

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 251

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Should Have Asked For More

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.

"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.

"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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Asking For Help

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.

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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An Unexpected Visit

“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 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.

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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My Treat

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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Finding A Job

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 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 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.

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The Old Residence

“Mom, the area where the old residence is located will be developed soon. It’ll be worth a lot of money in the future!”

In truth, Jared was not interested in that meager sum of money. He simply did not want Benedict and his family to benefit from it.

“What? It’s going to be developed? Are you sure?”

Excitement instantly surged within Hannah as soon as she heard that piece of news. If that’s true, we’ll be able to earn quite a sum after selling the house!

“Of course I am! It’s already in the planning stage right now! I’ve seen the report at Mr. Lowe’s house!” Jared answered truthfully.

“What are you talking about, Jared? Are you hinting that I’m trying to snatch the land from you? You said you saw the report at Mr. Lowe’s house? What a big liar! Why don’t you say you’ve had a meal at his house then?” A look of anger took over Benedict’s face as he bellowed at his nephew.

“I did have a meal at Mr. Lowe’s house before!” Jared nodded in affirmation.

Everyone burst out laughing the moment they heard his words.

Simon, who had been quiet the whole time, curled his lips at that point. “I’ve seen a lot of boastful people, but someone like you who’s on an entirely new level is a first. Do you know who I am? You sure are daring enough to say that in front of me, huh? I’ll be frank with you. Mr. Lowe will be here for a meal later, and my dad will be accompanying him. Didn’t you say you’ve eaten at Mr. Lowe’s place before? I’ll take you along to give him a toast later and see if he knows who you are!”

“Sure!” Jared was not at all flustered.

“Jared!” Hannah quickly tugged at his sleeve. Joking about something that has got to do with the city’s mayor? Is he trying to dig his own grave?

Gary’s face turned grim too. “Sit down now, Jared!”

He found the possibility of Jared having a meal at Glen’s house totally absurd since he was, after all, an ordinary citizen.

At his father’s command, Jared could only sit down.

By then, everyone was smiling at him sardonically.

“Hannah, Jared is speaking absolute nonsense. How can I not know if there’s a development plan for that area? I bet he just doesn’t want to get a formal job and lead a proper life, which is why he said that. Do you think an ex-convict like him has the right to visit Mr. Lowe’s house?” Benedict coldly glanced at Jared before he continued, “Do you know how much risk it takes for me to find Jared a job as a government official, given his past? But fret not; I’ll still find him a job, and I won’t take that old residence for free. In exchange, I’ll give you a hundred thousand. That’ll be more than sufficient to last you guys through a few years. Perhaps you can take that money and rent a house, so there’s no need to reside in someone else’s house anymore!”

When Hannah heard that Benedict was offering them a hundred thousand, her eyes instantly lit up. Considering that the old residence was abandoned and inhabitable, she figured it was a good deal if she could earn a fortune from it.

“Benedict, if you say so, then there’s nothing more for me to say. Since the old residence is left unused and neglected, take it if you want!” Hannah could not contain her excitement as she said those words.

Benedict was secretly delighted when she agreed to it so readily.

Truth be told, he had only agreed to turn up for that meal because of the old residence. He had received insider news regarding the development of that region. By getting his hands on it, he would be able to make a profit out of it.

“Mom...” Jared knitted his brows as he called out to Hannah.

“That’s enough. I’ve decided, and you shouldn’t interfere anymore. We’ll give the old residence to your uncle!” Hannah waved her hand dismissively at him, signaling him to stop talking.

Gary, who was smoking at the side, did not seem to oppose the decision since he did not make any comments.

“I disagree with that! We can’t give them the old residence!” Jared yelled, maintaining a firm stance.

He had never raised his voice at his mother, but he refused to let Benedict have his way that time around.

“Jared, just who are you to disagree? That is the Chance family’s old residence. What has it got to do with you? You’re nothing but an adopted child!” Benedict slammed the table forcefully as he snarled at Jared.

