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Invite Us Back Inside

At the sight of Jermaine's expression, Theodore parted his lips in an attempt to speak, but not a single word fell from his lips except for a sigh.

"Mr. Chance, let's go out." He had no choice but to comply with Jermaine's command.

Jared nodded. "Sure. I bet they'll invite us back inside within ten minutes!"

The second those words fell from his lips, Galen burst out laughing heartily. "Am I hearing things? Did you say that Mr. Cadden will invite you back inside? Who do you think you are? With Mr. Yonce around, you have no business here! My, you're truly great at being pretentious!"

A smirk touched Boris' lips. "I've never come across such a boastful person. Youngsters should keep a low profile."

At that moment, Jermaine's expression was grim. There was no way someone of his identity would swallow his pride to request a youngster like Jared to return after kicking him out.

Theodore's heart was in his mouth. Fearful of incurring Jermaine's wrath, he pleaded, "Mr. Chance, please don't say anything further..."

"Theodore Jackson, I'll let you off this round. But mark my words—I won't let you off the hook next time if you bring any random person you find over to my place again!" Jermaine growled.

"Mr. Cadden, I-I get it!" Theodore nodded continuously to placate Jermaine before dragging Jared out of the room.

Once they were out of the bedroom, Jared sat on the couch in the living room right away. That stunned Theodore, who whispered hastily, "Mr. Chance, it seems that Mr. Cadden doesn't trust you. I think we'd better leave now. What if he comes out and happens to see us here?"

Undeniably, Jermaine had instructed him to bring Jared out of the house, not have them wait in the living room. If Jared remained seated on the couch and were caught by Jermaine, Theodore would surely be implicated.

“If we leave, his son will surely meet his end. General Jackson, take it easy. Come take a seat on the couch with me and wait for them to call us back in within ten minutes!” Jared reassured.

Next, he even poured himself and Theodore a cup of tea each.

Buoyed up by the confidence in Jared’s tone and status as a cultivator, Theodore gritted his teeth before taking the seat on the couch. Whatever! I was the one who brought him here, so I might as well go through with it!

While they sat sipping tea in the living room, Jermaine pleaded with Boris to treat Josiah earnestly. “Mr. Yonce, I’ll entrust you with my son’s life. If you succeed in saving him, I’ll certainly reward you handsomely. On top of that, I’ll hold a magecraft conference for you in Jadeborough so that your reputation can spread throughout the city.”

His attitude was downright humble. However, Boris knew the higher the hope Jermaine placed on him, the riskier the situation was for him. If he could cure Josiah, both parties would be delighted. If it were otherwise, he and Galen would be in deep water.

“Mr. Cadden, don’t worry. I promise to do my best. Anyway, I still have the confidence to get rid of the toxin from the venomous parasite of Mapleton!” Boris declared, positive that he would succeed since he had treated someone bitten by a venomous parasite before.

“Mr. Yonce, please begin the treatment, then!” Jermaine requested, imbued with anticipation.

Regardless of his prominent social status and position, Jermaine was like any other ordinary father who loved their children dearly. All he wanted was for his son to recover.

Boris nodded and advanced toward Josiah’s bed again. The next second, he whipped out the cloth pouch containing the silver needles.

After picking a silver needle, he poked Josiah's finger lightly with it. Miraculously, the glittering, slender piece of metal turned black within seconds.

"He has been poisoned for quite a while, so the toxin has invaded his heart. Thus, I can only go the other way around..." he explained and took out another silver needle almost twenty centimeters long. It was the longest one in his pouch.

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Simple Trick

Boris started chanting as he held the silver needle in his hand. After a while, it started shaking maniacally, resulting in a series of buzzing sounds resembling the ones made by insects.

As the silver needle shook faster, a pale blue flame gradually formed on Boris' fingertips, engulfing the piece of metal and burning it bright red.

The whole time, Boris did not loosen his grip on the silver needle despite the heat. That scene astounded Jermaine as he had never seen anyone apply magecraft before. Not to mention, he could not bring himself to believe it since he was the leader of Senary Porta.

Nonetheless, he was awestruck and at a loss for words when he saw the overwhelming scene with his own eyes.

With a gaze filled with admiration, he praised, "Mr. Yonce, no wonder you're known as the best mage in Zaprington! It's incredible!"

