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“Frederick, what are you trying to imply? Not everyone who went to prison is a bad person. Please don't simply make a judgment like that...”

Josephine was displeased as she knew Frederick was jeering at Jared.

Frederick's expression darkened when he saw how protective she was toward Jared. “Josephine, why are you attracted to this ex-convict? Why do you keep siding with him? Don't you know my feelings for you? If we get together, your family will prosper forever in Horington. Imagine that. Wouldn't that be nice?”

“Frederick, even though many people envy your status, I'm different. I'm not interested in you. Do you understand?”

Josephine cast an annoyed look at Frederick.

“Why? Why is that?” Enraged, Frederick grabbed Josephine's arm. “Which part of him is better than me? He's an ex-convict! How could he possibly be better than me?”

His face contorted with rage as he thundered at her.

Josephine furrowed her brows from the pain. “Frederick, you are hurting me!”

As if he had lost his mind, Frederick maintained an iron grip on her, unwilling to let go.

“Fred...”

William's expression hardened at that scene. *That's crossing the line! How could he injure my daughter before me!*

“You're courting death!”

At that moment, Jared narrowed his eyes as he exuded a menacing aura.

A second later, he clutched Frederick's wrist forcefully.

Feeling an excruciating pain shooting up his wrist, Frederick shrieked, “Argh!”

His grip on Josephine's arm loosened, and she seized the opportunity to hide behind Jared.

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The next second, Jared thrust his arm forward, intending to land a punch on Frederick.

William's heart sank, and he quickly yelled, "Jared, please don't..."

*Frederick's the mayor's son. The consequences will be unimaginable if he gets beaten. Moreover, if Jared doesn't hold back his strength and accidentally kills him, we'd be doomed!*

Fortunately, Jared stopped his punch in time upon hearing William's words. Nevertheless, Frederick was so frightened that he wetted himself.

After all, no one had ever dared to lay a finger on him.

"I will kill you if you dare to touch Josephine again!" Jared warned and pushed Frederick abruptly.

Even though it seemed like a gentle nudge, the latter flew out of the pavilion and fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

Frederick stood up immediately, his gaze filled with venom. Staring at his wet pants, he was beyond embarrassed to linger around any longer.

"Bast\*rd, you're just an ex-convict! How dare you go against me? I will make sure you pay for this! Just you wait and see!"

Having spat a threat, he turned and left.

Once he was out of sight, William sighed in relief. "Luckily, you stopped in time. If you had punched him, the consequences would have been terrible! He's the mayor's son, after all!"

"I broke his wrist, though," Jared remarked faintly.

He had long known about Frederick's identity, but it did not bother him in the least.

"What?" William was dumbstruck. "D-Did you say you broke Frederick's wrist? This is bad!"

Josephine was startled too. "We're doomed. He won't let this slide so easily!"

The father and daughter duo was filled with apprehension.

"It seems like we will need to find Mr. Grange for a favor. Even though he has retired from the state government, I supposed he still has the connections. He should be able

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to help!”

The first person that crossed William's mind was Walter.

Even though the Sullivan family was the richest in Horington, they were merely money trees in the eyes of the politicians.

“I don't think we have to panic even if he's the mayor's son. Plus, it's not like a broken wrist is incurable. As the mayor, his father should be a reasonable man.”

Jared was puzzled upon seeing how concerned William looked.

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"The thing is, Frederick is too used to having his way all the time because of his social status. Although his father, Mr. Lowe, is an honest and upright man, he's too busy with work to keep track of his son's behavior. At the same time, no one around him dared to tell him anything bad about his son. That's how Frederick has become so bumptious. I'll go and get some pointers from Mr. Grange regarding this." William left to find Walter after saying that.

"You shouldn't have been so rough! We might be in trouble now!" Josephine shot Jared a helpless look.

"Well, that's what happens when someone lays a finger on you!" the man said with a straight face while staring at her.

Upon seeing how protective Jared was of her, Josephine could not help but feel touched. After rolling her eyes at him, she suggested, "You better leave and lie low in the meantime. Let my dad consult Mr. Grange first. You should only return once they've settled that matter."

Josephine then pushed Jared out of the residence, urging him to leave as soon as possible as she was afraid Frederick might bring some men over to take revenge.

Left with no choice, Jared let out a resigned sigh and headed home. Since the resources inside the Starry Compass were enough for him to cultivate for a full day, he did not go anywhere else.

The following morning, William gave Jared a call to invite him over to the Sullivan residence. As it was his future father-in-law's order, he dared not defy it.

When Jared arrived at the Sullivan residence, he saw the older man had filled the trunk of a car with gifts.

"Jared, I'll bring you to visit Mr. Lowe at his home. We should go over and apologize sincerely. Being the honorable man he is, I think he'll forgive you," William said.

Jared had initially thought of rejecting the idea but changed his mind upon seeing the dark eye circles on William's face. *He must've been up all night worrying about it!*

Josephine wanted to go along as well, but William thought it was a bad idea because things could potentially get ugly if a scuffle were to break out due to her.

After making all the preparations, William drove Jared to the mayor's house.

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Glen Lowe had been the mayor of Horington for more than a decade by then. Through his own hard work, he successfully developed Horington from a town to a city. Indeed, he was a competent government official.

Soon, they arrived in an old neighborhood. Glen's house was a simple two-story house with a land size of around two hundred square meters.

It was an extremely unorthodox sight for Glen to live in such a neighborhood, considering how successful he was as the mayor of the city over the past decade. Yet, there was a luxury car worth over a million parked in front of the house. Needless to say, the car seemed to be sticking out like a sore thumb.

"Watch what you say when we're inside. Also, don't do anything impulsive!" William exhorted.

Jared nodded in acquiescence.

Upon ringing the doorbell, a middle-aged woman in an apron answered the door. That woman was none other than Glen's wife, Helen Wood.

