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The Launching Event

“Don’t worry, Mr. Whitaker. I’ll take care of it!” Leyton opened the car door excitedly, about to leave.

“Wait!” Tyrion called out.

“Do you have another order for me, Mr. Whitaker?” asked Leyton.

“I’ll be staying in Horington for a few days. Tell that woman to accompany me so that I won’t be too bored,” said Tyrion as he pointed at Sandy.

“If you like her, just take her!” Leyton replied nonchalantly. A woman meant nothing to him.

When he got out of the car, he looked at Sandy and said, “Your chance is here. If you serve Mr. Whitaker well, you might rise to success!”

Sandy was stunned. Before she could react, the two bodyguards grabbed her and tossed her into the car. Then, they locked the car door and left with Leyton.

When Leyton stared at his bandaged arm, a vicious glint flashed across his eyes.

“M-Mr. Whitaker, what are you trying to do?” asked Sandy fearfully while staring at Tyrion in the car.

“Why are you scared? I won’t eat you up. Women who can accompany me are lucky. Be with me, and no one in Horington will dare to offend you.”

As Tyrion spoke, he pounced at Sandy.

“No...”

The woman pretended to struggle for a while before succumbing to his advances.

The car shook violently as moans sounded from it.

After breakfast the next morning, Jared called Tommy and went looking for him at Meadow Restaurant.

He wanted the latter to sell the revitalizing pills as soon as possible and prepare more herbs.

Jared had to seize the time to accumulate more funds and increase his capabilities. As of then, he was extremely eager to go to Dragon Island, curious about what was on the island and why his mother refused to let him go there.

Inside a room in the restaurant, Tommy said to Jared apologetically, “Mr. Chance, the revitalizing pills are indeed good stuff, but... but no one believes us if we’re the only ones who claim that they’re effective. Furthermore, considering my identity, it’s less likely for people to trust us. They accuse me of raking in money under the pretense of selling medicine. Furthermore, the revitalizing pills are so cheap that people find them even more suspicious!”

At the end of his sentence, he let out a resigned sigh. No one would have expected the underground king to start selling medicine.

“Don’t sell the revitalizing pills anymore. Instead, give them out for free! However, you mustn’t do that secretly. You should organize a launching event for the revitalizing pills and say that only those whose net worth exceeds fifty million can join. Then, you can choose who you want to give them to!”

Jared knew they needed to generate more publicity at such a juncture to let people know that the revitalizing pills were effective.

“Give them all out? Uh, wouldn’t it be too wasteful?”

Tommy thought it was a huge pity as he knew that the revitalizing pills were miraculous. After taking one, he felt so vital. It was as though he had returned to his twenties.

“It won’t be a waste. As long as people find these pills effective and publicize them for us, we’d definitely unlock a market. Also, send someone to continue buying the ingredients on the list I’ve given you,” instructed Jared.

“Okay. I’ll spread the news out now. The launching event will be held at noon in my restaurant’s hall,” said Tommy as he nodded.

“Okay. I’ll be staying here in the morning, so just look for me if anything happens.”

Jared decided to stay around and see if the launching event would succeed while also preventing any mishaps.

Although the revitalizing pills could strengthen one’s constitution, promote longevity, and were extremely beneficial to men, they were not able to cure all diseases. Hence, Jared wanted to be present just in case the pills were deemed useless because of some rare conditions. If he were to intervene at that moment, the public might trust the medicine even more.

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On The Pretext

When someone like Tommy spread the news, many business moguls arrived. Some even wanted to use the opportunity to get acquainted with him.

At noon, there were already dozens of people in the hall—all with a net worth of over fifty million. They were discussing Tommy’s revitalizing pills among themselves.

“Mr. Lewis is from the underworld. Why is he suddenly selling medicine?”

“I heard that the pills can strengthen one’s constitution, promote longevity, and most importantly, make men feel youthful again. It sounds like a miraculous pill!”

“Let’s wait and see. Anyway, I don’t really believe it. Who can tell if the pills can actually strengthen one’s constitution and promote longevity? No one will know if they’re effective.”

“In my opinion, Mr. Lewis must be short of money recently. He wants everyone to pay him some money on the pretext of selling medicine.”

Everyone was whispering among themselves. Barely anyone trusted Tommy.

