

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 981

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Arcane Array

“D*mn it! The murderous intent is too strong!” Howard wiped the blood at the corner of his mouth and continued, “There must be something phenomenal in there, or there wouldn’t be such a powerful arcane array in place. You two! Try to break the array.”

He fired off the instructions at two of his subordinates.

The two Dunn family subordinates immediately nodded in acknowledgment. Both were Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters, and they unleashed their fearsome auras before walking deeper into the tomb.

Both men exuded gust after gust of martial energy, hoping to break the arcane array with brute force and bust into the tomb.

They were evidently more well-prepared than Howard and thus made it further into the tomb. Alas, the murderous intent of the arcane array merely intensified as the men slowly exhausted their martial energy.

The Dunn family subordinates broke into a cold sweat as each step forward became increasingly difficult. Soon enough, they flew backward like a pair of stray kites and crashed onto the ground.

Both men coughed up mouthfuls of blood, gravely injured. Despite their best efforts, they merely bested Howard by no more than twenty meters.

Howard swore out loud, “What the heck is with this arcane array? It’s crazy. What kind of magical item would warrant such a powerful arcane array for protection?”

“Let me give it a shot, Jared!” Colin immediately stepped forward in excitement when he heard about the hidden magical item.

Jared pulled him back and warned, “Stop. Based on your skills, the murderous intent might flatten you into a patty the second you step inside.”

The warning scared the idea right out of Colin's head.

Jared and the others could only sit and rest since the arcane array prevented them from accessing the magical item lying ahead. Jared began effusing his spiritual sense, determined to identify the core of the arcane array and destroy it.

However, before he could locate it, his spiritual sense was immediately deflected back, stunning him. The arcane array can even block spiritual senses?

Seeing that Jared and the others were out of options, Edgar led his men past Jared and appraised the empty path leading into the tomb.

"Give it a try, Godrick," came Edgar's order.

Godrick hesitated and stammered, "Mr. Edgar, I... um, are you sure?"

Jared, Howard, and even the two Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Dunn family had been sent flying by the arcane array. I'm just a Third Level Martial Arts Grandmaster. What's the point in trying?

Noticing his hesitation, Edgar asked coldly, "Well? Are you ignoring my orders now?"

Godrick hastily shook his head. He then unleashed every trace of his aura to protect himself before slowly moving forward.

A mighty gust of murderous intent assailed Godrick the moment he took one step. It instantly struck Godrick's body and sent him flying a distance away.

He could not react at all and took a long time to crawl to his feet.

Meanwhile, Edgar frowned severely at Godrick's failure.

He mumbled, "If only Mr. Gordon were here."

If Warren's here, he might be able to bust through the array with his skills as a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Convinced that unparalleled magical items lay behind the arcane array, Edgar took a deep breath and decided to take his shot.

Alas, he suffered a painfully similar fate as Godrick. The murderous intent knocked him back after he took a couple of steps.

They began to wonder if there was truly any way of moving ahead.

After some rest, Jared slowly got to his feet to try again. He knew he had been sent flying by the murderous intent only because he was too careless earlier.

A shocked Colin blocked him and asked, "Are you still thinking of giving it a try, Jared?"

Jared nodded and replied, "Yes. We'll only know what magical items lies ahead if we can break this arcane array."

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Breaking Through

Anxiously, Colin said to Jared, "Be careful then!"

Howard piped up, "Based on your abilities, aren't you seeking an early death, Jared? After all, even a Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters managed to travel only twenty meters before losing to the array."

"We're already here, so why not?"

With that, Jared slowly summoned a strong gust of aura through his body. Before long, scales began to grow on his body until he was covered in a layer of golden armor.

Everyone was floored as they witnessed the change in Jared's body, including a wide-eyed Edgar.

Jared ignored the stunned crowd and walked deeper into the tomb.

Boom!

Soon enough, a fearsome gust of murderous intent charged at Jared like a beast.

The impact of the attack was akin to being knocked back by a high-speed train.

It sent Jared flying backward, though he was not injured this time round thanks to his ample preparation.

Colin asked, "Are you injured, Jared?"

Jared shook his head before heading toward the tomb once more.

Another wave of murderous intent barreled toward him once he breached the arcane array. This time, Jared lifted his fist and summoned a shield.

