

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 721

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Twenty Year Old Grudge

“My mother?” repeated Lyanna, stunned. “How did you know my mother?”

“Your mother and I were childhood friends. Your grandfather, her father, was once the Poison King of Mapleton. After sustaining heavy injuries during a battle with the Empyrean Sect, he betrothed your mother to me in addition to naming me his heir to the throne as he knew that he did not have long to live.”

Poison King paused to drain another glass of wine before continuing. “On the eve of our wedding night, your mother ran away with another man from Mapleton. It took me a year to track them down before I learned that your mother was pregnant. Imagine my fury when I found out. After all, she was meant for me! Backing out of our wedding and carrying another man’s child was all the insult I can bear.”

As he spoke, the cold glint in his eyes became more pronounced. It was obvious that the passage of time had done little to assuage his resentment.

Lyanna’s eyes went wide with surprise. “Did you have my parents killed?”

Poison King nodded after recovering from his momentary surprise. “That’s right, I did. When I found out that your mother was pregnant, I ordered for them to be hunted down like dogs in my rage. In the end, after being wounded by my wasps, I found out that she had already given birth to a girl. I brought the child back and raised her as my own. I think you’re smart enough to piece the rest of the story together.”

Lyanna was nonplussed. “If you hated my parents so much, why didn’t you have me killed back then? Why bring me back?”

“You will find out very soon,” replied Poison King with a leer which sent a shiver down Lyanna’s spine.

“By the way,” he added, “how did you find out that your parents died by my hand?”

“When I was in Horington to capture Jared, I met a woman who look exactly like me. She turned out to be my younger sister. My mother had given birth to twins back then. You didn’t know that, did you? You’d only managed to steal away one! They’d put her up for adoption when they were on the run from you. I found out that my sister’s adoptive parents were killed by wasp venom native to Mapleton. So, I put two and two together.”

Lyanna gazed coldly at her godfather with sudden and intense mistrust. The man who raised me turned out to be the one responsible for the death of my parents.

Poison King was stunned. “You have a sister? No wonder your parents didn’t seem too upset about leaving you behind after sustaining heavy injuries! Turns out there was another girl. They must have abandoned you to protect your sister, Lyanna.”

“I believe the choice to leave me behind must have been a difficult one to make,” she said curtly, bristling with rage. “I’ve made my peace with their decision. Your words are not going to hurt me.”

Since he’d shown his hand, I’ll show mine too.

“I do regret not being more thorough in my investigation,” Poison King lamented. “If I had, I would have two of you who looked exactly like your mother.”

There was suddenly something primal in his gaze upon his goddaughter.

Lyanna became deeply uneasy. Turning around with the intention to leave, she slumped over as soon as she got up which necessitated her to brace herself against the table for support.

“What was in that wine?” she gasped with a terrified gaze at him.

“Oh, just something to loosen you up. You asked me why I kept you for twenty years instead of killing you along with your parents, didn’t you? Well, it’s for this very moment. I will have you please me in your mother’s place.”

By that moment, the maniacal glint in Poison King’s eye was no longer fleeting. His lust was becoming insatiable.

“You scum!” Lyanna’s eyes blazed with fury as she attempted to raise her hand to slap him. To her horror, her body failed to obey her.

“Calm down. We have all night,” Poison King crooned as he scooped her up and dumped her on the bed. “Soon, you will be begging to be ravished. After waiting twenty years, I’m not going to let my hard work go to waste by letting Carlos have the pleasure of deflowering you. I’ll have my way with you before delivering you, used and degraded, over to him. Treat me well tonight and you might get to keep your life. If you don’t... I’m sure you’re aware of what the parasites are capable of.”

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 722

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 722

How Is That Possible

As the minutes passed and the strength to retaliate started to fade, Lyanna’s face was flushed and her breathing became pants for air.

Poison King savored the sight of Lyanna writhing with discomfort on his bed as he sipped the bottle of wine at a leisurely pace.

“You look exactly like her,” he repeated. “You have no idea how much that turns me on. You’ll be begging for me to take you any moment now.”

Poison King was in no hurry. He knew that the drug needed time in his victim’s system to reach its full potency. When it does, she will be my very own nympho.

The fever arising from the pit of her stomach was beginning to cloud her judgment. For some reason, Poison King was beginning to look irresistible to her. Lyanna felt a mad impulse driven by a vast, urgent emptiness within her to pounce on him and have him fill her void.

