

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 971

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Opening The Tomb Door

Warren continued his lecture about the various precautions to take, but no one paid full attention to him. After all, it wasn't their first time participating in a Trial, and they couldn't wait to enter the ancient tomb.

When his speech was finally over, Warren turned to where the Henckle family was and looked at Blake. "The time has come, Blake. Open the tomb door."

"Yes, sir!" Blake replied as he hurriedly led a group of the Henckles' disciples and jumped to the front of the heavy tomb door.

The tomb door was carved from white marble, stood more than ten feet high, and weighed over tens of thousands of pounds. If an ordinary person were to stumble across the tomb entrance, they wouldn't even think about opening the door, much less enter the tomb.

The next second, Blake took out a bowl of red beans and scattered them in front of the door while the Henckles' disciples stood on both sides with lighted white candles in their hands.

Blake proceeded to recite an incantation, and before long, the red beans dug into the soil and began sprouting.

Everyone stared at him, not wanting to miss out on any details of the exciting development.

Soon, a patch of red bean sprouts appeared in front of the tomb door. Blake grabbed them all in one hand, stuffed them into his mouth, and started chewing.

At the same time, his hands began to glow, growing brighter every second until they resembled a couple of car headlamps.

"Open," Blake mumbled as he brought his fists together and unleashed an immense force on the tomb door.

To everyone's surprise, the heavy tomb door shifted until there was a gap that steadily grew larger.

Bursts of negative energy immediately seeped out, which resulted in a drastic temperature drop.

Some of the candle flames began to flicker wildly, and as the tomb door opened wider and wider, a cloud of black mist gushed out.

All the candles went out in the blink of an eye, chilling everyone to the bone.

Blake frowned before spitting his chewed red bean sprouts at the black mist, causing it to scatter and float away.

By then, the tomb door had opened fully, but the inside was as black as coal.

"Mr. Gordon, the tomb door's opened," Blake reported.

After stepping forward to inspect, Warren gave a satisfied nod. "The Henckle family has done well this time, Blake. The Warriors Alliance will not forget your contributions."

"It's our honor to be able to assist the Warriors Alliance," Blake replied, hastily bowing as he did.

"Follow me into the tomb, everyone! And be on your guard!" Warren ordered. Turning toward Blake, he added, "Stay close to me, Blake. If you sense anything wrong, give me a heads up."

Even though Warren was a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster, he knew squat about tombs and traps. On the contrary, Blake was an expert, so Warren knew it would be prudent to have the former by his side.

"Don't worry, Mr. Gordon. I've explored almost a hundred tombs and gained plenty of experience. Everything will be fine!" Blake said confidently.

Yes, this is it! It's time for us Henckles to shine!

Based on power alone, the Henckles could only be considered a third-rate family in the martial arts world. However, when it came to cave and tomb explorations, no one could deny that they had a rather impressive reputation in Jadeborough.

As everyone else began swarming into the tomb, Theodore turned to Jared. "Mr. Chance, this is as far as I can go. Please be careful once you're in the ancient tomb."

Unfortunately, since Theodore wasn't on the list of participants for the Trial, he wasn't allowed to step foot into the tomb.

"Don't worry, General Jackson. I'll be careful," Jared answered, nodding his head.

Without further ado, he marched into the ancient tomb with Colin in tow.

Once they were inside, they immediately felt suffocated and claustrophobic. To make matters worse, the long tunnel in front of them was like a deep and dark abyss.

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A Sense Of Impending Danger

Blake, who was in the lead, quickly ordered the Henckles' disciples to light up their pre-prepared torches.

However, just as he was about to light his torch, candles on both sides of the tunnel began to burn.

The entire tunnel was instantly awash in light, but the sudden appearance of the two rows of red pillar candles made everything seem all the more bizarre.

Naturally, that startled quite a few people. "There's no need to panic, Mr. Gordon," Blake reassured. "Oxygen entered the tomb when we opened it, and it's merely the reaction with phosphorous in the air that ignited the candles."

Warren nodded and turned to the group of people behind him. "Don't panic, everyone. Try to keep up. There are death traps everywhere, so please watch yourselves!"

After saying that, Warren continued to advance into the tomb with Blake. Now that there was light in the tunnel, they could all finally pick up the pace.

