

The Mans Decree - The Mans Decree Chapter 3300

“Damn it. Encountering a silver tiger is a nightmare. They’re incredibly difficult to deal with. Fortunately, they typically avoid attacking humans.”

“Can’t you see it’s affected? Its eyes are red, and it’s in a state of insanity right now.”

“So, what’s the plan? Handling one is manageable, but if an ambush of tigers shows up, we’ll be in deep trouble.”

Panic swept through the crowd as the silver tiger made its appearance. Unfazed by Hamish and his team of cultivators, the silver tiger roared and attacked with its sharp claws. Hamish, reacting swiftly, generated a protective shield with his surging aura.

Boom!

The creature collided with the shield. However, the seemingly robust shield shattered upon the collision, leaving a deep gash on Hamish’s chest.

He was thrown into the air, landing with a thud in front of the onlookers.

“Dad!” Kiara hurriedly went to Hamish’s aid, helping him to his feet. The crowd collectively gasped, witnessing the formidable power of the silver tiger.

After all, Hamish, an experienced individual with years of navigation between the central and southern regions, had been incapacitated by a single strike from the Tiger King.

“This is Tiger King. Everyone, be cautious!” Despite his injuries, Hamish issued a loud warning to the crowd.

“Let’s unite and take it down now! Otherwise, we’ll be in serious trouble if it summons more of its kind!” Misho’s expression darkened as he spoke.

To protect the crowd from the recent poison veil, he had expended all his spiritual energy clanging the bell and hadn’t yet recovered. Following Misho’s guidance, the crowd drew their weapons.

Roar!

The silver tiger roared in fury at the sight, quickly echoed by roars from its surroundings. As the void vibrated, silver tigers began materializing out of thin air.

A dozen of them emerged, their eyes ablaze with red fury, while their silver fur shimmered in the darkness. The crowd stood in stunned silence, faced with an unforeseen and overwhelming challenge.

Handling Tiger King alone was daunting, but the stakes escalated with the addition of a pack, plunging their circumstances into a more ominous state.

The color drained from Hamish's face as he witnessed the unfolding scene. Desperation clouded his eyes, and he uttered, "We're doomed. Truly doomed. It seems this place will become our grave..."

At that moment, the once-unified team, initially ready to confront the peril with unwavering determination, started to retreat in fear.

Misho keenly sensed the anxiety gripping the crowd, recognizing that, in moments like these, escape was the wisest course of action. If everyone persisted, there would be no survivors left to recount the harrowing tale.

"Everyone, it's every person for themselves now. If anyone intends to flee, do so immediately! I'll stay behind to buy time for the rest," Misho declared.

Turning to Kai, he added, "Kai, you should leave as well. But please, take my granddaughter, Izolda, with you."

Misho's plan was for Kai to escort Izolda to safety while he confronted the silver tigers.

"No, Grandpa, I want to stay with you!" Izolda shook her head and protested.

"Old Mr. Giuvali, I'll be eternally grateful to you. I'm taking my leave now," Rostom conveyed his appreciation to Misho.

Without hesitation, he turned to Kiara and implored, "Kiara, grab Mr. Chevalier; let's leave this place. Waiting any longer would make us dinner for the silver tigers."

Kiara, torn by the decision, sought guidance from the severely injured Hamish.

With a heavy sigh, Hamish addressed the crowd, "I'm sorry, everyone. It's every individual for themselves now."

Kiara and Rostom promptly guided Hamish away from the imminent threat.

Observing Hamish's departure, the crowd was now on edge, eager to flee.

"Old Mr. Giuvali, I'll stay behind to buy time for everyone. You should escape," Kai insisted to Misho.

"You?" Misho fixed his gaze on Kai. "With your abilities, you'd be consumed in the blink of an eye. Don't be reckless."

"Don't worry, Old Mr. Giuvali, I have a plan."

Kai's body surged with dragon breath as he gestured, causing it to detonate in the air. The dragon breath created a protective shield, serving as a barrier between them and the frenzied silver tigers.

