

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 521

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I Am Not Tired

“Captain Walsh, it’s already late today. Plus, Mr. Chance has not yet prepared. Can we spend a night in Horington, please?”

Tristan turned toward Shane Walsh and asked.

“No way. I’m told to take him to the southwest. I’m not informed that I could spend the night here!”

Upon saying that, Shane turned and walked toward his car. As he was walking, he murmured to himself, “Since when did the son of the Bailey family become others’ slave?”

“You...” Tristan was enraged to hear that. However, Shane had walked back to his car.

“Mr. Chance, what do you...” Tristan shifted his gaze toward Jared.

“Let me get changed, and then we can depart right away!” Jared went to change his clothes and called Josephine to say goodbye. Then, he got ready to depart together with Tristan.

“I am sorry, but our car is full. Please use your own vehicles!”

Shane wound down the car window and uttered coldly.

It seemed that Shane was unhappy about having to go to the southwest with Jared. He had only agreed to do so because he did not dare to disobey the order given by his general.

Jared merely smiled. “Tristan, you drive!”

Tristan nodded, and he drove Jared toward the southwest.

With that, four vehicles made haste for the destination. Soon, the sky turned dark, but Shane showed no intention of stopping and resting.

“Mr. Chance, what should we do? Shane is a rude person. If it were not for his strength, he wouldn’t have a place in the Department of Justice. Nobody likes him...” Tristan said to Jared as he noticed the vehicles in front of them did not stop at all.

“Follow them. We won’t stop if they don’t. If you are tired, I can drive,” Jared responded calmly.

“I am not tired. It’s not a long journey, anyway.” Tristan shook his head.

They drove for the entire night until they entered the southwest area. There were mountain roads along the way. Tristan yawned while rubbing his eyes.

“Let’s switch if you are tired!” Jared told Tristan.

“Mr. Chance, it’s all right. I can still hold on!” Tristan tried hard to keep his eyes open.

Upon seeing that, Jared tapped on Tristan’s shoulder. A wave of pure spiritual energy flowed into Tristan’s body. Right away, all drowsiness on Tristan faded, and he felt energetic.

He felt a strength entering his body, and all his tiredness disappeared. He knew Jared had given energy to him. Tristan was overwhelmed with excitement, and he was impressed by that. It looks like what Grandpa said was true. Jared is indeed a spiritual energy cultivator.

Tristan had no idea how long they had been driving, but he noticed the sun was starting to rise. Yet, Shane’s car still did not stop at all. Don’t they need to eat?

“Are this bunch of guys made of iron?” Tristan uttered furiously.

Just as he finished his sentence, a Mercedes-Benz suddenly rammed into their car from behind.

Shocked, Tristan immediately stepped on the brake and stopped the car. They were on the mountain road, and there was a cliff beside them. If the collision caused them to fall off the cliff, they would not be able to survive.

“*Dmn it! What the hll* is the driver doing?” Tristan cursed loudly.

Yet, the car did not stop as it drove toward the cliff.

Jared saw that and immediately opened the car door. He ran toward the Mercedes-Benz swiftly.

After a loud bang, the Mercedes-Benz changed its course and knocked into the mountain on the other side. It finally stopped.

Tristan anxiously got out of the car. He saw Jared standing at the edge of the cliff. Earlier, Jared had landed a punch on the car and changed the car's direction.

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Schoolmate

“Mr. Chance, are you injured?” Tristan asked.

Jared shook his head and pointed at the car. “Go and check on those in the car!”

“Okay!” Without delay, Tristan ran toward the car.

There was a girl in the Mercedes-Benz. The airbag popped out, and the girl leaned against the steering wheel. She seemed to have lost her consciousness.

Tristan opened the car door forcefully and carried the girl out.

The girl seemed to be in her twenties. She was wearing a blue dress, and there were bloodstains all over her dress. Her face looked utterly pale.

Jared walked over and placed his hand on the girl's hand. A wave of spiritual energy entered the girl's body, and she slowly opened her eyes.

She recoiled in fear when she saw Tristan and Jared. She immediately stood up and kept her distance from them.

“Miss, there's no need to be afraid. You got into a car accident. We were the ones that rescued you!” Tristan immediately explained to the girl.

