

## Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 751

### A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 751

#### Divine Cauldron

“Mr. Chance, Shawn, the head of the Robinson family, would like to speak to you. Would you be free for that?” Just then, Spencer approached Jared and asked softly.

“Where is he?”

Jared was also curious to find out what the Robinsons had prepared for him.

“Mr. Chance, please follow me...” Spencer said while leading Jared toward the back.

After passing through a corridor, the two men arrived at a private room. Spencer pushed open the door, and Jared saw an elderly man around the same age as Spencer sitting inside the room.

“Mr. Schmidt...” When the elderly man saw Spencer, he immediately stood up and greeted him.

“Mr. Robinson, this is Mr. Chance...” Spencer said, pointing to Jared, who was standing behind him.

Shawn walked toward Jared eagerly at once and said enthusiastically, “Mr. Chance, I’ve heard of your name for a long time, but I haven’t gotten a chance to meet you. It’s really a great honor...”

Shawn spoke to Jared in a respectful manner. After all, given Jared’s reputation, Shawn had to hold the man in high esteem.

“Mr. Robinson, you flatter me...” Jared replied with a faint smile.

It was obvious to him that Shawn had a favor to ask of him.

After all of them were seated inside the room, Shawn poured Jared a cup of tea.

“Mr. Robinson, since you’ve specially requested to meet Mr. Chance, is there anything you would like to discuss?”

Spencer kick-started the conversation.

“That’s right. I have a treasure that has been lying idly at the Robinson residence, and it is such a waste. As such, I would like to give it to you, Mr. Chance...”

After saying that, Shawn opened a bag that was beside him and took out a package from the bag.

As the man unwrapped the package that was wrapped in multiple layers, an exquisite bronze cauldron was revealed.

Even though it was a palm-sized cauldron that was already rusty, the carvings on the cauldron were still clearly visible.

“Mr. Chance, this bronze cauldron is an antique that our ancestors had obtained. It is rumored to have existed for a few thousand years. We have kept it at home all this while, but now, I’m going to give it to you. I hope that it would be of some use to you, Mr. Chance...”

Shawn placed the bronze cauldron in front of Jared.

It was known that the earlier generations of the Robinsons were tomb raiders. Although Jared was aware that that was how the treasure was obtained, he did not expose Shawn there and then.

Jared was not well-versed in artifacts, but he was slightly disappointed at the small size of the cauldron. What could it be used for?

Jared tried to feel for the presence of spiritual energy in the cauldron, but there was none. If that were the case, he would have no use for the item at all.

However, the man decided to cast his Exploration Power on the cauldron while holding the object in his hand. Very quickly, he felt a very familiar sensation.

Jared contemplated for a moment, and with a slight crease between his brows, he activated all of his spiritual energy. As the energy waves that were formed traveled toward the cauldron, a buzzing sound rang out.

Buzz... Buzz... Buzz...

The next moment, the rust that had covered the cauldron started falling off as the object grew bigger into the size of a plate. Immediately after, a ray of green light flashed past, and a brand new cauldron suddenly appeared in front of Jared and the other two men.

Shawn and Spencer gaped in shock when they saw that. Both of them were completely unaware that the cauldron could grow in size. That was absolutely magical to them.

Jared was also momentarily stunned at the transformation of the cauldron. When he snapped out of his shock, his excitement grew, knowing that there had to be something special about the vessel.

He could see green inscriptions engraved all over the cauldron, making it seem extremely valuable.

Judging by how delicately crafted the cauldron was, Jared was sure that it was definitely not an imitation as it was impossible to create such a fine artifact using current technologies.

After studying the cauldron close-up, the man suddenly noticed the word "Divine" carved on the inside of the vessel.

Could this be the Divine Cauldron?

Jared gasped in disbelief.

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#### Request

The Divine Cauldron was one of the ten ancient divine tools!

Jared had heard about the divine tools from Draco previously, and he was surprised to have encountered one himself that day.

The Divine Cauldron was an item that every healer desired to possess. The man did not expect that he would come across such a treasure during his first trip to Nuthana.

Jared had an astonished expression on his face as his eyes lit up with excitement. Then, he picked up the Divine Cauldron to examine its inscriptions.

From the form and casting method of the vessel, there was no doubt that the cauldron was genuine.

It was the Divine Cauldron indeed!

Jared was feeling so overwhelmed that his hands were trembling.

It was an unexpected pleasant surprise for him indeed! With the Divine Cauldron, he would be able to craft more advanced pills. He might even be able to produce the detoxification pill!

