

# The Man's Decree Chapter 260 ( The Man like none Other chapter 260 )

Just then, the door was pushed open. Tommy walked in, his hands holding onto a bottle of wine.

When the crowd saw that it was Tommy, they were startled. After all, deep down, they were well aware of what he did for a living.

Being an honorable man who was fair and just, Glen used to be antipathetic to interacting with someone like Tommy.

Yet, he had personally asked to invite Tommy over that time around.

"Mr. Lowe, thank you for visiting this small restaurant of mine. As a token of appreciation, today's meal will be on me!" Tommy smiled as he uncorked the wine.

As he was a seasoned member of society, it was no wonder that he knew the way to treat his guest. What he could not fathom was why Glen had asked him over out of the blue.

"Tommy, I didn't ask you here to pay for the bill. Have a seat; we'll have a chat." Glen beckoned to Tommy.

Without hesitation, the latter strode up to the seat beside Glen and sat down, leaving everyone else baffled.

No one could understand what was wrong with Glen right then.

"Mr. Lowe, tell me what orders you have. I'll be at your service!" Tommy courteously said after he had seated himself.

"The purpose of my visit and inviting you to join me here today is to ask you to help me arrange a meeting with Mr. Chance. I'll like to express my gratitude to him in person," Glen responded politely.

At once, Tommy realized what was going on. So he's here because of yesterday's incident.

"You're here at an opportune moment, Mr. Lowe! Mr. Chance has made a reservation for a meal here today as well. He's downstairs right now!" Tommy explained.

"Is that so?" Glen looked elated at that response. "Then I must head down to offer Mr. Chance a toast!"

With that said, he lifted his wineglass and prepared to head out of the room.

At the sight of Glen's behavior, everyone present was instantly dumbfounded. They could not figure out who that influential figure in Horington was, that even someone prestigious like Glen had to be so respectful and even personally asked to meet to offer him a toast.

Despite so, they knew that person was someone special. In hopes of seeking connections with them, all of them quickly grabbed their glasses and prepared to follow behind Glen.

Just as the crowd was about to leave, the door to the private room was abruptly flung open. Next, Benedict and his family walked in.

Seeing the newcomers, Glen was taken aback and furrowed his brows. "Who are you?"

"Mr. Lowe, I'm Benedict Chance, an office administrator in the Department of Health. I've learned that you're having lunch here today, so I'm here to give you a toast."

Benedict then pointed to the group behind him and added, "These are my family members. They would also like to catch a glimpse of you in person!"

The man was visibly nervous that even his hand holding the wineglass was trembling.

On the other hand, Javier, Stella, and the rest had excitement written all over their faces as they fastened their eyes on Glen.

Displeased, Glen shifted his gaze toward Devin. "What's going on?"

Since he had made sure to keep his reservation at that restaurant a secret, he believed that no one should know about his presence there. After all, visiting Tommy's restaurant would only affect the public's opinions toward him because, to begin with, Tommy did not have a good reputation. Hence, he ultimately only invited several people without informing anyone else.

Yet, the presence of Benedict and his family only proved that they had received the news prior. Of course, it was an easy feat to find out the culprit. Since Benedict was from the Department of Health, making him the subordinate of Devin, the health minister, it was evident that Devin was the one who had leaked the information.

Noticing Glen's enraged appearance, Devin began quivering in fear. He glared fiercely at his son before turning to Glen. "Mr. Lowe, I merely told my son that I'll be at Meadow Restaurant and won't be home for lunch today. I didn't know that he'll turn up here and even bring people along with him to toast you."

Devin quickly tried to extricate himself from the situation. He did not want, and neither did he dare to take responsibility for anyone, not even his son, as that would jeopardize his career.

"Your son?" Glen frowned. "Don't tell me this man here who calls himself Benedict is your son?"