"Mr. Cadden, this is just a simple trick. Mr. Yonce's capabilities are beyond our imagination. He can even bring someone back from the dead!" Galen declared proudly when he caught sight of Jermain's reaction.

Although Jermaine knew the notion of resurrection was absurd, he did not doubt Galen's words after witnessing how Boris could do miracles with the silver needle.

In the meantime, Boris held the fiery red needle and poked it toward Josiah's heart. The moment it pierced the young man's skin, a series of petrifying hissing sounds rang out. There was even a whiff of a burnt smell permeating the air.

On pins and needles, Jermaine interlaced his fingers together tightly. He had a strong urge to ask Boris if that was a safe method, fearing that his son's life would be put on the line when the needle pierced through his heart. Nevertheless, he restrained himself from interrupting Boris, fearful of causing any hiccups with his impulsiveness.

Very quickly, the long silver needle pierced through Josiah's chest, leaving only a small section still exposed. On the heels of that, black blood started oozing out from the tip and then gradually began spurting out.

Only then did Jermaine realize that the silver needle was hollow. More and more black blood spewed out of it as time elapsed.

At that sight, Boris hastily whipped out a few more silver needles and pierced all of them into Josiah's body.

Immediately afterward, Josiah's body shuddered, and he opened his eyes and mouth abruptly.

Jermaine was flushed with excitement when his son opened his eyes. "Josiah! You've finally woken up! Josiah, look at me!" he yelled, darting toward the bed.

However, Josiah's blood-red eyes remained fastened on the ceiling. It was as though he could not hear his father's cries.

Puzzled by Josiah's unresponsiveness, Jermaine turned to look at Boris and asked, "Mr. Yonce, what's the matter with my son? Why doesn't he seem to recognize me after recovering consciousness?"

"Mr. Cadden, calm down. He'll be fine soon!" Boris replied composedly.

In his heart, he was relieved that Josiah had regained consciousness. With a wave of his arms, all the silver needles were removed from the latter's body.

Boris' placidness set Jermaine's mind at ease.

While he waited patiently for his son to recognize him, a roar was suddenly emitted from the latter's agape mouth, scaring him out of his wits.

The sudden roar gave Boris and Galen a jolt too.

After his bellow, Josiah, who had been lying in bed, sat up abruptly, his eyes still blood-red. As wisps of black mist spewed out of his mouth, his face turned black speedily.

It was as though his entire body had blackened and festered in a blink of an eye. The horrifying transformation sent a shiver down Jermaine's spine.

Meanwhile, Boris stood rooted to the ground, for he never expected such a drastic change in Josiah's condition. I've successfully expelled the toxin from his body. How's it possible for his condition to suddenly deteriorate?

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The Parasite

"Mr. Yonce, what's wrong with my son? What on earth is going on?" Jermaine questioned Boris loudly.

"Mr. Cadden, please remain calm. I'll check on him now to find out what's happening!" Boris tried to appease him.

As he spoke, he stretched out his hands and smacked Josiah on the back. With every slap, clouds of black mist were expelled out of his mouth.

"Ah!" Josiah never stopped letting out blood-curdling yowls.

At that moment, he resembled a ferocious beast with his blood-red eyes. The way he stared at Boris fixedly felt as though he intended to stab him to death with his horrifying gaze.

His menacing glower made the latter's hair stand on end.

Boris could not fathom how such a horrendous twist occurred. However, he could only leave no stones unturned to expel the toxin from Josiah's body for

the time being. His forehead beaded with cold sweat from concentration and fear.

In the living room, Theodore pricked up his ears when he seemed to overhear strange noises from Josiah's bedroom. "Mr. Chance, what is going on inside the room?" he asked warily, paling a little.

"It's fine! Just sit back and relax!" Jared continued to savor his cup of tea, laid-back as ever.

"Mr. Chance, we mustn't let anything happen to Mr. Cadden! If not, we'll be in big trouble!" Theodore said anxiously when he saw Jared was not the least bit concerned.

As the general of the Department of Justice in Jadeborough, he bore the responsibility to ensure the peace of Jadeborough and the security of all the leaders, such as Jermaine. Thus, he had to shield the latter against any threats by hook or by crook.

If anything happened to Jermaine, Theodore would be held accountable for it as he was at the scene. It might be considered a capital offense!

"Don't worry. Nothing will happen to Mr. Cadden. I'm sure they'll step out of the room within three minutes!" Jared commented after catching a glimpse of his watch.

