

## Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 431

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#### Are You Terrified

“Mr. Cohen, guys, it’s a surprise to see you here.”

Jesse hurried forward to welcome them.

Meanwhile, there were many others along the corridor who greeted the old man too.

The old man nodded slightly to acknowledge the greeting. In spite of that, he maintained a serious and haughty expression on his face.

“Mr. Cohen, let me introduce you to Mr. Chance,” Jesse quickly introduced Jared.

Smiling slightly, Jared nodded at the old man to greet him. However, the old man only gave him the side-eye before returning his attention to Jesse.

“Jesse, you’re a disciple of the Extreme Fist and represent the gym in public. How can you ingratiate yourself with a nobody? Wouldn’t that cause others to look down upon the Extreme Fist?”

In response, Jesse explained at once, “Mr. Cohen, it’s not what you think. Mr. C—”

“Jesse, Mr. Cohen is right to admonish you. You will be representing the Extreme Fist Gym going forward. Therefore, you have to have some spine when you conduct yourself. For this Martial Arts Gathering, Mr. Cohen hopes that you can emerge as champion. Thus, you have to make sure that you don’t disgrace the Extreme Fist!” the scrawny man interrupted.

“Fred, I’m afraid no one else is going to win the competition, as Mr. Chance is also participating in it,” Jesse replied awkwardly.

Considering that he had seen Jared’s strength with his own eyes, Jesse was sure that no one could defeat him.

“Jesse, have you been paralyzed by fear?” The old man furrowed his brows slightly. “Let me tell you, if you don’t win, don’t blame me for kicking you out of the gym!”

After letting out a snort, the old man ignored Jesse and headed toward the room at the end of the corridor. Following behind him, the scrawny young man unleashed a massive force at Jared the moment he walked past him.

With a smirk on his face, Jared didn’t react and allowed the force to hit him. Nevertheless, his expression didn’t change at all when he felt the impact.

When the scrawny man saw that Jared didn’t respond at all, he knitted his brows minutely. However, he didn’t probe Jared further and followed the old man into the room instead.

As for the burly man, he smiled at Jesse. “Jesse, don’t worry about it. Mr. Cohen is always like that. All you need to do is try your best. Taking into consideration your current strength, you stand a good chance in winning the competition still.”

After patting Jesse on the shoulder, the burly man left to join his companions.

“Mr. Cohen...”

When Jesse saw them enter the last room along the corridor, he was shocked, as he had reserved the room for Jared.

Just when Jesse was about to run after them, Jared stopped him and shook his head at Jesse.

Even though he understood Jesse’s intention, he didn’t want Jesse to be scolded by his mentor again. After all, wherever he stayed made no difference to him.

“Mr. Chance, I’m really sorry,” Jesse apologized in an awkward tone.

After he arranged for another room next door on Jared’s behalf, Jesse explained who those people were.

Jared learned that the old man was Lionel Cohen, who was the head of the Extreme Fist Gym. The burly young man was Landon Goldin, while the

scrawny one was Fred Goldin. Both of them came from the same village and had become Lionel's disciples at a very young age.

After chatting for a while, Jesse returned to the neighboring room. In a very short while, a loud argument could be heard from it.

Now that Jared had a superhuman sense of hearing, he could clearly hear every word next door.

"Jesse, don't get on Mr. Cohen's nerves. That kid looks like an ordinary person. Why are you so terrified of him? In fact, you seemed traumatized even before fighting. Is this how a member of the Extreme Fist Gym should behave?" Fred scolded.

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Got Lucky

"Fred, Mr. Chance has long been an Internal Energy Grandmaster. I'm totally not his match..." Jesse said softly to avoid being heard by Jared, who was staying next door.

"Grandmaster, my \*ss! Do you really think that it's so easy to achieve that? You've been fooled without you knowing it. That brat tricked you into believing his words because he wanted to be the champion so badly," Fred refuted.

"It's true, Fred. Mr. Chance..."

"That's enough! Get out now. I want to get some rest," Lionel barked before Jesse could finish his sentence.

Smiling, Jared stood by the window and looked out at the hustle and bustle of the busy streets. Many fighters with internal energy are hidden in the midst of this normal-looking crowd. Tayhaven Town is seemingly the only place housing the highest number of internal energy fighters across Jazona and Nuthana.

