

The Mans Decree Chapter 1315

Chapter 1315 Necro Ring Obtained

“It doesn’t matter whether or not you’re a Demonic Cultivator,” Kai said as he set his jaw grimly. “You have to die.” “Is that so? Come and try it, then.”

After Skylar spoke, the black and gold throughout his entire body began expanding. Then, like a meteor, a massive fist swung ferociously at Kai.

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Not daring to underestimate his foe again, rays of dazzling gold surrounded Kai as he darted forward. The combatants collided with one another and sent a terrifying aura spreading swiftly outward, leaving nothing intact in a hundred-meter radius.

Kai had mobilized the Power of Dragons in its entirety for that punch. A gold dragon circled his arm as he raised it to strike. A chorus of dragon roars sounded after he sent that fist forth.

The dragons’ roars instantly captured Skylar’s attention. While he was hesitating, Kai’s fist collided forcefully against his.

Crack! Skylar’s arm bent downward in an instant as his bones shattered. This time, Skylar was the one to stumble backward several paces. His expression turned ugly.

Since the dark shadow was only a spiritual sense without a corporeal body, the one within Skylar could not handle an expenditure of this magnitude.

As Skylar’s aura withered, his spiritual sense regained control of his body.

While he stared at his broken arm, Skylar’s forehead became drenched in sweat from the pain.

In that instant, Kai sensed Skylar’s aura change once more.

Fear appeared in Skylar’s eyes as he gazed at Kai. It was almost as if the former had become another person.

“Hmph! No matter what tricks you play, you must die.”

As he spoke, Kai leaped up.

Skylar was thoroughly frightened by then. With a panicked roar, black mist began to surround him before forming a wall around him to bear the brunt of Kai’s assault.

Anxious to escape, Skylar had turned to run.

I will die by Kai's hand if I remain another second longer.

However, the moment Kai's fist struck the wall, it shattered like a thin sheet of glass. Without even losing momentum, the blow struck Skylar and sent him flying.

That single punch broke nearly all of Skylar's bones.

Skylar roared. He threw the Necro Ring violently while still airborne, and a dark portal appeared in midair.

Kai was aware of Skylar's intention to escape. Disappearing in a flash, he dashed toward his quarry.

Soon, Skylar's body fell through the portal. Just when it was about to close, Kai snatched the Necro Ring.

He did not bother chasing after Skylar as the motive for Kai's arrival today was to obtain the Necro Ring in Skylar's possession.

Kai grabbed hold of the Necro Ring stubbornly, but it did not stop diminishing in size. Soon, his entire arm was in the black hole.

Though the extreme distortion of the space-time continuum caused Kai intense pain, he held on stubbornly without daring to slacken his grip.

"Argh!"

Kai's face flushed red as he summoned all the spiritual energy at his disposal in a roar of rage and tore the space apart with brute force. He then yanked the Necro Ring out from the black hole.

Kai clutched the Necro Ring. His arm, which had already turned raw and bloody, could not stop shaking.

However, a complicated mix of emotions welled up within him as he gazed at the spoil of war in his hand.

"Hold on, Josephine," Kai vowed to himself. "I will rescue you from there."

Departing from the Rowling residence, Kai left Marsingfill and headed straight for Jadeborough.

He no longer concerned himself with where Skylar had escaped to as he was more anxious to rescue Josephine and his mother.

Though it was his most pressing priority at that moment, Kai knew from his previous invasion of the Warriors Alliance that his power was still greatly lacking.

The Mans Decree Chapter 1316

Chapter 1316 Do You Know Your Crimes

Dozens of kilometers away, Skylar had already fallen to the ground from exhaustion. At that moment, he was in agony from having all his bones shattered. It was only due to the Necro Ring that he had managed to escape.

However, he discovered that Kai had robbed him of the Necro Ring when it did not return with him. "I will kill you, Kai Chance, even if it's the last thing I do!" Skylar roared.

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"What good would it do you by screaming about it?" the wizened voice scoffed in his mind. "Why don't you work on increasing your power?"

"But... I don't know how to increase my power. I just don't have any more resources..."

Despite his desire to become more powerful, a lack of resources prevented Skylar from doing so.

"You fool!" the old voice reprimanded Skylar in an affronted tone. "Haven't I told you to absorb the power and essence of others?"

Skylar's eyes flashed. "Fine," he conceded while gritting his teeth, "I'll heed your every word."

As soon as Skylar spoke, a black fog enveloped his entire body and mended all his broken bones.

At that moment, a Martial Arts Grandmaster happened to pass by. Skylar pounced on him like a starving tiger and stood up a moment later with a satisfied look in his bloodshot eyes.

