

A Man Like None Other

Chapter 33, A Man Like None Other

"Please, come in!" Walter simply nodded at Jared to greet him. From his perspective, the only reason Tommy was treating Jared with such respect was that his family was rich and powerful, and certainly not due to Jared's own capabilities. The moment Jared stepped into the villa with Tommy, he could feel an intense rush of spiritual energy. In the garden, he saw a clump of trees with extremely thick trunks. They were so big that they blocked out most of the sunlight.

As they continued walking in, he saw an exquisitely designed landscape complete with a pavilion built with classical architecture. "Mr. Grange, your trees must be really old, aren't they?" Jared couldn't help but ask as he could feel the surge of spiritual energy coming from them. "Mr. Chance, these trees are hundreds of years old.

They are the reason why Mr. Grange built his villa here," Tommy explained. Jared nodded, finally understanding why Walter chose to retire in Horington despite it being an unassuming city. Places that were filled with spiritual energy were indeed excellent for living out one's old age. Nourished by spiritual energy, one was able to beat back the effects of aging. After walking along a corridor, the group arrived in the main hall.

It was filled with antique furniture, each of them at least a hundred years old. There was even a Dragon Throne right in the center of the hall with nine giant dragons carved onto it. With a golden throw draped upon it, the throne looked as if it was constantly in use. Staring at the Dragon Throne, Jared furrowed his brows at it. "Please, have a seat." Walter waved his hand casually before settling down on the throne.

Once Tommy and Jared were seated, Walter ordered his servants to serve coffee. "Mr. Lewis, whatever it is you need my help with, please go ahead and speak your mind." Walter obviously knew Tommy wanted something. After Tommy looked in Jared's direction, Jared explained, "Since we're aware that you love collecting antiques, I would like to ask if you have any spiritual brushes here? The kind used by famous scholars of old?

Also, I'm looking for cinnabar rosaries that are imbued with fresh animal blood." "Spiritual brush?" Walter knitted his brows in thought. "Mr. Grange, we're definitely not asking it for free. As long as you have it, I'm willing to pay whatever price you name." Tommy quickly dispelled any doubts Walter had. "There's no need for that." Walter smiled plainly. "If I do have it, I don't mind giving it to you. After all, money is of no use to me."

"That's true. Money is indeed meaningless to you." Tommy nodded repeatedly. "Calligraphy brushes are inherently consumables. Therefore, it's almost impossible to find one that has been left around for so long. As for cinnabar rosaries imbued with fresh animal blood, I've never heard of one like that before." Despite shaking his head, Walter continued, "Having said that, perhaps you can look for them in a monastery.

After all, the priests there often use them to draw seals for exorcism rituals. Consequently, their calligraphy brushes might contain some spirituality as well!" Jared was elated upon hearing Walter's words, as he had forgotten about the idea. The calligraphy brushes used by the priests would definitely be imbued with spirituality.

It was highly likely he would find a cinnabar rosary there too. Hence, all he needed to do was to find a monastery instead of running all over Antique Street for his search. "Mr. Grange, thank you for your guidance." Jared got to his feet and bowed. Walter laughed heartily. "Don't mention it. It was nothing but a casual remark."

"Mr. Grange, excuse me for asking, but where did your Dragon Throne come from?" Jared inquired. "Oh? You can tell how special this throne is?" Filled with pride, Walter explained, "I spent a lot of money to purchase this chair from overseas.

It's a genuine Dragon Throne from one of the ancient dynasties. The emperor back then used to sit on it." Walter gently ran his fingers over the throne. Evidently, he was enamored with it.