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The Mans Decree Chapter 433

Chapter 433 You Are Unworthy

"Oh, it's nothing. Jesse mentioned that you're a Grandmaster, so I was hoping to learn a thing or two from you."

Fred was sullen.

He really could not stand the pretentious look on Jared's face.

"Fred, Mr. Chance is..."

"You are unworthy." Jared put his fork down as he made a passing comment.

Subsequently, he stopped eating, turned around, and made his way upstairs.

"Dude, what are you talking about?" Fred yelled. He was so worked up that he wanted to chase after Jared, but was held back by Jesse.

Shortly after, Jesse hurried back to the room and apologized to Jared, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Chance. Fred is kind of short-tempered. I hope that you won't take it to heart..."

Suddenly, Fred barged into the room, followed by Lionel.

"Dude, I dare you to repeat what you just said!" Fred bellowed in rage.

"Fred, Fred..." With trepidation, Jesse tried to get a hold of him.

He was fearful that a fight might break out between them.

"Don't stop me, Jesse! I must teach him a lesson today!"

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Fred's grace burned through his veins, and his fury exploded in him.

"Fred, Mr. Chance is the one who killed Zachariah! You're definitely not his match."

Feeling desperate, Jesse spilled the beans with the hope that Fred would stop his ridiculous act.

Just as he wished, silence ensued at his words. Fred calmed down and started scrutinizing Jared in disbelief.

Lionel broke the silence. "There's no wonder you're so arrogant. Do you think that you're now invincible just because you've defeated Zachariah? Does that give you the right to disregard everyone else? Don't let success go to your head. Haven't you heard that the more you practice martial art, the more you should stay humble and grounded?"

"Even if Zachariah died in his hands, I still want to take a bet and fight him. Let's see if I'm a rightful opponent."

Anger rose within Fred upon hearing what his mentor said.

Jesse attempted to appease the situation, but to no avail. Lionel reprimanded him, "Stop holding him back, Jesse, or I'll cut off ties with you."

Hearing the stern warning, Jesse sighed and retreated.

"Come on, dude," Fred prompted Jared.

"I said, you're not worthy." Jared threw a laconic reply at him.

Jared had completed Energy Cultivation and entered the Foundation Phase. He viewed any other Internal Energy Grandmaster as mere insects, let alone Fred who had only attained the rank "Master".

"Darn you!" Fred shouted as he attacked Jared with a powerful punch.

At that very moment, a shrill sound broke through the air, and a gust of strong wind rumbled through the atmosphere.

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Jared scoffed and took a small step forward. Then, he swung his arm and effortlessly landed a tight slap across Fred's face as though he was beating a tiny mosquito.

Smack!

A crisp sound resonated in the room. Fred's tightly clasped fist was still hanging mid-air while a solid palm print had already been printed on his face. As a consequence, half of his face swelled up and a few teeth were sent flying.

He was shocked to the core and rendered speechless. Lionel, too, was completely stupefied.

"This slap is for teaching you a lesson. Should there be a next time, I'll not let you go so easily," Jared said coldly.

"Argh! I'm taking you down with me!" Fred went ballistic. He had never been humiliated in his lifetime.

He swung his fist at Jared ruthlessly, wanting to end his life there and then.

Seeing so, Jesse tried to block the attack, but it was too late. Fred's fist was only inches away from Jared.

"You talk too much!"

A cold expression crossed Jared's face as he released another strike.

Crack! A clear popping sound was heard.

Instantly, Fred's shoulder was deformed and broken. Jared forcibly pinned him down on the ground and made him kneel.

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Chapter 434 You Can Try

“I have told you that you are unworthy, but you chose not to trust my words...” Jared grumbled casually.

Witnessing the drama firsthand, everyone gaped in astonishment. Landon’s jaw dropped so wide that one could fit an egg into it.

At first, everyone thought that Jared was just acting cool, trying to be ahead of himself. Never in a million years would they had expected Jared to be the real deal! His impudence stemmed from his true capabilities.

“Hey, punk! How dare you hurt my disciple? So what if you had taken Zachariah’s life? Since Fred is unworthy, then let me take his place and have a head-to-head battle with you.”

Lionel turned livid when he heard his beloved disciple shrieking in pain.

Unstirred, Jared shot him a cold stare and repeated his standard line, “You’re unworthy too!

“What? Such insolence and arrogance!”

The murderous intent in Lionel’s eyes intensified.

Seeing so, Jesse hurried over to prop Fred up. Then, he pleaded pitifully, “Please, Mr. Chance, don’t be furious. For my sake, please...”