Startled by the aura emanating from the dragon breath, the agitated silver tigers retreated in fear. Onlookers turned to Kai in amazement as the scene unfolded.

"Your aura is extraordinary, Kai. It can even intimidate the silver tigers!" Misho gazed at Kai in disbelief.

"I just pulled a little trick, Old Mr. Giuvali. I infused the dragon breath with a scent that demon beasts fear. That's why they backed off. But it won't last for long. You all should leave now. Once you're out of this poison veil, you'll be safe," Kai explained to Misho.

Misho nodded in understanding. "Everyone, let's leave the poison veil now," he called, leading the crowd in their escape.

"You two should go as well. I'll catch up soon."

Kai commanded Feenix and Cloud to escape alongside Misho. Although Cloud and Feenix appeared eager to communicate more, a stern look from Kai persuaded them to follow orders.

In that crucial moment, Kai found himself alone, confronting the onslaught of the silver tiger pack.

His insistence on others fleeing was rooted in his desire to conceal his true identity from the crowd. He had intentionally altered the dragon breath to avoid its recognition by others.

However, even in their frenzied state, the silver tigers, recognizing the dragon as the king of demon beasts, could still sense the imposing pressure of the dragon breath. This realization prompted their retreat.

Moreover, Kai detected something unusual about the poison veil. It felt artificial, a deliberate creation rather than a natural occurrence. He surmised that it had been purposefully placed by an unknown perpetrator.

As the dragon breath slowly faded away, the silver tigers resumed their fierce onslaught on the weakening shield.

Despite acknowledging that the barrier was on the brink of shattering under their relentless attacks, Kai maintained his composure.

Muttering under his breath, he began an incantation that filled the air, seeping into the silver tigers. Bit by bit, the frenzied state of the silver tigers subsided, and their red eyes reverted to their original color.

Kai persisted in his chanting, and the previously agitated demeanor of the silver tigers transitioned into a tranquil state.

“W-What’s happening?” Tiger King looked around, puzzled. The remaining silver tigers appeared disoriented, questioning their presence in such an unusual location.

“You were all affected by the poison veil, which drove you into a frenzy that led to the attack on our people,” Kai clarified.

“Attack you?” Tiger King was incredulous.

“We’ve always kept to ourselves in the woods, never attacking humans or cultivators. Why would we attack you?”

“As I mentioned before, the poison veil distorted your consciousness. Regrettably, I don’t know its origin,” Kai replied, seeking to illuminate the enigmatic situation.

“It must be those greedy folks. We’ve given them ample space since they arrived. Who would have thought they’d manipulate us with a poison veil, compelling us to attack humans and cultivators?” Tiger King voiced his anger as a realization dawned on him.

“Who were those people?” Kai asked in confusion.

“A group of Demonic Cultivators. They have been staying here in Mount Crimson for many years, but I left them alone since they never attacked us. After all, Mount Crimson is vast, so having a bunch of Demonic Cultivators here wouldn’t really affect us. I didn’t expect them to create poison veils to confuse us, though!” Tiger King exclaimed angrily.

“There are Demonic Cultivators here in this mountain? Those guys really are everywhere!” Kai said. It seems that one can encounter Demonic Cultivators in any place that is slightly remote and secluded!

“Thank you for helping us, young man! Otherwise, we would have made an enemy out of you human cultivators. I’ll go teach those b*stards a lesson!” Tiger King said and got ready to leave with the other tigers.

“Wait! Since you’ve been living in Mount Crimson for so long, have you seen any spiritual stones or mystical herbs with celestial energy?” Kai called out to Tiger King.

Tiger King grew cautious the moment he heard Kai mention celestial energy. It shook its head and said, “No, and I would advise you not to believe rumors so easily. There is no celestial energy here in Mount Crimson.”

Tiger King then led its subordinates away after that.

Kai couldn't help but feel as though the creature was keeping something from him. I bet it knows about celestial energy, and it just doesn't want to tell me about it!

