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Good Wine

Jared smiled good-naturedly. "This place wouldn't have what I want."

Dog scowled. "What do you mean? This is the biggest restaurant in Avenport! They even have the rarest Sauvignon Blanc if you so desire! What is it that you want?"

"I'm not fond of white wine," Jared said with a contemptuous glance at the wine list. "I only drink Romanée-Conti or nothing at all."

Dog frowned. "What the hell is that?"

In spite of herself, Josephine laughed at Dog's expression. Jared, on the other hand, remained silent with an enigmatic smile as he awaited Dog's response.

Still frowning, Dog turned to the waiter beside him. "What was that wine he mentioned? Do you have any on hand?"

The waiter shook his head. "We don't carry red wine here."

"So it's a bottle of red, is it? What kind of person would drink that kind of swill?" Dog scorned in disdain before turning once more to the waiter. "Get out there and find some. Buy several bottles."

As he spoke, Dog extracted a wad of cash from his wallet and let it fall onto the table with a smack.

The waiter merely stared at the stack and waited expectantly.

"Did you not hear me?" Dog fumed. "I told you to get out and buy us some wine!"

"It's not enough, Dog," the waiter whispered.

"How much could a bottle of red cost?" Dog asked scornfully. "Here is another five thousand!"

As he spoke, Dog slammed another wad of cash onto the table.

The waiter remained still as a statue. Dog lost his temper and aimed a vicious kick at the waiter's shins.

"It really isn't enough, Dog!" the waiter whimpered in pain.

"Do you think I was born yesterday?" Dog bellowed as he rose to his feet. "You're going to pocket some for yourself, aren't you?"

"Enough." Jared felt the need to intervene. "This wine isn't available in Avenport. And the waiter's right. A single bottle of Romanée-Conti costs three-hundred thousand."

"What! Three-hundred thousand?" Dog roared, thunderstruck. "You, drinking a bottle of wine that costs that much? With what money? Everybody knows that you just got out of prison. Do you think that renting a Mercedes and hiring an escort makes you look rich? If you weren't Ingrid's cousin, I would have kicked you out of Avenport."

Josephine's expression grew cold at the mention of the word "escort".

"Calm yourself, Jared." Sarah stood up and faced him. "Nobody is making you feel bad about being an ex-convict. We're all family here, there's no need to act tough in front of us. You need to be more realistic and settle down with an honest job instead of boasting about drinking expensive wine. What nonsense are you talking about, anyway? There is no wine in the world worth that much. Don't be ridiculous."

"That's enough, Jared. Your aunt is right," Hannah said sharply at the sight of her sister's displeasure.

"You need to keep an eye on Jared, Hannah," Sarah sighed. "I've helped raise my nephew. I know him and there's nothing he can hide from me. This isn't him. Prison has made him lose his way. Now that he's finally out, I'd say we try to keep him from going back. Since the development of our city is currently booming, the mass demolition on the way would definitely need good, strong men like him. Talk some sense into Jared. Help him find an honest job to marry a wife and raise a son. It's not too late to lead an honest life."

"We'll talk about it later," Hannah said curtly, getting tired of the conversation. "Everybody knows what they want? Let's summon the waiter."

Not long after that, the table creaked from bearing the combined weight of the dishes and several bottles of white wine. Dog behaved ostentatiously as he waited for the others to raise their glasses to him, pretending to be pleasantly surprised each time he received a toast.

“By the way, Dog,” said Sarah suddenly. “Who is this Mr. Charleston?”

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Rental Girlfriend

“Oh, he’s a big shot,” described Dog airily. “Nothing happens in Avenport without his approval. Even property valuations depend on his signature. He is the one who has been providing me with contracts.”

Sarah was still concerned about Jared’s employment status. “He sounds like an important man. Can you see if Mr. Charleston can find Jared a job? He’s going to be your cousin-in-law, after all.”

Dog gazed scathingly at Jared. “I would refuse to lift a finger to help him for his attitude tonight. For Ingrid’s sake, I will put in a word with Mr. Charleston.”

Turning away with disgust, he picked up his glass of wine. “I’m going over to toast to Mr. Charleston’s good health. Help yourselves!”

Jared’s family and Ingrid’s family were the only ones remaining in the suite after Dog disappeared.

