

Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 1151

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Unable To Stay In Horington Forever

With Pentacarna Tower and Thousands of Miles Away on him, Jared could cultivate anytime, anywhere.

He would no longer need to fear those guys in Jadeborough if he could get a little stronger.

Jared sent Tommy a text after boarding the plane bound for Horington.

By the time his flight landed at Horington Airport, Tommy was already there to pick him up.

Walter, William, and many more famous people were also waiting for him.

It was as though everyone at the airport was there to welcome his arrival.

Jared was shocked by the sight before him when he got off the plane.

“Mr. Chance!”

Tommy ran up to him and bowed slightly.

It had been a few months since Jared returned to Horington.

“Welcome, Mr. Chance!”

The other bigwigs in Horington, too, came forward and bowed at him.

Jared frowned in displeasure as he came back to lie low, not to show off. Them causing such a huge scene at the airport increased the risk of exposing his location to the enemy.

“Tommy, get these people to leave,” Jared said after quickly getting into the car.

Noticing that Jared looked somewhat unhappy, Tommy immediately had someone get those people out of there.

Walter and William got into the car with Jared and kept staring at him.

Although neither of them said anything, Jared understood the look in their eyes.

He knew they wanted to ask why Josephine and Lizbeth didn't come back with him.

As such, Jared had no choice but to tell them about his current situation.

The looks on their faces changed the moment they heard he came back to escape pursuit.

"How did things turn out like this, Jared?"

As William wasn't from the martial arts world, he didn't know what Jared had been doing in Jadeborough.

"I didn't really have a choice, Mr. Sullivan..."

Jared didn't intend for things to turn out like this, but his mother was still at the Deragon residence, and Josephine was being held captive by the Warriors Alliance. There really wasn't much he could do about the situation.

"All right, we'll talk about this when we get back!" Walter said and ordered Tommy to start driving.

Upon arrival at Walter's house, Jared saw that his courtyard was filled with antiques. Walter sure loves antiques a lot, huh?

"Freddy was kind enough to send me a lot of antiques lately. Why don't you have a look and see if you can find anything useful, Jared?" Walter suggested while pointing at the antiques.

Jared glanced at the antiques and shook his head. Given his level of cultivation, the weak spiritual energy from the antiques would not be enough for him at all.

"I don't think you can stay in Horington for long, Jared. Those guys are bound to look for you here!" William exclaimed worriedly.

“I’ll only be staying here for a day or two. I’ll leave as soon as I figure out where to go next.”

Of course, Jared knew he couldn’t stay in Horington forever as those guys from Jadeborough would soon come looking for him here.

On top of that, the martial arts world of Jazona, too, would hunt him down for the draconic essence.

“I think you can go see Freddy in Southernshire, Mr. Chance!” Tommy proposed all of a sudden.

Jared gave him a strange look as he replied, “Go see Freddy? The guys from Jadeborough could easily track me down even if I went over to Southernshire.”

“I’m not asking you to stay in Southernshire, Mr. Chance. Freddy is often out at sea, remember? You could get yourself a huge ship, stock it with plenty of supplies, and remain at sea for a long time! That way, no one will be able to find you!” Tommy explained.

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Trouble From Terrell

Jared’s eyes lit up after hearing what Tommy said.

He’s right! No one can find me if I hide out at sea, and I’ll also be able to cultivate in peace!

“Hahaha! That’s a great idea! Why didn’t I think of that?” he exclaimed with a chuckle while patting Tommy on the shoulder.

After spending a day in Horington, Jared rushed over to Southernshire.

The Wood family was the largest and most powerful family in Southernshire. With Freddy being a Top Level Grandmaster, they had all the docks in Southernshire under their control.

Even so, there were plenty of others out there looking to seize control of the docks.

The Duncan family had long since set their sights on the docks, but they couldn't do anything as Freddy was too powerful.

In an attempt to take over the docks, the Duncan family spent a huge sum of money hiring three Senior Grandmasters to take Freddy down.

Naturally, Freddy panicked when he found out about that.

"What do we do, Mr. Wood? All of Southernshire knows the Duncan family is sending three Senior Grandmasters after us!" the Wood family butler exclaimed in panic.

"Where the heck are they finding these Senior Grandmasters? It only takes one of those guys to level all of Southernshire!" Freddy mumbled with a frown.

"Shall we have the Ruthless Four help us out, Mr. Wood?" the butler asked.

"What good would that do? They're no match for the Senior Grandmasters!" Freddy yelled angrily.

