

A Man Like None Other

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"F*ck, who drank the liquor that I gave Mr. Chance? Step forward and identify yourself!" Tommy roared as he glared at Benedict and his family.

His ferocious glare scared everyone out of their wits as the blood drained from their faces. Collectively, they looked toward Simon.

"D-Don't look at me! I didn't do anything. It's just everyone's assumption. The theft has nothing to do with me at all!" Utterly terrified, Simon's legs nearly gave away.

After all, Tommy was a man with a feared reputation. Provoking him was like poking the bear with a stick.

"So you were the one behind this! Who told you to drink the wine?" In two large steps, Tommy lunged at Simon and grabbed him by the collar. "Spit out the wine you drank right now!"

Bam!

Without warning, Tommy slammed his fist against Simon's abdomen. The sudden impact caused the latter to shriek in agony.

"M-Mr. Lewis, please stop hitting him! He's my son. For my sake, please stop!" In a haze of panic, Devin rushed forward and tried to stop Tommy.

"F*ck you! You should know your place! You are nothing more but a health minister. The audacity of you to try and stop me!" Tommy kicked Devin aside and continued to beat Simon up.

As Simon's anguished wails filled the air, the Chance family cowered fearfully in the corner.

"Mr. Lewis, how much is the wine? I'll pay for it," Devin blurted out.

He was afraid that his own son would be beaten to death.

"The liquors were limited editions of Sauvignon Blanc. One bottle costs five hundred thousand. Altogether, both bottles cost one million!" Tommy snarled in reply.

"O-One million?" Devin was utterly dumbfounded.

Since Devin merely worked as a health minister, one million was not a small amount

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of money to him.

Although he managed to save quite a sum of money, Devin was reluctant to spend it.

"In that case, I'll make your son spit out the wine he drank." Seeing Devin's hesitance, Tommy continued to rain a bunch of blows on Simon's abdomen, causing him to cry out in pain.

"Mr. Lewis, please stop hitting him. I'll send you the money right now." Devin quickly fished his phone out and transferred one million.

When Tommy received the transaction, he finally released Simon from his grasp. He made his way over to Jared and said, "Mr. Chance, this incident happened due to my lack of preparation. I'll send someone to get the liquor now."

Promptly, Tommy ordered his men to retrieve the Sauvignon Blanc liquor. On the other hand, Jared shot a cold smile at Benedict and his family.

"Earlier, who was the one who claimed that Tommy would punish me if I didn't pay up?" Jared rose to his feet and strolled toward them.

Javier was so scared that he'd collapsed to the floor. Frantically, he curled into the corner and hid behind Benedict and Stella.

"Jared, it's all my fault. Please don't take your anger out on Javier. He's just a child! I'll pay for everything," Benedict begged desperately.

"Tommy, count the bill," Jared ordered.

Tommy nodded in response. "The final total amounts to two hundred thousand!"

When Stella heard that, she cried out in shock, "Two hundred thousand? What on earth did we eat to owe two hundred thousand?"

"Shut up!" Benedict snapped at her.

Tommy narrowed his eyes. "What's the matter? Are you implying that it's too much? Do you want me to count it out in detail for you?"

"Not at all; we'll pay for it right now." Benedict shook his head frantically. In haste, he pulled his phone out to pay the bill.

As Benedict sent the money, he felt a stab of regret. If I knew that such a thing would happen, I wouldn't have ordered so much food. I only wanted to humiliate Jared. Hence, I

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placed my orders without hesitation. I practically shot myself in the foot!

“Mr. Lowe, it seems like Horington has quite a high paycheck. Even a lowly health minister and office administrator like the two of them are capable of forking out a few hundred thousand without even batting an eye,” Jared remarked as he whirled around to look at Glen.

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"Mr. Chance, I will look into this matter right away." Glen glared at Devin and Benedict. "Starting from today, the two of you are dismissed. An investigation will be launched. If I discover that both of you were involved in corrupt activities, you will be severely punished!"

Thud!

