

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 281

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Kidnapped

Having spent the past few days with Tyrion, Sandy felt that her status had risen. Hence, she now despised Leyton.

Leyton was stunned. Looking at Sandy, he cursed her in his heart but gave her Josephine's number nonetheless.

Sandy made the call immediately.

At that moment, Josephine was sitting in the courtyard, feeling bored and unhappy. "It has been so many days, and Jared hasn't come once. Is he still upset with me for the other day?"

Josephine was caught in a dilemma. She wanted to look for Jared, but at the same time, she hoped that Jared would come and look for her first.

Just then, her phone rang. Josephine had thought it was Jared, so she grabbed her phone happily. However, she saw that it was a call from an unknown number.

"Hello?" Josephine answered the call.

"Josephine, I'm Sandy. I'm at 17 Phoenix Road. I want to meet you to talk about Jared!"

The moment the call was answered, Sandy said what she needed to say in a haughty manner. She had absolutely no respect for Josephine.

In the past, Sandy would have never dared to speak to Josephine in that manner.

However, now that she was with Tyrion, Sandy had become much bolder than before.

"What? Just because you tell me to go, I should do as you say? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Josephine was enraged by Sandy's attitude.

"Josephine, if you are scared, then don't come!"

Before Josephine could respond, Sandy ended the call.

Josephine was so furious that her face flushed.

"What's the big deal? Let's see what you are up to!"

Josephine got up and drove to Phoenix Road.

When she got there, she saw Sandy waiting for her.

She got out of her car and asked Sandy, "So, what is it regarding Jared that you want to tell me?"

Sandy grinned devilishly and said, "I want to tell you that Jared is about to die!"

When Josephine saw Sandy's expression, her heart skipped a beat. She glared at Sandy and said, "Stop talking rubbish! Why would Jared be dead?"

"She isn't talking rubbish. Jared is going to die very soon because I am going to kill him!"

Right then, Leyton appeared with two bodyguards from the Whitaker family.

"What are you guys doing?"

Josephine took a few steps back in fear. She felt that something was amiss.

"You will know very soon!" Leyton smiled. "Grab her!"

The two bodyguards went up to grab hold of Josephine and knocked her out.

After that, they put a sack over her, threw her into the trunk, and drove off.

Sandy flashed a smirk as she watched the car drive away.

In the mansion on top of Dragon Summit, Jared had been busy cultivating and making the revitalizing pills.

At this moment, his phone rang.

It was William, and he sounded worried. “Jared, is Josephine with you?”

“No, she isn’t. What happened?” Jared frowned.

“Bad news. Josephine is missing. I called her, but there was no answer. Her car is not at home either. She has never gone missing like this before!” said William anxiously.

“Mr. Sullivan, don’t worry. I will come over right now!”

Jared immediately made his way to the Sullivan residence.

On the way there, he phoned Josephine several times, but no one picked up.

Feeling uneasy, he quickly called Tommy.

“Tommy, get every man who is available and search the entire city for Josephine! Keep an eye out for her car too!” Jared instructed icily.

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A Fitting Sendoff

Jared stepped forward and yanked on Sandy’s hair. He demanded menacingly, “Where is Josephine?”

Sandy returned his glare and raged, “Don’t you dare hit me, Jared! Or Mr. Whitaker will come for your head!”

Slap! Slap!

Jared struck her mercilessly, knocking out an alarming number of her teeth and causing her face to swell painfully.

“I’ll only ask you one more time. Where is Josephine?”

Sandy appeared far meeker as she stammered, “I-I don’t know. How would I know where she is?”

Her answer brought a frown to Jared’s face. I didn’t think she’d be so stubborn!

He loosened his hold on her and ordered, “Tommy, you know what to do!”

Tommy nodded, beating Sandy up to frighten her into revealing Josephine’s location.

It paid off as Sandy piped up weakly, “Okay, I’m telling! I’m telling.”

She lay in a heap on the ground, a mess of bruises and broken limbs.

Jared knelt and stared coldly at her without a single hint of pity in his eyes.