Crash!

Jared's body quivered from the shockwaves of the murderous intent ramming into his shield. Although his arm felt numb, he had successfully held his ground instead of flying backward like before.

Jared was overjoyed when he realized that his method worked.

He took a deep breath and moved deeper into the tomb. The murderous intent exuded by the arcane array only grew as he ventured deeper inside.

Jared felt as though he was trying to move a massive mountain. Every now and then, waves of murderous intent struck his body, and slivers of golden light emanated from his body.

His expression turned somber as he muttered, "What the heck is inside? Why would someone use such a strong arcane array to hide it?"

Colin clenched his fists anxiously as he watched Jared venturing deeper into the tomb.

A short while later, a piercing ray of light greeted Jared's eyes. He could vaguely make out a tomb lying ahead. Bright rays seeped through the doorway. The contents of the tomb, however, would remain unknown until he made his way inside.

Jared tried to walk faster and rush toward the tomb. Alas, his legs suddenly felt as heavy as lead. A massive weight pressed upon his body, making every step more difficult than the last.

He gritted his teeth, frustrated that the tomb was near yet unreachable. Eventually, he began shuffling toward the doorway like a baby hesitantly taking its first steps.

“Where are you, Jared?”

Just then, Colin’s voice rang out behind Jared. He looked back and saw Colin standing where he left him.

Confused, Jared shouted, “I’m not far ahead of you. Can’t you see me?”

“I can’t see you at all. You seem to have disappeared into thin air,” came Colin’s reply.

Only then did Jared realize that the arcane array could also manifest itself as an illusion. In truth, they were quite close to the tomb, though it was impossible to see it until one breached the arcane array.

Jared decided to ignore Colin for now and continue moving forward.

Crack!

A golden scale on Jared’s body actually cracked. At the same time, the immense pressure enveloping him caused him to leave deep footprints on the ground.

His body started to bleed under the broken scales, for they behaved as though they were a part of his skin.

Jared bellowed, “Argh!”

The golden glow around his body intensified, and the spiritual energy within his elixir field gushed out endlessly from his body.

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Thousand Of Miles Away

Jared maxed out the power of his Focus Technique to fight back, yet the golden elixir and draconic essence in his body surprisingly cracked under the immense pressure.

At this rate, Jared's life would end once the golden elixir was destroyed. Even if he miraculously survived, he would be permanently impaired.

Crack!

A loud crack later, more scales on Jared's body snapped, and blood seeped from his skin.

Gradually, the golden scales on Jared's body cracked and yielded, revealing fresh, bleeding wounds underneath.

Jared's eyes turned bloodshot from the effort of holding the immense pressure at bay, which threatened to flatten him into a paste.

Despite the struggles, he continued to advance slowly. He was thankful to even move several centimeters closer to the tomb, given that turning back was no longer an option. He would even crawl if that was what it took to make it inside the tomb.

In the blink of an eye, the overwhelming pressure sent Jared sprawling across the ground. The hard iolite surface shattered upon impact.

He used every ounce of strength in his limbs to crawl toward the tomb.

He gnashed his teeth so hard that they were on the verge of cracking.

The golden rays enveloping his body began to dim.

At the same time, the scales covering his body slowly disappeared, exposing Jared's body to the murderous intent.

Every wave felt like a sharp sword slashing across his body, leaving behind bloody wounds.

Jared gritted his teeth and inched forward, blood trailing behind him.

He was almost at the doorway, yet the distance seemed insurmountable.

Jared stretched his hand out. He felt as though he had touched the doorway and the barrier of the arcane array. Once he crossed that line, he would be inside the tomb.

Wounded and exhausted, Jared could no longer take another step forward. Instead, he focused on moving his finger across the barrier.

The pressure suffocating him instantly disappeared when Jared's finger crossed the barrier of the arcane array, as did the murderous intent.

The sudden pressure loss caused Jared to cough up a mouthful of blood.

He could now see clearly into the tomb. On the other hand, Colin and the others finally saw Jared's figure.

Jared lay in a bloody heap on the ground a dozen meters away from them. It was a gruesome and bone-chilling sight.

Colin called out, "Jared!"

He rushed forward with his men in tow. It was a short distance for them to cover, yet Jared had almost lost his life earlier.

