

The Man's Decree

The Man Decree Chapter 3591-Jared's expression was a complex tapestry of concern and resolve as he cast a worried glance at Catina, who was moments away from being imprisoned within a crystalline coffin of ice. He then shifted his gaze to the grievously wounded Cloud and Feenix. Clenching his teeth with fierce determination, he hoisted them up, setting his sights on a desperate charge through the safeguarded territory of the Five Great Sects.

The sects' sanctuary was shielded by an intricate arcane array, one that Jared could only circumvent by exiting through the designated entrance.

Time was a luxury he didn't possess, the notion of dismantling the formation was an impossibility in such dire straits.

"Stop them!" came the stern command from Edward, prompting a flood of Celestial Sun Sect disciples to descend upon Jared like a swarm of vengeful spirits.

It was during this siege that an unexpected salvation manifested-a cascade of light poured from the heavens, forming a barrier that ensnared the cultivators.

"Mr. Chance, make haste and depart," echoed a voice from above. The savior was Tyler, who had been drawn to the scene by the uproar. Recognizing the imminent threat to Jared, he conjured a temporary arcane array to impede the attackers.

Given the fleeting nature of Tyler's hastily constructed defense, Jared knew he must penetrate the Five Great Sects' territory posthaste.

Once he left, the fate of those remaining would be sealed; no further escape from the Five Great Sects would be possible.

The grim realization set in-there was no alternative route for departure.

"You can forget about leaving..." The path to freedom was abruptly obstructed by a cluster of figures. Before him stood Stuart of Celestial Moon Sect, flanked by his disciples.

Their presence was an ominous sign, no doubt drawn by the longstanding bounty placed by the Demon Seal Alliance.

Confronted by Celestial Moon Sect, a sense of utter helplessness washed over Jared.

With Cloud and Feenix incapacitated in his arms, the odds of breaching Celestial Moon Sect's defenses were non-existent.

Within the turmoil, Jared's mind was besieged by relentless visions of Arthur-a mentor who had always been his beacon of safety in the mundane world.

However, the grim reality that Arthur might never again come to his aid was clawing at his resolve, for Jared was under the impression that Arthur had perished ages ago.

That very instant, far removed from the chaos, Arthur sat in solitude within his mountain retreat, his pen dancing across the parchment. A sudden premonition drew his gaze toward the window, as if the winds themselves whispered of the turmoil afar.

With a thoughtful stride, Arthur approached the window, his eyes searching the horizon, riddled with contemplation.

"Mr. Sanders, the Demon Seal Alliance has proclaimed a bounty via distant telepathy. The one who ends Jared's defiance will be graced with a century of the Alliance's offerings," an announcement broke the silence.

"Restlessness has taken hold among the sects and prestigious families. Jared finds himself ensnared within the grip of the southern region's Five Great Sects, and I fear for his well-being," a girl stated, entering the room.

Her silhouette was as elegant as her demeanor, and she queried Arthur with a question that hung heavy in the air.

"What's his current cultivation level?" inquired Arthur, his voice carrying a weight of expectation.

"He has only just ascended to the second level of Tribulator," the girl reported, a hint of concern lacing her words.

"Second-Level Tribulator..." Arthur exhaled softly, a tinge of disappointment in his tone. "That's painfully slow, excruciatingly so. Despite outpacing his peers, he's still not where he needs to be." "We shall not intervene. Let him navigate the perilous dance of mortality. It may well serve his growth. If he cannot

stand against the Demon Seal Alliance, what hope does he have of liberating the Draconians?" Arthur's voice was firm, a testament to a harsh but necessary truth.

"But Mr. Sanders, I'm afraid..." The girl's words faltered, teetering on the edge of her resolve.

"Don't worry, he won't die. I have already seen the tribulation in his life." With the conversation at its end, Arthur signaled for her to leave.

As solitude reclaimed the room, a shadow of concern momentarily flitted across his eyes.

"Jared, have the burdens we placed upon you been too onerous?" Arthur pondered aloud, his solitude filled with introspection. "The fatigue must be unbearable. Yet, there is no other path. The legacy of the Golden Dragon lies with you." "It's a heavy load, your mission, your fate. I hope you don't hold it against us, this seeming coldness. I wish it were within my power to lift you up to the skies, to grant you the immortality you so deserve in a single bound. Yet I cannot. So many are depending on you, Jared. They're waiting for you to come through, to solve the riddles, to be their salvation. How long can I stand between you and the world, I wonder? My only wish is for your quickening, for your power to burgeon swiftly..." he lamented.

