

## The Man's Decree Chapter 70

### Chapter 70 Classmate

"Jared?"

At that moment, a fashionably dressed lady in heavy makeup called out to him from the queue.

She was wearing a pair of sunglasses that was so big that it covered half her face.

"And you are?" Jared furrowed his brows slightly as he scrutinized the lady.

"It's me, Delilah Landry." The lady took off her sunglasses.

Jared suddenly remembered. "Oh, it's you. I almost couldn't recognize you."

Delilah was Jared's classmate from high school. In fact, both of them even shared a table. Back then, she had a terrible dress sense and was a far cry from how she looked now.

After scanning Jared from head to toe, Delilah sneered, "I heard you went to jail. When did you get out?"

Delilah had brought up his prison sentence on purpose. Obviously, she was looking to denigrate him in public.

When both of them sat together in school, she had even written him a love letter. After all, Jared came from a decent background, as his father worked for the government. For the same reason, Jared was popular with the girls.

Nonetheless, Jared had ignored her because she wasn't attractive at all back then.

"It's been a couple of days since my release," Jared answered candidly.

"You're withdrawing a million despite just coming out of prison? You must be rich," Delilah remarked with a snigger.

Without elaborating, all Jared did was smile. Then he changed the topic and asked, "When did you come to Horington? I heard that you dropped out after high school."

"That's right. I did. However, I am now more successful than a university graduate like you." Just as she spoke, she pointed at a fat middle-aged man sitting on a chair and gloated, "That's my boyfriend. He owns a company and has tens of millions in assets. Today, he is getting a card for me, and I will be in charge of his money from now on."

A smug expression was plastered on Delilah's face. Even though the middle-aged man looked older than her father, she didn't see anything wrong with it. All that mattered to her was that the man was rich.

Glancing at the fat middle-aged man, Jared let out a faint smile. "In that case, congratulations on finding a rich boyfriend."

Even though Jared was smiling innocuously, Delilah was struck by a sense of scorn. In fact, she felt as if Jared was mocking her.

“Sir, if you want to withdraw more than five hundred thousand, you have to make an appointment beforehand. Do you have one?”

After learning that Jared was an ex-convict, the bank staff spoke in a harsh tone.

“It’s urgent, so I didn’t make an appointment. Can you help me out this time?” Jared inquired.

“Jared, why do you need a million so urgently? Judging by your looks, you don’t seem to have that much money. Are you trying to make a fool of yourself here?” Delilah ridiculed Jared.

Ignoring her, Jared took out his card and handed it over to the staff. “I have ten million inside and just want to withdraw one million three hundred thousand. Can you make an exception?”

“Ten million? Who are you kidding? You’re nothing but an ex-convict. How is it possible for you to have so much money?” Delilah continued her mockery of Jared.

At the same time, the bank staff began to grow impatient. “Even if you have twenty million, you will have to follow the bank’s procedure. You can’t—”

Before the staff finished her sentence, she caught a glimpse of Jared’s card and widened her eyes in disbelief.

The card was given to Jared by William, the richest man in Horington. William’s cards had a special mark printed on them. Therefore, the staff recognized it at once. Since Jared was holding a card belonging to the Sullivan family, the staff instantly knew that he was no ordinary person.