The girl shifted her gaze toward her crashed car and tried hard to recall what had happened. A few seconds later, she seemed to be more at ease. "Thank you, then. I must have been drowsy when I was driving!"

"I have just checked on you. Your body is fine, and there are just a few scratches. Please call for help yourself!" Jared said that and turned to Tristan. "Let's go!"

"Wait a minute!" the girl suddenly shouted and stopped Jared and Tristan. "My phone is broken, and I can't make a call. May I ask where you guys are heading?"

"To Whitesea!" Tristan replied.

"That's great. I am from Whitesea. Can you guys give me a lift? I can pay you..." the girl asked delightfully.

"We still have something to settle, so it is not convenient. Please wait for help here!"

Upon saying that, Jared got into the car abruptly.

Tristan displayed a weak smile at the girl and got into the car.

The girl blocked the car and shouted at Jared, "Don't you have any sympathy? Are you willing to see a girl stay here alone? What if I run into some bad guys?"

Jared wound down his window. "Aren't you afraid that we are bad guys, then?"

"No. You don't look like bad guys. I know physiognomy, and I can read people well. I know you two are good guys!" the girl declared loudly.

Jared's lips curled into a smile. He knew the girl said so to please them. A girl in her twenties like her knows physiognomy? That's unlikely.

"Mr. Chance..."

Tristan stared at Jared with anticipation. He somehow hoped the latter would agree to take the girl along.

"Come in, then!" Jared responded faintly.

The girl opened the car door happily and sat in the back seat. “Thank you so much...”

As Tristan continued to drive, the girl started to introduce herself.

“I am Megan Simmons. I am a graduate of Quartz College of Jadeborough. I have just graduated this year. What are your names? Why are you going to Whitesea?” Megan asked Jared and Tristan.

“You’re a student of Quartz College?” Tristan, who was driving, was somehow shocked by that.

“Yes. I still have my student card with me. You can check it out if you don’t believe me!”

Megan took out her student card and showed Tristan.

“I graduated from Quartz College too. But I was from the class of 1984. Five years older than you!” Tristan replied while driving.

“Really? Then you are my senior. What a coincidence! I didn’t expect I could run into a senior here. It is hard for people from the southwest to enter Quartz College...”

Megan became more talkative after finding out that Tristan was from the same school as her.

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I Know Physiognomy

“My house is in Jadeborough!” Tristan displayed a smile.

“I see. I thought you guys are from the southwest too. Jadeborough is very far from here. Why are you guys going to Whitesea? Are you guys on a vacation?”

Megan was curious.

“Yes!” Tristan nodded as he did not know how else to answer that.

“After Crescent Sect opened a hot spring resort, more tourists came to Whitesea for a trip. I heard that the hot spring could cure many sicknesses, including cancer. I don’t know if it is true. I’ve never been there!” Megan said.

“You know of Crescent Sect?” Jared, who had been keeping silent, suddenly widened his eyes and asked Megan.

Logically speaking, ordinary people should not know about Crescent Sect. And why did they open a resort?

“Of course, I do. Everyone in Whitesea knows about it. Not only that the resort has a hot spring, but there is also a temple for people to pray for blessings. There is a master who is very good at divination. However, my dad said it was a trick to deceive people, and he forbids me from going there!” Megan explained.

Jared nodded slightly and kept his silence again. It seems that the ordinary folks merely see Crescent Sect as a tourist spot. As for what it truly is, I bet no one knows about it.

Seeing Jared not responding again, Megan rolled her eyes at Jared and displayed a displeased expression. She shifted her gaze toward Tristan. “You haven’t told me your name. Since you said that you’re going to Whitesea, are you guys going to Crescent Sect? Based on your look, even though you don’t look young, I bet you don’t have a girlfriend yet!”

“My name is Tristan Bailey. Yes, we are going to Crescent Sect. And indeed, I don’t have a girlfriend.” Tristan smiled and joked, “Are you serious when you say you’re good at physiognomy?”

“Indeed, I am. My father is a famous physiognomist in Whitesea. He is known as ‘The Godlike Simmons.’ At a glance, he is able to tell the person’s identity and history!” Megan boasted pridefully.

