

# The Man's Decree Chapter 587 ( The Man like none Other chapter 587 )

Chapter 587 The Real Master

Just as Theodore and Kai were about to step out of the door, Jermaine stopped them. "Hold on a second..."

"Mr. Cadden?" Theodore turned around to look at him.

"You guys can stay."

It turned out that Jermaine had changed his mind because of one thing—Kai's attitude. In his eyes, Kai was a magnanimous person despite his young age. Not only was he unfazed by how Boris and Galen ridiculed him, but he also was not infuriated when asked to leave. What impressed Jermaine the most was how, in spite of everything, the young man was still willing to stay around and lend him a helping hand if there was a need.

"Mr. Cadden, what is that supposed to mean?" Boris' brows puckered in a slight frown at Jermaine's instruction.

"Mr. Yonce, I'll still need your help to cure my son. As for this young man, we'll treat it as an opportunity for him to observe the process so that he knows what a real master is like," Jermaine clarified.

The man had never seen the need for clarification for any of the decisions made in normal circumstances. If he did not have to rely on Boris to treat his son, he would not have explained his actions at that point. Ultimately, he was Jermaine Cadden and could do as he wished and liked!

As Jermaine had made his intent clear, there was nothing much Boris could say in return. Otherwise, it would look like he had no respect for the former.

"Since Mr. Cadden has said so, you may stay to find out what we meant by good medical skills." Boris' face was full of contempt as he eyed Kai.

"Mr. Yonce, please head in." Jermaine directed Boris toward the bedroom.

Without hesitation, Kai and Theodore also followed behind. As soon as they stepped foot inside the bedroom, a strong medicinal scent wafted into their noses. Other than the large assortment of medicine, there was also a ventilator in operation.

Lying on the bed was a young man who looked roughly in his early twenties. He had an extremely sickly appearance—his face a ghastly pallor, his eyes tightly shut, and his frame as thin as a stick. Inserted in his mouth was a tube connecting to the ventilator, and it was clear he was relying on the machine to keep him alive.

That man in the description was Jermaine's son, Josiah. He was only in his second year of college when he dropped out of school because of an accident.

Other than layers of thick gauze wrapped around the fingers on Josiah's right hand, there

were no other visible wounds on his body. However, that thick dressing was already showing signs of being soaked in blood as it was bright red. Perceiving that frightening sight, Jermaine paled at once. In the next second, he yelled, "Abigail! Abigail!"

As his voice reverberated through the air, a girl ran out from a small room next door. Anyone could tell that she had not had a good sleep for a long time from her pair of bloodshot eyes and her constant yawns as she made her way over.

"M-Mr. Cadden..."

The girl's eyes were full of terror, and her entire body was trembling.

"What have you been doing? Didn't you see the wound dressing on Josiah's hand is soaked with blood? Why didn't you change it for him?" Jermaine bellowed.

"I-I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Mr. Cadden. I was too tired that I fell asleep accidentally. I didn't expect Mr. Josiah's wound dressing would be soaked with blood that quickly."

Right after she apologized, she hurriedly grabbed a new piece of gauze and soaked it in the antiseptic before changing the badly saturated dressing on Josiah's arm.

A potent stench of rotting flesh permeated the air when the girl removed the dressing on Josiah's fingers.

It was so nasty everyone scrunched their brows, and Galen even retched as he could not hold it in any longer.

He only tried his best to suppress that urge to gag when he noticed the look in Jermaine's eyes. It was surprising that, unlike everyone else, Jermaine was exceptionally calm about the smell, as though he had become accustomed to it.

In the meantime, the girl was about to put on the new dressing when Boris suddenly commented, "Hold on."

Stunned, the girl turned to look at Jermaine.