Clinging on to the last shred of her rationality for dear life, Lyanna resisted her urges. Her lips were bloody from being bitten down to overcome the impulse. Shaking uncontrollably, her hands began to claw at her collar to dissipate the suffocative heat around her neck.

“Keep going, girl. Let’s see how much longer you can fight it.” Poison King leered as he took another gulp of wine.

At that same moment not far away, Jared stood up slowly and smiled in satisfaction at the corpses of the poisonous creatures that littered the floor.

Although he had not managed to break through to the next level, it had brought him much closer by allowing him to replenish his elixir field.

“I wonder how Lyanna is doing,” he muttered to himself as he gazed about the room, realizing with a start that he had completely lost track of time.

With a ferocious kick, he removed the metal door from its hinges only to realize via a glimpse at the outside world that night was already upon them.

Circumventing the sentries, Jared arrived stealthily at her bedroom to notify her of his wellbeing.

To his surprise, her bedroom was empty.

It’s the middle of the night. Where else could she be?

With a sudden sense of foreboding, Jared dashed out of Lyanna’s bedroom and headed straight for Poison King’s chambers.

Meanwhile, Lyanna had already removed her top. Poison King’s eyes gleamed with suspense at the sight of her red undergarments.

“Hahaha! Twenty years of work!” he proclaimed, his eyes remaining fixed on Lyanna. “All for this moment.”

Lyanna was drenched in sweat from the sheer exertion of controlling her lust. Succumbing to the effects of the aphrodisiac, she found the last traces of her resolve slipping from her grasp.

In her desperation, she had even considered committing suicide by biting her tongue. Unfortunately, she no longer had the strength to do so.

The drug had saturated her bloodstream. Her pale skin was so flushed with anticipation that even a breeze would send her over the edge.

Just as Lyanna was about to remove the last of her undergarments, the sound of glass shattering preceded Jared’s sudden arrival, to Poison King’s shock.

Were my poisonous creatures unable to even make a dent on him? How is that possible?

Jared ignored Poison King. Instead, he strode over to the bed where Lyanna lay, almost completely naked, and grabbed her hand to initiate the transfer of spiritual energy into her body.

Lyanna lost control the moment she saw Jared. "Give it to me!" she moaned as she threw herself on him and kissed his neck. "Give it to me, please! I can't take it anymore!"

Driven mad with lust, Lyanna clawed at Jared's clothes, ripping them to shreds.

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 723](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 723

Despicable

Although sheepish about the intensity of her unsolicited advances, Jared did not restrain Lyanna. With one hand maintaining the energy transfer, the other stood at the ready in a defensive pose in case Poison King attempted an attack.

Despite the incessant inflow of spiritual energy, it did nothing to stabilize Lyanna's condition. Jared frowned in consternation as the effect of the drug was more potent than he had anticipated.

Poison King was livid. "I'll kill you for this, Jared!"

I'd spent twenty years raising Lyanna. Just when I'm about to reap the fruits of my labor, she's currently moaning for Jared in his arms!

He threw a punch at Jared but did not exert his full force behind it for fear of injuring Lyanna. He was aware of the fact that he did not have what it takes to bear the wrath of the Emyrean Sect should anything happen to her.

Jared had to physically restrain Lyanna from removing his pants and was unable to block Poison King's strike. As a last resort, he took her in his arms and leaped out of the window just before Poison King's fist made contact.

The fact that Lyanna was unclothed was the last thing on his mind at that moment. Jared's main priority was to bring her to a location where the process of energy transfer could continue undisturbed. He was worried that he might not be able to hold off the advances of the ravenous girl in his arms.

Poison King and his men who had heard the commotion gave chase. The flickering flames of their torches illuminated their murderous expressions as they stormed through the night in pursuit of their prisoner.

Jared maintained his lead despite the effort of holding Lyanna's writhing body in his arms. After placing a considerable distance between them and their quarry, Jared produced a pouch of needles and speedily administered a needle each at three specific acupoints.

As the effect of the drug was not counteracted by spiritual energy alone, the only other option was to force the toxins out with the help of acupuncture.

Lyanna ceased her fierce struggling at once. She stared at Jared for several seconds before coughing up blood that was as black as tar.

Immediately, her eyes regained their usual sparkle as the lusty haze in them dissipated. The flush in her cheeks, however, did not.

Upon regaining her own mind, Lyanna stared at her bloodied nails in horror as she made the connection between her own naked body and Jared's torn clothing.

Before she could say a word to Jared, Poison King's men arrived and had the pair quickly surrounded.

Jared removed his tattered shirt at once and wrapped Lyanna up in it.