When night fell, Jesse knocked at Jared's door and invited him for dinner.

The restaurant was fully packed with no extra private lounge to book. They considered themselves blessed for being able to pick a table at a far corner while many were still queuing up for a seat.

Jesse was busy getting cutlery for Jared, Lionel, Landon and Fred. Then, he placed orders for them and even personally served the dishes because the waiters had their hands full during the peak hour.

Jared remained seated the whole time, and his lack of initiative to help greatly displeased Jesse's mentor and his two seniors.

"Sit down, Jesse! You're not a waiter," Fred uttered through gritted teeth.

"It's okay, Fred. I'll be back in a jiffy." Saying so, Jesse took some napkins and placed them in front of Jared. "Mr. Chance, here's yours."

The latter nodded. "Don't worry about it. Have a seat, the food is coming soon."

Jesse sat down beside him. When all the dishes were served, the group started digging in.

There were a lot of martial artists in the restaurant, so it was natural for the atmosphere to be loud and noisy.

"Have you heard? A young man from Jazona, who is in his early twenties, killed the head of the Jantz family in public!"

"Oh, I did! Actually, Zachariah died after two rounds into the fight. He exhausted his internal energy. That's why it was so easy for that fellow to finish him off."

"Whatever it is, I really don't want to meet him at the Martial Arts Gathering this year. Otherwise, there will be one more fierce enemy to fight."

Jared heard all of their chatters, but he pretended like nothing happened.

"Jesse, did you know about this since you're from Summerbank?" asked Lionel.

Jesse knew the incident like the back of his palm. In fact, the person involved was sitting at the same table. Right when he was about to say something,

Jared signaled him not to. Hence, Jesse replied placidly, “I barely heard about it.”

“Hmpfh, Zachariah was so full of himself, but alas, he died in the hands of a youngster! Anyway, I don’t believe that the person could vanquish Zachariah on his own. I’m pretty sure that he took advantage of his condition at that moment and finished off the job,” Fred said contemptuously.

“No matter what, Zachariah was considered a hero in his own right. It’s such a pity that his life ended this way.” Lionel shook his head.

Jared bowed his head and continued eating, ignoring the fact that he had become the talk of the town.

When Fred noticed that Jared was selfishly helping himself with multiple servings, it made his blood boil. Next, he used his fork to block Jared’s when he was about to take more food.

The latter was slightly taken aback by Fred’s action. However, he chose to ignore it and moved his fork to another dish. Little did Jared know that Fred would continue to go against him regardless of which dish he was aiming for.

“What’s up with you, Fred?” Jesse asked. He was shocked to see his senior acting like that.

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#### You Are Unworthy

“Oh, it’s nothing. Jesse mentioned that you’re a Grandmaster, so I was hoping to learn a thing or two from you.”

Fred was sullen.

He really could not stand the pretentious look on Jared’s face.

“Fred, Mr. Chance is...”

“You are unworthy.” Jared put his fork down as he made a passing comment.

Subsequently, he stopped eating, turned around, and made his way upstairs.

“Dude, what are you talking about?” Fred yelled. He was so worked up that he wanted to chase after Jared, but was held back by Jesse.

Shortly after, Jesse hurried back to the room and apologized to Jared, “I’m so sorry, Mr. Chance. Fred is kind of short-tempered. I hope that you won’t take it to heart...”

Suddenly, Fred barged into the room, followed by Lionel.

“Dude, I dare you to repeat what you just said!” Fred bellowed in rage.

“Fred, Fred...” With trepidation, Jesse tried to get a hold of him.

He was fearful that a fight might break out between them.

“Don’t stop me, Jesse! I must teach him a lesson today!”

Fred’s grace burned through his veins, and his fury exploded in him.

“Fred, Mr. Chance is the one who killed Zachariah! You’re definitely not his match.”

Feeling desperate, Jesse spilled the beans with the hope that Fred would stop his ridiculous act.

Just as he wished, silence ensued at his words. Fred calmed down and started scrutinizing Jared in disbelief.

Lionel broke the silence. “There’s no wonder you’re so arrogant. Do you think that you’re now invincible just because you’ve defeated Zachariah? Does that give you the right to disregard everyone else? Don’t let success go to your head. Haven’t you heard that the more you practice martial art, the more you should stay humble and grounded?”

