

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 1781

A Man Like None Other Chapter 1781—The short man paled drastically when he saw the larger men walking over. Immediately, he asked Jared and the others to leave. “Mister, please get off the car. We can’t drive you there anymore. We won’t.”

Bewildered, Jared asked, “What’s the matter? Why won’t you drive us there now?”

Before the short man could say anything, the burly men reached them. One of them, who was bearded, grabbed the short man by his collar and lifted him into the air.

“Hey, how dare you try to get customers on my territory? Do you have a death wish?” Right as the bearded man said that, he punched the short man in the face.

Blood spurted out of the short man’s nose and leaked out from the corners of his lips, but his companions did not dare to say anything or move a muscle.

“Get down!” the bearded man roared at Jared and the rest. Flaxseed was about to get down from the car when Jared stopped him and turned to Colin. “Colin, deal with it.”

“Got it.” With a nod, Colin alighted from the car. Yet, as soon as Colin came down from the car, a gorgeous figure streaked past him. In the next second, a cry of agony echoed in the air. The bearded man had been kicked into the air.

“You guys are such bullies! How outrageous!” Astrid bellowed at the burly men, her expression glacial.

Since Astrid had made a move, Colin sighed and turned to look at Jared. The latter gestured for him to return to the car.

The bearded man was terrified when he was sent flying by Astrid’s kick, but when he realized his attacker was a woman, a look of shock crossed his face before an angry expression replaced it.

“After her! Seize the girl!” he roared. The other burly men instantly charged toward Astrid. “Don’t kill them,” Jared reminded, afraid that she would lose control of herself and kill the men.

After all, they had just arrived and were unfamiliar with the place and the people. Furthermore, what those men had done did not warrant death.

Astrid nodded in acknowledgment. When the men launched themselves at her, she gave them all a slap each, taking them down as some of their teeth fell out of their mouths. Once she was done dealing with them, she

turned to the short man and said, "Everything's fine now, so let's go."

The short man nodded fervently with eyes wide in shock and quickly started the car, driving them away from the airport.

On the way to the hotel, the short man kept glancing at Jared through the rearview mirror. Noticing his repeated stares, Jared asked, "Is there something wrong, mister?"

The short man hastily answered, "Thank you so much, sir! Thank you!" Jared smiled. "It's nothing much."

"Sir, are you guys... martial artists?" the short man then asked. Jared nodded truthfully and replied, "That's right. I'm surprised that you know about martial artists."

"Of course I do. There are plenty of martial artists here."

The short man was visibly excited at the mention of martial artists. It seemed like he was envious of them. Alas, not everyone could become a martial artist, let alone a spiritual energy cultivator.

During the journey, the short man chatted with Jared about martial artists. When they reached the hotel, the short man did not ask Jared and the others to pay for the cab fare.

Instead of resting after checking in at the hotel, the ladies wanted to take a walk around the place. Fearing that they would cause trouble, Jared asked Colin to follow them.

Similarly, Jared wanted to take a stroll around the area to familiarize himself with the island, but Flaxseed did not seem keen on the idea. Instead, he booked a single room in the hotel and started contacting ladies.

Hence, Jared had no choice but to bring Gilbert with him.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 1782

A Man Like None Other Chapter 1782—They had just walked out of the hotel when a taxi stopped them in their tracks. Jared looked up and realized it was the short man who had sent him to the hotel earlier. He was confused as to why the short man had stopped him.

“Sir, do you have time now? My name is Shorty. Can I treat you to a meal?” Shorty asked.

Jared rejected his invitation at once. “No need. It was nothing. Besides, you didn’t ask me to pay for the ride, so we called it even. You don’t have to do this.”

However, Shorty seemed stumped. Seeing that, Jared knew it wasn’t just as simple as having a meal together. “Is there something else you need?” Jared inquired.

Shorty nodded awkwardly. “Sir, my gang leader, Mr. Thompson, dispatched me here to invite you. He wants to see you.” “Your gang leader?” Jared was surprised to learn that a taxi driver had a gang leader.

