

# A Man Like None Other Chapter 36

"All right. I'll have my men take good care of the trees. Also, with regards to the spiritual brush and cinnabar rosary, I'll help you find them too. I happen to know Abbot Erasmus of Lagrange Monastery very well and will get him to help," Walter offered. "Thank you, Mr. Grange!" Jared nodded. "It's getting late, so I'll have to take my leave." After checking his watch, Jared realized it was almost noon and time for him to go home for lunch.

"Mr. Chance, if you don't mind, why don't you have lunch here? I'll get someone to prepare it right away," Walter nervously invited. Considering Walter's utmost admiration for Jared, he wanted to ingratiate himself at every available opportunity. Looking at Walter, Jared nodded in agreement. "I hope I'm not imposing." "Not at all, not at all." Elated at Jared's response, Walter ordered his servants to prepare the food immediately.

Meanwhile, at Horington Hospital, Leyton's arm had been wrapped up in a sling while Sandy stayed by his side. "Damn that Jared! Once I've recovered, I'll definitely kill him," Leyton bellowed out of frustration. Jared had broken his arm, threw his wedding into chaos, and turned the Scott family into Horington's laughingstock. Consequently, there was no way Leyton would take all that lying down. "Ley, don't be angry.

I ordered Warrick to teach Jared a lesson by hiring professional fighters this time. He'll definitely have Jared beaten to a pulp," Sandy remarked while peeling an orange. "If the Sullivan family hadn't gotten in the way, Jared would have been dead!" A cold glint flashed in Leyton's eyes. Gritting his teeth, he grabbed the orange Sandy had peeled and threw it into his mouth. Right at that moment, Sandy's phone rang.

After answering it, her expression drastically changed before she ended the call at once. "Who was it?" Leyton asked. "It was Warrick. He said that they were beaten up by Jared. Not just that, but his arm was also broken!" Sandy frowned. "What in the world did Jared learn during his

three years in prison? How did he become such a good fighter?" "They're nothing but useless scum, especially your classmate. F\*ck it, looks like I need to do it myself!"

With his rage intensifying, Leyton gave Sandy a look before pulling her over. Then he tore off her clothes without warning. "Ah... Ley!" Sandy screamed out of embarrassment as they were inside the hospital. However, Leyton couldn't care less because of the urge to vent his rage. Just when he was preparing to do so, he realized he couldn't get it up. All at once, he was seized by panic since he didn't know what was wrong.

*Can my broken arm affect the performance of other bodily functions?*

"L-Ley, is it because you're too nervous?" Sandy asked meekly. "Nervous your ass! Get in position for me..." Pushing Sandy forcefully, he began to get it on again. Unfortunately, it was a futile effort no matter how hard he tried. "Ahem!" Suddenly, Yoel entered the room. When he saw his son trying to hump Sandy, he blushed instantly and coughed to announce his presence.

Both of them were given a fright. As for Sandy, she quickly put her clothes back on. "This is ridiculous! With your hand broken, how can you still engage in such horseplay?" Yoel admonished Leyton. Despite hanging his head, Leyton's eyes were burning with rage. "Dad, I want Jared dead.

No matter what, he must die!" At that moment, Leyton blamed his impotence on Jared. He assumed it was related to his broken arm. In truth, Jared was responsible for it. However, it wasn't because he had broken Leyton's arm. Instead, he had crippled Leyton's manhood at the Gibson residence.

"Stay out of the matter, and just focus on your recovery. Since Tommy didn't take any action against him, I have to investigate and find out what sort of backing he has." Although Yoel was furious, he didn't let his anger get to his head. He knew that there was a reason why Tommy didn't touch Jared.

