

## Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 761

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#### The Past

Shawn was wholly stumped. Jane, on the other hand, had gone as pale as a sheet, her face drained of all color.

Slowly turning to look at his wife, Shawn croaked, “Jane, tell me what exactly is going on here. What on earth is this all about?”

Verily, he couldn’t believe Callum’s words.

How could he possibly not be my son? Jane and I have always loved each other, never once getting into a row. Even after she lost her legs in a car crash, I have never once thought of abandoning her. I can’t believe that all the love I sincerely showered upon her would be repaid by her betrayal!

Jane burst into tears.

“Tell me! Tell me what is going on here!” Right then, Shawn’s eyes blazed scarlet, and he shook his wife’s shoulders vigorously as though he had lost his mind.

Usually, he would never treat her in such a manner. That very moment, however, he could no longer control himself.

Weeping bitterly, Jane admitted, “He’s right. He’s indeed not your biological son. I’ve wronged you and the Robinson family.”

When Shawn heard his wife confirming it, he finally snapped and collapsed onto the floor.

He felt his body going numb, his eyes brimming with disbelief. “Why? Just why? Why did you betray me when I’ve always treated you so well?”

He couldn’t understand why his wife betrayed him when he loved her wholeheartedly.

At the sight of her husband's devastation, Jane sobbed all the more. "I'm sorry, but I didn't betray you. It was your best friend, Calvin Sturgess, who forced himself on me. On that particular day, the two of you imbibed at home, and he seized the opportunity to take advantage of me. I resisted and cried for help, but you were so drunk that you were dead to the world. In the end, he overpowered me. I was afraid of losing you, so I didn't dare tell you about it. Later, I discovered that I was pregnant. I wanted to abort the baby, but you found out about my pregnancy. Under the meticulous care of the entire family, I couldn't find a chance to abort that child who shouldn't have existed!"

Subsequently, she continued, "I'm sorry. I was wrong. It's all on me. I should've told you about it at that time. Then, all this wouldn't have happened today. I'm to blame!"

She kept apologizing and taking the blame upon herself.

Shawn continued sitting on the floor like a statue, entirely dumbfounded. At that moment, he finally understood why his wife had been adamant in opposing his idea of giving the Robinson family's assets to Callum. It turned out that she knew that the latter wasn't a descendant of the Robinson family.

"Uh..." All of a sudden, his eyes went wide, and he passed out.

"Darling!" Jane shouted upon seeing that, and she passed out too.

At the sight of it all, Spencer hurriedly rushed forward to check on them. Relief suffused him when he ascertained that they had only fainted from their emotional outburst.

Meanwhile, Jared heaved a sigh after hearing about the matters of the Robinson family. What a pity! A happy and loving family might be gone from here on out.

Contrarily, Callum wasn't the least bit worried that his parents had passed out. Instead, he cackled maniacally and crowed, "Just die! You should all die! Only then will everything belonging to the Robinson family be mine!"

Falling prey to the madness that held him firmly in its grip, he then said to Curtis, "Curtis, kill everyone here! As long as I get my hands on the assets of the Robinson family, I'll keep my word to you! The Robinson family has quite a number of priceless treasures from ancient tombs, and you can take anything you like!"

His eyes blazed with murder, and he wanted to finish off everyone there. With that, no one would know his true identity and stop him from inheriting the assets of the Robinson family.

“Sure!”

A bloodthirsty smile bloomed on Curtis’ face. He waved a hand, upon which the mansion door slammed shut with a bang.

At his confident expression, Jared chuckled lightly. “Are you sure you can kill us?”

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#### I Am The Master

“Haha, killing the few of you is no different from crushing a bug! Don’t assume that you’re a genius and possess the ability to fight me just because you managed to end Carlos and have some knowledge about spiritual arts. In my eyes, you and everyone else are mere ants!” Curtis guffawed.

On the heels of that, he gestured with both hands wildly. Sparks crackled in the air, and the entire living room was filled with an invisible force. Even menacing-looking sinister spirits materialized.

Soon, an arcane array visible to the naked eye blinked into existence in the living room. Chains crisscrossed each other, blocking all avenues out.

“This is Turcoln’s Dragon Crushing Formation. Those trapped within it can never escape, so brace yourselves for death!”

With a roar from Curtis, blazing fire engulfed the chains, promptly making it as hot as a furnace in the living room.

An invisible force enveloped them all, and great lethal intent condensed together, feeding into the sinister spirits.

“Rearing sinister spirits on malevolent land is indeed impressive,” Jared lamented, his eyes fixated on the menacing sinister spirits.