She confessed fearfully, “I only know that Leyton took Josephine away. My job was to lure her out, and Tyrion was the mastermind behind all this. But I swear, I have no idea where she is now!”

She knew she had to be honest with Jared if she wished for a chance to live.

Jared scrunched his brows in concern. Josephine is in unimaginable danger if Leyton and Tyrion are behind her kidnapping!

He swore under his breath, “Leyton Scott, I spared you once, but you seem determined to court your own death!”

A murderous aura emanated from Jared’s being, and even Sandy shuddered from the intensity of his emotions.

“What should we do next, Mr. Chance?” asked Tommy.

Jared declared, “Have our men surround the Scott residence. Do not let any of them escape!”

“Understood!” Tommy nodded and immediately made the arrangements to swarm the Scott residence.

“I can be merciful if Josephine is unharmed. Otherwise, you will all pay for this sin with your lives!”

Having said that, Jared drove as fast as he could toward the Scott residence.

Meanwhile, Tyrion was chewing on a cigarette as he leered at an unconscious Josephine in an abandoned factory on the outskirts of Horington.

Stunning. She's an absolute masterpiece!

Tyrion sighed with pleasure as he ogled the subject of his obsession.

Leyton was getting impatient. He asked, "Are we going to call Jared over, Mr. Whitaker?"

He wanted to get rid of Jared as soon as possible instead of living in fear.

"Get lost! I'll decide when to invite our dear Jared over!" Tyrion barked, frightening Leyton into scrambling out of the room.

Josephine regained consciousness a while later. She panicked once she realized that she was bound up.

Tyrion hastily reassured, "Don't be scared, Josephine. I'm not going to hurt you. I just wanted to talk to you."

"Tyrion?" Josephine was stunned. "W-Why did you kidnap me?"

"You're mistaken. Leyton kidnapped you, and I came to save you," Tyrion lied easily. He approached Josephine and freed her from her binds.

Her panic reduced as Tyrion untied her, and her countenance improved significantly.

"What happened?" Josephine asked, rotating her wrists to reduce their soreness.

Tyrion replied, "Leyton remains vengeful toward Jared, and he's using you as bait to lure Jared here and kill him."

Josephine grew alarmed and pleaded, "Give me a phone, Tyrion! I need to call Jared and warn him!"

Her concern ignited Tyrion's jealousy, and he spat, "Why are you so worried over an ex-convict?"

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The Stupid Son

Josephine was taken aback by the venom in Tyrion's words. Unease grew in her chest as she asked hesitantly, "What are you talking about, Tyrion?"

"What else could I be talking about?" Anger distorted Tyrion's features as he continued, "I've been courting you for years to no avail. Now, you've fallen for an ex-convict of all people! Tell me! How am I worse than Jared?"

He grabbed Josephine's elbow in the middle of his impassioned speech.

"Tyrion! Who told you all this?"

Josephine finally identified the crux of the matter. Someone must've tipped him off. Tyrion knows about everything in Horington despite being in far-off Summerbank.

Tyrion tightened his grip on her elbow and demanded, "That's none of your business! Tell me! How is Jared better than me?"

Josephine winced in pain and yelled, "Let me go! You're hurting me! You're nothing like Jared!"

She shot him a disgusted glare for good measure.

"B*tch!" Tyrion barked and slapped Josephine's face. Her cheek throbbed painfully.

Tyrion hissed, "Listen carefully! You're going to witness Jared's death at my hands today! No one can steal my woman away from me!"

"I'll never forgive you if you hurt Jared!" Josephine threatened.

Tyrion scoffed, "Hmph! You're only fueling my determination to torture Jared!"

He turned around and left the room, slamming the door behind him.

Josephine banged on the door and shouted, "Let me go, Tyrion! Let me out of this place! I swear, I'll kill you if you hurt Jared!"

Her threats fell on deaf ears, and her attempts to escape were futile.

Eventually, she exhausted herself and leaned against a wall. She prayed fervently, "Jared, please! Please don't come!"

Blissfully oblivious to the trouble that would befall the Scott family, Yoel presided over a family meeting to discuss their situation after offering their property development companies to Jared. Despite securing their safety, the Scotts now found themselves in a precarious financial situation.