Colin quickly helped a battered Jared to his feet.

Howard also approached them and asked, "Are you badly injured, Jared?" He was visibly impressed.

Jared was severely weakened from the fight but not in life-threatening danger. He mustered a smile before shaking his head in response to Howard's question.

Meanwhile, Edgar led his men and charged right into the tomb. A painting hung on a wall in the room, depicting a mountain bordering a river, where a shepherdess stood on its slope. The drawing was so realistic that the figure looked like a real human.

A few words were scrawled on the left side of the painting: Thousands of Miles Away. Other than that, the tomb held nothing else.

"Is this the magical item?"

Edgar reached out to retrieve the painting, only to be stopped by Godrick, who cautioned, "Be careful, Mr. Edgar! There might be a trap!"

His warning immediately caused Edgar to retract his hand. Having experienced other traps in the ancient tomb before, he elected to err on the side of caution.

Meanwhile, Colin supported Jared into the tomb. Jared was stunned when he laid his eyes on Thousands of Miles Away.

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A Dream

Jared saw the plants swaying in the painting while the shepherdess pranced happily across the slope.

The painting emanated the aura that Jared had sensed earlier on. It turned out that he had been feeling a pull toward this painting all along.

"D*mn it! We wasted this much effort just for an old painting?" Colin grumbled when he realized there was only a painting in the tomb.

Jared looked at him and asked, "Colin, do you see the shepherdess moving in the painting?"

"What? No." Colin knitted his brows and asked, "Are you seeing things, Jared? How could the person in the painting move?"

Howard echoed his confusion, "What's so special about this painting? Why would someone conjure such a powerful arcane array to protect it?"

Jared instinctively frowned when he realized he was the only one who could see the objects in the painting moving.

He slowly extended a stream of spiritual sense toward Thousands of Miles Away. It had scarcely neared the painting when a strong force pulled it into the painting.

Jared felt as if his body had entered the world depicted in the painting. He could see the blue sky above him and the greenery beneath his feet. The shepherdess stood not too far away from him.

The place was brimming with spiritual energy, almost as common as oxygen was in the real world.

He muttered disbelievingly, "Is this a dream? It's way too realistic."

His eyes widened in surprise as he continued to survey his surroundings.

The shepherdess had noticed him by then and walked toward him.

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"I..." Jared trailed off, unsure of what to reply. He did not know how to explain his situation.

Instead, he replied to her question with one of his own, "Where is this place?"

The shepherdess appraised him curiously and said, "This is Encanta Island. Since you're already here, why wouldn't you know what this place is?"

"Encanta Island?" Jared frowned upon recognizing the name. Isn't Encanta Island the legendary magical realm? Am I really standing in a bona fide magical realm now?

Before Jared could ask the shepherdess more questions, she skipped away and promptly disappeared without a trace.

Jared was shocked. He thought of wandering around the place to find the shepherdess, yet his body suddenly shuddered, and the next thing he saw was Colin in the flesh. He was now standing in the tomb instead of Encanta Island.

Colin questioned, "What happened, Jared? You were staring so intently at the painting like a fool. You didn't even blink once!"

Jared could hardly begin to describe what had happened earlier. It seemed like a dream, yet it was uncannily realistic. The shepherdess' last words still rang in his mind.

"Encanta Island?" he mumbled under his breath.

Suddenly, someone yelled, "Look! The painting has changed!"

Everyone in the tomb turned their attention to the painting, which looked starkly different from before. Gone were the mountain, river, and shepherdess. Instead, a dense forest now took its place.

Many animals were in the forest, and they were very much alive and moving in Jared's eyes.

He quickly exuded his spiritual sense toward the painting, and voila, he materialized in the forest just as he had done in Encanta Island. The animals in the forest regarded his arrival cautiously.

Jared scanned his surroundings and realized that he was alone. He looked for a place to sit before activating his Focus Technique. Streams of spiritual energy began darting into his body.

The spiritual energy replenished his elixir field, which was almost depleted after the harrowing journey into the tomb.

The draconic essence in his body also began to absorb the spiritual energy around Jared in a near frenzied state.

No one in the tomb noticed the changes in Jared. Their attention was focused wholly on the painting.