Since Tommy had never sold medicine in the first place, it was strange that he suddenly got his hands on such miraculous pills. Most of them thought it was just an excuse for him to rake in money.

After all, he could not possibly hold everyone at knifepoint and extort money from them—that would be robbery. However, if he claimed to have some miraculous medicine and sold them to the rich, it was not illegal, and he could earn some money. As for what the pills were, no one would care—it could even be candy for all it mattered.

Just when everyone was deliberating over the matter, Jared walked out. Since he had superior hearing and vision, he had heard what everyone was talking about.

“Mr. Chance...”

When the business moguls saw Jared, they all greeted him respectfully.

Many of them had witnessed how impressive Jared was at Walter’s banquet. After all, he defeated Steven and even earned Tommy’s and Walter’s respect.

Jared nodded slightly, returning their greetings. After roaming around the crowd, he had a vague idea. Those wealthy businessmen were all ridden with illness, especially the ones that men were the most susceptible to.

After getting rich, those wealthy men would always fail to restrain their lust. As they grew older, problems would start to arise. Since they all were deficient in that area, he reckoned things would go on much smoother. After all, the cures for that were the quickest and most effective—one could see and feel the effects immediately.

“Someone from Summerbank has come over!” a person suddenly yelled, attracting everyone’s attention.

They were all eager to see who from Summerbank managed to receive the news and rushed over.

The doors were flung open. A man and a woman sauntered in, their arms linked together.

They were none other than Tyrion and Sandy. Initially, he wanted her to shop with him. However, after hearing that Tommy was holding a launching event about the revitalizing pills, he decided to join in the fun and checked them out.

“Mr. Whitaker! Mr. Whitaker is here!”

When everyone saw Tyrion, they rushed forward to greet him.

They were from small families in Horington, which could not even be compared to the Whitaker family from Summerbank.

Tyrion merely nodded in acknowledgment while wearing an impassive expression. He could not be bothered with families from such a small place like Horington.

However, Sandy was different. Seeing that so many rich men were fawning over them, she was filled with an inflated sense of self-importance and straightened her back proudly.

A wry smile touched Jared’s lips when he realized Sandy had found herself another man.

He felt an urge to slap himself. Why didn’t I manage to see Sandy’s true colors in university? Luckily, we didn’t get married. Otherwise, I’d be cuckolded.

Just as he turned around to leave, Sandy spotted him. “Jared...” she called.

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Protective Of His Son

Tyrion’s eyes lit up when he heard Jared’s name, and he instantly followed Sandy’s gaze.

Jared stopped in his tracks and gave her a frosty look.

Still linking arms with Tyrion, Sandy walked toward him.

“Hey, Jared. I didn’t expect to see you here. My, I almost forgot that you’re a millionaire now!” she remarked, casting him a teasing look. “Allow me to make the introductions. This is Mr. Whitaker. He’s from the Whitaker family in Summerbank.”

Sandy intentionally emphasized the word “Summerbank” as though she was afraid Jared would miss out on that.

“You’re Jared Chance? I’ve heard a lot about you.” Tyrion extended his arm for a handshake, but his gaze carried a hint of hostility.

Jared had no idea who Tyrion was, so he was baffled by the latter’s animosity. Is it because of Sandy?

Nonetheless, he shook Tyrion’s hand in return.

Just as he was about to pull his hand away after the handshake, Tyrion clutched his hand and refused to let him go.

Then, Tyrion started wrenching Jared’s hand forcefully.

The whole time, a smirk played on his lips. He had trained in the military for years, making him different from ordinary scions. His capabilities were not to be underestimated.

Narrowing his eyes, Jared started gathering spiritual energy from within him. Seconds later, he exerted a terrifying force on Tyrion’s hand.

Tyrion was taken aback when he felt the intense strength. He tried to break free from Jared’s grip but to no avail.

Cold sweat started to break out on his forehead. Yet, with the crowd watching them, he dared not beg for Jared’s forgiveness or cry for help as it would be downright humiliating.

At that moment, Tommy walked out and hastily came up to greet Tyrion. “Mr. Whitaker, I wasn’t expecting you to come over! Forgive me for not welcoming you sooner!”

Since Tommy had appeared, Jared snorted and shot Tyrion a scornful look before releasing him.