The companies comprised half the assets of the Scott family. Losing such an enormous portion of their wealth was a staggering blow.

From where he sat at the head of the room, Yoel announced sternly, "As long as you're a Scott, you're obligated to assume a low profile in public. Our influence is not as powerful as it used to be. We'll be adjusting manpower allocations as well."

Suddenly, a household staff burst into the room and reported, "Old Mr. Scott, this is bad! Someone has surrounded the Scott residence!"

"What? Who?" Yoel thundered. "The Scott family may be weaker now, but we will not stand for any oppression against our family. Everyone! We will confront these hooligans together!"

The Scotts headed outside under Yoel's orders.

The moment he exited his house, Yoel suddenly stopped in his tracks. The anger on his face morphed into a placating smile with impressive speed. He greeted, "Mr. Chance, Mr. Lewis, what a surprise! Please, come in and have a seat!"

He glared at the servant who had informed him of the visitors. Why didn't he report things more clearly? If I had known Jared and Tommy were here, I wouldn't have rallied my entire family to confront them!

The servant felt wronged as well. Old Mr. Scott was the one who rushed off before I finished explaining things!

Jared looked downright hostile as Tommy demanded fiercely, “Where’s your son Leyton? Get his *ss out here right now!”

Yoel’s heart almost stopped when he heard Tommy’s words. What has my stupid son done now?

“Mr. Lewis, my son isn’t at home. My men have been trying to contact him as well,” Yoel sputtered.

He had indeed attempted to call Leyton earlier for their family meeting. After several failed attempts, Yoel had given up and begun the meeting without Leyton.

“Who the h*ll do you think you’re fooling?” Tommy swore as he rushed forward and grabbed Yoel by his shirt collars.

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Sealing His [search Doom](#)

Yoel paled and babbled, “I’m not lying, Mr. Lewis! I swear to God I’m telling the truth! I really couldn’t reach my son!”

“Let him go, Tommy,” Jared ordered.

The old man’s fear was proof enough of his honesty.

Tommy released Yoel, much to the latter’s relief. Yoel asked cautiously, “Mr. Chance, Mr. Lewis, what has my foolish son done to offend you both this time?”

“Leyton provoked us and the Sullivans by kidnapping Ms. Josephine Sullivan!” Tommy spat.

Yoel almost fell from shock.

He sputtered furiously, “T-This fool! How dare he kidnap Ms. Sullivan?”

Jared and Josephine's relationship was public news at this point, and Leyton's actions were hardly that of a clueless man. The Sullivans were the wealthiest family in Horington, and they maintained a tense but civil relationship with the Scotts. If Leyton had masterminded Josephine's kidnapping, the Sullivan family would have no qualms about using their massive wealth to ruin the Scott family.

Tommy dealt the final blow by declaring, "Our sources have confirmed that Leyton is involved."

"A fool! An utter fool!" Yoel pounded his chest in exasperation before ordering the Scotts, "Get on your phones and contact Leyton at once! Order him to return this instant! I'm going to break both his legs!"

The Scott family members scuttled off to call Leyton just as Jared's phone rang.

Jared answered the call, and Leyton's smug voice drifted through the receiver. "Jared, Josephine's in my hands now. If you want to keep her safe, come to the abandoned factory in the west country of Horington. You must show up alone, or Josephine will be in danger!"

Jared gritted out, "Fine! If you touch a single hair on Josephine, I'll send the entire Scott family to the afterlife!"

He exuded a murderous aura that caused everyone in the Scott residence to tremble in fear, including Yoel.

The Scott patriarch bellowed at his son, "You b*stard! Release Ms. Sullivan this instant and come back to beg for mercy!"

Leyton seemed taken aback by his father's orders, but he replied in defiance, "Stay out of this, Dad! Jared won't harm our family now that we've got a more powerful backer!"

Jared sneered in response. "Do you mean the Whitaker family from Summerbank? No one will be able to save you once I'm there!"

"Enough with your empty boasts, Jared! If you harm anyone in my family, I'll take Josephine for a spin and have photos of it plastered on every surface imaginable. Let's see how cavalier you'll be then!" Leyton continued gloating, seemingly unmoved by Jared's threats.

