

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 551

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Take Control

After a while, Tessa left the mansion. The moment she stepped outside, Josephine and Lizbeth stared at Jared strangely.

Nervous, Jared asked, "What are the both of you looking at?"

"Is she in love with you? Why else would a superstar come personally to deliver something? I bet she's having a concert in a small town like Horington because of you. She's both pretty and very talented. Aren't you attracted to her?" Josephine questioned Jared with a menacing glare.

"I don't know if she likes me or not but I don't like her at all. I've already told you that I'm a loyal person but it's your choice if you don't want to believe me. I'm going to cultivate in the next few days and I don't wish to be interrupted."

Jared pretended to be angry and went back to his bedroom.

Josephine was startled because Jared was suddenly the one taking control of the situation. Oh no, what have I done?

"Am I too much, Lizbeth?"

Uncertain whether she crossed the line, Josephine whispered to Lizbeth.

Lizbeth was unsure too. "I don't know, but I think he's really angry. Trust is important in a relationship. If you show that you don't trust him, it's only natural that he feels upset..."

"What shall I do then?" Josephine asked as she panicked.

"Just wait and see. I think he'll probably forget about it in a few days."

Inexperienced, Lizbeth could only suggest for Josephine to wait.

Jared heaved a sigh of relief once he went back to his room. If he didn't use that method, Josephine would have interrogated him even longer.

After sitting down, Jared started to use the Focus Technique. Since he had five days until Tessa's concert, he hoped he could achieve the Transcendence Phase by then.

If he really achieved the Transcendence Phase, he would be invincible and powerful. He could even defeat Fabian without much effort!

As Jared was cultivating, something was happening on an island thousands of miles away from him. It was none other than Nameless Island, which got its name because it was just a coral reef that showed after the sea level lowered. Since there were only stones and no animals or plants lived on the island, there was no human presence too.

However, a man in a straw hat was holding a fishing rod and fishing by the beach on the island that day.

Not far away, a girl was training hard. If Jared could see the girl's face, he would have recognized her as Abbot Erasmus's daughter, Renee.

After Abbot Erasmus was killed by Dorieus, Jared took revenge for him and handed the Starry Compass to Renee before she left with Leonidas.

After a few months, Renee appeared on the deserted island but the fishing old man did not look like Leonidas.

"Renee, go to the sea and catch some fish for dinner. I'm hungry," the fishing old man said.

"Yes, mentor."

Renee jumped into the sea after nodding to the old man.

Right after she jumped into the sea, a small boat sped over. There was no driver except for a middle-aged man standing on the boat, but the boat's speed was unexpectedly fast.

The man leaped off the boat once it stopped by the shore and he landed right beside the elderly.

"The news is out, Mr. Draco," the man said to the elderly respectfully.

“Alright.” The elderly nodded and took off his hat, revealing a wrinkled face underneath. Jared would be surprised if he were there to see that the elderly was none other than Draco—the man who taught him when he was in prison!

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 552

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 552

Depends On Fate

“What day is it now?” Draco asked.

It’s June 8,” the man replied.

“That means we have a month left. I hope Jared will reach Level Five of the Foundation Phase soon!” Draco said with a load of hope in his eyes.

“I’m afraid it will be hard for Mr. Jared to achieve Level Five even if he’s a talented young man! He has only started training not long ago and it has only been a few months.” The middle-aged man shook his head.

“I know it’s hard but we have no choice. He is our only hope left. Otherwise, we won’t be able to save 龙大小姐...”

Draco looked helpless as he looked at the peaceful sea. “This is all I can do now. The rest depends on fate!”

Splash!

Draco had just finished speaking when Renee swam out of the water with two fishes in each hand.

“Mentor, we have groupers for dinner today!” Renee announced to him happily.

When she got to the shore and saw the man, she didn’t look surprised at all. Politely, she greeted, “You’re here, Mr. Deragon!”

He man smiled and nodded his head in return.

Soon, Renee left to cook. As the man watched Renee, he sighed, “Huh, what a good child she is! Not to mention that she has a frosty constituent. She will surely be something in the future...”