The color drained from Tyrion's face, and his hand was trembling. After shooting daggers at Jared, he stalked out and did not bother to spare Tommy a glance.

"Mr. Chance, he's from the Whitaker family in Summerbank. You should avoid offending him and his family if possible. His father, Kane, is known for being overprotective of his son. He would not let you off easily if he knew you'd humiliated him in public!" Tommy cautioned, whispering in Jared's ear.

"I wouldn't do anything to him unless he provokes me. So what if he's one of the Whitakers?" A cold glint flashed across Jared's eyes. He then turned around and returned to the room in the back.

Since he met his birth mother last night, he had become more bloodthirsty. However, it seemed that he was not aware of the change in his behavior.

Perhaps, the change in his behavior had to do with his eagerness to improve his ability. At that point, he just wanted to gather enough money to buy those expensive herbs that would aid in his cultivation.

"D*mn it! No wonder Leyton is afraid of this dude." Tyrion gritted his teeth and mumbled under his breath while staring at his pale hand.

"Are you okay, Mr. Whitaker?" Sandy voiced her concern while gently massaging his palm. "Jared used to be a dimwit who knew nothing about martial arts, but after spending three years in jail, he seemed to have transformed into a powerful martial artist!"

What exactly happened to Jared when he was jailed for three years?

"He must have been beaten up by the other inmates frequently. Otherwise, he couldn't have become so strong. Anyway, no matter how good he is at martial arts, he won't live for long," he declared, his eyes gleaming with spite.

"What do you mean by that?" Sandy asked.

She was unaware of the discussion Leyton had with Tyrion last night.

Tyrion gave her a cold stare. "Don't ask unnecessary questions."

"Sorry, Mr. Whitaker!" His warning gave her a nervous start, and she quickly apologized to him.

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A Proper Restaurant

In the lobby located on the top floor of Meadow Restaurant, Tommy displayed all the revitalizing pills. Those thumb-sized pills were all black, and they looked unsightly.

No one would even pay attention to the medicine's effectiveness when they all looked unpresentable.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for showing up here today. I'm pleased to introduce you to the revitalizing pills. These are—"

"Oh, please spare us the formalities! We're all busy with our work, so just name the price. We'll pay you accordingly!" a middle-aged man in a checkered suit interjected impatiently.

Everyone turned their attention to the man and admired his courage in speaking bluntly to Tommy.

Though they all knew Tommy was merely trying to rake in money, none of them had the guts to say that to his face.

However, Tommy was not infuriated. Instead, he responded with a smile. "Harry, I've prepared a pill just for you. You haven't slept with a woman for a long time, have you?"

Harry instantly flushed with embarrassment.

He had only dared to speak to Tommy in such a manner because they were close friends. That was why the latter was aware of some of his health problems.

Having lived a life of debauchery in his younger days, Harry was facing a problem of low potency, despite only being in his thirties. He had gone to many doctors and spent a lot of money on treatment, but they were all ineffective. Hence, he eventually gave up and decided to focus on growing his business.

Nonetheless, he still felt embarrassed when Tommy exposed his secret in public. "I won't eat that pill of yours! It's black and looks ugly. I doubt it's even medicine. If you need money, just tell us! There's no need to go through so much hassle."

To Harry, those pills did not look appetizing at all.

"You're wrong, Harry. I'm giving out these pills for free today. Since you don't believe in it, I'll let you try first!" Tommy grinned and walked in Harry's direction.

"Please. I'm not going to risk my life by eating this hideous little thing!" Harry backpedaled fearfully.

"Trust me. I guarantee you'll sing nothing but praises for this pill after taking it!"

Tommy walked up to him in a swift move, opened his mouth, and plopped the revitalizing pill into it.

Harry tried to regurgitate the pill, but it had melted in his mouth.

The crowd burst into laughter upon seeing how ridiculous he looked.

In a matter of seconds, Harry felt a surge of warmth course through the veins of his body.

What shocked him the most was the reaction in his nether regions.

Over the last decade, Harry had undergone all kinds of treatments, but none of them worked.

The crowd, too, was dumbstruck when they noticed the change in his body.

"Do... do you have a woman around here? I need a woman. Please find me one now!" Harry exclaimed in excitement.

"This is a proper restaurant! Solve your needs at home!" Tommy shook his head.