If he succeeded at doing that, Jared would definitely share the pills with Tommy and Phoenix.

It would be wonderful if both Tommy and Phoenix could also enter the heavenly realm with the potential detoxification effect that the pills had on their bodies.

As much as Jared needed powerful abilities, he needed help as well.

If his companions were also masters of spiritual energy cultivation, he would no longer have anything to fear.

Shawn and Spencer exchanged glances after seeing how thrilled Jared was. Meanwhile, Shawn could feel his heart bleeding.

The cauldron had been lying idly at the Robinson residence for decades, and the family had assumed that it was just an ordinary burial object. Although they knew that it was valuable, to the Robinsons, the artifact was nothing compared to the many other bigger cauldrons in their possession.

Shawn had chosen the smallest cauldron to present to Jared, thinking that it was the most worthless of the lot. He had never expected that the vessel

could increase in size. Besides, just by looking at Jared's expression, Shawn was certain that the item was a treasure.

However, since he had already offered it to Jared, he could no longer have it back.

"Mr. Robinson, I am indeed very fond of this cauldron. I shall accept your gift then. If there is anything you need my help with, please feel free to ask."

Jared swept his hand lightly across the cauldron, and instantly, the object shrunk back into its original size.

After hearing what Jared said, Shawn was delighted, and the frustration that he felt earlier dissipated instantly. With his eyes gleaming with excitement, he said, "Mr. Chance, since you've mentioned it, there is indeed something that I need help with..."

"What is it? If it's something I can be of assistance, I will gladly do it," Jared replied, hugging the Divine Cauldron in his arms.

As the man was thrilled that he had obtained such a rare treasure, he agreed without hesitation.

After sweeping a glance at Spencer, Shawn said to Jared, "Mr. Chance, I have heard that, apart from being skilled at martial arts, your medical skills are also unparalleled. Truth be told, my wife is seriously ill. I hope that you can help to treat her."

"Treat her?" Jared was rather surprised at that request. He did not expect that Shawn would give him such a generous gift just for him to treat his wife. Besides, judging by how close Spencer and Shawn seemed to be, Jared wondered what sort of illness Shawn's wife had that even the head of the Herb Palace was unable to cure.

"Mr. Robinson, is Mr. Schmidt unable to treat your wife?" Jared asked doubtfully.

Spencer's face flushed red at that question, and he replied, "Mr. Chance, I'm embarrassed to admit that I've tried treating her multiple times but to no avail..."

“If it’s something even Mr. Schmidt is unable to cure, I guess it has to be a very rare disease. I’ll make a trip to your home tomorrow to take a look...” Jared agreed, nodding his head.

As it was already late at night, Jared felt that it was inappropriate to see a female patient at that time.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Chance. Thank you...”

Shawn thanked Jared profusely after the man agreed to treat his wife.

“Mr. Robinson, you can stop worrying now. With Mr. Chance’s medical skills, there is no illness that he can’t treat. Besides, Mr. Chance is also an expert at crafting pills. His pills help in strengthening one’s body constitution as well as enabling immunity to poisons.”

Spencer started complimenting Jared while Shawn nodded continuously in agreement.

Jared glanced at Spencer helplessly. With such flattery, it would not be a surprise if Shawn ended up requesting two of those pills as well.

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Turcoln

The next morning, Shawn came personally to fetch Jared. Spencer wanted to go along with them to witness how Jared treated his patients so that he could learn something from it.

The Robinsons stayed in the western suburbs of Lightspring. Their opulent home spanned over ten hectares of land. One look and anyone could tell that the Robinsons were a well-off family.

Shawn was leading the way and said, “Mr. Chance, it’s just ahead. We’ve only moved here recently. The old place is getting too small.”

“Mr. Robinson, you’re too humble. Your old place has thousands of square meters of land. How can you call it small? You must be very wealthy for you to say that,” teased Spencer.

“Hahaha! I’m sure for martial experts like you and Mr. Chance, money is a common thing,” said Shawn with a laugh.

The moment Jared stepped into the Robinson residence, he could sense that something was not right. It felt as if the entire house had been shrouded by something. No matter how little spiritual energy there was in the current society, it would not be completely nonexistent.

However, the instant Jared stepped in, the initial spiritual energy that he felt had vanished completely. It was as if he had gone into a vacuum.

Lyanna felt the same way too. For someone with the aptitude to bewitch, she was equally sensitive to the aura in her surroundings. The moment she walked in, she frowned too.

Jared asked her, “Do you feel that something is wrong?”

