

A Man Like None Other

Chapter 14, A Man Like None Other

When Yoel saw that William had made an appearance, he sneered, "You came at just the right time, Sullivan! Take your daughter away! I'm definitely killing this kid today!" Ignoring him, William looked at Jared and uttered, "I'm sorry about your experience here, Mr. Chance." His humble demeanor had surprise inundating everyone there. "No matter. The Scott family is insignificant, so they can't do anything to me," Jared answered him with a faint smile.

However, his remark infuriated Yoel once again. "Kid, the Scott family can't possibly maintain our foothold in Horington if I don't kill you today!" After saying that, he turned to his dozens of bodyguards. "Whoever kills him will have a reward of one million!" The instant they heard about the monetary reward, a greedy look flashed in their eyes, and they all rubbed their palms in anticipation. "I'll just see who dares to make a single move!

Don't forget that it's my territory here, and this is my hotel!" William bellowed. As his words rang out, several dozens more security guards arrived. The butler of the Sullivan family also rushed over with sweat dripping off his forehead. "I've already conveyed your orders, Mr. Sullivan! The security guards at the Sullivan residence and all other properties are rushing over right now. The bodyguards from the Sullivan residence will be here very soon!"

the butler reported to William. When William nodded in acknowledgment, he retreated to the side. Meanwhile, Yoel promptly frowned when he heard butler's report. "Are you planning to battle it out with me just because of this kid, William?" "Yoel, if you insist on killing Mr. Chance, I don't mind battling it out with the Scott family. Do you think I'll be afraid of you?" William proclaimed fearlessly. The Sullivan and Scott families were equal in strength, so both parties were sure to suffer heavy losses if they were to engage in a fight.

All the guests retreated far away even as they inwardly surmised, *If the Sullivan and Scott families were to duke it out, it'd definitely benefit the other families!* Yoel's face flushed bright red, and the murderous intent in his eyes intensified. "You're forcing my hand, so don't blame me for showing you no courtesy, William! You forgot one thing—Mr. Lewis owes the Scott family a favor!" As soon as his words fell, William's expression changed, and a sliver of panic crept into his eyes. Even the guests around them shuddered when they heard that name, and a chill ran down their spines.

The so-called Mr. Lewis was known as Tommy Lewis and was the head of the Templar Regiment. In fact, he was the true underground king of the whole of Horington. There was a well-known saying in Horington that illustrated the capability of the Templar Regiment—even if you offend the Grim Reaper, never transgress against the Templar Regiment! As the head of the Templar Regiment, Tommy was a figure who could send ripples all across Horington with a single stomp of his foot. Noticing William's terrified expression, Yoel cracked up. "I'll pretend that nothing happened if you leave with your men now, William!

Don't force me to give Mr. Lewis a call!" The corner of William's eye twitched, and he wavered because Tommy's name was just too resounding. The Sullivan family couldn't afford to offend him. "I'll handle my own problems, Mr. Sullivan. You should leave with your men," Jared urged as he could see the man's hesitance. Gritting his teeth, William stated, "You're the one who saved my life, Mr. Chance. Aren't you

insulting me by saying such a thing? If a fight breaks out later, I'll have Josephine make a run for it with you. Neither Tommy nor Yoel will dare kill me."

"Dad..." Josephine clutched at his sleeve tightly. "Josephine, go to the secret chamber in the Sullivan residence after fleeing with Mr. Chance. Wait until everything has calmed down before coming out," William instructed her. "So, what's your decision, William? Do you want me to trouble Mr. Lewis?" Yoel demanded upon seeing that William still hadn't made his stance clear. "I'm going to defend Mr. Chance to the very end, Yoel!"

William answered with steely determination written all over his face. "Fine! I laud you for your guts!" Clenching his jaw, Yoel phoned Tommy right away. In truth, he didn't want to cash in that favor because it was reserved for a time when the Scott family was in desperate straits. Back then, his father once allowed Tommy to stay overnight when it was raining. Thus, the young man then said that he owed the Scott family a favor, and they could seek him out to call it in anytime.

The Scott family initially hoped to use it when they encountered a great crisis, but Yoel was unwilling to accept defeat by not killing Jared that day. That aside, the Scott family would also become the brunt of the joke. For that reason, he decided to cash in the favor and ask Tommy to come over. Shortly after the call was made, a flurry of thunderous footsteps was heard. Many people cast their gazes out the window, only to be dumbfounded at once.

Men in black suits and holding machetes surrounded Glamor Hotel. There were hundreds of them, and they all exuded a murderous aura. Stark despair weighed William down when he saw that sight. *Crap! It looks like Mr. Chance can't escape death today! Click!* The door of the banquet hall was pushed open. Twenty over burly men in suits who stood at 1.9 meters rushed in with chilly expressions on their faces. They stood in two rows with their heads held up high and chests puffed out, forming straight lines.

"Welcome, Mr. Lewis!" the twenty men in suits greeted in unison, their voices so resounding that the chandelier on the ceiling shook. "Whoa! What a grand spectacle!" "As expected of Mr. Lewis!" "Let's all keep our mouths shut lest we lose our lives..." The crowd whispered among themselves, but they all zipped their mouths in no time. Everyone trained their gazes in the direction of the door. Soon after, a middle-aged man of about fifty years dressed in a fitted suit and leather shoes strode in. The leather shoes were so shiny that they could reflect a person's countenance.

That person was none other than the underground king of Horington and the head of the Templar Regiment, Tommy Lewis. "Mr. Lewis," Yoel greeted deferentially, hastily moving forward. "I'm exceedingly busy. Who do you want to kill?" Tommy asked point-blank. Pointing at Jared, Yoel replied, "Him!" Tommy swept his gaze over Jared, only to see that the man was dressed ordinarily and was a tad thin. *There's nothing special about him.*

I wonder why Yoel wants to kill him. He then started toward Jared. William and Josephine stood before Jared, and they both trembled as they stared at the approaching man. "Buzz off!" Tommy ordered with a frown when he saw them blocking his path. With those two words alone and the oppressive aura he exuded, William and Josephine felt so suffocated that they could hardly breathe.

Upon seeing that, Jared placed his hands on their shoulders. "Step aside, Mr. and Ms. Sullivan. I'll handle my matters by myself." He pushed them aside before taking a step forward, coming face to face with Tommy.