“If it wasn’t on your account, he would not just be losing an arm,” Jared uttered.

“Thank you, Mr. Chance. Thank you...” Jesse expressed his gratitude repeatedly, and he assisted Fred to walk back to Lionel.

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"Mr. Cohen, please don't be angry. Mr. Chance is..." Jesse tried his best to pacify his mentor.

"Get lost!" Lionel roared rudely. He glared at Jared and declared, "You broke one of Fred's arms. In return, I shall disable both of your limbs!"

"Be my guest."

Jared looked Lionel in the eyes, causing the latter to shudder in trepidation.

His gaze is indifferent as if we're all insects to him. There's not the slightest trace of emotion in his eyes.

"Let's see!" Lionel agreed.

A domineering aura emanated from him, resulting in a flurry of wind swirling through the room and sweeping every little thing off the ground.

As Lionel was gathering his energy, a gentle zephyr brushed across their faces and subjugated his aura completely.

"Go ahead and strike now. Don't mess up my room. I want it spick and span."

Unfazed by Lionel, Jared smirked.

A frightening look flashed across Lionel's eyes. With the way things were, he had no choice but to go all out and launch his attack.

"Argh!"

With a loud yelp, he threw a punch at Jared without hesitation.

The latter raised his arm and grabbed Lionel's fist, thwarting his vicious plan.

"How... How can this be?"

Lionel's eyes widened as he stared Jared down in incredulity.

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My hefty punch is packed with force equivalent to a thousand pounds. How is it possible that Jared can withstand it like it's the easiest thing to do in the world? Just then, Lionel felt a splitting pain in his fist like it was going to tear apart.

He struggled to escape Jared's grip but found himself frozen to the spot.

Gently, Jared gave him a light push and sent him back-pedaling. Had it not been for Jared and Fred who held him there and then, Lionel would have collapsed to the ground.

"I told you so! You're not my rightful match. Since you're Jesse's mentor, I'm going to spare you this once. Should you provoke me again, I'll make sure you die an ugly death," Jared spoke flatly.

Feeling embarrassed and dejected, Lionel's face was as black as coal. He finally realized that Jared's cold and indifferent gaze was a true reflection of his personal view of others—insignificant.

Looking ghastly, he sighed and admitted defeat, "We're ignorant fools who failed to recognize a Grandmaster. I apologize for offending you, Mr. Chance."

Lionel changed the way he addressed Jared and even kowtowed to him before leaving the room.

The Mans Decree Chapter 435

Chapter 435 Keep Me Company

Jesse followed him out. Lionel seemed to have aged a decade within seconds. Looking frail, he said miserably, "Please give my room to Mr. Chance. I don't deserve it."

Jesse nodded and conveyed the message to Jared, who gladly accepted the offer and moved into the room at the far end of the hallway.

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At nightfall, the streets turned lively.

Jared suggested, "Jesse, why don't you accompany me to roam around this place? Let's see if there's anything interesting."

Jesse nodded vigorously. "Sure, Mr. Chance. I'll bring you to Trader Street. It's a temporary area built to facilitate the trading of special goods between martial artists."

Shortly after, they arrived at the vibrant Trader Street that was filled with an excited buzz. There were shops selling herbs, medicines, jades, cauldrons, swords, and a wide array of weapons!

As Jared walked around the area, he was disappointed to see that there was nothing impressive. All the goods were regular items that could be easily found elsewhere. He was looking forward to finding a unique spiritual tool that could help him cultivate an ultimate shielding tool for Josephine.

Jesse noticed his downcast face and explained, "Mr. Chance, all the good stuff are usually taken to Herb Palace as soon as they appear. You can't find anything extraordinary here. That's one of the reasons why Herb Palace is organizing this Martial Arts Gathering."

As Jared listened, it suddenly dawned on him that he still has some revitalizing pills. So, he queried, "What are the procedures to sell something here?"

Jesse shook his head "There's no specific protocol to follow. You just need to find a space and set up a stall." He then added, "You have something you want to trade, Mr. Chance?"

"Yup, I want to sell some of my revitalizing pills."

Saying so, Jared spotted a vacant area and occupied it immediately. Then, he whipped out the pills.

Jesse examined the dark-colored pills in Jared's hands. Feeling dubious about it, he questioned, "What are these pills called, Mr. Chance?"

"Revitalizing pills," Jared replied casually.

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"Oh, I see." Jesse had not heard of it before.

A subordinate from Herb Palace past them coincidentally and caught the name of the pills. He took a quick glance at Jared subconsciously and left at lightning speed.

Soon, the butler from Herb Palace, Jeremy, rushed over with his subordinate.

