

The Man's Decree 141

Chapter 141 Superb Acting Skills

"Oh my God, three hundred grand? I've got to work hard for ten years to afford a watch like Lincoln's!"

"Comparisons are odious. We can't possibly compare!"

"Lincoln has both looks and riches! This kind of man is truly perfect!"

"When are you going to break up with him, Mich? I want to book him in advance. I'm even content with being his girlfriend for a day!"

They all sang Lincoln and Michelle's praises while also teasing them, causing them both to burst out laughing.

Ah, this feeling of being envied is truly great!

"I remember that you used to date Hilda in the past, Lincoln. Why did you two break up?" a long-haired girl in a dress asked out of the blue.

That girl was Yvonne White, and she was from the same dorm as Hilda back then, so she knew some things about Hilda and Lincoln.

Following that question, everyone abruptly went silent, and the atmosphere became awkward.

After all, Hilda and Michelle were roommates from the same dorm, so it was rather despicable of the latter to have somewhat stolen the former's boyfriend.

At that turn of events, Lincoln suddenly put on a sorrowful expression and feigned hesitance as he murmured, "It's a long story, and it's also something I'm most reluctant to bring up. I gave Hilda my heart, yet she wasn't satisfied at all. Besides her penchant for lavish spending, she also loved to frequent bars. In the end, she even became an exotic dancer. I really couldn't take it anymore..."

His story was so moving that everyone looked at him with sympathy in their eyes.

It seemed that Lincoln still kept up with news of Hilda, for he even knew that she became an exotic dancer.

"I never thought that she'd be such a person! She looked all sweet and docile back then, but she actually became an exotic dancer at a bar?"

"We can never judge a book by its cover. She looked innocent and pure, but she turned out to be such a promiscuous woman!"

"I really pity Lincoln. He's such a great guy and was so good to her back then, yet she just didn't appreciate him!"

"I heard that she'll also be attending the class reunion today. I really don't understand where she got the courage to do so!"

“It isn’t worth it to grieve over such a woman, Lincoln. You and Mich make a good match now!”

Everyone condemned Hilda while consoling Lincoln.

With tears shimmering in his eyes, Lincoln nodded lightly. “It’s fortunate that I met Mich now. She’s a balm to my wounded heart!”

Undeniably, Lincoln’s acting skills were superb. In the blink of an eye, he managed to get everyone on his side. Everyone then heaped the blame on Hilda.

At that moment, Hilda still hadn’t any idea that she had already become the target of public criticism before she had even arrived.

“I’ve known Hilda for three years, and I didn’t even know that she’s such a person. No wonder she got herself an ex-convict for a boyfriend now.” Yvonne curled her lips.

The instant her words fell, everyone was astounded. They all gaped at her incredulously.

“Who told you that, Yvonne? Are you sure about that?” Michelle hurriedly inquired.

“I heard it from Yolanda. We spoke on the phone last night, and she told me that Hilda has an ex-convict for a boyfriend. I was also surprised at that time, but knowing that she’s an exotic dancer now, I think she’s lucky enough to bag him!” Yvonne answered.

A smile bloomed on Michelle’s face when she heard that. She then cooked up a plan to humiliate Hilda if the latter happened to bring her boyfriend along.

Meanwhile, the corners of Lincoln’s mouth turned up after he learned that Hilda had an ex-convict for a boyfriend.

At just that moment, Yolanda and Hilda arrived. They pushed open the door and sashayed in, with Jared following closely behind them.

“Hello, everyone! It’s been a long time!” Yolanda greeted as she stepped into the room.

Chapter 142 Make A Fool Of Herself

“Hello, everyone!” Hilda likewise greeted everyone with a smile.

But the second she spotted Lincoln, she averted her gaze and dared not look him in the eye.

She was afraid that she would snap and tear into him since he had brought unspeakable misery upon her. However, she didn’t want to ruin the class reunion with her personal grudge.

Conversely, everyone was all the more convinced of Lincoln’s sob story when they noticed her reluctance to look at the man. They were dead certain that she had done something wrong by him, which was why she was acting in such a shifty manner.

After Yolanda and Hilda greeted everyone, they were both bewildered upon noticing the strange looks directed the latter’s way.

"I never expected you to be such a person, Hilda. Yet, you still dare to attend our class reunion! I really made the wrong call about you!" Yvonne snapped at Hilda.

Hearing that, Hilda was utterly baffled for she couldn't understand what exactly Yvonne was referring to.

"How did she offend you that you're saying such a thing when meeting for the first time after years, Yvonne?" Yolanda stepped forward and demanded.