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Taking Advantage

"Godrick, go grab that painting."

Edgar saw how the painting could change colors on its own and knew that it had to be a treasure, so he immediately ordered Godrick to retrieve it.

He would've retrieved it himself, but he was worried that there would be hidden traps, so he had Godrick do it.

Godrick frowned in dissatisfaction, but he didn't dare to go against a direct order, so he bit down and went after the painting.

"Stop him!" instructed Colin who had hurried over with the two Martial Arts Grandmasters from Shadow Estate. He was determined to stop Godrick.

"What is wrong with you two? Jared fought so hard to help us get in here. If it wasn't for him, none of you would've made it this far. By right, he should be the one who gets to keep that painting. How can you two take it for yourself? That would just make you as bad as robbers," he said in a hostile tone.

"Oh, f*ck you. The Trial has always worked like this. The painting belongs to whoever gets their hands on it first, and you don't f*cking get to lecture me," refuted Edgar.

He raised his brows and turned his attention to Kristoff after saying that. "Kristoff, take your men and go teach that punk a lesson. I will reward you handsomely for it once we make it out of this place."

Kristoff nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Edgar."

After saying that, Kristoff led his men from the Shalvis family and went after Colin right away.

The latter had no choice but to lead his two subordinates and fight with Kristoff.

Edgar signaled Godrick with his eyes to get him to retrieve the painting quickly.

Colin was frustrated when he saw Godrick going after the painting, but there was nothing he could do because dealing with Kristoff was too challenging. In essence, Colin was just a small fry, and he depended heavily on his subordinates, who were both Martial Arts Grandmasters.

Howard shot a look at Jared and saw that the latter didn't move a muscle. Even his eyelids didn't flutter. It seemed the guy had been weakened, and that prompted Howard to sigh in exasperation.

Seeing how Godrick was about to get his hands on the painting, he zipped over. Immediately after, he waved his palm, and a wave of massive martial energy sent Godrick flying right away.

“What the hell are you doing, Howard?” growled Edgar upon seeing that.

“Seriously, Edgar. Have you no shame? Jared is the one who worked hard to break through that arcane array, and none of you would’ve made it here if it weren’t for him. How can you take advantage of a situation like this? I can’t believe you’re just going to take the painting for yourself even after everything he did for you,” insulted Howard in a voice filled with disdain.

“This is the Trial of the Warriors Alliance, Howard, and it has nothing to do with you. You don’t have the right to butt in on this, or have you forgotten what you promised Mr. Gordon?” said Edgar as he glared at his counterpart.

“Oh, f*ck that promise. I won’t accept this and insist on getting in your way. What are you going to do about it?”

Howard was so irritated that he glared at Edgar in distaste and spewed all sorts of insults he could think of.

“You...”

Edgar was so infuriated to hear Howard’s scathing remarks that he pushed his palm toward the other man right away.

“If you insist on getting your a*s kicked, then so be it!” growled Edgar. His angry move contained immense martial energy.

The wind swirled around, and Howard’s expression took a sharp change before he backed away quickly.

He understood that he was no match against Edgar and knew fighting head-on would only lead to certain death.

Just as Howard backed away, a Martial Arts Grandmaster under Howard’s employment stepped up. The latter made a move to even out the impact of Edgar’s move.

They were both Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters, so the move knocked them both backward.

“Men, beat them up!” ordered Edgar.

He flushed out the aura within his body, and his palms began glowing.

“This is so stupid,” dissed Howard before he scoffed.

He had two Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters on his side, whereas Edgar was the only Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmaster on that side. Both of Edgar’s subordinates were on Sixth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster, while Godrick was a Third Level Martial Arts Grandmaster.

An intense battle broke out right away. Howard would’ve gotten the upper hand if he didn’t need to help Colin out. In the end, both sides were unable to settle the fight quickly.

Jared, on the other hand, was still standing as still as a statue at the side. He didn’t even blink.

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You Just Signed Your Death Warrant

Kristoff, who had been fighting the entire time, saw how Jared was standing still like an idiot. The former knew then and there that was the best time to exact his revenge.

He attacked a Martial Arts Grandmaster of the Shadow Estate and forced the latter to back away a little. After that, he headed straight for Jared.

