

# A Man Like None Other Chapter 30

Snorting, Jared threw a slap with his hand. Despite not being the first to attack, he managed to land his strike on the stall owner first. Upon impact, the stall owner spun in a few circles before coming to a stop. The slap caused his already pudgy face to swell even further, making him look even more like a pig. "Get him, and kill him!" the stall owner bellowed. With that, the group of burly men roared as they charged at Jared.

*Bam! Bam! Bam!* In the blink of an eye, the men were kicked back by Jared. Upon crashing onto the ground, none of them were able to get back up. Stunned by what they saw, the hollering traders fell silent. In fact, they attempted to slip away after realizing that Jared wasn't someone they could afford to mess with. Having regained his senses, the stall owner scowled. "Kid, how dare you cause trouble here in Antique Street?"

Do you know who owns this turf? The Templar Regiment! Mr. Lewis runs this place, and you've gotten yourself in some real trouble by kicking up a fuss here!" The stall owner knew that once he brought up the Templar Regiment, everyone would quiver in fear and flee. After all, it was common for trouble to break out in Antique Street.

Hence, throwing that name around had always come in useful. "The Templar Regiment?" Jared sneered. "What are you going to do if I told you I'm not afraid of them?" "Who isn't afraid of us, the Templar Regiment?" Just as Jared spoke, a piercing voice rang out. In the next moment, the crowd quickly stepped aside to open a path.

A man with a scar on his left cheek approached them. Behind him were more than ten menacing-looking men. Regardless of the stall owner or the crowd, everyone was filled with terror at the sight of the men. The stall owner quickly crawled up to him. "Scarface, this kid is causing trouble here and even snatched the jade I wanted to present to Mr.

Lewis. It's a piece of imperial jade, which is his favorite!" The stall owner demonstrated his cunning with great flair.

"An imperial jade?" Scarface's eyes lit up. "Kid, show me the jade!" "Are you one of Tommy's men?" Jared asked. "B\*stard, how dare you address Mr. Lewis by name?" Emboldened by Scarface's presence, the stall owner pointed at Jared and snapped, "This is Mr. Lewis' most important lieutenant, Scarface. He's in charge of Antique Street's security." Ignoring the stall owner, Jared looked at Scarface and flashed his ring at him.

"Do you recognize this ring?" Upon taking a closer look, Scarface scoffed, "That's just a worn-out bronze ring. What's there to recognize? Now, hand over the jade, and I'm willing to forgive your transgressions toward Mr. Lewis!" Jared took out the jade. When it glistened underneath the light, Scarface's face lit up in delight.

"Quick, give it to me!" Scarface waved at Jared. Fiddling with the jade, Jared plainly remarked, "Since you don't recognize my ring, you should get Tommy to come here. As long as he's here and wants the jade, I'm willing to give it to him." "What did you say?" Scarface fumed.

"Mr. Lewis isn't someone you can order around at will. Who do you think you are? You arrogant idiot, you're forcing me to teach you a lesson!" "If you refuse to get him, I can give him a call." With that said, Jared took out his phone. "You have his number?" Scarface furrowed his brows.

Given how important Tommy was, not everyone had his number. Now that Jared was in possession of it, it was a sign that he wasn't just an ordinary person. "139322..." Jared read Tommy's number aloud and looked in Scarface's direction. "Do you want to call him, or should I?"