Shorty noticed his surprise and explained, “We Chanaeans who run businesses here, including taxi drivers, have formed The Chanaean Brotherhood to prevent being bullied. After I went back and told him about the incident at the airport, he expressed a desire to meet with you.”

Comprehension dawned upon Jared after he heard the man’s explanation. They were all Chanaeans, so Jared nodded and agreed to meet the gang leader.

He also wanted to know if they knew about the ancient ruins of Ice Bear Island.

After all, they had resided here for decades. Shorty was overjoyed that Jared had accepted the invitation. He welcomed Jared and Gilbert into the car and began driving toward their destination.

Soon, Jared was brought to a huge courtyard with a few houses within. Shorty led them into a two-story house and cried out, “Mr. Thompson, they are here!”

A burly middle-aged man descended the stairs with a slow, graceful gait. His strong aura revealed him to be a martial artist.

The middle-aged man might only be a Martial Arts Grandmaster, but his rank was sufficient to garner admiration from the general populace.

After glancing at Jared and Gilbert, the middle-aged man couldn't help but frown when he realized he couldn't assess their ranks.

"Please, have a seat," he exclaimed and gestured for them to sit down. He then told Shorty, "Serve them some coffee."

"Sure!" Shorty quickly poured Jared and Gilbert a cup of coffee each. "May I know your name?" the middle-aged man asked Jared. "My name is Jared Chance," Jared told him politely.

"Jared Chance?" The man frowned as if something had just come to mind. He said, "I heard about a talented young man who has risen in Chanaea. His name is also Jared Chance. He's already the head of the largest martial arts sect in Jadeborough at a young age. Is that you?"

He observed Jared carefully. Jared was unaware that his reputation had already spread to other countries.

However, he didn't want too many people to learn about his whereabouts, so he shook his head and said, "Perhaps we happen to have the same name. I'm nowhere near as capable as him!"

"That's what I think, too. You don't look like a Greater Martial Arts Marquis to me!" the man exclaimed heartily. He then continued, "Thank you for extending help at the airport. Otherwise, my subordinates would've gotten the short end of the stick. Now that you're here, just let me know if you need help. We're all Chanaeans, and The Chanaean Brotherhood was established to prevent Chanaeans from getting bullied."

"Thank you!" Jared thanked him gratefully. "May I have the honor of knowing your name?" "My name is Dale Thompson," the man replied.

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A Man Like None Other Chapter 1783—"Mr. Thompson, can I ask you something?" Jared asked. "Of course. I am familiar with everything regarding Ice Bear Island," Dale replied with confidence.

Jared questioned, "Do you know about the ancient ruins of Ice Bear Island?" "The ancient ruins?" Taken aback, Dale shot Jared a surprised look. "Did you come here for the ancient ruins?" "Yes, that's right." Jared nodded.

"My young friend, I would advise you to reconsider. You are not skilled enough to venture into the ancient ruins. Over the years, many individuals have sought out the location of the ancient ruins with the intention of entering it. Despite all their efforts, no one has ever been successful. In fact, many died trying to find it," Dale revealed.

"They failed to find the ancient ruins? Why is that?" Jared was surprised. Ice Bear Island isn't very big. Why did they fail to find the ancient ruins?

"The ancient ruin is hidden underneath a thick blanket of snow, so its location is hard to find. Many experts from different countries have attempted to locate it, but none have been

successful. Some even paid the ultimate price for their efforts, either dying or getting injured. We are all Chanaeans here, so my advice to you is to enjoy your time here and forget about the ruins. It's not worth risking your life for it," Dale advised.

Hearing that, Jared grew more interested in the ancient ruins. He asked, "Mr. Thompson, do you know about Engarder Sect?"

"Engarder Sect?" Dale racked his brains before shaking his head. "I don't know. I've never even heard of it!" Dale didn't know anything, so Jared stopped

asking questions. He knew Engarder Sect had disappeared a long time back for anyone to know about its existence.

After a brief chat with Dale, Jared and Gilbert made to leave. They had just stood up when a commotion sounded outside. Shorty ran in shortly after.

"Shorty, what's going on?" Dale asked. "Mr. Thompson, the bikers are here. They want us to compensate them for hurting their men!" Shorty reported.