After the silver tigers had left, Kai sensed Misho's location and ran after them.

If there are Demonic Cultivators here on this mountain, then the situation is a lot more dangerous than I expected! Demon beasts may be easy to deal with, but Demonic Cultivators are no pushovers! Misho and the others were shocked when they saw Kai catch up to them.

"Are you okay, young man?" Misho asked, his voice laced with a hint of concern.

"I'm fine!" Kai replied with a faint smile.

"What about those silver tigers?" Tamazi asked anxiously as he glanced behind them, only to realize that they weren't following Kai.

"Don't worry. Those silver tigers have left. They only attacked us because they were under the influence of the poison veil. Everything is fine now," Kai replied.

The group breathed a sigh of relief when they heard that. Had those silver tigers continued to attack them, they could very well end up dead on Mount Crimson.

"Thank you so much for your help today, young man. Otherwise, we would all be dead meat!" Misho said gratefully. The other cultivators, too, stepped forward to thank Kai. None of them dared look down on him after that.

"We should help each other now that we're in the same group, Old Mr. Giuvali," Kai replied with a smile. He then glanced about as he continued, "Where's Mr. Chevalier and Kiara?"

Misho shrugged. "I don't know. They left first, and we couldn't catch up to them. Maybe they went in a different direction."

Kai's brow furrowed when he heard that. He had a bad feeling when he recalled the presence of Demonic Cultivators in the mountain and how Rostom didn't take the pills.

"Oh, no..." Kai mumbled with a frown.

"What's wrong?" Misho asked in confusion.

"There are Demonic Cultivators in Mount Crimson. That poison veil we saw earlier wasn't natural. It was man-made. They know our location as well. That's why the poison veil drifted over to us," Kai explained.

"What? You mean someone made that poison veil? But Mr. Chevalier had chosen the route we took based on his many years of experience! It's the safest and most secluded route possible. How could anyone else know about it?" Misho exclaimed in disbelief.

We followed Hamish to the southern region because he knew the place like the back of his hand! Everything has always been fine, so why would this happen now?

“I don’t want to jump to conclusions too soon, but I believe someone in our group secretly exposed our location. You guys can get some rest here while I go look for Mr. Chevalier and Kiara,” Kai conveyed before setting off in search of the father-and-daughter duo.

Meanwhile, Rostom held Hamish hostage as Kiara remained vigilant, constantly scanning the surroundings for any signs of approaching demon beasts. The three of them weaved through a thick jungle on the mountain.

“Where are you taking me, Tom?” Hamish asked in confusion.

“Just come with me, Mr. Chevalier. I know a very safe route,” Rostom explained.

“You know a route? But you have never been to the southern region, right?” Hamish asked.

“I heard about it from a friend. Now that we’re in the clear, we should be able to escape Mount Crimson soon,” Rostom replied as he continued walking with Hamish in his grip.

Hamish said nothing further after that, but he continued to observe his surroundings with a somewhat displeased look on his face.

Kiara, too, was on guard as she cautiously followed behind them. Little did Hamish know, a group of people was waiting for them just up ahead. An elderly man in a black robe had a vicious look in his eyes.

“I didn’t know you and the overlord were still alive and have been living in Demon Seal Alliance’s headquarters, Elder Fabrizio. Ever since Soulless Hall got attacked by Demon Seal Alliance and many cultivators, I fled to Mount Crimson with dozens of our surviving members. I spent every day hoping to someday avenge Soulless Hall. Who would’ve thought you guys were still alive, eh?” said Hyrum Goeckner, a man with knife scars on his face as he stood next to that elderly man.

“The overlord and I are glad to hear that, Hyrum. After all, it has been so many years. We, too, thought we were going to die when we fell into Demon Seal Alliance’s hands. However, they simply locked us up instead of killing us. There are many Demonic Cultivators who are being kept as pets to serve Demon Seal Alliance. I came here today because they sent me to kill someone named Kai. Had that not been the case, I would not have encountered you guys,” Xanthus Fabrizio replied.