"Hi, Mrs. Lowe! We've made an appointment with Mr. Lowe!" William greeted in a respectful manner when he saw the middle-aged woman.

Jared was shocked to learn about the woman's identity. *She's the mayor's wife? Isn't she dressed a bit too casually for a woman of her social status?*

"Come on in, Sullivan! Glen told me you were coming." Helen welcomed their arrival cheerfully. "Why did you bring gifts along? Don't you know Glen doesn't like receiving gifts?"

"These are just food such as milk and honey, Mrs. Lowe. Don't worry; the total value isn't over a thousand!" William explained hastily.

Apparently, Glen had a quirky rule for visitors. Regardless of his relationships with them, he would refuse to receive their gifts if they were worth over a thousand.

Helen only accepted the gifts upon hearing William's explanation. "Please sit, the both of you. Glen is still having a meeting with some businessmen. I think he'll be done shortly!"

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"Thank you, Mrs. Lowe!" William smiled faintly before sitting down on a couch along with Jared.

While waiting for Glen, the latter took the opportunity to scan the room he was in. *The furniture in this house is old and worthless. This doesn't seem like a house fit for a mayor at all! Besides, Helen's so friendly and humble, although she's the mayor's wife. I don't understand how Frederick ended up being so different from his mother.*

Not long after that, the door to the study was opened, and four men walked out.

One of them was Glen. He was in his forties and looked like a total gentleman with glasses on. Although he was dressed in simple clothing, he exuded an authoritative aura.

The three other men must be the businessmen Helen mentioned. One of them was a skinny guy with a goatee. Apart from his glinting eyes, Jared felt a wave of spiritual energy emitting from his body.

"Is he an energy cultivator as well?" Jared mumbled under his breath and could not help sparing him a few more looks.

"I hope you'd reconsider our offer, Mr. Lowe. Our investment would definitely bring more opportunities to Horington and help in the city's economic development. As long as you're willing to give us the southern region, we can transform it into another city within three years," the businessman with a goatee declared.

"I'm sorry, but I can't make my decision solely based on financial gains and have my descendants denounce me. Besides, I must look after the welfare of the citizens. Money isn't the only thing I need to safeguard my position. The support of the people is also essential. I don't think we need to discuss this further. Show yourselves out," Glen said with a frosty expression on his face.

It was apparent that his meeting with the businessmen had ended on a sour note.

"Well, if you're so adamant about it, Mr. Lowe, I guess we have nothing else to talk about. Goodbye!" With that, the businessman with a goatee reached out for a handshake.

Although the discussion was not fruitful, a customary handshake was still deemed necessary. Hence, Glen shook the man's hand.

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As soon as their hands came into contact, a wisp of black mist could be seen being transferred from the man's palm into Glen's body.

While Glen was utterly oblivious to it, Jared witnessed the whole thing. He furrowed his brows immediately and stared intently at the man.

It was as if the businessman was aware of it, for he turned his head toward Jared and gave him a once-over before shifting his gaze back to Glen.

After the three businessmen left, Glen looked terribly enraged as he sat sipping the tea prepared by Helen.

"Glen, Sullivan has been waiting for you!" Helen reminded.

With that, Glen came back to his senses. Standing up with an apologetic look, he greeted William, "Hi, Sullivan! Come and have a sit. I was so upset that I'd forgotten about you!"

"Oh, don't worry about it, Mr. Lowe. You're working so hard day and night for Horington! We're very grateful for your time!" William then walked toward Glen, with Jared following closely behind.

"Sullivan, you're one of the main reasons Horington has become what it is today! Without your help, it'd be an impossible feat for me." Glen chuckled and continued, "Fred had kept me up to date regarding your family's land at the western part of the city. I've already arranged for people to expedite the approvals. As long as it's a legitimate business, you can always come to me directly. There's no need to ask Fred to be the middleman!"

He then queried, "On a side note, Mr. Grange told me on the phone that you've come to apologize to me. What's that about?"

In response, William explained hurriedly, "There was a misunderstanding between Jared and Fred at my house yesterday, Mr. Lowe. A scuffle broke out, and Jared acted impulsively when he struck Fred. Hence, I've brought him here to apologize for his mistakes."

Glen cast a glance at Jared and flashed a faint smile. "It's normal for youngsters to have a bit of a temper. You didn't have to get Mr. Grange to call me for such a trivial matter. I thought you had done something illegal. If that's the case, it would never work no matter who calls me!"

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"No, that's not it..." William shook his head before turning to Jared and instructed, "Apologize to Mr. Lowe first, Jared."

Jared had a good first impression of Glen. Based on what he saw, he could tell that Glen was a righteous government official. *After meeting his parents, I seriously think Frederick was an adopted son!*

"I've gone a step too far yesterday when I broke your son's wrist, Mr. Lowe. However, it isn't a permanent injury. His wrist will still be fully functional," Jared said impassively.

His attitude was halfhearted because he felt like he had nothing to apologize for. The only reason he was amiable toward Glen was that he respected him as a good government official.

Upon hearing that Frederick's wrist was broken, both Glen and Helen frowned.

Seeing that, William immediately explained and told them everything that had happened the day before, including the fact that Frederick was forceful toward Josephine in front of the others.

At that, Glen flushed furiously and looked at Helen. "Has that rascal returned home?"

"No, he hasn't been back since yesterday!" she answered, shaking her head.

After clenching his teeth, he roared, "I'll break that rascal's legs the moment he returns home!"

Having said that, he took out his phone and called his chauffeur.

The chauffeur arrived almost instantly and was bewildered to see William and Jared inside the house.

"You asked for m-me, Mr. Lowe?" he asked, trembling with fear.

"Sebastian, did that rascal use my car yesterday?" Glen asked sternly.

"N-No..."

The chauffeur was stuttering so much that he could not even finish a complete sentence.



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*Bam!*

Glen slammed the table angrily and thundered, "Spill the truth!"