Just when Yvonne was about to speak, Lincoln stood up. "All right, let's not speak of the past anymore. We're here to chat and drink, so let's all stay amicable."

Only after he said that did Yvonne zip her mouth shut.

"How ridiculous!"

Yolanda dragged Hilda to an empty seat and sat down. Jared, on the other hand, unceremoniously sat down next to Hilda.

At the sight of him, everyone looked him up and down, their gazes brimming with scorn and derision.

"Who is this man, Hilda? This is our class reunion, so isn't it a tad inappropriate to bring an outsider?" Michelle asked Hilda, breaking the silence.

She was asking that intentionally as she wanted to see how Hilda would answer.

At that question, Hilda glanced at Jared. She opened her mouth, but she didn't know how she should introduce him.

I can't say that he's my boyfriend since we haven't confirmed our relationship. But if I were to say that he's my friend, then it'd really appear a bit inappropriate to have brought a mere friend to an event such as a class reunion.

"Nice to meet you all. I'm Hilda's boyfriend, Jared Chance."

Jared climbed to his feet and graciously introduced himself.

When Hilda heard that, delight immediately showed on her face. She nodded at Michelle and echoed, "This is my boyfriend."

Michelle proceeded to study Jared for some time before she questioned with a shadow of contempt in her eyes, "What's his profession?"

"We're working as sales representatives," Hilda replied honestly.

"A sales representative? In that case, he probably gets quite a lot in commission, huh? I heard that being a sales representative is quite a lucrative job nowadays," Michelle continued.

It was as though she wanted to know everything about Jared.

"I-I'm not sure either. We just started working there a few days ago," Hilda answered expressionlessly, not at all in the mood to entertain her.

However, Michelle grew increasingly smug the more Hilda wanted to end that line of inquiry. Relentless, she asked further, "What did your boyfriend do before he became a sales representative?"

Her goal was none other than to force Hilda to speak of Jared's stint in prison in a bid to humiliate her.

This time, Hilda said nothing because she didn't know how to answer that. After all, Jared had just gotten out of prison, but she couldn't speak the truth. If she did, not only would she be ridiculed, but Jared would also be humiliated.

"Why are you hesitant to answer that? We're all former classmates, so there's no reason to be embarrassed. If your boyfriend's work isn't going well, we can recommend him some other jobs! But before we do so, we've got to understand him first, no?"

Despite her seemingly honeyed words, it was clear as day that she wasn't planning to recommend Jared a job. Instead, she wanted Hilda to make a fool of herself.

Chapter 143 A Perfect Match

"Are you interviewing him now, Michelle? Stop with all the questions, and let's have dinner instead!" Yolanda hastily said to Michelle to save Hilda from the embarrassment.

Alas, Michelle remained persistent. Staring at Hilda, who wore a conflicted expression, she continued asking, "Hilda, is your boyfriend's former profession a secret? Is it something you can't say, such as him having been to prison?"

This time, she made things clear without beating around the bush any longer.

When Hilda heard that, surprise promptly crept into her features. I've never told anyone about that. How could she possibly know about it?

She then shifted her gaze to Yolanda as the latter had just learned that Jared had been to prison last night.

Yolanda, too, had surprise etched on her face. In the end, she swung her eyes to Yvonne with fury blazing in them. "Was it you who spouted that nonsense, Yvonne?"

I told her about it last night, and Michelle now knows about it, so it must have been her who spilled the beans!

"How is that spouting nonsense, Yolanda? I was just stating the facts!"

Yvonne didn't bother making excuses but admitted to it right away. That had Yolanda hopping mad, but she was also worried at the same time since Yvonne was also aware of her being an escort.

If she were to let the cat out of the bag now, I'm never going to be able to hold my head up in public!

Afraid that Yvonne would also blab about her if angered, she didn't comment further.

“It’s nothing embarrassing that your boyfriend had been to prison, Hilda. Why were you unwilling to tell us about it? We won’t discriminate against him. Your current status makes you a perfect match with him. One is an exotic dancer, while the other is an ex-convict. That’s a match made in heaven!”

“Haha...”

After Michelle said that, everyone burst into raucous laughter, the undisguised scorn in their eyes shining brightly.

Hilda’s face flushed bright red. She hadn’t wanted to come in the first place because she knew that she’d definitely be treated with contempt if she attended the class reunion. Now that things had come to that, she hadn’t the courage to stay anymore.

Hilda stood up to leave, but Jared grabbed her arm. “Why are you leaving when we haven’t even eaten, Hilda? Let’s eat first.”