Upon hearing that, Harry dashed toward the door. While running, he looked over his shoulder and said to Tommy, "Keep some of the revitalizing pills for

me! I'll take whatever you have left. You can name the price, and I'll pay accordingly!"

At the sight of his changes, some people in the crowd were tempted to try the pills.

"Give me a pill, Mr. Lewis. I've had backache lately, and I'm worried it's because of rheumatoid arthritis. Let's see if the pill can relieve my pain!" One of them volunteered to try the revitalizing pill.

Without hesitation, Tommy tossed a pill in that man's direction. After all, he was supposed to give them out for free anyway.

After swallowing the pill, the man felt a surge of warmth in his body, too, and in just a few seconds, his backache was completely gone.

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Revenge

"U-Unbelievable! I don't feel any pain in my back anymore!" The man's eyes widened in disbelief.

Another success story had instantly prompted the crowd to ask Tommy for the revitalizing pills.

However, a few of them was still on the fence and wished to observe the others' reaction first.

In the blink of an eye, the crowd had snatched up all the revitalizing pills.

Those who had taken the pills were all stunned, as their bodies had experienced an indescribable feeling.

"How amazing! This pill works like a charm!"

"I need to go home now. I can't control myself anymore!"

"Wow. Just wow!"

Everyone was so astonished that no one dared to doubt the revitalizing pills' effectiveness anymore.

"Do you have more, Mr. Lewis? I would like to buy one!" someone asked Tommy.

"Sorry, I only have a limited supply of the revitalizing pills. The ones you've taken are free samples, but if you're keen to continue taking the pills, you'll have to pay. It'll take me another three days to restock the pills," Tommy, who knew about hunger marketing, explained to the crowd.

"It's all right! I can wait! How much does it cost? I want to preorder a pill!" A man could not wait to place his order.

Tommy lifted two fingers and said, "Two million per pill!"

"Two million?" many echoed in shock, as they could not believe how expensive the pill was.

"I would like to order twenty pills, Mr. Lewis. How should I pay you the deposit?" one of the businessmen who had taken a pill asked.

Two million for a pill might seem exorbitant, but to businessmen with strong business acumen, they knew people would be willing to pay for a medicine that worked wonders.

They believed that wealthy people like them would not hesitate to pay for medicine that could restore their health. The riches they could make if they managed to sell the pills to the affluent members of the society in Horington, Jazona, or even the entire Chanaea would be unimaginable.

If they could market the revitalizing pills nationwide, they might even be able to price each pill at five million, and it would still sell out in no time.

"I'm sorry. As we have yet to manufacture the pills in a large quantity, everyone can only order one pill!" Tommy might not be a businessman, but he saw through their motive.

"One pill for me, please!"

"Me too!"

The crowd started making their orders, and Tommy was pleased to see their reactions.

All of a sudden, someone kicked the door open and barged into the hall.

The loud bang shocked everyone.

Who on earth has the audacity to do this in Tommy's territory?

Four men dressed in hardwearing outfits entered the hall and stood still in two lines.

An elderly man with a white beard then gradually walked into the hall with his hands behind his back. Standing beside him was the leader of Crimson Dragon Gang, Steven.

The moment the crowd saw Steven, they knew he had come to take revenge.

Tommy could not help but frown when he saw the elderly man.

The elderly man swept his gaze across the crowd before speaking in a calm voice. "Those who have nothing to do with this, get out of here right now."

Although his tone was light and casual, every word he uttered sent a chill down everyone's spine.

Not wanting to be caught up in a gang fight, all the magnates heeded his words and fled the scene in no time.

In the vast hall, Tommy was left to face those men alone.

"Tommy Lewis, this is my mentor, Mr. Yancey. Where's that Mr. Chance you mentioned before?" Steven asked with a scowl on his face.

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Loser

Even in the face of Francis, Steven's mentor, Tommy narrowed his eyes and uttered fearlessly, "There's no need for Mr. Chance to show up. You can come at me!"

Ever since he consumed the enhancement pill, he had wanted to try out his skills.

"Come at you? Who are you to talk to my mentor like that? If I had wanted to target you, I wouldn't have asked him to come. I'm more than enough for the likes of you."

Steven wore an expression of disdain. In his eyes, Tommy was nothing but a loser.

