## The Man's Decree Chapter 259 - 260( The Man like none Othere chapter 259 - 260)

"I'm going too."

"And me too! I also want to meet Mr. Lowe, who's famed to be impartial!"

Stella and Gianna quickly chimed in about tagging along.

"Sure, let's go together!" Simon waved his hand as he spoke.

Just as Benedict and his family were about to head out to meet Glen, Simon suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned to Kai. "Didn't you say you've eaten at Mr. Lowe's house before? Since we're heading up to give him a toast now, do you also want to follow us?"

As soon as Simon's words fell, Benedict and his family turned and threw Kai mocking looks. They believed he would not dare to follow along since that was equivalent to exposing his own lie.

Indeed, Kai shook his head without hesitation. He then added, "He should be the one offering me a toast instead!"

The crowd was slightly shocked at first, but a peal of laughter soon entailed after they recovered from their trance. "Are you still dreaming? You said Mr. Lowe should offer you a toast? Why don't you take a good look at yourself in the mirror? I'll pass your words to Mr. Lowe when I meet him and see what he'll do to you!"

Finishing his words, Simon led Benedict and the rest out of the room.

Just as they stepped out, Stella stopped and turned around. "We might stay to have lunch with Mr. Lowe after offering him a toast. Go ahead and pay the bills later; there's no need to wait for our return. Also, those two empty wine bottles are probably worth a few hundred. Don't forget to bring them home. It'll be sufficient for you guys to last through a few days."

With that, she chuckled and walked away.

"Kai, are you out of your mind? Why did you even say that? Aren't you just landing yourself in hot water?" Hannah looked at Kai and asked him worriedly after Benedict and his family left.

"Mom, nothing bad will happen," Kai reassured smilingly.

Gary let out a huge sigh all of a sudden. "How much does this whole table of food cost? What do we do now?"

"Dad, don't worry about that. I have my ways. Why don't you head home with Mom first? I'll take care of the bills here."

Knowing that his parents would only be worried if they stayed there, Kai figured it would be better for them to leave first.

"Sounds like a plan. We will go home and look for some money. Remember not to get into any conflicts with others. This place belongs to Mr. Lewis; it's no laughing matter," Gary warned.

"I got it." Kai nodded.

Even though Hannah was feeling a little uneasy, she still left with Gary ultimately to look for neighbors and see if they could lend some money. One would have to know that dining and dashing at Tommy's restaurant would only mean courting death.

After the departure of his parents, Kai sat back down in his seat. Thoughts regarding his identity began to run wild in his mind once again.

Meanwhile, Benedict and his family took the elevator and arrived upstairs where Majestic Hall was, their hands still holding onto their glasses.

Javier was awe-stricken as he fixed his eyes on the extravagant-looking private rooms on that floor.

Looking at his brother-in-law earnestly, he voiced, "Simon, when will you treat us to a meal in such a luxurious room too? Just look at Kai; even someone like him could treat us to a meal in a basic private room downstairs!"

"He might not even be able to pay for that basic private room. Let's see how he'll fork out money for it later. If he dares dine and dash, Mr. Lewis will surely kill him!" Gianna covered her mouth as she laughed.

"Just shut up, the two of you! Do you know what place this is? There are many dignitaries dining here. You guys will be in deep trouble if you interrupt any of them for being too noisy!" Simon berated them with a frosty expression.

Intimidated, the pair of siblings immediately shut their mouths. Benedict also quickly chimed in, "Simon is right. You guys better watch yourselves and not talk so much. Learn from Simon."

Concurrently, in Majestic Hall, Glen and several other colleagues, including Simon's father, Devin Moore, were chatting over the lunch fare. Based on the seating arrangement, Devin was likely the one with the lowest status.

Be it serving drinks or pouring wine, he was personally doing the job of a waiter all by himself.

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Just then, the door was pushed open. Tommy walked in, his hands holding onto a bottle of wine.

When the crowd saw that it was Tommy, they were startled. After all, deep down, they were well aware of what he did for a living.

Being an honorable man who was fair and just, Glen used to be antipathetic to interacting with someone like Tommy.

Yet, he had personally asked to invite Tommy over that time around.

"Mr. Lowe, thank you for visiting this small restaurant of mine. As a token of appreciation, today's meal will be on me!" Tommy smiled as he uncorked the wine.

As he was a seasoned member of society, it was no wonder that he knew the way to treat his guest. What he could not fathom was why Glen had asked him over out of the blue.

"Tommy, I didn't ask you here to pay for the bill. Have a seat; we'll have a chat." Glen beckoned to Tommy.

Without hesitation, the latter strode up to the seat beside Glen and sat down, leaving everyone else baffled.

No one could understand what was wrong with Glen right then.

"Mr. Lowe, tell me what orders you have. I'll be at your service!" Tommy courteously said after he had seated himself.

"The purpose of my visit and inviting you to join me here today is to ask you to help me arrange a meeting with Mr. Chance. I'll like to express my gratitude to him in person," Glen responded politely.

At once, Tommy realized what was going on. So he's here because of yesterday's incident.

"You're here at an opportune moment, Mr. Lowe! Mr. Chance has made a reservation for a meal here today as well. He's downstairs right now!" Tommy explained.

"Is that so?" Glen looked elated at that response. "Then I must head down to offer Mr. Chance a toast!"

With that said, he lifted his wineglass and prepared to head out of the room.

At the sight of Glen's behavior, everyone present was instantly dumbfounded. They could not figure out who that influential figure in Horington was, that even someone prestigious like Glen had to be so respectful and even personally asked to meet to offer him a toast.

Despite so, they knew that person was someone special. In hopes of seeking connections with them, all of them quickly grabbed their glasses and prepared to follow behind Glen.

Just as the crowd was about to leave, the door to the private room was abruptly flung open. Next, Benedict and his family walked in.

Seeing the newcomers, Glen was taken aback and furrowed his brows. "Who are you?"

"Mr. Lowe, I'm Benedict Chance, an office administrator in the Department of Health. I've learned that you're having lunch here today, so I'm here to give you a toast."

Benedict then pointed to the group behind him and added, "These are my family members. They would also like to catch a glimpse of you in person!"

The man was visibly nervous that even his hand holding the wineglass was trembling.

On the other hand, Javier, Stella, and the rest had excitement written all over their faces as they fastened their eyes on Glen.

Displeased, Glen shifted his gaze toward Devin. "What's going on?"

Since he had made sure to keep his reservation at that restaurant a secret, he believed that no one should know about his presence there. After all, visiting Tommy's restaurant would only affect the public's opinions toward him because, to begin with, Tommy did not have a good reputation. Hence, he ultimately only invited several people without informing anyone else.

Yet, the presence of Benedict and his family only proved that they had received the news prior. Of course, it was an easy feat to find out the culprit. Since Benedict was from the Department of Health, making him the subordinate of Devin, the health minister, it was evident that Devin was the one who had leaked the information.

Noticing Glen's enraged appearance, Devin began quivering in fear. He glared fiercely at his son before turning to Glen. "Mr. Lowe, I merely told my son that I'll be at Meadow Restaurant and won't be home for lunch today. I didn't know that he'll turn up here and even bring people along with him to toast you."

Devin quickly tried to extricate himself from the situation. He did not want, and neither did he dare to take responsibility for anyone, not even his son, as that would jeopardize his career.

"Your son?" Glen frowned. "Don't tell me this man here who calls himself Benedict is your son?"
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