The chauffeur shuddered violently and blurted, "Yes, he did use your car!"

When Glen heard that, he trembled with rage. "Didn't I tell you not to let him use my car? That's not his car! That car belongs to the government! How could you let him use as he pleases? Do you want to get fired?"

Sebastian was befuddled. In fact, he was so scared that he was on the verge of crying.

When Helen saw that, she rushed toward Glen and advised, "Calm yourself down, Glen. Otherwise, you're going to get sick again! I'll have a talk with Fred, okay? Since his wrist is broken, don't you think we should first find out where he is?"

"What for? Just let him die on the streets!" Glen was so enraged that his chest was heaving rapidly. "That rascal's going to ruin my legacy sooner or later!"

Helen kept patting his back before shifting her gaze toward Sebastian. "Do you know where Fred is, Sebastian?"

"Mr. Lowe is currently at the hospital. They've re-attached his wrist. However, I believe he's busy contacting people to seek revenge," Sebastian replied truthfully. Being in hot water himself, he gave up on covering for Frederick.

"That rascal has the nerve to seek revenge?" Glen leaped to his feet and barked, "Get him here this instant! If he refuses to come back, he's no longer allowed to return home forever!"

Sebastian nodded and left in a hurry.

"Mr. Lowe, Fred is still young. Don't be too hard on him!" William quickly advised.

Glen let out a sigh. "Sullivan, this is so embarrassing. I guess it's my family's misfortune to have such a useless son."

The mayor then shifted his gaze toward Jared shamefully and said, "I'm sorry you have to see this, young man. I feel so ashamed of my disobedient son. He deserves to be punished, so I don't blame you. We, as parents, have failed at parenting!"

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"No one is perfect, Mr. Lowe. I believe your son will change for the better under the continuous guidance of you and your wife!" Jared was very impressed with Glen's personality.

*Frederick must've only become who he is today because Glen was too busy at work. He must've been so focused on his duty that he has neglected his son, causing the latter to have an arrogant personality.*

Soon, Sebastian arrived with Frederick, who had a bandaged arm. The injury he sustained on his wrist had obviously been taken care of.

After walking through the door, he was not surprised to see William and Jared. It seemed like Sebastian had kept him up to speed while on the way there.

"Dad..." Frederick called out in a shaky voice.

"You rascal! I'm going to beat you up!" Glen picked up a stool and aimed it at him. The latter was so frightened that he cowered in the corner of the room. It was apparent that he feared his father a lot.

"What are you doing, Glen?" Helen abruptly grabbed her husband while signaling Frederick to run upstairs through her gaze.

"Calm down, Mr. Lowe!" William approached him and urged.

Suddenly, Glen, still raising the stool, blacked out and collapsed to the ground.

The sudden turn of events startled William and Helen.

"Glen! Glen!" Helen yelled anxiously before turning to Sebastian and ordering, "Quickly send him to the hospital!"

"Wait!" Jared rushed toward Glen and put his palm on the latter's forehead.

While she looked at him puzzledly, William remembered that Jared was a Miracle Doctor.

"Jared is well-versed in medicine, Mrs. Lowe! Let him check on Mr. Lowe!" William explained.

Helen nodded, although she was still doubting Jared's capability. By then, beads of

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cold sweat had broken out on her brow from anxiety.

Jared furrowed his brows upon checking Glen's condition, and his expression turned grim.

"Jared, is it bad?" William panicked after noticing the look on the younger man's face.

*Where are we going to find a leader as upright as Glen if something goes wrong?*

Jared shook his head. "Mr. Lowe only collapsed due to fury. He's going to be fine!" However, he was actually more concerned about another matter.

*Someone has used the Soul Capturing Technique on Glen! It must've been the man with a goatee! He must've done it when he shook hands with Glen. My earlier guess was correct.*

The purpose of the Soul Capturing Technique was to make someone lose their soul temporarily. In other words, the victim would essentially turn into a walking corpse and would fully be under the caster's control.

Evidently, the man with the goatee had used the technique on Glen so that he would be given control over the land in the southern area of the city.

"Since he's going to be okay, it's time you wake Mr. Lowe up!" William quickly urged upon seeing how worried Helen was.

Jared nodded before applying pressure on one of Glen's acupressure points. In an instant, the mayor regained consciousness and opened his eyes slowly.

"Glen, you're awake! You scared me to death!" Helen let out a long sigh of relief.

Although Glen had woken up, he appeared visibly dazed. "What happened to me?"

"You blacked out due to fury! I've told you countless times to control your temper, haven't I? Why do you not listen? Luckily this young man is here with us. Otherwise, what were we supposed to do?" she grumbled while helping him up.

Glen looked at Jared with bafflement written all over his face. "You know medicine?"

"Just a little!" The latter nodded.

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"Mr. Lowe, Jared knows a lot in medicine. In fact, he was the one who cured my sickness!" William told Glen proudly.

Jared would become his son-in-law eventually, so he took pride in the young man's capabilities.

"Is that so? I couldn't tell since he's so young!"

Glen did not take William's words seriously. In his opinion, excelling in medicine would take years. As Jared seemed like he was only in his twenties, he deemed it unthinkable for him to be a medical expert. Nevertheless, he did not retort William.

Just then, Helen said to William, "Sullivan, please stay for lunch. I'm going to cook now."

William immediately responded, "Mrs. Lowe, there's no need for the trouble—"

"Sullivan, it's not an inconvenience at all. Here, take a seat and play two rounds of chess with me. And let's drink during lunch!" interjected Glen, waving his hands at him.

Upon seeing that, William did not reject anymore. He sat down and started playing chess with Glen.

Jared watched their chess game from the side. He was hesitating if he should tell Glen about the Soul Capturing Technique.

After pondering for a while, he decided to reveal everything to the latter. Otherwise, Glen might be manipulated by those so-called businessmen.

"Mr. Lowe, there's something I need to tell you," Jared piped up.