"W-What should we do, then? Everyone in Southernshire is freaking out right now. Some of them had even left last night!" the butler asked anxiously.

The frown on Freddy's face eased up a little as he came up with an idea. "If the Duncan family can hire Senior Grandmasters, there's no reason we can't do the same! Mr. Grange has a pair with him, right? A guy and a girl? I think they're Senior Grandmasters too."

Freddy was referring to Tommy and Phoenix. He had seen them around Walter lately when he delivered the antiques.

"But there are only two of them! Are they able to take on three Senior Grandmasters?" the butler asked in confusion.

"Don't worry about that for now. I'll make the calls and invite them over. They're with Jared, so we could always have Jared come over if they start losing the fight..." Freddy said as he pulled out his phone.

He was about to punch in Walter's number when another servant of the Wood family came running over. "Bad news, Mr. Wood! Terrell has arrived with the Senior Grandmasters! Our men are unable to stop them!"

Freddy frowned upon hearing that.

That's three Senior Grandmasters we're talking about! Of course, our men are unable to stop them!

"I can't believe they're making their move so soon! Maybe you should hide somewhere safe, Mr. Wood!" said the butler.

"No, I'll go check it out!" Freddy replied while walking out the door.

I know the Duncan family's men aren't here to kill me. I'll just hand over a portion of the docks' profits if necessary!

Upon arriving at the courtyard, Freddy saw the Wood family's men lying on the ground. A young man was standing in the middle and grinning at him gleefully.

That man was none other than Terrell Duncan of the Duncan family. There were three middle-aged men standing behind Terrell, each of them exuding a threatening aura with their presence alone.

They were so terrifying that even Freddy felt intimidated despite being a Martial Arts Grandmaster himself.

Although Freddy was on the verge of exploding with anger, he maintained his composure and said with a smile, "What happened, Terrell? Why do you look so mad? Did someone p*ss you off? Just let me know, and I'll take care of them for you!"

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Spend Extravagantly

Terrell threw Freddy an inappreciative glance before snapping coldly, “Freddy Wood, the Wood family has been dominating the dock of Southernshire for many years. I bet you’ve gained more than enough throughout these years. Don’t you think you should at least let the others earn a living too?”

About ninety percent of more than one hundred ships of various sizes in Southernshire are in the Wood family’s possession. Have you ever thought whether you’ll live long enough to spend the money earned all this while?”

In an instant, Freddy’s face fell. It never occurred to him that Terrell would be so impolite toward him. After all, he was still the latter’s elder.

Wearing a look of grimness, Freddy tried to stifle the burning rage surging from within him by all means. “Terrell, the Wood family and the Duncan family are—”

“Stop that! My family has nothing to do with yours. Mark my words! I’m here today to acquire the Wood family. If you hand over all the Wood family’s property to me willingly, I might consider sparing your life.” Before Freddy could finish his words, Terrell waved his hand and cut him off. With that, he had burned all bridges with the former.

Subsequently, Freddy’s frown deepened into a scowl. Even so, he tried to negotiate with Terrell. “Let me put it this way. How about I hand over eighty percent of my family’s business at the dock to the Duncan family? You can have all those ships too. I’m more than happy if you can grant my wish to keep two cruise ships.”

Terrell’s face turned somber instantaneously. “Don’t you understand my words? I want all the property in the Wood family’s possession!”

Freddy blew a fuse right away, widening his eyes. “Terrell Duncan, don’t you think you’ve gone overboard? Can’t you just show some mercy on the Wood family? Throughout my years of prominence in Southernshire, I’ve never thought of wiping out the Duncan family, have I?”

“Pfft! So what? Do you think you can stop me from going overboard? Or perhaps you’ll only be willing to hand over all your family’s property after I annihilate everyone in the Wood family?” Terrell snorted fearlessly, buoyed up by the three Senior Grandmasters behind him.

Gritting his teeth, Freddy bellowed, "That's merely your wishful thinking! Don't ever think that you can obtain the Wood family's property even after annihilating everyone in my family! You're not the only one having someone backing you up. I can seek help from someone formidable too. By then, I'll eradicate the Duncan family!"

"Hahaha! You're too naïve! Don't forget that the Wood family doesn't belong to you alone. After finishing you off, someone else will surely hand over the Wood family's property to me willingly!" Terrell guffawed and clapped his hands.

Shortly after, someone dressed in a suit and wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses like a gentleman emerged. Surprisingly, he bore a resemblance to Freddy.

Catching sight of the man, Freddy was stunned. "Finley, why are you back?"