Draco sighed too. “I have no choice but to sacrifice her if there are really no other options left. I can’t let Jared die or Ms. Beatrice won’t survive either. If that happens, the Deragons will be reduced to nothing...”

“I still hope that you will talk to Renee. I believe she will understand since Mr. Jared was her savior...” the man said gravely.

Since he had developed feelings for Renee after all the time they spent together, he didn’t want Renee to die unaware of what was happening.

“Don’t worry, I’ll let her know!” Draco nodded. “What were the reactions of the Deragons when you let out the news?”

“They were astonished and thought that Ms. Beatrice’s child died. Now that they know he’s alive, they started searching for him,” he replied.

“That’s great. I believe the Deragons won’t need much time to find Mr. Jared.” Draco smiled.

“Why are you so anxious for the Deragons to know about Mr. Jared’s existence, Mr. Draco? Won’t it be better if we wait for a few more years until he becomes more powerful?” Perplexed, he asked.

“I’m afraid Ms. Beatrice can’t hold on for long. She has been locked up and tortured for more than twenty years. If we don’t give her some hope she won’t be able to make it...”

Draco’s eyes were wet with tears.

The man looked sad as well. “Mr. Draco, what was the secret that Old Mr. Deragon told Ms. Beatrice before he passed away? What made the Deragons so desperate to know about it that they locked up Ms. Beatrice for so many years?”

“I don’t know either. All I know is that the secret must be very important. Otherwise, she won’t be alive till now...”

Draco shook his head.

The two of them stopped talking after that. Soon, Renee's voice was heard. "Mentor, Mr. Deragon, dinner's ready. Please come and eat."

After looking at each other with a knowing smile, the two men walked toward Renee. Soon, laughter and aroma came from a hut made of stone.

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 553

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 553

Breakthrough

At the mansion at Dragon Summit, Horington.

Jared had locked himself in the room for four days and had been absorbing the spiritual energy from the spiritual stones. There weren't many stones left in the yard now.

The spiritual energy in Jared's body was almost enough to break through the elixir field.

Jared's forehead was sweaty from every breakthrough he made. Not only would his elixir field be reformed but also his body.

Jared felt weak and awful as if his bones were crushed. However, he dared not stop to rest because he clearly knew this was the time for him to achieve the breakthrough!

Once he succeeded in doing that, he would be more powerful. However, if he were to give up now, he might not achieve it in a very long time.

Boom!

Suddenly, a loud sound came from Jared's body as the elixir field was broken by the spiritual energy. However, the broken elixir field reformed very fast as the spiritual energy was absorbed back into it.

Interestingly, it was all peaceful after the spiritual energy was absorbed back into the elixir field.

"I've done it!"

Jared opened his eyes wide with excitement.

If the elixir field at the Foundation Phase were a bucket, Jared's energy was the same as a water tub. A bucket of water was simply not enough to fill a water tub!

Jared looked out of the window and realized he could see hundreds of miles away clearly and hear what was happening from a distance.

His energy underwent major changes as well. The Transcendence Phase signified the start of spiritual energy cultivation.

When Jared walked out of the room, he didn't see Josephine and Lizbeth. He guessed they must be out shopping because they were bored.

Then, he went to shower and change into clean clothes.

Jared was preparing to sleep but was awoken by Theodore's call to ask him out.

Theodore brought Shane to a teahouse at Horington. Shane was indeed a Senior Grandmaster because he had completely recovered from his injury in a just few days.

When Jared arrived, Shane went to get a chair for him out of courtesy.

If not for Jared, Shane would have died at Crescent Sect.

"This is the tea I brought from Jadeborough. Please try it," Shane said to Jared.

Jared lifted the cup and took a sip. "Why did you ask to meet me?"

"Nothing much. I just want to thank you for saving Captain Walsh. Meanwhile, the Coopers won't be creating trouble for you in this period of time since the head of the household is still absent," Theodore said.

"That's all?" Jared smiled. "Even if the Coopers were to create trouble for me, I have nothing to be afraid of."

Since Jared had reached the Transcendence Phase, he could easily defeat a Senior Grandmaster.

