

The Mans Decree Chapter 445

Chapter 445 A Grandiose Show

Pow!

After an ear-splitting boom, the young man's face turned ashen as he retreated speedily, resulting in deep scratch marks on the ground.

His hands trembled uncontrollably, and there were flickers of extreme fear in his eyes. Rocky had almost shattered the young man's defensive shield with just one punch!

The young man gasped, "Rocky, I'm in awe of you! I—"

Rocky cut him off by shrieking impatiently, "Enough of that!"

Seconds later, a shrill resounded the entire place as he flung another punch toward the young man.

Thunderstruck, the latter's heart skipped a beat. Without wasting any second, he turned to run for his life. Initially, he thought of raising the white flag, but he had a feeling that Rocky would not stop throwing deadly punches at him till he met his end!

Sadly, he was not in time to dodge Rocky's deadly punch. It landed on his back heavily the moment he turned, sending him flying!

There was a ghastly splatter of blood in the air as blood spewed out of the young man's mouth. The next second, he landed clumsily on the ground below the arena and breathed his last breath without even having the chance to let out a single yowl.

"It's a match of life and death in the arena! Who else dares to challenge me?" A cold-blooded Rocky squealed after flashing a haughty glance at everyone below the arena. He did not even spare any glance at the young man's lifeless body on the ground.

Rocky's haughtiness sent the crowd into a frenzy. Filled with anger, the young man's relatives could not wait to avenge him. Nonetheless, there was nothing they could do due to the age restriction. Regardless of how skillful they were, they were not allowed to step onto the arena as long as their age exceeded the maximum age limit. Thus, they could only glare at Rocky in intense resentment.

Meanwhile, the elderly seated in the arena furrowed their brows at Rocky's ruthlessness. Nonetheless, they could not voice anything as it was common for martial artists to sustain injuries or even meet their tragic ends in the arena.

"Anyone else dares to challenge him?" Spencer asked abruptly, devoid of expression.

Hearing that, Jesse was about to head onto the arena, but Jared stood in his way. "Don't act impulsively. His combat prowess is better than yours. Let's wait for him to use up his energy fighting a few more rounds with other opponents first."

Jesse had no choice but to step backward. In the meantime, another martial artist stepped onto the arena to challenge Rocky.

The match continued. More and more martial artists stepped onto the arena to challenge Rocky. However, they were no match for him. Either they met their end or sustained severe injuries. Panic-stricken, the other young martial artists, who were thinking of challenging him, remained rooted to the ground.

Rocky's combat prowess seemed to have reached the same level as the Internal Energy Grandmaster. Undeniably, the centurial premium herb was irresistible. Even so, it was still not worth it to put one's life on the line to fight for it.

Rocky turned in the direction where Jared and the others were seated with a snigger. "Hmph! It seems everyone from Extreme Fist Gym has chickened out. So are you planning to be cowards till the end?"

"Rocky! Watch your mouth!" Unable to stifle his simmering fury, Jesse rushed onto the arena like a bolt of lightning.

Wearing a look of sheer contempt, Rocky scoffed, "Haha! At least there's still a courageous punk like you! Even though I've gone through many rounds continuously, it's still a piece of cake for me to defeat you!"

“Stop talking b*llshit! Strike now!” Jesse fumed and sprang himself up in an instant, throwing a powerful fist toward Rocky.

Jesse had thrown a powerful punch, wooshing from a precise angle. While he was high up in the sky momentarily, he grabbed the opportunity to engulf his opponent with the afterimage of his fist.

Rocky’s lips contorted into a smirk as he glanced at Jesse disdainfully. “Hmph! What a waste of breath on a grandiose show!”

The next second, he shot up with a punch, resulting in turbulence in the air. Within seconds, the afterimage of Jesse’s fist vanished. Consequently, both of their fists ended up colliding with each other.

Bam!

After an ear-splitting collision, Jesse dropped onto the arena at a mind-blowing speed and staggered three steps backward. As he felt a tingling numbness on his arm, he stared at Rocky in utter disbelief.

“Punk, you’re undoubtedly incomparable to me. Don’t you think it’s just your wishful thinking to be the champion, huh?” Rocky snickered and started throwing explosive punches at Jesse.

At that moment, Jesse was in a precarious state. There was nothing he could do to defend against Rocky’s massive attack. As his arms turned numb due to the latter’s powerful punches, he could only stagger backward!

The Mans Decree Chapter 446

Chapter 446 Are You Scared

Lionel sat among the audience. His expression suggested that things were not going his way as he clenched his fists anxiously.

“Mr. Chance...” he called out softly to Jared from behind.

The former was obviously trying to get him to make a move at that crucial moment to rescue Jesse. That was the more appropriate course of action because Jared was within the age range, and Lionel himself wasn't.

Jared said nothing, but he nodded slightly. He would not have let anything bad happen to Jesse, even if Lionel hadn't asked.

Lionel sighed in relief when he saw that nod. Given Jared's strength, Baldy over there can be twice as strong, but it still won't be a problem.