“F*ck it. I have yet to settle scores with them after what they did at the airport. How dare they show up here? Come, let’s see what they want!” Dale stormed out furiously.

Seeing that, Jared went after them. As he stepped out of the building, he was met with a terrifying sight. There was a group of burly men whose eyes were narrowed in a menacing glare.

Against them were the men from The Chanaean Brotherhood. However, the members of The Chanaean Brotherhood were clearly not as muscular as their enemies.

A man covered with tattoos and wearing earrings parted his lips to speak in broken Chanaean. “Dale, your men beat my men up at the airport. How do you think we should deal with it?”

“Ivano, your men initiated the fight. How dare you come here demanding answers when they ended up injured? Furthermore, it was a passenger who defeated your subordinates, not us. The passenger could not tolerate your men’s harassment and took action,” Dale retorted calmly.

“There he is! They are in this together!” Right then, the man with a beard who got beaten up earlier spotted Jared standing behind the members of The Chanaean Brotherhood and pointed him out.

Upon seeing that, Ivano sneered, “Dale, what else is there to say? The culprit is right here! Hand him over to me and cover the medical expenses. Then, I will drop the matter.”

“Nonsense! Have you ever seen The Chanaean Brotherhood handing anyone away? If you refuse to back down, let’s fight!” Dale announced. He didn’t take the bikers seriously as he could easily take them down as a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 1784

A Man Like None Other Chapter 1784—“Dale, I know you’re skilled in martial arts. Nevertheless, your skills are useless,” Ivano exclaimed as he pulled out a gun. The other bikers also brandished their guns.

Dozens of guns were aimed at Dale and The Chanaean Brotherhood’s members, causing them to grow flustered.

Dale's expression turned grim. If there was only one gun, he could avoid it easily. However, there was more than one gun pointing at them. There was no way he could avoid them all.

Ivano snickered icily as Dale and the others blanched in horror. "Let's not make this difficult," he said. "You know you are no match for us. Hand over the person responsible and compensate us. That way, I will spare your lives."

With that, Ivano aimed his gun at Dale's head.

Dale's expression changed abruptly. He had promised Jared that the latter could turn to him for help, but if he were to surrender Jared now, it would demonstrate The Chanaean Brotherhood's lack of loyalty. They were all Chanaeans, so their reputation would be tarnished.

"Ivano, I won't hand him to you. If you dare, fire at us. I promise you'll breathe your last breath the moment you fire your gun!" Dale declared viciously with his jaw clenched.

Ivano snickered coldly. "Since you have a death wish, let's finish this off today."

With that, he prepared to pull the trigger.

However, Dale was swift enough to kick Ivano's gun the moment the latter pulled the trigger. The weapon fell to the ground with a clatter.

Seeing that, Ivano hollered, "Fire!"

Bam! Bam! Bam!

In an instant, dozens of shots were fired. The Chanaean Brotherhood's members slumped their shoulders in despair. Even Dale did the same, for he knew they were doomed.

He didn't bother hiding or resisting, for there were too many guns. No matter what, the results would be the same.

The members of The Chanaean Brotherhood were waiting for their impending doom when a golden glow emerged behind them.

The golden glow enveloped the entire courtyard. The members then saw the bullets freezing right before their eyes as though they had been stopped by an invisible barrier.

Clank! Clank! The bullets then dropped to the floor mere inches away from them! Everyone held their breaths as the entire courtyard plunged into dead silence.

That was the closest brush with death they had, as the bullets narrowly missed them and fell to the ground before their very eyes. Nevertheless, no one knew what had happened exactly.

Ivano and his group of bikers gaped incredulously at the shocking sight, their eyes almost popping out of their sockets. They were completely clueless as to the origin of the sudden appearance of the golden glow and why the bullets came to an abrupt halt before falling to the ground.

Dale's jaw dropped wide open as shock etched across his face. He was the only one who sensed a horrifying aura that came from behind him!

That aura was precisely the thing that saved them all. The bullets had hit an invisible shield, forcing them to come to a stop before dropping to the floor.

Dale turned over his shoulder to stare at Jared in fear. The golden glow enveloping Jared had just faded away. Jared shot Dale a smile before stepping forward. "It looks like you're here for me, so let's do this."