He counted on the Whitakers to propel his plans to success.

“Don’t you dare!” Jared seethed, his eyes going bloodshot with rage.

Leyton cackled evilly and responded, “Why wouldn’t I? Josephine’s at my mercy now, and I can toy with her as I please. Come on, then. Beg me. Beg me to spare her! If you do, I’ll leave her alone until you arrive!”

Jared clenched his jaw before uttering, “Please. Please don’t touch Josephine.”

“Ah, that’s more like it. Hurry up, then. My patience is running thin!” Leyton ended the call with a final taunt.

Jared was livid as he ordered Tommy, “Watch them. Don’t let anyone escape.”

“Should I come with you, Mr. Chance?” Tommy asked in concern.

While he did not doubt Jared’s abilities, Leyton sounded prepared, and Jared could conceivably be running headlong into peril.

“Don’t worry. These clowns are child’s play to me,” Jared reassured him before he left.

Yoel collapsed weakly to the ground as he watched Jared’s departure, knowing that Leyton’s search doom was inevitable.

“Old Mr. Scott!”

A servant rushed forward to help Yoel to his feet.

Yoel waved off his help and muttered resignedly, “Go. We must prepare for Leyton’s funeral.”

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I Will Kill You

Tommy dared not ask much. He deployed the entire Templar Regiment, as well as the newly recruited Crimson Dragon Gang. Thousands of men were now searching for Josephine in the whole of Horington.

Very soon, Jared arrived at the Sullivan residence. William was pacing anxiously in the courtyard when he saw Jared.

“Mr. Sullivan, calm down. I have already told Tommy to get all the men to look for her. I’m sure we will receive some news very soon!”

Jared continued to console William, “Perhaps she has gone out to have some fun and left her phone in the car.”

That was also all William could tell himself. However, the ominous feeling in him was getting stronger.

Shortly after, Tommy called to inform Jared that they had found Josephine’s car at Phoenix Road, but there was no sign of her. There were no surveillance cameras in that area either. Tommy had asked around, and someone told him that Josephine had been abducted.

When Jared heard that, the murderous aura in him came rushing out, his eyes bloodshot.

“J-Jared, did something happen to Josephine?”

William’s heart sank when he saw Jared’s expression.

“Mr. Sullivan, did anybody see her when she left the house?” asked Jared.

“Yes, one of the servants said Josephine left in a huff after receiving a phone call,” replied William.

“Mr. Sullivan, please rest at home. I will find Josephine and bring her back!”

After saying that, he turned and left the Sullivan residence.

Tommy arrived just then. Jared hopped into his car and rushed to a telecommunications company. He wanted to find out the identity of the last person who had called Josephine, for that person must have something to do with her disappearance.

Using Tommy's connection, he was able to find out the phone number of the last caller on Josephine's phone. When he looked at the familiar number, his eyes were filled with bloodlust.

Tommy asked, "My Lord, whose number is that?"

"To Sandy's house!" ordered Jared. After that, he leaned back against the front passenger seat and shut his eyes.

Tommy understood and started berating, "That bloody b*tch never changed!"

He stepped on the accelerator and sped toward Sandy's house.

Sandy had been humiliating Jared again and again, but he did not kill her. Little did he expect her to push her luck.

In a short while, they arrived at Sandy's residence. Tommy and Jared got down from the car and rang the doorbell.

"Who's that!"

Sandy's mother, Melinda, walked out dressed in a gown.

She was startled to see Tommy and Jared when she opened the door. "Jared, what are you doing at my house?"

"Where's Sandy? Tell her to come out now!" said Jared with a cold face.

"S-She's not at home... What do you want?" Melinda's eyes were flitting, which was a sign that she was lying.

"Motherfcker! *Tell that btch* to come out right now!"

Tommy grabbed Melinda's collar and lifted her.

Melinda was petrified.

"Stop it! Let go of my mom!"

At that moment, Sandy rushed out of her room. "Jared, don't think that you are a big shot just because you know Tommy. I am now Tyrion's woman. Do you dare to offend the Whitaker family?" asked Sandy smugly.