She nodded. “The moment I come into the courtyard, I feel suffocated. My energy seems to have been blocked off by something, and I’m not able to release my energy from my elixir field.”

Jared smiled and said nothing. He knew that someone had performed the arcane array on the Robinsons, although he did not know the reason. He would need to take a look at the patient first.

If the patient’s condition had nothing to do with the arcane array, Jared would not mention anything about it. It would be best for him to avoid unnecessary trouble.

“Mr. Chance, let me make you a cup of tea. Take a seat first!”

Once they went into the room, Shawn invited Jared to take a seat while he prepared the refreshments.

A housekeeper quickly said to Shawn, “Old Mr. Robinson, please let me do it!”

It was a job for the servants after all.

Shawn waved his hand and said, "There's no need. Go upstairs and bring Mrs. Robinson down. Tell her that we have guests."

The housekeeper nodded and left.

Once Shawn finished brewing the tea, he sat down on the couch and said, "Mr. Chance, give it a try! Mr. Schmidt, you too. This new tea is quite rare."

Shawn invited Spencer to have the tea as well.

Jared smiled. In truth, he did not know how to appreciate tea. To him, all tea tasted the same.

They began to chat while having the tea.

"Mr. Robinson, did you get a Master to take a look around when you were constructing this mansion?" Jared could not help but ask.

"Yes, I did. The location, construction, and even the layout were advised by the Master. I spent over five million. I heard this Master is from Turcoln, and he is very famous!" Shawn told Jared honestly.

"Turcoln?" Jared had not heard of it before.

However, Lyanna, who had been listening to them all the while, exclaimed, "People from Turcoln are giving consultations on geomancy? Then, your family must be very important. The huge payment is beside the point. If you have no connection, there's no way that anyone from Turcoln will help you."

Jared asked, "Lyanna, do you know about Turcoln?"

"Of course. Turcoln is founded by the well-known Master Declan Naberhaus in the southwest. He combined various geomancy techniques and invented his own Dragon Crushing Formation. It will be difficult for even Martial Arts Grandmasters to get out of it once they are trapped in one. That's why Turcoln is very famous in our region," explained Lyanna.

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## Sick In The Heart

“Oh, I see.” Jared nodded. He did not expect Turcoln to be so powerful. Hence, he asked Shawn, “Mr. Robinson, how did you come to know about Master Declan?”

After all, they were thousands of kilometers apart. No matter how influential Turcoln was, it was not possible for them to reach so far.

“My youngest son knew him and brought him here to take a look. What’s wrong, Mr. Chance? Is there something wrong with the house?” Shawn looked at Jared quizzically.

Jared laughed and replied, “No, it’s nothing!”

Since it was Shawn’s son who had brought the Master to the house, it would be difficult for Jared to pass any comments.

He had felt uneasy ever since he stepped into the courtyard of the Robinson residence. That was sufficient for Jared to ascertain that the house had been afflicted with the arcane array. Shawn’s wife might be ill because of that.

Just then, a middle-aged lady appeared in a wheelchair with a servant pushing it. The lady looked haggard, and it was apparent that she had lost her legs.

“Mr. Chance, this is my wife, Jane Sulley,” introduced Shawn. He turned around to Jane and said, “Jane, he’s the one I was telling you about last night, Mr. Chance. I’m sure he can cure your headache!”

“Mrs. Robinson, nice to meet you!” Jared stood up and greeted Shawn’s wife with a smile.

“Mr. Chance, nice to meet you too!”

The woman studied Jared carefully and looked at him strangely. Perhaps, his youthful appearance had caused her to doubt his abilities. After all, even the Palace Chief of the Herb Palace cannot do anything about my ailment. What then can a young man in his twenties do for my illness?

“Jane, tell Mr. Chance your condition in detail! Let him take a look at you.”

Shawn signaled to the servants for them to take their leave. He pushed the wheelchair by himself. The couple seemed to be very loving.

Seeing that his wife had lost both her legs and became a cripple, a tycoon like Shawn still decided to stay by her side and treated her with loving care. A loyal man like him was very rare indeed.

Witnessing the scene, Jared's perception of Shawn had changed vastly.

Jared waved his hand and said, "It's fine, Mr. Robinson. I have a good idea of your wife's condition."

"You do?" Shawn was taken aback and looked on in disbelief. He hasn't even seen anything or listened to her pulse. How does he know what she suffers from?

"So, Mr. Chance, what's wrong with me?"

When Jared took one look at her and claimed to know what her problems were, Jane guessed that he must be a liar. She understood what her problems were the most. That was why she asked Jared that question to catch him in his lie.