“Is he that good?” Tristan was somehow amazed by that. If her father is really that amazing, then I guess he’s truly godlike.

“Of course. Even though I only learned a little from my dad, I can tell that this guy has a lot of admirers. Many girls are into him although he is not that good-looking. If I’m not mistaken, one of his admirers is a celebrity!”

Megan glanced at Jared, who was sitting in the passenger's seat.

Megan had a bad impression of Jared, as he had refused to take her with them in the beginning. Plus, he had been keeping silent ever since Megan got into the car.

"A celebrity?" Tristan stared at Jared with a confused look. I have no idea that some celebrity is into Jared!

Even though Jared was closing his eyes, he was slightly surprised. The celebrity that Megan mentioned should be Tessa. I could tell that she had feelings for me when we were in Salinsburgh.

"However, even though he has a lot of admirers, he'll disappoint many of them. Not only that, he will be facing a catastrophe soon!" Megan continued to elaborate as she looked at Jared.

"What catastrophe?" Tristan asked anxiously.

If the issue with the Coopers is considered a catastrophe, she's not wrong, then. After all, Jared killed Franco, and the Coopers will never let him off the hook easily!

"I can't tell. There are many things about this guy that I can't tell. However, I am sure it will be a catastrophe that may cost him his life..."

Megan furrowed her brows as she observed Jared closely.

Tristan also glanced at Jared. At the moment, Jared seemed to be sleeping. Tristan was not sure if Jared heard what Megan had said.

"Stay focused while driving," Jared said indifferently.

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Accurate Prediction

Even though Jared was closing his eyes, he seemed to be able to see.

Tristan immediately regained his senses and focused on driving.

“Tristan, I can tell that you are from a wealthy family. On the other hand, this guy has a life of an orphan. Why are you so intimidated by him?”

Megan could not wrap her head around it.

However, as soon as Megan finished her sentence, the air inside the car froze. A deadly aura seemed to appear from nowhere.

Megan noticed that Jared had opened his eyes. He turned around and stared at Megan coldly. Megan immediately shut her mouth. Her body trembled slightly.

After Jared withdrew his gaze and leaned back on his seat, the atmosphere inside the car became less tense.

Megan was rendered speechless by that. She stared at Jared, her gaze filled with terror.

Their car was still moving forward swiftly. After a while, they saw that Shane and the rest's vehicles were parked by the road. They had gotten out of the cars, and they were eating and smoking.

After seeing Jared's car, Shane walked over. He had a darkened expression on his face when he said, “What are you guys doing? We have been waiting for you for a long time. Do you have any idea how precious time is for me? I am not as carefree as you guys. I have a lot of missions in hand. If it weren't for the order given by General Jackson, I would have left you guys behind!”

Shane scolded Jared and Tristan rudely.

Jared ignored him, and Tristan furrowed his brows tightly. Knowing that Shane was a rude person, Tristan did not have the intention to get into a conflict with Shane.

Meanwhile, Megan, who was sitting in the back seat, wound down her window. “How could you say that? They are late because they stopped to save me. Come at me if you have anything to say.”

Shane was stunned momentarily upon noticing a girl in the car. He sized Megan up and shifted his gaze back to Jared and Tristan. "We have to get to Whitesea before sunset. Let's depart right away!"

When Shane turned around and was about to leave, Megan called out to him, "Hold on!"

"Is anything the matter?" Shane shot her a glare.

"You'd better rest for another half an hour before departing. Looking at you, I can tell that something bad is coming your way. Your life is in danger..." Megan said to Shane.

"Nonsense!" Shane frowned as he tried to suppress his rage. Considering that Megan was a female, he did not lose his temper on the spot.

Shane would not waste half an hour just because of Megan's words. After all, he did not believe in fortune-telling, but only in his strength. With that, they started their cars and continued with their journey.

Megan snorted coldly. "Hmph! He will regret it for refusing to listen to me!"

"Megan, were you messing around with him, or did you mean what you said?" Tristan asked.

"Of course, I meant it. Wait and see if you don't believe me!"

As soon as Megan dropped her words, a loud crash sounded in front of them.