Ivano recovered from his initial shock when Jared stepped forward. However, he had no idea it was all Jared's doing and assumed a deity was protecting Dale and the rest.

"Young man, since you stepped out, you must be punished for your deeds," he declared. Ivano then grabbed a gun from one biker and aimed it at Jared. This time, he was smart enough to keep a distance from Jared.

He was aware that many Chanaeans were proficient in martial arts, so he figured that by maintaining a safe distance from Jared, he could make Jared heed his words.

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A Man Like None Other Chapter 1785—"How are you going to punish me?" Jared inquired calmly. He showed no fear despite being the target of Ivano's gun. "By crippling your leg, of course." After making that declaration, Ivano pulled the trigger without hesitation.

It was obvious he was a ruthless person. Bam!

A shot was fired, but Jared stood rooted to his spot as though the bullet didn't hit his leg. Ivano stiffened. "What the f*ck? Did I miss my target despite being this close to him?"

Suspicious of his aim, he fired another shot, aiming at Jared's leg.

Bam! Another shot was fired. However, Jared remained unscathed. The bikers turned to look at Ivano in disbelief. Did he miss two shots in a row at close proximity?

"F*ck it! I don't believe this."

Bang! Bang! Bang! Ivano fired a few shots continuously until he exhausted the bullets in his gun and was forced to stop. Jared stood there with a smirk on his face, unharmed. He showed no signs of being affected.

Everyone, including Ivano and The Chanaean Brotherhood's members, stared at Jared, utterly dumbfounded. They were unable to comprehend how Jared was still unharmed..

Dale's body was trembling profusely. If they weren't in public, he would've dropped to his knees before Jared.

"W-What the f*ck is wrong with this gun?" Ivano tossed his gun to the ground, blaming it for not being able to harm Jared.

Jared explained calmly, "It wasn't the gun's fault. It was me." He spread his palms, revealing several bullets that fell to the ground noisily.

Ivano staggered backward as he gazed at Jared in disbelief.

Never in his wildest dreams did he think he would witness someone catching bullets with their bare hands. The concept seemed far too ridiculous to be real.

“I don’t believe that you can catch dozens of bullets in one go!” Ivano hissed. He ordered his men to point their guns at Jared, ready to shoot him dead.

The moment these men raised their guns, they saw a shadow appearing before them in a flash. The next moment, the firearms suddenly disappeared from their grip.

Jared didn’t even move from his spot. They swiveled their heads around to see Gilbert holding over ten guns in his hands. “Why are you so arrogant when all you own is a bunch of scrap metal?” Gilbert mocked.

As he spoke, he crumpled the guns into a huge metal ball! Seeing that, Ivano started trembling in fear. The color drained out of the bikers’ faces, too.

They couldn’t understand what kind of capable beings they had offended. “I’m in a good mood today and don’t feel like killing anyone. You may scam now,” Jared announced.

Hearing that, Ivano and his bikers spun on their heels and fled the scene hastily. Right after the bikers made their escape, Dale fell to his knees with a thud..

“Sir, please accept my gratitude. I apologize for offending you earlier. Please forgive me.” Dale was trembling profusely as cold sweat dripped down his face.

“Mr. Thompson, what are you doing? You didn’t offend me earlier,” Jared replied as he raised his palm gently, sending a wave of energy to help Dale up. “Sir, I-”

Before Dale could finish his words, Jared waved him off. “Mr. Thompson, you’re older than me, so please don’t call me that. That sounds really awkward!”

Hearing that, Dale quickly corrected his form of address. “Mr. Chance, are you the one who formed Deragon Sect in Jadeborough’s martial arts world?”

Jared chuckled and nodded. He had revealed his ability, so there was no need to keep his identity a secret anymore. Dale’s excitement grew when he saw Jared admitting to it.

“Oh, you’re my idol, Mr. Chance! I can’t believe I’m lucky enough to meet you. I believe you’ll find the ancient ruins...”

Dale changed his mind to stop persuading Jared to leave.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 1786

A Man Like None Other Chapter 1786—Jared merely laughed. “How could I have found it when so many others have failed to? An island of this size would take a year and a half to comb through.”