Since he seemed highly confident, Theodore could not find it in himself to say anything else. Hence, he could only look in the direction of Josiah's bedroom, anxiousness coloring his features.

In the meantime, Boris was sweating profusely in the room. It seemed that the toxin in Josiah's body could never be fully expelled. The whole bedroom was engulfed by the petrifying black mist that carried a revolting stench.

When he was about to throw his palm toward Josiah again, a black insect suddenly flew out from the latter's mouth and advanced toward him at an astonishing speed.

Boris' face turned ashen instantaneously. "Mind-controlling parasite! It's a mind-controlling parasite! Run! Everyone, run!" he shrieked at the top of his lungs.

With a wave of his arms, a giant web weaved from countless red threads appeared and shielded him from the mind-controlling parasite.

Jermaine and Galen were utterly dumbstruck and watched the scene motionlessly. They could not understand why an insect would fly out of the mouth of someone who had been in a vegetative state for more than one year.

Besides, they were clueless about the mind-controlling parasite mentioned by Boris.

At the sight of Jermaine and Galen being as still as statues, Boris yelled again, "Run! Run out of the room now!"

He knew that he could not hold the parasite back anymore longer. The mind-controlling parasite was the most well-known venomous parasite of Mapleton. Apart from controlling the host's mind, the person in control of the parasite would be able to end the host's life at any moment.

Furthermore, it was even more challenging to deal with mind-controlling parasites of bigger sizes. The one that flew out from Josiah's mouth a while ago was as big as a kid's fist. Boris presumed the person capable of manipulating such a big-sized mind-controlling parasite was no ordinary figure in Mapleton.

Although he had no idea who had the audacity to step on Jermaine's toes by inflicting harm on his son with the mind-controlling parasite, his gut instinct told him it must be a master who was not intimidated by Jermaine's status.

Only after Boris bellowed the second time did Jermaine and Galen return to their senses and hastily dash out of the room.

Seeing that they had fled, Boris swiftly moved out of the room and closed the door behind him.

It was then he realized that his legs were shaking tremendously. Furthermore, his clothes were soaking wet from cold sweat that exuded from every pore of his body.

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Best Swindler

Seeing Jermaine run out of the room in a panic, Theodore quickly approached him. "Mr. Cadden..."

"Theodore, you're still here?" Jermaine blurted, surprised to see that he was still around.

"Mr. Chance said that Boris couldn't treat your son and claimed that you guys would come out and beg for his help in ten minutes. Everything happened as per his prediction!" Theodore explained.

Only then did Jermaine notice Jared sipping tea on the couch. However, he could not be bothered to berate him as all he cared about at the moment was his son.

Distressed, he walked toward Boris and questioned, "Mr. Yonce, how is my son doing? What exactly is that insect? Why did it come out of his mouth? Please save him!"

Boris found it hard to answer, evident from the troubled look on his face. After all, he did boast of his ability to save Josiah, so Jermaine would not let him off the hook if he backtracked on his claim.

"There's no need to beg him. He can't save your son. If he could, he wouldn't have run out of the room pathetically." Jared, who sat on the couch, finally spoke.

Jermaine turned his head and looked toward him. Although he did not trust Jared due to the latter's young age, he had no choice but to place his faith in him at that juncture. "Mr. Chance, can you save my son?" he asked.

"I've said it earlier, but you refused to trust me!" Jared replied coldly.

That one statement was sufficient to embarrass Jermaine. It was difficult to describe the mixed feelings that swarmed his heart.

“Mr. Chance, Mr. Cadden was deceived by Boris. I hope you will forgive him and save his son, please!” Theodore implored, worried that Jared would refuse to help out because he bore a grudge against Jermaine for what happened earlier.

“All right!” Jared put his teacup aside and stood up.

“Stop trying to put on an act! Do you even know what parasite is inside Mr. Josiah’s body? You were wrong to have said that it was a mental impairment arising from fright!” Boris reprimanded Jared defensively upon seeing that the latter actually had the guts to try and treat Josiah.

Jared’s lips curled, and he drawled, “It’s just a mind-controlling parasite. There is nothing worth being concerned about, yet look at how terrified you are! How can someone like you be hailed as the best mage in Zaprington? The best swindler would be a more befitting title for you.”