"Jared, you've been bullying the Crimson Dragon Gang when our leader wasn't around. Are you prepared to die now that he's back?" Felix glared at Jared as he could not wait to settle the scores with the latter.

Jared merely sneered at him.

"I'm not afraid of your gang leader anymore. I will have all of you down on your knees, begging me for mercy today!" Tommy roared, throwing a punch toward Steven.

The grudge between him and Steven had been long-standing since he was constantly pounded by the latter. As his abilities had increased immensely after taking the enhancement pill, he was no longer afraid of him.

"That's egotistical of a mere loser," Steven spat. He then parted his feet slightly, planning to use his Impenetrable Skill to receive Tommy's punch head-on.

He was not worried about that punch in the slightest because he knew Tommy's abilities well enough.

Bang!

Tommy's punch slammed into Steven's abdomen.

A tremendous force hit Steven like a ton of bricks.

As though a massive wave hit him, he flew backward.

Blood spurted from his mouth when Steven was in midair. He then fell onto the ground with a loud thud.

Terror and disbelief filled his eyes. In his opinion, it was unthinkable for Tommy's abilities to rise that quickly in just a few days.

Upon seeing how Steven was blown away by a single punch, Francis frowned, and his eyes gleamed with venom.

Looking at his fist, Tommy let out a hearty laugh. "Steven, now you know how strong I am. Well, if anyone isn't reconciled to the defeat, come at me!"

"You're shameless!" Francis harrumphed. "Carter, teach him a lesson."

"Yes, Sir!" A man in his thirties stepped forward.

Seeing that Carter was a young man, Tommy wore a look of disdain and taunted, "Steven couldn't even beat me, and yet, you're sending this young man to his death. I'll have you guys know your highly praised Impenetrable Skill is nothing in front of absolute power."

The underground king was inflated with ego after he sent Steven flying with a single punch.

Jared, who had been observing the entire scene, shook his head slightly.

"Tommy, you're no match for him. Step down!" he said, walking out from behind.

Steven had eyes like saucers at Jared's appearance. Suppressing the pain in his body by clenching his teeth, he turned to tell Francis. "Mr. Yancey, that's him!"

The creases between Francis' brows deepened after he took a gander at Jared. "So young?"

He had expected the said Mr. Chance to be someone around his age since the latter was highly skilled in martial arts and was even addressed respectfully by Tommy. Therefore, it was out of his expectations that the man turned out to be so young.

Disappointment flashed across his eyes. Francis had wanted to exchange blows with Jared but gave up on the idea after meeting the latter.

When Steven caught the disappointment in his eyes, he hurriedly explained, “Mr. Yancey, that guy might be young, but he’s strong.”

“Shut up!” Francis shot him a death glare. “I don’t think they’re strong, but it’s just you that’s weak. You’ve slacked off in your training, causing your abilities to deteriorate. From now on, you’re no longer my disciple. I can’t bear the humiliation.”

There’s no way I’ll believe that a young man in his twenties can be powerful. Steven’s skills must have regressed. Otherwise, a single punch from Tommy couldn’t have sent him flying!

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Do Not Deserve

Steven dared not speak another word. He had spent hundreds of millions to be Francis’ disciple, an average disciple at that. With no strong ties to the latter, he could be forsaken easily. He could not be compared to the four young men in front of him. They were Francis’ favorite disciples.

“Mr. Chance, I sent Steven flying with just a punch. How am I no match for this guy?” Tommy refused to believe that he was inferior to Carter.

“You can try fighting him if you don’t believe me,” Jared remarked casually with a smile.

It’s not a bad thing for Tommy to taste defeat, or else he will think he’s invincible after taking the enhancement pill. That won’t do him good in the future.

“All right. Keep your eyes on me, Mr. Chance!”

At once, Tommy dashed to Carter, drawing back his fist to throw a punch.

That time around, he packed a hefty punch with force equivalent to half a thousand pounds.

One hit from it would cause the party on the receiving end to be flattened into a patty.

However, Carter managed to dodge his strike and reappeared at his side.

Tommy's eyes widened in shock. In one swift motion, he hastily turned around and sent another punch in Carter's direction.

With a sneer, Carter raised his leg and landed a kick directly to Tommy's midriff, sending him staggering a few steps back.