The man was none other than Finley Wood, Freddy's younger brother!

Freddy had successfully built his own career and later funded Finley's education at the university. After that, he even appointed the latter as the general manager of his branch company. He could not fathom why his younger brother was suddenly back.

Nonetheless, Finley paid no heed to him and advanced toward Terrell before greeting the latter respectfully, "Mr. Duncan."

Gazing at him, Terrell cut the crap. "If I appoint you as the head of the Wood family now, do you have any idea what you should do?"

"Of course! I'll hand over all the Wood family's property to the Duncan family. On top of that, we'll bow to you and be your branch family!" Finley buttered Terrell up with a fawning smile.

"Freddy Wood, did you hear that? After you're gone forever, the Wood family will become our branch family." Terrell stared at Freddy triumphantly.

Irked by Finley's words, Freddy turned crimson with fury. "Finley, you sc*mbag! Were you aware of what you'd mentioned?"

“Needless to say, I’m fully aware of that. After years of being the head of the Wood family, you even possess greater fortune than some other prominent families in Jadeborough.

But look at me. I’m only a general manager receiving a fixed salary. Is that fair? I want to be the head of the family too, so I’ll be able to spend extravagantly and surrounded by gorgeous women!” Finley raised his head and lashed out at Freddy.

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The Savior

“Sc*mbag! I’d strived painstakingly for my current achievement throughout these years. How could you expect to take over everything from me?” The next moment, Freddy went berserk and threw his punch toward Finley, vowing to annihilate his cold-hearted younger brother.

Horror-stricken, Finley hid behind Terrell’s back hastily. At the same time, one of the Senior Grandmasters behind Terrell streaked over and stuck Freddy with a kick.

The latter fell to the ground due to the impact of the massive kick, and ghastly blood spewed out of his mouth.

Glowering menacingly at Finley, Freddy gritted his teeth. “Even if I meet my end now, everything in the Wood family won’t fall into your hands too!”

At the sight of an injured Freddy lying on the ground, Finley moved from behind Terrell with sheer triumph on his face. “That’s none of your business. By then, I’ll explain to everyone that your tragic fate is a tragedy. After that, I’ll surely be appointed as the new head of the Wood family. Furthermore, I know that you have a few gorgeous mistresses elsewhere. After you’re gone forever, I can help to take great care of them on behalf of you too.”

“B*stard! You’re undoubtedly a b*stard!” At the peak of fury, Freddy trembled all over. Mouthfuls of blood spurted non-stop from his mouth.

It never came to him that he would be in such a pathetic state. Looking up at the sky, he heaved a deep sigh. "It must be a retribution..."

He lost count of the innocent lives he had snatched so far in his lifetime. Inevitably, his heinousness was the key to his current success.

Now that he was set up by his own brother, Freddy could not help but think that he was paying the price for what he had done.

"Kill me! Kill me now..." Freddy shut his eyes. No words could describe his utter despair at the moment.

Terrell cast a look in Finley's direction and handed him a dagger. "Finish him off now!"

Startled, Finley dared not take it from him. He shook his head frantically and stuttered, "Mr. Duncan, I-I don't dare to do that!"

"If you don't finish him off now, it implies that you're not faithful to the Duncan family. If so, I can only kill you!" Terrell threatened him somberly.

Feeling a shiver down his spine, Finley had no choice but to take the dagger from Terrell with his trembling hands, dragging himself toward Freddy.

As Finley moved closer, Freddy glared ferociously at him. Clenching his teeth, Freddy hissed, "B*stard, you'll rot in h*ll!"

"Pfft! You won't live long enough to see how I meet my end." The next moment, Finley raised the dagger to stab Freddy.

Clang!

All of a sudden, a crisp sound rang out when the dagger in Finley's hand was about to penetrate Freddy's body. In a split second, the dagger was flung out of his hand.

Finley was petrified. Meanwhile, Terrell was flabbergasted. "Who's that?"

The three Senior Grandmasters scanned the surroundings apprehensively.

"I still need to discuss a business deal with him. You can't kill him yet." A voice with intense frigidness sounded. On the heels of that, a figure came into sight.

“M-Mr. Chance?” Freddy’s face lit up the moment he caught a glimpse of the man.

It never crossed his mind that Jared would suddenly appear. The lucky star is indeed shining upon me!

Terrell stared at Jared and asked warily, “Who’re you?”

“Didn’t I mention it a while ago? I’m here for a business deal,” Jared responded nonchalantly as he walked toward Freddy and pulled him up from the ground.