“I mean well despite the harshness of my words, Jared,” Sarah continued, sighing softly as she did so. “As your parents are no longer employed, you are now the man of the house. If you’re not going to buck up, who will your parents rely upon? What’s the point of coming back with a rental car and girlfriend? Are appearances really that important to you? Everybody in the village knows that you’re fresh out of prison. They’ll disrespect you even more when they see through your little charade!”

“Aunt Sarah, I-”

“What the hell are you talking about, Mom?” Ingrid snapped indignantly. “Josephine is Jared’s girlfriend. A rental! Listen to yourself. You’ve been buying into Dog’s rubbish.”

I am certain that Josephine is not rented by Jared for appearance’s sake. No escort would dress up in luxury brands and gift me a priceless pair of earrings. Dog is the one who is in denial!

“Josephine really is Jared’s girlfriend, Sarah,” Hannah reminded her sister. “We all know that as a fact.”

Surrounded by overwhelming convictions, Sarah became at a loss for words. All she could do was grin sheepishly at Josephine who returned the smile without a trace of offense taken. Jared’s aunt only wants the best for him. I’m sure she didn’t mean to direct her malice at me.

“I hope that landing such an excellent girl will encourage you to work harder, Jared,” began Sarah again, changing tact at light speed. “I’d heard from your mother that you’ve remained unemployed this entire time. If Doug manages to secure a job for you, promise me that you’ll give it your best shot. I know this isn’t Horington, but you’ll still have an opportunity to rise. This town isn’t going to stop expanding in a hurry.”

“I am well aware of all that, Aunt Sarah,” said Jared gently. “Now’s not the time to be discussing me. There’s something about Ingrid you should know.”

It’s time to tell them.

“What about Ingrid?” Sarah leaned in curiously.

“Stop, Jared!” Ingrid turned pale with fright.

Jared ignored her. Instead, he looked straight into his aunt’s eyes. “Ingrid is only nineteen, Aunt Sarah. She’s too young to marry.”

“Don’t even remind me about it,” Sarah sighed. “The silly girl is the one who wanted to drop out. What else is she good for aside from marriage? The fate of women is the same everywhere. Village or city, it makes no difference! Get an education, or get married.”

“That’s not true.” Jared took a deep breath. “Dog had been causing trouble at the school and forced the principal to expel Ingrid. What’s more, he used you,

Ingrid's parents, as leverage to force her to agree to marry him. Shouldn't you already know by now the type of person he is?"

All of them were taken aback by Jared's shocking proclamation. Even his own stared at Ingrid, horror-struck.

"Is that true, Ingrid?" Sarah asked in a quavering voice.

"Stay out of it, Mom!" cried Ingrid helplessly. "By this point, it doesn't matter whether or not it's true."

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The Weak Get Devoured

The table sighed as one, expressing their unspoken condolences for Ingrid's fate.

The date of the wedding is already set. What else can we do, go back on our word? Dog will kill us!

"Aunt Sarah," Jared declared, "I've decided to help Ingrid get out of the engagement and then send her over to Horington for further studies."

"Are you joking?" Sarah exclaimed. "Breaking a promise made with Dog is to ask for death!"

"Don't act foolishly, Jared," Hannah added sharply. "You have no idea what kind of a man Dog is. Your actions will only bring harm upon your aunt's family!"

Even the usually reticent Gary spoke up. "Dog isn't as simple as you think he is, son. I know you think you can go against Dog just because you have a few friends in Horington, but I'm telling you that you have no idea what you're up against."

Gary was aware of his son's connections. In addition to the wealth of Josephine's family, the reach that the resources at his fingertips were capable

of providing was undoubtedly vast and deep. However, Jared's powerful friends had no jurisdiction over Avenport.

"I've already made up my mind," proclaimed Jared. "Stay out of it, everybody!"

If I can't even deal with a small-time gangster like him, I'll truly be a laughing stock.

Being familiar with her fiancé's temper, Ingrid was visibly upset at her cousin's resolution. "I know you want the best for me, Jared, but I don't wish to see you place yourself in harm's way. Please drop this, will you?"

"You're only nineteen, Ingrid. How can you resign yourself to your fate? This is something you're going to live with for the rest of your life. Do you want to throw it all away by giving your life to Dog? You should be in university and finding a man deserving of you instead of settling for your circumstances. Don't give up! I'll help you through this."