"What is it? Just tell me." Glen did not even lift his head as he uttered a reply.

"When I checked your body just now, I found out that you have been cast with the Soul Capturing Technique. Someone is trying to manipulate you, most probably those businessmen." Jared told everything that he had discovered.

Right after he spoke, Glen put aside the chess piece in his hand and raised his head. Staring at Jared sternly, he said, "Young lad, why are you so superstitious when we're living in a modern era? Soul Capturing Technique? That's the most foolish thing I

have ever heard! Aren't you too ignorant?"

As the mayor of a city, unquestionably, Glen did not believe in his words and regarded manifestations of supernatural origin as tricks meant to deceive others.

Meanwhile, William's expression turned solemn after he heard Jared. After all, he had witnessed Jared's ability in Lagrange Monastery with his own eyes. Thus, he knew the latter was not fooling around.

"Jared, are you speaking the truth? Are you certain about that?" he asked, facing the young man.

Jared nodded in affirmation.

With that, William shifted his gaze toward Glen. "Mr. Lowe, Jared knows about magical techniques. He can perceive things that most of us cannot. Maybe you should let him—"

"Shut up!" Glen furrowed his brows. "Sullivan, you are not a young lad anymore. How could you believe such nonsense coming out of a kid's mouth? Soul Capturing Technique? Where exactly is my soul then?"

"Mr. Lowe, please listen to me. It's—"

"Sullivan, if you don't stop now, I'll have to ask you to leave. This is a load of nonsense!"

Glen's countenance was frosty. He was evidently averse to Jared's words. After all, a man of his status could not believe in such things.

Seeing that he was adamant about it, William dared not press on. Jared also shook his head and kept quiet.

A short while later, Helen finished preparing the meal and invited them to the dining table. However, the atmosphere during lunch was somewhat awkward. Glen's face was black as thunder throughout the whole meal.

After lunch, William and Jared did not linger in the mayor's house for long.

On their way back, William was still concerned. "Jared, was Mr. Lowe really cast with the Soul Capturing Technique?"

"Yes, it's true!" Jared nodded.

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**“Then you should find a way to save him. A leader as good as him is hard to come by. Even though he might be conservative at times, he is a righteous and just person!”**  
**William implored, casting a pleading look at him.**

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"I will!"

Even if William did not mention it, Jared would never let those businessmen have their ways. After all, it was related to the well-being of all the citizens in Horington.

Upon receiving his assurance, William heaved a sigh of relief. He had utter faith in Jared as he had witnessed his extraordinary capabilities.

Halfway through the car ride, Jared alighted the vehicle. Instead of following William to the Sullivan residence, he called Tommy and asked the latter to gather some men.

Moments later, Tommy arrived with a group of subordinates.

"Mr. Chance, did something bad happen?" he queried as soon as he arrived.

"Stop asking questions. Just come with me."

Jared brought him and the others to stand guard outside Glen's house.

"Uh... Isn't this Mr. Lowe's house? Mr. Chance, w-what are you trying to do?" An awkward look crept onto Tommy's face.

Even though he was the underground king of Horington, he was still afraid of Glen, the real king of Horington.

"I said stop asking questions!" Jared snapped as he reclined his seat.

Then, he lay down and closed his eyes to rest, ignoring Tommy.

Meanwhile, the three businessmen were in a remote inn in Horington.

The inn's living condition was terrible, hardly up to par with their statuses as businessmen. It seemed rather strange that the three of them would choose to stay in such a place.

The businessman with a goatee sat on the bed inside the room, whereas the other two stood humbly beside him.

His eyes were closed as he sat cross-legged. While his fingers moved rapidly, his lips quivered from him murmuring a long chant.

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Just then, a wisp of black mist rushed out of his finger and vanished instantly.

"All right! It's done!" The businessman with a goatee sneered.

"Hahaha! There's nothing that Mr. White can't do!" A slightly plump businessman let out a boisterous laugh.

As a matter of fact, only the other two men—one plump and the other thin—were actual businessmen, but not the man with a goatee. His true identity was a mage.

In the city where they came from, many people believed in magic, so there were many mages there.

Be it choosing an address for a new company, naming a child, or even choosing the venue for a business meal, people would seek help from a mage.

Even though there were many fake mages around swindling people out of money, there were some competent ones. They knew all sorts of magical techniques such as capturing souls, exorcising demons, and curing some intractable diseases.

Hence, those mages rose to fame. Some were even engaged by the rich.

The man with a goatee, Nicholas White, was a skilled mage with the greatest reputation in that city. The two businessmen had hired him with a huge sum of money.

They were interested in Horington and wanted to start some highly profitable businesses. However, as they would cause heavy pollution, they feared the mayor of Horington—who was well-known to be an honorable man—would rebuff them. Thus, they invited Nicholas to come over with them.

At that moment, the thin businessman took out the contract he had prepared beforehand. His lips curled into a smirk as he uttered, "I have already prepared the contract. All that's left now is to wait for Glen to come and sign the contract. Once the deal's sealed, he won't be able to deny it!"

In fact, they had used the same method to settle many tricky deals and had never failed before.

"Transfer fifty million into my account after it's done," Nicholas said faintly.

"Will do!" the two businessmen replied obsequiously, nodding non-stop.



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Meanwhile, back in the Lowe residence, Glen, who was napping, suddenly opened his eyes.

He stared right at the ceiling with a glazed look in his eyes.

A few seconds later, he stood up, put on his coat, and walked out with a stiff gait.

Helen was cleaning the living room when she saw him walking out of the bedroom. Puzzled, she asked, "Glen, did something happen? Why did you wake up from your nap suddenly?"

Yet, he ignored her and opened the door to leave the house.

"Why isn't he answering me?" Helen grumbled but did not read into it.

She then continued to do her chores.

After walking out of the house, Glen got into his car and drove off.