“Could you imagine that the Demon Seal Alliance, which harbors such intense animosity towards demons, is actually collaborating with them in secret? The irony is astounding!” Hyrum exclaimed.

“Do not tell anyone else about this,” Xanthus ordered coldly.

“Don’t worry, Elder Fabrizio. I won’t tell anyone!” Hyrum promised.

“So, why did you bring me here? What are we waiting for?” Xanthus asked.

“You may not know this, Elder Fabrizio, but cultivators often go through Mount Crimson to get to the southern region. Now that all of Ethereal Realm knows about the celestial battleground in Demonica Mountain, the amount of cultivators passing through Mount Crimson has increased significantly,” Hyrum elucidated.

Following a brief pause, he revealed, “We could ambush them for some resources. This time, we’re waiting for someone who travels to the southern region all year round. He has a lot of information on the locations of treasures. I hear he has even hidden some of his treasures here in Mount Crimson.”

“How do you know they’ll pass us by?” Xanthus asked in confusion.

“I planted a mole in their group and used the poison veil to force them to flee. Once we capture Hamish, we can make him lead us to the treasure!” Hyrum replied proudly.

“I see. You certainly have grown a lot over the years. Once Soulless Hall is restored, I will tell the overlord about this and propose that you be promoted to an elder!” Xanthus said while patting Hyrum on the shoulder.

“Thank you very much, Elder Fabrizio!” Hyrum exclaimed excitedly.

That was when Rostom, along with the Chevaliers, approached them. Hamish’s expression turned progressively solemn as he surveyed the surroundings.

“Let’s rest for a bit, Tom...” Hamish said as he broke free of Rostom’s grip and sat down on the side

“We’re almost there, Mr. Chevalier. The exit is straight ahead! Moreover, it’s not safe to rest in this spot. We can find a secure location to rest once we’ve reached our destination,” Rostom advised.

He then tried to help Hamish up, but the older man waved his hands and refused to get up no matter what.

Consequently, Rostom turned toward Kiara and said, “Please tell Mr. Chevalier to get up, Kiara. It’s too dangerous for us to rest here.”

“How about we find a spot to rest up front, Dad?” Kiara suggested. Hamish shook his head. “I’m afraid we might not be able to rest if we head over there.”

“Why not?” Kiara asked in confusion.

“I’ve traversed Mount Crimson countless times, and the path ahead does not lead us out of this mountain,” Hamish responded. He then fixed Rostom with an icy-cold glare, pressing further, “Tom, why don’t you enlighten me on why you brought us here?”

Rostom shuddered as he attempted to explain, “Are you serious, Mr. Chevalier? I heard about this path from a friend! Could it be that I picked the wrong route?”

He even tried glancing about frantically to help sell his act. Kiara was starting to panic. “Did we take a wrong turn, Dad? What should we do?”

“Calm down, you two. I’ll go check the path up ahead and see if we’re on the right track,” Rostom said, stepping forward to investigate.

After Rostom had left, Hamish told Kiara, “Go follow him and find out what’s going on, but be careful not to let him catch you!”

Kiara nodded and went off to tail the man. It wasn’t long before she saw Rostom walk up to a group of people. She couldn’t hear what they were saying because she was too far away, but it was obvious that Rostom knew those people.

Kiara then hurried back and reported her findings to Hamish.

“Looks like he really is up to no good. Let’s go!”

Hamish then stood up and got ready to leave with Kiara, only to see Rostom coming back before he could even take a step.

Unaware that Kiara had been following him, Rostom fabricated, “I’ve discovered a suitable spot for us to rest, Mr. Chevalier. It’s just up ahead. Additionally, we’re on the correct path and are close to making our way out of this mountain.”

Hamish was all the more certain about his theory when he heard Rostom lying to them. Getting straight to the point, he demanded, “Stop lying to me, Tom. Who did you go see up ahead?”

“No one! I didn’t see anyone!” Rostom adamantly refused to admit the truth.