“Mr. Chance, I hope you don’t look down on your enemy. The Coopers are quite powerful and they have The Fearsome Four in their household. In fact, they are just like killing machines. Xander Cooper may have already reached his peak in the Senior Grandmaster level or even upgraded to Martial Arts Grandmaster. Honestly, that can be dangerously powerful...” Theodore advised.

“Okay. If that’s all you have to tell me, you can leave now. I don’t care about the Coopers at all.”

Jared got up and prepared to leave.

“Mr. Chance, may I ask you which level are you at now?”

Theodore was curious about Jared’s ability ever since he heard Shane describe how Jared killed Fabian Quillen, the leader of the Crescent Sect. He couldn’t comprehend how powerful was Jared.

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 554](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 554

Seminar

Jared hesitated before shaking his head. “I don’t know how to compare my skills to yours because I’m not a martial artist.”

“Are you a mage?” Theodore asked.

Jared shook his head again.

Theodore opened his eyes and mouth wide in shock as he gaped at Jared. It was big enough to squeeze a whole egg through.

“Captain Walsh, guard the entrance right now! Do not let anyone come close without my permission!” All of a sudden, Theodore ordered Shane.

As Shane exited the room and stood by the door, Theodore asked Jared, “Are you a cultivator then?”

“Do you know about cultivators too?” Jared was surprised that Theodore knew that information. He understood that the Baileys knew about cultivators because they met one, but how did Theodore know though?

Theodore understood the situation immediately after Jared asked the question. Nodding, he replied, “I know that there are quite a number of families with energy cultivators in Chanaea. It’s just that not a lot of people know about that because they hide their powers from the public. However, as the General of the Department of Justice, I have the responsibility to know about it!”

“Are there many other energy cultivators around?” Jared was excited to hear what Theodore told him.

He always wanted to find energy cultivators other than Draco because he was lonely and still had a lot to learn about the heavenly realm. He wanted to ask for guidance from someone else.

Theodore nodded and replied, “There are some confidential information that I can’t tell you, Mr. Chance; but, since you are an energy cultivator, I can stop worrying for you. It’s not surprising that you don’t care about the Coopers.”

“Do you have something else to ask me?” Jared asked after observing Theodore’s expression.

“To be honest, I have a favor to ask from you, Mr. Chance. I’ve heard that there will be an international seminar soon. My informant tells me that Seneris and Allosburgh have secretly arranged for trained warriors to attend the seminar. Since my captains are busy with something else and Captain Walsh is still recovering from his injury, I would like to ask you to represent us at the seminar,” Theodore asked, sounding rather embarrassed.

Jared frowned slightly and hesitated. It wasn’t that he didn’t have the ability, it was just that he had slightly more than a month left till July 15. He hoped to finish cultivating by then.

“Mr. Chance, just let it be if it is a trouble for you.”

After knowing that Jared was an energy cultivator, Theodore was even more respectful to him.

“When is the seminar?” Jared asked.

“It’s in two months,” Theodore hurriedly replied.

“Oh, two months? If you have said it earlier, I would have agreed right away.”

“Is it because you have something else to deal with?” Theodore asked.

“Please let me know if there is anything that I can help you with!”

Jared waved his hands dismissively and said, “It’s fine. It’s just some personal stuff that I have to settle.”

After a few more conversations, Theodore and Shane left. Right before he opened the door, Theodore suddenly turned around and said, “Mr. Chance, there’s an antiques exhibition and auction happening in five days. I think you might be able to find something useful there!”

Surprised, Jared asked, “An antiques exhibition and auction? Is it officially organized?”

“Of course not. It’s organized by a merchant who happens to be a collector at the same time. He’s holding the auction to attract other collectors to exhibit their precious antiques too. If anything catches his eye, he will buy the item at all costs. The Department of Justice is in charge of the security of the event,” Theodore explained.

“Alright. Thanks for telling me, General!”

Jared needed a lot of spiritual energy at the moment and these antiques contained them. It was just like the Dragon Throne from Walter. Any negative energy in the antiques could help Jared cultivate.

After sending Theodore off, Jared went back to his mansion. Guessing that Josephine went back to the Sullivan residence because she wasn’t back home yet, he slept right away.