“Mr. Chance, we’ll hold him back while you find a way to make a break for it.”

Tommy and Phoenix whipped out their weapons and shielded Jared behind them with resolute expressions on their faces.

Lyanna, on the other hand, hid behind Jared as she stared at the manic Curtis. Out of the blue, she waved a hand, and thumb-sized venomous parasites flew toward the latter.

The venomous parasites were exceedingly lethal. With the slightest contact, one would be poisoned and die. Having lived in Mapleton for twenty years, Lyanna was all too familiar with controlling them.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

Dozens of venomous parasites headed toward Curtis. As long as one of them landed on him, he would be doomed.

“Hmph! You want to hurt me with mere venomous parasites?”

Snorting coldly, Curtis waved a hand. Suddenly, a wide net appeared in front of him and blocked all the venomous parasites.

In the next second, flames ignited on the net. The venomous parasites were all burned to death after coming into contact with it and littered the floor.

After decimating them all, the net before him disappeared.

“I’m the master in the Dragon Crushing Formation, so the lot of you don’t need to waste your energy!” he proclaimed with a smug expression even as he swept a glance over the dead venomous parasites scattered all over the floor.

Lyanna stared at the dead venomous parasites, anguish washing over her. I reared them painstakingly, yet they’re all dead now. Besides, I’ve already left Mapleton, so it’s likely that I’ll never find them again!

Tommy and Phoenix exchanged a glance before they both attacked Curtis without warning.

The former held a tiger-headed sword in his hand while the latter had a short sword in her hand. Both were Grandmasters and possessed great speed, so they wanted to catch the man unaware.

“You’re merely Grandmasters, yet you dare act all high and mighty before me, huh?”

Sneering, Curtis waved a hand. Intense lethal intent condensed into a rope and lashed toward Tommy and Phoenix.

“Dragon Restraining Shackles!”

A rope entangled Tommy and Phoenix like a snake. They were both restrained in a heartbeat, and the weapons in their hands fell to the floor.

The rope tightened around them, causing them both to have difficulty breathing. Their faces went deathly pale.

Upon seeing that, Jared utilized his finger like a knife. A ray of light shone from his finger, severing the rope on their bodies and freeing them.

“Back away,” he orderly calmly after saving them both.

Aware that they weren’t Curtis’ match and couldn’t even lay a finger on him, Tommy and Phoenix could only obey Jared and retreated behind him.

“You’ve got some tricks up your sleeve that you can actually sever my Dragon Restraining Shackles!”

Curtis’ eyes narrowed a fraction. He again cast spells to draw the energy of heaven and earth, causing lethal intent to condense ceaselessly. That was a malevolent place, so lethal intent was available infinitely.

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You Are A Demonic Cultivator

In the end, the infinite lethal intent condensed into magecraft chains. The chains were as strong as steel, translucent and colorless, rendering them indestructible.

This time, Curtis generated more than a dozen Dragon Restraining Shackles, winding around Jared tightly that the latter was immobilized.

Meanwhile, the sinister spirits all streaked toward him at Curtis' command.

The dozen of them charged toward Jared with teeth bared and hands outstretched, looking exceedingly ghastly.

Restrained by the rope, Jared merely twisted his body slightly at the sight of the approaching sinister spirits, but he didn't manage to escape his bonds.

As Curtis watched the sinister spirits drawing ever closer to the man, he wore an expression of utter triumph.

However, he failed to notice that Jared wasn't the least bit panicked by the approaching sinister spirits despite being bound. Instead, the corners of the latter's mouth turned up a fraction.

The sinister spirits let out horrifying shrieks that were deafening before penetrating Jared's body right away. As soon as they came into contact with his body, it would flash with a ray of golden light. Then, they would disappear without a trace.

In no time, all the dozen of sinister spirits had vanished. Surprisingly, Jared, who was bound by the Dragon Restraining Shackles, remained standing there without a single scratch.

Right that instant, the sinister spirits had all entered his body. His Focus Technique whirred at lightning speed and absorbed them into his elixir field relentlessly. The sinister spirits screamed in horror and struggled desperately to break free but to no avail.

The Focus Technique turned them all into spiritual energy and stored it in his elixir field.

“What's happening here?”

At that turn of events, Curtis' heart jolted.

He discerned that the golden light from Jared contained intense energy. It was as though the latter had a massive arcane array within him.

“Don’t tell me he’s a Master in spiritual arts as well?”

Verily, he couldn’t quite believe that. It’d be mind-boggling if he’s also a Master in spiritual arts. After all, he’s about the same age as me!