More than ten minutes had passed, but the group was still walking down the seemingly unending tunnel. Since there hadn't been any signs of danger for so long, everyone had gradually calmed their nerves and even started chatting among themselves.

Jared and Colin were at the back of the group, but surprisingly, Jared's expression was grim and not at all relaxed like the others.

"This ancient tomb sure is huge, Jared. We've already walked so much, yet we still haven't reached the burial chamber!" Colin remarked.

Jared furrowed his brows and pondered for a moment. "There's a chance this isn't an ancient tomb..."

"It's not?" Colin exclaimed with shock. "Jared, didn't you say this is the Emperor's Mausoleum? What else could it be if not an ancient tomb?"

"I'm not sure either, but this place gives me a sense of impending danger. You'd better stay on your guard," Jared warned.

For some reason, he couldn't shake off the ominous feeling of dread, to the point where he subconsciously activated Focus Technique and flooded himself with spiritual energy.

Realizing his body had gone into fight mode, Jared couldn't help but be stunned.

I've encountered plenty of dangers in the past, but my body has never reacted like this before. Why is this happening now? What's going on?

With no answer to his question, Jared became even more vigilant of his surroundings.

A few minutes later, the tunnel finally opened up to a hall that spanned an area of several hundred square meters. Needless to say, everyone felt elated, thinking they had reached the burial chamber that stored most of the treasures.

The next second, the group swarmed into the tomb, only to find an empty chamber. Other than some stone benches, there was nothing at all. What was most baffling, though, was that there wasn't even a coffin.

This time around, everyone was dumbfounded. If it turned out that the group had gone into an empty tomb, their Trial would undoubtedly become a laughing stock.

"Blake, what's going on here? Check the place out!"

Blake nodded and immediately led the Henckles' disciples to examine the burial chamber while the rest of the group sat on the benches.

Most of the sects and families had crowded around Edgar, leaving Jared to sit with Colin and two other members from Shadow Estate.

Meanwhile, Skylar and Howard sat someplace else with their team, not wanting to associate themselves with anyone from Warriors Alliance.

Just then, Edgar recalled Ryker's orders and turned to Godrick. "Hey, Godrick, I want you to go over and teach Jared a lesson. Break both his legs while you're at it."

Hearing that, Godrick paled. "Mr. Edgar, I-I'm afraid I'm not Jared's match."

The truth was, as soon as Jared appeared for the Trial, Godrick had already guessed that the five guardians sent by Ryker were most likely dead.

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Disemboweled

Even though Godrick didn't know who was secretly helping Jared, the fact that the latter could wipe out all five guardians of the Deragons meant that he was no ordinary person.

"But you're a Third Level Martial Arts Grandmaster. Can't you beat Jared?" Edgar replied as he gave Godrick a quizzical look.

“You may not be aware of this, Mr. Edgar, but Jared has hidden his true powers. I won’t be surprised if he’s now a Fifth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster.”

“You’re such a piece of garbage! To think everyone deems you the most talented person in the Deragons!” Edgar snapped. “Looks like I’ll have to do this myself.”

Although he felt humiliated, Godrick merely put up with it, not daring to retaliate. “Mr. Edgar, I know Kristoff and Kenneth aren’t on good terms with Jared. Why don’t we get them to deal with him instead? Isn’t it better if we don’t have to dirty our own hands?”

Edgar had to admit he liked the sound of the plan and quickly waved Kristoff and Kenneth over.

“Mr. Edgar,” both men greeted as they hastily ran forward.

They already had to bow before Godrick, so it was no surprise that they would do the same for Edgar.

“Is it true that you guys have a beef with Jared Chance?”

Kristoff nodded. “Indeed, Mr. Edgar. Jared was the one who severed my arm.”

Edgar’s lips instantly curled into a smile. “This is the perfect opportunity for you, then! I want you to beat up and cripple Jared. But remember, you’re not to kill him. When the Trial is over, I’ll distribute some resources to your families.”

Upon hearing that, Kenneth and Kristoff hurriedly nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile, Jared was still frowning as he sensed the aura in the ancient tomb. I don’t get it. What on earth is lurking in this tomb that activated my Focus Technique? What dangers are there?

Just then, Kenneth and Kristoff began to lead their men toward Jared. No one else bothered to stop them as they watched on in curiosity and excitement.

Warren was about to speak up when Edgar halted him with a look. Realizing it was the latter’s plan, Warren immediately held his tongue.