Bang!

A truck that came from the opposite direction lost control. It crashed right into Shane's car.

The vast force knocked Shane's car out very far, and it stopped at the cliff's edge.

It was so close to falling off the cliff. No one would be able to survive should the car fall off the cliff.

"Holy cr*p! It's happening!"

Tristan, who was well-educated, widened his eyes and cursed out loud.

Megan smiled faintly. “Did you see that? Do you believe me now?”

Jared opened the car door and got out of the car. By then, the other men from the Department of Justice had dragged Shane out of his crashed car.

Even though he was still alive, there were many wounds on his body. He was bleeding heavily.

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Luxurious Courtyard

After his wounds were bandaged, Shane gritted his teeth and stood up, and he stared at Megan with hatred in his eyes. He felt that he had a car accident because she was a jinx.

The truck driver seemed to be fine. He was lucky to have knocked into Shane’s car. Otherwise, he might have driven off the cliff.

They did not stop for a long time. Shane got into the other car and continued with their journey. They had to arrive at Whitesea before the sky turned dark.

There was no more trouble after that. In the end, they managed to make it to the destination right before sunset.

After arriving at Whitesea, Megan said to Tristan, “Tristan, let’s exchange our contact. Since you guys rescued me today, I should express my gratitude!”

Tristan nodded. They exchanged contacts, and Megan left after that.

They found a hotel to spend the night. Everyone was tired after traveling on the road for such a long time. With that, Tristan and Jared took a quick bath and went to rest.

Yet, a short while after Tristan lay down on his bed, he received a call from Megan. She invited them to have dinner at her place, as she would like to thank them for saving her life.

Tristan wanted to go, as he wanted Megan's father to tell his fortune. He was eager to know about his future. However, he did not dare to make the decision. Therefore, he went to ask Jared for his opinion.

Jared knew what Tristan was thinking. Hence, he accepted it.

Before long, a Rolls-Royce pulled up at the hotel entrance, and Jared and Tristan were taken to Megan's residence.

Megan's residence was an antique courtyard covering a large area. Its decoration style was similar to that of an ancient palace.

Even a rich man like Tristan was amazed by the design. "This is way too luxurious! It looks like a place where the ancient king lived in!"

"Tristan."

Megan appeared from nowhere and greeted Tristan. She seemed happy to see Tristan. However, she paid no heed to Jared.

"Megan!" Tristan responded with a smile.

"Let's go. My dad is waiting for you."

Megan led Tristan and Jared toward the dining hall. It took them many turns to reach there. Tristan and Jared would take a long time to look for the dining hall if they were to head there without Megan's guidance.

The table was full of assorted delicacies, and quite a few servants were waiting by the table.

As soon as those servants saw Megan approaching, they greeted her respectfully, "Ms. Simmons."

"Where is my dad? Please inform him that the guests are here," Megan ordered the servants.

"Okay!" One of the servants nodded immediately.

Megan welcomed Tristan happily, and she somehow ignored Jared. Tristan felt awkward as he stared at Jared with an apologetic look.

Jared did not seem to be bothered at all. He sat quietly beside them, his face void of expression.

A short while later, an old man with white hair and a white beard walked in. His facial features somehow resembled Megan's. He was Megan's father, Dante Simmons.

After seeing Dante, Megan rushed toward him, then pointed at Tristan and introduced, "Dad, this is Tristan Bailey, the senior that saved my life."

Tristan and Jared were stunned momentarily upon seeing Dante. Judging by his age, he was even old enough to be Megan's grandfather.

Dante glanced at Tristan and Jared, then said smilingly, "Thank you for saving my daughter. I've prepared some simple dishes. I hope you don't mind it!"

"Mr. Simmons, you are welcome. Mr. Chance was the one who saved Megan," Tristan uttered awkwardly.

"No matter who did, I would like to thank both of you. Please have a seat!"

Dante politely asked them to take a seat at the table.

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Did Not Dare To Look

Soon, they all sat down at the table. Megan deliberately sat beside Tristan. It seemed that she was quite fond of Tristan.

During the dinner, Megan kept asking Tristan questions. However, she did not talk to Jared at all.