Prior to this, Spencer had instructed Jeremy to look for the revitalizing pills. As the latter was busy organizing the Martial Arts Gathering, he did not get a chance to visit Yeringham and Horington. Now that he heard the news about someone selling the pills at Trader Street, he knew he had to go see it for himself.

Jeremy gave Jared a once-over and asked, "Hey, young man, what are these pills called?"

"Revitalizing pills," Jared answered honestly.

Without saying a word, Jeremy picked one up carefully, smelled it, crushed it into pieces, and then tasted a pinch of it.

Seeing his abrupt actions, Jared furrowed his brows. "How dare you smash my pill into powder before even indicating your desire to buy?"

Jesse swiftly whispered, "Mr. Chance, this is the butler from Herb Palace. It's highly likely that he will buy everything that you have to offer."

Hearing so, Jared finally understood his intention and nodded firmly.

After tasting the pill, a sparkle appeared in his eyes. "How much is one of these pills, young man?"

"Two million," Jared answered nonchalantly.

"Okay, deal! I want all of them," Jeremy said decisively. Then, he ordered his man to count the pills. "By the way, young man, can you tell me who cultivated these pills?"

"I did it myself," Jared said proudly.

"You?" Jeremy stared at him in amazement.

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The Mans Decree Chapter 436

Chapter 436 It Is Not Your Decision To Make

“Count them fast and transfer me the funds as soon as possible. I want to head back and get some rest.” Jared could not be bothered to convince Jeremy that he made the pills himself.

When Jared was about to leave upon receiving the money, Jeremy called out, “Young man, I wonder if you have some time to make a trip to Herb Palace? The Palace Chief would like to meet you.”

Jared hesitated for a while before nodding his head. “Sure!”

It was also his intention to meet the Palace Chief. If we could share a strong bond, I might be able to take advantage of the excellent resources at Herb Palace.

Jared let Jesse return alone while he followed Jeremy back to the palace.

Meanwhile, Spencer was over the moon to know that his subordinate had found the person who knew how to cultivate the revitalizing pills. It's a piece of awesome news to the palace if we could hire him or discover the ways to cultivate the pills.

However, when Spencer met Jared for the first time, he was rather disappointed. He's only in his twenties? Can someone his age cultivates the revitalizing pills? Shouldn't it be an experienced person who has worked on it for decades?

“Palace Chief, he's here,” Jeremy reported politely.

Spencer nodded as he scrutinized Jared. “You're the one who cultivated the revitalizing pills?”

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Doubts laced his tone of voice. He could not help but remain suspicious. After all, it was very normal for scammers to come up with attractive stories in order to gain access to Herb Palace.

"I can leave now if you don't believe me," Jared uttered placidly and then turned his head to leave.

His response caught Spencer by surprise. Instantly, he stopped him from taking a step further. "Don't mind me thinking out loud, young man. I've never seen such a young alchemy master, that's why. Please, have a seat."

There was no reason for Jared to leave right away. Upon accepting Spencer's apology, he chose to stay.

"Serve us some tea." Spencer gestured at Jeremy.

Smiling, he turned to Jared. "How should I address you, young man?"

"Jared Chance," the lad replied.

As soon as Spencer heard the name, he gaped at Jared in disbelief, and so did Jeremy who overheard it on his way out.

"Are you the one who killed Zachariah?" Spencer wanted to confirm his identity so badly.

"Yes, that's me." Jared was not astonished that they knew who he was.

It would really make his jaw drop if the people from Herb Palace had not heard about it at all since the incident had happened some time ago.

"Hahaha... Wonderful! Impressive!" Spencer let out a hearty guffaw. "Have you received the herbs from an earlier trade with Herb Palace? I commanded them to handpick the most premium ones for my newfound friend."

"Palace Chief, is your main agenda of bringing me here just to make friends?" Jared grinned.

Spencer chuckled. "Since you asked, Jared, let me be honest with you. I wish to know the method of making the revitalizing pills. Additionally, I'd like to invite you to join Herb Palace

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if you don't mind. Once you're in, not a single soul in Chanaea would mess with you, let alone the whole of Jazona. Feel free to make any requests, and I'll be sure to fulfill all of them where possible."

Jared smiled. The Palace Chief of Herb Palace has the audacity to say such a thing? Doesn't he know that there's an abundance of capable and talented individuals within the several billions of people in Chanaea? What is a mere Herb Palace?

Yet, he did not refute Spencer. Looking across at the far end of the hall, Jared said, "I shall present all of my requests to the person who makes the rules here. I'm afraid it's not your decision to make."

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