It was a fact that the cultivation of spiritual arts was far more difficult compared to martial arts. Besides, the most important thing in its cultivation was the talent to comprehend the mysteries of heaven and earth as well as the essence of spiritual arts itself.

Jared’s capabilities clearly placed him as a Senior Grandmaster in martial arts. It wasn’t easy for him to attain the Senior Grandmaster rank at such a tender age, so it would be really scary if he were also a Master in spiritual arts at the same time.

Only the cream of the crop could cultivate both spiritual and martial arts, and that person was undoubtedly one in a million.

At that very moment, Curtis’ expression turned increasingly grimmer. However, he didn’t retreat but chanted something or other. At once, the dozen of Dragon Restraining Shackles started tightening rapidly.

The dozen Dragon Restraining Shackles filled with murderous intent bound Jared tightly as Curtis persistently launched his attacks. The lethal intent that continued wafting up from underground kept condensing, making the Dragon Restraining Shackles all the thicker.

At the sight of Jared immobilized then, a confident smile bloomed on Curtis’ face.

Soon, however, the smug smile on his face froze. Subsequently, he gaped at Jared with eyes as wide as saucers.

A golden light started emanating from Jared’s body once more. On the heels of that, the Dragon Restraining Shackles condensed with lethal intent turned into vapor under the illumination of the golden light, absorbed into his body.

The lethal intent was quite a precious resource for his cultivation. While absorbing it was already a mere drop in the bucket and wouldn’t be of much

help to him, considering his current capabilities, it was still something. As such, he naturally wouldn't waste it.

“Demonic Cultivation! You're a Demonic Cultivator!”

Realization promptly dawned upon Curtis at that very moment. Not only is lethal intent unable to hurt him, but he even absorbed the Dragon Restraining Shackles from condensed lethal intent into his body. Only Demonic Cultivators can absorb negative energy and use lethal intent for cultivation!

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### A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 764

#### Vanquish Evil

“Are you from the Bloodmage Sect or the Darklight Sect?” Curtis questioned as he eyed Jared cautiously.

If Jared were from either of the two sects, he wouldn't dare kill him as he pleased. After all, the two sects were vicious. If he really made an enemy of them, he would be in great trouble. When his mentor learned about it, he would certainly be torn a new strip.

He was presently a renowned figure in Turcoln, so he had to be exceedingly careful in his deeds, lest he wrecked his future.

“I'm neither from the Bloodmage Sect nor the Darklight Sect. If you're afraid, get down on your knees obediently. Perhaps I'll take mercy on you,” Jared drawled with a faint smile.

“Hmph! How arrogant! So what even if you're truly a Demonic Cultivator? Turcoln is a righteous organization, and we specialize in dealing with Demonic Cultivators like you!” Curtis snorted.

He then removed the Dragon Crushing Formation and drew a sword instead. The sword was ancient and black, so its material was unascertained at a single glance. Nonetheless, charms were drawn onto its body with a red cinnabar rosary.



“This is the Sword of Evil, used specially to vanquish Demonic Cultivators like you!”

While saying that, he lifted the sword to chest level. Condensing his energy, he swung it through the air.

Whoosh!

It was as though a tear opened in the air, and a whistling sound of a blade cutting through air rang out. An intense burst of energy shot out from the body of the sword. In concert, its charms seeming came alive right that moment. They all left the sword and blended into the energy, streaking toward Jared.

As the energy zapped through, everything was split in half. Even the hard marble floor had a deep crack on it right then.

Crack!

The energy slashed right at Jared, and a crisp crack split the air. Nevertheless, he remained unharmed despite a tear on his clothes.

While the energy didn't hurt him, the charms mixed in there swirled around him, incessantly flashing red.

“The heaven and earth are the fundament and origin of all things. Everything in this world is from the same source. We practice our way through hundreds of millions of trails to prove our powerful and sacred beliefs. Ghosts and demons shall be terrorized. Spirits and monsters shall disintegrate. We slay monsters and wipe out demons, destroying their bodies and shattering their souls...” Curtis kept chanting, veins popping up on his forehead, even as sweat started dripping down his face.

Since the burst of energy earlier couldn't hurt Jared, he could only depend on the charms.

Following his increased speed of incantation, the charms circled Jared all the faster, and the red glow grew all the brighter.

“Vanquish evil!”

He gave a roar, upon which the charms suddenly attached themselves to Jared.

Jared was enveloped in the red light, and the charms affixed themselves to him like tattoos.

Glancing at the man, Curtis saw that the charm seemingly had no effect on him despite having attached themselves to his body. There's no reaction from him. Logically speaking, this isn't possible!