Slap!

Jared gave Sandy a tight slap without any hesitation. Sandy felt giddy, and some of her teeth had fallen out.

“Jared, how dare you hit my daughter! I’ll kill you!” shouted Melinda when she saw that.

Tommy punched Melinda in the face, and blood came gushing out of her mouth. She could not even speak after that.

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Gunning For Victory

A white off-road vehicle pulled up before the entrance to an abandoned factory in the west country of Horington.

Jared alighted from the vehicle, exuding a deadly aura.

Leyton uttered, “He’s here!” Jared’s lonesome arrival fueled both his excitement and his nerves.

He asked Tyrion, “Jared is pretty strong, Mr. Whitaker. Are you sure your guards can defeat him?”

The guards overheard Leyton, and their expressions chilled. One of them swung his fist at a massive cement block beside him, sending cement shrapnels flying across the room and exposing its steel frame.

Leyton was stunned silent.

Tyrion said scornfully, “These men are the best of the best in the art of internal energy. They can easily kill an ox with a punch. Do you think they’d struggle over a mere human?”

“O-Of course not!” Leyton nodded eagerly.

“If they somehow fail to subdue Jared, there’s still me!” With that, Tyrion whipped out a handgun from his pocket.

He reloaded the handgun in front of Leyton and mused, “Jared may be good, but not even he can dodge a bullet.”

Leyton boomed, “Haha, Jared’s dead meat! No one’s going to save him now!”

The handgun went miles in soothing Leyton’s anxiety. After all, Jared’s bare fists were no match for a fatal gunshot.

Josephine eavesdropped on their conversation, panic rising in her chest when she realized that Tyrion had a gun. I can’t allow Jared to risk his life for me. Dear God, I can’t bear to watch him die! How can I warn him when I’m locked up in this hovel?

Jared had begun approaching the abandoned factory. His spiritual energy traveled across the space, allowing him to sense everything in a ten-meter radius.

He saw two buff men standing guard at the entrance. Their massive builds implied that they were skilled fighters.

Leyton was sitting in a chair, his legs crossed leisurely. He was staring at Jared derisively, his contempt for the latter loud and clear.

In his eyes, Jared was a man destined for the gallows.

“I can’t believe you dared to show up alone, Jared. I’m impressed by your foolish dignity!” Leyton jeered as he got to his feet.

Jared replied calmly, “Cut the crap. Where’s Josephine?”

Josephine recognized Jared’s voice and yelled, “I’m here, Jared. Run! They have a gun!” She banged on the door with all her might.

Jared heard her muffled pleas coming from one of the rooms and ran toward it.

The two bodyguards immediately approached him menacingly and blocked his advance.

The room door was opened from the inside, and Tyrion roughly shoved Josephine out, a gun in his hand.

She looked disheveled and mistreated, given her matted hair and grimy face.

When she saw Jared, she shrieked, “Leave me, Jared! They wouldn’t dare to kill me. Save yourself! Go!”

“Shut up!” Tyrion bellowed, silencing her with a hard slap.

Jared’s deadly aura swelled and filled the room, causing Tyrion to shudder.

Tyrion quickly pointed the barrel of his gun at Josephine’s head.

He threatened, “If you take one more step, I’ll shoot her right now!”

Fear began to tinge his gaze.

Leyton, however, was not done with ridiculing Jared. He mocked, “Don’t even think about leaving this place alive now that you’re here, Jared. You think you’re untouchable because you know Tommy Lewis and Walter Grange? How dare you intimidate me just because you have some fearsome acquaintances! Well, none of them can save you now!”

Leyton’s indignance and fury ballooned when he was reminded of his meek behavior toward Jared in the past. He strode toward his nemesis and raised his hand to slap him.

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Out Of Shots

Jared’s hand darted out and seized Leyton’s wrist in a death grip. He uttered coldly, “I don’t need to rely on anyone other than myself to intimidate you.”

Snap!

Jared broke Leyton’s arm as though it was a twig, and the latter screamed in anguish.

His agonized wails echoed throughout the factory.