“Even if Zachariah died in his hands, I still want to take a bet and fight him. Let’s see if I’m a rightful opponent.”

Anger rose within Fred upon hearing what his mentor said.

Jesse attempted to appease the situation, but to no avail. Lionel reprimanded him, “Stop holding him back, Jesse, or I’ll cut off ties with you.”

Hearing the stern warning, Jesse sighed and retreated.

“Come on, dude,” Fred prompted Jared.

“I said, you’re not worthy.” Jared threw a laconic reply at him.

Jared had completed Energy Cultivation and entered the Foundation Phase. He viewed any other Internal Energy Grandmaster as mere insects, let alone Fred who had only attained the rank “Master”.

“Darn you!” Fred shouted as he attacked Jared with a powerful punch.

At that very moment, a shrill sound broke through the air, and a gust of strong wind rumbled through the atmosphere.

Jared scoffed and took a small step forward. Then, he swung his arm and effortlessly landed a tight slap across Fred’s face as though he was beating a tiny mosquito.

Smack!

A crisp sound resonated in the room. Fred’s tightly clasped fist was still hanging mid-air while a solid palm print had already been printed on his face. As a consequence, half of his face swelled up and a few teeth were sent flying.

He was shocked to the core and rendered speechless. Lionel, too, was completely stupefied.

“This slap is for teaching you a lesson. Should there be a next time, I’ll not let you go so easily,” Jared said coldly.

“Argh! I’m taking you down with me!” Fred went ballistic. He had never been humiliated in his lifetime.

He swung his fist at Jared ruthlessly, wanting to end his life there and then.

Seeing so, Jesse tried to block the attack, but it was too late. Fred’s fist was only inches away from Jared.

“You talk too much!”

A cold expression crossed Jared’s face as he released another strike.

Crack! A clear popping sound was heard.

Instantly, Fred's shoulder was deformed and broken. Jared forcibly pinned him down on the ground and made him kneel.

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You Can Try

"I have told you that you are unworthy, but you chose not to trust my words..." Jared grumbled casually.

Witnessing the drama firsthand, everyone gaped in astonishment. Landon's jaw dropped so wide that one could fit an egg into it.

At first, everyone thought that Jared was just acting cool, trying to be ahead of himself. Never in a million years would they had expected Jared to be the real deal! His impudence stemmed from his true capabilities.

"Hey, punk! How dare you hurt my disciple? So what if you had taken Zachariah's life? Since Fred is unworthy, then let me take his place and have a head-to-head battle with you."

Lionel turned livid when he heard his beloved disciple shrieking in pain.

Unstirred, Jared shot him a cold stare and repeated his standard line, "You're unworthy too!"

"What? Such insolence and arrogance!"

The murderous intent in Lionel's eyes intensified.

Seeing so, Jesse hurried over to prop Fred up. Then, he pleaded pitifully, "Please, Mr. Chance, don't be furious. For my sake, please..."

"If it wasn't on your account, he would not just be losing an arm," Jared uttered.

“Thank you, Mr. Chance. Thank you...” Jesse expressed his gratitude repeatedly, and he assisted Fred to walk back to Lionel.

“Mr. Cohen, please don’t be angry. Mr. Chance is...” Jesse tried his best to pacify his mentor.

“Get lost!” Lionel roared rudely. He glared at Jared and declared, “You broke one of Fred’s arms. In return, I shall disable both of your limbs!”

“Be my guest.”

Jared looked Lionel in the eyes, causing the latter to shudder in trepidation.

His gaze is indifferent as if we’re all insects to him. There’s not the slightest trace of emotion in his eyes.

“Let’s see!” Lionel agreed.

A domineering aura emanated from him, resulting in a flurry of wind swirling through the room and sweeping every little thing off the ground.

As Lionel was gathering his energy, a gentle zephyr brushed across their faces and subjugated his aura completely.

“Go ahead and strike now. Don’t mess up my room. I want it spick and span.”

Unfazed by Lionel, Jared smirked.

A frightening look flashed across Lionel’s eyes. With the way things were, he had no choice but to go all out and launch his attack.

“Argh!”