"Mrs. Robinson, do you get headaches often? And when it happens, it's so bad that you would be close to collapsing?" asked Jared casually.

Jane nodded. "That's right. My head hurts very often. Every time it happens, it hurts so bad that I feel like ending my own life. No medicine can stop the pain."

"Mr. Chance, Mrs. Robinson's illness is quite weird. The moment her headache comes on, there is nothing anyone can do to control it. I have tried to use sedatives to ease her headache but to no avail. The odd thing is the headache will disappear if we leave it alone. I have done a full checkup on Mrs. Robinson's brain and body, but I cannot find any issues," said Spencer with a perplexed look.

Jared smiled slightly. "Everything is fine with Mrs. Robinson physically. That's why you didn't find anything. Her illness lies in her heart!"

"Her heart?"

At that moment, both Spencer and Shawn looked at Jared for further explanation.

Jared nodded. "That's right. There's something that is bothering her. The fact that she suffers from uncontrollable headaches is because she doesn't sleep well at night. In fact, she has nightmares frequently. Combined with a little spell, that's how her condition became like this!"

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#### Under A Spell

When Shawn heard that, he asked his wife urgently, "Jane, is that true? Why didn't you tell me that you are having nightmares?"

For some reason, Shawn's wife became evasive and looked awkward. She seemed reluctant to answer his question.

It's only a nightmare. Why won't she say anything about it?

"Say something. Is Mr. Chance right? What exactly is wrong with you? Are you hiding something from me?"

When Shawn saw his wife refusing to answer his question, he found it strange.

All of a sudden, Jane broke down in torrential tears.

Shawn began to panic when he saw his wife wailing.

He immediately asked, "Jane, please don't cry. Tell me. What's going on?"

However, just as Jane was about to speak, a spirited young man dressed in a suit walked in. Next to him was another chap who was close to his age.

"Dad, I have asked Curtis to come and treat Mom!" said the young man dressed in a suit.

That young man was none other than Shawn's son, Callum Robinson.

The young man standing alongside Callum scanned the crowd and frowned when he saw Lyanna. Very quickly, he turned his gaze away.

When Callum saw Spencer, he nodded and greeted, "Mr. Schmidt, how are you?"

Spencer smiled at Callum and responded, "You still look as spirited as ever. Such a sweet talker too!"

Callum said nothing to Jared because he did not know who he was.

However, when he laid eyes on Lyanna, he was instantly enamored by her beauty.

Lyanna's angelic face combined with her exquisite features, her sexy figure, and the body fragrance emanating from her was too much for Callum to handle. He kept staring at her without even blinking as if he was under a spell.

"Cough, cough."

When Shawn saw his son staring at Lyanna so rudely, he coughed twice.

Shawn might not know the relationship between Lyanna and Jared, but it would not bode well to offend Jared.

Hearing his dad's coughs was when Callum regained his senses. "Dad, who is this beautiful creature?"

"Callum! This is Mr. Chance. I've asked him to come and take a look at your mom."

Shawn did not introduce Lyanna. Instead, he pointed at Jared and continued, "This lady is a friend of Mr. Chance. They have come together!"

Shawn was aware that his son was a lecher. His way of introduction was to make sure that Callum controlled himself in front of others.

Callum glanced coldly at Jared and said nothing. Instead, he walked up to Jane, got down, and said, "Mom, are you feeling better?"

Jane nodded fervently. "I'm feeling much better now. My head doesn't hurt that much anymore."

“Mom, don’t worry. I have brought Curtis here. He will be able to cure you of your headaches,” said Callum as he pointed to the young man standing next to him.

“I’m sorry to have to trouble you,” said Jane with a weak smile to Curtis.

Curtis said politely, “Mrs. Robinson, please don’t say that. Callum and I are classmates. You can just address me by my name.”

Jared narrowed his gaze when he looked at Curtis. He then questioned Shawn, “Is this guy a classmate of your son?”

“That’s right. Curtis is also the one who chose this site for my mansion. He’s learning his skills from Turcoln!” replied Shawn with a nod.

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#### Please Do Not Take Offense

“No wonder you managed to invite someone from Turcoln with just five million! It turns out that it’s your son’s classmate, huh?” Lyanna exclaimed at the side, realization dawning upon her after hearing that.

The disciples of Turcoln were all proud and arrogant, so it was a pipe dream to invite them with a mere five million.

Following her comment, Curtis immediately snapped his head back and stared at her. “Miss, it seems that you also know about Turcoln?”