“M-Mr. Chance, you’re here at the right time! What a close shave for me!” Nonplussed, Freddy started to stammer. If Jared had not emerged at the eleventh hour, he would have turned into a lifeless body.

“I’m here for a business deal with you. I intend to rent a cruise ship. What a coincidence.” Jared flashed Freddy a faint smile.

“Mr. Chance, you can inform me at any moment if you need a ship. You can even choose anyone that you like. There’s no need for you to rent one,” Freddy replied matter-of-factly.

At the moment, Jared was considered Freddy’s savior. Thus, he would not even think twice about letting Jared have all the ships, let alone let him use any.

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Wet Their Pants

“Mister, you can liaise with me directly on ship renting later. From today onward, the decision on all the ships owned by the Wood family lies in my hands. Since we’re in the midst of resolving some personal matters, you’d better not intervene in it!” Terrell stated coldly. To him, Jared was merely someone intending to rent a ship.

Jared suddenly grinned as he slowly fastened his gaze on Terrell. “The decision lies in your hand? Don’t tell me you are Freddy Wood’s son.”

Terrell’s face turned grim after he heard Jared’s words. “Brat, I think you’re here to stir up trouble instead of renting a ship. Since that’s the case, you only have yourself to blame for what is going to happen next!”

Narrowing his eyes, Terrell gestured to the three Senior Grandmasters. “Take him down now!”

Nonetheless, the trio remained motionless. Terrell turned hurriedly, only to find intense fear in the three Senior Grandmasters’ eyes. As they trembled all over, the ground beneath them was wet! Evidently, they were scared stiff the moment they saw Jared and wet their pants.

Even though Terrell was a martial artist, the Duncan family specialized in the business sector. Thus, he did not pay much attention to the martial arts world.

On the other hand, the three Senior Grandmasters had been following up on the martial arts forum closely and were well aware of Jared’s capability.

Since Jared could annihilate the director of the Warriors Alliance in Jadeborough, they presumed he would be able to eradicate them effortlessly just by emanating his aura.

Knowing that their combat prowess was a stark contrast to Jared’s, the three Senior Grandmasters were scared to death.

Staring at them, Terrell questioned quizzically, “What’s the matter with the three of you?”

“The three subordinates of yours are not really up to par. Look at how they wet their pants. My goodness! It stinks!” Jared sneered at him before mocking the three Senior Grandmasters, “Your boss instructed you to strike at me, didn’t he? So, aren’t you going to come at me?”

His words scared the crap out of them. With that, the three Senior Grandmasters fell to their knees and pleaded piteously, “Mr. Chance, please let us off!”

Terrell was thunderstruck with terror in his eyes. The Senior Grandmasters' reputation was known to everyone in Southernshire. Never had he expected that they would kneel and plead with someone one day.

"Get lost!" Jared waved impatiently at the three Senior Grandmasters, who were kneeling and pleading with him to spare their lives.

Unexpectedly, the so-called mighty Senior Grandmasters were lowly nobody to Jared. He did not feel like wasting his time on eliminating them. After all, he was not a brutal murderer.

The Senior Grandmasters thanked him in haste before fleeing for their lives and getting out of sight.

"Hey!" Catching sight of the three Senior Grandmasters running for their lives, Terrell started to panic.

Undeniably, he relied very much on the three of them. Now that they had fled, his trump card was lost.

"Where're you still here? Take my words. I'll back the Wood family up from now onward. You'd better stop targeting them!" Jared warned Terrell.

Shuddering, the latter nodded and turned to run for his life.

Finley was about to flee together with Terrell, but Freddy grabbed hold of him.

Kneeling in front of his brother, Finley burst into tears. Wrapping his hands around his elder brother's legs, Finley pleaded in snots and tears, "Freddy, I'm sorry. Please let me off... Terrell Duncan forced me to do that. I won't dare to do so again..."

Jared shot the duo a glance before he turned and entered the residence. He gave no hoots to how Freddy would resolve the matter. After all, it was Freddy's family issue.

Shooting daggers at Finley, Freddy lifted his hand.

"Freddy, please let me off... Ever since our parents passed away long ago, you've been the one taking care of me. I'm your only family member now... I'm sorry..." Finley pleaded pitifully.

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The Malison Sect

Slap! Freddy slapped Finley's face hard, sending the latter's glasses flying.

Trembling in exasperation, Freddy roared, "Get lost now! From now onward, you're no more a member of the Wood family. You don't deserve to be my younger brother too! Get out of my sight!"

Seeing that, Finley got up and ran for his life.