With a loud yelp, he threw a punch at Jared without hesitation.

The latter raised his arm and grabbed Lionel’s fist, thwarting his vicious plan.

“How... How can this be?”

Lionel’s eyes widened as he stared Jared down in incredulity.

My hefty punch is packed with force equivalent to a thousand pounds. How is it possible that Jared can withstand it like it’s the easiest thing to do in the

world? Just then, Lionel felt a splitting pain in his fist like it was going to tear apart.

He struggled to escape Jared's grip but found himself frozen to the spot.

Gently, Jared gave him a light push and sent him back-pedaling. Had it not been for Jared and Fred who held him there and then, Lionel would have collapsed to the ground.

"I told you so! You're not my rightful match. Since you're Jesse's mentor, I'm going to spare you this once. Should you provoke me again, I'll make sure you die an ugly death," Jared spoke flatly.

Feeling embarrassed and dejected, Lionel's face was as black as coal. He finally realized that Jared's cold and indifferent gaze was a true reflection of his personal view of others—insignificant.

Looking ghastly, he sighed and admitted defeat, "We're ignorant fools who failed to recognize a Grandmaster. I apologize for offending you, Mr. Chance."

Lionel changed the way he addressed Jared and even kowtowed to him before leaving the room.

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#### Keep Me Company

Jesse followed him out. Lionel seemed to have aged a decade within seconds. Looking frail, he said miserably, "Please give my room to Mr. Chance. I don't deserve it."

Jesse nodded and conveyed the message to Jared, who gladly accepted the offer and moved into the room at the far end of the hallway.

At nightfall, the streets turned lively.

Jared suggested, "Jesse, why don't you accompany me to roam around this place? Let's see if there's anything interesting."

Jesse nodded vigorously. “Sure, Mr. Chance. I’ll bring you to Trader Street. It’s a temporary area built to facilitate the trading of special goods between martial artists.”

Shortly after, they arrived at the vibrant Trader Street that was filled with an excited buzz. There were shops selling herbs, medicines, jades, cauldrons, swords, and a wide array of weapons!

As Jared walked around the area, he was disappointed to see that there was nothing impressive. All the goods were regular items that could be easily found elsewhere. He was looking forward to finding a unique spiritual tool that could help him cultivate an ultimate shielding tool for Josephine.

Jesse noticed his downcast face and explained, “Mr. Chance, all the good stuff are usually taken to Herb Palace as soon as they appear. You can’t find anything extraordinary here. That’s one of the reasons why Herb Palace is organizing this Martial Arts Gathering.”

As Jared listened, it suddenly dawned on him that he still has some revitalizing pills. So, he queried, “What are the procedures to sell something here?”

Jesse shook his head “There’s no specific protocol to follow. You just need to find a space and set up a stall.” He then added, “You have something you want to trade, Mr. Chance?”

“Yup, I want to sell some of my revitalizing pills.”

Saying so, Jared spotted a vacant area and occupied it immediately. Then, he whipped out the pills.

Jesse examined the dark-colored pills in Jared’s hands. Feeling dubious about it, he questioned, “What are these pills called, Mr. Chance?”

“Revitalizing pills,” Jared replied casually.

“Oh, I see.” Jesse had not heard of it before.

A subordinate from Herb Palace past them coincidentally and caught the name of the pills. He took a quick glance at Jared subconsciously and left at lightning speed.

Soon, the butler from Herb Palace, Jeremy, rushed over with his subordinate.

Prior to this, Spencer had instructed Jeremy to look for the revitalizing pills. As the latter was busy organizing the Martial Arts Gathering, he did not get a chance to visit Yeringham and Horington. Now that he heard the news about someone selling the pills at Trader Street, he knew he had to go see it for himself.

Jeremy gave Jared a once-over and asked, “Hey, young man, what are these pills called?”

“Revitalizing pills,” Jared answered honestly.

Without saying a word, Jeremy picked one up carefully, smelled it, crushed it into pieces, and then tasted a pinch of it.

Seeing his abrupt actions, Jared furrowed his brows. “How dare you smash my pill into powder before even indicating your desire to buy?”

Jesse swiftly whispered, “Mr. Chance, this is the butler from Herb Palace. It’s highly likely that he will buy everything that you have to offer.”