Lost in his own ruminations, Arthur's voice trailed off, his thoughts a tumultuous sea where waves of concern and hope clashed endlessly.

The Man Decree Chapter 3592-Meanwhile, Jared and his beleaguered companions were ensnared within the clutches of the Five Great Sects.

Their allies, Montane Daemon, Igor, the valiant Catina, and the resourceful Tyler, all bore the brunt of grievous wounds.

They were ringed by the covetous eyes of the Celestial Darkmore Sect, Celestial Moon Sect, and Celestial Sun Sect, whose disciples encircled them with avarice gleaming in their eyes.

The Demon Seal Alliance's century-long promises were a lure too seductive to ignore.

Heinrik, Edward, and Stuart couldn't help but exchange knowing looks and burst into mirthful laughter.

Despite Lauden's express prohibition, the temptation of the Demon Seal Alliance's offerings was too strong to resist.

Everyone had their schemes, their secret desires, and now, they were all here, with Jared unwittingly cast as their prey, a fish laid bare upon the board, awaiting their will to carve.

"Will you surrender your life willingly, or must we wrest it from you ourselves?" Heinrik asked, his smirk playfully cruel.

Jared's response was silence, but the relentless fire in his eyes was a silent testament to his unyielding spirit.

Inside Jared's nascence, the nascence star seemed to stir, twinkling with defiance. Facing the inevitable, Jared's resolve hardened; he would go down fighting, determined to drag as many as he could with him into the abyss.

Heinrik and his cohort scoffed at Jared's tenacity, their sneers thick with contempt. "You overestimate yourself, boy. Since you've chosen defiance over surrender, we'll show no mercy. Your end is nigh..." Heinrik had barely unleashed his formidable aura when a sudden, icy rebuke sliced through the air, a powerful presence that quashed Heinrik's burgeoning force with ruthless efficiency.

"Mr. Darkmore, did you just disregard my words?" It was Lauden, emerging alongside Keelan, leading a cadre of their own swiftly to the scene. Lauden's visage twisted with distaste.

Heinrik's face contorted subtly upon laying eyes on Lauden. "Mr. Delacroix, surely even you cannot disdain the Demon Seal Alliance's century of offerings.

You won't stop us, will you?" With the support of sect leaders Edward and Stuart, and the collective might of three of the Five Great Sects behind him, Heinrik's confidence swelled.

"You'd have to strike me down first to get to him," Lauden declared, his voice seething with fury.

“And what, pray tell, is your stake in this young man’s fate?” Edward inquired, his tone laced with irritation.

“He owes nothing to anyone. Should he step beyond our sects’ bounds, his fate is his own to meet. But within the Five Great Sects, such wanton violence will not stand. Our forebears founded these sects on principles of justice, to combat evil. Even in these degraded times, should we not honor their memory? Should we not hold fast to the last vestiges of our integrity? We are not butchers, to kill at whim for personal gain. And let’s not forget, the Demon Sealing Alliance has their own dark history. Have we forgotten their attempts to consume even us?” Lauden’s voice thundered with righteous indignation.

Yet his words seemed to fall on deaf ears, the allure of the Demon Seal Alliance’s promises too potent for some, like Heinrik.

Sensing their unyielding stance, Lauden turned to Jared. “You and your friends should make your escape now...” Jared exchanged a look with Lauden, then, with mutual support, led his group toward the exit of the Five Great Sects.

Heinrik and the others made to intercept them but were halted by the sheer force of Lauden’s commanding palm strike. His voice thundered a stern caution, “Don’t push me to the brink of killing my own, gentlemen,” he warned with grim resolve. “Should you seek death so fervently, then let it be known that the existence of our venerable Five Great Sects is utterly pointless.” The warning hung heavy in the air, and Heinrik, along with his cohorts, could do nothing but simmer in their stifled rage. They were acutely aware of Lauden’s formidable presence, a force not to be recklessly challenged.

Meanwhile, Jared ushered his beleaguered group away from the Five Great Sects. As they made their escape, Jared cast a final, piercing look over his shoulder.