“We don’t have to search the entire Ice Bear Island to locate the ancient ruins, Mr. Chance. There is a spot more likely than the rest because people disappear there almost every year, never to be seen again. That is why some suspect that the ancient ruins are there. We just cannot find the entrance,” Dale informed him..

Jared’s eyes brightened. “Where is this place?” “Bring Mr. Chance a map.”

One of Dale’s men returned with a map soon after the order was given, and Dale circled a spot. “Over here, around the snowy mountains. Rumor has it that the ancient ruins are at the foothills of the snowy peak, but nobody has ever seen them.”

Jared gazed thoughtfully at the location, asking, “Have you been there?”

“I’ve been there twice,” Dale affirmed, “but I have never seen any signs of the ancient ruins. It’s snowy plains as far as the eye can see.” “Could you bring us there for a look tomorrow, Mr. Thompson?”

Jared wanted Dale to take them, as the latter was familiar with the route. “No problem. It is my honor to serve you, Mr. Chance, Dale answered eagerly.

After leaving The Chanaean Brotherhood, Jared and Gilbert did not return to the hotel but began wandering around the shopping district instead.

Due to the cold weather, there were virtually no. animate wares in the shopping district, though it somehow had gemstones and magic swords for sale, given its size.

The items on sale were possibly caused by the sheer number of martial artists who come in search of the ancient ruins every year. Demand fueled the market, after all.

“All their wares are junk. Besides, we have not run into many experts. Could they all have left after failing to locate the entrance to the ancient ruins?”

Gilbert noticed the poor quality of the shopping district’s wares and the lack of experts they had encountered. Logically speaking, the ancient ruins would attract many skilled warriors, yet they scarcely met any.

He inferred they were sent home in defeat following their failure to locate the ancient ruins’ entrance.

Just when Jared and his companion were about to head back after their round, a hum reverberated through Jared’s skull. As if sensing something, Dragonslayer Sword began to vibrate.

Jared froze in his tracks. He gazed up and discovered a vendor packing his things, seemingly ready to head home. At that moment, Jared’s attention was arrested by one of the swords the vendor was packing away.

The wispy aura emanated by the sword drew him toward it. “May I see the sword in your hand, sir?” Jared asked upon walking over. “This sword? Here, have a look. You can have it for five million if you like.”

The merchant handed the sword to Jared. “What kind of sword is worth five million? Are you robbing us in broad daylight?” Gilbert glared suspiciously.

“My woefully ignorant friend, this sword slices through steel like clay. It’s the pride of Engarder Sect.”

The vendor’s words stunned Jared, as he did not expect a lowly peddler to be acquainted with Engarder Sect. “How do you know that this sword belonged to Engarder Sect?” he asked with a curious gaze at the merchant.

“It’s written on the hilt, isn’t it?” the merchant replied as he glanced at the sword. Jared took a closer look. The sword had become rusty, which made it look old and worthless.

However, the bottommost spot of the hilt bore the inscription “Engarder Sect” in bold letters, plainly engraved when it was forged. When Jared picked up the

sword, Dragonslayer Sword within him seared powerfully. He grinned with excitement.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 1787

A Man Like None Other Chapter 1787—"If I may, sir, how did this sword come into your possession? Jared asked. In response, the merchant gazed toward the distant snowy peak. "I was picking some snow lotus a few years ago when I found this sword.

Starting off exceptionally sharp, it became dull and rusty because I didn't know how to maintain it. I wouldn't sell it for five million if it were not in this condition. Do you want it or not? I want to close up and go home."

"I want it." Without another word, Jared transferred five million to the ecstatic merchant, stunned with disbelief that he had sold the sword for five million.

Jared could not keep his hands off the sword. At the very least, he was sure that Engarder Sect was close and that the ancient ruins were very likely it

"I can't believe you spent five million on a rusty old sword. Have you struck gold?" A woman's voice sounded behind Jared, who froze at its familiarity though he could not place a finger on it at that moment.

Then, he remembered after turning around and getting a clear look at the girl's face. "How strange to see you here, Princess Anne!" Jared exclaimed.