“Jared, it’s time to make you pay for cutting off one of my arms!” Kristoff bellowed. “I know you have Mr. Sanders backing you, but he only said not to kill you. That means crippling you is still an option! I’m going to break your limbs and make sure you can never move again!”

With that, his murderous aura intensified, and it was clear from his cultivation level that he was one of the best Martial Arts Grandmasters of his age.

“If you spit out the draconic essence now, I promise not to make things difficult for you, Jared. Otherwise, I’m afraid I’m going to have to disembowel you.” Kenneth scoffed.

“Kristoff, Kenneth, if you dare lay a finger on Jared, I’ll end your lives!” Colin shouted as he stepped in front to protect Jared.

Even the two other Martial Arts Grandmasters from Shadow Estate had also drawn their weapons to prepare for a fight.

“F*ck you, Colin! Why don’t you take a look at yourself in the mirror? Who do you think you are to make such bold threats? Since you have a death wish, I shall grant you that now!” Kenneth thundered before throwing out a powerful punch.

His body radiated with an aura befitting of an Eighth Level Senior Grandmaster, and his punch, without a doubt, would crush Colin to a bloody pulp.

Although Colin was startled, he bravely stood his ground to shield Jared. The Shadow Estate Martial Arts Grandmasters, too, immediately charged at Kenneth to protect Colin.

However, Kenneth remained unfazed. When the Shadow Estate Martial Arts Grandmasters launched their attack, two from the Thunderstorm Sect had also swiftly jumped into action.

Soon, a showdown began between the Shadow Estate and Thunderstorm Sect.

Just as the punch was about to land on Colin, a burst of martial energy suddenly shot out from behind him. The next second, Jared appeared in front of Kenneth.

Kenneth gasped, but before he could do anything more, Jared gave him a tight slap across his face.

To everyone's horror, Kenneth spun a few rounds in the air before dropping heavily to the ground with blood spewing from his mouth.

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Instant Defeat

"I was going to let you live a little longer, but you came knocking on death's door instead."

With that, Jared lifted his foot and stomped it down on Kenneth's head.

Before Kenneth could even scream, Jared's foot crushed his head and splattered brain matter everywhere. The smell of blood instantly permeated the air in the tomb.

"Mr. Carrall!"

The two Martial Arts Grandmasters from Thunderstorm Sect lunged toward Jared upon witnessing what happened, locking their raging auras on him.

However, Jared merely cocked his head and glanced at them disdainfully. He clenched his fists, and a faint golden glow began to form above his hands.

"Die!"

The hard iolite floor beneath his feet cracked as he stood where he was. Then, he leaped into the air and stretched out both fists, charging toward the two Martial Arts Grandmasters from Thunderstorm Sect.

A loud thud rang out, and two beams of golden light flashed through the air as Jared's fists collided with the two men.

A split second later, the bodies of the two Martial Arts Grandmasters from Thunderstorm Sect exploded, sending bits of bloody flesh raining everywhere. Now, the tomb appeared both terrifying and gory.

Everyone gaped at Jared in awe. None of them had thought that Jared would be able to obliterate two skilled Martial Arts Grandmasters at the same time.

Covered in blood, Jared turned to gaze at Kristoff coldly. "So, you want to seek revenge on me?"

Kristoff shuddered as he stared at Jared, who looked as menacing as a grim reaper at the moment. Even though he had two Martial Arts Grandmasters behind him to protect him, he was utterly petrified.

Never in his wildest dreams did he imagine that Jared would be so alarmingly skilled.

"I... I..."

Kristoff backed away, at a loss for how to answer Jared's question.

"Jared Chance, you have some nerve to kill another during the Trial. Am I invisible to you?"

A crushing wave of terrifying aura swayed Jared's body, and he took a few steps backward. Then, Warren slowly stepped forward, his towering rage evident on his face.

Kristoff calmed down considerably when he saw Warren stepping in, thinking that at least he would no longer be in mortal danger.

"You're the Trial's guide, yet you can't remain fair and just. So what if I didn't listen to you? They're the ones who caused trouble for me first. Are you blind? Didn't you see what happened?"

Jared narrowed his eyes, seemingly unafraid of Warren.

The others were stunned that Jared dared to rebuke Warren, and even Edgar started looking at Jared in a different light.