He frowned and quickly started chanting once more.

At the sight of him sweating profusely, Jared sneered, "What an idiot!"

With a slight shake of his body, the charms on him scattered in an instant, fluttering on the wind and causing a crack on the ground around him.

Curtis' pupils constricted, and he swung the Sword of Evil in his hand. Those scattered charms promptly returned to the sword once more. However, their color had dulled significantly.

He gaped at Jared incredulously. He blocked the burst of energy from my sword earlier, and he has now broken free from the charms effortlessly. Isn't this just too powerful?

The Sword of Evil was a treasured magical item of Turcoln. It was only because of Curtis' extraordinary talent that his mentor, Declan, passed the sword to him. Although he wasn't at the Senior rank yet, the average Demonic Cultivator wasn't his match. Before that day, he had never once met any Demonic Cultivator who wasn't afraid of the Sword of Evil in his hands.

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Magmis

"Who exactly are you? Why are you not afraid of my Sword of Evil?"

Actually, Curtis couldn't figure out if Jared was a Demonic Cultivator since the man wasn't afraid of his Sword of Evil.

"Why should I be afraid?" Jared placidly asked in return.

Curtis glowered at Jared, clenching his teeth so hard that one could hear cracking sounds. He seemingly made a decision of some sort.

Without warning, he swiftly launched several bursts of energy from his sword. Clutching the sword in his hand, he gave a low bellow before forcefully slashing it across his palm.

“With the blood of the righteous, may evil be banished! Ablaze!” he chanted.

In a flash, flames ignited on the Sword of Evil. The fire was exceedingly strange, for it was emerald green in color, very much like magmis. With the boost from Curtis’ blood, the fire burned brightly. A coppery stench emanated from the Sword of Evil endlessly.

Slash!

Curtis again swung the Sword of Evil in his hand at Jared. In the blink of an eye, three balls of emerald green fire infused with energy flew toward the latter to surround him.

“Watch out, Jared! That’s magmis. Just a touch of it will burn someone alive without any chances of survival!” Lyanna urgently warned upon seeing that.

Jared had also long since noticed that flames’ oddity, but never had he expected Curtis to utilize magmis. After all, it was exceedingly dangerous and would backfire with the slightest carelessness.

I have never expected him to use such a cruel method just because he can’t defeat me!

“Everyone, back away,” he ordered.

His gaze turning chilly, he lifted his hand into the air. A magic sword radiating a cold air suddenly materialized in his hand.

The moment the magic sword manifested in his hand, everyone seemed to have frozen in time. Curtis, in particular, was utterly shocked as he stared at the magic sword that appeared in the man’s hand out of thin air.

“Let’s see whether my Dragonslayer Sword or your Sword of Evil is better.”

Right after Jared had finished saying that, flames erupted on the Dragonslayer Sword. However, they were red in color.

The flames emanated scorching heat comparable to the sun, instantly shadowed the magmis.

Curtis' eyes went wide, and he screeched, "True fire! Samadhi true fire! You can actually conjure Samadhi true fire? Are you a Master of spiritual arts?"

Only Masters of spiritual arts could conjure Samadhi true fire. An alchemy master, on the other hand, could only conjure Samadhi true fire through spiritual arts to concoct top-notch pills.

Yet, Jared managed to conjure Samadhi true fire then. That was far more powerful than magmis.

Whoosh!

With a light swing of his hand, the flames on the Dragonslayer Sword immediately turned into fire dragons that shot out at lightning speed and collided with the three bursts of energies Curtis unleashed with his sword.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After a series of explosion-like sounds, Curtis' three bursts of energies scattered. The magmis reversed directions and shot toward Curtis.

Curtis' pupils dilated, and he gestured both hands frantically. A barrier appeared materialized before him, enveloping him to shield him from the magmis' backlash.

No sooner had the barrier appeared than the few balls of magmis hit it, but they didn't manage to penetrate the barrier.

Alas, crackles pierced the air when Jared's crimson Samadhi true fire collided with the barrier. Immediately after, cracks appeared on the barrier.

Curtis' heart leaped into his throat as panic swamped him. Cold sweat trickled down his forehead. Jared's capabilities were so vast that they had gone far beyond his imagination.

Shatter!

At long last, the barrier could no longer withstand the impact and shattered into a million pieces.

Curtis hurriedly swung the Sword of Evil in his hand to block the magmis headed in his direction.

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#### I Have Many Enemies

Although most of the magmis had been blocked, a small amount still landed on Curtis.

Right then, a sizzling sound could be heard, and a burning smell filled the air. Immediately after that, Curtis' screams ensued.