“Jared Chance. You will perish here and now!”

Kristoff threw a punch at Jared. A gust of wind swirled from his move.

“Jared!” shouted Colin nervously upon seeing that.

Unfortunately, it was as though Jared couldn’t hear anything. He stood there without moving a muscle even as Kristoff’s punch got closer and closer. He never even blinked.

Colin gritted his teeth when he saw how things were. He jumped in front of Jared right away to shield him.

Bang!

Kristoff's merciless punch landed on Colin's chest and sent him flying.

Colin's body crashed into Jared and brought him down to the ground as well.

Immediately after, Jared's body trembled a little, and he came back around.

"Colin, what's wrong?"

Finally coming back to his senses, the first thing Jared saw was Colin being all pale at the side. The latter coughed up blood, and his chest had swollen in, making it obvious that he had a couple of broken ribs.

"Kristoff tried to kill you earlier, Jared..." informed Colin in agony.

That was when Jared realized that a battle was ongoing, and the place was in a mess. Everyone was still fighting each other, and Kristoff was staring at Jared intently.

Seeing how Jared had woken up from his dazed-like state and was looking right at him, Kristoff was so frightened that he backed away a few steps. However, he soon recalled how Jared was wounded and weakened, and that brought a confident smile back to his face.

"Jared, I will exact my revenge today," announced Kristoff as he exuded a murderous aura.

Jared helped Colin up and infused some spiritual energy into him to lessen the pain. After that, he slowly shifted his attention to Kristoff and replied, "You really think you can go against me with that puny power of yours?"

"Hah, stop pretending. You're wounded now and probably won't be able to handle a single punch from me," sneered Kristoff before he attacked Jared again.

"I'm going to kill you while you're weakened!" roared Kristoff. The aura within his body flushed out and the domineering martial energy swirling around his hand was an incredible sight to behold. It was obvious he wanted to kill Jared in a single move.

"What an idiot."

Jared grinned. A faint, golden light started to emit from his hand, and he slapped Kristoff as soon as the latter was close enough.

Slap!

Kristoff's powerful punch couldn't even reach the corner of Jared's shirt before that slap landed.

Kristoff was sent flying, and his body smashed into the wall. He spat blood as horror shone in his eyes.

"A-Aren't you wounded?"

Kristoff didn't understand what was going on. Just moments ago, Jared was wounded and had depleted his martial energy. Yet, he had now turned into a completely different person.

"Even with my wounds, killing you is still an easy feat."

Jared stepped forward and moved to Kristoff.

"W-What are you going to do?" asked Kristoff as he trembled and stared at Jared.

"Take a wild guess," replied Jared as a murderous aura flushed out of him.

"D-Don't kill me. Don't!" begged Kristoff. He panicked and kept backing away. He wanted the two Martial Arts Grandmasters of the Shalvis family to protect him, but they were busy dealing with the Martial Arts Grandmasters of the Shadow Estate. In other words, they were too busy to help.

"Oh, that's no longer up to you. You signed your death warrant the second you tried to kill me."

After saying that, Jared's aura suddenly exploded and a terrifyingly powerful spiritual energy shot out.

Boom!

Kristoff wanted to run away, but he was too late. All he felt was heavy pressure on his chest. When he tilted his head down, he saw a bloody hole in his chest and his organs falling out of it.

Thump!

Kristoff's eyes were wide open. They shone with indignation as he fell to the ground.

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You Win This Time

After killing Kristoff, Jared jumped into the battle and went after the two Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Shalvis family.

The Martial Arts Grandmasters saw how their employer was killed and how aggressive Jared seemed when he ran over. That scared them so much that they wanted to turn around and run.

Unfortunately, they were too slow. Jared's hands glowed with a faint, golden light. With incredibly powerful spiritual energy coiling around it, Jared threw both fists out, sending out two balls of golden light that even the naked eye could see.

Just like that, he killed the two Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Shalvis family. He never even hesitated.

By then, Edgar and Howard had already broken apart. The former's expression turned for the worse after he witnessed Kristoff being killed.

He didn't expect Jared to recover that quickly from a severe wound like that.

"Jared, are you okay now?" asked Howard. He couldn't help being surprised when he saw how Jared, who was severely injured just moments ago, seemed fine now.