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A Gift Of Wine

Jared was left frozen in his spot for a few seconds before his expression darkened, and his aura changed drastically to resemble that of a demon. Throwing daggers at Benedict, he grimly uttered, “What did you say? I dare you to repeat yourself!”

Benedict was initially slightly freaked out by his gaze but was quick to come around. Fuming, he yelled, “Darn it! You’re a damn bastard. You don’t belong to the Chance family—”

Crash!

“Shut up, Benedict!” Gary smashed a glass on the floor, flushing angrily. His body shook a little as he glowered at Benedict. “Say another sentence, and I’ll...”

Seeing his brother’s sudden outburst of emotions, Benedict immediately shut his mouth and sat back down on the seat.

It turned out that Gary still had his dignity as an older brother. Although Benedict had always looked down on Gary and his family, he would still be intimidated when the latter lost his temper.

At that point, Jared's murderous aura filled the entire room, leaving everyone afraid to make any noise.

Had Benedict not been his uncle, he would have long sent him to meet his maker.

"Jared, Benedict must be too angry that he couldn't think straight and said that nonsense. Come, sit down now." Hannah quickly pulled Jared back to his seat.

On the other hand, Gary heaved a sigh, lit up another cigarette, and started puffing away one after another.

Several moments later, the dishes they ordered earlier arrived and filled the whole table. There were also two bottles of limited-edition Sauvignon Blanc wine.

The two families were astonished as they exchanged glances. No one has ordered white wine; why would they serve that?

Javier stopped the waiter and asked, "Excuse me. Did you serve this wine wrongly?"

"Nope. It's Mr. Lewis' special request. He asked to serve to this room," the waiter answered politely.

Puzzlement swamped the crowd when they heard it was a gift from Tommy. Although Benedict's had a pretty decent position as an office administrator at his workplace, it was nothing impressive to Tommy. Thus, there was no way the latter would gift him such an expensive and precious wine.

"Simon has indeed done us great honor. Even someone like Mr. Lewis would gift us such an amazing wine!" Stella piped up all of a sudden.

Her words instantly left the crowd casting their gazes toward Simon. Among everyone present, Simon was the only one who could have connections to Tommy since his father was, after all, a chief of a ministry.

“Simon, I can’t believe you’re acquainted with Mr. Lewis. These two bottles of wine aren’t cheap! It is a great honor for you to receive such a gift from him!” Like everyone else, Benedict was surprised too.

Simon let out an awkward laugh. “Dad, Mom, I’ve only had a few meals with him before. I never thought that he’ll be so courteous as to give me two bottles of wine upon knowing that I’m here.”

“Simon, you’re actually acquaintances with someone like Mr. Lewis? You’re freaking awesome! I can act as I please in Horington from now on. I’m sure no one would dare to disrespect me!”

Javier was overwhelmed with jubilation at the mere thought of how he would not be bullied by anyone else since his brother-in-law was friends with Tommy.

A tinge of envy flashed across Gary’s and Hannah’s faces at the sight of that family chatting and laughing away.

The only one that remained expressionless in the room was Jared. He knew clearly that the two bottles of wine were not a gift for Simon, yet he did not expose him. All that was flooding his mind were those remarks made by Benedict earlier.

He could barely believe what he had just heard. Am I really an adopted child?

Instantaneously, the incident where Draco held his hand and checked his pulse while they were in prison crossed his mind.

He recalled how Draco had told him that he was certainly not a child from an ordinary family due to the bloodline he carried.

However, Jared had never heeded Draco’s words since his parents were only ordinary folks.

At that point, his mind was in turmoil. Seeds of suspicions concerning his background began to grow within him because he knew Benedict would never say something like that without any reason whatsoever.