Although Turcoln was very renowned in the southwest, they were currently in Nuthana. Being thousands of kilometers apart, very few had ever heard of it.

“I know of it since it’s exceedingly renowned in the southwest. But I’ve never heard of you,” Lyanna answered with a faint smile.

Despite her remark, Curtis didn’t get into a snit. Instead, he studied her closely. All of a sudden, his eyes lit up. “You’re from Mapleton?”

“Yes, I’m from Mapleton.” Lyanna nodded nonchalantly, not bothering to hide that fact from him.

In response to his admission, a smile bloomed on Curtis’ face. “No wonder you know about Turcoln. It turns out that you’re from Mapleton. Anyway, there’s only one such beautiful woman in Mapleton—Poison King’s goddaughter, Lyanna. You’re Ms. Lyanna, no?”

Lyanna was instantly over the moon to hear that. After all, girls undoubtedly loved being complimented on their looks.

“Yup, I’m Lyanna.” Lyanna nodded in affirmation.

“If I’m not mistaken, this must be Jared then,” Curtis ventured, shifting his gaze to Jared.

“How do you know him?” Lyanna was wholly stunned.

“Probably everyone in the southwest knows of him since few would dare kill the heir of the Emyrean Sect. The leader of the Emyrean Sect, Hayden, is livid and is presently looking for you both everywhere. Yesterday, those from the Emyrean Sect attacked Mapleton, causing considerable casualties. If it weren’t for the president of the martial arts stepping in, Mapleton would’ve likely been wiped out,” Curtis sneered.

Lyanna’s heart clenched when she heard that Mapleton was almost decimated. While she had left and would never return for the rest of her life, she was still anguished at the news.

“Are you acquainted with her? Do me a favor and introduce us, please?” Callum implored hopefully, promptly coming over upon seeing that Curtis was acquainted with Lyanna.

It looked like he had taken an interest in Lyanna.

Curtis glanced at him, murmuring, “If you don’t want to die, it’s best that you don’t make her acquaintance.”

At that warning, Callum’s enthusiasm swiftly dampened, and he meekly returned to his mother’s side.

“Sit tight, Mom. I’ll have Curtis treat you,” he crouched and said to his mother devotedly.

When Shawn heard that, embarrassment crept onto his face, and he glanced at Jared. He asked Jared over, yet his son also invited someone over, and it was Curtis at that. As such, he couldn’t tell the man to leave. If it were an ordinary doctor, he would’ve long since shown the man the door. But now, should I have Curtis or Jared treat my wife’s illness? Things became awkward as he couldn’t quite make up his mind.

Likewise, Spencer was a tad mortified. He was the person who persuaded Jared to come, yet things had turned into such a mess. Hence, he leaned close to Jared and whispered, “Mr. Chance, Callum didn’t know that we have invited you over, so please don’t take offense.”

Smiling, Jared shook his head and replied, “It’s okay.”

Relief suffused Shawn when he saw that Jared wasn’t offended.

“In that case, please take a look at my wife, Curtis.”

He gestured for Curtis to look Jane over. Jared merely gave his diagnosis without examining his wife earlier, so he was somewhat skeptical.

“You flatter me, Mr. Robinson. I’ll take a look at Mrs. Robinson right away.”

After saying that, Curtis strode over to Jane.

Curtis and Callum exchanged a glance. While they were very stealthy, Jared still keenly noticed it.

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#### Industry Rules

Through the look in Curtis and Callum’s eyes, Jared seemingly had his suspicions confirmed. Besides, something must be off since the house was under an arcane array.

“Please stretch your hand out, Mrs. Robinson. Let me check what’s wrong with you.”

Curtis lightly placed his hand on Jane’s wrist and closed his eyes as though he was really checking her over.

Compared to Jared, who merely took a gander and knew everything without taking her pulse or scrutinizing her when he looked her over earlier, it made Jared look like he was toying with everyone.

If it weren’t for Spencer’s vehement recommendation, Shawn wouldn’t have believed Jared and even given him a gift. Instead, he would’ve certainly regarded the latter as a charlatan and thrown him out.

A moment later, Curtis stood up. Seeing that, Callum hastily inquired, “Is my mom okay, Curtis?”

“Mrs. Robinson is fine, Callum. It’s just that negative energy has seeped into her, causing frequent migraines. She’ll be right as rain after I expel the negative energy from her body.”

After saying that, he whipped out a charm out of nowhere and chanted something. Then, he abruptly stuck it on Jane’s forehead.

The woman went motionless suddenly as though she had been immobilized by some spell, not even blinking her eyes anymore.

