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A Man Like None Other Chapter 277

Chapter 277 Do Not Deserve

Steven dared not speak another word. He had spent hundreds of millions to be Francis' disciple, an average disciple at that. With no strong ties to the latter, he could be forsaken easily. He could not be compared to the four young men in front of him. They were Francis' favorite disciples.

"Mr. Chance, I sent Steven flying with just a punch. How am I no match for this guy?" Tommy refused to believe that he was inferior to Carter.

"You can try fighting him if you don't believe me," Jared remarked casually with a smile.

It's not a bad thing for Tommy to taste defeat, or else he will think he's invincible after taking the enhancement pill. That won't do him good in the future.

"All right. Keep your eyes on me, Mr. Chance!"

At once, Tommy dashed to Carter, drawing back his fist to throw a punch.

That time around, he packed a hefty punch with force equivalent to half a thousand pounds.

One hit from it would cause the party on the receiving end to be flattened into a patty.

However, Carter managed to dodge his strike and reappeared at his side.

Tommy's eyes widened in shock. In one swift motion, he hastily turned around and sent another punch in Carter's direction.

With a sneer, Carter raised his leg and landed a kick directly to Tommy's midriff, sending him staggering a few steps back.

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While terror washed over Tommy, Carter showed no intention to halt.

As Tommy struggled to regain his footing, he took the opportunity to slam his fist onto his opponent's temple.

Tommy was still backpedaling uncontrollably. Even though he spotted Carter's punch coming at him, it was too late. He could not get his arms up fast enough to defend.

Jared's expression hardened, and a murderous look flitted across his eyes.

Only a few exchanges of blows were required to determine the winner, yet Carter was planning to kill Tommy, not to mention he was attempting to do it right in front of him. There was no way Jared would sit on his hands and let that happen.

Whoosh!

With a mere flick of his finger, the button on his shirt shot toward Carter like a bullet.

Carter's heart was in his mouth when the sound of something cutting through the air rang close to his ear. He immediately took a step back. Although he successfully dodged the button, Tommy had made use of the opening and slipped away.

"Brat, how dare you sneak up on me?"

Carter was boiling with rage as he bolted toward Jared.

"You talk too much."

Narrowing his eyes, Jared slammed his fist into Carter's abdomen.

Following a loud thud, Carter felt waves of pain stemming from his midsection. Tasting blood in his mouth, he tried to keep it down, but the urge to heave was too strong. A mouthful of blood spurted out from his mouth, and amid them were pieces of organs.

Horror struck Carter as he pointed at Jared, trying to say something but his mouthful of blood stopped him.

Thud!

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Carter's body fell to the ground. The light in his eyes soon dimmed.

Tommy gulped at the brutal sight. His arrogance from earlier was gone, replaced with a haggard look as he stood behind Jared.

"Carter!"

Francis rushed to Carter with a look of grief when he saw his disciple had died.

"How dare you kill my disciple! I'll chop you into a million pieces," the elderly man spat through gritted teeth and glared at Jared venomously.

"So only your disciple is allowed to kill my man, but not the other way around? You are so domineering," Jared taunted, ignoring Francis' threat.

"Brat, you have the right to be arrogant since you've reached the pinnacle of internal energy at such a young age. But heed my words that arrogance will bring you trouble. You have to know that there are many people in this world, so there's always someone better and stronger than you. Since you're talented in martial arts, become my disciple, and I'll let the matter of you killing my disciple—"

"Please. Look at yourself in the mirror first. You don't deserve to be my mentor," Jared interrupted and spat at Francis before the latter could finish speaking.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 278

Chapter 278 Grovel At My Feet

Francis was bewildered by his rejection. After all, countless people wished to become his disciple. Some were even willing to spend hundreds of millions, but he did not take up their offers. Jared, however, showed only disdain in response to his invitation.

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The elderly man's expression darkened. "Brat, I've given you a chance, but you're the one who didn't take it. You've dug a grave for yourself."

"Kill him!" he barked.

His remaining three disciples instantly went up and encircled Jared. Tommy, on the other hand, ran away, but he did not do it because he was afraid of dying. Instead, he knew he could not be of help to Jared, so he did not want to be a burden.

Jared's expression was blank as he scanned the trio surrounding him. They did not concern him even in the slightest bit.

"If you're so eager to lose a few more disciples, I'll be glad to grant your wish!"

As soon as he said so, he pushed his palm outward casually. The motion might seem gentle, but it was powerful. Waves of spiritual energy flowed from within his body.

Boom!

A ripple formed in the air as though a rock had fallen into a lake.

Fear filled the eyes of Francis' disciples. Their bodies were thrown backward before they could even manage to utter a single word.

Unlike Carter, they did not even writhe, for they lay motionlessly right after hitting the ground.

"This..."

Shocked by the turn of events, Francis paled.

Steven, who was hiding at the side, began trembling with fear. He regretted coming over to take revenge on Jared.

"Was that the pinnacle of internal energy you were saying earlier?" Jared asked while shooting Francis a mocking look.

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An awkward expression took over Francis' face. His heart began racing.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect someone as young as Jared to reach the level of a Grandmaster. He had no one to blame but his misjudgment.

"You... You're strong, indeed. I'll admit defeat today, but I won't let you off for killing my disciples!"

Francis got up to leave, leaving his disciples' bodies behind.

At that sight, Steven followed him hastily.

"Did I say you can leave?" Jared's chilling voice sounded from behind, halting Steven's and Francis' departure.

Looking at Jared incredulously, Francis asked, "A-Are you planning to kill me?"

"Why? Can't I kill you? Would you have allowed me to leave if I was the loser today?"

The corners of Jared's lips quirked up.

"Brat, I'm from Iron Gate Academy. Even though I have left to establish my own academy, my senior will come after you if you kill me. You will be on Iron Gate Academy's hit list!"

Francis even revealed his background from Iron Gate Academy, hoping to deter Jared from taking his life.

"I don't know any Iron Gate Academy. You're blabbering so much just to protect your life. Instead of spouting more nonsense, why don't you grovel at my feet now? I can forgive you."

The disdain in Jared's eyes was clear as day.

"Brat, don't be too arrogant."

Francis flew into a rage. Given his identity and status, he would never drop to his knees before anyone.

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Overwhelmed by anger, he struck Jared. Every attack he launched was intended to kill the latter.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Jared merely stood in place and let Francis throw blows on him.

After three strikes, Francis' arm was so numb that he could not even ball his fist. Yet, Jared looked perfectly fine despite his violent punches. In fact, the young man was staring at him with a smirk on his face.

"Y-You practice Impenetrable Skill too?"

Surprise inundated Francis.

"Impenetrable Skill is nothing!" Jared sneered, then sent a punch toward him.

Francis instantly braced himself by widening his feet and lowering his center of gravity.

His face was flushed from pushing his body to its limit.

Boom!

After a thunderous sound, Francis' body froze like a statue.

Elation welled up within Steven when he witnessed that scene. After all, he could leave the place safely as long as Francis was fine.

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