"Mr. Chance! He came out. He's out!" Tommy saw Glen driving away and immediately nudged Jared.

Jared sat upright and observed Glen closely. Right away, he understood what was going on. "Follow him!" he ordered.

Tommy immediately started the engine and followed Glen's car.

Glen's car swerved around Horington for a long while and eventually stopped in front of a remote inn.

"What is he doing at such a place?" Tommy asked quizzically.

Jared glanced at the shabby inn and did not respond to him. Instead, he got out of the car and watched Glen walk into the building.

"Order your men to surround this inn. No one is allowed to leave!"

Without delay, he gave Tommy an instruction.

The latter nodded and shifted his gaze toward his subordinates. "Here's an order from Mr. Chance. Surround the inn, and don't let anyone leave. You'll pay with your

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life if you miss even a fly!" he uttered coldly.

"Yes, Sir!" The men from Templar Regiment immediately surrounded the inn and were on standby.

"Go in there with me!" Jared brought Tommy into the inn.

Inside one of the rooms on the second floor, Glen was standing inside like a puppet. There was no trace of life within his eyes.

Nicholas and the two businessmen stared at him and burst into laughter.

"Hahaha! What a useless mayor. He's just a pawn in our hands!"

The plump businessman guffawed as he patted Glen's face provocatively.

The thin businessman, too, yelled with elation, "Who would have thought that the mayor of Horington would become our puppet. From now on, the entire Horington will belong to us..."

"Hurry, take out the contract and let him sign it first!" Nicholas urged.

His task would only be completed after Glen signed the contract, and Nicholas would then receive his pay.

The thin businessman immediately whipped out the contract and handed it to Glen with a pen. "Sign the contract now!"

Without hesitation, the latter took the pen and signed his name on the contract.

He also took the seal from his briefcase and stamped it on the contract.

"It's a done deal! Hahaha!"

Holding the contract, the two businessmen laughed like maniacs.

Nicholas also smirked. "Sirs, since the matter has been settled, shouldn't you pay me now?"

"Of course!"

The plump businessman hurriedly took out his phone and transferred fifty million into Nicholas' bank account.

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Seeing the notification on his phone, Nicholas beamed with joy.

*Bam!*

When the three of them were overwhelmed with delight, someone suddenly kicked the door open.

Tommy rushed in with a ferocious expression while Jared followed behind.

"Kneel on the floor! No one is allowed to move!" the former barked, wielding a heavy, broad blade.

The menacing look he displayed caused the two businessmen to think he was a robber.

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While the duo's attention was on Tommy, Nicholas spotted Jared and frowned.

He remembered seeing him in Glen's house before.

At that time, he had taken a gander at Jared because he had a vague feeling that the latter was different from others. Nonetheless, he could not put his finger on it.

After all, Jared was an energy cultivator. A mere mage would not be able to detect his spiritual energy.

"Who are you guys? How dare you try to rob us? Do you know who he is?" the plump businessman berated.

"That's right. This man is Glen, the mayor of Horington. Do you want to go to prison?" the thin businessman chimed in.

"D\*mn you! Stop talking and kneel now!" Tommy spat and kicked the two businessmen forcefully, causing them to fall to the floor.

As they were used to living a luxurious life, they could not withstand his kick and groaned on the ground.

"Young man, tell us what you want. Just don't hurt us!" Nicholas said while looking at Jared.

He could tell that Jared was the one who had the final say.

Jared's lips curled as he said disdainfully, "You know what I want. How dare you use the Soul Capturing Technique in Horington?"

"Who are you?" Nicholas scowled and reckoned Jared was also a mage since he could name the Soul Capturing Technique.

"There's no need for you to know who I am!"

Jared shifted his gaze toward Glen, who was standing emotionlessly, before casting a surge of spiritual energy into his head. The latter trembled, and life returned to his eyes.

"W-Where am I?" Glen asked in shock when he came around.

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"Mr. Lowe, these men made you come here using the Soul Capturing Technique," Jared explained.

That time around, Glen did not berate him. Instead, he stared at the two businessmen lying on the floor and Nicholas, who was visibly anxious.

Overwhelmed with bewilderment, he could not wrap his head around the whole situation.

Jared pointed at the two businessmen and commanded, "Explain everything to Mr. Lowe now!"

"Speak!" Tommy pressed his blade against their necks.

With that, the two businessmen recoiled in fear. When they were about to come clean, Nicholas suddenly took a bag and shook it forcefully.

Wisps of black mist rushed out from the bag and filled the room instantly.

Fear rooted Glen to the spot. Tommy, on the other hand, did not show any reaction. He was not afraid as he had seen such sinister spirits in Lagrange Monastery, not to mention Jared had told him about it too.

"What a lame trick!" Jared sneered.

Opening his mouth, he sucked the black mists into his stomach.

That sight threw Nicholas off.

Needless to say, Glen was utterly baffled. It was beyond his comprehension as he had never witnessed such a sight.

*Thud!*

Scared out of his wits, Nicholas dropped to his knees before Jared.

"Please spare my life. I've learned my mistake..." he pleaded, groveling on the floor.

In Nicholas' eyes, Jared was in the same trade as him, but the younger man was more skilled.

"Explain everything to Mr. Lowe!" Jared ordered.

With all the fight trickled out of him, Nicholas dared not disobey Jared and

**recounted the whole event to Glen.**

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Shock colored Glen's features as he listened on. In a daze, he grabbed the contract from the bed and was alarmed to see his signature and seal on it.

*If Jared hadn't shown up, the contract would've been processed, and I would have been deemed a criminal in Horington. Worse yet, I might even be arrested!*

Cold sweat streamed down his forehead as he hurriedly tore the contract into pieces. The whole time, his heart was racing from anxiousness.

The events on that day had totally changed his perception of life.

"Young— Mr. Chance, thank you so much. If it weren't for you, the consequences would have been disastrous. I'm sorry for treating you like that when you were so kind as to offer me a reminder this afternoon," Glen apologized, his face flushing with embarrassment.