With every step he took away from that place, the resolve hardened within him. He would return; this he silently vowed.

The sacrifices of Cloud and Feenix, the pain they endured, would not be in vain.

The Man Decree Chapter 3593-“Mr. Darkmore, what should we do?” Edward asked in a low voice.

“What else could be done...” Heinrich glanced apprehensively at Lauden not far away, his face full of helplessness.

However, deep within Heinrich’s eyes, a strong dissatisfaction had already taken root. At that moment, the rift among the Five Great Sects had already emerged.

“Are we just standing by and watching Jared leave? These are Demon Seal Alliance’s hundred-year worth offerings!” Edward said discontentedly.

“Don’t worry. He won’t get away. Since we can’t take action ourselves, let’s have someone else do the job. We’ll get our share of the benefits when the time comes!” After Heinrich finished speaking, he directly pulled out a communication device and crushed it.

Heinrich spread the news of Jared’s recent departure from the Five Great Sects.

At that moment, Jared, who was on the road, was still unaware that his whereabouts had been leaked.

Montane Daemon said to Jared, “Mr. Chance, you should go on your own. Don’t worry about us for now. We’ll take our time.” They were all injured, so their movements were sluggish. They knew Jared’s speed would be slowed down if he were to lead them. If they were to encounter anyone who were vying after Demon Seal Alliance’s hundred-year worth offerings, they would be done for!

“Indeed, Mr. Chance. You should go ahead. Don’t worry about us anymore,” Igor also said to Jared.

Jared said, “That’s enough. Stop talking. I won’t leave any of you behind.

Demonia Mountain is vast but sparsely populated, so we won’t easily encounter others. Once we reach Forlisle, I’ll tend to your injuries.” It was impossible for Jared to leave on his own.

After Jared had led the group some distance, dozens of figures suddenly and rapidly closed in from the side.

Upon seeing the situation, Jared and his companions all became tense.

“Mr. Chance, you go ahead. If the worst comes to worst, I’ll sacrifice myself to hold these people back.” Upon seeing those people heading straight toward them, Montane Daemon knew they were up to no good.

They were all severely injured at that moment.

There was no way Jared could handle the crowd alone.

“Mr. Daemon, there’s no need to be so pessimistic. Perhaps these people aren’t really after me,” Jared comforted Montane Daemon.

Although he said so, deep down, Jared was extremely nervous.

Soon, those dozens of figures had already blocked Jared’s path. Each of those individuals wore a gloomy expression, and their bodies were shrouded in black, negative energy.

At a glance, one could tell they were Demonic Cultivators.

In front of those people, there were two individuals dressed in black cloaks.

They looked exactly alike. Clearly, they were twins.

The two individuals exuded the aura of a Sixth Level Tribulator.

“Maverick, Broden, what brings you here? This territory belongs to Demonia Mountain.” Upon seeing the newcomers, Igor stepped forward with an icy expression and spoke.

Maverick Hoover stepped forward, respectfully addressing Igor with a bow, “So, it’s you, Mr. Lothian. My apologies for the disrespect. We are merely here to look for someone.” “Who are you looking for?” asked Igor.

Maverick’s gaze fell upon Jared, and with a cold smile, he said, “Of course, I’m looking for him. With Demon Seal Alliance’s hundred-year worth offerings on him, he’s practically a walking treasury!” Igor’s brow furrowed, his expression turning extremely unpleasant. He hadn’t expected that those guys were really after Jared.

Upon seeing the situation, Montane Daemon hurried forward, his eyes filled with disdain as he said, “You think you’re capable? Have you ever taken a

good look at yourselves? If you don't want to die, get lost! Don't provoke me." Given Montane Daemon's reputation in the vicinity of Demonica Mountain, he naturally looked down on those people.

"So, you're also here, Mr. Daemon!" Maverick laughed heartily, seemingly unafraid of Montane Daemon.

"Since you know who I am, why aren't you leaving quickly? Do you really want me to take action?" Suppressing his own disarrayed aura due to injury, Montane Daemon feigned calmness as he spoke.

With a teasing expression, Maverick said, "Mr. Daemon, you seem a bit off-color. Are you injured? And it seems like it's not a minor one, right?"