At that moment, Jesse had already backed up the edge of the arena. Both his arms were numb, so he could only move instinctively to deal with Baldy's incessant attacks.

“Get off the stage, punk!”

Baldy grinned and swung a punch to hit Jesse in his chest.

If that hit were to land, Jesse would, without a doubt, fall out of the arena. He would either die or suffer serious injury.

The audience frowned upon seeing that. Jesse was one of the most skilled martial artists of the next generation. He had a great shot at winning the tournament. Yet, despite his skills, Baldy's attack had overwhelmed him.

All they saw was how Baldy's fist would land on Jesse's chest soon. There was no way to avoid it. Just then, a figure instantly zipped to the stage and grabbed Baldy's wrist.

That ferocious punch was halted just like that.

Baldy was surprised. He tilted his head and realized the one who had stopped his attack was the young man from Extreme Fist Gym.

"What now? Are the two of you going to go up against me simultaneously?"

Jared released his hold on Baldy and sneered. "Jesse has been defeated, and he is raising his white flag. I shall be your opponent now."

"Thank you, Mr. Chance. You saved my life."

Jesse's forehead was covered in sweat. Being that close to death had left him weak with fear.

"Go on, get out of here," instructed Jared calmly.

Jesse nodded and jumped out of the arena.

Baldy, however, narrowed his eyes cautiously while scanning Jared from head to toe. That guy grabbed my wrist with ease without even a hint of a struggle. He is definitely stronger than he looks.

"I have gone through many battles and am exhausted now. As per the rules, I am allowed a break and let someone else fight you."

Baldy couldn't tell how strong Jared was, so he wanted the latter to fight someone else first. That way, he could observe the fight from the side.

"Oh, you're not tired. I bet you're just scared," replied Jared while smiling. "Here, I'll fight you with one hand behind my back."

Jared waved at Baldy with his other free hand.

That taunt was infuriating. There were dozens of witnesses there, and Jared was claiming he could beat Baldy with one hand on his back. Baldy would surely become the laughingstock if he were to back out now.

When the audience saw that, they started murmuring among themselves. It intrigued even the few elderly men on the stage. Spencer was the only one who stared calmly at Jared.

Tristan had snuck in with his men. They were hiding among the crowd, glaring icily at Jared. On the other side, Franco narrowed his eyes in amusement as he stood among the spectators with his men.

"I can't believe you're that arrogant, punk. It doesn't matter how powerful your family is. Any deaths and injuries inflicted here are free from all legal repercussions. No one can come after me if you die by my hand." Baldy glared murderously at his opponent.

He didn't know who Jared really was, so he was worried about getting into trouble if he accidentally killed the man.

"Oh, don't worry. No one will come after you when that happens."

The Mans Decree Chapter 447

Chapter 447 No Right To Talk

"Good, I'm glad to hear that," replied Baldy. He roared at the next moment, and his skin started turning darker. The veins on his forehead were slowly revealing themselves as well.

Then he attacked. The punch he threw was so strong it was as though a tsunami was going after Jared.

Jesse, who was watching off the stage, turned a little pale. If Baldy had used that punch from the very beginning, he likely wouldn't have lasted as long as he did.

Jared grinned mockingly upon seeing Baldy's punch. He waited until the man was right in front of him before launching his counter-attack casually. All everyone saw was how weak Jared's punch seemed, and it looked as though the two were on different levels.

However, when their fists met, it created a massive force of energy. Even the few elderly men on stage had to tap into their internal energy to withstand that force. They literally swept most of the audience off their feet and overturned every table and chair.

Crack!

It was a crisp sound.

When everyone regained their composure, they saw Baldy's arm had bent in the most peculiar way. He stood rooted in the arena, looking ghastly pale. His eyes shone with immense fear as he stared at Jared.

"I-I admit-"

Baldy realized Jared was stronger than he could possibly imagine, so he was quick to admit defeat.

Unfortunately, Jared cut him off with a slap.

Slap!

Half of Baldy's face became red and swollen. All of his teeth fell out of his mouth, and the intense pain prompted him to scream in agony.

"I know you want to concede defeat, but there is no way I'll allow you to do so."

After saying that, Jared punched over and attacked Baldy once more.

Baldy roared loudly. He used his other hand to defend himself as much as possible. All he wanted was to flee, but his legs had already sunk into the arena, so he couldn't move at all.

Argh!

Jared's punch landed on Baldy's chest and penetrated his body before exiting from the other side. Crimson red blood dripped from Jared's hand.

Baldy's eyes bulged in disbelief and hatred as his body went limp. Obviously, he died on the spot.

The entire place turned quiet after that. Everybody turned their attention from Baldy to Jared, who scanned around and asked, "Anybody else want to come up here?"

No one dared to say anything. Baldy was strong, but Jared had killed the guy easily with one hand behind his back. If anyone else were to try, they'd just die on the stage.

"What a bunch of losers..."