In response, Boris fumed with anger. “Just a mind-controlling parasite? You’ll know that’s not the case once you see it yourself. You should know that mind-controlling parasites are the most venomous parasites in Mapleton! It is able to control the human mind! If you enter like this, you’ll become a puppet immediately...”

Jared merely chuckled, paying no heed to Boris’ warning. As he had killed hundreds of mind-controlling parasites in Crescent Sect, naturally, he was familiar with them. While the mind-controlling parasite was terrifying in the eyes of many, it was just like any ordinary insect to him.

Just when he was about to open the door to the bedroom, Boris scrambled to hide behind him. It was ludicrous to see the esteemed mage of Zaprington reacting in such a manner.

Meanwhile, Jermaine was disappointed to see Boris’ cowardly behavior. The embarrassment he previously felt intensified when he recalled his differential treatment toward Boris and Jared just moments ago. Ironically, the former was treated with respect, while the latter was spurned and distrusted by him.

The second Jared opened the door, a thick fog of black mist poured out of the room. Before he could even step inside, a black figure dashed out at lightning speed.

Theodore immediately raced forward to shield Jermaine while Boris fearfully dragged Galen away.

Only Jared stood motionless at the same spot. As cool as a cucumber, he reached out and caught the black figure effortlessly.

When the mist dispersed, it soon became clear to everyone that the black figure was Josiah. His eyes were blood-red, and his face twisted into a fearsome expression. Even though Jared seized him, he relentlessly and ferociously tried to pry his way out by clawing at the latter.

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Making Things Up

“Josiah, Josiah...” Jermaine instantly called out to his son.

Staring at Josiah, Jared lifted his hand and wanted to smack him on his head.

In the nick of time, Josiah recovered to normal and looked at Jared in terror. His eyes were no longer red, and his facial muscles relaxed.

“Dad, save me...” Josiah yelled at Jermaine all of a sudden.

Noticing that Jared refused to retract his arm when Josiah had recovered and was even going to hit the latter, Jermaine yelled anxiously, “Stop, stop!”

As he roared, he knocked Jared away forcefully so that his son would be freed. Then, he embraced Josiah tightly and cried, “Josiah, Josiah, you’ve finally recovered! You’re all right now...”

“Dad, what is going on? I’m terrified. I’m so afraid...” Josiah was shaking like a leaf.

“It’s all right. Don’t worry. I’m here for you, and no one can hurt you.”

Jermaine stared at Josiah excitedly as tears started streaming down his cheeks.

However, Jared did not seem the least bit relieved that Josiah had recovered. In fact, his brows were furrowed as he regarded the latter with a murderous gaze.

“Mr. Cadden, your son has yet to recover. He is not your son but a puppet. The only way for him to return to normal is to kill the mind-controlling parasite inside him,” he said.

Jermaine was taken aback for a moment before lowering his head to scrutinize his son.

“Dad, I am your son. I’m not a puppet. I don’t want to die. Please don’t let them kill me...” Josiah pleaded with feigned fear as he gripped Jermaine’s hand tightly.

Feeling a pang of heartache, Jermaine could not help but console Josiah. “Don’t worry about it. I won’t let them lay a finger on you.”

Then, he turned around and looked at Jared. “My son has recovered, and he’s not a puppet. Please stop your nonsense.”

“If you don’t eliminate the mind-controlling parasite, your son will die.”

After finishing his sentence, Jared flicked his finger and headed toward Josiah.

“How dare you!”

Jermaine boiled with rage when he saw Jared wanted to attack his son. Emanating a powerful aura, he parried off Jared’s blow by striking with his palm.

It was worth noting that Jermaine possessed impressive combat prowess due to his achievements in war. Hence, that strike carried immense force.

Although Jared was not afraid of Jermaine’s move, he did not wish to be embroiled in a fight with him. Hence, he leaned backward and avoided the attack.

“Mr. Chance, what is going on?” Theodore asked hurriedly.

Mr. Josiah has obviously recovered, but why is Mr. Chance insisting otherwise and even claiming that he’s being controlled by the mind-controlling parasite?

Jared did not offer any explanation to Theodore. Instead, he looked at Jermaine and said, “Your son is being controlled by someone else. Don’t be deceived, or you will face serious consequences.”

The man knew for a fact that someone poisoned Josiah because of his background. After all, the mind-controlling parasite was different from other parasites, and it was too valuable to be deployed recklessly against an ordinary person.