Hearing that, Devin and Benedict collapsed to the ground in utter shock. *All of our dirty deeds will be exposed if he launches an investigation. We won't be able to escape the punishment.*

"Mr. Lowe, Mr. Chance, let us continue our conversation somewhere else," Tommy suggested.

Earlier, he'd already ordered his men to prepare another room.

"All right." Glen nodded in response before addressing the people who'd accompanied him there, "Why don't you return home first? I'll be back soon."

After they left, Glen and Jared left the room. Before Tommy made his way outside, he swept a scornful gaze toward Devin, Benedict, and his family.

As the Chance family looked at Jared's back, retreating into the distance, they were filled with an overwhelming sense of regret.

This horrible situation wouldn't have happened if we didn't treat Jared with such disrespect.

Nevertheless, it was too late to cry over spilled milk.

Jared did not linger at the restaurant for long. He merely exchanged a few words with Glen, who thanked him profusely. Glen also hoped that Jared would be merciful toward his son, Frederick.

Jared readily agreed to Glen's request. *As long as Frederick leaves me alone, I will not go out of my way to bother him as well.*

When Jared finally strolled out of the restaurant, he instantly caught sight of his parents hurrying over with panicked looks on their faces.

"Jared, are you all right?" Hannah asked worriedly.

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"Mom, I'm perfectly fine. Why are the two of you in such a hurry?" Jared replied in confusion.

"We were afraid that something might happen to you. Look, your dad and I managed to scrape together some money. Though I'm not sure if it's enough..." Hannah opened her bag to reveal its contents.

Inside, the bag was filled to the brim with stacks of money. These notes ranged from hundreds to spare change. Immediately, Jared could tell that there were almost twenty to thirty thousand in the bag.

When Jared saw the money, tears began to well up in his eyes. He hugged Hannah and said, "Mom, I don't need the money. Benedict has already paid for it."

Their concern toward him left Jared feeling incredibly touched. Initially, Jared had planned to ask his parents if he was adopted.

But after seeing how worried they were for his wellbeing, Jared changed his mind. *Who cares if I'm adopted? No matter what, I still view them as my parents.*

"Benedict paid the money? Has he lost his mind?" Hannah gaped at her son in disbelief.

"All right, we are glad that you're safe. Let's leave this place first. We shouldn't loiter around," Gary urged. He had an unsettling feeling about that place.

Jared then headed home. On the other hand, Hannah and Gary returned all the money they'd borrowed from their friends.

Once Jared reached home, he sat cross-legged on his bed and tried to begin his cultivation.

But despite Jared's best efforts to clear his mind, Benedict's voice continued to echo beside his ear.

"D*mn it!" Jared snarled in frustration.

In an attempt to rid himself of the voice, Jared shook his head violently. Yet, his efforts were to no avail.

The only way that I can get rid of this persistent feeling is to get to the bottom of things!

However, Jared couldn't bring himself to ask the question.

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Ever since he was young, both Hannah and Gary had showered him with their love. Although Gary had a strict demeanor, he'd never laid a finger on Jared.

Not once had he doubted if they were his birth parents. But right now, Jared's thoughts had become so jumbled that he could barely think straight.

As a result of his dilemma, Jared spent almost the entire day tossing and turning. It wasn't until Hannah called him down for dinner that he finally exited his room.

When Hannah noticed Jared's pale face, she instantly asked, "Jared, are you not feeling well?"

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"Mom, I'm fine," Jared replied as he plastered a smile.

Dinner was a silent and awkward affair. Throughout the entire meal, no one dared to break the silence.

Afraid that his parents would sense that something was amiss, Jared quickly scarfed down his food and excused himself from the table.

Once Jared left, Hannah and Gary exchanged a knowing glance. Unable to help themselves, the duo heaved out a heavy sigh.

"Sooner or later, we'll have to tell him the truth," Gary said in a low voice.

"All these years, I have always seen Jared as my own son. In fact, I already forgot about the fact that we adopted him. Why did Benedict have to say such nonsense..." Hannah's eyes reddened with sorrow. "Judging from Jared's bad mood, he must have found out the truth. We can't hide it from him anymore."