Poison King noticed the absence of the haze in Lyanna's eyes and was startled to see how quickly the drug had worn off. How did Jared heal her this quickly?

Poison King rumbled sanctimoniously, “As a member of Mapleton, you knew that it was against orders to release Jared and engage in an illicit affair with him. Do you confess to your crimes, Lyanna?”

With so many of my subjects, including the five leaders present as witnesses, I can’t confess to the attempted rape of my goddaughter and that Jared had actually rescued her! That act would be met with condemnation by everybody in Mapleton. I’ll be dethroned and exiled in disgrace. Poison King thought to himself.

Lyanna was speechless with indignation at being falsely accused. At a complete loss for words, she merely glared at him with hatred in her eyes.

Jared was incensed by the lie as well. “How dare you drug and tried to rape her, you old scoundrel? I was the one who rescued her from you! Don’t you dare turn this around on us!”

“Preposterous!” Poison King shouted with convincing defiance. “Everybody in Mapleton knows that she is my goddaughter. I have raised her for twenty years and think of her as my own. How dare you accuse me of doing something as heinous as this? You were the one who sweet-talked her into letting you out and engaging in a forbidden union. The state of your clothes is proof enough! If I did not stumble in on you, who knows what else you might have done?”

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 724](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 724

Steel Beetles

The members of Mapleton glared at Jared resentfully as Lyanna’s beauty was a source of pride for many of them. It was a great offense to them for an outsider to swoop in and claim her in such a dishonorable fashion.

“You can’t talk your way out of this one, Jared! Listen to yourself! Poison King raised Lyanna as his own. How dare you suggest something so disgusting?”

“Exactly. Lyanna is the one to have behaved indecently. She has broken every law we have.”

“Let’s kill them and be done with it!”

Soon, the cries for blood from the members of Mapleton grew to a deafening chant.

Lyanna wrapped Jared’s shirt tighter around her, resigned to the futility of trying to defend herself.

Jared suddenly began addressing the crowd with a satisfied smirk. “Fine. You got me. I took Lyanna’s virginity. And what a pleasure it was! What are you going to do about it?”

His provocation incensed the crowd further, though nobody dared to take the first step as the memory of him slaying a Martial Arts Grandmaster remained vividly in their minds. As angry as the mob was, they were hesitant about stepping forth only to be killed on the spot.

Jared turned his smug smile to Poison King. “Look at all you cowards. Does nobody dare step forth to defend her honor? How about you, old man?”

Poison King glowered at Jared as he grounded his teeth almost flat in anger. “Don’t imagine for a second that you’ve become invincible for having slain Xander! Although I have yet to achieve the rank of Martial Arts Grandmaster, I am still Poison King, and this is still my kingdom. This slight will not go unpunished.”

His anger materialized into a tangible aura around him. By this point, I am forced to act.

As the rage of a Senior Grandmaster burst forth in all directions, the trees in their vicinity creaked and groaned as they were bent from the shockwave.

With zero regard for Poison King’s rage, Jared said impatiently, “Oh, is that so? Why don’t you come at me with something more realistic than empty threats?”

“You will be regretting your words very soon. Don’t push your luck just because you have a tough body. You’re not invincible, as you shall soon learn.”

At those menacing words, Poison King began to emit a dense black gas that spiraled upward and over the top of the trees of the jungle all throughout the

valley. A deafening rustle ensued like the discordant march of billions of insects.

In an instant, innumerable jet black beetles gathered in midair where the black gas was most concentrated in a swarm so dense that it blocked out the moonlight.

Jared was pleased to see the insects. Given his immunity against their venom, he was looking forward to consuming the essence of the beetles to enhance his own elixir field.

The members of Mapleton scurried out of the way at the sight of the swarm. Even the five leaders had their jaws hanging open in shock.

To Jared's surprise, the insects did not attack him as he had expected them to. Instead, they swarmed all over Poison King with the frenzy of starving piranhas.

"Be careful, Jared!" Lyanna cried out behind him. "Those are steel beetles!"

Before long, Poison King's body was completely covered. The beetles' exoskeletons twinkled in the moonlight at every shift in gesture. With meticulous precision, the beetles rearranged themselves rapidly to adapt to their master's posture like an organic, interactive suit of armor.

Comprehension dawned on Jared's face as he understood that the arrival of the beetles served a more defensive purpose rather than an offensive one.

"Hmph! It doesn't look very practical," he remarked disdainfully before lunging forward and throwing a solid punch directly onto Poison King's chest.

Thud!