A man made his way to the arena.

"Huh? Isn't that Derek Jantz?"

Many recognized the guy because it was a huge deal when Derek was kicked out of the family years ago.

Spencer narrowed his eyes in silence when he saw Derek getting up on the stage. However, the elderly man sitting beside him spoke up.

"Derek Jantz, this is the Martial Arts Gathering, and the arena has its rules. Anyone over thirty-five years old is disqualified. You are way too old to be there. Leave now!"

To everybody's surprise, Derek simply sneered and replied, "Spencer Schmidt is in charge. He's not complaining, so what are you barking about, you old man? You have no right to talk right now."

He waved his arm nonchalantly. A powerful wave of aura zipped over to the elderly man, who frowned and immediately tapped into his internal energy. Even then, he was sent flying out of the arena, and his chair was pulverized.

Everyone was surprised upon seeing that. Only someone of incredible strength was qualified to be a judge. Derek had sent the old man flying with a single wave of his arm.

Spencer was furious. The Herb Palace was the one hosting the Martial Arts Gathering. Derek's behavior was a direct insult to the host and his earlier words, in particular, had utterly embarrassed Spencer.

The latter said nothing earlier because he wanted the former to teach Jared a lesson. However, Derek wasn't just going after Jared. He was mocking Spencer as well, and that was something the latter would not publicly endure, especially since Tristan was observing everything from the shadows.

The Mans Decree Chapter 448

Chapter 448 Just A Bunch Of Idiots

"Derek, the rules hold, and I am the one who listed all those rules. Do you really want to challenge them?"

As Spencer spoke, he moved gracefully over and stood right in front of Derek.

When Jared saw what was playing out in front of him, he moved to the side to give the two men space to fight. He knew Derek was there to seek vengeance, but he wouldn't mind letting them fight first. He would benefit from their fight, anyway.

"Oh, to hell with your stupid rules. Don't assume you can boss me around just because the Baileys are supporting Herb Palace. I can still slap you to your death," growled Derek in distaste.

Spencer was a skilled medical practitioner, and his combat prowess was just enough to reach the Grandmaster rank. He was undeniably weaker than Derek.

Hence, he was fuming a little when he heard those words.

“Oy, Derek Jantz, do you realize the Baileys are not people you can afford to taunt?”

As soon as he finished speaking, Tristan jumped out of the audience and landed on the stage. He had a few subordinates with him. Every single one of them exuded a powerful aura. It was clear that they were all in the Grandmaster rank.

Derek’s expression stiffened a little when he saw Tristan there. “Thing is, Mr. Bailey, that Jared guy murdered a member of my family, so I must kill him to avenge his death.”

The audience gasped after hearing what Derek had said. Many were aware of how Zachariah was murdered, but they knew nothing specific. In fact, no one but those present at the scene that day knew what had happened.

Now that Derek had shared that information, the audience realized that Jared, who killed Baldy with a single punch, had also killed Zachariah. No wonder he was so gutsy and dared to fight Baldy with only one hand.

“I don’t care about your revenge. The Herb Palace is the host of this Martial Arts Gathering. I will not stand idly by if you insist on destroying it,” growled Tristan.

“Can’t you make an exception this one time? Derek is here as the Coopers’ guest, after all.”

After saying that, Franco made his way to the arena as well. He also had a bunch of subordinates who were all in the Grandmaster rank.

The sudden emergence of those men had the younger martial artists feeling ashamed of themselves. Jesse, in particular, had clenched his fists as his eyes shone with surprise.

He had always thought of himself as one of the top fighters among the younger generations. Unfortunately, Tristan and Franco showed up, and they were both stronger than he was. They might even be stronger than his father, Luke.

At that moment, Jesse finally understood that he had been an ignorant man. I guess the world is much bigger than I thought, and skilled fighters are more abundant than I had imagined.

Tristan and Franco showing up had undoubtedly saddened the younger martial artists in Jazona. When Jared was the only powerful one there, they could assume that he was an

exception and an outlier. The continuous emergence of Grandmasters who were in their twenties. That was a little difficult for the others to ignore their own obvious weakness.

Tristan didn't respond directly to Franco. The former simply turned to Jared and said, "This is how the situation is right now. If you agree to my terms, I will help you deal with this matter. If you don't... well, I'm sure you know what the consequences will be."

He was blackmailing Jared in broad daylight for the recipe. It was the perfect opportunity to make that threat.

Jared sneered in distaste. "They're just a bunch of idiots. I'm not afraid of them."

Tristan was taken aback when he heard what Jared said. Derek was much stronger than Zachariah, and the former had Franco on his side. They also had a few subordinates who were ranked as Grandmasters. Jared, on the other hand, was on his own. I can't believe he has the guts to say something like that!

"Okay, in that case, I'll sit back and watch the show."

Tristan led his men to the side of the arena. Spencer followed closely behind and whispered, "Mr. Bailey, are you really going to let Derek kill Jared? If that happens, we won't be able to get the recipe."