Hearing so, Jared finally understood his intention and nodded firmly.

After tasting the pill, a sparkle appeared in his eyes. “How much is one of these pills, young man?”

“Two million,” Jared answered nonchalantly.

“Okay, deal! I want all of them,” Jeremy said decisively. Then, he ordered his man to count the pills. “By the way, young man, can you tell me who cultivated these pills?”

“I did it myself,” Jared said proudly.

“You?” Jeremy stared at him in amazement.

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## It Is Not Your Decision To Make

“Count them fast and transfer me the funds as soon as possible. I want to head back and get some rest.” Jared could not be bothered to convince Jeremy that he made the pills himself.

When Jared was about to leave upon receiving the money, Jeremy called out, “Young man, I wonder if you have some time to make a trip to Herb Palace? The Palace Chief would like to meet you.”

Jared hesitated for a while before nodding his head. “Sure!”

It was also his intention to meet the Palace Chief. If we could share a strong bond, I might be able to take advantage of the excellent resources at Herb Palace.

Jared let Jesse return alone while he followed Jeremy back to the palace.

Meanwhile, Spencer was over the moon to know that his subordinate had found the person who knew how to cultivate the revitalizing pills. It's a piece of awesome news to the palace if we could hire him or discover the ways to cultivate the pills.

However, when Spencer met Jared for the first time, he was rather disappointed. He's only in his twenties? Can someone his age cultivates the revitalizing pills? Shouldn't it be an experienced person who has worked on it for decades?

“Palace Chief, he's here,” Jeremy reported politely.

Spencer nodded as he scrutinized Jared. “You're the one who cultivated the revitalizing pills?”

Doubts laced his tone of voice. He could not help but remain suspicious. After all, it was very normal for scammers to come up with attractive stories in order to gain access to Herb Palace.

“I can leave now if you don't believe me,” Jared uttered placidly and then turned his head to leave.

His response caught Spencer by surprise. Instantly, he stopped him from taking a step further. "Don't mind me thinking out loud, young man. I've never seen such a young alchemy master, that's why. Please, have a seat."

There was no reason for Jared to leave right away. Upon accepting Spencer's apology, he chose to stay.

"Serve us some tea." Spencer gestured at Jeremy.

Smiling, he turned to Jared. "How should I address you, young man?"

"Jared Chance," the lad replied.

As soon as Spencer heard the name, he gaped at Jared in disbelief, and so did Jeremy who overheard it on his way out.

"Are you the one who killed Zachariah?" Spencer wanted to confirm his identity so badly.

"Yes, that's me." Jared was not astonished that they knew who he was.

It would really make his jaw drop if the peo [Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 437](#)

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I Will Handle It

Spencer's entire body stiffened, and his expression turned awkward after following Jared's line of sight to the back of the hall.

"You're a talented man, Jared. It'll be beneficial for you to join Herb Palace," Tristan commented as he came out from the back.

Spencer shot to his feet and stepped away from his seat, offering it to Tristan.

"Mr. Bailey," he greeted respectfully.

Tristan took a seat opposite Jared. With a smile, he said, "Let me introduce myself. I'm Tristan from the Baileys of Jadeborough. You feel like an old friend of mine despite this being the first time I'm meeting you."

Jared smirked, "Would you have sneaked around in the back and hid from me if I were your old friend?"

Jared felt a presence hiding in the back the instant he stepped into the hall. Using his breathing technique, he could sense the latter's internal energy had already reached the Grandmaster level.

Tristan smiled awkwardly after being pointed out by Jared. "Jared, the reason I didn't show myself-"

With a wave of his hand, he stopped Tristan's explanation. "You don't have to explain to me. I'm not interested in your reason. I'm here because Herb Palace has the medicinal herbs I need. I'm not planning to join it, but I can give you the prescription for the revitalizing pill. Know that you can't even make it despite having the prescription. So, in exchange for the revitalizing pill, I want the herbs for it."

Tristan frowned at the finality in Jared's words. He thought the latter would be eager to join Herb Palace after he revealed his identity. Everyone knew the Baileys of Jadeborough. It was a fact that one's future was brighter if one had strong support from the Baileys. However, Jared didn't care for that at all.