While terror washed over Tommy, Carter showed no intention to halt.

As Tommy struggled to regain his footing, he took the opportunity to slam his fist onto his opponent's temple.

Tommy was still backpedaling uncontrollably. Even though he spotted Carter's punch coming at him, it was too late. He could not get his arms up fast enough to defend.

Jared's expression hardened, and a murderous look flitted across his eyes.

Only a few exchanges of blows were required to determine the winner, yet Carter was planning to kill Tommy, not to mention he was attempting to do it right in front of him. There was no way Jared would sit on his hands and let that happen.

Whoosh!

With a mere flick of his finger, the button on his shirt shot toward Carter like a bullet.

Carter's heart was in his mouth when the sound of something cutting through the air rang close to his ear. He immediately took a step back. Although he successfully dodged the button, Tommy had made use of the opening and slipped away.

"Brat, how dare you sneak up on me?"

Carter was boiling with rage as he bolted toward Jared.

"You talk too much."

Narrowing his eyes, Jared slammed his fist into Carter's abdomen.

Following a loud thud, Carter felt waves of pain stemming from his midsection. Tasting blood in his mouth, he tried to keep it down, but the urge to heave was too strong. A mouthful of blood spurted out from his mouth, and amid them were pieces of organs.

Horror struck Carter as he pointed at Jared, trying to say something but his mouthful of blood stopped him.

Thud!

Carter's body fell to the ground. The light in his eyes soon dimmed.

Tommy gulped at the brutal sight. His arrogance from earlier was gone, replaced with a haggard look as he stood behind Jared.

"Carter!"

Francis rushed to Carter with a look of grief when he saw his disciple had died.

"How dare you kill my disciple! I'll chop you into a million pieces," the elderly man spat through gritted teeth and glared at Jared venomously.

"So only your disciple is allowed to kill my man, but not the other way around? You are so domineering," Jared taunted, ignoring Francis' threat.

"Brat, you have the right to be arrogant since you've reached the pinnacle of internal energy at such a young age. But heed my words that arrogance will bring you trouble. You have to know that there are many people in this world, so there's always someone better and stronger than you. Since you're talented in martial arts, become my disciple, and I'll let the matter of you killing my disciple—"

"Please. Look at yourself in the mirror first. You don't deserve to be my mentor," Jared interrupted and spat at Francis before the latter could finish speaking.

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Grovel At My Feet

Francis was bewildered by his rejection. After all, countless people wished to become his disciple. Some were even willing to spend hundreds of millions, but he did not take up their offers. Jared, however, showed only disdain in response to his invitation.

The elderly man's expression darkened. "Brat, I've given you a chance, but you're the one who didn't take it. You've dug a grave for yourself."

"Kill him!" he barked.

His remaining three disciples instantly went up and encircled Jared. Tommy, on the other hand, ran away, but he did not do it because he was afraid of dying. Instead, he knew he could not be of help to Jared, so he did not want to be a burden.

Jared's expression was blank as he scanned the trio surrounding him. They did not concern him even in the slightest bit.

"If you're so eager to lose a few more disciples, I'll be glad to grant your wish!"

As soon as he said so, he pushed his palm outward casually. The motion might seem gentle, but it was powerful. Waves of spiritual energy flowed from within his body.

Boom!

A ripple formed in the air as though a rock had fallen into a lake.

Fear filled the eyes of Francis' disciples. Their bodies were thrown backward before they could even manage to utter a single word.

Unlike Carter, they did not even writhe, for they lay motionlessly right after hitting the ground.

"This..."

Shocked by the turn of events, Francis paled.

Steven, who was hiding at the side, began trembling with fear. He regretted coming over to take revenge on Jared.

“Was that the pinnacle of internal energy you were saying earlier?” Jared asked while shooting Francis a mocking look.

An awkward expression took over Francis’ face. His heart began racing.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect someone as young as Jared to reach the level of a Grandmaster. He had no one to blame but his misjudgment.

“You... You’re strong, indeed. I’ll admit defeat today, but I won’t let you off for killing my disciples!”

Francis got up to leave, leaving his disciples’ bodies behind.

At that sight, Steven followed him hastily.

“Did I say you can leave?” Jared’s chilling voice sounded from behind, halting Steven’s and Francis’ departure.