After that, Freddy dragged himself wearily into the hall. At the moment, Jared was seated on the chair, sipping tea.

Standing alongside Jared, Freddy dared not take a seat.

"Take your seat," Jared stated slowly.

Only then did Freddy dare to sit down and let out a deep sigh. It was as though he had aged a lot in the blink of an eye. Unequivocally, the betrayal of the beloved ones was a massive blow for everyone.

After what seemed like an eternity, Freddy finally regained his composure and asked Jared, "Mr. Chance, when do you need the cruise ship? I'll assign people to make the necessary preparation at once."

"I need it by tomorrow morning. Arrange a room for me now so I can take a rest," Jared replied solemnly.

"Okay!" Freddy nodded respectfully.

Located on the border of the Southwest Region, there was lush greenery all year round on Mount Welkindler, and the climate was pleasant.

The ideal environment resulted in the overgrowth of poisonous creatures and Demonic Cultivators.

In one of the natural caves on Mount Welkindler, there was a sect practicing Demonic Cultivation known as the Malison Sect. They had moved to settle down there, as the whole martial arts world had been hot on their heels.

In actuality, the Malison Sect had not existed long enough. Notwithstanding, Quintus Zabel, the leader of the Malison Sect, managed to achieve the Semi Martial Arts Marquis level after cultivating the technique of black magic.

That day, a man emerged outside the Malison Sect's cave.

Soon, a few men appeared from nowhere and surrounded him.

"Who're you?" one of the guards from the Malison Sect asked.

"Tell your sect leader now that Zion Zeigler, the president of Warriors Alliance, requests to see him," Zion replied indifferently with his hands behind his back.

Astounded, the guards exchanged looks in disbelief.

The Malison Sect and Warriors Alliance had been arch-enemies, having no truck with each other. Not to mention, Warriors Alliance was set up to eliminate Demonic Cultivators.

"What are you waiting for?" Zion snapped grimly.

"Y-You... wait a minute..." Petrified, one of the guards shivered and darted hastily into the cave.

In the meantime, Quintus was cultivating. Unbelievably, countless skeleton skulls were flying in mid-air around him.

"Mr. Zabel, bad news!" The guard rushed into the place where Quintus was cultivating.

The latter opened his eyes instantly and stretched his hand toward the guard to grasp his neck.

The next second, the guard was sucked toward Quintus by a powerful sucking force.

"How many times have I reminded all of you not to interrupt me when I'm cultivating?" Quintus unleashed his wrath.

The guard's face flushed crimson as he stammered, "Mr. Zabel, s-someone from Warriors Alliance is here."

There was a drastic change in Quintus' countenance after he heard the guard. Quintus loosened his grip on the guard's neck and questioned, "What on earth is happening?"

The guard coughed before replying, "Mr. Zabel, someone is outside the cave now, requesting to see you. He addressed himself as Zion Zeigler, claiming he's the president of Warriors Alliance in Jadeborough."

"Is he alone?" Quintus asked further.

The guard nodded. "Yeah! I didn't see anyone else alongside him."

Quintus furrowed his brows. "Why does he intend to see me? How did he find out about this place?"

Even though Zion was there alone, Quintus was aware of the former's combat prowess. Good gracious! If a fight unfolds between us, Zion Zeigler will surely stir up turbulence in the Malison Sect!

After much hesitation, Quintus finally rose to his feet and stepped out with the guard. Since Zion could track them down, he had a hunch there would not be a way out for them.

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Exploit

Quintus followed after the guard to the entrance. Just as expected, Zion was waiting there alone.

Quintus then glanced at Zion before gesturing to the guard, to which the guard nodded before walking away, seemingly attempting to locate any possible threats, such as an ambush.

"There's no need for that. I came alone!" Zion smiled.

“President Zeigler, we’ve walked away from the mess and came hiding within this cave. Is there really a need to exterminate us all?” Quintus asked warily.

To his surprise, Zion smiled. “Who said I’m here to wipe out all of you? I’m just here for a quick discussion.”

“A discussion?” Quintus’ expression clearly indicated that he was in disbelief. “The president of Warriors Alliance actually wants to discuss something with us? The Malison Sect?”

Quintus continued, “We’re all Demonic Cultivators. In the eyes of your people, we’re monsters to be terminated. Yet, here you are, telling me that you want to discuss something with us?”

“As I said, I’m here for a discussion. I wouldn’t be talking to you right now if I were here to kill all of you, would I? Besides, is there anyone in the Malison Sect who could stop me even if I came alone?” Zion said with arrogance overflowing in him.