"Jared, I know you're in a pinch lately. You might have killed Zachariah, but he had a brother, Derek, in Jadeborough. Even though they weren't close, they were blood-related. Derek will surely avenge his brother's death. I also heard the four elders of Crescent Sect had made their moves and headed toward Jazona. I can help you with all of these if you join Herb Palace. You will be under the Baileys' protection," Tristan said, his gaze pinned on Jared.

"I will handle all of these myself. At most, I'll kill anyone who comes at me."

Jared had spoken it in a low tone, but it sounded arrogant to Tristan.

Tristan sneered, "Have you ever heard of arrogance bringing misfortune?"

"If you think I'm arrogant, there's no longer a need for us to discuss."

Jared rose and turned to leave.

"Jared, wait. I want the prescription for the revitalizing pills. Give me a price."

Noting Jared's insistence on not joining Herb Palace, Tristan could only resort to getting his hands on the prescription.

"I've told you it was pointless to give you the prescription. You won't succeed in making it," Jared stated.

"We have plenty of herbologists in Herb Palace, and there aren't any drugs they can't make. Perhaps, you don't have the prescription?"

Spencer challenged Jared after hearing how he belittled Herb Palace on multiple occasions.

"If you insist on the prescription, I can give it to you, but you need to trade it with half of the herbs from Herb Palace," Jared bartered casually.

Tristan and Spencer were initially baffled by his request, then Spencer's temper spiked at Jared's greed. "Do you know how many herbs there are in Herb Palace? You're greedy for asking half of it!"

The creases on Tristan's forehead deepened. "Your revitalizing pills are indeed efficient, and the base cost for it is low, but requesting for half of the herbs from the entire Herb Palace for it is too much. Aren't you overestimating yourself?"

"What if I add on the prescription for this pill?"

Jared reached for a green pill from his pocket and threw it toward Tristan. Tristan scented a waft of fragrance coming from his hand when he caught the tiny object.

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Annihilation

Spencer's pupils constricted with surprise when he saw the pill in Tristan's hand. "Th-This is-"

“This is the boosting pill. It has a stronger effect than the revitalizing pill. Its main function is to boost the internal energy and power of martial artists. It could also heal any internal injury.”

Tristan’s and Spencer’s jaws dropped at Jared’s description.

Jared had created the boosting pill for Phoenix and Tommy, but he left one for himself.

“Were you the one who created this pill?” Tristan asked.

“If you don’t believe me, there’s no need for any further discussion.”

With a wave of his hand, the green-colored pill flew back into his palm.

“Jared, the Baileys are willing to offer ten billion for your prescription. Also, I promise to assist you in dealing with Derek and Crescent Sect. How about it?” Tristan offered sincerely.

“I told you that I will deal with my own problems. I’ll only agree to exchange the prescription for herbs.” Jared retorted as he shook his head.

Tristan frowned at his rejection. He couldn’t decide for over half of the herbs in Herb Palace. The Baileys had put in their utmost effort to obtain and deliver those valuable herbs to Herb Palace. The herbs’ resources were limited, so he was reluctant to lose over half of the herbs to Jared in a blink of an eye.

Then, Jared spun on his heel to leave, seeing no response from Tristan. He had only taken two steps when a group of men poured in from the entrance and surrounded him.

Jared guessed these men had been lying in wait from the start. They wouldn’t have barged in if he agreed to Tristan’s request.

Jared’s expression turned hard as he looked over his shoulder at Tristan.

“What is the meaning of this?”

“You should be smart and make the right decision. No one has ever rejected Herb Palace. You can only leave once you hand over the prescription,” Spencer answered coldly instead of Tristan.

“So you’re planning to steal it from me in broad daylight?” Jared chuckled.

“It doesn’t matter how you put it. Hand over the prescription, or else...”

“Or else what?” A fierce glint shone brightly in Jared’s eyes as he narrowed them.

Spencer’s entire body shivered, feeling the murderous intent within Jared’s gaze. After sneaking a peek at the silent Tristan, he threatened, “Or else you’ll be gone from this world.”

“With just the lot of you?” Jared laughed. His disdain was distinct in his voice when he said, “I changed my mind. I want all the herbs from Herb Palace delivered to my house. Otherwise, I’ll annihilate the entire Herb Palace because of your threat.”