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 555](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 555

Good Luck Waiting

Tessa sent her men to deliver front-row seat tickets to Jared first thing the following morning.

Jared opened a bleary eye to glance at the concert ticket before rolling over and falling asleep again upon learning that the concert was not due for another couple of hours.

Meanwhile, Ingrid and two other girls stood anxiously at the entrance of Horington Stadium.

“Are you sure your cousin can get us those tickets?” one of her classmates asked. “I know for a fact that the tickets had been sold out the moment they were sold. Many of those going actually bought them at a much higher price from scalpers!”

“He’s well-connected,” Ingrid answered confidently. “If he says he can get them, then he’ll get them.”

Ingrid’s faith and admiration for Jared had only rose since he had managed to take care of Dog.

“Give him a call, then!” said the other girl impatiently.

“Have him send over the tickets at once. The concert’s about to start and the stadium looks like it might fill out soon!”

“I have done that but his phone has been turned off!” Ingrid cried in despair.

At that moment, three boys in their late teens strode over to the girls. One of them wore a stylish piercing on his right earlobe.

Ingrid was frightened and flustered at the sight of the three approaching boys.

“Don’t you girls have tickets?” the boy with the piercing asked.

Ingrid merely stared back at him without saying a word.

“Ingrid says that her cousin has managed to secure the tickets for us,” one of the girls replied.

“Haha!” the boy exclaimed as he brandished a thick stack of tickets at the girls. “Good luck getting your hands on these! I only got these tickets because my father is a sponsor.”

Ingrid's companions perked up. Even Ingrid could not contain the envy in her eyes.

"Can we get a closer look, Paul?" simpered one of the girls.

"Of course!" he said generously as he handed them to the girls, who examined the tickets with reverence.

"If Ingrid would agree to be my girlfriend and give me a kiss," Paul suggested with a wicked grin, "you can have these tickets."

"Are you serious?" exclaimed one of the girls. "Paul's family owns a large business, Ingrid. He's loaded. Why don't you just say yes, eh?"

"That's right," prompted the other. "Just give him a kiss and we can all head in. These tickets are pretty good as it's still within the first ten rows from the stage. We'll be able to still see Tessa without using binoculars."

Ingrid did not have many friends as she had just transferred over to this school aside from those two with her. Therefore, she was rather disappointed in them for persuading her to sell herself short in exchange for something so trivial.

She frowned at them. "How could you ask this of me? I don't even like him."

"It's just a kiss, Ingrid. You're not ingesting poison. It's not the fifties anymore. Don't be such a prude!"

"You should be honored to have caught his fancy, despite your background as a country bumpkin. I would be leaping at the opportunity if I were you!"

These so-called friends are really desperate for tickets!

"I don't want the tickets," Ingrid said flatly as she strode several steps away from them in disapproval. "If you want them so badly, you can give him a kiss. I would rather wait for my cousin. At least his come with no strings attached."

"Your cousin's bluffing! If he had the tickets, he would have been here already. He turned his phone off because he doesn't want to be reached, dumbass!"

"He came from the village as well, didn't he? I doubt very much that he has the contacts for securing any ticket."

The girls let loose a barrage of disparaging remarks toward Ingrid in their disappointment.

With her head bowed, Ingrid did not attempt to defend herself any further. She felt particularly hurt because those two were her closest friends in school. I can't believe they would say such hurtful things to me just for a couple of tickets. I thought our friendship meant something!

"Well, offer's off the table. Good luck with the wait!"

With a cruel smirk upon his lips, Paul snatched the tickets back from the girl's grasp.

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 556

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 556

Forget It

"You have more tickets than you need, Paul," the girls begged. "Will you please give us one each?"

Paul leered at them as he considered their proposition. "I'll give you a ticket each in exchange for keeping me company tonight. Both of you."

The girls flinched slightly. We are only high school students. It's all fun and games to joke about it, but we've never slept with anybody before.

The girls would have obliged without hesitation if what Paul had asked for was a kiss. The girls were frightened by the raised stakes.

"Fine," Paul shrugged in response to their silence. "I'll just tear them up then."

"Wait!" one of them yelled through gritted teeth. "I'll do it!"