Although the blow which reverberated like a gong was a testament to the raw power behind it, Poison King did not even lose his footing. The spot on his chest where Jared had struck revealed an empty patch as several dozen beetles fell to the ground, dead from having absorbed the impact of the strike. Almost immediately, more beetles scuttled upward to patch up the armor.

"Hah!" Poison King roared with maniacal glee. "I've spent my life perfecting this suit of armor, Jared. You won't find a chink of weakness anywhere no matter which angle you strike from!"

Jared smirked at his adversary's confidence. "No weaknesses, huh? We'll see about that!"

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 725

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 725

Let Go Of Her

As soon as Jared spoke, he let loose a terrifying aura that unnerved the members of Mapleton in the vicinity and forced them to scurry further backward.

"Jared seems to have gained a substantial increase in power," remarked Weston in awe and terror.

We'd fought Jared back in Jadeborough once before. I don't recall him being this powerful!

Poison King doubled the intensity of his own aura before letting it loose at Jared's. The shockwave caused by the collision of both auras uprooted trees in a radius around them like a violent hurricane.

"The beetle's exoskeletons have been enhanced to be tougher than steel, Jared," Lyanna cried out. "And their wings are literally razor blades. Be careful!"

Jared soon found out that the beetles did not only form armor. When they flapped their wings, they turned Poison King into some sort of a grotesque and deadly porcupine. Covered in a hide of razor blades from every conceivable direction, any adversary who got too close would find themselves shredded to pieces.

"I'll deal with you after killing Jared, traitor!" Poison King glared at Lyanna before swinging a fist at Jared's face.

The momentum of his arm which was already formidable on its own was enhanced to superhuman proportions by the frantic flapping of millions of beetles as they worked together to propel a meteoric fist toward Jared's cheek.

Almost blinded by the metallic wings glinting malevolently under the moonlight, Jared threw a punch wildly to parry Poison King's incoming one. Although the gust of supersonic wind caused by the velocity of his fist reduced many beetles to dust, a portion of them managed to pass through his defenses and cut his skin.

As he had given his shirt to Lyanna, Jared's sunburnt, copper skin was defenseless against the sharp wings of the beetles. The brief contact with the beetles had left his body covered in tiny cuts. Although microscopic, every inch of his exposed skin was similarly ravaged.

Poison King was elated at the sight of Jared's blood. "Hah! It seems that I've overestimated the toughness of your body."

Keen to press his advantage, Poison King leaped up with his arms raised to deliver another attack. The formidable gust of wind conjured by his momentum sank the [search battlefield](#) by several inches. The members of Mapleton scurried further back still.

As if swept up by the gust, the beetles on Poison King's body suddenly left him as they made a beeline for Jared.

Boom!

Lost underneath the cacophony of murderous buzzing, the spot where Jared stood seconds ago caved as it collapsed under the collective weight of the metallic swarm.

Dust and debris permeated the air as a thunderous sound reverberated through the night sky with a sense of awful finality.

"Jared!" Lyanna screamed.

Poison King smiled triumphantly. Even if Jared hasn't been flattened by my strike, he would most definitely be squished from the combined weight of my beetles.

"Drag this traitor back. I will be teaching her a lesson she will never forget." Poison King glared at Lyanna before issuing the command.

The five leaders nodded and started toward Lyanna.

“I’m going to avenge my parents one way or another,” she threatened him. “Even if you kill me tonight, I will haunt you for as long as you live.”

Without warning, Lyanna lunged toward a rocky ledge with the intention of smashing her head against it. I would rather kill myself than allow Poison King to contaminate me.

Watching this, Weston grabbed hold of her in midair and foiled her plan.

Lyanna struggled fiercely to no avail. “Let go of me! I’d rather die than go back there!”

Just when the five leaders were prepared to present her to Poison King, a cold voice rang out.

“Let go of her, and I might spare your lives.”

As the members of Mapleton exchanged nervous glances, a silhouette emerged from the crater.

The five leaders gaped in shock. “How are you still alive?”

“Jared!” cried Lyanna with tears of joy streaming down her face, giddy with relief.

A faint yellowish glow emitted from Jared’s body. Beneath his feet, the beetles spilled clumsily out of the crater by the millions. Not a single one of them was still in possession of its wings.

“You have so much potential to become cadaver king,” lamented Poison King after a moment of silence. “What a waste.”

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 726](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 726

Burn Them All

Jared sneered as he licked his lips. “Your poisonous creatures reserved for cadaver king training have been consumed by me. By the way, I wouldn’t mind being locked up again if you have more delicious creatures to spare.”