"Mr. Lowe, there's no need to thank me. I'm merely trying to protect the well-being of the citizens of Horington!" Jared flashed him a faint smile.

"Mr. Chance, you're such a benevolent man even though you are still young. How I wish my son could be like you..."

Glen heaved a sigh at the mention of his son.

"Mr. Lowe, don't worry too much. People will change eventually," Jared comforted the mayor. "What should we do with these three people?" he then asked.

Glen furrowed his brows as he stared at Nicholas and the two businessmen.

Even though they conspired to control him and exploit Horington, they were not citizens of the city, after all. Even if Glen got to the bottom of the matter, the worst punishment he could give was only banishing them from Horington. That hardly seemed to be a fair punishment for such a crime.

Sensing that Glen was in a dilemma, Jared voiced, "Mr. Lowe, I will handle them. Please go back and rest. Also, do not go out tonight. Your soul is damaged, so it's easy for accidents to happen!"

Glen no longer chided Jared for being superstitious since he still had lingering fear from the earlier events.

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"I got it. I'll have to trouble you with this matter then, Mr. Chance. When I have the time, I'll surely pay you a visit to express my gratitude!"

Upon saying so, Glen left hastily. It sure seemed like he was traumatized by the whole incident.

After Glen left, Tommy asked, "Mr. Chance, what should we do with these three men? Should we throw them into the river to feed the fishes?"

His statement astounded the trio.

"Please spare my life! I have fifty million here. It's all yours as long as you're willing to let me go. That's all I'm asking for!" Nicholas' body trembled as he begged for mercy.

Jared's eyes lit up when he heard his words. Since he could not simply kill them due to their unique identities, he figured it would be nice to extort some money. After all, he was strapped for cash.

"All right. It's your lucky day. Hand over the fifty million and get lost!" Jared uttered indifferently.

Upon hearing his response, Nicholas was overjoyed. *I can still earn money as long as I am alive. The most important thing now is to get out of here unharmed.*

Without hesitation, he transferred the money to Jared and fled the scene.

The two businessmen seemed to see a way out as they also pleaded desperately, "We will give you money too! Please don't hurt us!"

"The two of you are the masterminds. I will let you go if you give one hundred million each!"

Since they seemed quite well-off, Jared did not hold back and raised the price.

As expected, the businessmen's eyes lit up, and they immediately transferred the said amount to Jared without the slightest trace of hesitation. One hundred million was nothing compared to their lives. With that, they scurried out of the room like cowards.

Seeing that those men willingly gave him the money, Jared suddenly regretted his decision.

"Tommy, do you think I should've asked for more? They didn't even protest and gave me the sum so readily!" he queried with a tight frown between his brows.



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"I guess. I heard the net worth of businessmen like them is at least one hundred billion!"

"D\*mn it. Why didn't you mention it earlier?" Jared cursed wrathfully.

Despite how much he regretted it, it was too late for him to do anything. After all, two hundred million was still better than nothing, not to mention he got the sum for free. Having regained his composure, he decided to head to the City of Herbs once he had gathered enough money.

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Glen returned home looking pale and wretched.

"What happened, Glen? You don't look so good," Helen remarked with a concerned look when she saw him in that state.

"Stop asking questions! You'd better keep a close eye on that rascal. He's not allowed to step foot out of this house. If I find out that he dares to go out and cause more trouble for Jared, I'll break both his legs!" he snapped while waving his hand dismissively, not knowing how to explain everything to her.

With that said, he stormed into the bedroom and lay fuming in bed for a long time.

Momentarily stunned, Helen quickly returned to her senses and hurried upstairs. *I have to remind Frederick not to leave the house. Otherwise, Glen's going to make good his threat.*

At that moment, Frederick was upstairs in his room, talking on the phone.

He was infuriated that Jared had the guts to tell tales after breaking his wrist.

"Why did you suddenly call me? This isn't like you at all..." the person on the other end of the line said in an amused tone.

"Stop trying to be funny, Tyrion Whitaker. We need to team up and vanquish our enemy!" Frederick replied angrily.

"What do you mean?" Tyrion asked.

"Josephine has found herself a guy! And to add insult to injury, he's an ex-convict! That makes my hackles rise!" Frederick growled, gnashing his teeth.

"What?" Tyrion demanded, raising his voice. "She's with an ex-convict? Has she lost her mind? How could she choose an ex-convict over the both of us? But come to think of it, is there anyone in Horington who'd dare to steal your woman? Why don't you get someone to beat him up?"

"Don't even bring that up. That jerk seems to be quite skilled in martial arts. He's the one who broke my wrist! Besides, you know how my father is. He's so pedantic that he's locked me up at home and won't let me seek revenge. That's why I'm calling you," Frederick explained.

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Tyrion guffawed. "You, the great and mighty Frederick Lowe, want my help? We're love rivals, so why should I help you? Have you forgotten how you used your identity as the son of Horington's mayor to lord it over me previously?"

"If you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. As long as you deal with that jerk, you can have Josephine. I won't fight with you for her. Oh, and that new branch your family is thinking of building in Horington? I'll think of a way to make it happen."

Frederick's eyes glinted coldly. *I'm not going to let this slide. If I don't get my revenge, I'll never be able to rest easy!*

"Are you serious?" Tyrion asked eagerly, tempted by the offer.

"Of course. You can even record what I just said," Frederick responded nonchalantly.

"Deal. Send me the details on that jerk. I'll teach him a lesson for daring to make advances to my woman!" Tyrion vowed vehemently before hanging up.

Tyrion was the eldest son of the Whitaker family, and he was schoolmates with Josephine and Frederick. When they were in school, both he and Frederick liked Josephine. However, she was not interested in the two playboys.