A heartbeat later, a cloud of black mist materialized above her head. That black mist was seemingly alive, for it promptly took on a humanoid form after leaving her body and streaked toward the window.

“Hmph! You can never escape!”

Harrumphing, Curtis took out a porcelain bottle from his pocket and threw it at the black mist. The black mist was instantly sucked into the porcelain bottle.

Shawn was entirely dumbfounded at everything that had transpired before his eyes. He was only an ordinary person, so he had never seen such a scene.

Even Spencer was shocked beyond words. Despite being a martial artist himself, he hadn’t seen much of exorcism and the like when it came to spiritual arts.



After the black mist was sucked into the porcelain bottle, the bottle swiftly flew back into Curtis' hand. At the same time, the charm on Jane's forehead turned into a cloud of white mist.

"D-Did you see that? Curtis is incredible! As expected of a disciple of Turcoln!"

Shawn was so stupefied that he stammered.

Spencer nodded fervently as well, similarly shocked.

Right then, Spencer and Shawn had seemingly been convinced by the show Curtis put on.

Shawn, especially, had seemingly forgotten about Jared's presence. It wasn't that he was snobbish, but being an ordinary person, he had never seen such a thing. Therefore, he was long since convinced after witnessing it with his own eyes. To him, Curtis was akin to God himself.

"I've already absorbed the negative energy in Mrs. Robinson's body, so she'll be fine henceforth," Curtis assured plaintively after putting the porcelain bottle away.

"You're truly amazing, Curtis! Thank you so much! Tell me how you'd like me to repay you!" Callum urged in exhilaration.

"Callum, we're classmates, so let's not talk about repayment for treating your mother," Curtis declined with a smile.

"Curtis, although you're Callum's classmate, we can't possibly have you help out for nothing. I know the rules forbid you from making a fruitless trip, or it'll cut into your lifespan. Just tell me what you'd like from us," Shawn seconded in high spirits.

He was naturally elated since his wife had been cured.

At that, Curtis replied sheepishly, "I didn't expect you to be aware of the industry rules, Mr. Robinson. Since you insist, I'll ask you for something, then."

"Go right ahead. As long it's something within the capability of the Robinson family, I'll definitely give it to you," Shawn asserted while patting his chest.

"I heard that you have a gilt pot, Mr. Robinson. I have a penchant for such a thing, so I wonder if you mind...."

As Curtis spoke, he observed Shawn's expression. When he saw the change in the latter's expression, he trailed off mid-utterance.

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#### Cannot Sit Back And Do Nothing

Shawn frowned, feeling very much conflicted.

That gilt pot was his favorite. It was rumored to have been dug out of a queen's mausoleum and was stunningly beautiful.

However, Curtis had spoken, and not only had he cured Shawn's wife, but Shawn himself had also given his word. If I were to say no to his request now, that would only disgrace me.

"All right, then. Since you like it, I'll give it to you as a gift," he relented with a helpless sigh.

He then threw a look at a servant, upon which the latter left in a hurry.

Shortly after, the servant came back with a gilt pot.

"Curtis, this gilt pot is invaluable, so do keep it safe."

Taking the gilt pot from the servant, Shawn reluctantly presented it to Curtis.

Curtis nodded slightly. He said nothing, but sheer excitement had long since been etched across his features.

Accepting the gilt pot, he promptly placed the sinister spirit in the porcelain bottle into it. After doing that, he bid Shawn farewell and made to leave.

Alas, he was stopped by Jared just as he was about to leave.

"Actually, the fact that you know Soul Manipulation Technique has nothing to do with me. However, I can't sit back and do nothing when you're using it to harm others," Jared remarked placidly.

The instant he uttered the words "Soul Manipulation Technique," Curtis' initially arrogant expression cracked. At the same time, the corners of Callum's eyes twitched.

"Who do you think you are that you dare stop Curtis from leaving?" Callum stepped forward and demanded with fury written all over his face.

"What are you doing, Mr. Chance?" Spencer queried cautiously upon seeing that Jared was hindering Curtis from leaving and even said something entirely foreign to him.

"Mr. Chance, how has Curtis offended you? I can apologize on his behalf. But may I know what you mean by stopping him from leaving?" Shawn questioned as well.

While he was still addressing Jared politely, his voice was distinctly tinged with chagrin.

After all, Curtis had just cured his wife, so it was too much for Jared to stop the man from leaving right in front of him.

"You might not know what I mean, but he definitely does!"