"Fine. You asked for it."

Infuriated that Jared dared to defy his authority, a blinding aura blazed around Warren before charging straight toward Jared.

Seeing that, Jared raised his fist to counter the attack.

Ever since the breakthrough, he had yet to take on a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster. Hence, Jared wanted to see the extent of his abilities after becoming a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Martial energy sheathed Warren's fist, the aura of a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster making the atmosphere in the tomb feel suffocating and causing many to find it difficult to breathe.

Meanwhile, Jared's elixir field poured out spiritual energy at incredible speed. The core that had formed inside him not too long ago emitted a kaleidoscope of colored lights. Then, the lights shone upon the draconic essence, which started radiating spiritual energy into the elixir field.

A mini arcane array seemed to form inside Jared's body, causing his aura to increase continually.

Soon, the two men's auras collided, and Jared froze for a moment before staggering a few steps backward.

While still in mid-air, Warren furrowed his brows and aimed a hard kick at Jared's shoulder.

But despite his anger, he dared not end Jared's life just like that. Otherwise, it'll be a tricky task explaining the situation to Mr. Sanders.

Jared let out a roar, and his body radiated a bright golden light as he pushed his Golem Body to its limit.

Boom!

When Warren's kick landed heavily on Jared's shoulder, the latter felt like an entire mountain had dropped on top of him. His leg bent, and he fell onto one knee, the impact causing the ground beneath him to cave in a little.

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Quit While Still Ahead

The veins in Jared's forehead bulged as he directed all his spiritual energy to his feet. He wanted to stand up, and he desperately kept his eyes fixed on Warren.

"You overestimated yourself," Warren remarked with a cold snort.

Then, he exerted some force with his leg, pinning Jared to the ground. Jared's face turned deathly pale.

Having just achieved a breakthrough and become a Martial Arts Grandmaster, it was still a little difficult for Jared to fight against a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster. However, he believed given time, killing a martial artist of that level would be a cinch.

Just then, a voice filled with indignation rang out. "As the director of the Warriors Alliance and a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster, aren't you worried others will mock you for going up against a young man?"

Howard sprang into the air with a growl and kicked at Warren.

For a Sixth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster to attack a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster, there was no denying that Howard was quite a brave man.

Warren immediately dodged to avoid Howard's attack.

"Mr. Dunn, you're merely here as a spectator. Do you want to interfere in the affairs of the Warriors Alliance as well?" Warren asked frostily.

"Well, I couldn't f*cking take it anymore. I've never seen anyone bully others like you. Is this what you call righteous and just? All of you in Jadeborough's Warriors Alliance are nothing but a bunch of unscrupulous hooligans. How many Demonic Cultivators have you rooted out and killed over the years? All you do is abuse the power of your superiors and oppress the various sects!"

After unleashing a tirade on Warren, Howard reached down and pulled Jared to his feet.

Colin rushed over and asked concernedly, "Jared, are you hurt?"

Jared shook his head in response and looked at Howard. "Thank you."

"It's no big deal. My advice is to keep your eyes open. Don't join the Warriors Alliance. All of its members are simply good-for-nothings!"

Howard's words infuriated many of the sects gathered there.

As the most powerful person among the various sects' younger generation, Edgar rose to his feet and said, "Howard Dunn, what do you mean by that? Don't think that everyone is afraid of you. If you dare, let's have a duel."

"Let's, then! I'm not scared of you!" Howard answered, his aura raging around him.

"Howard Dunn, please leave. You're not welcome at the Trial this year."

With a frown, a sudden burst of aura erupted from Warren's body, instantly suppressing Howard's.

But even so, Howard did not lose his fighting spirit. He straightened his back and said, "I'm not leaving. What are you going to do about it? Go ahead and kill me if you dare! I'd like to see who among you dares to do so!"

"Why you..."

A wave of frightening aura flowed from Warren's body and headed straight toward Howard.

But as Warren's aura moved toward Howard, a similarly powerful aura engulfed the former, suppressing the aura around his body immediately.

Stunned, Warren immediately looked toward the elderly, hunchbacked man behind Skylar. That was because the elderly man was the only person there who possessed such a powerful aura.