The last trace of the other girl's resolve vanished as she nodded urgently. "I'll do it too!"

"Are you sure?" Paul said with a wry smile, though he was already handing the tickets out to them. "You'd better not be lying for you know the consequences!"

The girls just accepted the tickets eagerly and laughed happily after that!

“How could you agree to demean yourselves just for a ticket?” Ingrid exclaimed, scandalized. “Give them back! My cousin will surely get us tickets with no strings attached.”

“Stop pretending, Ingrid,” one of the girls sneered. “You’ve lost our trust.”

“You can get a ticket too, Ingrid,” Paul chimed in suggestively. “All you have to do is give me a kiss. Think about it.”

Ingrid held her ground and threw a fierce stare at him. “Forget it. It’s not worth it’s not the end of the world even if I miss a concert.”

“Good for you for standing up to your principles,” Paul said with mock admiration.

“Well, the show’s about to start. We’ll let you know how it goes!”

Without another word, he wrapped his arms around a girl each as they headed toward the line.

Though the girls did not appear too comfortable, they remained as still as they could while Paul ran his hands all over them.

“Don’t go with him!” Ingrid stepped forward to block them in their path.

“We don’t have strong principles like you, Ingrid. We want to see the show. If you’re not coming with us, don’t try and stop us. This is a choice we have made.”

“Carry on waiting out here by yourself. You deserve it after getting us excited for nothing with your cousin. If it weren’t for Paul, we wouldn’t be able to get in.”

“Get lost!” Paul added with a smug smile.

After shoving Ingrid aside, Paul took the two girls and joined the line.

Coincidentally, Jared arrived at that moment with Josephine and Lizbeth following close behind. Josephine had arrived outside Dragon Bay earlier that day and dragged him, still half-asleep, out of the house and rushed him to the stadium.

“Sorry, Ingrid,” he said apologetically. “I’ve overslept like hell.”

Ingrid could not hold back her tears anymore. With a wail, she started sobbing bitterly.

“What is it, Ingrid?” Josephine asked in concern.

“Josephine...” Ingrid’s voice trailed off as she gazed toward Paul, biting her lower lip in an effort to steady her trembling self.

At the very same moment, with both arms around the two girls, Paul caught sight of Josephine and Lizbeth and allowed his gaze to wander all over them greedily.

Though the two women were much older than him, they held the poise that was incomparable to two seventeen-year-olds.

In an instant, Josephine pieced the situation together. “You,” she shouted in Paul’s direction, “come back here. Are you the ones who have made Ingrid cry?”

Nobody in Horington dares to offend the Sullivans. Much less my little sister!

“Forget it, Josephine,” Ingrid whispered as she clutched the other’s hand. Paul’s family is wealthy and influential. What if I get Josephine into trouble?

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 557](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 557

Idiots

“Are you referring to me, miss?” Paul replied saucily as he sauntered over. “Lighten up. You’re much too beautiful to be frowning.”

“Kids these days and their awful manners,” Josephine muttered with a frown of disgust.

Paul leered without restraint. “I’m not that young anymore, if you know what I mean. I know just as much about how to please you as you do yourself. Would you like me to try?”

Smack!

Seized by blind rage, Josephine slapped him across the face. How dare a kid like him speak to me like that!

Paul reeled from the impact of the slap. He could not believe that he had just been slapped. The other boys who had been flanking him leaped forward to hold him steady. One of them pulled out a knife.

Josephine was taken aback at the sight of the armed and hostile teenagers. For a moment, she appeared at a loss on what to do.

“How dare you strike me!” he yelled at her. “Do you know who I am? My father is Jean Yates!”

“You belong to the Yateses?” Josephine asked skeptically as she scanned Paul from head to toe.

“Just ignore them, Josephine,” Jared advised. “Let’s go inside.”

They’re just a bunch of idiotic kids. What good will there be in killing all of them?

Josephine nodded as they turned to enter the venue.

“Are you even thinking of leaving here without a scratch after hitting Paul? Dream on!”

With a yell, Paul’s armed companion lunged at Josephine with the dagger raised.

Paralyzed by shock and fear at such a young but bloodthirsty assailant, she stood rooted to the spot.