Ingrid fell silent along with the rest of the table. Jared is right. I have my whole life ahead of me. I shouldn't have to squander it all away for Dog!

Sarah sighed heavily before swallowing the entire glass of white wine to everybody's surprise.

I worry for my child, as all parents do. It's just an unfortunate circumstance that we are placed in. Well, I guess it's something we have to accept. There is no justice in the world, only hierarchy. The strong get stronger, the weak get devoured. That's the law of nature.

At that moment, Ingrid's phone rang. After several brief exchanges, Ingrid hung up and looked positively pale.

"What is it, Ingrid?" Sarah asked with concern.

"Dog wants me to drink with them," she said with a fearful look on her face. "I'm a little scared."

Sarah whimpered helplessly. What else could I say? If I don't allow my daughter to go over, it will only incense Dog!

"I'll come with you, Ingrid," declared Jared as he got to his feet. "Don't you worry."

Josephine got to her feet as well. "I'll come too! There's no need to be scared."

"Don't lash out under any circumstances, Jared," reminded Sarah anxiously. "We'll discuss this at length after we deal with this crisis."

"Don't worry, Aunt Sarah. I know what to do."

After a final nod at the elders, Jared led the way over to the bigger suite while Josephine whispered words of encouragement to Ingrid whose tremble became more violent with every step they took.

A bout of raucous laughter followed by the clinking of glasses greeted their ears as soon as the party arrived at the doors of Larold's suite.

Jared shoved the door open.

Five men sat around a table with drinks in their hands. In the middle was a middle-aged man with a massive bald patch on his head. Dog sat beside him with an unctuous smile as he was refilling the latter's glass repeatedly.

Looks like the bald man is the famous Larold Charleston!

The occupants of the large suite were momentarily taken aback at the suddenness of Jared's intrusion. Dog glanced at Jared and then at the women behind him as he hastened to introduce them to Larold. "Mr. Charleston, this is the cousin of my fiancée. He must have known that you were dining here tonight and have come to toast to your good health!"

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Let Me Refill Your Glass

Dog then turned to gaze at Ingrid impatiently. "Come over here and pour Mr. Charleston a glass, Ingrid."

Ingrid shook like a leaf as she clung to Josephine, who squeezed the younger woman's hand reassuringly.

“Ingrid’s young and inexperienced. Let me do it.”

Josephine stood up and grabbed the bottle of white wine before approaching Larold at the other end of the table.

Dog smirked at the sight, confident in his assessment that Josephine’s initiative to pour the wine was indicative of her actual identity as an escort.

Larold considered Josephine’s offer as he allowed his eyes to wander up and down her body before holding out his glass.

“Dog,” he called appreciatively. “Who is this lovely lady?”

“She’s the girlfriend of my fiancée’s cousin,” Dog said at once, aware that important men like Larold did not enjoy the company of women for hire.

“Where do you work, Mr. Charleston?” Josephine asked sweetly as she poured the wine.

“Mr. Charleston is an executive of Sullivan Group,” boasted Dog before Larold could speak. “They are running the helm of development in Horington!”

Josephine smiled triumphantly, her suspicions regarding the involvement of her family’s company confirmed. So this fool is under Dad’s employ!

“What is your name, my dear?” Larold asked as he gazed at her, the lust in his eyes no longer concealed.

“My name is Josephine Sullivan,” she answered with a smile.

“Josephine Sullivan?” Larold’s forehead creased ever so slightly before smoothing out again. “What a lovely name. In fact, the daughter of our boss is called Josephine Sullivan too.”

“People are getting really lazy with coming up with original names, aren’t they?” Dog chimed in with a laugh. “Too bad that some Josephines are born into better families than others.”

Larold drained the glass poured by Josephine in one flourish before holding it up again. “Wine poured by a beautiful girl like you tastes exceptionally sweet, Josephine. Come, pour me another glass.”

This time, Josephine's features hardened before throwing the contents of the glass at Larold's face.

Larold exclaimed in shock as he jumped to his feet. Dog hastily helped wipe Larold's clothes and glowered at Josephine. "What's wrong with you? How dare you disrespect Mr. Charleston in this manner?"