Stop putting on a brave front. If I had the courage to come here, do you really think I would be afraid of you?"

The Man Decree Chapter 3594-"You!" Montane Daemon grew furious, spewing out a mouthful of fresh blood.

Upon seeing Montane Daemon's condition, Maverick burst into laughter, saying, "We're only here today to capture Jared. Anyone who doesn't wish to die better scram quickly!" "You dare-" Igor's eyes widened in fury.

With a cold laugh, Maverick said, "Igor, stop pretending. You're seriously injured, too. I can kill you with a single slap right now." Igor trembled with anger, but there was nothing he could do.

It was quite evident that the Five Great Sects had relayed news about their injuries to those people.

"Do you really think you, a bunch of small fries are worthy enough to capture me?" Jared took a step forward, a murderous intent swirling in his eyes.

When dealing with the Five Great Sects, Jared was already feeling quite stifled, with a surge of bloodlust constantly welling up in his chest.

At that moment, that party showed up, and the highest ranked among them was merely a Sixth Level Tribulator.

Jared figured he could conveniently vent his anger on them.

“Hmph, you, a mere Second Level Tribulator, dare to talk big?” Maverick snorted.

“Maverick, don’t be careless. Remember what Mr. Darkmore instructed us. Don’t underestimate this guy. Even though he’s a Second Level Tribulator, the power he can demonstrate is not inferior to ours. Let’s join forces to capture him and then trade him to Demon Seal Alliance for the hundred-year worth of offerings,” Broden reminded Maverick.

“All right. Let’s do it together!” Maverick nodded, then swiftly unleashed a palm strike.

In an instant, dark clouds obscured the sky, casting a shadow over the sun. A surge of dark energy erupted from Maverick’s hand, transforming into a colossal black python, lunging directly at Jared.

At the same time, Broden also made his move. The dark aura around him surprisingly flickered with streaks of light, transforming into countless thunderbolts, all aimed directly at Jared.

The two individuals joined forces to strike against Jared. Their coordination was incredibly seamless.

Upon seeing the situation, Feenix and the others were all worried for Jared.

However, they were all severely injured at the moment and were completely incapable of lending a hand. All they could do was pray for Jared.

Even when Jared faced the simultaneous attacks of the two individuals, there wasn’t a trace of fear in his eyes. Instead, his murderous intent grew increasingly intense.

Jared wielded Dragonslayer Sword and enveloped his figure with Golem Body.

In the blink of an eye, he deftly dodged Maverick’s attack. Then, with a casual swing of Dragonslayer Sword, the myriad of radiant lights from Broden were directly shattered.

Immediately after, Jared’s Dragonslayer Sword was filled with lightning nascence. Accompanied by deafening sounds, Jared pointed his Dragonslayer Sword toward the sky!

Several bolts of lightning thunderously fell from the dense, black clouds, heading straight for Broden.

“It’d be rude for me not to retaliate!” Since Broden had used a lightning-based attack against him, Jared retaliated in kind.

“I didn’t expect you, a mere Second Level Tribulator, to comprehend lightning nascence as well. You truly possess some talent.” After Broden finished speaking, a sudden surge of lightning enveloped his body, forming a protective shield directly from the electricity.

That successfully blocked Jared’s lightning attack.

Jared’s eyebrows furrowed slightly. He said with a trace of surprise, “You’ve actually grasped the lightning nascence.” “Haha! My lightning nascence is far superior to yours. Moreover, I can directly transmogrify into thunder and lightning. You, a mere Second Level Tribulator, dare to compare yourself with me? You’re delusional!” A smirk played at the corner of Broden’s mouth, and with a swift movement of his hand, the surrounding lightning instantly coalesced into a long spear.

Jared, on the other hand, was wielding the Dragonslayer Sword, from which lightning power was continuously emanating. Bolts of lightning power were constantly clashing!

Maverick stirred the dense black clouds in mid- air with his hand, which transformed into enormous, continuously roaring pythons.

Jared looked at Maverick and Broden without a trace of panic in his eyes.

Although Broden had also grasped lightning nascence, compared to Jared, he was simply a nobody.

Jared’s nascence space was a cosmos. His single lightning nascence was probably larger than Broden’s entire nascence space.

If Broden had known that Jared’s nascence space was the cosmos, he probably wouldn’t have been so arrogant.

