

A Man Like None Other Novel Read Online

Chapter 359

Immediately, all the blood drained from Thomas' face. Even his subordinates were so scared that they had retreated.

On the other hand, Lily had already fled the scene with her tail tucked between her legs.

"Oh no, we're doomed!" Oliver's cheeks turned deathly pale as all color drained from his face. With a trembling voice, he said, "Jared, this bar falls under Phoenix Regiment's territory. They won't be merciful if they find out that you've stirred such a ruckus here."

Shortly after, a middle-aged man wearing an eyepatch emerged with a group of guards following at his heels.

The sight of this man scared Oliver so much that his legs gave away, and he collapsed into a nearby chair. Promptly, a gush of yellow liquid stained his pants.

Oliver's terrified state left Jared utterly speechless. Is he really Walter's grandson?

"O-Orb, he was the one who hit me first!" Thomas stammered as he made his way toward the newcomer. In an attempt to butter him up, Thomas offered him a cigarette.

"Slap him!" Despite that, Orb didn't even spare Thomas a single glance.

Upon his command, one of the guards grabbed Thomas by the collar and backhanded him across the face.

Repeatedly, the guard slapped Thomas until his face swelled to twice its size.

"Were you the one who hit him?" the middle-aged man asked Jared.

"Yes." Jared nodded in affirmation.

"Slap him too," Orb ordered. Immediately, one of his men approached Jared with his arm raised and ready to strike.

Before he could hit Jared, however, Jared caught the guard's wrist. "Aren't you going to clarify the situation first before hitting me?"

A deep scowl graced Orb's forehead when he heard Jared's refute. "In my territory, I will deliver fifty slaps as punishment before asking for the details. Are you trying to go against my rules?"

"I heard that Phoenix Regiment is supposed to be chivalrous and kind. After all, Phoenix herself was dubbed a living saint. Is this really how you, as her subordinate, handle things?" Jared was starting to dislike the Phoenix Regiment.

Initially, Lizbeth's constant praise had left Jared with a good impression of the Phoenix Regiment. He was also particularly impressed by Phoenix, the leader of the said regiment. Yet, Orb's haughty arrogance left Jared with a bitter taste in his mouth. It seems like the tales of their kindness are nothing but empty rumors.

Orb snorted incredulously. "What makes you think that a nobody like you is in a position to criticize the Phoenix Regiment? As punishment, I'm ordering you to slap yourself ten times!"

"What if I refuse?" Jared replied with a smirk.

"If you aren't going to take action, I will!" With that, Orb sent his palm across Jared's cheek.

Orb's astonishing speed caused the onlookers to break out in cold sweat. If Orb managed to land a hit on Jared, the monumental impact would probably cause the latter to lose all of his teeth.

Despite the gravity of the situation, the corners of Jared's lips upturned into an airy smile. Casually, he reached out and grabbed Orb's wrist in mid-air. "I was in the middle of my speech. Is violence really your only answer to everything?"

Immediately, Orb's eyes grew twice as large. In a fit of panic, he tried to break free of Jared's vice-like grip. But no matter how hard he tried, he could not escape.

"You brat, are you aware of the consequences of your actions?" Orb thundered.

After so many onlookers witnessed Orb's humiliation in the hands of a young man, he couldn't help but blow his top.

"Clearly, you were the one who started the fight. Are all members of the Phoenix Regiment as unreasonable as you are?" Jared asked with a look of exasperation.

"F*ck you!" Enraged, Orb swung his other hand at Jared.

Furrowing his brows, an aura of bloodlust radiated from Jared's figure when he sensed Orb's second attack. Although I've tried to go easy on him, he still insists on doing things the hard way.

Before Orb's fist could connect, Jared launched a kick at him.