"Are you asking to be punished, young lady?" Larold growled as he stared at her ferociously.

"I think you are the one who needs to be punished. You were tasked with overseeing the development and taking care of the company affairs. Instead, you abuse your power for personal gain. I think your time in Sullivan Group is up."

As she spoke, Josephine pulled out her phone to give her father a call.

Larold was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

"I meant exactly what I said. You took my family's money and acted dishonestly, didn't you? I'll have my father sack you."

"Are you Ms. Sullivan?" Larold's eyes were wide with terror.

Dog was taken aback as well, though he regained his own composure sufficiently to console Larold. "Don't worry, Mr. Charleston. She couldn't be your boss's daughter. Jared here is an ex-convict who had just gotten out of prison. If she really was Ms. Sullivan, why would she be fraternizing with an ex-con? She's using what you told her about sharing her name with a rich and powerful person to frighten you."

Larold heaved a sigh of relief at those words before turning coldly to Josephine. "Make that call if you dare," he sneered. "If I still have my job by the end of the day, you're going to have to keep my company for the next couple of nights."

"Don't worry, Mr. Charleston," said Dog eagerly. "I've made some arrangements to ensure that she isn't going to be going back out of her promise tonight."

Ingrid was frightened. Though she was aware of Josephine's identity, she felt that Dog made sense. Why would the rich and powerful Ms. Sullivan ever stoop to the likes of Jared?

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Deal With Him

"Jared?" Ingrid asked tentatively as she grasped his elbow.

He merely smiled comfortingly. "Don't worry. She really is William Sullivan's daughter."

Before Ingrid could register her shock, Josephine was already dialing her father's number. "Dad," she said the moment the call went through, "did you arrange for a Mr. Charleston to oversee the development over at Avenport?"

"I don't know, it was handled by Leonard. Why do you ask?"

William had not been particularly active in company affairs of late as he was more concerned with rehabilitating his health. If it weren't for Jared, he would have lost his life.

"That's all right, Dad. I'll give Uncle Lenny a call!" Without giving her father the chance to interrogate her further, Josephine ended the call.

At that moment, Larold grew pale as his superior was indeed Leonard Lopez.

Dog hastened to reassure Larold again. "Don't worry, Mr. Charleston. She's just a good actress."

Larold no longer paid any attention to Dog. Instead, he gazed fearfully at Josephine as beads of perspiration began to appear on his forehead.

Josephine dialed another number. Several moments later, a cheery voice sounded from the other end. "Josephine, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

Leonard Lopez had been a loyal lieutenant to William ever since the latter had founded the company. William also trusted him enough to entrust the company to Leonard's care when he was hospitalized.

Recognizing Leonard's voice from the phone, Larold's knees buckled.

"Mr. Charleston!" exclaimed Dog as he leaped forward to hold him up, still unaware of what was happening. "Are you ill?"

By that point, Larold was trembling so hard that his speech became incoherent.

"Uncle Lenny," asked Josephine. "Did you entrust the overseeing of the development of Avenport to a Mr. Charleston?"

"That's right, why do you ask?"

"You need to fire him," Josephine complained angrily. "He made me serve him wine and offered to sleep with me!"

"What?" Leonard shouted. "How dare he! Don't worry, Josephine. I'll deal with him right away."

After ending the call with Josephine, Leonard called Larold.

Larold's eyes widened with horror at the ringing of his phone. His hands were shaking so badly that he was unable to even pick up the phone.

Dog seemed to have finally noticed that something was amiss. He turned to Josephine with a gaze of disbelief.

Steeling himself, Larold answered the phone after letting the first time go to voicemail.

"Charleston!" Came Leonard's deafening voice from the other end. "How dare you make Ms. Sullivan serve you and make unsavory propositions toward her?"

"Mr. Lopez, I..." stammered Larold, near tears. "I didn't know who she was!"

"Enough!" bellowed Leonard. "You're fired. I will send your replacement over first thing tomorrow. I'll be expecting you back here to receive your punishment. If you try to run, I'll have your legs broken."

At the ominous threat, Leonard hung up.

“Mr. Lopez?” cried Larold hysterically. “Are you still there, Mr. Lopez?”

“Would you still like the pleasure of my company?” Josephine sneered.