However, he indeed had the right to put on airs, for no one in the Malison Sect was capable of putting up a fight against him.

His statement had Quintus stuttered for a second, as he, too, was well aware of this fact. Hence, Quintus made a welcoming gesture and said, “President Zeigler, this way, please.”

Zion followed Quintus into the cave before arriving at a hall where he was asked to take a seat by Quintus.

As he sat there, Zion examined the hall. Though the hall was not exactly sizeable, it was well decorated.

“President Zeigler, you may now tell me what you want to discuss with us!” Quintus said to Zion.

Zion then looked around, shifting his gaze from one guard to another before smiling. “Mr. Zabel, what I’m about to say is classified, so I’d prefer not to let anyone else know.”

His words immediately had Quintus frowning.

If he had to remove everyone from the hall, it would mean that Quintus will have to face Zion alone, which he reckoned that it was actually quite intimidating.

On the other hand, Zion, who saw through Quintus' thoughts, sneered instantly. "Mr. Zabel, if I want to kill you, these guards would not even be able to hold me for a second."

"Leave us!"

Quintus waved his hand right after hearing Zion's words and gestured for his subordinates to leave.

As soon as everyone left the scene, Quintus turned toward Zion and said, "President Zeigler, can you tell me about it now?"

"I'm here to have you assassinate someone for me."

Zion spat out his intention finally.

"Assassination?" Quintus stumbled for a second before bursting into laughter. "President Zeigler, you're kidding me, right? I can't figure out a reason why the Warriors Alliance would need me to kill someone on your behalf. Are you perhaps thinking of using me to assassinate your enemy, have me arrested after I did your dirty work, and use this as a credit for yourself, President Zeigler?"

Quintus was not someone to be fooled. He was well aware that there were plenty of stronger ones in Jadeborough Warriors Alliance. With the abundance of talents in the alliance, there really was no reason to come looking for him.

Aside from that, they were all Demonic Cultivators, which led to Quintus wondering if it was okay for Zion if the other sects found out he was dealing with a Demonic Cultivator.

The president of Warriors Alliance working with a Demonic Cultivator would make quite big news.

Hence, it looked like Zion was trying to use him by having him arrested after he did the dirty work for Zion so that Zion could gain more reputation.

“Mr. Zabel, I’m afraid you got me all wrong. I’m asking you to do me a favor because it’s not very convenient for me to do it myself,” Zion explained with a smile.

“You can’t do it yourself? Then why don’t you find someone else? I mean, there are so many families and people in the Warriors Alliance, no? Why must you ask for a favor from me? Who knows if you’re plotting something behind this? Do you think I’ll buy what you say without a valid explanation? We’d better stop talking about this!”

Quintus was very determined that he wouldn’t do Zion’s dirty work.

Zion’s expression turned stern upon Quintus’ words. He then said, “Mr. Zabel, are you not going to consider it again?”

“No. I refuse to be used by you even if you are to eliminate the Malison Sect today!”

As he said that, Quintus had already prepared himself for a battle.

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Secret Identity

“What if I tell you that this is an order? Are you going to disobey still?”

Zion stood up gradually, his eyes filled with a haunting chill.

“An order?” Quintus smirked. “I’m not a member of the Warriors Alliance, and this makes you unqualified to order me.”

“Unqualified?”

Zion returned him with a grin before slowly pulling out a token and placing it right in front of Quintus.

As soon as Quintus saw the token, the shock he received had him stunned on the spot and left his eyes wide open.

“T-This is...”

Quintus’ jaw dropped to the ground, and when he wanted to say something, he was interrupted by a gesture from Zion.

“Look at how secretive the Malison Sect’s location is. Aren’t you curious as to how I managed to locate you effortlessly? Think again.”

Zion was proud and arrogant as he continued, “Now, will you follow my orders?”

“Yes, sir.” Though he had yet to recover from the shock, Quintus still lowered his head and heeded Zion’s order.

“Excellent. Here’s the information about the person I need you to assassinate. Whatever you do, whatever the result is, don’t you ever mention my name. Now, act as if I’ve never been here. Do you understand?”

Zion whipped out an envelope from his pocket and hurled it onto the table.

“Understood!” Quintus replied humbly and politely.

After Zion’s departure, Quintus picked up the envelope that contained a photo of Jared!

Quintus merely glanced at it a couple of times before keeping the envelope away. As he did so, he had yet to recover from the shock caused by the unexpected revelation.