Looking at Jared incredulously, Francis asked, “A-Are you planning to kill me?”

“Why? Can’t I kill you? Would you have allowed me to leave if I was the loser today?”

The corners of Jared’s lips quirked up.

“Brat, I’m from Iron Gate Academy. Even though I have left to establish my own academy, my senior will come after you if you kill me. You will be on Iron Gate Academy’s hit list!”

Francis even revealed his background from Iron Gate Academy, hoping to deter Jared from taking his life.

“I don’t know any Iron Gate Academy. You’re blabbering so much just to protect your life. Instead of spouting more nonsense, why don’t you grovel at my feet now? I can forgive you.”

The disdain in Jared’s eyes was clear as day.

“Brat, don’t be too arrogant.”

Francis flew into a rage. Given his identity and status, he would never drop to his knees before anyone.

Overwhelmed by anger, he struck Jared. Every attack he launched was intended to kill the latter.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Jared merely stood in place and let Francis throw blows on him.

After three strikes, Francis’ arm was so numb that he could not even ball his fist. Yet, Jared looked perfectly fine despite his violent punches. In fact, the young man was staring at him with a smirk on his face.

“Y-You practice Impenetrable Skill too?”

Surprise inundated Francis.

“Impenetrable Skill is nothing!” Jared sneered, then sent a punch toward him.

Francis instantly braced himself by widening his feet and lowering his center of gravity.

His face was flushed from pushing his body to its limit.

Boom!

After a thunderous sound, Francis’ body froze like a statue.

Elation welled up within Steven when he witnessed that scene. After all, he could leave the place safely as long as Francis was fine.

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Promotion

However, Steven was still smiling when he saw the trickle of blood at the corner of Francis' mouth. The very next moment, Francis fell to the ground and became unconscious.

Steven was in shock, and the smile on his face froze.

"Mr. Chance, I'm so sorry... Please spare my life, Mr. Chance..." Steven fell to his knees. "Mr. Chance, please spare my life. I'm willing to give you everything I have and leave Horington forever!"

Steven was trembling all over, and he was freaking out. At that moment, he felt like an ant that could be crushed to death at any second.

As for Felix, he was slumped on the ground in a daze as he endured in silence. All the while, he had thought that Steven, as the gang leader, had found some backup so that they would not have to be fearful of Jared anymore. Yet little did he expect such an outcome.

Jared had wanted to get rid of Steven as well, but after hearing what he said, he thought otherwise. Right now, he needed money, and Steven was loaded.

"Well then, I will spare your life. Leave Horington!"

Jared waved his hand.

Relieved, Steven bowed and quickly ran off.

Jared told Tommy, "Tommy, now that Steven is gone, you will take over his assets and the gang!"

Tommy responded weakly, "Okay."

It seemed that Tommy had suffered a huge blow. He had thought that the enhancement pill would make him invincible. Instead, he was beaten by a young chap.

Looking at Tommy's crestfallen face, Jared patted his back and smiled. "Don't take it to heart. Work hard and make more money. One of these days, I will produce a pill that is more powerful than what you had. I assure you, it will make you unbeatable!"

"Really?" Tommy's eyes lit up.

Jared nodded and said, "Of course. Why would I lie to you? Work hard with me. Our utmost priority now is to obtain lots of money and go to Yeringham to purchase the expensive herbs!"

Tommy responded with excitement, "That isn't difficult. All we have to do is to sell the revitalizing pills. If we sell twenty of them today, we will collect a total of forty million!"

Jared already knew that, but he was not as excited as Tommy.

One revitalizing pill cost two million. It might be expensive, but it was not enough. Jared needed several billion, if not more. Selling the revitalizing pills alone would not be sufficient to accumulate the amount of money he needed.

Furthermore, Horington was a small town, and there weren't many wealthy people. The sales of the revitalizing pills would eventually reach a plateau. If they wanted to make more money, they would have to market the revitalizing pills to places other than Horington.

"My Lord, a-are you not satisfied?" Tommy asked when he noticed that Jared was not looking too pleased.

Jared said calmly, "Horington is a small town after all. If we want to make loads of money, we will have to market the revitalizing pills to other places."

Tommy was torn when he heard that. "My Lord, I-I'm not too good at running a business. We will need professional help if we want to sell the revitalizing pills to a wider market."

