

A Man Like None Other

Chapter 3, A Man Like None Other

"Mom, are you all right?" Jared asked with concern after Baldy and the rest left. "Those men are gone." "Why did you have to come out and offend him!" she scolded. "Pick up the money from the floor quickly. It's what we have painstakingly saved all this while." Stooping to the ground, Jared put the notes and loose change back into the pouch. "Mom, I'll be the breadwinner going forward, while you and Dad can rest. As for your eyes, I'll think of a way to get them treated."

When he was done picking the money up, he returned the pouch to Hannah. "I'm glad to hear you say that," Hannah replied, before bursting into tears again. "Now that you're back, my mind is finally put at ease. If it wasn't because I was worried about you, I would have been dead long ago." Jared's eyes could not help but water when he saw the look on his mother's face. *Bang!* Unable to hold back his emotions, he slammed his fist on the table. *Crack!* The table shattered into pieces instantly. *The Scotts, the Gibsons... I will definitely make all of you pay.*

A burning rage began to grow from within him. Sensing Jared's fury, Hannah quickly added, "Jared, please don't cause any more trouble. Now that you're back, you should get a proper job. Everything will work out after that." "Mom, don't worry. I know what to do. Anyway, I'm heading out." After comforting his mother, Jared planned to confront Sandy and demand to know what had truly happened. While leaving his home, Jared was enveloped with anger. Just when he was crossing the road, a red Porsche sped toward him and crashed into him, sending him flying.

Bam! Jared landed heavily on the ground. He would likely have been killed if not for his training with Draco. "Who's the crazy driver!" Jared, who was already angry, was further infuriated after being run down the moment he left his house. In the midst of Jared's curses, a female voice cried out, "Why don't you f*cking look where you're walking?" The next moment, a beautiful woman alighted from the Porsche.

She was wearing a white full-length dress and killer heels. Nevertheless, she was staring angrily at Jared. Furrowing his eyebrows, Jared decided to lie back down instead of getting up. "Which of us do you think is blind? Obviously, you were the one who knocked into me. In spite of the pretty face, why do you have such a foul mouth?" Jared retorted. "How dare you scold me!" While glaring at Jared, the woman suddenly raised her leg to stomp on him. Considering she was wearing stilettos, her heels were the equivalent of sharp daggers. If she were to plunge one into him, it would definitely cause a stab wound.

"Josephine, stop." Just when the woman was about to strike Jared, a middle-aged man got out of the back seat of the car. He was surrounded by an air of authority and was obviously someone important. However, his face was pale, and his breathing was rapid. After shouting briefly, he held onto the car for support as he desperately tried to catch his breath. "Dad, why did you come down?" When the woman saw her father, she rushed over to support him.

"Let's hurry to the hospital and not waste any more time," the middle-aged man remarked, to which the woman nodded. Upon returning to Jared, she took out a stack of money and threw it in front of him. "Here's ten thousand. Take the money and leave. We have an urgent matter to attend to." Instead of taking the money, Jared stood up and took a glance at the middle-aged man. He then remarked, "There's no need to go to the hospital. It's already too late." When he finished speaking, he turned to

leave. It was obvious to him that the middle-aged man's condition was severe that he would not make it in time.

"Stop!" The woman blocked Jared's way and glowered at him. "What do you mean by that? Speak clearly, or I'll not let you go!" At this moment, the middle-aged man also approached Jared with a frown. "Your father's condition is dire due to the injury in his left lung. In less than five minutes, he will suffer from breathing difficulty and suffocate to death. Can you make it to the hospital in five minutes?" Jared calmly asked the woman.

"You're bluffing! My dad only has the flu—" "Josephine," the middle-aged man snapped at his daughter before taking another two steps toward Jared. With an astonished look, he questioned, "Young man, how do you know my left lung has been injured before?" "You wouldn't understand, even if I told you. Anyway, I'm busy right now and have no time to waste with the both of you." With that, Jared turned around and prepared to leave.

"Young man—" the middle-aged man called out again before breaking into an intense cough. After he managed to calm down, he grabbed Jared's arm at once. "Young man, since you can diagnose my sickness, I'm sure you can treat it. I hope you are willing to save my life, and I'm happy to pay any price for it. Here, this is my card!" The middle-aged man handed Jared a card. Nonetheless, Jared didn't want to accept it nor get involved.

However, the moment he caught a glimpse of the name on the card, he took it at once. "You're the CEO of Sullivan Group, William Sullivan?" "Yes, I am," William confirmed with a nod. All of a sudden, Jared extended his hand and stabbed his finger at William's major acupoints. His actions were so swift that neither William nor Josephine had any time to react.