After all, no sane person would suspect that the president of Warriors Alliance had another secret identity.

The martial arts forum was flooded with posts looking for Jared’s whereabouts.

The rewards were increasing with every new post. There were even some that were trading pills and resources for Jared’s whereabouts.

In just an instant, the majority of people in the martial arts world were trying to track Jared down.

Aside from that, there were even some innate martial artists and the likes of Grandmasters looking for him.

Jared had become extremely popular in the martial arts world.

At the same time, in the Dunn residence in Jadeborough, the head of the Dunn family, Lachlan Dunn sat in a chair in the middle of the hall while Howard stood beside him.

“Howard, I heard that you’re on quite good terms with Jared. Do you know anything about his whereabouts?” Lachlan asked.

“Dad, what do you want from him? Are you coveting the magical items of his, just like the others?” Howard asked.

“You fool! The Dunn family has all kinds of magical items. Do you think I’m a person who would do such a despicable thing?”

Lachlan’s expression turned cold after he heard Howard’s words, intimidating Howard so much that he was trembling.

“I’m just very fond of him that I wish to meet him. This man is a very talented man.”

As he said, envious flickered in his eyes. “If you are half as talented as Jared, then the Dunn family would have a bright future!”

“Dad, I’m already trying my best!” Howard rolled his eyes before he continue saying, “But to be frank, I’ve no idea where Jared is right now. I can try asking around, but he’s probably hiding somewhere now that so many people are looking for him.”

“All right. Just try your best. If you manage to locate him, you can take him back home. I reckon that there wouldn’t be anyone who would be brave enough to invade the Dunn residence to take him,” Lachlan said calmly.

“All right, I’ll go look around for him!” Howard nodded before exiting the hall.

Right after Howard left, the butler, who had been standing beside Lachlan all the while, immediately approached him and whispered something to him.

Whatever the butler said had Lachlan’s expression changed slightly. “So it seems like the news is spread by that young man from the Norton family.”

“Yes. Though Skylar used a fake name, I still managed to find out the truth. I’ve also learned that he is injured, and the injuries are probably caused by

Jared. It appears that the Norton family is well aware of the secrets of Jared's draconic essence."

The butler continued, "I've also found out that Jared, Skylar, and the Baron of the Northwest, Karl Gardner, had been to Dragon Island. With the Gardner family now in ruins and Karl dead, I'm sure that Skylar revealed this secret to the world because he could not outmatch Jared.

His motive is to make Jared a common enemy. By diverting everyone's attention to Jared, Skylar would have a higher chance to take Jared down."

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 1159](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 1159

Pirates

"Mm. The young man from the Norton family is full of schemes. He is stronger than Howard, so we'll have to do our very best to find Jared."

Lachlan narrowed his eyes as a murderous glint flashed across his eyes.

"Old Mr. Dunn, do you really plan to find Jared and ask him to stay in the Dunn residence so we can protect him? Don't you want Jared's draconic essence?" his butler asked.

"Protect him?" Lachlan's lips curved upward. "Jared offended the Warriors Alliance and the Deragons, and now the entire martial arts world wants him dead. We're not capable enough to protect him. You know how Howard is. If I hadn't said that, he wouldn't have departed to search for Jared. When we find Jared, I'll get his draconic essence. Even if I don't kill him, he doesn't have long to live."

"Old Mr. Dunn, you're really smart!" the butler flattered him.

A luxurious cruise ship was floating in the vast sea.

Besides the crew members, Jared was the only passenger on board the huge cruise ship.

Jared locked himself in his room and started cultivating nonstop.

He was confident that he could save his mother and Josephine if he could cultivate his Nascent Soul before the New Year.

However, it was pretty hard for one to cultivate a Nascent Soul.

A Nascent Soul cultivator would possess an immortal body.

If he was one, as long as his Nascent Soul was alive, he could rebuild his body even if it were to turn to ashes.

Ordinary people would view a Nascent Soul cultivator as an immortal.

In the control room of the cruise ship, a few crew members were chatting idly.

The cruise ship was floating in the sea, and they had nothing to do. They spent their days eating, sleeping, and chatting with each other.

The crew members didn't mind idling around. In fact, they were delighted, as they were paid handsomely.

"Max, what do you think Boss has in mind? This huge cruise ship only has one passenger. It only floats around in the sea instead of going elsewhere. Isn't this a waste?"

"Stop saying that. Perhaps the passenger has already paid for this. He might've even bought the cruise ship. We'll just have to clock in to work and get paid on time."