Jared flashed a smile at Curtis. Without warning, his hand shot out to snatch the guilt pot out of the latter's hand.

Curtis was startled for a moment before he quickly backed away.

Meanwhile, Callum was enraged to see that Jared was actually getting physical with Curtis and swung his fist at the man.

"Stop, Callum!" Spencer cried out, stepping in front of Jared when he saw that.

"Mr. Schmidt, you were the one who brought him here, weren't you? Is he deliberately picking fault with Curtis because he feels humiliated?" Callum demanded, dropping his hand.

Spencer didn't quite know what Jared was doing either, so he could only glance back over his shoulder at the man. "What exactly is the problem here, Mr. Chance?" he inquired.

He felt that Jared wasn't a petty man and certainly wouldn't make a move against Curtis because of that alone.

"Since you're all so curious, I'll show you what I mean!"

After saying that, Jared abruptly lifted both hands and unleashed a burst of power at lightning speed. At once, a white light flashed in the room. Subsequently, shock pervaded everyone present.

Jane was so terrified that she shrieked at the top of her lungs. They could all see numerous clouds of black mist floating about the room and taking on different shapes like sinister spirits out for blood.

The clouds of black mist were exactly the same as the ones Curtis absorbed into the porcelain bottle earlier. However, there were so many then that they filled the entire room.

Other than Jared and Curtis, the faces of everyone there drained of all color from the fright. Even Spencer, who had experienced much and cultivated for some time, was scared witless by the scene before him and trembled violently.

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Malevolent Land

Petrified, Lyanna hid behind Jared. Tommy and Phoenix had both seen such things while following Jared around, but they both paled as well at the sight of so many sinister spirits materializing at once.

While everyone was shaking like a leaf, Jared waved a hand lightly, upon which all the black mist disappeared. The room reverted to its original state once more.

"M-Mr. Chance, what were all those? Don't tell me they were ghosts?" Spencer asked Jared after taking a deep breath.

At that very moment, Shawn was so terrified that he curled on the couch, trembling unceasingly. Verily, he looked like a shadow of his former self.

Callum's expression changed, and he instinctively inched closer to Curtis.

"What you beheld was just one of the souls from a person's three souls and seven senses. When someone dies, his three souls and seven senses leave the body. After the seven senses evaporate, the heavenly spirit will ascend to the sky while the earthly spirit returns to the earth, and the bodily spirit goes back into the cycle of reincarnation. The clouds of black mists are earthly spirits. They are also known as specters, or more commonly, ghosts," Jared explained to Spencer.

Although Spencer was still lost, he seemed to have grasped something. He continued asking, "Is the Soul Manipulation Technique you mentioned earlier used to manipulate the ghosts?"

Nodding, Jared replied, "Exactly! Specters are just energy beings. They're originally weak and couldn't possibly harm humans. But if someone intentionally manipulates them and feeds them negative energy, the weak specters will become sinister spirits and harm others."

After hearing that, realization immediately dawned upon Spencer, and he understood why the man wanted to make a move against Curtis just now.

Likely, it's because Curtis is using the Soul Manipulation Technique to harm Shawn and his family. But then, he cured Jane earlier, and we saw a cloud of black mist leaving her body with our own eyes.

He grew all the more confused. He couldn't quite make sense of whatever was happening right then since he knew nothing about spiritual arts.

"No matter what, you're part of the Robinson family. Yet, you're causing such harm to your family. Are you aware that there's divine judgment in the spiritual world?" Jared stated, his eyes pinned on Callum.

"What nonsense are you spouting? I don't understand a single word!" Callum roared, his expression changing drastically.

"What exactly is going on here, Mr. Chance?" Shawn questioned, walking over to Jared after having recovered from the fright.

He was baffled.

Looking at him, Jared smilingly disclosed, "Your house is under an arcane array, and ghosts are everywhere in this house. I'm afraid that your entire family doesn't have long to live."

The instant Shawn heard that, his expression turned exceedingly grim.

"Please go into more detail, Mr. Chance. W-What do you mean by that?"

He truly didn't understand who would want to harm his family.

"Mr. Robinson, you told me that it was Curtis who chose this spot for you to construct your house, yes?" Jared queried.

"Yes. The entire land, including the structure and layout, was all chosen by Curtis painstakingly," Shawn affirmed with a nod.

"This land you chose to build a house on is malevolent. Worse still, it's also a place with a lot of negative energy. All that makes this place perfect for rearing ghosts. Your house is also built in such a way that invites calamity. After all, the structure and layout of a house are also very important to maintain a balance. I believe you now understand what's happening, don't you?" Jared elucidated.