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Wine That Was Served In Contempt

“Dad, Mom, let me pour you a glass each. This is an expensive wine. If not for Simon, we wouldn’t have the chance to try this limited-edition Sauvignon Blanc wine!” While saying that, Gianna uncorked the bottle and started serving Stella and Benedict with it.

“Gianna, pour me a glass so that I can try too! I’ve never tasted that before!” Javier grinned as he picked up his wineglass.

“Move aside! You’re still a kid; how can you drink wine?” Gianna glared at Javier before she continued pouring a full glass for Simon and herself.

“Simon, help me out here.” Javier cast a pleading look at his brother-in-law.

Simon chuckled. “Pour a glass for Javier. It’s a rare wine, and that’s all we have. There’s no way it’ll be produced again in the future.”

“Thank you, Simon!” Upon hearing that, Javier happily grabbed the bottle of wine and started pouring it for himself.

Benedict’s family eventually filled their glasses with the precious Sauvignon Blanc wine, but no one poured it for Jared and his family.

It was fine for Hannah and Jared since the former had always abstained from alcohol while the latter was visibly distracted by his thoughts.

However, that was definitely not the case for Gary. He was licking his lips and craving badly for it. It was a pity that the wine was Simon’s gift, and thus he deemed it inappropriate to ask for it if the recipient did not offer to pour it for him.

A mocking smile appeared on the faces of Benedict and his family when they saw Gary’s expression.

“Javier, you should pour some wine for your uncle. Even though this is a gift from Mr. Lewis to Simon, Uncle Gary is the one treating us to this meal. We should let him have a taste of it too!” Stella said as she raised her brows at Javier, her words seemingly insinuating something.

“All right!” Javier took the wine bottle and looked at Gary. “Uncle Gary, let me pour you some wine. If you don’t get to drink it this time, I’m afraid there won’t be another chance in your lifetime!”

Initially, Gary did not want to drink the wine that was served in contempt. Nonetheless, the aroma of the wine was too tantalizing that he could not suppress his urge. In the end, he grabbed his glass and reached it out toward Javier.

The corners of Javier’s lips quirked into a smirk as he poured a few drops of wine into Gary’s glass.

“This wine is too precious. Just these few drops of wine alone cost over a thousand! Uncle Gary, you can just have a taste of it!”

After saying that, Javier proceeded to put the wine bottle down.

Gary had his eyes glued to the wine in the glass, and despite it being a pathetic volume, he opened his mouth, poured it down, and even savored the aftertaste that lingered.

No doubt it’s the limited-edition Sauvignon Blanc wine! It’s amazing!

Everyone laughed in amusement at the sight of Gary’s reaction.

“Sit down! You look pathetic!” Rage welled up within Hannah, and she hastily pulled him back to his seat.

There was almost nothing to fault the man except for his obsession with alcohol. It was to the point where he had to take at least a few sips every day.

“Come, let’s drink!” Simon raised his wine glass and cleared everything in one shot.

In no time, Benedict and his family emptied the contents of the two wine bottles. While the family of five was having a great time chatting over the precious alcohol, Jared and his family were outright disregarded by the former.

Just then, the sound of a ringtone rang out. Simon fished out his phone to find that it was a text message from his father.

“Simon, is that from your dad? Mr. Lowe should’ve reached by now, right?” Benedict asked hastily.

“Yeah, they’ve arrived.” Simon nodded. “They’re at Majestic Hall. My dad asked us to head over now.”

At that, Benedict’s hands trembled a little. He felt extremely honored to have the opportunity to sit at the same table and enjoy wine with the city’s mayor.

“Let’s hurry over then! We can’t hold them up!” he anxiously said as he picked his wineglass up.

“I want to go too, Dad. I’ve never drunk with such a big shot before.” Similarly, Javier also stood up with his wineglass in his hand.

“You’re only a kid. Why tag along? Just stay here!” Benedict shot daggers at his son.

He was afraid the latter would offend Glen with his reckless comments. If that indeed happened, it would only spell trouble for them since he figured the others who were present would also be of influential statuses.