"Jared is not a child anymore. He has the right to know about it as well. We can't be too selfish." Gary took a seat next to Hannah and pulled her into his embrace.

"But I'm afraid that Jared might abandon us when he realizes the truth. What if he plans to search for his birth parents? I can't live without him..."

After so many years of being Jared's mother, she could not bear the thought of losing him.

"The decision to look for his birth parents is a choice for Jared to make. Even if Jared leaves, I will spend the rest of my life with you." In order to comfort Hannah, Gary blurted out a string of heartfelt words.

In the midst of her sobs, Hannah leaned her head against Gary's shoulder as tears continued to roll down her cheeks.

After some time, Hannah brushed her tears away and rose to her feet. "Could you ask Jared to come out of his room?" she asked.

Gary nodded his head in response. He quickly made his way to Jared's bedroom and rapped his knuckles against the door.

"Jared, please come out. Your mom and I have something to tell you." Without

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another word, Gary took his leave.

When Jared caught wind of Gary's words, his heart skipped a beat. He already had an inkling of what his parents were planning to inform him.

Deep down, Jared felt extremely conflicted. Although he didn't want to admit that they weren't his birth parents, he was still dying to know about his birth parents.

After a brief moment of hesitation, Jared finally mustered the courage to emerge from his room.

When Jared reached the living room, Gary and Hannah were already waiting for him on the couch. The atmosphere in the air felt uncomfortably stifling. Upon closer inspection, Jared realized that there was an elaborate wooden box on the table in front of Hannah. It was barely as big as a palm.

"Dad, Mom..." Jared called out.

"Sit down." Gary waved his hand to beckon at Jared. Gary took two long drags of his cigarette before he said hesitantly, "Jared, you aren't a child anymore. There is something that we've been meaning to tell you."

All of a sudden, Gary snapped his mouth shut. Instead, he glanced at Hannah, who averted her eyes. She didn't want to be the bearer of bad news.

As they were both reluctant to spill the truth, a blanket of silence descended over the living room.

"Dad, Mom, no matter what, the both of you are still my parents. I will never abandon you. I'll take care of you when you're old, and I'll bless you with as many grandchildren as you want."

Suddenly, Jared knelt in front of Hannah and Gary.

The sight of her son on his knees caused Hannah to burst into tears again. In haste, she helped him to his feet and hugged him. "You will always be my son!"

"Mom, please don't cry. Even if we aren't related by flesh and blood, you have always been my mom. Throughout all these years, you were the one who raised me to become the man I am now. I still remember how you carried me in the rain to visit the clinic when I was five," Jared softly said as he wiped Hannah's tears away.

Hearing that, Hannah finally managed to let go of her worries. "Jared, I must admit that I'm not your birth mother. Since an illness plagued my body, I became infertile

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and couldn't bear any children of my own. One winter day, your dad found you by the roadside when you were an infant. I can still recall how you were shivering in the frigid cold.”

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Slowly, Hannah began to recount how they came to adopt Jared. Throughout the entire story, Jared kept his ears peeled.

Because Jared had already braced himself for this, he wasn't particularly shocked.

"When we found you, you had nothing on but this jade pendant. All these years, I've kept it in this box." Hannah opened the small box to reveal a gleaming jade pendant. Upon closer inspections, Jared could see traces of crimson red swirled inside the pendant.

When Jared took the jade pendant into his hands, a surge of warmth enveloped his body. It was a feeling that was both comforting yet indescribable.

The jade pendant felt like an extension of his own body. To be more exact, Jared seemed to feel connected to the jade pendant. It felt as if it was resonating with him.

"Son, this was the only thing your birth parents left for you. I'll be leaving it in your care now. We don't have any other information about them," Hannah said softly.

After revealing the truth, Hannah felt much more at ease. *Things weren't as bad as I thought.*

"Jared, we won't stop you if you want to look for your birth parents. After all, it is your own right to know about these things," Gary added.

"Dad, Mom, please rest assured that I won't be going anywhere. I am your son; this is a fact that will never change no matter what," Jared replied in earnest.

Upon witnessing his son's sincerity, Gary flashed a relieved smile.