"Mr. Gordon, we're all young men brimming with youthful vigor, so why take things so seriously? As the director of Jadeborough's Warriors Alliance, even if you win, there's no glory in defeating a man in his early twenties. Instead, if word gets out about what happened, you'd probably get ridiculed. I think it's better to forget about it," Skylar advised with a smile while walking up to Warren.

Warren felt caught between a rock and a hard place. If he merely stood by and did nothing after getting insulted by Howard, it would undermine his authority. But now that Skylar had intervened, it was as if he had given Warren a way out.

Withdrawing his aura, Warren replied, "Since that's your advice, Mr. Norton, I won't pick a fight with those young lads, then."

Howard looked like he had more to say, but Skylar went over and interrupted him, saying, "Howard, it's better to quit while you're ahead."

After pondering for a while, Howard fell silent.

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A Trap

For a while, the tomb was silent as no one spoke, and the atmosphere became tense. Combined with the smell of blood, it was enough to make one lose one's mind.

Suddenly, the sound of metal scraping against metal rang out. Everyone was shocked, swinging around hurriedly to see what was happening.

They saw Blake strike a part of a stone wall with his hand, leaving a dent in it. Then, two stone heads vaguely resembling tigers' heads appeared on the wall. Embedded in their wide-open eyes were gemstones illuminated in a green glow, giving the stone heads an utterly terrifying appearance.

"Finally, we found it!" Blake declared gleefully.

"Are the eyes Luminous Pearls?"

Colin had noticed the green glow of the carved heads' eyes and thought they were a type of gemstone. Hence, he reached out to take them.

"Don't move!"

Jared grabbed Colin to stop him from moving.

But when the others saw that, they began taking action.

After all, this was the Trial. The magical items would belong to whoever got to them first, and it was a survival of the fittest. That was also why Jared had gotten assigned to the back of the group.

“Nobody move!” Blake yelled.

No one knows whether there are any traps inside here. If we let everyone move around as they wish and someone happens to trigger a trap, these people will be in deep trouble.

Alas, no one paid any attention to his command. All of them had their eyes fixated on the magical items.

Seeing the situation, Blake could only turn to Warren and shout, “Mr. Gordon, we can’t let them move around to avoid setting off any traps!”

“Everyone, stop moving!”

Warren’s face twisted with fury when he heard what Blake said. A burst of aura exploded from his body, sending those attempting to get their hands on the mysterious objects flying into the air.

After that, no one dared to move an inch. After all, Warren was the most skilled person among them.

“Even if you encounter rare treasures during this Trial, don’t blame me for not showing mercy if anyone dares to touch them before I have given my permission. Although you may have a death wish, don’t cause the deaths of others.”

No one dared to protest as Warren swept a chilling gaze over the crowd.

There was only a snicker from Howard, but Warren ignored him. I don’t want to provoke a madman like him at a time like this.

“Blake, send someone over there to take a look,” Warren instructed.

Blake nodded and waved his hand, motioning for one of the disciples of the Henckle family to move forward carefully.

Everyone was on their guard, watching the disciple reach his hand toward the stone head and pry the orb illuminated in a green glow.

The disciple brought it over to Blake and said, “Mr. Henckle, this isn’t a gemstone. It’s soft!”

Blake frowned immediately when he heard that. “Hurry up and throw it away—”

Before he could even finish speaking, the bead dissolved into what seemed like a puddle of water, trickling from the disciple’s palm onto the iolite floor with a pattering sound.

“Aaahh!”

Suddenly, the disciple shrieked and stared at his hand. A cloud of green smoke started rising into the air, and he watched as the skin and flesh quickly melted away before his eyes, exposing the white bones of his hand.

He grabbed his wrist with his other hand as the martial energy within him converged in his injured palm. Thick clouds of martial energy billowed from his palm, but it was no match for the speed of the corrosive green smoke.

There was the sound of something swishing through the air, and the disciple saw a light flash across his eyes.

Then, his severed hand fell to the ground.

Not a single drop of blood dripped from where his hand was severed. Instead, a thick, black gas swirled around the wound.

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Credit

“This is Rotten Frog Liquid. If I hadn’t severed your hand, you would have ended up as a pile of bones by now,” said Blake solemnly.

Although the Henckle family disciple had lost a hand, he understood that if he did not sever it, he would die.

“Thank you, Mr. Henckle!” said the disciple through gritted teeth as he endured the searing pain.

