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## A Man Like None Other Chapter 251

Chapter 251 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.

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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.

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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.

## A Man Like None Other Chapter 252

Chapter 252 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.

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“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.

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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.

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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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