With a heavy thud, Larold fell to his knees before her. “I’m sorry, Ms. Sullivan,” he wept. “Please forgive me!”

“You’re beyond redemption,” said Josephine severely.

Larold flinched as if her words had physically hurt him. His face was a delicate shade of ashen grey as his body heaved with dry sobs.

His companions, who had been stunned into silence earlier, took flight at the humiliation of their host. Even Dog was suddenly keenly interested in placing as much distance as he could between him and the writhing figure on the ground by skulking against the corner of the suite.

Josephine turned and marched out before pausing in front of Ingrid and offering a wry smile. “Come, Ingrid,” Josephine said merrily as though nothing had happened. “Let’s get out of here!”

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Call For Help Too

Ingrid widened her eyes and stared at Josephine with a bewildered look.

“Ms. Sullivan...” Dog hurried after her.

However, Josephine ignored him, and Dog grabbed Jared’s arm. “Jared, it was merely a misunderstanding. We are relatives now. Why would I watch my relatives get bullied and do nothing? What do you think we should do with Larold? Just say one word and I will have him killed right away!”

Larold, who was sitting decadently on the floor, paled in fright upon hearing Dog’s words.

Jared cast a hard look at Dog. He also ignored the latter and went to lounge number two.

Dog did not mind it as he followed Jared closely.

After entering the lounge, Dog immediately pulled out a chair. "Jared, please have a seat!"

Sarah and Hannah were puzzled as they saw Dog treating Jared so nicely.

Jared sat down and uttered coldly, "Dog, you are forcing my cousin to marry you. How do you explain this?"

Dog was stunned momentarily. "Jared, what are you talking about? Ingrid and I are in love by choice. I didn't force her at all!"

"Cut the crap. The wedding is off. Ingrid won't marry you!" Jared snorted.

"Jared, this..."

"Do you have something to say?" Jared furrowed his brows.

Dog bit his lip and glanced at Ingrid. In the end, he had no choice but nod. "All right. Cancel the wedding then! We are not marrying anymore!"

Upon saying that, Dog turned and wanted to leave.

"Did I say you could leave?" Jared asked.

"What else do you want with me?" Dog's expression turned utterly ugly.

"Break one of your arms. Then I will drop this," Jared uttered composedly.

Dog was beyond exasperated to hear that. "Jared, don't go too far!"

"Jared, forget it. Since he has agreed to cancel the wedding, never mind then!" Sarah immediately advised Jared.

"Yes, Jared. Just let him go. I am happy as long as I don't need to marry him!" Ingrid also weighed in.

After all, there is nothing Dog won't do when he is desperate!

“Stay out of this!” Jared shouted and shifted his gaze toward Dog again. “So what if I’ve gone too far? Break your arm, and you can keep your life. If you let me do it, you will lose your life!”

Dog patted on the table wrathfully. “Jared, do you think you can do as you like? This is Avenport. I can make a call and you wouldn’t know how you wind up dead. The Sullivan family can’t harm me! I belong to Mr. Lewis in Horington. I am sure you’ve heard of this name before!”

“Yes, I have. He is the underground king of Horington, right?” Jared nodded.

“So you know. Don’t try to force me, then. Or else, no one will be able to protect you!” Dog sneered.

“I don’t need any protection from anyone. I can protect myself. Break an arm and get out of my sight. If not, I will kill you.”

Jared looked extremely composed.

“F*ck you! This is outrageous!” Dog cursed as he picked up a bottle and intended to throw it at Jared.

Before doing so, Jared snatched the bottle and smashed it on Dog’s head.

The man collapsed onto the ground with his hands holding onto his head with a shriek. Fresh blood began flowing down his forehead.

Everyone on the spot was startled. Josephine was the one who was still smiling. She did not seem to be concerned at all.

“D*mn it! Wait and see!” Dog immediately took out his phone and started making a call.

“You call for help, and so will I. Don’t you know Tommy? Let me call him and see if he knows you!”

Jared took out his phone as well.

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Got Involved

“How could you possibly know Mr. Lewis? Even the head of the Sullivan Group wouldn’t be able to invite him!”

Dog snorted.

Jared ignored him as he called Tommy straightaway.

“Mr. Chance...” Tommy, who was in Summerbank, answered the phone right away.