“Exactly! Why are you getting all up in arms when I was just joking with you? Look at how open-minded your boyfriend is. This is Glamor Hotel, you know? If it weren’t for this class reunion, I’m afraid that you wouldn’t be able to afford dining here even if you worked for your entire life! If you’re worried that you can’t afford to pay your share, just say the word. Eighty or a hundred thousand is nothing to me,” Michelle proclaimed with a mocking expression on her face.

Since she had said as much, Hilda could no longer leave. If I stalk off now, it’ll only prove that I’m taking off because I’m worried about spending money!

“No, it’s okay. We have that much at least,” Jared chimed in smilingly.

“All right, then. I won’t worry anymore since you’ve got money. I was really afraid that someone would run off without paying after the meal later. If that were to happen, it’d be wholly embarrassing!”

Michelle exclaimed before turning to Lincoln. “Lincoln, didn’t you say that you ordered beforehand? Have them serve the food, then.”

With a smirk, Lincoln replied, “Sure! This time, I decided on a feast worth fifty-eight thousand and eight hundred, exclusive of drinks. I brought my own Sauvignon Blanc, so we’ll be spending around eight to ten thousand per person. I’ll have them serve the food right away.”

After saying that, he made a call. In no time, the private room door was pushed open, and the server brought in exquisite dishes, one after another.

However, none of the people in the room showed a hint of joy at the tableful of food. After all, they had all just started working, and many of them hadn’t any savings. Thus, having a meal that cost eight to ten thousand was distressing since they hadn’t that much money.

Chapter 144 Betrayed

As Lincoln clocked everyone’s expressions, his lips curved into a barely perceptible arc. “Although this meal today isn’t that expensive, I know many of you are rather strapped for cash now. As long as you toast me, I’ll foot the bill for you!”

After he had finished saying that, he shifted his gaze to Hilda and Lincoln, making it abundantly clear that his words were meant for them.

“Wow, thank you, Lincoln! Let me be the first person to toast you!”

No sooner had his words rang out than someone picked up his wine glass and toasted the man.

Soon, everyone toasted him with toady grins on their faces. In the end, Hilda, Jared, and Yolanda were the only ones who hadn't done so.

“Aren't you going to toast Lincoln, Yolanda?” Yvonne queried.

“I can afford to pay eight thousand.”

Yolanda's meaning was more than clear—she would rather pay out of her own pocket than toast Lincoln.

“Stop acting as though you're rich! How many clients would you have to sleep with before you make that much? I was just saying that for your own good, yet you're not the least bit grateful!” Yvonne grumbled with a roll of her eyes.

That remark was akin to a bolt of thunder that struck without warning, and everyone cut their gazes at Yolanda.

Meanwhile, Yolanda's face flushed bright red, and she felt so mortified at their gazes that she wanted to crawl into a hole.

“What nonsense are you spouting, Yvonne? I'll kill you!”

Yolanda sprang to her feet with a bottle of wine in her hand.

“Watch your tongue, Yolanda! I'm not spouting nonsense. Do you not know your own profession?”

Yvonne wasn't willing to back down either.

Holding the wine bottle in hand, Yolanda trembled all over. In the next instant, she made to hurl it at Yvonne.

Right then, stark regret swamped her. I regarded her as a close friend, yet she betrayed me!

At that precise moment, Michelle stood up and snatched the wine bottle from Yolanda. With a cold expression on her face, she roared, “Why are you two making a scene? I was the one who arranged the class reunion today! Are you two going against me to kick up a fuss here? If that's the case, just get out of here!”

She had appointed herself as the host just because Lincoln was her boyfriend.

Anyhow, Yvonne didn't dare say anything further following that bellow. Yolanda, on the other hand, sat back down with tears swimming in her eyes.

The rest of the people eyed her licentiously, especially the males. She was rather pleasing to the eyes, after all, and they could possibly bed her then for just a few hundred.

After that incident, Yolanda kept her head lowered and uttered nary a word.

“Come on, let’s all eat together! You guys don’t get to eat such good food usually!” Michelle said to the crowd, ignoring Yolanda altogether.

Subsequently, everyone started eating enthusiastically. No one bothered about Yolanda other than Hilda, who consoled her tirelessly. But still, Yolanda kept mum.

They all drank and toasted each other, but Jared merely concentrated on eating. No one cared about him, so he likewise ignored them all.

Staring at him, Lincoln lifted his wine glass and remarked, “Why are you just eating and not drinking, Jared? Are you trying to eat your money’s worth? Don’t make yourself sick by stuffing yourself!”