Dante seemed to be friendly with Tristan as well. It seemed to others that Jared was the wingman. However, Jared did not mind it, and he just ate his food quietly.

After befriending Dante, Tristan asked him, "Mr. Simmons, I heard from Megan that you are also known as 'The Godlike Simmons' because you can

predict anyone's future just by a glance. I wonder if you could tell me about my future."

"Dad, why don't you tell Tristan about his future? I think he's from a wealthy family and will definitely have great achievements in the future," Megan chimed in.

Dante cast a smile. "Indeed, Mr. Bailey is from a wealthy family, but..."

Tristan's heart skipped a beat when he heard that. He anxiously asked, "Mr. Simmons, but what?"

"But the Bailey family seems to be going downhill, and you guys need a benefactor to help you. The Bailey family can prosper forever if you can grab the opportunity to get help from that benefactor!" Dante explained.

"Mr. Simmons, who is that benefactor?" Tristan cast a glance at Jared as he asked Dante anxiously.

If Jared is that benefactor, I will have to treat him more respectfully. If he is not, we won't have to waste our time on him.

"Hahaha. That's all I can tell you. It's a secret I can't divulge."

Dante stroked his beard and let out a laugh.

Tristan smiled too. He knew he should not further press on the question. At that point, he could only treat Jared as the benefactor.

Megan then pointed at Jared and said to her father, "Dad, please have a look at this guy too. I can tell that he comes from a poor background, but he has great luck in love and relationship. Also, I foresee that he will face a catastrophe soon, but as I do a double-take, it doesn't seem like the case."

Dante did not even look at Jared as he shook his head.

"Dad, what do you mean by that? Is there really nothing else we can do to help him?"

Megan was startled.

Usually, Dante would only shake his head when he foresaw the inevitable death of the person. Even though he could predict the future, he could not change it.

“I don’t dare to read him...” Dante answered honestly.

“Why?” Megan was left in awe. She had never heard her father saying such a thing.

Jared was also stunned slightly by Dante’s words. He lifted his head, glanced at Dante, and then lowered his head again.

“Dad, what do you mean by that?” Megan could not wrap her head around it.

“Stop asking me. Let’s talk about something else. And I want to warn you. From now on, you are not allowed to predict anyone’s future!”

Dante stared at Megan with a displeased look.

“Okay, I got it!” Megan nodded immediately.

When they were about to finish their dinner, Megan suddenly asked Dante, “Dad, they will go to Crescent Sect tomorrow. Can I go with them?”

“Sure!” Dante nodded without hesitation.

His response dumbfounded Megan. “Dad, what’s wrong with you today? You never allowed me to go to Crescent Sect. Why would you say yes this time?”

“It’s different now. Plus, you are not a kid anymore. You should go out and explore!”

Dante looked at Megan lovingly.

“That’s great. I love you so much, Dad...”

Overwhelmed with joy, Megan hugged Dante and laughed.

“All right. You can show Mr. Bailey around, and you all can enjoy some beautiful sceneries,” Dante said with a smile.

“Okay!” Megan nodded as she shifted her gaze toward Tristan. “Tristan, let me show you around the house. I have kept some fish that can understand the human language.”

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Who Exactly Are You

Tristan cast a glance at Jared. He needed the latter’s permission for that.

Jared nodded. “Go ahead. But don’t be too late. We still have business tomorrow!”

“Got it!” Tristan nodded.

“Tristan, why do you keep obeying him? There’s no need to care about him.”

Megan grabbed Tristan’s hand and left.

After Megan and Tristan left, Dante waved his hand, signaling the servants to leave the room.

Jared took a sip of his tea. “Please cut to the chase!”

He knew Dante had something to talk to him in private.

Just as Jared finished his words, Dante kneeled before Jared. Jared was startled by that.

“Mr. Chance, please save my daughter’s life.”

Dante knelt before Jared and pleaded.

Jared was utterly stunned as he immediately helped Dante to his feet. “What do you mean by that?”

Dante looked at Jared and said, “Mr. Chance, you’re an extraordinary man. Only you are capable of saving my daughter’s life. You are the benefactor that I’ve been waiting for!”

“Does your daughter have any kind of complicated disease?”