“There is someone named Doug in Avenport. He says he knows you and he is your subordinate. Do you know him?” Jared asked.

“Avenport?” Tommy pondered for a while. “I don’t know him. All the places under Horington are under me, though!”

“Please ask your subordinates if they know of this person. He has been attempting to tarnish Templar Regiment’s reputation!” Jared sneered.

“Okay, I will look into it right now...”

Upon saying that, Tommy hung up the phone and started investigating.

A short while later, Tommy called back. “Mr. Chance, I’ve confirmed. Benji says he knows Doug from Avenport, but they are not close!”

“Benji?” Jared remembered who that was. He is Leroy’s cousin. He broke his own arm back then.

“I will send you the location. Please send him over here to settle it!”

Upon saying that, Jared sent their current location to Tommy.

“Jared, are you done bluffing? Let me tell you. My men will be here soon. It will be your death then!” Dog gritted his teeth viciously.

Jared ignored Dog, and he turned to Sarah and his parents. “Let’s eat. Don’t bother about him!”

However, no one had the appetite anymore after what happened.

“Jared, why don’t we leave?” Sarah seemed frightened.

“Don’t even think of that! No one is allowed to leave!” Dog stood at the entrance and yelled loudly.

“There’s no need to leave. Let’s eat first. Sarah, don’t be afraid!” Jared told Sarah.

No matter what Jared said, no one dared to lift their utensils.

Around twenty minutes later, harsh footsteps were heard coming from the stairs.

“My men are here. Wait and see!” Dog seemed full of pride.

Sarah, Hannah and Gary heard that and their expressions darkened.

The next moment, a group of men barged in with iron rods in their hands. They were all tattooed and fierce-looking.

“Dog, who got on your nerves?” one of them asked Dog.

“Guard this place and let no one leave. I am going to start a killing spree!” Dog uttered boldly.

He then shifted his gaze toward Josephine. “Ms. Sullivan, you should keep your distance, or else blood might splatter on you later. Please stay out of this. I believe your Sullivan family won’t want to cross Mr. Lewis, will you?”

“I won’t stick my nose into this!” Josephine shook her head.

Ingrid cast a bewildered look at Josephine. “Josephine, how could you ignore this? My brother might lose his life over this!”

“Don’t worry. Your brother is unkillable!” Josephine’s lips curled into a smile.

Ingrid was dumbfounded by that. If Josephine doesn’t help Jared, what else support does he have?

Sarah also panicked and did not know what to do. She began pleading with Dog. “Dog, I apologize on Jared’s behalf. Please don’t...”

“Get out of my way!” Dog pushed Sarah aside ruthlessly.

Jared immediately stretched his arm to support Sarah. He cast a hard look at Dog. "You've lost your last hope to survive. You'd better watch out!"

"Don't try to scare me! I am used to getting threatened throughout my life!" Dog did not care at all. "Did you say you were going to call for help too? Where are your men?"

"They will be right here," Jared replied faintly.

"Okay. I will give you ten minutes. I am curious to see who dares to go against me in Avenport!"

Dog pulled a chair and sat down.

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Follow Who I Marry

Ten minutes passed in the blink of an eye. Dog displayed a cold smile as he glanced at Jared. "I knew you were putting on an act. Where are your men?"

The second he finished his sentence, he felt something shaking under him. The whole building seemed to be trembling.

"Dog, there are many people outside!"

Just then, a subordinate ran in and informed whatever he had seen to Dog.

Dog's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. He immediately rushed to the window. He was dumbstruck when he discovered the whole place surrounded by countless men.

Dog immediately recollected himself and turned toward those frightened subordinates. "Don't worry. It doesn't matter how many men they have. No one would dare to touch me with Mr. Lewis backing me!"

Just then, someone hurried upstairs.

"Benji..."

Dog was stunned momentarily upon seeing the one who came.

It was one-armed Benji. He looked utterly solemnly. He did not even look at Dog as he walked toward Jared. "Mr. Chance..."

At that moment, Benji recoiled in great fear. Back then, he cut off his left hand because of Jared. Now that Tommy requested him to come, he feared he might be implicated in it.

Dog was dumbfounded after seeing Benji acting so humbly toward Jared.

"Benji, do you know this man?" Jared pointed at Dog.