Evidently, the mastermind’s motive must be to manipulate Jermaine by controlling Josiah. As Jermaine was the leader of the Senary Porta, the consequences would be deadly if the mastermind were to exploit him with malicious intent.

“Stop making things up. Do you think I can’t tell if he’s my son?” Jermaine snarled. He did not believe Jared’s words at all. Then, he turned to Boris and asked, “Mr. Yonce, can you help me check if Josiah is all right?”

Boris quickly took a few steps forward and waved his arm. A bright, red light enveloped Josiah’s body before disappearing seconds later, and the young man seemed just fine.

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Holy Light

“Mr. Cadden, your son has recovered. He’s not being controlled by anyone. The light that you saw just now is the holy light. If he is being controlled by a mind-controlling parasite, it would be impossible for him to stay calm. Hence, do not trust the nonsense uttered by Jared,” said Boris.

Galen, who stood at a side, scoffed. “I bet Jared made up that puppet story just to get your attention because he didn’t get the chance to acquit himself earlier. Now that Mr. Josiah has recovered, he’s disgruntled and is trying to claim credit for what Mr. Yonce has done.”

His statement had convinced Jermaine. Indeed, even though I’ve requested Jared to save Josiah, Josiah recovered before he could do anything. It might

be true that Jared was indignant, so he invented the puppet story to create an opportunity for himself. If he could be given a chance to treat Josiah, he would be able to claim credit for Josiah's recovery!

"Humph, how dare you claim credit for something you have not done! A young man like you should be studying diligently to improve yourself instead of resorting to such trickeries. My son is fine, yet you still intended to assault him. If you dare to lay a finger on him, I guarantee that you'll not walk out of here in one piece!" The older man looked at Jared, his eyes flashing menacingly.

Terrified by Jermaine's gaze, Theodore tugged at Jared's sleeve lightly and pleaded, "Mr. Chance, I think it's best we let this slide. Let's discuss the matter at length!"

"I must eliminate the mind-controlling parasite today. Or else, many will suffer."

Jared was unmoved. He had made the decision to eliminate the mind-controlling parasite right then. The ramifications of letting Josiah go would be dreadfully unimaginable, with the peace of society at stake.

"But Boris used the holy light on Josiah just now, and it turns out that he is fine."

Theodore could not understand why Jared was so stubborn.

"That so-called holy light is nothing but a gimmick. He's just trying to hoax you guys. Don't forget that they left the room scrambling just now because of the mind-controlling parasite. The reason why Boris claims that Mr. Cadden's son is fine is that he doesn't want me to claim his credit!"

Jared knew from the beginning that Boris was spouting nonsense. Since the latter saw the mind-controlling parasite with his own eyes, he obviously knew Josiah was being controlled by it.

"Stop your bullsh*t! I think you're the one who wants to claim Mr. Yonce's credit!" Galen replied contemptuously.

Putting his body between Josiah and Jared, Jermaine had a look of determination on his face as he warned, "Regardless of whether my son is a puppet, I will not let you lay a finger on him!"

“If that’s so, then you leave me no choice...”

As soon as those words fell from Jared’s lips, he swung his arms forward, and rays of blinding red light permeated the entire living room.

“I’ll show you what a true holy light is...”

Immediately, the light spread across the room, and everyone appeared to be engulfed in red flames.

“Ah!”

When the red light shone on Josiah, he let out a pained wail.

Jermaine’s eyes widened in shock at that sight, and he leaped toward Jared swiftly. The aura on him had become terrifyingly menacing.

However, Jared ignored Jermaine as the latter’s prowess was inferior to his.

Indeed, when Jermaine thrust his palm at Jared, his attack was repelled forcefully, causing him to stagger a few steps backward.

Jermaine stared at the younger man in disbelief, but the anger on his face soon manifested.

“Theodore, what are you doing? Stop him! Do you want to be dismissed?” he shouted at Theodore, who stood rooted to the spot.

In a panic, the latter shot a pleading gaze at Jared. “Mr. Chance, please stop...”

“General Jackson, if you trust me, then stay out of my way. Otherwise, just come at me...”

Jared had set his heart on destroying the mind-controlling parasite.

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What Else Can You Do

Seeing that Jared had made up his mind, Theodore was out of options. He would never attack Jared, not to mention that he knew he was not his match.