“Dad, let Javier tag along. It’ll benefit his future by getting more exposure to the outside world now,” Simon urged.

“All right then. But remember, don’t open your mouth when you’re there!” Benedict gave Javier a stern reminder.

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No Need To Wait

“I’m going too.”

“And me too! I also want to meet Mr. Lowe, who’s famed to be impartial!”

Stella and Gianna quickly chimed in about tagging along.

“Sure, let’s go together!” Simon waved his hand as he spoke.

Just as Benedict and his family were about to head out to meet Glen, Simon suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned to Jared. “Didn’t you say you’ve eaten at Mr. Lowe’s house before? Since we’re heading up to give him a toast now, do you also want to follow us?”

As soon as Simon’s words fell, Benedict and his family turned and threw Jared mocking looks. They believed he would not dare to follow along since that was equivalent to exposing his own lie.

Indeed, Jared shook his head without hesitation. He then added, “He should be the one offering me a toast instead!”

The crowd was slightly shocked at first, but a peal of laughter soon entailed after they recovered from their trance. “Are you still dreaming? You said Mr. Lowe should offer you a toast? Why don’t you take a good look at yourself in the mirror? I’ll pass your words to Mr. Lowe when I meet him and see what he’ll do to you!”

Finishing his words, Simon led Benedict and the rest out of the room.

Just as they stepped out, Stella stopped and turned around. “We might stay to have lunch with Mr. Lowe after offering him a toast. Go ahead and pay the bills later; there’s no need to wait for our return. Also, those two empty wine bottles are probably worth a few hundred. Don’t forget to bring them home. It’ll be sufficient for you guys to last through a few days.”

With that, she chuckled and walked away.

“Jared, are you out of your mind? Why did you even say that? Aren’t you just landing yourself in hot water?” Hannah looked at Jared and asked him worriedly after Benedict and his family left.

“Mom, nothing bad will happen,” Jared reassured smilingly.

Gary let out a huge sigh all of a sudden. “How much does this whole table of food cost? What do we do now?”

“Dad, don’t worry about that. I have my ways. Why don’t you head home with Mom first? I’ll take care of the bills here.”

Knowing that his parents would only be worried if they stayed there, Jared figured it would be better for them to leave first.

“Sounds like a plan. We will go home and look for some money. Remember not to get into any conflicts with others. This place belongs to Mr. Lewis; it’s no laughing matter,” Gary warned.

“I got it.” Jared nodded.

Even though Hannah was feeling a little uneasy, she still left with Gary ultimately to look for neighbors and see if they could lend some money. One would have to know that dining and dashing at Tommy’s restaurant would only mean courting death.

After the departure of his parents, Jared sat back down in his seat. Thoughts regarding his identity began to run wild in his mind once again.

Meanwhile, Benedict and his family took the elevator and arrived upstairs where Majestic Hall was, their hands still holding onto their glasses.

Javier was awe-stricken as he fixed his eyes on the extravagant-looking private rooms on that floor.

Looking at his brother-in-law earnestly, he voiced, “Simon, when will you treat us to a meal in such a luxurious room too? Just look at Jared; even someone like him could treat us to a meal in a basic private room downstairs!”

“He might not even be able to pay for that basic private room. Let’s see how he’ll fork out money for it later. If he dares dine and dash, Mr. Lewis will surely kill him!” Gianna covered her mouth as she laughed.

“Just shut up, the two of you! Do you know what place this is? There are many dignitaries dining here. You guys will be in deep trouble if you interrupt any of them for being too noisy!” Simon berated them with a frosty expression.

Intimidated, the pair of siblings immediately shut their mouths. Benedict also quickly chimed in, “Simon is right. You guys better watch yourselves and not talk so much. Learn from Simon.”

Concurrently, in Majestic Hall, Glen and several other colleagues, including Simon’s father, Devin Moore, were chatting over the lunch fare. Based on the seating arrangement, Devin was likely the one with the lowest status.

