would then receive his pay.

The thin businessman immediately whipped out the contract and handed it to Glen with a pen. “Sign the contract now!”

Without hesitation, the latter took the pen and signed his name on the contract.

He also took the seal from his briefcase and stamped it on the contract.

“It’s a done deal! Hahaha!”

Holding the contract, the two businessmen laughed like maniacs.

Nicholas also smirked. “Sirs, since the matter has been settled, shouldn’t you pay me now?”

“Of course!”

The plump businessman hurriedly took out his phone and transferred fifty million into Nicholas’ bank account.

Seeing the notification on his phone, Nicholas beamed with joy.

Bam!

When the three of them were overwhelmed with delight, someone suddenly kicked the door open.

Tommy rushed in with a ferocious expression while Jared followed behind.

“Kneel on the floor! No one is allowed to move!” the former barked, wielding a heavy, broad blade.

The menacing look he displayed caused the two businessmen to think he was a robber.

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 250

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 250

Lame Trick

While the duo’s attention was on Tommy, Nicholas spotted Jared and frowned.

He remembered seeing him in Glen’s house before.

At that time, he had taken a gander at Jared because he had a vague feeling that the latter was different from others. Nonetheless, he could not put his finger on it.

After all, Jared was an energy cultivator. A mere mage would not be able to detect his spiritual energy.

“Who are you guys? How dare you try to rob us? Do you know who he is?” the plump businessman berated.

“That’s right. This man is Glen, the mayor of Horington. Do you want to go to prison?” the thin businessman chimed in.

“D*mn you! Stop talking and kneel now!” Tommy spat and kicked the two businessmen forcefully, causing them to fall to the floor.

As they were used to living a luxurious life, they could not withstand his kick and groaned on the ground.

“Young man, tell us what you want. Just don’t hurt us!” Nicholas said while looking at Jared.

He could tell that Jared was the one who had the final say.

Jared's lips curled as he said disdainfully, "You know what I want. How dare you use the Soul Capturing Technique in Horington?"

"Who are you?" Nicholas scowled and reckoned Jared was also a mage since he could name the Soul Capturing Technique.

"There's no need for you to know who I am!"

Jared shifted his gaze toward Glen, who was standing emotionlessly, before casting a surge of spiritual energy into his head. The latter trembled, and life returned to his eyes.

"W-Where am I?" Glen asked in shock when he came around.

"Mr. Lowe, these men made you come here using the Soul Capturing Technique," Jared explained.

That time around, Glen did not berate him. Instead, he stared at the two businessmen lying on the floor and Nicholas, who was visibly anxious.

Overwhelmed with bewilderment, he could not wrap his head around the whole situation.

Jared pointed at the two businessmen and commanded, "Explain everything to Mr. Lowe now!"

"Speak!" Tommy pressed his blade against their necks.

With that, the two businessmen recoiled in fear. When they were about to come clean, Nicholas suddenly took a bag and shook it forcefully.

Wisps of black mist rushed out from the bag and filled the room instantly.

Fear rooted Glen to the spot. Tommy, on the other hand, did not show any reaction. He was not afraid as he had seen such sinister spirits in Lagrange Monastery, not to mention Jared had told him about it too.

"What a lame trick!" Jared sneered.

Opening his mouth, he sucked the black mists into his stomach.

That sight threw Nicholas off.

Needless to say, Glen was utterly baffled. It was beyond his comprehension as he had never witnessed such a sight.

Thud!

Scared out of his wits, Nicholas dropped to his knees before Jared.

“Please spare my life. I’ve learned my mistake...” he pleaded, groveling on the floor.

In Nicholas’ eyes, Jared was in the same trade as him, but the younger man was more skilled.

“Explain everything to Mr. Lowe!” Jared ordered.

With all the fight trickled out of him, Nicholas dared not disobey Jared and recounted the whole event to Glen.