At that, Jermaine thundered, "Theodore, if you don't strike now, I will fire you!"

"Mr. Cadden, there must be a reason behind Mr. Chance's decision. Please trust him." Theodore tried to convince him.

"Nonsense. My son is going to die because of him!" Jermaine stared at Josiah, who was still screaming in anguish. Then, he turned toward Boris. "Mr. Yonce, please stop Jared. If you can stop him, I promise to fulfill whatever you ask for!"

Boris was enraptured upon hearing that declaration and nodded profusely. "No problem, Mr. Cadden. However, you have to know casualties in battles involving magecraft are inevitable. If I accidentally kill Jared in the process, you must not hold me accountable for it!"

Boris had wanted to take revenge against Jared all along, and the opportunity conveniently presented itself.

"I will not. Don't worry about it," Jermaine answered immediately.

At present, Josiah appeared to be in immense pain as he rolled across the floor, holding his head with both of his hands. His contorted face was painful to watch for Jermaine.

"If that's the case, I'll deal with Jared now!"

All of a sudden, Boris' body shook vigorously. He then threw his arm forward, and the force materialized into a giant palm in midair before launching in Jared's direction.

At the same time, the red light on Josiah was blocked by the massive palm, allowing the young man to rasp out a plea. "Dad, save me. I don't want to die..."

Josiah's eyes were filled with fear as he tightly clung to his father's thighs.

Jermaine crouched down and embraced Josiah tightly, consoling, "Josiah, don't worry. No one can kill you. I've asked Mr. Yonce to interfere. You will be all right."

“Mr. Chance...”

Seeing that Boris was launching a rather ferocious attack, Theodore stepped forward and wanted to assist Jared.

Jermaine glared at him and threatened, “Theodore, if you dare to help Jared, not only will I dismiss you, but I will also prosecute you!”

Stuck between the devil and the deep blue sea, Theodore froze.

Jared smirked and said in disdain, “General Jackson, just stay put and watch the show. A mere mage can’t harm me.”

“Brat, you will regret this soon enough.”

Boris continued to mutter something incoherent under his breath. All of a sudden, scorching flames started to engulf the humungous palm. Everyone was shocked to find themselves swarmed by a wave of torrid heat in the room.

Galen let out a devilish smile. Jared spoiled my plan, and he deserves to die. I want to see it happen myself!

However, everyone was stunned the very next second.

Boris’ intimidating blazing palm was hovering before Jared’s head but could not advance further.

Meanwhile, Jared’s body was covered in the red light, resembling a divine being who had descended to earth. The huge palm slowly reduced in size, and the flame was eventually extinguished.

“How is that possible?” Boris’ eyes popped in horror.

It was his strongest attack as he wanted to kill Jared with one strike. Much to his dismay, it was ineffective against the latter.

“What else can you do? Show me!”

Jared gently blew air in the direction of the palm, and it vanished instantly.

His actions make Boris’ hair stand on end.

In an instant, the petrified mage hurled a bunch of questions at Jared. “W-Who are you? What magecraft are you using? Who is your master?”

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Cut The Nonsense

Boris had cultivated magecraft for decades, learned from several masters, and tested his skill against fellow mages. Nonetheless, he had never seen a magecraft like Jared’s.

The red light exuded by Jared was overbearing, to the extent that one would feel like worshipping him. Boris would have long kneeled before the young man if he did not force himself to maintain his composure.

Jared did not respond to Boris’ questions, for he did not see the need to do so.

Instead, he snarled, “Cut the nonsense. Get lost if you don’t have other moves.”

Although Boris was incensed, he dared not strike Jared anymore and merely moved aside.

The fact that a prominent mage like Boris was deterred from fighting Jared with just one exchange of blows shocked Jermaine so much that he gasped and looked at the young man in disbelief.

Looking at Jermaine, Jared stated, “Mr. Cadden, I’ve told you that your son is now a puppet and that everything he said was controlled by the mastermind, but you find it hard to believe me. Your son can survive if I destroy the mind-controlling parasite now. If we delay it further, he might not be able to stay alive even after I destroy the mind-controlling parasite.”

With Josiah in his embrace, Jermaine hesitated, unsure if he should trust Jared.

Meanwhile, Theodore also tried to persuade Jermaine. “Mr. Cadden, Mr. Chance will never harm Mr. Josiah. Please trust him.”