Be it serving drinks or pouring wine, he was personally doing the job of a waiter all by himself.

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Received An Early Notice

Just then, the door was pushed open. Tommy walked in, his hands holding onto a bottle of wine.

When the crowd saw that it was Tommy, they were startled. After all, deep down, they were well aware of what he did for a living.

Being an honorable man who was fair and just, Glen used to be antipathetic to interacting with someone like Tommy.

Yet, he had personally asked to invite Tommy over that time around.

“Mr. Lowe, thank you for visiting this small restaurant of mine. As a token of appreciation, today’s meal will be on me!” Tommy smiled as he uncorked the wine.

As he was a seasoned member of society, it was no wonder that he knew the way to treat his guest. What he could not fathom was why Glen had asked him over out of the blue.

“Tommy, I didn’t ask you here to pay for the bill. Have a seat; we’ll have a chat.” Glen beckoned to Tommy.

Without hesitation, the latter strode up to the seat beside Glen and sat down, leaving everyone else baffled.

No one could understand what was wrong with Glen right then.

“Mr. Lowe, tell me what orders you have. I’ll be at your service!” Tommy courteously said after he had seated himself.

“The purpose of my visit and inviting you to join me here today is to ask you to help me arrange a meeting with Mr. Chance. I’ll like to express my gratitude to him in person,” Glen responded politely.

At once, Tommy realized what was going on. So he's here because of yesterday's incident.

"You're here at an opportune moment, Mr. Lowe! Mr. Chance has made a reservation for a meal here today as well. He's downstairs right now!" Tommy explained.

"Is that so?" Glen looked elated at that response. "Then I must head down to offer Mr. Chance a toast!"

With that said, he lifted his wineglass and prepared to head out of the room.

At the sight of Glen's behavior, everyone present was instantly dumbfounded. They could not figure out who that influential figure in Horington was, that even someone prestigious like Glen had to be so respectful and even personally asked to meet to offer him a toast.

Despite so, they knew that person was someone special. In hopes of seeking connections with them, all of them quickly grabbed their glasses and prepared to follow behind Glen.

Just as the crowd was about to leave, the door to the private room was abruptly flung open. Next, Benedict and his family walked in.

Seeing the newcomers, Glen was taken aback and furrowed his brows. "Who are you?"

"Mr. Lowe, I'm Benedict Chance, an office administrator in the Department of Health. I've learned that you're having lunch here today, so I'm here to give you a toast."

Benedict then pointed to the group behind him and added, "These are my family members. They would also like to catch a glimpse of you in person!"

The man was visibly nervous that even his hand holding the wineglass was trembling.

On the other hand, Javier, Stella, and the rest had excitement written all over their faces as they fastened their eyes on Glen.

Displeased, Glen shifted his gaze toward Devin. "What's going on?"

Since he had made sure to keep his reservation at that restaurant a secret, he believed that no one should know about his presence there. After all, visiting Tommy's restaurant would only affect the public's opinions toward him because, to begin with, Tommy did not have a good reputation. Hence, he ultimately only invited several people without informing anyone else.

Yet, the presence of Benedict and his family only proved that they had received the news prior. Of course, it was an easy feat to find out the culprit. Since Benedict was from the Department of Health, making him the subordinate of Devin, the health minister, it was evident that Devin was the one who had leaked the information.

Noticing Glen's enraged appearance, Devin began quivering in fear. He glared fiercely at his son before turning to Glen. "Mr. Lowe, I merely told my son that I'll be at Meadow Restaurant and won't be home for lunch today. I didn't know that he'll turn up here and even bring people along with him to toast you."

Devin quickly tried to extricate himself from the situation. He did not want, and neither did he dare to take responsibility for anyone, not even his son, as that would jeopardize his career.

"Your son?" Glen frowned. "Don't tell me this man here who calls himself Benedict is your son?"