In a flash, Lizbeth reached out and caught the wrist yielding the dagger. With a violent torquing motion, she snapped it at an angle with a sickening crunch.

“What do they teach you kids at school these days?” Lizbeth glared at him with disgust.

Jared frowned at the situation that was getting messy. Despite making it clear that we did not want to pick a fight with these kids, the boy still wanted to slash someone!

“Ah!” screamed the boy in agony as he cradled his wrist. Paul gazed at his companion, visibly terrified this time.

The wail attracted the attention of many other concertgoers who had in no time formed a mob around the scene.

At the same time, Tessa was engaged in a discussion regarding matters of the concert with several of her sponsors inside one of the rooms in the stadium.

Paul’s father, Jean, was among them. He sat at the corner of the room, far from the center which denoted authority as every other participant in that meeting was more important than he was.

Suddenly, some crew members burst in. “There’s been an altercation at the entrance, Ms. Snyder. Many are gathered there as we speak. We fear that it might delay the commencement of the concert!”

Tessa frowned. “Any idea on who they are?”

“Not yet. The only thing we know is that one of them is a young fellow of about eighteen years of age. I heard the others call him Paul Yates.”

“My son?” Jean cried as he leaped to his feet.

Tessa gazed at him with displeasure. “Mr. Yates, your son has caused trouble at the entrance. If it affects the concert, please remember that the Yateses have a stake in this too. If your son’s shenanigans disrupt the concert, your entire family will take your share of the hit!”

Despite her innocuous career in show business, it was common knowledge the Snyders’ connection in Horington was unrivaled.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Snyder. The matter will be investigated thoroughly.” Jean mopped his brow before dashing out.

As soon as he disappeared from sight, Tessa beckoned one of the crew members. “I have a friend arriving soon with front-row seat tickets. Let them in at once, do you understand? They are not to stand in line. Bring them straight here. Here is a photo of him.”

Tessa handed the photo of Jared she secretly took over to the crew member, who jumped in surprise at the photographs. "That's the man causing trouble at the entrance, Ms. Snyder!"

"What?" Tessa exclaimed before jumping to her feet and dashing out.

The other sponsors hurriedly followed suit.

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 558

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 558

Worry For Nothing

"You can forget about leaving," Paul shouted, taking advantage of the size of the crowd that had gathered around to garner sympathy. "I'm going to call the cops and have you arrested for assaulting me and breaking my friend's wrist. My father will hear of this and you're going to have hell to pay!"

It's a good thing I shouted loud enough to attract such a large crowd. Hopefully, they wouldn't dare lay a finger on me with that many witnesses present. For God's sake, she broke his wrist so easily! It's like she's done it many times before.

Paul pulled out his phone and dialed his father's number.

Jared glanced at the sizable crowd, his forehead slightly creased. Ingrid was pale with fright and she held on to Jared's arm tightly.

"Don't be afraid, Ingrid," Josephine said in a low voice. "Nobody in Horington dares to lift a finger on me."

Just when Paul pressed his phone to his ear, his father arrived at top speed. Flanked on either side by his men, they squeezed their way through the crowd. Jean's temper flared at the sight of his son.

"You little sh*t!" he shouted. "I gave you the tickets for you to enjoy the show, not to cause trouble!"

Jean strode forward and was about to slap Paul when the latter held out his hand.

“We didn’t start it, Dad!” Paul explained hastily, frightened out of his wits. “I was slapped in the face first. Here! You can still see her handprint. After that, they broke my friend’s wrist.”

Jean leaned in a closer look and sure enough, he found a red handprint across his son’s cheek. Next, he turned to look at Paul’s friend whose face was still contorted in pain as he cradled his forearm. Jean retracted his hand.

“Who was the one to have struck you?” Jean demanded, swelling up with rage. “Did you not make clear to them who your father is?”

Though the Yateses did not count amongst the elite in Horington, their name still commanded certain respect within the city.

Paul pointed at Josephine. “It was her! She was the one who slapped me!”

Jean glanced in the direction his son’s finger indicated before stiffening up in shock and falling onto the ground when he recognized Josephine, Lizbeth, and Jared.