Jared kicked Leyton in the stomach, and Leyton spat out a mouthful of blood. The force sent him flying like a rag doll, and he immediately curled into himself as he landed on the ground.

“Y-You!” Leyton sputtered painfully and glared at Jared.

“I’ve given you a second chance, yet you dumbly chose to waste it,” Jared commented and strode toward the cowering Leyton.

“Kill him! Kill him!” Leyton wailed, panicking at the sight of Jared’s ruthless advance.

The two bodyguards looked at Tyrion and awaited his orders.

Tyrion nodded and commanded, “Kill him.”

The bodyguards exchanged a glance before charging at Jared, who continued striding toward Leyton, unperturbed.

The bodyguards were almost in front of him when Jared’s hands shot out, seizing the men by their necks.

The massive men were lifted into the air by their necks.

“Argh!” Their faces turned red as they flailed around, struggling to breathe.

Crack! Crack!

Their struggling forms stilled instantly, the sounds of crunching bones a sure and chilling sign of their demise.

Thud!

Jared loosened his hold on their necks, and the lifeless bodies landed heavily on the ground, stirring up layers of dust.

Leyton and Tyrion were shocked into silence.

How could Jared fell two masters of internal energy in the blink of an eye?

Tyrion's hand began shaking uncontrollably. His confidence was rapidly waning despite the gun in his hand.

Leyton was still struggling in pain. He crawled toward Tyrion and begged, "Mr. Whitaker, use your gun! Quick! Kill him!"

Tyrion snapped out of his thoughts and cocked his gun at Jared.

"Jared! Be careful!" Josephine shouted in warning before biting Tyrion's forearm with all her might.

"Argh!" Surprised by her attack, Tyrion shoved her aside.

Josephine immediately ran toward Jared, and Tyrion fired his gun at Josephine instead, a crazed expression on his face.

Jared's gaze hardened as he heard the gunshot. He was at Josephine's side in an instant, bodily shielding her.

The bullet whizzed past Jared's head, and Josephine shuddered at the close call.

Tyrion was unnerved by the missed shot. He quickly fired two more shots in succession.

Bang! Bang!

To Tyrion's horror, Jared continued walking calmly toward him, unharmed.

"F*ck! What's wrong with this gun?" Tyrion cursed before gripping his gun with both hands.

He calmed his nerves before taking aim at Jared.

The bullet missed its target once more.

Tyrion was frantic with worry. The bullets seemed to have grown eyes of their own as they avoided Jared at all costs.

He pulled the trigger again, only to realize that he had run out of bullets.

Tyrion hastily threw his gun at Jared and turned to run off.

His escape was halted by Leyton, who clung to Tyrion's leg like a limpet and whined, "Save me, Mr. Whitaker. Don't leave me here!"

Tyrion could only focus on saving himself. He tried to shrug Leyton off and snarled, "Let go of me, f*cker! Let go!"

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Violent Apologies

Leyton merely tightened his hold on Tyrion's leg; Tyrion was his only shot at making it out alive.

Just then, Jared had reached them and grabbed Tyrion's shirt collar.

Tyrion shook like a leaf. "W-What are you doing? I'm a Whitaker! My dad will make you pay if you hurt me!"

Slap!

Jared slapped Tyrion so hard that the latter spun several times. He also lost all of his teeth.

"This slap is for Josephine!" Jared gritted out before punching Tyrion in the stomach, causing him to release a tortured scream and double over in pain.

Tyrion and Leyton made quite the pair. They hunched over in extreme pain at the mercy of Jared.

Jared glared at the two before placing a foot on Leyton's head.

Leyton immediately begged for his life. "I-I was wrong, Jared! Please forgive me! Forgive me! I swear I'll never give you trouble again! I'll give you our family's entire wealth as long as you spare my life!"

Coldly, Jared replied, "I've spared you once, but you didn't appreciate it..."

He mercilessly stomped his foot.

Leyton died a gruesome and painful death, his blood splattering around him, dousing a terrified Tyrion.

Tyrion screamed in horror. He had never seen a person die before his eyes.