"Yeah," replied Jared with a smile.

“That’s good to know. By the way, that f*cker tried to take advantage of your injured state to steal the painting away while you were still staring blankly around. You fought so hard to get in here, so don’t let that f*cker take it.”

Howard pointed at Edgar and kept spewing insulting words.

“Hey, Howard Dunn, you’d better keep your uncouth mouth shut! This is a Trial of the Warriors Alliance, and it has nothing to do with you. This is just how our rules are,” roared Edgar while glaring at Howard.

Jared turned to Edgar and spoke in an icy-cold tone. “Is that so? Well, since the rules dictate it, I will take this painting right now.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he leaped forward and retrieved the painting in question.

Edgar’s expression darkened when he saw Jared taking the painting. Unfortunately, Jared was obviously stronger, so there was nothing Edgar could do. I can’t believe Howard broke the rules and helped Jared out.

“Jared, you’d better hand that painting to me, or you won’t leave this ancient tomb in one piece,” threatened Edgar.

His eyes burned with rage as he looked right at Jared.

“Sure, come and take it from me... if you have the guts to do so.”

Jared extended his hand, which was holding the painting, but Edgar didn’t dare to take it.

“Fine. You win this time, but just you wait...”

After saying that, Edgar led his men out of the place.

“You need to be careful, Jared. The members of the Warriors Alliance in Jadeborough are all extremely petty and will surely come after you now,” reminded Howard kindly.

“Thank you, Howard. I will surely keep that in mind,” replied Jared as he smiled.

“You know, this tomb is huge, and it has such a powerful arcane array protecting it. Could that all really be just for a painting? That seems a little

extreme, no? Do you think maybe there are other hidden passages within this tomb?” asked Howard in a confused tone.

We’re in an ancient tomb, and the only thing here is a painting? Isn’t that weird? Shouldn’t there at least be a coffin somewhere?

Howard began scanning the walls, but he couldn’t find any triggers or hidden passages.

Jared thought that was weird as well. Why build a tomb this huge just for a painting? There has to be something else hidden here. We’re missing something...

He helped search the tomb as well, but there was no mechanism whatsoever. That being said, when Jared placed his hand on a particular section of the wall, he sensed a small tremble.

He quickly put his ear to that wall and listened intently. Is it just me or is that the sound of water splashing?

“Howard, can you hear the sound of water splashing?” asked Jared.

“Splashing water?” repeated Howard. He put his ears to the wall but later shook his head. “I can’t hear anything.”

Jared frowned. His hearing was abnormally good, so it was possible that he heard something others couldn’t.

He stared at the iolite wall for a moment before he threw a punch.

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A Cave

Boom! Jared’s punch made a huge hole in the wall, but all it showed was even more iolite deep within. It seemed like the wall was extremely thick.

He clenched his fists again. His spiritual energy flowed from his elixir field and gathered in his fists.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Jared didn't hold back at all when he delivered the next three punches.

A single opening suddenly appeared after the third blow landed. A gust of fresh air flowed from that opening into the tomb.

Splash... It was clear as day. That was the sound of water splashing, and there was even a faint glow from the other side.

"T-There's actually something else in here?"

Howard was ecstatic.

Jared led the way and was the first one to crawl through the opening. When he reached the other side, he realized that the place was a cave. It was huge, and there was an underground river splashing against the rocks as it flowed.

Droplets of light rained down from the top, so the place wasn't dark at all.

"Huh... who would've thought that we'd end up in the mountains?"

Howard was extremely intrigued to see a cave of that size.

"Jared, come quick. What do you reckon this is?"

Just then, Colin shouted to Jared quickly as he pointed at the top of the cave.

Jared traced Colin's finger and saw something at the top. Four chains that were as thick as human arms were attached to a coffin that was hanging in the air. Everything was extremely old, so there was already a thick layer of rust on those chains.

"Could that be the coffin of some emperor?" asked Howard as his eyes bulged. He stared for a moment before asking, "Why would they put the coffin all the way over there, though? Do you think maybe there's some sort of treasure inside?"

Jared didn't reply. Instead, he examined the coffin, then scanned his surroundings. A hypothesis crept up in his mind as he did so.