However, half of Skylar's face had already rotted. The bloody mass on the side of his face was particularly grotesque.

The discovery of the change within him particularly unnerved Skylar.

"Don't worry," the feeble voice consoled, pleased. "This is a side effect; your flesh will grow back soon. Just focus on preying on the power of others from now on."

Skylar said nothing. Instead, he donned a black shirt and wrapped his head in a black headscarf.

That moment indicated the emergence of another parasitic Demonic Cultivator in the martial arts world.

Meanwhile, at the Warriors Alliance in Jadeborough, Zion was wearing an ugly scowl. Instead of occupying his usual honored seat, he had been relegated to one of the lesser seats.

Although nobody occupied the main seat, a voice was coming from its direction.

The ones seated on either side of the hall were high-ranking officials of the Warriors Alliance. Though they were all fresh faces, every one of them was a Martial Arts Marquis.

It was plain that they did not respect Zion as the president of the association despite his courtesy toward them.

“Zion Zeigler, as the president of the Warriors Alliance, do you know your crimes for allowing our forbidden grounds to be invaded by a kid who also murdered countless others?”

The voice, which caused one’s spine to crawl, came as if from the skies and the back of the main seat simultaneously.

Zion shuddered as he began to sweat. With a thud, he fell on his knees to the ground.

“It was an oversight on my part. Please show me mercy, Tanner.”

Zion’s body shook, a clear indicator of how terrified he was.

He was the leader of the Warriors Alliance and a Martial Arts Marquis, yet he was shaking like a leaf. If anyone found out about this, he would be the laughingstock of the century.

“Are you confident of slaying Kai?” asked the one named Tanner. “The boy cannot be allowed to remain alive.”

“I am. I can definitely kill Kai. Rest assured, Tanner.”

After making that promise, Zion changed the topic quickly. “It’s just that, Mr. Sanders being over there may—”

“Hmph!” A cold grunt of disdain sounded, followed immediately by an immense force striking Zion, which sent him sailing through the air before falling in a heap.

Shocked, Zion did not dare have even the slightest hesitation after that. He crawled back into the hall at once.

Everybody else was similarly on edge. Though they had never seen Tanner's face, to be able to render a Martial Arts Marquis powerless was proof of Tanner's immense strength.

"Don't worry, Tanner," Zion asserted once more. "I will kill Kai."

The atmosphere within the hall relaxed after Zion spoke. The occupants' relieved sighs were proof that Tanner had departed.

The Mans Decree Chapter 1317

Chapter 1317 Obeying Orders

"Watch yourself, Zion," the high-ranking members warned Zion coldly. "We won't hesitate to instate a new leader for the Warriors Alliance if you can't handle this matter."

After speaking, they departed the Warriors Alliance in a flash. Gazing at the empty hall, Zion gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

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"Looks like you must die, Kai." A cold glint flashed across his eyes as he made the proclamation. Mr. Sanders had begun to live in the Department of Justice of late. This action of his informed Theodore that the martial arts world in Jadeborough was destined for troubled times ahead.

"Mr. Sanders, according to the reports by the various departments in Marsingfill, there has been a man in black absorbing the essence of martial artists throughout Marsingfill. Even the Martial Arts Grandmasters were not spared. Fear of this mysterious man currently governs the martial arts world in Marsingfill."

As the captain of the Law Enforcement Department, Xavier wore a grim look as he reported the matter to Mr. Sanders.

Theodore, who was listening from the side, was tongue-tied by the news. The man in black must be formidable if even a warrior like Mr. Wembley had his essence absorbed.

"Have you managed to find out who is behind this?" Mr. Sanders asked Xavier.

The man shook his head. "No. This person's techniques are completely different from that of the Demonic Cultivators of old. It has been many years since something like this happened in the martial arts world, and I can't believe that there are still Demonic Cultivators who are this bold."

Xavier was angry as the occurrence of such vile happenings reflected poorly on the Law Enforcement Department.

Mr. Sanders said nothing. Instead, he lapsed into silence and only spoke again after a long while. "Inform the Warriors Alliance at every location to be on higher alert. This incident will only increase in frequency in the coming days. What will come, will come."

Theodore and Xavier gazed in bewilderment at Mr. Sanders because that was not his style.

If such vile incidents had occurred in the past, Mr. Sanders would fly into a rage and even personally handle the matter.

This time, however, he did not show any inclination to take it on himself.

Despite that, the two of them did not dare ask. Instead, they executed their orders upon receiving them.