“You’re lying! I saw everything!” Kiara shouted, glaring angrily at Rostom.

Realizing that they had seen through his deception, Rostom began to retreat.

“Don’t even think about running!” Hamish yelled, reaching out to grab Rostom. In a panic, Rostom sprinted away as fast as his legs could carry him. Although Hamish missed his grasp, the sheer force of his movement shattered dozens of trees into dust.

Right as Hamish prepared to launch a second attack, he suddenly started coughing up blood. The abrupt movement he made earlier had aggravated his wound.

Feeling relieved when he saw Hamish in distress, Rostom stopped running and turned around.

“Since you’ve seen through my lies, I’ll tell you the truth. Mr. Goeckner is waiting for you just up ahead. We won’t hurt you if you work with us and disclose the location of the treasures,” he declared with a smug grin.

“Mr. Goeckner? Are you referring to the Demonic Cultivator that resides in this mountain?” Hamish inquired.

“That’s right. They may be Demonic Cultivators, but they will honor their promise. You will be fine as long as you cooperate,” Rostom said shamelessly.

“F*ck that! I will never work with Demonic Cultivators!” Hamish shouted angrily and tried to attack Rostom again. Despite being wounded, Hamish was still incredibly fast and powerful.

“Don’t think I can’t kill you simply because I’m injured, you piece of sh*t! I’ll do your family a favor by helping them clean their house!” Hamish roared, unleashing a potent burst of aura at Rostom. To evade Hamish’s attack, Rostom had to step back and roll on the ground three times.

“I’m going to die if you don’t help me out here, Mr. Goeckner!” Rostom screamed in terror. Hyrum then led his men into the open upon hearing that. Standing beside Hyrum was Xanthus.

Hamish instinctively retreated as he saw the group of people before him.

Meanwhile, Rostom regained his footing and approached Hyrum, stating, “Hamish is wounded, Mr. Goeckner. He poses no threat to you.”

“Rostom, you b*stard!” Kiara screamed furiously, her face flushed.

“Mr. Goeckner won’t hurt you two as long as you cooperate, Kiara,” the man added with a touch of smugness.

“F*ck you!” Kiara spat at the ground in disgust.

“We meet again, Mr. Chevalier,” Hyrum sneered at Hamish. Hamish eyed Hyrum cautiously as he retorted, “You Demonic Cultivators dare reveal yourselves? Aren’t you afraid someone will spot you and wipe you all out?”

“Hahaha! No one can wipe us out here in Mount Crimson. This place is my turf now. Don’t expect to stroll through without paying!” Hyrum motioned at two Demonic Cultivators on the side.

The two immediately charged at Hamish in response. Hamish’s aura continued to surge as it was challenging for him to control it while wounded.

“Mere Demonic Cultivators like you don’t stand a chance against me!” Hamish shouted through clenched teeth, grabbing at the air in front of him.

Suddenly, a red magic sword materialized in Hamish’s hand. With a slash, a bright light illuminated the night sky like the sun. The two Demonic Cultivators were instantly slain with no means to resist. However, after the attack, Hamish’s face turned pale, and he began coughing up blood once again.

“Dad!” Kiara called out to him, her tone tinged with worry.

“Get out of here, Kia! Whatever you do, don’t stop running!” Hamish said. Kiara shook her head with tears in her eyes. “I’m not going anywhere, Dad!”

“Go now while I can still protect you!” Hamish shouted, giving his daughter a forceful shove.

“Ha! None of you are going anywhere!” Rostom said with a vicious leer.

“You b*stard! I’ll kill you even if I die doing so!” Hamish erupted with anger, activating all of his aura. He funneled all of it into the red magic sword, causing it to glow brighter and emit a terrifying aura in all directions.

“Hamish truly is a living treasure! That magic sword of his is no ordinary magic item. Looks like I really do have a good eye for treasure!” Hyrum’s eyes glinted with greed as he gently waved his arms, enveloping Hamish and Kiara in a mist.