A frightened Josephine covered her mouth to stop herself from shrieking. Jared had never killed someone in front of her until today, and in such a gruesome manner, no less. Still, she knew that he had acted violently to protect her, and she did not cower in fear despite sensing his murderous intent.

Jared lifted his blood-soaked foot and stepped on Tyrion's head next. The nauseating smell of blood turned Tyrion downright hysterical as he pleaded, "Please don't kill me. Don't kill me! I can give you anything you want. Anything!"

"I want your life!" Jared barked viciously, sending fresh waves of terror through Tyrion's body.

Josephine pulled Jared aside and hastily advised, "Jared, you can't kill him. Don't be rash."

While the Sullivans and Jared's supporters could comfortably deal with the Scott family over Leyton's death, the Whitakers were a whole different ball game. If Jared killed Tyrion, not even the Mayor of Horington could dissuade the Whitaker family from avenging their son.

Jared turned to her and apologized, "I'm sorry I put you through this, Josephine."

He ran his fingers tenderly over the angry handprint on her cheek.

"I'm fine. Let's go home. I don't want Dad to worry."

Josephine felt eons better as she reveled in the warmth of Jared's palm.

Jared nodded before turning his attention back to Tyrion, who looked away timidly.

"I will spare your life, but you will pay for your misdeeds."

With that, Jared stepped on Tyrion's calf, shattering his tibia beyond cure.

“Argh!” Tyrion’s face twisted in agony as he vented his pain.

“Let’s go.” Jared held Josephine’s hand and prepared to leave.

They had barely taken two steps when Josephine whirled around, confronting Tyrion, “Who on earth told you about this and arranged for you to come to Horington?”

Josephine had been pondering this issue for a long time. It seemed inconceivable for Leyton to possess the resources and reputation needed to make Tyrion’s acquaintance.

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Man On A Mission

Tyrion gritted his teeth against the pain and claimed, “It was Frederick! He told me everything and convinced me to come to Horington.”

Tyrion was setting his scheme into motion. If Jared decided to go after Frederick despite his status as the mayor’s son, Tyrion would be able to enjoy Frederick’s downfall through no effort of his own.

A murderous glint came to Jared’s eyes as he heard Frederick’s name. Josephine was alarmed when she spied the change in his expression, and she deeply regretted her insistence on wangling the truth out of Tyrion.

She coaxed, “Jared, everything’s fine now. You don’t have to avenge me anymore!”

She hoped he would not put himself in unnecessary danger by seeking revenge on Frederick.

“All right!” Jared nodded and effortlessly scooped Josephine into his arms.

She burrowed into his embrace, leaning her head against his chest. The warmth of his body felt like the safest haven in the world to Josephine.

Filled with guilt as he stared at the disheveled woman in his arms, Jared vowed, "I'll never let anyone hurt you again. Never."

"I know. I trust you!" Josephine hooked her arms around Jared's neck and planted a kiss on his cheek.

Despite their mutual affection for each other, neither had outwardly expressed their feelings until Josephine's kiss.

Jared carefully set Josephine in the passenger seat before driving them to the Sullivan residence.

Meanwhile, Tyrion struggled and failed to get to his feet in the abandoned factory.

He stared at his ruined leg and roared, "I'll make you pay for this, Jared!"

William paced the Sullivan residence in distress, worried sick about Josephine's whereabouts. He would easily give up his life in exchange for his daughter's safety.

Jared arrived at the Sullivan residence in no time. Josephine got out of the car and immediately launched herself at an anxious William in the doorway.

"Dad!" she sobbed as she hugged her father.

"Are you all right, Josephine?" William's eyes were wet with tears. He barked, "Who did this? I'm going to ruin him, even if it costs me an arm and a leg!"

Jared replied, "Everything's okay now, Mr. Sullivan. Leave the rest to me!"

William nodded and declared, "Jared, you have our family's resources at your disposal. You can use anything you need to make them pay!"

Josephine is my life! I may be a patient man, but I will destroy anyone who harms my daughter!

"I understand," came Jared's determined response.

He was about to leave when Josephine grabbed his arm and cautioned, "Jared, Leyton's dead, and Tyrion has learned his lesson. Please don't seek revenge on anyone else."

