

The Mans Decree Chapter 563

Chapter 563 Good Judge Of Character

Walter sighed without commenting further. They'd used me all those years ago. What's the point of holding on to the grudge until now?

After their meal, Theodore personally escorted Jared to Jausden Auction House to prevent Sean from finding trouble with Jared.

Jared sensed the movement of spiritual energy upon setting foot in the exhibition hall. Though faint, it was enough to prove that there were indeed some authentic artifacts amongst the exhibits.

The vast space was filled with glass cabinets containing every antique one could imagine. Glittering under the yellow fluorescent bulbs, they told stories of their origins.

"Mr. Chance!"

Jared turned toward the source of the familiar voice only to discover that it was Tristan, who quickened his pace toward the former. "I didn't expect to see you here, Mr. Chance!"

Jared smiled at him. "When did you return, Tristan? How is Ms. Simmons?"

"I've arrived yesterday just to attend this auction," replied Tristan. "Megan is doing well. In fact, she's been inducted into the Crescent Sect!"

Jared felt a huge weight lifted off his shoulders. After all, it was for his sake that her father, Dante, had sacrificed himself.

"Is this Mr. Chance, Tristan?" An old man joined them.

"Yes, he is, Grandpa," introduced Tristan before turning to Jared. "Mr. Chance, meet my grandfather. Samuel Baileys."

Jared nodded. "Mr. Baileys."

Samuel sank into a deep bow. "What a fine specimen of a man you are, Mr. Chance! It is the honor of the Baileys to be at your service."

Samuel's demeanor drew the attention of a large crowd. They could not comprehend how the patriarch of the powerful Baileys of Jadeborough could lower his voice and speak with so much courtesy to such a young man.

"Mr. Baileys has a good judge of character," Theodore said approvingly.

"No wonder the Baileys has such a long legacy."

It was obvious that Samuel was aware of Jared's true identity, which explained his reverence for the latter. It would do the reputation of our family well if the word were to get out that we are acquainted with an energy cultivator!

"General Jackson, you have flattered me. I am sure you could tell that Mr. Chance is no ordinary individual?"

As a testament to his discerning eye, Samuel had managed to deduce that Theodore, too, was aware of Jared's identity.

Theodore laughed boisterously as they exchanged knowing winks.

"This way please, Mr. Chance. So far, all of the exhibits you've seen pale in comparison to this. The real treasures lie behind this door." Samuel gestured smartly.

Jared nodded before following Samuel into the hall.

Before he took more than a few steps, Jared felt the icy-cold sensation of a murderous glare upon him which was followed by the appearance of a middle-aged man who was accompanied by a wizened, white-haired figure.

The younger man was the one who was staring at Jared as though intending to swallow him whole.

Returning the glare without a trace of fear, Jared knew instinctively that his silent adversary belonged to the Coopers.

Sure enough, Samuel stepped out and stood between the man and Jared. "What do you want, Sean?"

"I just want a word with the kid, Mr. Baileys. How quickly you jump in to the defense of your new master."

Samuel scowled. Incensed, Tristan strode forward at once. "Another word out of you, Sean, and I'll—"

"We adults are talking here, kid. Mind your manners!"

Sean's eyes narrowed and without warning, emitted a burst of an invisible force around him that forced Tristan to stumble backward.

Theodore shot out an arm and caught Tristan before the latter fell. "Not here, Sean. We're at the Jausden Auction House. Don't you blame me for being ruthless!"

The Mans Decree Chapter 564

Sean smiled pleasantly. "I only want a word with the boy, General Jackson. Is that against the law?"

Theodore didn't say anything but glare at Sean.

Jared stepped out. "You have my attention."

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Sean gazed coldly at Jared from head to toe. "No matter what kind of powers you have at your disposal, the Coopers will not let you go for killing Franco. I assure you that you will not be leaving Jadeborough in one piece."

Jared paid Sean's threat no heed. The onlookers were stunned at the realization that Jared was the one who had killed Franco.

How brazen is he to have killed a member of the Cooper family and then strutted back to their turf!

By that point, many had developed an interest in Jared's true identity. He is clearly somebody special to be able to provoke the Coopers by killing Franco, and for Samuel and Theodore to fawn over him in such a manner!

"If Franco's death isn't enough, I'll be happy to send more Coopers to meet him," Jared said with a sneer.

"How dare you!" Sean's eyes widened as his knuckles cracked menacingly. If Theodore and Samuel weren't there, I would have jumped on this little b*stard!

"You've got balls, kid. We'll see how things go." At that final threat, Sean turned around and disappeared into one of the rooms in the hall with the old man.

"Your safety in Jadeborough will be our top priority, Mr. Chance," proclaimed Samuel grimly. "The Baileys will spare no expense for your safety."

Jared smiled and nodded appreciatively before following Samuel into another room within the hall. However, the rest had to remain behind.

At first glance, the smaller room did not appear too dissimilar from the exhibition hall outside. The only difference was that the antique ceramics that were on display in the smaller room was much fewer in number. In spite of that, the spiritual energy was much stronger. Jared could almost smell the age of these items for they were far more ancient than anything displayed outside.

In the center of the room stood a large rosewood table surrounded by chairs. At the very center sat a well-mannered, bespectacled middle-aged man, who was accompanied by an old but serene-looking man.

"That's Galen Zane, Mr. Chance," whispered Samuel. "He's a businessman from Zaprington. Next to him is Boris Yonce, the most powerful mage in their city. It was said that Galen is here with an extremely rare talisman that required the expert examination of Mr. Yonce. As you might have noticed, only the elite of Jadeborough was granted entry into this room."

Jared nodded as he studied the other participants around the table. Though few in number, every single one of them was similarly accompanied by an old man. He hazarded a guess that they were hired to discern between authentic and counterfeit talismans. Even Sean and his geomancer were present.

Samuel led Jared to a seat across from Sean. On Samuel's other side sat a silver-haired geomancer clad in white. Despite being half-closed, his eyes somehow managed to emit a frostiness that made those seated around him shudder.

"Mr. Chance, this is Mr. Barnabus Holt, a geomancer under my employ." Samuel made the introductions before turning to the wizened figure. "Mr. Holt, this is Mr. Chance."

Barnabus did not even glance at Jared. "Is my service not sufficient for you, Mr. Baileys?" he said nonchalantly. "Why is a second opinion necessary?"

"You have mistaken, Mr. Holt," Samuel clarified hastily. "Mr. Chance is only here to watch. Your expertise is still required, Mr. Holt."

Though Jared was a cultivator, Samuel was certain that his guest was nowhere as experienced as Barnabus, who had spent years longer than Jared had been alive specializing in his craft.

"Hmm!" Barnabus grunted, seemingly satisfied by the explanation.