“Don’t touch the things here so easily, including that stone wall! We don’t know if it conceals any traps. Stay on your guard at all times!” reminded Blake as he frowned.

“Did everyone hear what Mr. Henckle said?” Warren bellowed at everyone.

“Yes, we did!” The crowd nodded.

After this incident, everyone, including Warren and the rest, was looking at Blake in a different light.

After all, they had witnessed first-hand just how powerful this ancient tomb was.

Although they did not know what the Rotten Frog Liquid that Blake was talking about was, it seemed horrifying.

“Back off. There’s probably a stone door here. It’s not the end.”

When everyone heard Blake saying that, they quickly retreated backward. Even Warren took a few steps back.

Looking at the three orbs in the statue’s eyes that glowed with a greenish light, Blake took a deep breath and stretched his arms out slowly. Martial energy surged out from his palms and sucked the three orbs out of the statue.

After leaving the statue, the orbs slowly turned into liquid and dripped on the floor. Soon, the iolite on the ground was eroded.

Gazing at the statue’s four empty eyes, Blake extended his arms and grabbed the four holes. Then, he twisted them to the side. To everyone’s surprise, the two statues moved.

Creak... Creak...

The stone walls scraped against each other. The wall in front of them slowly opened, revealing two tunnels.

“So, there’s actually a switch here. Mr. Henckle is impressive indeed! As expected of a tomb-explorer family.”

“With Mr. Henckle following us, we feel much more relieved.”

“Looks like we cannot touch anything here even if there are magical items. There are traps everywhere!”

The crowd kept flattering Blake. After all, they needed to rely on him to lead them through the ancient tomb.

“Mr. Henckle, I’m going to credit you for this in the Trial.” Warren glanced at Blake, even addressing him in a different way.

Blake was over the moon. After this Trial, the Henckle family’s status in Jadeborough’s martial arts world will rise significantly.

“Mr. Henckle, there are two tunnels. Which route should we take?” asked Edgar as he walked forward.

“Give me a moment, Mr. Deragon. Let me take a look.” With that, Blake scrutinized the two tunnels in front.

Staring at the two tunnels as well, Jared noticed there were bursts of spiritual energy that kept surging out from the left tunnel.

“Why is there spiritual energy in the ancient tomb?” Jared was shocked. Although it’s normal for there to be negative energy, why is there spiritual energy?

“What did you say, Jared?” asked Colin.

“Oh, nothing.” Jared shook his head.

However, he could not help but walk toward the left tunnel, as if something was luring him there.

“What are you doing?” When Blake saw Jared walking toward the tunnel, he bellowed at him sternly.

He was already annoyed at Jared. If it were not for him, the ancient tomb would already be the Henckle family’s private property. However, due to Jared, the ancient tomb was now seized.

“What are you doing, Jared? Didn’t you hear what I said?” demanded Warren coldly when he spotted Jared walking toward the tunnel alone.

“I think that there’s something in this tunnel,” replied Jared.

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Disadvantageous To You

“It’s not up to you to judge whether there’s something inside. Back off!” chided Warren loudly.

When Jared heard that, he retreated quietly. He was aware that he was still no match for Warren yet, so he had to hold himself back for the time being.

On the other hand, Blake shot Jared a look of disdain and said, “Mr. Gordon, these two tunnels are identical. But according to my years of experience, I think that we should take the right tunnel.”

“Okay, we’ll heed your advice and proceed right.” Warren nodded.

As only Blake was familiar with ancient tombs, they could only listen to him.

When Jared saw that Warren and the rest were entering the right tunnel, he strode toward the left tunnel directly. “I’m entering the left tunnel. You guys can go to the right.”

Seeing how disobedient Jared was, Warren was about to scold Jared. But before he could, Blake stopped him. “Mr. Gordon, I’m still not certain which tunnel leads into the chamber. Since Jared wants to enter the left tunnel, just let him do it. After all, we’ll need to explore both tunnels eventually.”

“Mr. Gordon, I’ll go with Jared,” Edgar spoke up.

Edgar volunteered to follow Jared because he wanted an opportunity to cripple the latter. Besides, he figured that if the left tunnel led straight into the chamber, he could be the first to get his hands on the magical items.

Since Warren was going to the right tunnel, Edgar did not need to worry that the other families would snatch the magical items in the ancient tomb away.

“Okay, then. Be careful. Jared isn’t that much weaker than you,” Warren reminded Edgar.