"That's right. You are my son. I'll fight anyone who says otherwise!" Gary declared as he brandished his fists in the air.

If anyone dared to speak ill of Jared in front of Gary, he wouldn't hesitate to take action.

After chatting for a little longer, Jared returned to his room.

Once he closed the door behind him, he eagerly took the jade pendant out of his pocket. Immediately, he began to insert a small amount of spiritual energy into the jade pendant.

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When Jared first came into contact with the jade pendant, he'd already detected a hint of spiritual energy churning in the jade pendant. It felt like something was sealed inside it.

When Jared tried to inject a slight amount of spiritual energy into the pendant, the energy rebounded back. *How strange. There seems to be something preventing my spiritual energy from entering the jade.*

Once again, Jared channeled more spiritual energy into the jade pendant. But no matter how hard he tried, he could not break through the barrier.

He glared at the pendant with a deep frown etched across his forehead. He was at a loss.

I'm sure there's something in this pendant. But to reveal it, I'd have to use spiritual energy to force it open.

While Jared was deep in his thoughts, he was suddenly struck with a revelation. *I've seen some television shows where an object can only be opened when it comes into contact with blood. If this is an object left behind by my birth parents, should I use my blood to try and open it?*

Without hesitation, Jared bit his finger and dripped a drop of blood onto the jade pendant's surface.

When the blood sank through the jade, bright red light flashed across the room. Promptly, a low buzzing noise echoed around the room as the jade pendant in Jared's palm crumbled into dust.

At the same time, a feminine figure emerged from the red glow. She was dressed in ancient traditional clothing and had delicate features. The woman was so stunning that it felt like she had stepped right out of a painting.

A feeling of familiarity struck Jared's heart when he saw her. Something in him felt drawn to her as it felt like she was someone he recognized.

"My dear son, you are still alive. This is wonderful!" She beamed brightly.

With a trembling voice, Jared asked her, "Who are you?"

"I'm sure you are both curious and scared. Don't worry. I would never hurt you. Son, I am your birth mother! Although I regret abandoning you, I had no other choice. They were adamant about killing you."

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“Who are you talking about?” Jared furrowed his brows.

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Instead of answering Jared, the woman continued, "My boy, there are a lot of things in this world that you're clueless about. You must not be curious, nor must you explore them. There are too many dangers hidden in the unknown terrains. Since my blood flows in your veins, you must be more exceptional than the rest. However, there's no need to fear. Just continue living as an ordinary person. You must not set foot into the heavenly realm or Dragon Island. You must not go there! I'm glad that you're still living peacefully. Don't try to find me because it'll be futile. Remember my words... Don't go to Dragon Island! You must not go..."

Slowly, the woman's figure became blurry until she vanished into thin air.

"Who are you? What is going on?" shouted Jared, but no one responded.

The room returned to its quiet state. Only the powder on the floor indicated to him that everything that just happened was real.

"Dragon Island... Why is it Dragon Island again? What's going on?"

Jared was utterly puzzled. He did not understand why the woman, who claimed to be his biological mother, was dissuading him from entering the heavenly realm and Dragon Island.

Yet, Draco brought him to the heavenly realm. Not only did he tell Jared about Dragon Island, but he also said the latter had to go to Dragon Island once his powers increased significantly.

One told him to go, while the other kept forbidding him from doing so. Jared was utterly baffled.

After racking his brains over it for hours, he still could not figure it out. He was oblivious to many things, so it was impossible for him to understand anything.

"I should first increase my abilities and decide after going to Nameless Island on the fifteenth of July. Perhaps, I might figure out the things that have been puzzling me after going there," he mused, and a sigh escaped his lips.

Deciding to stop thinking about it, he pulled the covers over his head and fell asleep.

It was already late at night.

However, multiple luxurious cars were parked at the entrance of Phoenix Bar.

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Handsome men and beautiful women were partying inside, having the time of their lives.

In the corner of the bar, there were dozens of empty alcohol bottles piled up in front of Leyton. He had been drinking there for a long time.

Although Jared would not seek trouble with the Scott family, Leyton had become the laughingstock in the upper-class society.