Jermaine was a little convinced by then, so he slowly loosened his grip, ready to let go of Josiah.

In an instant, Josiah hugged his arm tightly and cried, “Dad, you can’t trust them. I’m your son, not a puppet. I’m your beloved son. Look at me...”

His wails pained Jermaine so much that he did not have the heart to let Jared take action.

Since Jermaine had fallen for the puppet’s act, Jared decided to do it by force.

“How dare the Mapletons scheme against Mr. Cadden! Godd*mmit!”

With that, Jared reached out to grab Josiah.

Jermaine wanted to stop him, but Jared was too fast and had taken Josiah from him in the blink of an eye.

“Dad, save me. Save me...” Josiah kept struggling to wriggle free from Jared’s grasp.

However, Jared did not give Jermaine another chance to save his son by striking Josiah’s forehead with his palm. The next moment, a beam of red light flickered above Josiah’s head before moving swiftly into his body.

Soon, Josiah began to grimace in pain and let out anguished shrieks. Despite that, Jared still grabbed onto him tightly to restrain him.

Very quickly, Josiah’s eyes reddened once again, and he suddenly opened his mouth. The fist-sized mind-controlling parasite flew out of it.

Instead of attacking Jared, the mind-controlling parasite made a beeline for the window to escape.

“Trying to run, huh?” Jared’s lips curled.

Immediately, he let go of Josiah and chased after the mind-controlling parasite.

Meanwhile, the latter passed out once the mind-controlling parasite left his body and collapsed onto the floor.

“Josiah!” Jermaine ran forward to hold him, preventing him from knocking onto the hard surface.

In the meantime, Jared had rushed to the window and grasped the mind-controlling parasite.

The mind-controlling parasite kept squirming but failed to break free from Jared’s fist. In the end, it opened its mouth and released a gust of black mist.

“Be careful. The black mist is poisonous.” Boris nervously reminded everyone before he held his breath.

When everyone held their breaths anxiously, Jared suddenly opened his mouth to suck in all the black mist.

Although it was poisonous to others, it was the best resource for his cultivation. As such, he would not let it go to waste.

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Investigation

Boris was dumbstruck upon seeing Jared gulp down the black mist. After all, he was well aware of how deadly the mind-controlling parasite’s toxic gas was.

Under normal circumstances, a mind-controlling parasite would not release its toxic gas as it would die immediately after. Given the difficulties in cultivating mind-controlling parasites, the owner would use them to kill the other party only in an emergency.

After Jared gulped down the black gas, the mind-controlling parasite stopped struggling and became thin and wrinkly.

He then threw the parasite away as the dead insect was useless to him.

At the same time, a middle-aged man in a black robe sitting inside a sealed room of a secluded house in Jadeborough suddenly rose to his feet and knocked the bowls before him to the floor.

That man was Weston Morris, the owner of the mind-controlling parasite. He never expected that the insect he had cultivated for more than ten years would perish just like that.

At the sound of the loud noises, the guard outside the room quickly pushed the door open and was frightened to silence when he saw the broken pieces on the floor.

After calming himself down, Weston asked, "Has Wade returned?"

The guard responded hastily, "Master Weston, Master Wade has returned since yesterday. However, we dare not disturb you because you have been staying in the room."

"Tell Wade to come and see me!" Weston instructed.

The guard left the room to relay his instructions. Soon, a bearded man with a protruded mouth and sunken cheeks came in.

"Wade, why did Poison King call for a meeting so urgently? Did something happen in Mapleton?" Weston asked the bearded man.

"Weston, it's not a big deal. Poison King arranged for that meeting because his godson had died. If I'm not mistaken, someone named Jared Chance killed him," Wade explained indifferently.

"His godson's name is Fabian Quillen, right?"

Wade nodded in response and said, "That's right. He died horribly."

"Humph! He deserved it! That brat is always harming ladies. I've disdained him since a long time ago," Weston spat.

"Weston, when I was in Mapleton, Poison King asked me about the progress of our plan. He can hardly do anything now because Mapleton is being kept under close watch," Wade said.

Weston's features twisted into a fearsome expression when he heard Wade's utterances. Clenching his fists and gritting his teeth, he said, "My mind-controlling parasite is dead."

"What? Your mind-controlling parasite is dead? How did it happen? What went wrong?" Wade exclaimed, shocked.