She was still worried that Jared would confront Frederick and land himself in a complicated mess.

“Don’t worry!” His reassurance came with a smile and a fond stroke of her hair.

Then Jared drove off. He called Tommy immediately.

Once the line connected, he ordered, “Tommy, have Yoel collect his son’s body. The Scott family has three days to leave Horington; I don’t want to see hair or hide of them in this city after that. If Yoel’s in the mood for revenge, let him know he is welcome to visit me anytime.”

Tommy acknowledged his command, “Got it. I’ll handle everything.”

Tommy was more than enough to deal with the crumbling Scott family, and Jared knew that Tommy would make it impossible for Yoel to avenge his son.

Jared had been driving toward Glen’s house since leaving the Sullivan residence. He would never let Frederick off the hook for what he had done to Josephine, not even if his father was the mayor!

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 290

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 290

Misunderstanding

Frederick had been staying in his house, as Glen had been keeping a very close eye on him for the past few days.

He furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at the time. “How much time does Tyrion need? It’s been days and there’s still no news from him.”

Anxiety was surfacing in his heart. If Tyrion hadn’t been contacting him at all for the past few days, it meant that he hadn’t succeeded yet. After all, based on Tyrion’s personality, if he did already succeed, Frederick would’ve known by then.

Helen was preparing a meal in the kitchen when Glen came rushing in.

Seeing that Glen was back, she asked, "Glen? Why do you have time to come back for lunch today?"

"Lunch? Something bad happened!" Glen looked worried. "I came back to get some stuff."

"What happened?" Helen walked out of the kitchen.

"Leyton from the Scott family has been killed, but that's not the important part. The important part is that Tyrion from the Whitaker family had his leg broken by someone and is still in the hospital. His family won't let this go so easily!" Glen's eyebrows were intensely furrowed. The Whitaker family had vast influences in the political and business world. There was no way they would keep quiet about the fact that their son had been injured in Horington.

"Why is the son of the Whitaker family doing here in Horington? Who has the gall to hurt him?" It came as a shock to Helen as well.

Frederick, who had heard all that as well, was shaking in his boots, his face pale.

"Don't ask me any more questions. I can't tell you!" Glen waved his hand.

He knew Jared was the one responsible. However, he owed a life debt to him, thus he didn't want to sell Jared out. His first plan was to see if it was possible to deal with the situation peacefully.

"Okay, I won't ask any further. Just be careful. Don't do everything by yourself. If someone has the nerve to hurt a member of the Whitaker family, then they're capable of doing anything!" Helen reminded.

She was certain that if someone could hurt the Whitaker family, then that person must be someone who wasn't afraid of death.

Clang!

The moment she finished, the sound of glass breaking rang out.

The cup in Frederick's hand had fallen to the ground as his body shook violently.

“What’s wrong, Fred?” Helen quickly stepped forward and touched his forehead upon noticing his expression. “Why do you look so awful? Are you sick?”

“It’s n-nothing! I’m fine! I’m going back upstairs.” Frederick pushed her hand away and prepared to head back upstairs.

Glen knitted his eyebrows as he stared at Frederick.

Suddenly, the front door was pushed open and Jared strode in.

There was a thick smell of blood and killing intent around him. When he saw Frederick, he narrowed his eyes at him.

“Mr. Chance...” Glen was confused by Jared’s appearance and the pungent stench of blood on him.

Frederick fell to the ground in shock and almost wet his pants when he saw Jared.

Seeing how terrified his son was, Glen immediately understood what was going on.

“Answer me. Did you ask Tyrion to kidnap Josephine?” Jared ignored Glen and walked straight to Frederick.

“What? Tyrion kidnapped Josephine?” Frederick widened his eyes. He didn’t expect Tyrion to do something like that. He quickly shook his head. “I didn’t tell him to kidnap Josephine! I swear!”

“Is this perhaps a misunderstanding, Mr. Chance?” Helen piped up, her heart aching for her son.

“Shut up!” Glen roared at his wife before glaring viciously at Frederick. “Tyrion came to Horington because of you, didn’t he?”