Poison King took a deep breath to suppress the ball of rage rising in his chest. All of the work in cultivating my deadly creatures is now in his belly and making him more difficult to kill!

“Only one of us will be walking out of here alive, Jared.”

Poison King threw out an arm forcefully as he spoke. Obeying their master’s summon, the wingless beetles attached themselves all over his body into the familiar formation of the beetle armor.

“I shall oblige you, then!” Jared shouted in response as he leaped to his feet and appeared before Poison King in the blink of an eye.

Crash! Thud! Pow!

Jared’s powerful fists landed in a flurry on a bed of steel beetles. With every ferocious strike, a handful of beetles fell to the ground, only for more to scuttled up within the next second to replace their fallen counterparts. No matter how many beetles I kill, more will just keep coming. It feels impossible to kill them all!

Poison King’s eyes flashed with savage pleasure. “You can’t touch me!” he gloated. “It’s my turn now. Let’s see if your body is truly cadaver king material!”

With that, Poison King landed a heavy punch on Jared’s chest. Although the force behind it was immense, it did nothing more than give him a bruise.

As the exchange of blows persisted with no definitive outcome in sight, it soon became clear that both combatants were of equal skill and strength.

Despite the fact that Poison King’s abilities were not on the level of a Martial Arts Grandmaster, he had been teetering on the edge of achieving Top Level Senior Grandmaster for many years. His own formidable power aside, the beetle armor granted him enough leverage to engage in single combat against Jared and hold his ground.

Thump!

The prolonged exchange culminated in the collision of both fists which sent Jared and Poison King stumbling backward several paces each, placing some distance between them.

After delivering several dozen ineffective strikes apiece, both combatants paused to catch a breath as they eyed the other with wariness across the small expanse of space they had created.

“Jared, my beetles are limitless,” Poison King boasted. “Let’s see how many more strikes your body can withstand.”

Jared frowned. I hate to admit it but he’s right. If this goes on, I may exhaust my own spiritual energy before succeeding in exhausting his supply of beetles.

“Jared!” cried Lyanna suddenly. “The beetles are afraid of fire!”

Jared’s eyes glimmered with hope at once. It’s so simple yet potent! How have I not thought of this before?

Poison King appeared frightened for a moment before regaining his swagger. “Other ordinary beetles, maybe. But this particular genus has been specifically trained to withstand its own biggest weakness. Watch.”

To Lyanna’s horror, Poison King grabbed a torch from one of his men and waved it above an armored arm. Despite the flame being close enough even for humans to feel uncomfortably hot, the beetles did not even twitch.

“We’ll see about that,” Jared promised as a ball of blue flame leaped into existence in his palm.

The spiritual fire he had summoned at the expense of his spiritual energy was incomparable to ordinary fire.

Poison King’s sneer turned into a grimace of fear at the sight of the light blue flames dancing on Jared’s open palm.

With a sudden, swiping motion, Jared flung his arms and turned the flame in his hand into a meteor headed straight for Poison King. Even his men standing at the edges of the battlefield dove into the vegetation for cover from the immense heat.

Poison King jumped out of the way as well, but not before catching a lick of the scorching flame on his arm, resulting in a sickening sizzle. Upon contact with his armor, the flames soared ten feet high. Combustion of the beetles fed the flame steadily for a long while before it subsided.

Amidst a nauseating smell of burning flesh and exoskeletons, the beetles poured off of Poison King's body in an almost silent rustle. Even those that had managed to scuttle away from the roaring bonfire fueled by the main body of beetles did not get very far before bursting into flames.

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 727

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 727

Shattered

The smoldering remains of dead beetles, along with the writhing and twitching of soon-to-be-dead ones that littered the ground proved a gruesome sight.

Poison King was livid at how his entire horde of carefully cultivated beetles had been burnt to a crisp. Aside from his venomous wasps, his beetles were his next best weapons.

"Mmm," Jared grunted appreciatively as he inhaled deeply through his nose. "What a waste that they had to burn away. I could have used the extra nourishment for my elixir field. Well, there goes your beetles. What else do you have to use against me?"

With a cold chuckle, he appeared before Poison King in the blink of an eye. Before the latter could react, Jared had struck his chest with a ferocious punch.

Without the protection of his armor, Poison King's body flew backward with such force and velocity that it was only after he had landed on the ground thirty feet away that the collective crunch of all of his ribs shattering was heard.

Struggling to stand up, Poison King let loose a roar of frustration.

