

The Mans Decree Chapter 458

“Forget it, Jared.” Ingrid waved her hand before wiping her tears and forcing a smile. “It’s no use talking about it. Besides, I’ve already accepted my fate.”

“Tell me, Ingrid,” he insisted. “I will help you.”

“Yes, Ingrid,” added Josephine. “We’ll both do.”

Ingrid gazed at Josephine for several moments before deciding to trust them.

“Jared, do you remember Dog?”

Jared nodded. “Of course I do. He’s the dropout who used to collect protection fees from his victims outside the school gates, isn’t he? He even gave me a kick that I haven’t forgotten.”

“That’s the man I’m marrying,” Ingrid murmured in a small voice. her head hung dejectedly.

“What?” Jared shouted, his eyes widening with rage. “He’s a degenerate who did not even graduate middle school! How did Aunt Sarah allow you to marry him?”

Though Josephine did not know Dog, she already had a negative impression of him painted in her mind’s eye from the way the others were talking about him. This girl is beautiful and vivacious. She deserves to marry somebody better than that unsavory-sounding fellow.

Ingrid began crying again as she recounted to Jared her tale of woe.

When she was done, Jared turned blue with rage and slammed a fist down on the table, crushing it instantly into powder.

“How dare he!” Josephine shouted.

As it turned out, Dog did not explore different career opportunities after his expulsion. As the rate of industrialization in Horington exploded in recent years, inhabitants of the numerous villages around the area had required a nudge to

cooperate given the large investments dumped into Avenport for property development. Due to a combination of high stakes, impatient investors, and tight project deadlines, Dog, who had secured a contracting apprenticeship and worked his way to make a name for himself in Avenport, had put his bullying skills to good use in a secondary aspect of his job.

Aside from his actual contracting engagements, Dog had negotiated agreements with the developers who were anxious to expedite the demolition. As soon as construction for the day ended, Dog would bring the very same men to the occasional stubborn residents who rebelled against the developers' terms and beat them into submission, often succeeding in coercing them into agreeing to a lower rate than what was originally offered. As his reputation spread, residents of Avenport began to steer clear of Dog.

Taking a fancy to his schoolmate, Ingrid, he came to the school one day and blackmailed the principal to expel her. Then, he threatened Ingrid with her parents in exchange for her promise to marry him, albeit out of fear.

Dog was also in charge of recommending the valuation of properties for approval. In an attempt to curry favor with his future in-laws, he valued Ingrid's family's house for a million, and their entire village to be slightly higher than the market rate. As a result, their village viewed Dog with an impression of benevolence that would have stood starkly at odds with any allegations Ingrid might make. As a result, Ingrid could only suffer in silence.

"D*mn it!" Jared muttered through gritted teeth, his eyes flashing dangerously.

He would not have cared if Dog was going to marry any other girl, as incidents of local thugs collaborating with developers occurred wherever urbanization occurred. I can't intervene every time that happens. I'm not a missionary! But when it comes to Ingrid, there is no way in hell I'll allow Dog to do as he pleases with her!

"Please don't act rashly, Jared!" begged Ingrid. "I've already made my peace with it. Dog has a group of men under his command, you know. I'd heard that he even has ties to the underground king of Horington. Those people commit murders without batting an eye! I can't let you bear that kind of risk for me."

"Are you referring to Tommy Lewis?" Jared asked.

Ingrid thought hard for a moment. "That sounds about right. I just heard Dog mention that name once in passing."

"Leave it to me, Ingrid. I'll get you out of this marriage and sign you up for university in Horington. You need a diploma, at the very least."

"Jared, I-" Ingrid began.