Jared did not understand what Dante meant.

Dante shook his head. “Mr. Chance, I know you came here to fight Crescent Sect, and I know you’ve killed Venicus, Zedekiah, and two other guardians. Crescent Sect has a strong grudge against you now!”

“Who exactly are you?” Jared furrowed his brows. He felt uneasy for not knowing much about Dante.

He seems to know everything about me, yet I don’t know anything about him!

“Mr. Chance, to be honest with you, I was the leader of Crescent Sect.”

Upon hearing that, Jared tensed up as he put on his guard against Dante.

“Mr. Chance, you don’t have to be afraid. I was the leader five years ago. The current leader is my disciple, Fabian Quillen!” Dante immediately explained after seeing Jared’s reaction.

“Explain everything to me clearly...”

Jared furrowed his brows.

“Okay!” Dante started explaining everything to Jared.

Crescent Sect was initially a regular organization before it turned into a cult. Back then, Dante was famous for his exceptional physiognomy skill and had taken in many disciples. Crescent Sect was doing well and growing strong. Yet, after he accepted Fabian as a disciple, the latter eventually cast him out and became the leader himself.

After Fabian had become the leader, the entire Crescent Sect had become something else under his influence. They would do anything to gain skills and wealth. In order to make his men stay loyal to him, Fabian had even raised parasites to manipulate everyone in Crescent Sect.

Recently, many young girls in Whitesea had been reported missing. Dante guessed Fabian was behind this. Dante also knew that his days were numbered and that Fabian would harm Megan. However, he knew a benefactor would show up before that happened, and so he had been waiting

for the man who could save his daughter's life. As soon as he saw Jared, he figured right away that Jared was the benefactor who he had been waiting for.

Jared nodded after he understood what was going on. Still, he had some doubts. "Mr. Simmons, since you are so good at physiognomy, why did you fail to predict Fabian's malicious intentions? And why didn't he kill you when he cast you out of Crescent Sect?"

Dante let out a sigh. "Fabian must have known I was good at physiognomy, so he had disfigured his face before becoming my disciple. He said his family died in a fire, and he was the only one who survived. However, his face got burned severely. I took him in out of pity. He has been wearing a mask ever since!

As for why he didn't kill me, I guess he still needs the secret scrolls of physiognomy from me. However, I can feel that he will make a move on me soon. The only way he can force me to hand over the secret scrolls is to use my daughter, Megan, as leverage. Mr. Chance, you are the only person who can save her now!"

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Revealed Too Many Secrets

"What a cunning person he is!" Jared was surprised that Fabian was willing to destroy his face to achieve his goal.

"So that was why you had been forbidding Megan from going to Crescent Sect alone? And it's because of me that you agreed to let her go there?" Jared asked.

Dante nodded slightly. "Yes. I trust her in your hands. Plus, it is time to settle this. I fear that I won't survive more than half a month."

"Are you sick? I know a little bit of medicine. Maybe I can check on you!" Jared uttered.

Dante shook his head. "I've revealed too many secrets. Even God cannot save me now. Mr. Chance, don't worry about me. However, I have something to remind you before I die."

"Mr. Simmons, please go ahead!"

"Mr. Chance, you are one of a kind. Surely, there will be many followers around you. However, not all of them are loyal, and most of them have their motives. For example, Tristan..."

"I understand. There is only a mutually beneficial relationship between the Baileys and me!" Jared smiled. All he needed from the Baileys was their herbs from Herb Palace. In exchange, if anything happened to the Bailey family, he would help them out. If the Bailey family collapsed, no one would be providing him with any herbs anymore. In other words, it was just a mutually beneficial relationship between them.

"Mr. Chance, what my daughter said just now was accurate. Indeed, you will be facing a catastrophe soon. However, your identity is too mysterious, so I cannot see through it all. Hence, I need your help to predict what the catastrophe will be," Dante continued to explain.

"How can I help?" Jared asked.

"I need a drop of blood from you!"

"No problem!" Without hesitation, Jared bit his finger and squeezed out a drop of blood.

Dante touched Jared's blood with his finger and tapped lightly on his forehead. Then, he stared closely at Jared without blinking.