As soon as the magmis touched Curtis' arm, it started burning into his flesh.

Realizing what was happening, Curtis gritted his teeth and brought down the tip of Sword of Evil in an arc, cutting off a large piece of flesh from his arm, along with the area that was burning with the magmis.

If he had not done that, Curtis' arms would be burned through by the magmis and a terrifying hole would be formed.

It was undeniable that Curtis was a ruthless person. After all, he showed no hesitation in cutting off his own flesh.

"Any more tricks up your sleeve? Come on, show what you've got. Otherwise, you won't have the chance to do so," Jared said coldly, gripping Dragonslayer Sword in his hand.

Curtis frowned slightly. "You want to kill me?"

"Of course. What makes you think only you can try to kill me? I can do the same too." Jared found his words quite amusing.

"No way. You can't kill me. I'm a member of Turcoln and my mentor is Declan. If you do, he'll definitely avenge my death. And when that happens, you won't be able to escape even if you run to the ends of the earth." Curtis had a look

of terror written on his face. I'm a genius. I can't just die like that. Besides, I haven't even completed my cultivation. I still have a great future ahead of me.

"I don't care who your mentor is. Even if your mentor wants to take revenge on me, you won't be there to see it, anyway." With that, Jared directed Dragonslayer Sword toward Curtis' chest.

When he saw Jared was determined to kill him, Curtis was so terrified that his legs weakened, and he knelt on the ground.

He was scared out of his wits, and he began pleading, "No... P-Please don't kill me... I beg you..."

The genius of Turcoln was actually begging for mercy on his knees. If this was made known, the entire Turcoln would probably be mocked by the public.

Despite that, Curtis could not be bothered about all that. All he wanted at that moment was to live.

Hence, he got to his knees to beg. Nonetheless, Jared did not have the slightest bit of sympathy for Curtis. He knew if he were the one who failed, his life would not be spared.

Moreover, Jared was no saint. When it came to dealing with his enemies, there was only one solution—kill them.

Just as he was about to plunge Dragonslayer Sword into Curtis' chest, Lyanna suddenly stopped him.

"Jared, you cannot kill him. You've no idea how scary Turcoln or even how powerful his mentor is. If you really kill him, Turcoln will do everything in their power to hunt you down. Don't you think you have made a lot of enemies already?" she advised.

Back then, when he killed Carlos, the leader of the Emyrean Sect, Hayden, searched high and low for Jared. If Jared were to kill Curtis at that moment, it would be impossible for him to handle being hunted by both Emyrean Sect and Turcoln at the same time with his current abilities.

"Sure, I have many enemies. That's why I don't care if Turcoln adds to the list." There was a look of hostility on Jared's face.

Jared did not care be it Emphyrean Sect or Turcoln for he was going to go with the flow. After all, he knew he had many enemies targeting him. Even though he killed Xander in a fair battle in the arena, he knew the Cooper family would never let things go so easily.

On top of that, the Deragons whom Jared never met, had already announced a kill order on him. Hence, he was in danger at that very moment. However, all the Deragons knew was that the person who was once their eldest son was still alive. As to who exactly it was, they had no idea. Thus, Jared was safe for the time being.

If the Deragons found out Jared was the eldest son of their family, then there would be a storm.

“You might not be scared, but what about the people around you? Are you able to protect them? Come on, you’ve got to take them into consideration.” Lyanna did not want Jared to offend the entire Turcoln just for the sake of killing Curtis—it would be a foolish act.

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#### Congratulations

Instantly, the image of Josephine’s face that was smiling sweetly, and his parents’ kind smiles popped into Jared’s mind. His family had always been his weakness.

Finally, he put away his sword slowly. Seeing that, Curtis got to his feet hurriedly and charged out of the place.

“Curtis, please take me with you... Take me away...” Seeing Curtis was running away, Callum ran over and grabbed the former’s legs.

“Get lost!” Curtis kicked him aside.

After all, he was already having a hard time saving himself. Now that he finally had a chance to escape, he could not bother to save Callum.

Callum's face turned pale instantly, and his body shuddered with fright, wanting to flee the place.

Unfortunately, as soon as he arrived at the door, Tommy and Phoenix stood in his way.

At that moment, Shawn and his wife had already awakened from Spencer's treatment. However, both of them looked as though they had aged tremendously.

Seeing his parents were awake, Callum ran over and got to his knees. "Dad... Mom... I was wrong! I've made a mistake! Please forgive me! I promise to be your filial son from now on!"

Meanwhile, Shawn stared at his son before him. Immediately, his face turned red with anger, and he sent a kick into the latter's abdomen.