Jared suggested, "If you kill yourself right now, perhaps I can spare you some dignity."

"Kill myself?" repeated Poison King as he spat in contempt. "You underestimate me."

Suddenly, poisonous black gas emitted out of him. He did not attack Jared with the gas but continued to rise above the trees, as weightless as the gas he conjured. Once he had ascended high enough, every poisonous creature in Mapleton flocked toward him like a monstrous beacon of destruction.

Jared was pleased with the prospect of refilling his spiritual energy after having expended it in his fight.

However, the creatures did not attack Jared. Instead, they began to tear at Poison King's skin without the slightest hint of objection from him.

"Is he poisoning himself? What's he doing?" Jared muttered, nonplussed.

Soon, Poison King's skin hung loosely down his bones in tatters. He appeared to be bleeding profusely all over, except that the blood was as black as tar.

"I'm taking you down with me, Jared!" Poison King bellowed, the hole in his cheek making his muffled threat all the more menacing.

Despite already becoming impossibly dense, the gas continued to accumulate before finally solidifying in midair.

"This is Poison King's secret technique, Necromastery!" screamed Lyanna in terror. "Be careful, Jared!"

The other members of Mapleton, too, fell to their knees as they quaked in fearful reverence. Not a single one dared to look up.

The gas condensed into a tangible figure of a giant as tall as a mountain. Throughout its formation, it glared down at Jared from its great height.

When the last remnants of black gas flowed out from Poison King's body, he toppled over with a final shudder and seemed to deflate before their very eyes. In less than a second, his ravaged corpse shriveled up as if it had been exposed to desert gales for centuries.

"Go to hell, Jared!" the shadowy figure boomed in Poison King's voice.

"Retreat!" yelled Weston in fear as he leaped to his feet.

The other members of Mapleton hurried in his wake. Nobody dared remain.

"Run, Jared! Run for it!" Lyanna screamed before turning around herself.

Hmm... Seems like this Necromastery has really got the Mapleton folks scared witless.

Jared craned his neck to address his monstrous adversary. "Your body is already gone," he taunted. "Why should I be afraid of you?"

Boom!

Without warning, the figure swooped toward the ground. Suffocating under its immense weight, the fact that it was comprised of gas suddenly made no sense to Jared as it seemed to have solidified into something denser than rocks.

Jared was driven into the earth up to his knees from bearing the brunt of the impact. Even then, the crushing weight did not abate.

"Jared!" Lyanna screamed, yearning with all her heart to rescue him but was rooted to the spot by her paralyzing fear of the immense shadow.

"Stay where you are!" Jared called back. "A mere shadow can't hurt me!"

As soon as he spoke, his body glowed yellow like he was engulfed by the sun. The pitch black of the mountainous forests became momentarily brighter than day.

The intense beam vaporized the shadow upon contact.

As the blinding glow subsided gradually, only the mummified remains of Poison King were left behind. Not a trace of the apparition remained.

The members of Mapleton, who had been cowering behind the trees surrounding the clearing, wore similar expressions of awe and terror. That was Poison King's ultimate skill brought to life by extinguishing his own. But it still did not stand a chance against Jared!

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 728](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 728

The Dilemma

After glancing at the dehydrated remains of his former adversary, Jared studied his surroundings and found the members of Mapleton staring back at him in fear, much to his amusement.

The five leaders regarded Jared as if he was the devil himself.

“Is anybody going to step out to avenge your fallen king?” Jared demanded.

The members of Mapleton, numbering in the hundreds, did not dare utter a single word. Even the five leaders did not know what to say.

Lyanna stepped forward. “Let them go, Jared.”

No matter what had transpired, I have called Mapleton my home for twenty years. I have loved ones here who love me back.

It did not matter to her whether or not some of them in the crowd had participated in her parents’ persecution now that the man who gave the order was dead. Lyanna wanted nothing more than to put the matter behind her.

“That depends on them.” Jared narrowed his eyes as he watched the crowd closely for the first signs of rebellion as it was in his nature to be harsh with his enemies.

“Poison King is dead,” Weston declared as he drew himself to full height. “This was a grudge between Mr. Chance and Poison King. Nobody in Mapleton is going to inherit the grudge. Consider it resolved.”

He was aware that nobody else was going to say a word if he did not take the initiative. In a manner of speaking, Weston was, at that moment, the highest-ranking member of Mapleton before the appointment of the next Poison King was finalized.

“We won’t be seeking trouble with you, Mr. Chance,” the other members of Mapleton chimed in, each one more courteous than the last.

Jared was pleased.