"Ley, I knew you'd definitely be here. Stop drinking! You've had too much."

At that moment, Sandy, who was decked out in revealing clothes, walked over and sat beside Leyton.

Knowing that no matter how she begged Jared, he would never forgive her, not to mention he had utterly humiliated her in the class reunion, she chose to rely on Leyton to land on her feet.

Other than him, she had no one else to rely on. Her reputation in the upper-class circle in Horington had been completely ruined as well.

"You... Why are you here? Get lost!"

When Leyton saw Sandy, he was so scared that he shoved her away.

"Ley, are you still afraid of Jared? You've already given him two companies, and he promised that he wouldn't seek any more trouble with you. Why are you still scared?" she demanded.

Upon hearing her words, many people in the bar turned to cast teasing looks at Leyton. They were gloating over the fact that Leyton, the haughty scion of the Scott family, had fallen from grace. In fact, he even gave away his companies.

Fury rose within Leyton when he perceived everyone's gaze on him. "Nonsense! Why am I scared of him? I'm not scared of anyone."

Intoxicated, he no longer knew what fear was.

"Ley, since you aren't scared, why don't we get back together? We've already sent out the wedding invitations. Aren't you afraid that you'll become a laughingstock if the wedding doesn't continue as planned?" Sandy asked as she threw her arms around his neck.

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Sandy did not know that Leyton had already become an object of ridicule in the upper-class society. Otherwise, he would not have been drowning his sorrows all by himself.

"A laughingstock? Who dares to laugh at me? Even if the Scott family has given two companies away, we're still considered an elite family. Who dares to mock me?" roared Leyton as he slammed the table forcefully.

Everyone shot him a look of disdain but did not bother to entertain his taunts.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

At that moment, someone suddenly sauntered over while clapping. A cold smirk played on his lips as he stared at Leyton. "The scion of the Scott family ended up being so terrified of an ex-convict, yet you have the audacity to brag in the bar?"

Livid, Leyton barked, "Who the f*ck dares to insult me? I..."

However, when he recognized the person, his voice faltered mid-sentence. In an instant, he sobered up a little and exclaimed fearfully, "M-Mr. Whitaker!"

The person was none other than Tyrion from the Whitaker family in Summerbank. When the other scions saw that he had come to Horington, they rushed over and surrounded him.

They wanted to use this opportunity to get acquainted with Tyrion. In fact, some young women even gave him the eye.

One had to know that Horington could not even be compared to Summerbank. If the former were a cat, the latter would be a tiger. No matter how powerful a family was in Horington, it would be nothing to the wealthy families in Summerbank.

"Get lost!"

The two bodyguards beside Tyrion chased the scions away.

Those wealthy youngsters were usually stuck-ups, one more arrogant than the other. However, despite being rebuked by the Whitaker family's bodyguards, they did not dare to say anything and quickly left.

Looking at the scene in front of her, Sandy was extremely astounded. She always

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thought that she had reached the peak of her life by dating Leyton. However, what she had just witnessed showed her how ignorant she had been.

"Come out. I need to talk to you about something."

After saying that to Leyton, Tyrion spun around and walked out.

As he did so, he deliberately checked out Sandy, who was standing beside Leyton. Noticing his gaze, she quickly raised her head and puffed out her chest, trying her best to impress him.

A smirk touched his lips, and he left directly. Meanwhile, Leyton staggered out of the bar with Sandy supporting him.

Tyrion was waiting for them in a Rolls-Royce. When he rolled down the car windows, he instructed Leyton, "Get into the car."

Sandy helped Leyton onto the car, but he shoved her away. "Scram!"

Immediately, she feigned a pitiful look and glanced at Tyrion.

"Let her come."

Since Tyrion had spoken, Leyton dared not voice an objection. Delighted, Sandy hastened to enter the car.

The car drove for around half an hour before stopping on a road that was still under construction.

As there were no streetlights, it was terrifyingly dark.

"M-Mr. Whitaker, why did you look for me?"

Sweeping his gaze around the pitch-black surroundings, Leyton was so terrified that he was no longer inebriated.

"Everyone, leave."