"Yes. This is such an easy job. We don't have to do anything as the cruise ship is floating in the sea. I hope we won't run into any pirates, though. I heard that the pirates from Skull Island are inhumane enough to devour roasted humans!"

"Stop talking nonsense. Those are nothing but lies. Skull Island doesn't exist! I've worked on the cruise ship for years, but I've never met any pirates."

The crew members were chatting merrily when a few speedboats emerged out of nowhere and surrounded the cruise ship.

The speedboats were advancing so quickly that they created huge waves behind them!

A few figures leaped up from the speedboats mere moments before the speedboats could hit the cruise ship,

The cruise ship was over twenty meters high, but the figures managed to leap onto the deck without using any tools.

The crew members would have dropped their jaws in shock if they had seen this scene.

The unwelcomed visitors were clad in black outfits with a skull embroidered on the cloth above their left chests.

After getting onto the deck, they ran toward the control room immediately.

Kicking the door to the control room open, they proceeded to tackle and control the crew members.

The crew members were shaking in fear when they saw what the men were wearing.

They had heard previously about the uniform worn by the pirates from Skull Island.

Now that the pirates were right in front of them, they couldn't stop fear from clawing up their throats.

"How many people are there on the ship? Gather them at the deck," a pirate with a red skull embroidered on the right side of his outfit ordered a crew member.

The crew member's legs had gone weak following the pirate's order. He would've dropped to the ground if someone wasn't supporting him.

[Read A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 1160](#)

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 1160

Skull Island

"S-Sir, we only have one passenger. Including the crew members, there are only fifteen of us," the crew member stuttered.

Slap!

The pirate slapped him on the cheek forcefully.

“D*mn it! How dare you lie to me? This cruise ship is huge, but you only have one passenger?” he demanded angrily.’

Obviously, he didn’t believe the crew member’s explanation.

Blood trickled down the corner of the crew member’s mouth as he protested, “I’m telling the truth! We only have one passenger. If you don’t believe me, you can find out for yourself.”

Hearing that, the pirate shot a look at the other pirates, who ran away to validate the crew member’s words.

Soon, all the crew members were brought to the deck. Jared was still in his room. He was cultivating with his legs crossed.

Bang!

Suddenly, the door was kicked open violently.

Jared’s eyes snapped open at the commotion. Before he could move, two sharp knives were placed at his neck.

“Don’t move! If you move an inch, we shall kill you.”

Jared glanced at the intruders clad in black outfits. Their auras told him that they were Grandmasters.

He was about to take action but changed his mind after realizing they were only Grandmasters.

It was clear that they weren’t here for him. No one in their right mind would send two Grandmasters after him, for the Grandmasters would end up dead undoubtedly.

“Who are you? Let me know what you want, and I’ll do my best to fulfil your demands. Please don’t hurt me!” Jared put on a scared look and pleaded.

“We’re pirates from Skull Island. Count yourself unlucky to have run into us!” one pirate declared.

He picked Jared up and brought him to the deck.

“There is only one passenger!” one pirate reported to the pirate with an embroidered red skull pattern on his outfit.

The pirate with an embroidered red skull pattern on his outfit frowned upon seeing the trembling hostages on the deck.

“D*mn it, how unlucky!” he cursed. “Whatever. Let’s bring them all back.”

“They are all ordinary people, and there are no martial artists among them. Will Boss get mad when we bring them back?” a pirate asked cautiously.

“We’ll talk when we get back!” The pirate with an embroidered red skull pattern on his outfit waved in frustration.

Soon, the cruise ship started sailing toward the direction of the sun.

Jared and the crew members were locked up in a room. The crew members were still shaking in fear.

Jared was the only one staring out of the window at the vast sea calmly.

One thought niggled at Jared’s heart. Why did the Grandmasters end up as pirates? Grandmasters might not be the most influential martial artists in some big cities, but they are considered significant in some small towns.

Southernshire and Horington might be economically developed small towns, but there weren’t many martial artists, let alone Grandmasters.

If the Grandmasters were to go there, they would be respected by many. Why did they end up as pirates?

The cruise ship sailed for some time before a small island appeared in everyone’s sight.

The island wasn’t big, and there were huge rocks everywhere. It was completely bare, and not a plant was seen.

As they sailed nearer to shore, Jared and the hostages were brought to the speedboats that headed to the shore.

After they arrived at the island, they saw animal bones scattered everywhere.

However, Jared was sharp enough to spot some human skeletons among the animal bones.

However, the skulls of these human skeletons were missing, and there was a pungent blood scent wafting in the air.