Jane too had a complicated expression. She merely closed her eyes, not uttering a single word. After all, she did not know what to say. Although Callum was not Shawn's son, he was still her flesh and blood.

Shawn approached Jared and said with gratitude, "Thank you, Mr. Chance. If it wasn't for you, our family will be doomed."

"Mr. Robinsons, you're being too polite. I'm merely doing my job. Since I've already taken your money, of course, I'll have to help you. If you still plan to live here, I can help you remove the arcane array. However, it'll take a few days before you can live in here due to the nature of this land," Jared responded.

"It's okay. We're not living here anymore." Shawn shook his head and sighed slightly. "I'll never come here again. Never..."

Jared felt a wave of helplessness when he saw Shawn's reaction. After all, they were a perfect family. Now that they experienced such an upheaval, it was hard for them to not feel miserable.

Nonetheless, it was best for Jared to not get involved in their family's business. Since he knew it was pointless to remain in that place, he bid his farewells to Shawn and left with Spencer.



As for how Shawn was going to deal with Callum and his wife, it was none of Jared's business anymore.

After leaving the Robinson residence, Jared and Spencer headed straight to Martial Alliance's office.

In the meantime, dozens of professional martial artists in Nuthana had gathered in that building. All of them were waiting for Jared, their hearts filled with great respect for him as the leader of Martial Alliance.

With Jared's capabilities and influence, they believed he would be able to bring Nuthana and Jazona's Martial Alliance to the next level once he became the leader.

"Mr. Chance!" Seeing he had arrived, the crowd got to their feet.

"Mr. Chance."

Right then, an elderly man with a grey beard could be seen walking in with a youngster behind him.

"Mr. Bailey, what brings you here?" Jared was surprised to see the elderly man.

The visitor was Samuel from the Baileys of Jadeborough, while the young man behind him was Tristan.

Jared never expected the Baileys to come to the office that day.

"You've become the leader of both Jazona and Nuthana's Martial Alliance. Of course, I have to come here and congratulate you," Samuel said with a smile.

Jared smiled. "Please take a seat."

After making sure Samuel was seated, he continued, "I'm lacking in terms of experience. How am I qualified to be a leader? Besides, I don't have time to spare either. I've got so many things to deal with-"

"Mr. Chance, who else in the entire Jazona and Nuthana is more capable than you? Although you're lacking in experience, you're more powerful than anyone in the martial arts world. If you become the leader, my entire family will give you our full support," Samuel promised.

His purpose for being here that day was to give Jared his support. After all, the Bailey family was considered a prominent family in both Jazona and Nuthana.

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#### Prepare For Death

“I really have a lot of things to deal with, and I have no plans for taking up the role as Martial Alliance’s leader. I’d rather spend more of my energy on cultivating,” Jared answered plainly.

Hearing his reply, Samuel did not continue persuading him. In the end, it was Jared’s decision whether he wanted to become the leader. No one could force him into it.

“Mr. Chance, I came here not only to congratulate you, but I also have something to tell you. Sean has gone looking for Sylvester, his second brother, to avenge Xander. Sylvester has been training with the main Cooper family a few years ago. Rumor has it that he could even enter the ancestral hall. That means that he’s quite skilled,” Samuel whispered.

“It’s all right. Whatever will be, will be.” Jared smiled, not at all bothered by the news.

After all, there was no avoiding it. Since he had bad blood with the Cooper family, then he had to deal with them, eventually.

After seeing Jared’s unconcerned attitude, Samuel thought it was pointless to continue saying anything else. Hence, he merely said, “Mr. Chance, I’ll send someone to inform you about the Cooper family’s plans right away if they are related to you in the future.”

“Thank you, Mr. Bailey.” Jared nodded in courtesy.

Spencer glanced at the clock and urged Jared, “Mr. Chance, it’s almost time. Look.”

Hearing that, Jared looked down at his watch. He then got to his feet to face the crowd that came from both states and said, "Thank you for your graciousness. However, I have to admit that I'm inexperienced, and I am not qualified to become the leader of the Martial Alliance. Please look for someone else."

The crowd was stunned, unable to believe how Jared rejected the position without hesitation. To them, the position of Martial Alliance's leader was a position that everyone in the martial arts world admired. Yet, not everyone was qualified for it.

They never expected Jared to reject such a great opportunity.

"Mr. Chance, this involves both Jazona and Nuthana. If you're not qualified to become the leader, then no one else is."

"Exactly. We only recognize you as our leader. You've managed to kill a Martial Arts Grandmaster at such a young age. It shows that you have extraordinary talents."