"Yes, but we are not close!" Benji answered honestly.

"I want him out of my sight. As for the rest, cut off their legs!"

Upon hearing Jared's words, Dog's knee fell to the ground.

All his subordinates knelt together with him.

"Jared, I am begging you! Please spare my life!"

Dog groveled at Jared's feet.

"Dog, didn't you say you belong to Tommy? Now that his man is here, why are you acting so cowardly?"

Jared displayed a cold smile.

"Jared, I'm wrong. It's my fault..."

Dog kept begging for mercy.

Jared sneered and turned away from him. Benji's eyes lit up with hostility as he drew his dagger and charged toward Dog.

"Don't traumatize my family." Jared opened his mouth.

"Got it, Mr. Chance!" Benji nodded and instructed his subordinates. "Drag these men to the other room!"

A while later, shrieks of desperation came from the other room.

Sarah and her family froze on the spot. Ingrid stared at Jared with a baffled look.

On the way home, Sarah kept staring at Jared. She seemed to have something to say, yet she did not say it in the end.

The following day, Jared was ready to bring Ingrid to the school in Horington.

Jared still had a lot of work in hand. Or else, he would have stayed longer in his hometown to accompany his parents.

Just then, the village started broadcasting that the prices of houses would be re-evaluated. From now on, all the demolition would be following the national standards. There would be no forced demolition or irrational price reductions. Every household in the Chance family was overwhelmed with excitement upon hearing that news.

Jared brought Ingrid to Horington. Due to the relationship with Glen, Jared managed to find a high school for Ingrid.

Jared and Josephine accompanied William for a whole day in Horington before departing toward Summerbank.

Jared did not dare to stay long in Horington. There were still many unresolved issues awaiting him, including the problems with Herb Palace, Crescent Sect, and Mount Hickoria.

“I’m sorry. You’ve been going around with me and unable to accompany your father!”

On the road, Jared apologized to Josephine.

“Of course I will follow the man I marry. It was my choice!”

Josephine smiled faintly.

Jared displayed an affectionate smile. “Don’t worry. Not long after this, I will give you a stable life. We will live a long life, and let’s have one hundred children!”

“I don’t want so many children. I’m not a pig, okay?” Josephine rolled her eyes at Jared.

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Unexpected Encounter

Meanwhile, at the Baileys residence in Jadeborough.

Tristan was standing there with a bleak look. Around seven people were sitting in the middle of the hall. All of them were the elderly of the Baileys. Tristan, as the youngest among them, could only stand.

“Tristan, please brief us about the incident in Jazona again!”

An elderly with a white beard sitting in the main seat opened his mouth.

He was none other than Samuel, the head of the Baileys.

“Okay, Grandpa!” Tristan nodded. “There is a young man in his twenties from Jazona. His name is Jared, and he is mighty. He has just killed Derek effortlessly at Martial Arts Gathering. The Grandmasters that Franco brought were all killed too. Besides, he knows how to make pills, and he has his secret recipes. Even those from Herb Palace could not figure out how he made his pills.”

Most importantly, the Yeagers’ jade pendant is in his hand right now. Those from the Coopers were killed because they tried to snatch the jade pendant from him. Fortunately, I was quick-witted, and I did not conflict with him. However, he threatens Herb Palace to hand over all their herbs, or else he will destroy them.”

The crowd went into an uproar after Tristan finished his briefing.

“It’s rare for someone so young to have such power. Is he a genius? Tristan, have you looked into this guy?” Tristan’s father, Zayden, asked.

“Dad, I have. All his information is here!”

Tristan took out a few documents and distributed them to the crowd.

The crowd frowned as they read through the documents. He was a newbie, and did not even have experience in martial art training. How could he become so powerful all of a sudden?

“Dad, please take a look...”

Zayden passed the documents to Samuel and said confusedly, “He has such an ordinary resume. The only thing was that he was in prison for three years. He should not be so powerful.”

Samuel scanned through the documents and immediately discovered the problem. “Didn’t you guys notice? His life had a drastic change right after he came out of prison. Something special must have happened to him in prison!”

“Something special? How could it possibly be? He couldn’t possibly train his energy in three years!”

Zayden furrowed his brows tightly.

“Energy?” Samuel smiled. “I am sure it was not the energy he had been training. He is not a martial artist!”