I like that. This is a society that recognizes strong leaders.

“Let’s get out of here, Jared,” Lyanna pleaded as she tugged at his arm. “I never want to see Mapleton again. All I want to do now is to look for my sister.”

Before he could answer, Weston fell to his knees before her with a dull thud.

“Ms. Lyanna, you can’t go!” he sobbed. “If you do, we’re all done for!”

“Carlos from the Emyrean Sect is coming to marry you in three days, Ms. Lyanna,” he continued with a sniffle. “If you leave, they will have cause to attack us. With Poison King gone, it is going to be genocide when they come. Please stay for our sake!”

“Please stay, Ms. Lyanna!” The other members of Mapleton followed his lead as they fell to their knees.

Before he died, Poison had been a formidable enough adversary to the Emyrean Sect to hold them at bay. With their biggest obstacle to conquest removed, the Emyrean Sect would waste no time in taking advantage of the power void in Mapleton.

If Lyanna was not ready to be wed in three days when the Emyrean Sect came for her as promised, it would definitely anger them enough to raze the entire town.

Lyanna bit her lip in pity for the men on their knees.

As much as I care about them, I can’t be throwing away my virginity to Carlos!

However, Lyanna’s heart softened once more at the recollection of two decades worth of memories shared with many of them.

“Let’s leave in a couple of days,” Jared suggested. “I’d like to meet the members of the Emyrean Sect.”

Lyanna gazed up at him with gratitude, certain that he had agreed to remain behind for her sake.

Evidently, the members of Mapleton felt the same way. “Thank you, Mr. Chance! Thank you for your mercy!”

Unbeknownst to them, Jared had his own motives. He was planning on ascertaining the existence of a spirit spring behind the walls of the Emyrean Sect.

As planned, Jared and Lyanna remained behind in Mapleton. Over the duration of their stay, the residents of Mapleton revered Jared like a deity. They made sure he dined and wined well and made him feel most welcome.

Lyanna's impression of Jared had improved as well. Often, she would pour her heart out to him and parade herself before him in deliberately skimpy clothing to stoke his desire.

Well, he has seen everything anyway. Might as well make it easier for him!

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 729](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 729

Dragon Island

Meanwhile, on a deserted island off the southern coast, four girls were playing in the ocean. The golden rays of dusk shining through the playful splatter of water made the girls' joy look as innocent and beautiful as angels.

"Josephine, there are a lot of shells here. We're going to feast tonight!"

"Slow down, Renee! Let me pick some too!"

"I'm coming!"

With that, all four girls swarmed toward the newly-discovered site. The girls were Josephine, Lizbeth, Melanie, and Renee.

Rayleigh had brought Josephine and the others over to Nameless Island after Jared and Lyanna had departed for Mapleton.

Back then, the island was only inhabited by Draco and Renee. Josephine and Lizbeth had arrived feeling terrified of the island during their first visit.

Renee's presence helped Josephine acclimatize herself. After all, she had been part of the entourage when they had sent Renee to be treated at the monastery.

Josephine would tag along with Jared whenever they used the Starry Compass to absorb the chill from Renee's body. As a result, the girls soon became fast friends.

It did not take long after that for all four girls to become close. Their playful shouts brought life back to the deserted island.

Not far away, Draco and Rayleigh sat atop a giant boulder. The older man chewed on the tip of his cigarette as he gazed wistfully at another island in the distance.

That island in the distance was Dragon Island. It was rumored to be the prison of two immense dragons, one of fire and one of ice. The imprisonment of Flame Dragon and Ice Dragon, as they were aptly named, contributed to the island's dual climate. An active volcano, situated on the western shore, rumbled threateningly and caused lava to push against the crevices of its igneous surface all year round. On the eastern shore, however, the temperature plummeted. A glacier the size of the volcano faced its blazing counterpart with frigid defiance every day of the year.

At the center of the island shrouded in mist lay a border which was known as the Valley of Death. Anybody who attempted to cross from the eastern half to the western half, or vice versa, would instantly perish.

First-time visitors to the island would soon find that they could only operate on one side at a time. In fact, the only day of the year they were permitted ashore was the fifteenth of July. On this day, the two extremes of the island's climate would balance out sufficiently to allow for human activity. The tale was that it was the only day in the year when the dragons put aside their differences to coexist in harmony.

Many had visited the island with the intention of catching a glimpse of the legendary creatures but none had ever succeeded. Aside from the occasional appearance of a wild beast, the island was heavily guarded by the Deragons. It was rumored that they were the slaves of the two ancient dragons.