"This is my country. Why shouldn't I be here for a holiday? I, on the other hand, am surprised to see you here. I'd even thought I was mistaken!" Anne answered, similarly excited.

Behind Anne came the hulking Andrew, whose aura became discernible from a single gaze by Jared. He did not expect Andrew to have achieved Martial Arts Marquis in as little as a year.

Though it was miles behind compared to Jared, it was an impressive enough pace.

A year ago, Jared had participated in the international competition at Theodore's request. Andrew was only a Martial Arts Grandmaster then. Jared had killed Ichiro and finally avenged the Watanabe family of Jetroina.

“You have made tremendous progress, Andrew, Jared said to Andrew with a smile. “You’re doing well yourself, Mr. Chance,” Andrew replied while reciprocating the grin.

He did not ascertain Jared’s strength but instead said it out of politeness. After all, Jared had subdued him during the international competition.

Given the Senerisians’ explosive temper, it would have been impossible for Jared to speak to them in this manner. “Are you here on vacation, Jared?” Anne asked. “Something like that.” Jared did not know how to tell her.

“Since you’re here on my turf, I must fulfill my responsibility of a gracious host. I’ll show you around and have you as a guest in my house. It’s a short flight of several hours to get home from here,” Anne declared happily as she came forward to tug on Jared’s arm.

Jared was at a loss with Anne’s generosity. She laughed at his expression. “Did you not bring both your girlfriends along? Have you already gotten married and had children?”

Jared became tongue-tied at Anne’s inquisitive questions. Though Lizbeth had come, Josephine was still locked in the dungeon. “You can’t have broken up with them, have you? Men are pigs and scoundrels!” Anne chided him with a giggle.

Jared sighed without retorting. Since she called me a scoundrel, then a scoundrel I am. He did not wish to let down any of the girls who had fallen for him.

Cecilia’s sad gaze, especially, was one he could not refuse. If possible, I would go into hiding after this matter is resolved and keep these girls as backups. Jared wondered if that notion constituted as being what he was accused of.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 1788

A Man Like None Other Chapter 1788—Anne held Jared’s arm and strolled happily while Andrew and Gilbert followed closely behind them. “Jared, are you here for anything else aside from coming here for a vacation?” Anne asked all of a sudden. Jared was momentarily stunned before shaking his head. “What else can I do here?”

“Aren’t you here because of the ancient ruins?” She gazed at him with a smirk, seemingly wanting to read his thoughts..

Hearing that, he flashed an awkward smile and stayed silent. Still, Anne understood his intention by simply looking at his facial expression.

“Actually, I’m also here for the ancient ruins. Otherwise, I would never have come to such a small place for a holiday,” she said. “You’re also here because of the ancient ruins? But it’s just the two of you?”

Jared was slightly taken aback. After all, Anne was not a skilled fighter, while Andrew had just become a Martial Arts Marquis. How can they wish to search the ancient ruins with such limited capabilities? This is no different from seeking death.

The smile on Anne’s face faded away at once after she listened to Jared’s remark. The next moment, a sorrowful look spread across her countenance.

Jared was at a loss as he didn’t know if he had said anything wrong.

“I heard the ancient ruins contain the King of Herbs, so I’m trying to acquire the King of Herbs to save my father,” she bit her lip and uttered softly. Jared hastily asked, “What happened to your father? Is he sick?”

She shook her head. “That’s not it. Someone poisoned my father, and it is rumored that only the King of Herbs inside the ancient ruins can save him.”

“Poisoned?” Jared was shocked. Anne’s father was a duke. He wondered who would dare to poison a country’s duke.

“Someone is targeting my father’s position as the duke, so they wanted to kill him to seize the title,” Anne quickly explained as she could sense Jared’s confusion.

“Who’s the daredevil?” he asked. She gazed at him solemnly. “Who do you think can gain the duke title after my father dies?” Clarity washed over Jared after he heard her words. “Could the culprit be your elder or younger brother?”

Jared was astonished because he knew only the duke’s sons could inherit the noble title. Still, it is inhumane for them to poison their father to death to acquire the position of a duke!