Jared was looking for an excuse to get his hands on the herbs from Herb Palace. Since Spencer had so kindly offered it by threatening him, he would gladly accept it.

“Haha! Have you lost your mind, brat? Do you think you’re invincible once you’ve defeated Zachariah? You have a huge ego to think you can annihilate Herb Palace... Hahahaha” Spencer laughed at Jared’s big talk. However, Tristan continued to stay silent with a dark look.

Jared snorted. Without replying, he strode toward the exit.

“Stop him!”

A few men rushed toward Jared under Spencer’s order.

Without halting, a powerful wave emanated from Jared toward those men. They were all pushed backward after meeting head-on with forceful energy.

Rage flowed through Spencer at the sight. “I’ll fight you.”

“Stop!” Tristan shouted.

Spencer stopped in his path and watched as Jared left.

“Mr. Bailey...” Spencer cast a puzzled look at Tristan.

“Let him leave for now. We have better things to do. We’ll deal with him after the Martial Arts Gathering.”

Tristan whirled around and returned to the back.

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Who Ask You To Come

At the hotel lobby, Jesse was pacing around nervously.

The minute he spotted Jared, he immediately dashed toward the latter. “Mr. Chance, are you okay? Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. What’s wrong?” Jared asked with a look of confusion.

“That’s great!” Jesse let out a relieved exhale. “The head of Herb Palace is an overbearing person. I was worried that they might hurt you.”

Jared smiled at his concern. “No one can hurt me. Just go to sleep.”

Jared reached for the boosting pill in his pocket and tossed it toward Jesse. “You’ll likely be the champion for the Martial Arts Gathering if you take this!”

Jesse glanced at the pill, not taking it seriously. Instead, he asked with disbelief, “Are you not planning to participate, Mr. Chance? I heard the prize for the champion was a hundred-year-old herb.”

Jared shook his head. “No, I won’t be partaking this time. I have to give you some hope.”

Jared had intended to join at first, but now that he had his eyes on all the herbs from Herb Palace. A hundred-year-old herb meant nothing to him anymore.

Excitement crossed Jesse’s face. “Thank you, Mr. Chance!”

Jesse thought Jared surrendered the champion title to him by doing so.

When Jared was about to go to his room, someone called him from behind suddenly. “Jared!”

Jared frowned as he looked over his shoulder. "What are you girls doing here? Didn't I tell you not to come?"

Josephine and Lizbeth were waving their hands at him while Tommy acted as a bell boy trailing behind them.

"Sorry, Mr. Chance. Ms. Sullivan and Ms. Grange insisted on coming. I couldn't stop them," Tommy said resignedly.

"It's not your fault," Josephine told Tommy, then turned to Jared. "We were bored back in Summerbank. What's wrong with coming here to have some fun for a couple of days? Are you planning to look for girls behind my back?"

Jared was speechless at Josephine's accusation. "I'm worried about your safety. It's dangerous here. Moreover, the hotels here are mostly fully booked. You won't even have a place to stay."

"Don't worry. I have already booked a room at a hotel. Even though the Granges isn't what it used to be, we can manage to book a hotel in a small town like this," Lizbeth said.

Jared had nothing else to say but he agreed with Lizbeth's remark. It wasn't a big deal for the Granges to book a hotel in mere Summerbank. After all, Lizbeth's parents were government officials in this area.

Jared went back to his room to rest after helping the girls settle down. The girls had planned for a walk around town at night, but Jared had persuaded them not to. He didn't want to accompany two girls walking around mindlessly in the middle of the night. There were many martial artists with crude behavior around the area, and he didn't want to invite any problems with them.

It was around midnight when sounds of hurried footsteps roused Jared from his slumber. He rushed over to the window and saw several men chasing after a girl. The girl was running away from them with all her might.

The men didn't make any sound as they chased after the girl, as though they had done it many times. Jared decided to return to bed at that sight. What happened between both parties had nothing to do with him. He wasn't a saint, and he had no intentions of being one.

He was about to climb into bed when he felt faint spiritual energy emanating from the girl. It felt familiar to him, like the one from his mother's jade pendant.

He opened the window and jumped out onto the ground below, then burst into a run, chasing after the group.

Soon the girl was trapped in a dead-end alley. Her hands were tightly holding onto something as she stared at the men chasing after her with a look of fear.