“Haha...”

As his words fell, everyone hooted with laughter.

Jared wiped his mouth with a tissue and replied without a hint of anger, “This wine is too cheap. I’m not used to drinking such lousy wines.”

Upon hearing that, everyone was startled. This is Sauvignon Blanc, a wine that costs a few thousand a bottle, yet he’s claiming that he’s not used to drinking it?

“What would you like to drink if you’re not used to drinking Sauvignon Blanc? This is free, but you’ll have to pay if you choose something else,” Lincoln sneered.

“Ah, money is no matter! The thing is, I’ll get into a coughing fit if I drink wine that’s too cheap,” Jared explained placidly.

Chapter 145 An Imitation Watch

“Whoa! Listen to his bragging! I’ve never heard of anyone having a coughing fit after drinking cheap wine!”

“Why are you acting all high and mighty when you’re merely an ex-convict? You’ve probably never even drank Sauvignon Blanc!”

“I really can’t stand listening to him anymore! It’s hurting my ears!”

When the crowd heard Jared’s comment, they all went into an uproar.

Michelle snickered disdainfully before saying to Hilda, “Look at your boyfriend, Hilda! What a weirdo! Never mind if he’s poor, but he’s acting as though he’s rich!”

Hilda ignored her though she, too, didn’t quite understand what was going on with Jared that day.

“Jared, if my eyes serve me right, you drive a Ford, right? These few bottles of wine might even be enough to buy your car. Why are you still keeping up the charade?” Lincoln questioned with a smirk.

It wasn’t until after hearing his remark did the others notice a Ford car key at Jared’s waistband.

“I’m just supportive of local products. I’ve got a Bentley, but I don’t like to drive it,” Jared clarified mildly. I can drive Tommy’s Bentley anytime. Besides, the entire Templar Regiment is mine, let alone a car! Pfft!

Lincoln had just taken a sip of water when he spurted it out after hearing that.

“Hahaha! In all my years, I’ve never seen someone so calm and unruffled while blowing his own trumpet. You’re something else! You’ve got a Bentley? I bet you’ve never even seen one, have you?”

Lincoln doubled over in laughter, laughing so hard that he was snorting.

Everyone else guffawed as well, convulsing with laughter. Some even laughed so hard that tears trickled out of their eyes.

“I’m nothing compared to you. I’ve never seen someone who can still be so calm and unruffled, even feigning generosity by offering to treat everyone to a meal after swindling a woman!” Jared countered with a cold chuckle.

The smile on Lincoln’s face vanished at once, to be replaced by a grim expression the instant he heard that.

“What are you talking about? I don’t get it!” he demanded, his eyes narrowing into slits.

“You’re well aware of what I’m talking about. After all, you know better than me whether you swindled anyone!”

Jared likewise stared him in the eye without giving him any quarter.

Their gazes locked, and the atmosphere in the private room turned tense.

“What a load of crap! Lincoln’s watch alone costs a few hundred thousand! How could he possibly swindle anyone?” Michelle bellowed at Jared.

In her eyes, Lincoln was an ideal man with talent and wealth. Thus, it made no sense that such a wealthy person would con someone else.

“Exactly! I’m afraid you can’t afford his watch even if you were to clean out your savings! Stop slandering him!” Yvonne seconded.

It was evident that no one believed Jared’s claim that Lincoln would swindle someone.

“What’s so great when it’s just an imitation watch?” Jared snorted.

Ever since he stepped into the room, he had realized that the watch was fake. He only needed to release some spiritual energy to know whether it was genuine.

An imitation watch?

Everyone swung their gazes at Lincoln. Even Hilda, who had been comforting Yolanda, couldn’t help glancing at the gold watch on the man’s wrist.

A flash of panic flickered across Lincoln's face. He then went ballistic and snarled, "Nonsense! I got this watch from Sumanthova! Have you ever seen a gold watch? How dare you insist that it's an imitation?"

"Jared, it's fine if you envy Lincoln, but how could you say that his watch is an imitation? It's just worth a few hundred grand, isn't it? He has plenty of money, so why would he wear something fake? He drives a Mercedes-Benz S-class. Don't tell me you're going to say that his car is also a knock-off?" Michelle challenged Jared.

"Considering his status, how could he possibly wear an imitation watch?"

"I'd heard that he's loaded back when we were studying. As such, he can't possibly wear a knock-off!"

"I pity you, but you should also work hard to make something of yourself! You can't simply say that someone else is wearing an imitation just because you don't have it! What kind of mentality is that?"

Following Michelle's remark, everyone started condemning Jared.