Quayle Temple sat atop Mount Quaye, thousands of kilometers away from Jadeborough. Edgar's mentor, Derrell, was its warden. Edgar, too, was a resident in the temple.

After having all his bones broken by Kai two months before, Edgar had not descended the mountain even once after Derrell brought him up.

Edgar was, at that moment, lying in bed and wrapped entirely with gauze. Despite the passage of two months, there had been no improvement in his condition.

Derrell, too, had thought of everything he could, but nothing seemed to work.

Having Edgar achieve the rank of Martial Arts Marquis was out of the question. Their most pressing issue right now was getting him back on his feet.

"When will I be able to stand again, Master?" Edgar screamed, unhinged at being bedridden for two months. "When can I stand again!"

"Have patience, Edgar. I'm thinking of a way."

It was all Derrell could say to comfort Edgar.

"Stop lying to me, Master. I won't ever be able to stand again, will I?" Edgar asked Derrell resentfully. "I won't ever be able to get my revenge on Kai, will I?"

Derrell took a deep breath. He did not speak, but the expression on his face said everything.

Having tried and failed to cure Edgar with every means at his disposal, Derrell was, at that moment, deliberating how he would explain things to Ryker.

Upon seeing Derrell's expression, Edgar began screaming, "Why? Why is it so unfair? I will kill Kai! No, I want him to know what it feels like to be bedridden!"

In his agitation, the gauze all over his body burst open. Derrell hurriedly pressed him down.

The Mans Decree Chapter 1318

Chapter 1318 Freedom

"Calm down, Edgar. You are not a lost cause yet. It's just..." Derrell hesitated. "Do you have a way, Master? Tell me!" A glimmer of hope flashed across Edgar's eyes.

"At this point, if you want to recover," Derrell said as he gritted his teeth, "you need to let evil enter your body. Only in that way can you be healed completely."

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Edgar became lost in thought upon hearing that. He did not understand what it meant to let evil into his body or, for that matter, what Derrell was even talking about.

"What do you mean, Master? I'll do whatever it takes for me to recover!" With his mind set on recovery and revenge, Edgar gave no thought to the cost.

"Think carefully, Edgar," Derrell warned. "Allowing evil spirits into your body will turn you neither human nor demon. The act might even devour your soul."

"Whatever it takes, Master!" Edgar hollered for all he was worth. "It would be better than being bedridden all my life, anyway. I will do it!"

Derrell lapsed into thoughtful silence for a while before grinding his teeth resignedly. "I'll oblige you, then."

After that, he exited the room but returned quickly with a wooden bell under his arm. A layer of dust covered the exquisite object. Derrell brushed the dust off and gazed stoically at the wooden bell in his hand. "I hope I've made the right decision..."

He began muttering, and a streak of golden light burst forth from the wooden bell. Edgar's eyes widened at the sight. In an instant, a black smog emerged from the wooden bell and plunged the room into biting cold a moment later.

A dark shadow flickering in midair then became visible. It cackled maniacally. "Hah! I'm finally free!"

Edgar was stunned at the sight. "I released you in the hope that you would be able to heal my disciple," Derrell said calmly.

He did not look surprised at all and must have known that there was a dark shadow within the wooden bell from the start.

The dark shadow gazed at Derrell and then at Edgar on the bed.

“He’s a talented young fellow! This body happens to please me.”

Without warning, the dark shadow burrowed itself into Edgar’s body.

Edgar’s eyes widened with terror written all over his face. After a spell of dizziness, another voice sounded in his head.

“Stop resisting, or I’ll cripple your spiritual sense,” the dark shadow said menacingly in Edgar’s head. “Your body will be useless then.”

Noticing what was happening, Derrell cried, “As this is your choice, Edgar, you must accept it! Don’t be afraid, and don’t resist.”

Edgar eventually calmed down. Then, another bout of dark smog enveloped his body.

A moment later, the smog dissipated to reveal Edgar’s body shining like never before. His muscles had also become extremely taut.

Edgar gazed at himself in shock before leaping out of bed. A chilling aura shone out of his eyes.

“Hahaha! I’m healed!” Edgar exulted. “I will have Kai wish he were dead!”

“You still need more practice with your current powers, Edgar,” Derrell cautioned. “You wouldn’t be a match for Kai otherwise.”

“Is that so?” Edgar suddenly turned sideways to Derrell with an ominous smile on his lips.

Derrell’s brows furrowed as a sense of foreboding rose within him.

Right before Derrell could take a step back, Edgar reached out suddenly and planted his hand on Derrell’s head. Then, he began absorbing his mentor’s power greedily.