After their graduation, Frederick seized the advantage of living in the same city as Josephine and pursued her relentlessly. Although Tyrion visited Horington a few times to try and win her over, he was helpless against the son of Horington's mayor and was constantly chased away by Frederick.

Frederick had requested Tyrion's help because his father's influence did not extend until Summerbank. If Frederick were to find someone in Horington to beat Jared up, Glen would surely get wind of it in the blink of an eye. However, it would be a different story if someone from Summerbank came over.

Tyrion had also been in the military for a few years and was quite skilled at combat, so it probably would not be too difficult for him to deal with Jared.

As soon as the call ended, Helen opened the door to Frederick's bedroom.

"Does your hand still hurt?" she asked worriedly. The sight of his bandaged wrist pained her.

Frederick turned his back toward her immediately. "That's none of your business. Just leave me to endure the torturous pain on my own. I'm beginning to wonder whether I'm your biological son or not. Someone broke my wrist, yet my own parents still want to apologize to the culprit! It drives me crazy!"

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"Look at you. You're always stirring up trouble wherever you go. One day, that's going to be the death of your father! You're lucky that only your wrist got broken this time. If you continue causing trouble, you might wind up dead somewhere!" Helen snarled, her voice tinged with disappointment.

"Who cares? So be it! You should go. I'm going to bed."

Frederick pointed toward the door as he spoke.

"Your father has already made it clear that you're not to go seeking revenge on Jared. Otherwise, he'll break your legs," she cautioned.

Frederick's temper flared up at once. "Go ahead! Or forget about breaking my legs and just finish me off! At least I'll finally be free then!" he roared.

Afraid that Glen would hear his shouts, Helen hurried out of the room and closed the door tightly behind her.

After she left, Frederick clenched his teeth and hissed, "Jared Chance, I'll make sure you get what's coming to you..."

Over at the mansion on Dragon Bay, the person Tommy sent to purchase the herbs had just delivered them. Jared felt a little overwhelmed as he stared at the big bags filled with herbs. *Well, it looks like I can forget about sleeping. It's going to take me all night!*

Fortunately, Hannah and Gary were not home. Ever since Hannah regained her sight, she was always out and about exploring Horington, eager to see everything she had missed out in the past few years.

After lugging the herbs into his bedroom, Jared locked the door and began crafting the revitalizing pills.

It took him the whole night. He used up all of the herbs and managed to produce twenty revitalizing pills. By the time he finished, it was already the crack of dawn. Exhausted, he fell asleep as soon as his head touched his pillow.

He was not yet at the stage where he did not need to eat, drink, or sleep.

Jared slept for a long time and only awoke with a start when he heard a loud noise.

Seeing that the sun was high in the sky, he guessed it was almost noon. After getting

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out of bed, he walked out of his room, only to realize a small crowd was in his living room. Several kids were running around and shrieking at the tops of their lungs, turning the room upside down.

A middle-aged, glamorously dressed woman turned and spotted Jared. In a voice dripping with sarcasm, she drawled, "Oh, my. We didn't know you were home, Jared. Now that you're staying in a mansion, you've forgotten about your poor relatives!"

The expression on Jared's face clearly showed that he was surprised to see her. "Aunt Stella, when did you arrive?"

"We arrived quite some time ago. We didn't think that you'd be asleep in your room, too lazy to come down and welcome us."

His aunt, Stella Lambert, rolled her eyes and sat on a couch.

Ignoring her, Jared turned toward Hannah with a questioning look instead.

Hannah pulled him to a corner and said embarrassedly, "I was the one who asked them to come. I... I merely wanted to show them that we're living in a mansion too. However, I didn't expect them to bring so many people along. They've even messed up the living room. How are we going to explain this to Josephine?"

She was still under the impression that Josephine was only lending Jared the mansion so that they could stay there temporarily, oblivious to the fact that Josephine had actually gifted it to him.

"Don't worry about that, Mom. Let them do whatever they want. We can always have someone tidy it up later," Jared replied quickly, comforting her.

"It doesn't look like they'll be leaving anytime soon. I'm sure they'll stay for a meal. Why don't you go and reserve a table at a restaurant? Not one that's too expensive, okay?"

As Hannah spoke, she took some money from her pocket and tried stuffing it into Jared's hand.

However, Jared did not take it. "Put that away, Mom. I have my own money."

"You've only just started working, so how much money can you have? Moreover, you can't keep using Josephine's money. As a man, you shouldn't be spending a woman's money all the time!"

With that, she pressed the money into his hand and left him standing alone.

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Jared gave a wry smile as he gazed down at the wad of bills. Some of them were brand new, while some were old and crumpled. He then slipped the money into his pocket and walked out of the mansion.

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Jared phoned Tommy and asked him to pick him up. He planned to give him the revitalizing pills he had just crafted, then reserve a table at Meadow Restaurant.

It did not take long for the latter to arrive, and they headed for Meadow Restaurant at once. When they were in Tommy's office, Jared passed him the revitalizing pills and said, "There are twenty pills here. The amount you spent on the herbs is the cost. I won't interfere in how you choose to sell them and their selling price. I'll leave that up to you. If the response is good, we can proceed to increase the scale of production."

Tommy took the pills and answered, "Got it. By the way, I've reserved Majestic Hall for you. It's the best room here. Your guests will surely be impressed."

Upon hearing his words, Jared shook his head. "There's no need for that. Just a basic private room will do. We're going to need money for many other things, so we should be more careful about our spending in the future."

Tommy nodded and replied, "Okay. Got it."

There was no familial affection between Jared and his uncle's family. In fact, he harbored some hatred toward them.

Jared's family used to live in the countryside. Following Gary's gradual promotion at his workplace, they moved to the city. From then on, Jared's uncle, Benedict Chance, who was also Gary's younger brother, would visit them with his family whenever they needed help.

Later on, Gary helped Benedict and his family move to the city. He also found a job for Stella. However, they began to look down on Jared's family as Benedict climbed up the ladder at his workplace.