Samuel’s words left the crowd in bewilderment. They stared at Samuel with a bewildered look.

“Grandpa, could it be that he is a mage? He most probably is a mage if he knows how to make pills.” Tristan cast a question.

“That’s impossible. A mage is good with magecraft. But just like you said, Jared did not use any magecraft while he was fighting Derek and those Grandmasters from the Coopers. Most of the time, he used physical attack!” Zayden refuted immediately.

Tristan pondered for a while. He shifted his gaze toward Samuel as he felt the latter seemed to know something.

Seeing everyone looking at him, Samuel asked, “Do you guys know that there is another group of people besides martial artists and mages?”

Everyone shook their heads.

“Let me tell you. There are not only martial artists and mages in this world. There are also cultivators. But they are rare. Jared is probably a cultivator.”

Everyone was stupefied upon hearing that.

“Grandpa, what is a cultivator?” Tristan questioned.

“It’s an energy cultivator!” Samuel replied, his gaze filled with admiration and envy.

“Energy cultivator?”

The crowd gasped in amazement.

“Grandpa, do you mean Jared is an immortal? Do immortals exist in this world?”

Tristan was overwhelmed with excitement. If there are immortals in this world, do I have the chance to become one? Then I can live forever.

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A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 470

Memories

“To be precise, he is merely an energy cultivator, not an immortal. I am not sure if there is any immortal in this world. But I know the energy cultivators usually disguise themselves among the citizens. They never reveal themselves. Thus, many people don’t know about their existence!” Samuel explained.

“Dad, then how did you know about them?” Zayden asked.

Samuel suddenly shifted his gaze outside the window and began to recall his memories. “The jade pendant of the Yeagers belongs to an energy cultivator. I remember I was only in my twenties during that time. I was eager to find a powerful elite to become my master. Hence, I followed someone from the Yeagers to go out to sea. I thought natural elites only existed on the islands.

“However, after a day we sailed on the sea, we got caught in a storm. We were washed up on a deserted island, and our ship was stranded at the

shore. We were forced to stay on the island, waiting for someone to pass by and rescue us.

“We stayed on the island for seven days. We still had food, but we ran out of clean water. When we were about to die of thirst, it started raining. So both of us began to collect the rain delightfully!

“But soon, we realized something was off. It was only because the sky above our island was raining, there was no rain at all at the other places. Occasionally, there was lightning and some strange noises!

“We followed the noises and eventually spotted two men fighting behind the hill. The scene was extraordinary. One of them was holding a weapon that looked like an ax. Every time he waved his weapon, a bolt of lightning struck. He looked just like a god!

“The other man was holding a flute. He managed to beat the lightning each time and let out loud sounds of explosions. I had never seen such a battle before. It was hardly a battle between ordinary humans. It was beyond terrifying!

“We hid behind the rocks and did not dare to move an inch. After it turned silent, we lifted our heads to check. The two men had disappeared, and the scene was a mess. The guy from the Yeagers found the jade pendant among the debris. We supposed it belonged to one of them.

“We both knew the jade pendant was a magical item. Later, the tide rose, and we managed to go back on our ship. I wanted the jade pendant for myself, so I secretly assaulted the other guy. Yet, the jade pendant released a red light and attacked me! Upon seeing that, the guy kept the jade pendant as his family heirloom.”

The crowd went into deep thoughts as they listened to Samuel’s story. They had never heard that from him before.

“Grandpa, how could you be so sure that the two men were energy cultivators?” Tristan could not wrap his head around it.

“After I came back, I looked through all the ancient manuals and eventually found it. There are energy cultivators in this world. Based on their fight, they must be energy cultivators!” Samuel explained.

Tristan fell silent upon hearing that. After a while, he spoke again. “I don’t know if Jared is an energy cultivator. But the jade pendant is a magical item. When Franco and I attacked the girl wearing the jade pendant, the red light appeared and attacked us too.”

Samuel’s eyes lit up. “It looks like Jared is indeed an energy cultivator. That jade pendant had never acted in the Yeagers’ place these ten years. Once it went to Jared, it acted. I am sure Jared knows about the secret of the jade pendant!”

“It never acted throughout these ten years? Not even once?” Tristan was somehow startled.