“Are you all right, Dad?” Paul hurried forward to pull his father back to his feet.

Jean turned and gave his son a ferocious slap across the face before scurrying over to Josephine.

“Ms. Sullivan, Ms. Grange, Mr. Chance,” he stammered before falling to his knees before the dumbfounded crowd. “I apologize for the actions of my son. I hereby humbly hand him over to you to punish him as you see fit...”

Paul and his friends were all shocked!

“Paul, who the hell are these people?” his friends whispered, in equal measures of fear and awe.

Paul shook his head jerkily. I wouldn’t have caused trouble with them if I had known what kind of people they were!

“You’re in huge trouble, boy!” A gleeful voice came from the crowd. “The lady who’d slapped you was Ms. Sullivan. With her are Mr. Grange’s granddaughter, and the famous Mr. Chance from Horington. Even Tommy is a

follower of Mr. Chance. You kids are real idiots for picking the worst possible people to fight with.”

Paul opened his mouth but nothing came out. A few seconds later, the front of his pants became soaked with hot urine as the crowd roared with laughter.

All of them are people not to be trifled with! One wrong word might spell the end of the Yateses. Oh no, I seem to recall saying a lot of them earlier!

“Please make way!”

The crowd was parted in the middle by several dozen security personnel shoving them aside to make way for Tessa who appeared clad in sunglasses and a gown.

She hastened toward Jared followed by a large group of sponsors.

“Tessa!”

“Tessa! Over here!”

The fans began clamoring excitedly to gain her attention.

Ingrid, too, was shaking with excitement at seeing Tessa in the flesh.

After nodding politely to Josephine and Lizbeth, Tessa addressed Jared urgently. “Are you all right, Mr. Chance?”

“I’m fine. Do you really think I would have gotten into trouble?” Jared asked with a smile.

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 559](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 559

Starstruck

Tessa returned the smile, her worries melting away immediately. Being well aware of Jared’s abilities, she knew better than to worry about him being bullied by a teenager.

“Mr. Chance!”

The sponsors standing behind Tessa started forward to greet Jared. Every socialite in Horington worth their salt knew who Jared was.

Jared merely nodded his head in response.

“Let’s go inside,” Tessa suggested, not up for having a conversation over the screaming of her fans.

“It’s rather chaotic here.”

Jared nodded before turning around to address Ingrid. “It’s fine now. Let us go in!”

“And who is this?” Tessa asked as she turned to face Ingrid.

“This is my cousin, Ingrid,” introduced Jared.

“Your cousin, huh?” Tessa mused while she beamed at Ingrid. “Come, the concert is about to start!”

Without giving her the opportunity to voice her assent, Tessa pulled Ingrid by the arm toward the entrance.

As it turned out, Ingrid was unable to speak as she was starstruck at being so close to her idol. Her jaw hung open in shock as she allowed herself to be dragged along.

At the touch of Tessa’s skin on hers, Ingrid’s pulse rose to such a degree that she felt her heart about to pop out of her chest.

Bulging with envy, every eye in the crowd followed her with admiration.

None were more envious than the two girls who came with Ingrid. The girls were beginning to feel remorseful for how they had treated her earlier.

“Ingrid!” they shouted to get her attention, with the hopes that she would be able to secure their entry as well.

Ingrid merely turned to glance at them before gazing determinedly forward again. I have given them so many opportunities earlier but they chose not to believe me.

Tessa seemed to sense what Ingrid was thinking. “See those two girls over there?” Tessa said in a low voice to one of her aides. “Don’t let them in. Their conduct is despicable.”

Soon, Tessa and Ingrid disappeared into the stadium with Jared following behind. Along the way, Josephine’s eyes flicked occasionally toward Jared as she entertained the new suspicion that had formed in her mind regarding him and Tessa.

Jared stared pointedly away and pretended not to notice how he was being watched closely. He hastened his stride toward the stadium.

“Mr. Chance! Mr. Chance!” Jean cried in despair.

However, Jared just ignored him completely. Jean remained where he was on the floor until Jared’s silhouette disappeared into the stadium.

“Dad,” whimpered Paul.

Smack!

In his rage, Jean landed another ferocious slap on his son’s cheek.