The spiraling underground river was right under the coffin, and even after thousands of years, it was still flowing unendingly. If someone were to view

things from the coffin, they would see that the river was shaped like a dragon that was constantly twisting its body.

“I’ll go check the coffin out.”

Howard couldn’t resist the temptation, and he wanted to check the coffin out.

Before he could, however, Jared stopped him. “Let’s be careful, Howard. I get the feeling that there is something strange going on in this cave.”

“Jared, aren’t you worrying a little too much? The only thing in this otherwise empty cave is that coffin.”

Howard had looked around, but he didn’t see anything there.

Just as Jared was about to reply, a few more men showed up in the cave. It was Edgar and the others, who had left earlier.

When Edgar saw the coffin hanging on top, his face lit up with excitement. “I knew it. There is more to that tomb. Thank the heavens we didn’t leave.”

Howard scowled upon seeing Edgar there. “If it weren’t for Jared, none of you would’ve been able to get here. What a bunch of useless garbage you guys are.”

Edgar’s expression darkened upon hearing that, but he didn’t bother arguing with the guy. Instead, he kept his eyes on the coffin.

Unfortunately, both Jared and Howard were present, so Edgar didn’t dare to make any sudden moves or go check the coffin out.

Just as everyone had their guards up, a series of footsteps came to them. Warren and the rest of the crowd showed up behind an enormous boulder.

“Hahaha, Mr. Henckle was right. There is more to the tunnel.”

Warren laughed in excitement when he saw the huge cave.

Jared and the others, on the other hand, laughed boisterously when they saw Warren and the others.

Howard, in particular, didn’t bother hiding his amusement. “Oh my gosh, what happened to you old farts? Why are you all shirtless?”

Warren and the others were a little disheveled. They had lost their shirts, and signs of exhaustion were all over them. It was clear they had gone through something challenging to get here.

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Why Should I

Howard's words prompted Warren and the others to turn their attention to him. All of their eyes burned with fury upon hearing the man's cheeky remark.

They were already frustrated because they had gone through quite a few traps to make it there. Howard's diss only made them feel worse.

"Mr. Gordon."

Edgar smiled the moment he saw Warren. With Warren on my side, I won't need to worry about Jared and Howard.

"Mr. Edgar, I'm surprised you found your way here as well. Did you find any treasure on your way here?" asked Warren.

Warren and the others only encountered traps on their way. They never came across any treasure or magical items, so they were rather upset.

When Edgar heard that question, he immediately told Warren everything that had happened.

Warren's eyes glowed with greed upon hearing about how Jared got his hands on a painting that could change its image.

"Jared, show me the painting you obtained."

Warren walked over to Jared and spoke as though the latter was his slave.

"It's mine, so why should I show it to you?" challenged Jared.

He was quick to turn Warren down.

Warren was taken aback. He didn't expect Jared to blatantly go against him like that, and it infuriated him. "How dare you disobey my orders? I call the shots for this Trial, so don't assume the painting is yours just because you got your hands on it. Anyone can claim it for themselves. All we need to do is snatch it from you."

As soon as Warren finished speaking, all the other participants of the Trial turned their attention to Jared and glared at him. They were ready to fight at any moment.

Too many had their eyes on Jared. It made it so that it would be difficult for even someone as powerful as him to deal with all of them.

"You are the director of the Warriors Alliance. Yet, you're butting in on the Trial and are being unfair and unreasonable. Someone like you has no right to boss me around. I mean, seriously. Who the f*ck do you think you are?"

Jared had long known that Edgar and Warren were on the same side and were going against him.

Warren couldn't believe that someone actually insulted him to his face, and everyone else stared in shock. Howard was the only one who laughed aloud at that. "That is so cool, Jared. But you're right. You don't need to listen to these old farts."

"Mr. Edgar, snatch that painting, and it will be yours," informed Warren. He was so incensed that he cracked his knuckles as his eyes burned with rage.

Edgar was a little troubled to hear that. "Mr. Gordon, the problem here is Howard. He..."

"Don't worry. I will crush anyone who dares to help Jared."

After saying that, Warren's body immediately flushed out a terrifying aura that engulfed everyone.

Howard's expression changed. That scary aura of Warren's truly discouraged him from helping Jared again. He was aware that even with the combined strength of him and his two subordinates, he still wasn't a match against Warren.