As fanciful and romantic as they sounded, the tales remained only distant, unfounded rumors. After having it told and retold so often, with so many different variations through the ages, the original tale had been largely forgotten. On the auspicious day, many would sneak ashore to procure valuable resources. As the island was largely unexplored by other humans, it

was abundant with snow lotuses and ginseng that have been growing unhindered for millennia amongst other rare beasts native to only that island.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Draco,” Rayleigh said reassuringly. “Now that Mr. Jared is entering the Transcendence Phase, which was wildly out of our expectations, it shouldn’t be a problem.”

Draco said nothing. He took his time to exhale a lungful of cigarette smoke with deliberation before answering, “I am still unsure if I did the right thing by releasing the news that Jared was still alive ahead of time. The Deragons upon Dragon Island would no doubt send more men.”

“Mr. Draco, you mustn’t blame yourself for doing what you think is best for Ms. Beatrice,” Rayleigh said gently. “Aside from Renee’s frosty constituent, Mr. Chance’s girlfriend possesses a fiery constituent. I’m certain that it was fate that has brought them together. I have faith that he will be fine on the fifteenth of July.”

“Fate indeed,” agreed Draco. “I’m just worried if Jared would choose to sacrifice them for his own gain when the time comes.”

The crease on Draco’s brow deepened with worry. Having been cellmates with Jared for three years, Draco sometimes knew the younger man better than he knew himself.

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 730](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 730

Marriage

Rayleigh grew silent. He might not interact with Jared often, but he knew Jared’s temperament. If there was a real danger, Jared would not let his girlfriend sacrifice her life to save him.

“One step at a time. Mr. Jared started too late, and so he’ll only have the ability to fight against the Deragons if he obtained the draconic essence of Ice Dragon and Flame Dragon...” he said in a heavy tone.

Draco slowly shifted his gaze to the girls poking fun at each other and sighed resignedly.

It was a celebratory day in Mapleton. Carlos of the Emyrean Sect was going to marry Lyanna. Many of the Emyrean Sect members had arrived at the location early.

Concurrently, Lyanna was putting up her makeup in her room while staring at Jared somewhat irritatingly.

“What is the meaning of this, Jared? Are you really planning to marry me to Carlos?” Even though it was her wedding day, she didn’t look happy at all.

Lyanna had told Jared the truth after interacting with him for a couple of days. She knew Jared had a girlfriend, but she didn’t care.

“I told you already that it’s just a formality. I’m not really going to let Carlos do anything to you after you enter Emyrean Sect...” Jared explained.

“You must remember that I’m helping you right now. If you fail to prevent Carlos from getting his hand on me, I’ll kill myself turn into a ghost; then, haunt you forever,” she said with an unwilling expression.

“Relax. If my guess is correct, Carlos probably couldn’t get it up to spend a night with you. There’s another reason why he’s marrying you...”

When Jared first saw Carlos, he noticed there was something wrong with his aura. Despite the fact that Carlos was a Senior Grandmaster, his aura was filled with more negative energy than positive energy that men usually had. He suspected Carlos had lost his manhood due to practicing dark magic.

The reason Carlos wanted to marry Lyanna was that he wanted to use dark magic to suck her aptitude to bewitch to help enhance his cultivation.

He had definitely done that many times before, which was why he was so powerful but his aura was so negative.

Lyanna was still a little worried and wanted to say something when Weston entered the room.

“Ms. Lyanna, Carlos from the Emyrean Sect has arrived,” Weston informed.

“I’ll head out right now.” Lyanna nodded and glanced at Jared again.

Then, she was escorted out of the room by Weston.

There were also ten members of Mapleton following behind them.

Jared disguised himself as one of the members.

When they arrived at the entrance, Carlos was seen waiting on a horse in a red shirt.

The edge of his lips curved upward when he saw Lyanna in red clothing.

However, when he looked around and realized Poison King wasn't around, his eyebrows furrowed. "Where's Poison King?"

"Poison King is staying inside, Mr. Xuereb. You know how hard it was for him to raise Ms. Lyanna for twenty years. Now that she's getting married, he isn't willing to let go and is crying in his room," Weston explained.

"Who will think Poison King is such an emotional man." Carlos smiled.

"Since our homes are quite close to each other, I'll bring Lyanna back often to visit him."

When he finished, he waved his hand. A group of Empyrean Sect members placed a carriage in front of Lyanna for her to get in.

Soon, the entourage set off in the direction of the Empyrean Sect. Weston and ten Mapleton members followed behind.