Dante's face started to turn pale as cold sweat rolled down his forehead a while later.

Pfft!

Suddenly, blood splattered out from his mouth.

"Mr. Simmons..." Jared immediately stretched his hand and inserted some spiritual energy into Dante's body.

Dante looked at Jared with a bewildered look. After recollecting himself, he told Jared, "I still cannot see through your identity. But apparently, you are not an ordinary human. Something bad will happen to you on the fifteenth of July. It will probably happen on the sea or an island!"

Jared was dumbstruck upon hearing that. Isn't that the date Draco asks me to go to Nameless Island? Is something terrible going to happen to me when I go there?

Jared was starting to feel lost. He was not sure who he should believe.

Forget it. I will still go to the island that day.

Jared made up his mind secretly.

Just then, Dante seemed to become older as more wrinkles appeared on his face. His body had become a lot weaker.

Jared wanted to insert some more spiritual energy into Dante. However, Dante stopped him. "Mr. Chance, there's no need to waste your energy. It's pointless. I can live for five more days at most. My last hope is that you can destroy Crescent Sect and save Megan's life!"

"Mr. Simmons, you can count on me. I promise I will destroy Crescent Sect!" Jared said determinedly.

Dante cast a smile of relief. After he chatted a while more with Jared, Tristan and Megan came back. Upon seeing Dante's pale face, Megan immediately asked, "Dad, what's going on with you?"

"I'm fine." Dante smiled weakly.

"Mr. Simmons, we will excuse ourselves then!" Jared said to Dante.

"Okay!" Dante nodded at Jared.

"Tristan, I will drive and pick you up tomorrow. Let's have fun in Crescent Sect together!" Megan told Tristan joyously.

Tristan smiled and nodded. Then, he left with Jared.

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Divination

The next morning, Megan drove to the hotel to pick up Tristan and Jared before heading to Crescent Sect Resort.

Shane had woken up and prepared to head there to investigate.

When he saw the trio, he said, "It's fine if you're going there for a vacation, but don't obstruct my work. I don't have time to save any of you if you are in danger."

"Why are you saying that?" Megan's temper sparked. "I see that you'll face a bloody calamity today. It's best if you stay obediently in the hotel."

"What? I dare you to say it again!"

Rage flowed through Shane at her words. He already felt resentment toward Megan, thinking she was the one who had cursed him when he got into a car accident before. She even said he would encounter a bloody calamity. Her words were testing his patience.

"I'm just warning you from the kindness in my heart. It's up to you if you believe me."

Megan rolled her eyes at Shane, then flashed a grin at Tristan. "Let's go, Tristan."

Tristan shot Jared a glance, then got into the passenger seat while the latter got into the back seat.

With a step on the pedal, the car sped away.

"I don't understand why Theodore had me bring two rich kids," Shane mumbled to himself as he got into his car and drove toward the Crescent Sect Resort.

It was only about a hundred miles from their hotel, located in the southwestern part of Whitesea. As the resort was quite large, it could accommodate many tourists. Its earnings contributed greatly to the Crescent Sect's income.

The sect had many members, and it cost a pretty penny to maintain their lifestyle. The profits from the resort could sufficiently cover those expenses, especially via the selling of herbs.

Excitement filled Megan when she reached the resort. She was looking around enthusiastically till recalling her reason for the visit.

"Tristan, let's go to the temple. I want to meet with the diviner and see if he's the real deal." She tugged Tristan along.

He didn't dare to make any decision, so he cast a questioning glance at Jared. After receiving a nod, he agreed with her suggestion.

Jared didn't follow them to the diviner but headed deeper into Crescent Sect.

It wasn't a large temple, but many tourists were milling about. They met with the diviner for divination. Despite the massive crowd, Megan was squeezing through the bodies with all her might while tugging Tristan.

"Stop pushing! Don't you know you're supposed to get in line?" Feeling the sudden push forward, a menacing-looking man shouted at Megan.

Hearing his words, someone quickly pulled him away. "Are you that eager to die? That's Megan Simmons."

Soon, the crowd parted to let Megan through. It seemed the Simmonses was well known in Whitesea.