From the moment he stepped foot into the courtyard, he had sensed something amiss. It wasn't until he had entered the mansion that he realized the house was under an arcane array. However, only after he saw Curtis summoning tons of ghosts with the Soul Manipulation Technique did he perceive that the land was malevolent.

Even if Shawn were dumb, he still understood what the man meant by then. Not only was the place chosen by Curtis, but it was also the latter who designed the structure and layout. Besides, he was even well-versed in the Soul Manipulation Technique, and this house was filled with specters. Most importantly, he was Callum's classmate. After linking it with Jared's remark earlier, realization promptly dawned upon the man.

## Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 760

### A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 760

Arrogant

Shawn stared at his son intently, his eyes brimming with doubt and suspicion.

“What exactly is going on here, Callum?” he demanded with a chilly expression.

“Dad, don’t listen to his nonsense! Do you think I’d harm you both? How could I possibly do that? Curtis wouldn’t do that either. He’s my best friend!”

Despite being a touch panicked, Callum still tried his best to deny the allegation.

At that, Shawn didn’t quite know what to believe either. Callum is my son, so why would he hurt his own family? How would that benefit him?

“Curtis, is Mr. Chance speaking the truth? Did you deliberately choose a malevolent land and even cast an arcane array on the house?” Shawn asked, turning to Curtis.

Since Callum doesn’t know anything, perhaps he deceived Callum and secretly did all that.

However, Curtis ignored him altogether. Instead, he looked at Jared with narrowed eyes and declared, “I never thought that you’d also be an expert in spiritual arts. Since you managed to kill Carlos, you must be on the brink of attaining the rank of a Senior Grandmaster. And now, you even know about spiritual arts. You’re really a genius, considering your age.”

“The same can be said of you when you mastered so much at your tender age. Regretfully, you took the wrong path,” Jared replied with a cold chuckle.

“Haha, took the wrong path?” Curtis guffawed, disdain etched on his face. “The path I took isn’t right nor wrong. No one has the right to judge me. I’ve learned from my mentor for four years and mastered most of everything he knows. Even my senior, who has been learning for over a decade, pales in

comparison to me. I'm a true genius, and I'm unquestionably going to be the leader of Turcoln in the future! Although you're very powerful and are considered a genius as well, you're nothing in my eyes!"

Curtis' tone was exceedingly arrogant, worlds apart from his humble self earlier.

"Since you claim to be a genius, do you dare admit to my accusations just now?" Jared queried calmly, his eyes fixated on the obnoxious man.

"Of course! Why wouldn't I dare? I indeed chose a malevolent land and cast an arcane array on the house to draw specters. In less than a month, everyone in the Robinson family will die a violent death! That was all my doing," Curtis admitted without the slightest hesitation.

Upon hearing that, Shawn was so incandescent that he trembled all over, and his eyes bulged in rage. He was even gripped by the urge to kill the man.

Horrified, Callum hastily snapped, "What nonsense are you spouting, Curtis?" Then, he turned to Shawn and urged, "Dad, he's just running his mouth. How could he possibly do so? He wouldn't benefit in any way either-"

He tried his best to explain things, but Curtis cut him off. "Callum, there's no need for you to put on a show anymore nor fear them when things had come to this. So what if they know about it?"

Callum stared at Curtis and went silent. In other words, he was tacitly confirming the latter's comment.

At that, Shawn shook with fury. He glowered at Callum with wrath clear on his face. "You *bstard!* *You're truly a monster!* *I want to kill you, you bstard!* Why did you do that? From today on, you're no longer my son!"

While trembling, he stalked forward to strike his son across the face, but the latter shoved him away.

Shawn was stumped, for Callum had never dared to do such a thing to him since young.

"That's enough! I'm not your son in the first place, nor am I the flesh and blood of the Robinson family! Therefore, I don't need you to kick me out of the family!" Callum bellowed at the top of his lungs.



“W-What did you just say? Repeat it if you dare!” Never in Shawn’s wildest dreams had he ever imagined that his son would dare utter such unfilial words.

“Let me tell you that I’m not your son at all. Ever since young, the two of you have always been partial to Caleb and even planned to make him the head of the family. I thought you both made such a decision because you didn’t like me. Only after reading my mother’s diary sometime later did I learn that I’m not a child of the Robinson family! No wonder you two have always favored Caleb. I hate you, so I want to kill all of you! At that time, all the assets of the Robinson family will be mine!” Callum roared incessantly like a riled tiger, his face contorting into a mask of rage.