“You little piece of sh*t!” Jean howled. “The Yateses are going to collapse before you can take over! You’re in for the beating of your life once we reach home.”

...

Jared and his party were led by the ushers to the first row. They were the most exclusive seats in the stadium which money could not buy. When the concert began, Jared closed his eyes to avoid having to look at Tessa who was performing enthusiastically on stage as he realized that Tessa had been glancing suggestively at him more often than necessary.

Jared was well aware that Josephine was sitting next to him, so he did not trust himself if his imagination were to run wild. As a result, he opted to close his eyes altogether.

“Tessa is amazing!” gasped Ingrid between screams and cheers. “She’s so pretty!”

Josephine cleared her throat. “Let me ask you something, Ingrid.”

“What is it, Josephine?” Ingrid turned to look at her.

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 560

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 560

Who Do You Prefer

“Who do you prefer, me or Tessa?”

Ingrid was slightly surprised at the question.

Jared, who had his eyes closed the entire time, almost chortled out loud. That’s an interesting tactic to gauge how things are going on between me and Tessa! I’d better tread lightly around her.

“I like you better, of course,” Ingrid said tactfully as she wrapped her arm around Josephine’s. “We’re like sisters.”

Josephine was pleased to hear that. Fully aware that he could hear them, she watched his reaction as she returned Ingrid’s radiant smile.

Several encores later, the concert ended. Tessa had extended an invitation to Jared and his party for supper but was met with decisive rejection as he was aware that he had to keep a distance from her or suffer Josephine’s wrath. It would not end well for me if this gets out of hand.

In the end, Jared gave in to Ingrid’s pleas and allowed her to go in his place with Tessa. As Tessa had chosen to hold a concert in Horington for him, Jared felt that sending Ingrid to keep Tessa company on his behalf was fair enough.

Tessa left Jared a message when she left Horington. Though he did not send her off, he got her meaning loud and clear. Jared was conflicted as he knew that Tessa knew he had a girlfriend; yet, she was still openly conveying her interest in him. She’s really trying to get me into trouble!

Over the next few days, Jared accompanied Josephine shopping whenever he had a moment to spare. After that, he would spend his afternoons playing chess with William. Without herbs and spiritual stones and being solely reliant

on the wispy thin spiritual energy, It would be a waste of time for Jared to cultivate.

Three days later, Walter approached Jared with an interesting proposition.

“Mr. Chance,” he said, rather excited. “There will be an auction in Jadeborough tomorrow. Would you be interested? You never know for there might be something you need!”

“I’d obtained Dragon Throne in a similar auction, you know,” he continued proudly. “You never know what kind of treasures you may come across. I’d heard that there will be a batch of talismans flown in by a sponsor for this auction. It’s the trend now for the rich to obtain a talisman and send it to a geomancer to modify the geomantic elements to repel danger while positively enhancing their auras. With the influx in the supply of talismans, this auction is going to be very interesting and intense. I might as well sell the stuff taking up space in my house for cash. At the same time, I may be able to snag something valuable.”

Walter was fond of antiques. His eyes sparkled as he launched into an excited babble regarding his favorite subject.

“I am already aware of it,” Jared said carelessly. “Theodore told me about it.”

“Theodore Jackson?” Walter repeated with a gasp. “Do you mean General Theodore Jackson of the Department of Justice of Jadeborough?”

Jared nodded. “Yes, the very same man.”

Walter stared incredulously at Jared. I can’t believe Jared has connections with Theodore and the Department of Justice!

Even during the peak of his career, Walter’s rank had always been far below Theodore’s. General Jackson of the Department of Justice was a deified figure within the ranks all over the country. Jared’s acquaintance with him was the last thing Walter expected.

“Mr. Chance, shall I send over a car to pick you up if you are interested in going to the auction with me?”

“Sounds good. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Jared nodded in agreement as he had never been to Jadeborough and wished to check out the place. Hence, he accepted Walter's invitation readily.

Josephine and Lizbeth descended the stairs the moment Walter departed.

"Jared, where are you and Mr. Grange planning on going?" Josephine asked.

Jared stared at the women in surprise as he was under the impression that he was the only one home.