

The Mans Decree Chapter 715

Chapter 715 Request For An Audience

Poison King chased Lyanna to the window and watched as she disappeared into the night. Glancing at the missing photo on his table, he grinned.

“Don’t be hasty. You’ll know everything soon enough come tomorrow night.”

His eyes glinted maliciously.

When Poison King turned from the window and returned to bed, a figure flashed across a dark corner. It was Jared.

Jared looked up at Poison King’s bedroom window with a cold look. “It looks like there is a relation between this old geezer and Lyanna’s parents somehow.”

Lyanna was already back in her room when Jared arrived. Seeing him returning from outside, she asked cautiously, “Where did you go?”

“To the restroom. I couldn’t keep it in. What? Am I not allowed to do that?” Jared let out a tired yawn and said, “Where did you go dressed in an all-black catsuit in the middle of the night?”

“I don’t need to explain anything to you.”

Changing out of her catsuit, she climbed back into bed, holding onto the photo tightly. She decided to confront Poison King about the girl in the photo the next day.

Lyanna led Jared to Poison King’s cabin the next morning. Stepping through the threshold, they saw many others had gathered around waiting in the living room.

“Pretend as though you’ve lost all your powers later. Make sure no one sees through your act,” Lyanna instructed.

"Why?" Jared asked.

"Don't ask so much. Just do as I say."

Lyanna shot him a glare.

Jared nodded his head and followed Lyanna into the living room.

She didn't dare to meet Poison King's gaze, feeling guilty after sneaking into his room the other night. On the other hand, Poison King acted as though nothing out of the ordinary happened.

Noting his gesture for her to approach, she quickly strode to his side with downcast eyes and a bowed head.

"Have you fed Jared the dissipation powder?" he asked.

"I did, Godfather. I watched him consume it with my own eyes. He has completely lost his powers now. He just a commoner." Lyanna nodded her head.

"Excellent! I won't forget about your efforts after I succeed in turning him into a cadaver king."

Poison King patted her shoulder with satisfaction, then waved her away.

At that moment, a subordinate rushed into the living room urgently and reported, "Poison King, Mr. Xuereb has requested a meeting with you."

Poison King shot to his feet at the news. The five leaders stood up nervously too.

Lyanna, who was about to leave, paused mid-stride.

Jared noticed the nervous look on their faces and speculated Mr. Xuereb must be a powerful figure for Poison King to be anxious about his arrival.

"How many men did Carlos bring with him?" Poison King asked.

“He brought only two guards with him. Mr. Xuereb said he wanted to discuss some matter with you. He wasn’t here to seek revenge,” the subordinate reported.

Poison King frowned with suspicion. “Discuss some matter with me? What is there to discuss? Could it be a trap?”

“We have poisoned over hundreds of Emyrean Sect’s martial trainees, so it was likely he was here to seek revenge. I suspect his request for a meeting is a trap. We should gather everyone this instant and defend against the Emyrean Sect’s attack,” Weston suggested.

“Since Carlos came here personally with only two guards, I think we don’t have to be scared of him. We can just let him in. Even if he plans to trap us, we can always catch him and blackmail the Emyrean Sect,” Evron suggested.

“Evron is right. There’re only three of them. What is there to be afraid of?”

“Let them come here. We can surely take on the three of them.”

The other leaders also concurred with allowing Carlos to come inside.

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Chapter 716 The Emyrean Sect

“Let Mr. Xuereb enter. Remember to show him great hospitality,” Poison King instructed the member of Mapleton who had come to update him on Carlos’ arrival.

The latter nodded respectfully and left. Meanwhile, Poison King huddled over with Weston and the others as though they were discussing something.

Jared grabbed the opportunity to sound Lyanna out by putting on a quizzical look. “What is so special about the Emyrean Sect? All of you from Mapleton seem to be terrified of them!”

Lyanna stole a look at Poison King and the others before explaining to him, "The Empyrean Sect's base is located around 5 kilometers from us, on the mountain in the south of Mapleton. Mapleton and the Empyrean Sect are mortal enemies, and I've heard both parties started to battle against each other as early as a century ago, resulting in great losses of lives. For some reason, there was suddenly a drastic increase in the number of strong disciples they had. All of a sudden, they have almost twenty new Senior Grandmasters. Even their sect leader has reached the level of Martial Arts Grandmaster. As a result, Mapleton has been oppressed by them these years."

She paused, stealing another glance at Poison King and the others before adding, "That's why Poison King intends to cultivate a cadaver king, so we won't need to bow to the Empyrean Sect again. Earlier on, hundreds of martial trainees from the Empyrean Sect were killed after being bitten by our venomous creatures when they trespassed on our turf. Thus, we're overwrought that they will settle the score with us!"

"Isn't Mapleton famous for their expert use of poison? Regardless of how formidable the Empyrean Sect disciples are, you can easily wipe them out by poisoning them, can't you?" Jared refuted in bafflement.

Lyanna could not resist laughing in exasperation. "You've overestimated Mapleton. After battling against us for more than a century, how could the Empyrean Sect be oblivious to Mapleton's expertise at poisoning? They've long developed a way to deal with our poisons and venoms. Even the venomous wasp, deemed the deadliest creature in Mapleton, is nothing to them."

"If they can cure your poisons and venoms, how's it possible for hundreds of their members to be killed by you previously?" Jared questioned doubtfully. He could not fathom why those members from the Empyrean Sect still ended up losing their precious lives even though the sect had already found a way to deal with venoms.

"Those attacked were only the Empyrean Sect's martial trainees, not their disciples. Thus, the Empyrean Sect didn't try to cure them with their precious antidotes. Apart from that, they decided to go with the flow and make use of that incident as an excuse to strike against Mapleton," Lyanna explained further.

Hearing that, Jared's heart skipped a beat. My goodness! How could the Empyrean Sect be so inhumane and treat the martial trainees as though they were worthless and didn't deserve to live? Those martial trainees held the Empyrean Sect in high regard, yet the sect had the heart to let the former meet their end without curing their poison. If the Empyrean

Sect can treat their own people like that, I can't even imagine how they would treat outsiders!

In the meantime, a long-haired young man in his early twenties dressed in a long-sleeved shirt showed up. He was none other than Carlos.

When he came into view, Jared could not help but let out a sigh of admiration. Undeniably, Carlos had stunning good looks, as if he was the male lead in a romance movie.

There were two subordinates following behind him, and both were Senior Grandmasters. Surprisingly, Carlos was already a Senior Grandmaster at such a young age as well. It implied that his potential was impressive beyond imagination.

The moment Poison King noticed Carlos, he hurried toward the latter. "Mr. Xuereb, welcome to Mapleton!"

Carlos flashed him a smile and greeted him courteously, "Poison King, sorry for disturbing you! I hope you don't mind that I'm here without notifying you in advance."

"Of course not. Mr. Xuereb, it's a great honor to have you here. Please take a seat!" Poison King welcomed Carlos cordially and instructed his subordinate to pour him tea.

After being seated, Carlos instinctively glanced at Lyanna, who was sitting beside him. His eyes lingered on her for more than a moment.

Seeing that Carlos' eyes seemed to be glued to Lyanna, Poison King's expression darkened as he asked grimly, "Mr. Xuereb, may I know why you suddenly paid us a visit?"

Needless to say, he was hinting to Carlos to take his eyes off Lyanna. Deep down, he claimed Lyanna as his woman and would never let any man lay a finger on her.

Carlos finally retracted his gaze and smiled at Poison King. "Poison King, both the Empyrean Sect and Mapleton have sustained great losses battling against each other these years. Are you willing to let both parties reconcile and form an alliance?"