“Don’t worry. Other than Godrick, I’ve still got two subordinates from the Deragons protecting me. Jared won’t be a match for us.”

Although Jared had killed two Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Thunderstorm Sect with a single blow, Edgar was not worried. Since he was a Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmaster, he could have killed those two Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Thunderstorm Sect easily as well.

Furthermore, he had Godrick and two Fifth Level Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Deragons protecting him. If it was four against one, Jared would not be able to defeat them.

“Mr. Deragon, can I come along with you?” asked Kristoff quickly.

He was well aware of why Edgar wanted to follow Jared, so he wanted to tag along too. That way, he could seek revenge on Jared. If he were to act alone, he and the other two Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Shalvis family might not be able to defeat Jared.

The bloody scene of Jared killing Kenneth was still repeating in Kristoff’s mind.

Edgar glanced at Kristoff and nodded slightly. Since he was additional help, Edgar would naturally not refuse.

If they found the magical items, he believed that Kristoff would not dare to fight with the Deragons for them.

Meanwhile, Jared had already entered the left tunnel with Colin and two elites from the Shadow Estate. The moment he stepped into the tunnel, the feeling that Jared had intensified. It was as if something in the dark was dragging him forward.

“Wait for me, Jared!”

When Howard saw that Edgar was entering the tunnel with Jared, he quickly called out and chased after Jared.

“Are you coming with me, Howard? Let me make this clear first. I don’t know where this tunnel leads to and whether we can find the treasure or not.”

Jared was purely relying on his gut feeling. After all, he was not skilled at tomb-raiding at all.

“Edgar’s coming in with you and he’s probably up to no good. If I walk with you, he won’t dare to attack you so brazenly,” explained Howard.

When Jared heard that, he turned around and glanced over. Indeed, Edgar was following him into the tunnel. He flashed a smile at Howard and said, “Thank you, Howard.”

“You’re welcome! I hate those from Jadeborough’s Warriors Alliance. All of them are just wolves in sheep’s clothing! They act all moral and righteous, but in reality, what they’re doing is worse than the Demonic Cultivators!” exclaimed Howard furiously.

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The Attack Of The Venomous Wasps

Jared did not say anything to that and continued fumbling forward. Everyone was extremely careful. After all, they might trigger a trap if they were careless.

Edgar was following behind. As he stared at Howard and Jared, his expression turned vicious. Although they could definitely defeat Jared, he reckoned their chances at victory would be slimmer if Howard and his two Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters were to join in the fray.

“D*mn it! Howard, that b*stard! I’ll definitely teach him a harsh lesson after the Trial!” spat Edgar through gritted teeth.

“Mr. Edgar, we can’t attack Jared so easily now. There’s no one else here. If they want to kill us, they won’t be so easy to deal with,” Godrick reminded Edgar.

If Edgar insisted on attacking Jared, Jared might actually develop an intention to kill. Since Howard was there too, they might die there. Furthermore, there were no other families present. After the Trial ended, no one could disprove the claim that they had died after triggering a trap.

“I know!” snapped Edgar after shooting a glance at Godrick.

Godrick lowered his head and fell silent. However, a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

On the other side, Blake, Warren, and the other families walked straight ahead into the right tunnel. As Blake was right in front, the rest were quite relieved.

Suddenly, Blake froze in his tracks. He sensed an extremely vicious aura in the tunnel and heard some buzzing sounds.

“Did you guys hear something?” Blake turned around and asked the disciples from the Henckle family.

“I hear buzzing sounds, like wasps flying around,” replied the disciples.

“D*mmmit! Turn back! Turn back now!” roared Blake anxiously as his expression changed drastically.

He backed off swiftly. Although Warren and the rest were confused, they retreated in haste as well.

After all, no one knew what was happening. If Blake was yelling so anxiously, he must have sensed danger.

Everyone backed off and Blake was the last one to leave. Just when he was about to seal the tunnel, it was too late—a whole swarm of wasps came flying out of the dark tunnel, filling the entire place.

“They’re venomous wasps! Everyone, be careful!” Blake reminded everyone loudly.

When everyone heard that there were venomous wasps, they panicked. Stunned, they stared at the dark swarm of venomous wasps in front of them.

They had already retreated to the chamber. If they moved back any further, they would leave the ancient tomb.