## [Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 440](#)

### A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 440

#### Shameless

Jared hid in a corner as he watched on. Surprise struck him when he saw the girl's face. She was the one in the photo Franco gave to Lizbeth's parents.

Jared also caught a familiar figure among the men chasing after her. It was Tristan.

"Sonia, hand it over to me, and I'll let you and your father go. I can also have Herb Palace treat your father's condition," Tristan offered as he inched closer to her.

"Stop, don't come any closer, or I'll break this jade pendant." Her gaze was pinned on Tristan as she revealed the jade pendant in her hand and held it upward for all to see.

Tristan instantly paused with an anxious look. "Let's talk. I'll promise any request you have."

"Piss off! I won't believe you anymore. You have destroyed my family and even wanted my family heirloom, the jade pendant. I won't let you have it," Sonia screamed with anger burning in her eyes.

"Think about your sick father. Isn't the reason you're here is for Herb Palace to treat him? I can order them to treat him at this instant," Tristan persuaded as he slowly inched forward.

"I wouldn't have come here if I knew Herb Palace was a pawn of the Baileys. I rather die than let it fall into your hands."

The look she gave him was a look of acceptance. She had accepted the fact that she would die at any moment. Thus, there was determination glowing in her eyes.

Despite his annoyance, he kept his temper in check as he continued, "You've misunderstood me. It was the Coopers who destroyed the Yeagers. It wasn't us. For that reason, I had my sister dumped Franco. You should hate the Coopers instead."

"Are all members of the Baileys this shameless?" A few more men entered the alley.

Franco was the one in the lead with a handful of elite fighters with him.

"Franco? What are you doing here?" Tristan was startled by Franco's sudden appearance.

"Do you think only the Baileys has guessed that she'll be here?" Franco taunted.

"You'd better leave now. Have you forgotten who is in charge here? You're on my turf. The Baileys are the owners of Herb Palace. Do you think you have the right to compete with me here?" Tristan threatened.

"Are you threatening me? I'm not scared of you. Do you think the Coopers have nothing here in Jazona?"

A middle-aged man with a square face and thick eyebrows came forward.

Jared noticed the middle-aged man looked similar to Zachariah.

"Derek Jantz?" Tristan questioned when he saw the man.

Jared finally realized the middle-aged man was Zachariah's brother, Derek. No wonder they looked similar.

"Mr. Cooper," Derek greeted.

Franco cast a gleeful look at Tristan. "Derek is now working with the Coopers."

"Haha! Franco, why are you so happy? Do you not know the Jantz family was wiped clean? The Baileys can't care less about a single Derek," Tristan taunted.

“I’m well aware of that. Open your eyes, Tristan. Look around you and compare the abilities between us now. Do you think you can stop me if I want to take the jade pendant from you at this moment?” Franco sneered.

Tristan’s laugh froze on his face. Despite the equal number of men on both sides, Franco’s men’s abilities were slightly stronger than his.

As both parties were in a stalemate, Jared discreetly crept up behind Sonia.

Feeling something approaching her, she wanted to scream for help. However, Jared had covered her mouth with his palm before she could, effectively silencing her. With a spring of his legs, he and Sonia had disappeared over the high walls.

let out a hearty guffaw. “Have you received the herbs from an earlier trade with Herb Palace? I commanded them to handpick the most premium ones for my newfound friend.”

“Palace Chief, is your main agenda of bringing me here just to make friends?” Jared grinned.

Spencer chuckled. “Since you asked, Jared, let me be honest with you. I wish to know the method of making the revitalizing pills. Additionally, I’d like to invite you to join Herb Palace if you don’t mind. Once you’re in, not a single soul in Chanaea would mess with you, let alone the whole of Jazona. Feel free to make any requests, and I’ll be sure to fulfill all of them where possible.”

Jared smiled. The Palace Chief of Herb Palace has the audacity to say such a thing? Doesn’t he know that there’s an abundance of capable and talented individuals within the several billions of people in Chanaea? What is a mere Herb Palace?

Yet, he did not refute Spencer. Looking across at the far end of the hall, Jared said, “I shall present all of my requests to the person who makes the rules here. I’m afraid it’s not your decision to make.”