However, Jared was swiftly reminded of how Ryker had poisoned his father to death just to obtain the position as the head of the Deragon family, not to mention the title of a country's duke. That rank of nobility was much more tempting, after all.

At that thought, Jared couldn't help but sigh inwardly. They say all kinships are mere facades in a political family. It seems like that is indeed the truth. These people can truly disregard their familial bond for the sake of garnering power for themselves.

"I suspect my elder brother for now, but I do not have any evidence to support my claim. After I find the King of Herbs and save my father, I'll know the culprit who poisoned him."

Anne's eyes shone with determination. "Are you so sure you can locate the King of Herbs?"

Although Jared admired Anne's courage, bravery alone could not equate to capabilities, as not everyone could survive the ancient ruins. "I have to try even if I'll die."

Anne appeared to have made up her mind. Just like that, Jared and Anne chatted as they walked. Before they realized it, they had moved away from the lively market and arrived at a rather desolate place.

A vast expanse of whiteness spread out ahead of them. They could even see some people playing and cheering happily on dog sleds.

"Your Highness, we should head back now. It's not safe here," Andrew said to Anne warily after scanning his surroundings. Taking in his grim expression, Anne grew nervous as well. "Did you sense something, Andrew?"

As a Werebear, Andrew had superhuman senses and could perceive the existence of dangerous beings in advance. He nodded and shielded Anne.

Jared asked with a frown, "What's the matter? Is someone trying to kill you?"

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A Man Like None Other Chapter 1789—Anne nodded. "We've been pursued a few times on our way here. I assume my elder brother, Harold, sent these people to chase us down because he doesn't want me to survive."

“Unexpectedly, the power struggles overseas are also so brutal,” Gilbert piped up. “In that case, we should head back.”

Jared was about to bring Anne back, but right after he turned around and took two steps forward, four men in black showed up. Their faces were concealed behind masks, and they all wielded a scimitar. Their eyes glinted with murderous intent.

At the sight of the four men in black who appeared out of nowhere, Andrew guarded Anne closely, getting ready to confront the formidable enemies.

Jared sized up the quartet. All of them were considered experts as they were Martial Arts Marquises. If they gang up on Andrew, he will undoubtedly lose.

“Andrew, surrender Princess Anne, and we shall spare your life. Otherwise, we’ll skin you and turn your bear skin into clothes,” one of the men in black jeered at Andrew.

“No way. I’m Princess Anne’s guard. I will rather die before allowing you to cause any harm to Princess Anne!” Andrew uttered coldly.

“Fine. Since you’re so stubborn, we’ll kill you before we murder Princess Anne.”

With that, the four men in black emitted waves of icy auras targeted at Andrew. They acted as if Jared and Gilbert weren’t there.

The four men in black completely disregarded Jared and Gilbert, who looked relatively thinner. and weaker.

Roar! Seeing that, Andrew immediately transformed into his strongest form. The next second, his body was covered in fur, and he bared his razor-sharp fangs.

He turned into a giant brown bear, roaring loudly while carefully protecting Anne. “Hmph. So what if you transformed?” One of the men in black snorted.

Then, they launched themselves toward Andrew. Andrew bellowed and bolted forward, engaging the four men in black in an intense battle.

The fight involving five Martial Arts Marquises caused successive explosions to reverberate in the air. The snow on the ground flew into the air as they grappled and slowly fell back to earth.

Even after Andrew transformed into his most powerful form, he wasn't capable of defeating the four men in black at once.

Andrew's huge figure was sent flying into the air after a man in black struck him forcefully. Subsequently, Andrew fell heavily to the ground, creating a deep crater in it.

Panic and anxiety overwhelmed Anne as she witnessed the turn of events. Roar! Andrew bellowed again. He got up and swung his massive bear claw at the four men in black.

Two men in black stopped him while the other two strode toward Anne. Anne staggered backward continuously when she saw them approaching, but they swiftly arrived before her.

"Princess Anne, will you end your own life, or shall we do it for you?" one of the men in black asked. "Who are you? Did Harold send you here?" Anne questioned the man in black.

"You don't have to know that. We'll tell you everything when you're dead," he sneered.