"Mr. Chance, please don't reject the position. We have high hopes for you to bring Jazona and Nuthana to achieve greater things under your guidance."

Every professional martial artist started voicing out, hoping to make Jared change his mind.

Truth was, their reason for choosing Jared was also for their own benefit. After all, if Jazona and Nuthana formed a Martial Alliance under Jared's name and made the latter their leader, then the resources that were supporting him would indirectly support the two states.

For example the Baileys of Jadeborough. If Jared became their leader, the Baileys would definitely support the Martial Alliance of the two states.

"Everyone, I really don't have the time to become the leader. Please look for another candidate. However, if the Martial Alliance gets into trouble one day, I, as a citizen of Horington, will do everything in my power to help." With that, he bid his farewells. He was not going to become Martial Alliance's leader no matter what, as it took up too much energy and time.

Moreover, Jared was an energy cultivator, who had different cultivation paths and directions compared to those in the martial arts world.

As soon as he finished his sentence, a furious voice traveled from the outside.

“Who the hell is Jared Chance? I want to kill him now!” The yell was like roaring thunder that it felt as though it shook the entire building. Even the crowd almost became deaf.

Jared knitted his brows. Based on the person’s yell, he could sense that person had powerful abilities, which was at least a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

“Da\*n it. Who’s that yelling about Mr. Chance out there?” someone muttered, getting to his feet and walking out of the room.

The others followed suit. After all, anyone who came to the office and acted rudely toward Jared was equivalent to disrespecting the Martial Alliance that was recently established.

As soon as the crowd exited the room, they saw a few people standing outside. The leader of the group was a middle-aged man who had a murderous gaze. At the same time, standing beside him was a youngster that was covered in blood.

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### A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 769

#### No Confidence

Meanwhile, a group of men who were wielding scimitars stood behind the two men. Each of them had a defensive look on their face.

“Who the hell are you guys? How dare you insult Mr. Chance?” someone raged at the group of uninvited men.

The middle-aged men gave the person a stern look. Suddenly, a dark shadow flashed past, and that martial artist who spoke up earlier collapsed to the ground instantly. His eyes were still wide open, and there was a tiny slit on his throat.

The scene caused everyone to gasp in shock. Anyone who could join the Martial Alliance was the top fighters of Jazona and Nuthana. Although that

person who spoke up just now had just entered the Senior Grandmaster rank, he was still a Senior Grandmaster. It was unbelievable that he was killed without having the chance to react.

“If you don’t want to die, then get lost. Tell Jared to come out and see me.” The middle-aged man swept his gaze over the crowd, his murderous aura causing everyone at the scene to be frozen to the ground.

None of them dared to move, as though they had knives at their necks.

Knowing the Herb Palace was supported by the Baileys, Spencer tried his best to recollect himself and step forward to ask, “Young man, I’m the Palace Chief of Herb Palace, Spencer. May I know who are you? And why are you looking for Mr. Chance?”

“Scoot,” the middle-aged man merely uttered a single word, but Spencer looked as though he received a powerful punch that sent him flying into the air and slamming hard onto the ground.

“I’ll say this one more time. Tell Jared to come out or all of you are going to die.” The intensity of the middle-aged man’s murderous aura increased. Most of the members of the Martial Alliance could not handle the pressure, and they stumbled to the ground instantly.

“You’re a mighty leader of Empyrean Sect and a Martial Arts Grandmaster. Don’t you find yourself shameless, showing off your strength in front of a group of Senior Grandmasters?” Just then, Jared stepped out of the room in a calm manner, with Tommy and Phoenix following closely behind him. Even Lyanna and Samuel came along. However, all of them had somber expressions.

After hearing Jared’s words, everyone’s expression changed drastically. So he’s a Martial Arts Grandmaster. No wonder he’s such terrifying powers.

Then again, Jared had killed a Martial Arts Grandmaster before. Even Xander, who was a Martial Arts Grandmaster, was also killed by the former. Hence, as soon as Jared revealed himself, the crowd did not feel as frightened as before.

Seeing Jared walking out of the room, the youngster beside Hayden pointed at the former and said wrathfully, “Mr. Xuereb, that man’s Jared. He’s the one

who killed your son, Carlos. And that woman behind him is Lyanna from Mapleton.”

That man was none other than Curtis whom Jared defeated earlier, yet decided to let him go after being stopped by Lyanna. Instead of escaping, Curtis secretly informed Hayden about the news and tagged along to take his revenge.

“You’re such a shameless person, Curtis. You ungrateful bast\*rd! Jared let you go just a while ago, and now you have the guts to come here and take revenge?” Lyanna fumed, glaring at Curtis.