In the temple hall sat a monk dressed in a robe. He lifted his eyes and glimpsed Megan, then dropped his gaze immediately after.

"Master, how much for a round of divination?" she asked.

"You must be jesting, Ms. Simmons. The Simmonses are top-notch in physiognomy. There's no need for you to come to me for divination," the master laughed.

"Physiognomy is different from divination. I specifically came here today to ask you for divination. I want to see if you can get it right," she said with a smirk.

“If that’s so, please shake this tube, Ms. Simmons.” The master handed Megan a bamboo tube filled with bamboo sticks.

Reaching for the tube, she shook it vigorously before long a stick fell from the tube onto the ground.

The master picked up the stick and read it. He said with a chuckle, “Ms. Simmons, you’ll encounter adversity shortly, but I can’t say the same for your father. He won’t be alive for long.”

Megan’s expression turned grave at his words. “What? I dare you to repeat! Think twice before you do! Don’t think I won’t trash this temple.”

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A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 530

No One Can Leave

“It all depends on if you believe it. It’s true if you believe it and false if you don’t. I’m just reading the patterns from the stick. There’s no need for you to get angry, Ms. Simmons. I can explain it to you slowly if you don’t believe me.”

He turned to his disciples standing by his side. “Chase everyone out. Today’s session will end here.”

The two disciples hurriedly chased away the others in line and shut the temple’s doors.

Tristan cast a nervous glance at the master with a frown.

“Megan, let’s leave. He’s lying to you. This is a trick.”

“I will trash this place if he doesn’t explain it to me. How dare he curse the death of my father!”

Megan bent down and continued, “Explain to me then. You know the outcome if you don’t explain it clearly.”

“Ms. Simmons, your adversity has arrived.”

The master grinned evilly at her.

“What?” She froze, confused at his change.

Before she could react, the master slammed his palm toward her.

Stunned by the sudden attack, she couldn't dodge it in time, but Tristan, who was watching cautiously from the side, was prepared. He swung his leg and kicked the master's wrist, dispelling the attack. He swiftly pulled Megan to run. “Megan, let's go!”

Megan was dumbstruck, she didn't expect the master would assault her out of the blue. The Simmonses were a powerful family in the Whitesea. She hadn't expected an attack from someone who knew about her identity.

“Don't even think about leaving now that you're here.”

The master then leaped into the air, sending a punch toward Tristan.

Despite trying his best to defend against the onslaught, the powerful force of the punch had Tristan flying backward until his back hit the wall.

“Tristan!” Megan shouted as she ran over to him with a worried look.

The master slowly walked toward Megan with a chilling smile. Noticing his approach, she stared at him with dread. “What do you want? Dante Simmons is my father. He will kill you if you dare lay your hand on me.”

“I wouldn't have assaulted you today if you weren't Dante's daughter. He will listen to me with you in my grasp.”

He had a cruel grin on his face as he reached for Megan.

Boom!

An explosive sound came from the doors. Shane and his men had forcibly barged into the hall by knocking down the doors.

Seeing the scene in front of him, Shane glared at the master. “You bastard! You put on a calm and serene front but did such evil things behind closed doors. You're under arrest.”

“You’re from the Department of Justice of Jadeborough. You still came in the end.”

Shane’s appearance did not surprise him.

“You should surrender since you know of me. Are you waiting for a fight with me?” Shane barked.

“Surrender?” The master sneered, “Everyone here today doesn’t get to leave.”

Suddenly, a dozen men poured from the back of the hall. Every one of them was skilled. They had been lying in wait for quite some time.

Shane’s expression turned somber at the newly added numbers of foes.

“Did you guys think my divination was merely a trick? I was expecting you,” the master said proudly.

“Get him!” Shane launched himself at the Master after his order.

The master’s expression darkened. “Kill everyone from the Department of Justice. Catch the girl and the man lying there. With a member of the Baileys and Simmonses in my hand, they’ll be good bargaining chips.”

They had known about Tristan’s and Megan’s identities from the start.

Shane couldn’t gain the upper hand against the Master despite his Senior Grandmaster rank. His subordinates were in the same situation and could only defend themselves. They were no match against their foes. Soon, many of them were lying dead on the ground.