

## The Mans Decree Chapter 459

“Trust him, Ingrid. He’s going to handle it.” Josephine interrupted Ingrid and took her by the hand.

Ingrid fell silent without attempting to press her point, having already given up.

The sky was beginning to turn dark when Hannah returned.

“I hope you’re hungry, Jared,” she announced. “We’re heading over to Aunt Sarah’s. Ingrid’s fiancé is buying dinner!”

“Dog?” Jared asked, perking up at once.

Hannah was taken aback by her son’s audacity but recovered quickly. “Doug’s not the same boy as he used to be,” she warned. “He’s a big shot now. Don’t call him that when you see him, it’s rude.”

“What else am I supposed to call him? When I see him, I’m going to-”

“Aunt Hannah,” Ingrid interrupted. “Please tell my mother that we will be right over.”

“See you all over there. Hurry, please. We mustn’t keep him waiting.”

Without another word, Hannah turned on the spot and left.

As soon as her aunt disappeared around the bend further down the road, Ingrid turned around to face Jared. “All of them know nothing about this, especially my parents. I told them that it was voluntary so that they wouldn’t worry.”

Jared marveled at his cousin’s maturity as he gazed at her with pity. “Don’t worry, Ingrid,” he consoled whilst stroking her hair. “Nobody will force you to do anything against your wishes anymore with me back here.”

When everybody was at last ready, Jared drove the party over to Ingrid's house. A Toyota was hogging the middle of the road in an obnoxious fashion when they arrived. Leaning on the bonnet was a man with a gold necklace around his neck and gold rings on his fingers. A cigarette dangled from his lips as he was engaged in lively conversation with Jared's and Ingrid's parents.

Despite the years since they had been in school together, Jared recognized Dog at a glance. His eyes flashed menacingly.

"Please, Jared," whispered Ingrid, accurately deducing his grim expression. "Don't do anything rash."

Jared gazed at Ingrid's fearful face for a long time before nodding resolutely.

Dog turned to look as the party descended the Mercedes and smirked at the sight of Jared. "You look pretty frail for somebody who has spent the last three years in prison! Join me. Imagine the fearsome reputation you can establish with your tenure in prison!"

Jared glared coldly at Dog. "No thanks."

Dog's cheek twitched with annoyance at Jared's attitude, but when he caught a glimpse of Josephine walking behind Jared, his scowl dissolved into a lewd smile as his eyes swept up and down her body to her immense disgust.

“I’m Doug Chance, miss. Pleased to meet you!” With the supposed air of a gentleman, Dog extended a hand adorned with golden rings.

Josephine glared at him but did not say a word.

“This is Josephine, Jared’s girlfriend.” Afraid of incurring his wrath, Ingrid hurriedly filled the awkward silence by making the introduction.

Dog was not offended. Rather, he let out a chuckle as he clapped a hand on Jared’s shoulder. “Not bad for managing to land this rich hottie as soon as you got out of prison!”

Dog did not bother to keep his voice down. As a result, pedestrians gazed curiously at Jared when they passed.

“We should get going,” Ingrid said urgently as she clung to Jared’s arm, anxious to avoid the possibility of the two men starting a brawl in the middle of the street. “The restaurant will run out of tables if we’re late!”

“Impossible! There will always be a table at any restaurant in Avenport when I want to dine.”

Grabbing hold of Ingrid’s hand, Dog dragged her toward his car. Despite being forcefully parted from her cousin, Ingrid did not cease her furious signals at Jared with her eyes as if to beg him not to lose his temper.

The party soon arrived downtown, barely recognizable from the developments over the past couple of years. Compared to before, there were many new restaurants on both sides of the road. Dog led the party to one of the biggest restaurants on the block which contained five stories.