“Stop it with the nonsense. He’s the one who made me look like this. I’m going to kill all of you today!” Curtis’ face distorted with rage, his gaze filled with hostility.

“Once the fight begins, you guys should escape as soon as a chance appears. Since both of them are working together, I’m not feeling really confident about this,” Jared whispered to the people beside him while remaining deadpanned.

If it was Hayden alone, Jared would not be afraid since he had Dragonslayer Sword to increase his power. Now that Curtis was present as well, there was no telling who would win the fight.

Although there were many people around, the most powerful fighters were no more than Fifth Level Senior Grandmasters. They would not be able to help once the fight started.

Hence, Jared could only let them escape before looking for an opportunity to flee. Otherwise, no one would be able to leave the place.

“Mr. Chance, we’ll handle them. You should escape first. Don’t worry. It doesn’t matter if we die, as long as nothing happens to you,” Tommy said with a straight face.

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A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 770

## Regret

Although Tommy was not very powerful, he, as Jared's subordinate, would never ditch the latter and escape first.

He was going to risk his life even if the odds were against him.

"Mr. Chance, being able to work under you for so long is already the best thing that can happen to me. If there's an afterlife, I'm willing to continue being your subordinate," Phoenix too said with determination.

After finishing their sentences, both of them exchanged glances and prepared themselves mentally for what was about to come. Be it only a few seconds of delay, they were determined to buy Jared some time to escape.

"Nonsense..." Jared frowned slightly. "Just leave first. I already have a plan. Your presence here will only make things more difficult for me."

He rarely got angry at Tommy and Phoenix. However, this time, his tone of voice was unusually stern.

Seeing Jared's reaction, both of them fell silent, unsure of what to do.

"I'm not leaving." Right then, Lyanna, who was behind Jared, said remorsefully, "If I didn't stop you from killing Curtis, this wouldn't have happened. Since this is all my fault, I'll never leave."

Lyanna was feeling extremely guilty. If I didn't stop Jared, Curtis wouldn't have survived. He wouldn't even have the chance to come here with Hayden.

She felt extremely guilty for how things turned out at that moment. In fact, she would not be able to forgive herself if anything happened to Jared.

"Mr. Chance, we're not leaving either. At most, I'll give in my all with this old body of mine," Samuel chimed in, looking resolute.

Looking at all the people who were unwilling to leave, Jared smiled helplessly. Yet, he felt slightly moved by their actions.

"Stop thinking about escaping already. None of you are getting away today," Hayden sneered, as though he had seen through Jared's plan.

"Mr. Xuereb, I'm the patriarch of the Baileys, Samuel. I'm wondering if—"

Before Samuel could even finish his sentence, Hayden raised his hand and interrupted, "For the sake of the Baileys, I'll let you go. If you're trying to plead on behalf of that rascal, then it's not going to work. Even the gods can't save him today."

Samuel's face paled when he heard his words. Hayden was totally not bothered to show the former any respect.

"Mr. Bailey, you don't have to beg him. The outcome is not determined yet." With that, Dragonslayer Sword appeared in Jared's hand.

"Nice one. I'm going to pay my respects to my son with your blood today." When he finished speaking, a horrifying aura exuded from Hayden's body. Immediately after that, he stepped forward, and a powerful pressure gushed forward like a wind.

Many among the crowd, who were unable to withstand the pressure, stepped backward immediately.

Jared, on the other hand, clenched his jaw while hurtling Dragonslayer Sword, which had crimson flames rising from the blade, toward Hayden.

Jared had put in all his strength in that strike. After all, Hayden was a Martial Arts Grandmaster. Hence, even if Jared had Dragonslayer Sword in his hands, he did not dare to let his guard down.

Moreover, he had not recovered his strength after that fight with Curtis. Now that he was faced with Hayden, he had no choice but to go all out.

Meanwhile, Hayden frowned slightly. Jared's so young, yet he has such incredible powers. At that thought, he lost some of his confidence. Immediately, he threw out a punch that caused an invisible ripple in the air, and a loud sound could be heard.

What everyone saw next was Jared bringing down his sword on the ripples, causing him to be hurled backward. The incredible force made Jared's body go numb. Even his hand that was holding Dragonslayer Sword could not stop trembling.

The crowd was stunned by the scene. At that moment, everyone could tell that Jared was not a match for Hayden.



At the same time, Hayden took two steps backward and rubbed his fist. With a fiery gaze, he said, "As expected from a magic sword. Once I kill you, that sword's going to be mine."