

Chapter 31, A Man Like None Other

Scarface was stunned for a brief moment. Slowly retrieving his phone, he gave Tommy a call. Since he didn't know who Jared was, he didn't dare let him make the call. Soon, the call went through. As Tommy's sleepy voice rang out, it was obvious that he hadn't gotten out of bed yet. "Mr. Lewis, someone is causing trouble in Antique Street. He says that he knows you and wants me to give you a call," Scarface carefully reported. "Who is he?"

"What's his name?" Tommy asked. "I don't know his name, but he's wearing a bronze ring with a dragon on top and even asked me if I recognized it," Scarface added. "F*ck!" Tommy swore as he jumped out of bed at once. "Scarface, listen to me closely. You had better treat him like a king. If you somehow offend him, he will annihilate your entire family. It would do you good to remember that." The moment he finished, Tommy ended the call.

He then got dressed and rushed toward Antique Street. Listening to the call-end tone, Scarface was stupefied. Despite having served Tommy for over ten years, he had never seen him panic like this before. Putting away his phone, Scarface looked at Jared and trembled violently. Oblivious to the change in Scarface, the fat stall owner stared at Jared with contempt and complained, "Scarface, this man is spouting nonsense.

How can Mr. Lewis know a fool like him? He's lying to you, and you should quickly get that piece of jade back!" Slap! The moment he finished speaking, he was slapped forcefully on the face by Scarface. "You b*stard! He isn't the one lying. Don't think that I'm not aware of the racket you're running here. It seems to me that you no longer want to stay here anymore!" The stall owner was stunned after being slapped.

After all, he had no idea what was going on. Nonetheless, some of those in the crowd were sharp enough to realize that Jared must have very powerful patrons. "Sir, I'm sorry about just now. Please rest a while, as Mr. Lewis will be here very soon," Scarface apologized in an ingratiating tone. He didn't recognize Jared and wasn't aware that he was the leader of the Dragon Sect. In actual fact, most of the members of the Templar Regiment weren't even aware that they were part of the Dragon Sect.

After all, it was a secret only known to a very select few. Having heard that Tommy was on his way, Jared decided to wait for him. He knew that blindly searching for the spiritual brush and cinnabar rosary would get him nowhere. Since Tommy was in charge of Antique Street, he would definitely be familiar with the wares sold there. Thus, Jared decided to ask him about it. "What are you waiting for? Get a chair for our distinguished guest to sit!"

Scarface kicked the stall owner's leg forcefully. "Okay!" The stall owner was baffled as he took out a chair from the room for Jared. More than ten minutes later, a car screeched loudly to a stop. The moment the door swung open, Tommy ran over quickly. When the crowd saw Tommy, they lowered their heads one by one, not daring to look up. When Tommy arrived in front of Jared, he remarked while panting heavily, "My Lo— Mr. Chance, please let me know ahead of time the next time you come here.

I know the place very well and can accompany you on your visit." "I was just browsing," Jared plainly answered. Tommy then looked at Scarface and asked, "Scarface, what happened?" Not really sure himself, Scarface related everything he knew. Tommy wasn't a fool and quickly grasped the situation.

"Damn it, how dare he go around scamming others in my name!" Tommy cursed. "Destroy his stall, and throw him out after breaking his limbs. Going forward, he's forbidden from setting foot in Antique Street!" Overwhelmed by shock, the store owner collapsed onto the ground.

"Mr. Lewis, Mr. Lewis, please have mercy..." Despite begging continuously, his pleas fell on deaf ears. Soon, a pained cry rang out. After that, he was carried away from the scene.

Everyone, especially the other store owners who had berated Jared, was so frightened that their faces lost all color. Some even peed their pants.