Tyrion instructed his bodyguards to leave before throwing a look at Sandy, who opened the car door and alighted the vehicle reluctantly.

With that, Tyrion and Leyton were the only ones left in the car.

Cold sweat stood in pearls along Leyton's forehead. *I've never offended the Whitaker*

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family. Why did Tyrion look for me and bring me to such a place?

"Is that woman your girlfriend?" asked Tyrion.

"Yes... No! No, she isn't..." Leyton shook his head and clarified, "She's not anymore."

Tyrion harrumphed when he saw his reaction. "You coward! You only broke up with her because of Jared, right? She's his ex-girlfriend."

Leyton was stunned, not knowing how Tyrion found out about that.

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"There's no need to look at me with such surprise. There's nothing in Jazona that can be kept a secret from me. As the descendant of the Scott family, are you willing to be oppressed by a mere ex-convict?" asked Tyrion as he stared at Leyton disdainfully.

Leyton sighed. "You might not know this. I don't know what's so impressive about Jared, but he managed to win the favor of people like Walter, Tommy, and William. Everyone treats him with so much respect! My family can't even compare to him."

"Hahaha! Walter, Tommy, and William? How terrifyingly powerful!"

Tyrion burst out laughing as a look of contempt filled his eyes.

Leyton continued embarrassedly, "They might not be anything to you, Mr. Whitaker, but our family is nowhere on par with yours!"

"I'm giving you a chance now, Leyton. Are you willing to take it?" Tyrion queried as he narrowed his eyes.

Stunned, Leyton asked, "What chance are you talking about?"

"I can let you take revenge on Jared to your heart's content. The people you've just mentioned will not dare to help him," explained Tyrion with a half-smile.

"Really?" Leyton's eyes lit up, but the hope in them soon dimmed. "Why are you helping me, Mr. Whitaker? I doubt you're doing it as an entirely altruistic act."

His statement caused Tyrion to guffaw. "Hahaha! Altruistic? I never do things for the sake of others. By helping you take down Jared, I'm helping myself too. Have you forgotten about my relationship with Josephine?"

After being in stunned silence for a while, Leyton exclaimed excitedly, "You like Josephine, but Jared and her seem really close. They even proclaimed that they're dating!"

"That's right. How can I let my woman be snatched away by an ex-convict? To be honest, Jared broke Frederick's wrist, so he hates Jared to the core now. With Frederick and I supporting you, do you think anyone will dare to help him?" asked Tyrion with a malicious look on his face.

"Frederick?" Leyton's eyes popped. "Are you talking about Mr. Lowe's son?"

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"You're right. Frederick likes Josephine too. You've probably heard about how both of them got into a conflict because of this. However, it's difficult for Frederick to reveal himself due to his status. Furthermore, since I come from a different city, it's not appropriate for me to do anything here. Hence, you're the most suitable candidate," explained Tyrion frankly.

Unable to repress his excitement, Leyton burst into peals of laughter. "Jared must have a death wish! How dare he hit the mayor's son? He'd definitely be dead meat this time around. If I had known this would happen, I wouldn't have given him those two companies!"

"If you kill Jared, those companies will be returned to you." Tyrion grinned.

"Yeah!" Leyton nodded. "What should I do, Mr. Whitaker? Jared knows martial arts, and he's very strong. I'm scared that..."

"Don't worry. You can instruct my two bodyguards however you want. They're both experts. Furthermore, if you do this, I promise that Jared will give in..."

Then, Tyrion whispered something to Leyton's ears.

After listening to his words, Leyton felt a cold shiver run down his spine. "Mr. Whitaker, are... are you sure that this is fine? William will surely go mad and seek revenge."

"What are you afraid of? I'm not asking you to do anything to Josephine. She'll just be the bait! Besides, you'll be handing her to me. William can't lay a finger on me!" Tyrion threw him a look of contempt.

"You're right." Leyton nodded. "Since you're supporting me, I have nothing to fear."

"Go! I have faith in you. Once this matter is taken care of, both our families will join forces, and your family will definitely become the richest family in Horington!" Tyrion patted his shoulders.