"I'll explain it to you later. For now, go and ascertain Jermaine and his family's condition. I ordered the mind-controlling parasite to kill itself by releasing the toxic gas, which could kill all human beings within a radius of around twenty meters. Hence, I reckon they are about to be poisoned to death," Weston said as a worried look crossed his face.

"Weston, a-are you crazy? Jermaine is the leader of Senary Porta. If he has been poisoned to death, the authorities will investigate the matter and eventually trace it to us. By then, we will be doomed!" Wade questioned nervously.

Weston glared at him and shouted, "Stop yakking! I did it because I had no other choices at that time. You should start investigating it now!"

"All right!" Wade nodded in response and left the room.

Back in the living room of Jermaine's house, the authoritative leader of Senary Porta was hugging his unconscious son, crying the latter's name at the top of his lungs.

"Josiah, Josiah..."

Given that Josiah had not opened his eyes or spoken for more than a year, Jermaine did not care if his son became a puppet as long as the latter was well and alive. All he wanted was to see Josiah wake up.

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A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 600

Not A Big Deal

That was why Jermaine was so excited when Josiah first regained consciousness and refused to let Jared treat him. He was worried that he could not see Josiah anymore if anything untoward happened.

Distressed by Jermaine's heart-wrenching cries, Theodore quickly went up to Jared and requested, "Mr. Chance, please check on Mr. Josiah now."

"Sure!" Jared nodded in response.

Theodore walked toward Jermaine, squatted down, and comforted, "Mr. Cadden, Mr. Chance can cure Mr. Josiah. Please don't lose hope."

Jermaine raised his head, revealing a pair of teary eyes. When he met Jared's confident gaze, he did not utter a word but slowly put Josiah's body down and stood up.

Jared crouched down and gently put his hand on Josiah's forehead, injecting surges of spiritual energy into his body. The latter's pale face slowly turned ruddy, and even his festering fingers began to recover.

A few minutes later, he opened his eyes slowly.

By then, Jared's forehead was covered with sweat. As Josiah had been poisoned for too long and suffered mental impairment for more than a year, he had to expend a large amount of spiritual energy to cure him.

"Josiah, Josiah..."

Jermaine darted forward excitedly once he saw Josiah open his eyes.

"Dad, where am I?" With a confused expression, the latter looked around his surroundings.

"You're at home, of course! You've been in a coma for more than a year. Do you remember what happened just now?" Jermaine asked.

Since Josiah had regained consciousness earlier on and even acted normally, he was perplexed that he could not remember anything.

"As I said, Josiah was merely a puppet before this. It wasn't actually him. Someone was using the mind-controlling parasite to control his body," Jared explained to Jermaine.

Seeing the look of puzzlement on his son's face, Jermaine finally believed Jared's words.

After helping Josiah stand up, he pointed at Jared and said, "Josiah, thank Mr. Chance now. He saved your life."

Josiah looked at Jared and could tell that the latter was about the same age as him. However, he was still in a state of confusion, so he did not move or say a word.

"Mr. Cadden, it's not a big deal, so there's no need to thank me," Jared replied flatly.

While Jared behaved magnanimously, Jermaine's face flushed with embarrassment. After all, he had assaulted him and even ordered Theodore and Boris to fight him.

Deep down, he was glad that Jared was generous. If the latter had left in a fit of anger, Josiah could have died.

"Mr. Chance, you're indeed kind-hearted and generous despite your young age. I feel embarrassed for my rudeness," Jermaine said as he felt unbearably mortified.

"You're too kind, Mr. Cadden. What I've done is nothing compared with your contributions to the people and the country," Jared replied humbly.

Meanwhile, Boris walked over with unconcealed astonishment on his face.

Gazing at Jared in admiration, he bowed and said, "Mr. Chance, please allow me to offer my humble greetings."

In the sphere of magecraft, the status of a mage depended on power instead of age. Even though Jared was young, Boris respected him because he was stronger.

"Mr. Chance." Galen also hastily rushed toward Jared and bowed at him.

Since even Boris was respectful toward Jared, Galen dared not act insolently.

"Humph! Did you forget how you ridiculed Mr. Chance just now?" Theodore snarled in disdain as he looked at Boris and Galen.

Upon hearing that, Boris and Galen flushed with embarrassment as they felt remorseful for what they had done.