To put it bluntly, Tommy was only a hooligan. Running a restaurant or a bar would not be too much of an issue for him, but it would be a challenge if he were to handle business operations.

Jared frowned. He was aware that it would be difficult to do a large-scale promotion of the revitalizing pills. The method that he had utilized earlier on would not work.

"Oh, right!" Suddenly, Tommy's eyes lit up. "The Sullivan family is the wealthiest family in Horington. Mr. Sullivan is a professional businessman. Why don't you meet up with him for a discussion?"

At the mention of William, Jared exclaimed inwardly, Right! How can I forget about my future father-in-law?

“You will continue to handle the revitalizing pills business in Horington. Also, prepare the herbs as soon as possible. I’m dropping by the Sullivan residence!”

With that, he dashed off.

At the Sullivan residence, William was exercising in the courtyard. Now that his business had reached a certain level, he had several professionals running the business for him. There was no need for William to get his hands dirty.

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 280

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 280

Not Talking To You

Josephine was feeding the fish in the pond, but she looked distracted.

“Josephine, are you troubled having not seen Jared for two days?”

William smiled at his daughter.

“Dad, what are you talking about? I have no wish to see him!” Josephine retorted. She then mumbled to herself, “Stupid Jared! How can he not come and look for me just because I didn’t?”

William chuckled and said nothing. He knew his daughter well enough.

Right at that moment, Jared walked in.

Happiness bloomed on Josephine’s face, and she went up to him. “Jared, are you here to look for me?”

Jared shook his head. “I’m here to discuss something with Mr. Sullivan!”

Josephine’s face scrunched up, and she glared at Jared.

Jared laughed. "I'm just fooling around with you. Of course I'm here to look for you."

Josephine smacked his shoulders. "I couldn't care less!"

With that, she ran away.

"Hahaha! Jared, come and take a seat here!"

William laughed out loud and waved at Jared.

The two men sat under the pavilion. Jared spoke to William regarding the matter of the revitalizing pills, and William agreed to it immediately. He even instructed his subordinates to set up a marketing department.

After all, Jared would be his son-in-law in the future. Since Jared needed his help, there was no way he would decline him.

Having chatted with him for the entire afternoon, William wanted to invite Jared to stay for dinner. However, Jared was too eager to produce the revitalizing pills, so he left straight away.

"Jared, I won't talk to you again," Josephine shouted. She had been waiting for Jared to finish his discussion with her father so that she could talk to him.

For the next three days, Jared did not step out of the house. He was either cultivating or making the revitalizing pills. Tommy would send the herbs to him punctually every day. Thankfully, the herbs used to make the revitalizing pills were all quite common. Even so, Tommy had almost bought all the herbs in Horington, and he had to go to other cities to purchase more.

Sitting in the Rolls-Royce with one arm around Sandy, Tyrion yelled into the phone, "Leyton, can you do something about it? It has been three days, but nothing has happened yet."

Three days had passed since he had told Leyton to kidnap Josephine, yet nothing had taken place.

Leyton did not know what to do either. He started complaining, "Mr. Whitaker, there's nothing I can do about it! Josephine hasn't left her home for the past three days. I can't very well run into her home and kidnap her, can I?"

“Damn it! I don’t care. Think of something to get her out of the house! If you can’t do that, then I won’t engage you anymore. Useless crap!”

Tyrion was furious. He could not believe that Leyton was unable to accomplish something as simple as that. It seemed that he had overestimated Leyton.

“Please, don’t...” Leyton panicked. “Mr. Whitaker, don’t worry. I will definitely have Josephine kidnapped by the end of today. But I need Sandy’s help!”

Tyrion was taken aback. “How can she help you?”

“Mr. Whitaker, please get Sandy to phone Josephine and ask her out. Tell her to say that it’s regarding Jared. Josephine will definitely fall for it. When that happens, we will be able to abduct her without anyone knowing!” explained Leyton.

Tyrion took one look at Sandy and said, “Fine. I will send her over right now!”

After he sent Sandy to the location, Tyrion left. It would be a bad idea for him to be seen with Leyton. After all, it would be best if he did not get involved with the kidnapping of Josephine.

Sandy glared at Leyton and said arrogantly, “Give me Josephine’s phone number!”