Biting her lip, she knew she couldn't escape this predicament as the four formidable men in black cornered her. "Mr. Chance, these guys seem to be ignoring us," Gilbert said to Jared. "Indeed. We're being ignored."

Jared chuckled. Jared was a prominent figure known by everyone in Chanaea, so he would never be disregarded. Unexpectedly, those four men in black were paying him no attention at that moment.

"Since these guys aren't using their eyes well, should I remove them?" Gilbert asked. "That's a good idea." Jared nodded. Jared had permitted Gilbert to attack.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 1790

A Man Like None Other Chapter 1790—Jared and Gilbert’s conversation infuriated the two men in black. “You two Chanaeans had better get out of my sight. Otherwise, you won’t be leaving here

alive,” one of them threatened with a murderous look. Anne, too, turned toward Jared. “Jared, don’t get involved. You better leave with your friend. These men are really strong.”

“To be honest, I curious to see for myself how strong they are.” Cracking a smile, Jared gave Gilbert a look. Gilbert nodded in acknowledgment before leaping into the air toward the two men.

“Jared, you’re no match against them. They’re Martial Arts Marquises. You should run...” Anne cried out when she saw Gilbert make his move.

However, the moment Anne finished, two agonized screams rang out. Both men were covering their eyes with their hands while four bloody eyeballs could clearly be seen on the snow-covered ground.

At the same time, blood was gushing out through the gaps between the fingers of the two men. The gruesome sight stupefied Anne.

“Since your eyes aren’t much of a use, I might as well remove them for you,” Gilbert sneered. Meanwhile, the other two men in black who were engaged in battle with Andrew hurried over upon hearing the screams.

Their departure brought relief upon Andrew, who had reached his limit with his entire body covered in wounds. By the time the two men arrived, they were utterly shocked by their compatriots’ empty eye sockets.

Given that the four of them knew each other’s strengths like the back of their hands, they recognized that whoever could instantaneously dig out their compatriots’ eyes had to be significantly more powerful than they were.

As a result, the two men helped their wounded compatriots up and fled. “How dare you try and escape?”

Gilbert lunged forward to stop them. With his fingers curled into claws, he dug the eyes of the other two men out, triggering another round of harrowed cries.

At that moment, the four men in black had been blinded. Continuing to scream from the excruciating pain, they fumbled around aimlessly and before crashing into one another.

Meanwhile, Anne and Andrew were stunned by Gilbert's magnificent display of skill. Upon Gilbert's return, Anne couldn't help but ask, "Jared, who is your friend? Why is he so powerful?"

Jared chuckled in response. "He's just a Top. Level Martial Arts Marquis who has failed to achieve Greater Martial Arts Marquis."

His words caused Gilbert to feel embarrassed, for the latter had been unable to do so despite trying for twenty years.

If anyone had made that comment about him, he would definitely have been outraged, but there were no hard feelings when Jared made it.

After all, it only took Jared slightly more than a year to become a Greater Martial Arts Marquis. His outstanding talent and mind-blowing strength had earned Gilbert's utmost respect.

As for Anne and Andrew, both of them were filled with admiration and disbelief upon learning that Gilbert was a Top Level Martial Arts Marquis.

Even though Andrew was a Martial Arts Marquis, he had only recently achieved that level. A long path still lay ahead of him before he could reach Top Level Martial Arts Marquis.

Soon, Anne sensed that something was amiss and asked Jared curiously, "When you mentioned that he was only a Top Level Martial Arts Marquis, you didn't sound impressed at all. How powerful are you?"

"Me? I'm a fifth Level Greater Martial Arts Marquis," Jared replied with a smile.

"You must be boasting. How can someone as young as you be a fifth Level Greater Martial Arts Marquis? Weren't you just a Senior Grandmaster a year ago?"

Anne didn't believe Jared at all, for there was no way he could have made such a huge leap in a such short time.

This is impossible! Even Andrew, who could cultivate at great speed due to him being a Werebear, took a year to elevate himself from Martial Arts Grandmaster to Martial Arts Marquis. On top of that, he consumed immense cultivation resources during the same period. So, how can an ordinary person like Jared make so much progress so quickly?