Edgar was delighted to hear what Warren said. "In that case, Mr. Gordon, please allow me to teach that punk a lesson."

A second later, Edgar flushed out all the auras in his body. Whatever humiliation he endured in the tomb from earlier, he was going to pay it back to Jared tenfold.

Edgar attacked right away.

Jared narrowed his eyes. He put the painting behind him, then thrust his palm out to retaliate against Edgar's attack.

Boom!

A loud explosion later, Edgar staggered back several steps. Jared also had to fall back a few steps before he steadied himself.

Their clash had ended in a draw.

"Huh, so you're not completely useless, after all. I guess I will have to go all out."

Edgar raised his hand. Godrick, who was standing behind him, tossed him a magic sword right away.

Jared sensed an evil aura coming after him the second the sword left its scabbard.

He didn't dare to be reckless. He put his hand up, and moments later, the Dragonslayer Sword materialized in his hand. With the sword aflame, he slashed the sword downward.

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A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 990

Shameless Oaf

Clang! Both swords clashed with one another, and a thunderous noise echoed. The sparks they made further brightened the cave.

Edgar felt his chest hurting the second their swords met, but when he looked at Jared, he realized that Jared seemed completely unfazed.

“Again!”

Edgar attacked once more. Refusing to admit defeat, Jared met the man head-on.

Sword energy spread all over, causing the rocks to fly everywhere in the cave. The two of them made a hundred moves, but even then, no one had the upper hand.

Seeing that prompted Warren to send a wave of martial energy toward Jared, hitting him hard.

Jared’s body acted as though it were a kite with a broken string. He fell from the air, and Edgar took advantage of the situation by aiming his sword at the painting Jared had with him. The painting flew and landed right in Edgar’s hand soon after.

Jared, on the other hand, crashed heavily into the ground. It hurt so bad that he was disoriented and practically seeing stars.

“Jared!” Colin rushed to help Jared up.

Jared glared daggers at Warren. That shameless oaf! He ambushed me!

After getting his hands on the painting, Edgar hurried to Warren and handed the painting over.

When Warren opened it, he sensed a wave of refreshing spiritual energy coming at him, and it felt amazing.

The image had already turned into that of a pond by then, and the blooming flowers and dews looked surreal.

“It truly is amazing...”

Warren was flabbergasted to see the painting before him.

“You shameless b*stard! I can’t believe you ambushed me! Someone like you is not worthy of being the director of the Warriors Alliance,” roared Jared while glaring at Warren.

A small grin crept up on Warren's face. "Did you just say that I ambushed you? Did anyone see me doing that? Why don't you ask everyone else here? Did they see anything? You are not strong enough to defend your painting, and that's the truth, so don't go blaming others for your incompetency. Don't assume that you can do whatever you want just because you have Mr. Sanders on your side. There is nothing he can do even if I were to kill you right here and now."

Jared was infuriated to hear what Warren said, but under such circumstances, he had no choice but to hold his anger in.

Warren put the painting away in delight after seeing Jared falling silent. After that, he turned to Blake and asked, "Mr. Henckle, are there any traps on that coffin?"

Blake examined the coffin above him, but the rust made everything blurry.

"There doesn't seem to be anything wrong with it, Mr. Gordon, but I can't be certain until I take a closer look," replied Blake.

"Okay, then go check it out. If possible, open the coffin and see if there are any treasures in there," instructed Warren.

Blake jumped and made it high in the air right away. He landed firmly on the coffin.

After that, he used his hand to wipe the dust off the chains. It didn't take long before the small carving of a dragon's head showed up. There were some writings beside it, but they were tiny, so he couldn't read them.

Hence, he held the dragon's head and carefully turned it because he knew that that had to be the switch.

Creak!

An ear-piercing sound rang, and the coffin began shaking. Seeing that prompted Blake to jump down from the coffin and return to the ground.

Everyone tilted their heads up and looked at the coffin. All they saw was the rust falling out. Strange cipher began shining on the coffin, and it felt as though those ciphers were dangling in the air. Before they knew it, the light blinded their eyes.

Everyone was surprised. Soon, a huge golden net engulfed the entire place as an invisible but heavy pressure constricted everybody's martial energy.