“D*mn it! This ancient tomb has so many traps!” someone cursed furiously.

People kept sending waves of martial energy toward the wasps. They wanted to seal the tunnel and prevent the wasps from flying out.

Powerful martial energy kept surging out. Many venomous wasps died from the impact, but more flew out from behind.

Looking at the situation, they might die from exhaustion before they could kill all the wasps with all the martial energy that they were releasing.

“What should we do, Mr. Henckle?” asked Warren after he released some aura and enveloped himself in it.

“Use fire! These venomous wasps are afraid of fire! Any other method will be futile!” Blake yelled back.

“Let’s use fire attacks then! Quick! Light up some fires!” Warren urged Blake.

Blake looked conflicted. “Mr. Gordon, although I have gunpowder, I don’t have anything to ignite it. There are only stones in this tomb. There’s nothing that can burn it!”

When Warren heard that, he quickly glanced around. It was true that there was nothing flammable. Other than the two torches that the Henckle family’s disciples were holding, there was nothing else to burn.

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 980](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 980

Fire Attack

“Mr. Henckle, we can take off our shirts and burn them,” one of the disciples suggested to Blake.

“That’s possible! But our shirts won’t be enough!” After speaking, Blake glanced at Warren.

The shirts from Blake and the disciples would definitely be insufficient. However, if everyone else took off their shirts, there would be no problem.

Yet, those people were all elites from various prominent families. Since Blake had no authority to make them take off their clothes, he turned to Warren.

Staring at the endless swarm of venomous wasps in the tunnel, Warren had no other choice. He yelled at the rest, "Take off your shirts! Now!"

Everyone was stunned by what Warren said. They did not understand why they had to take off their shirts upon encountering the venomous wasps. Won't that make it easier for the venomous wasps to sting us?

"Everyone, we need to kill the venomous wasps using fire! Since there are no flammable items here, we can only burn our clothes," explained Warren anxiously.

When everyone heard that, they had no choice but to take off their shirts.

Soon, a pile of clothes was left at the entrance of the tunnel. Blake scattered some gunpowder on it and with a loud boom, the clothes started burning.

As a result, the venomous wasps could not fly out anymore. Some kept trying to fly through the flames, but they all burned to death.

Blake grabbed a few more clothes, lit them on fire, and tossed them into the tunnel. He also threw some gunpowder in as well.

Then, he pushed his palm forward. A blast of martial energy surged from his palm, creating a strong gust of wind. The clothes burned even more ferociously due to the martial energy.

The venomous wasps started plummeting to the ground. They turned and started retreating, hoping to evade the flames.

"Let's go!" yelled Blake before dashing forward.

While he ran, he tossed a few burning clothes out to kill the venomous wasps in the tunnel.

Soon, the tunnel floor was littered with the corpses of the venomous wasps. When everyone stepped on the corpses, they felt like they were stepping on a thick layer of snow.

By the time the last shirt was burned, all the venomous wasps had been killed.

Looking at how disheveled the members of the other prominent families looked, they felt helpless.

No matter how powerful they were, they could not unleash their full strength in the ancient tomb. All the Martial Arts Grandmasters were forced to such a pathetic state just by a swarm of venomous wasps.

Meanwhile, Jared and the rest had walked for quite a while. He could sense that the aura was nearing them.

However, just when he was advancing further, a strong murderous intent engulfed him.

Before he could react, he was sent flying away.

Boom!

Jared's body crashed forcefully against the tomb walls. He felt like his bones were about to crumble.

"Such a strong murderous intent!"

Jared's face was filled with shock. He did not understand why such an overwhelming murderous aura suddenly appeared.

"What happened, Jared?" asked Colin as he helped Jared up.

"Jared, what's going on?" asked Howard as well.

Meanwhile, when Edgar and the others following behind Jared saw what happened, they quickly halted in their tracks.

"Someone probably created an arcane array in front. We can't get through it," explained Jared solemnly.

Howard glanced at the tunnel, but he could not sense anything. In his eyes, the tunnel ahead was completely empty.

"But there's nothing there!"

With that, Howard walked forward.

"Howard, be careful!"

The moment Jared spoke, Howard's body was sent flying away by an extremely powerful force.

Jared quickly grabbed his elbow, helping him find his balance.

Blood was already dribbling down the sides of Howard's lips by the time he came back to his senses.