Their contempt toward Gary's family intensified after Jared was imprisoned and Gary lost his job. Benedict and the others never once visited them, ignoring them as if they were not blood relatives.

Part of the reason Hannah had told them they were staying in a mansion was that she wanted to brag and impress them.

At noon, Jared's parents arrived with Benedict and his family.

After Jared led them into the private room, Stella scanned the surroundings and

pursed her lips. "You're staying in such an impressive mansion, yet you bring us to a place like this for lunch? It's clear that you don't think of us as your relatives."

Jared's cousin, Gianna Chance, shot a scornful look toward Jared before saying, "Mom, we were talking about it earlier! Have you forgotten it so soon? They're only borrowing it for a little while. It's not like they own the place. A mansion like that easily costs one hundred million, so how could they possibly afford to buy it?"

Stella snickered. "Oh, dear. I can't believe I forgot that!"

Soon, everyone was seated at the table.

While Jared's family was forced to sit in the corner, Benedict sat at the head of the table with an impassive expression.

There was a hint of disdain in his eyes, probably stemming from his perceived self-importance due to his position as an office administrator in a government department.

Seated to his left was Stella. She was dripping with jewels, and her heavy makeup was unsightly with blood-red lipstick.

Her son, Javier Chance, sat next to her. He was only a few months younger than Jared. Jared's and Javier's grandfather was the one who named them back then, and he came up with the idea of giving both of them names beginning with the letter J.

Unlike Jared, Javier was an idle person and was still a bachelor. If Jared had not gone to jail, he would have been happily married by now.

A young man dressed in a suit and exuding an arrogant air sat on Benedict's right. He was Simon Moore, Jared's cousin-in-law. His father was the chief of some ministry and was Benedict's immediate superior.

As for Gianna, she sat on the other side of Simon. She looked like the epitome of a rich man's wife with her designer clothing and long, manicured nails.

"Jared, when did you get to know such a wealthy friend? She has such a big mansion on Dragon Summit, and she's so generous to lend it to you. A friend like that is definitely someone you should introduce to me. I heard your mother mention that your friend is a girl. Which family is she from? Perhaps we could set her up with Javier," Benedict stated in a pompous tone once everyone had taken their seats.



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Jared's brows furrowed, and his expression darkened at Benedict's words.

Gary noticed the grim look on his son's face and quickly interjected, "Benedict, we're here to have a meal as a family. Why are you bringing up Jared's friend? She won't be interested in Javier at all!"

Although Benedict looked down on Gary and his family, the latter was still his older brother. Hence, he dared not retort.

"What do you mean, Gary? What's wrong with Javier? The way I see it, he's better than Jared. At least Javier hasn't been in prison and isn't an ex-convict," Stella piped up, displeased at Gary's jibe about Javier.

*Benedict may not have the guts to say it, but I fear nothing!*

"You..."

Gary flushed angrily. However, he could only remain silent since there was no denying that Jared had been in prison.

A faint sneer played on Benedict's lips when he saw how furious his brother looked. Finally, he said, "All right, that's enough. Let's not argue. We should hurry up and order some dishes. I still have some matters to attend to later, so I can't stay long."

Hannah passed the menu to Benedict. "Why don't you take a look at the menu and order whatever that is to your liking?"

Without even glancing at the menu, Benedict pointed at a page and said, "Let's order everything on this page, then. I've heard that the food here is quite delicious."

His response stunned Hannah. *Is he serious about wanting to order all the dishes on that page? How much is all that going to cost? What's more, there are only a few of us here. We'll never be able to finish all that food!*

Gianna covered her mouth and tittered at Hannah's reaction. "Are you not able to afford it? If so, just be frank and tell me. I don't mind paying for this meal."

Hannah went scarlet but did not say anything. *If they're going to order all that, I really can't afford it!*

"Those few dishes? That won't cost a lot at all." Jared took the menu and gestured for

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her to sit down. Then, he turned to the waiter and ordered all of the dishes on that page.

Benedict and his family sneered in response.

Javier shot Jared a contemptuous glance and said airily, "Let's make things clear. You were the one who refused my sister's offer to pay for the meal, so don't try to get us to help with footing the bill later. We won't lift a finger to help."

"Rest assured that I won't ask you for money since I've already said that this meal is my treat."

Jared looked as calm as ever, seeming unfazed by his relatives' deliberately snide remarks.

An awkward silence filled the air after he uttered that sentence. Everyone sat quietly, waiting for the dishes to arrive.

Finally, Hannah broke the silence by saying, "Benedict, back at the house, you said something about finding a job as a government official for Jared. Do you think—"

Benedict cut her off and said in a haughty manner, "Finding a job for him will be easy. I can just ask for a favor. After all, slaving away at some random company isn't a long-term solution. I can find him a job that'll guarantee him a stable livelihood his entire life. However, I hope you and Gary will let us have our family's old residence. I plan on building a new house there to stay in after I retire. Even if you have the land, it's not like the two of you will have the money to build a house there."

Hannah glanced at Gary, who had his head lowered all that time without saying a single word. She nodded and replied, "If you can find Jared a stable job, you can have the old residence."

*The way I see it, a stable job as a government official is much better than working in some random company. Others will also look at us with respect when they hear about it. If Gary hadn't lost his job, we wouldn't have to ask Benedict to find a job for Jared.*

Benedict grinned, delighted by Hannah's reply.

"Mom, I don't want to be a government official! Moreover, we should get our fair share of the family's old residence!" Jared protested at once.

After all, he knew that Benedict's motive for claiming the old residence as his own was not because he wanted to build a mansion there. When he was at Glen's house, he had seen a report that mentioned the area would be undergoing development

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soon.

**“That place is old and rundown, so there's nothing much we can do with it. Hush, keep your nose out of this. Just let your uncle find you a stable job, then you can have a good and peaceful life,” Hannah warned with a glare, indicating that Jared should not interfere.**