

The Mans Decree Chapter 852

Chapter 852 Leviathan Is Here

Blood spurted from the joint where Kristoff's left arm used to be moments before it was chopped clean off by Jared's sword. As a final act of vengeance, the dismembered limb was still holding Lizbeth in its demonic clutches. Nimbly making use of the distraction, Lizbeth rolled on the spot and rid herself of its grip.

This time, the scream of pain was even more agonizing. In his blinding rage, he kicked the white wolf's chest with such force that it would have shattered a boulder.

The white wolf merely skidded several feet behind it before springing to its feet again, seemingly unscathed.

Kristoff's strength was comparable to that of a Great Grandmaster's at the peak. Under equivalent terms, this white wolf would be comparable to a Martial Arts Grandmaster. As a result, Kristoff's kick did not hurt it at all.

Kristoff's screams caught the attention of his subordinates. The men under the employ of the Shalvis family hurriedly detached themselves from the battle with the Thunderstorm Sect and ran to Kristoff's aid.

Kristoff stared at his severed arm with bloodshot eyes before bellowing at his men, "Kill him! Kill them all!"

Just when his men were about to surround Jared, a gust of overwhelming dominance in the form of a gale appeared at the scene. Its presence was felt by every member of the crowd from the way they all shuddered as one.

Because this breath was so terrifying, not even Senior Grandmasters or Martial Arts Grandmasters at the scene dared move a muscle.

Jared frowned as he turned to look for the source of the disturbance.

“What’s with all the yelling, Kristoff? Whose blood are you thirsty for this time?”

The speaker was a middle-aged man who ambled toward them. He was clad in a simple white training robe. His sandals of cloth made no noise as he walked. There was no expression discernible on his powerfully set face.

He was not alone. Flanked by three other figures, the crowd gasped at the realization that those three alone were all Martial Arts Grandmasters. Judging by the way they are walking reverently in his wake, the leader must be a Fourth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster.

“Mr. Zare!” Kristoff’s face flooded with relief.

Kenneth too hurried over to greet the newcomer.

The middle-aged man glanced at everybody before turning to Kristoff. “Have you seen my son?”

“Oh, Colin? There he is.” Kristoff indicated with his finger.

It was only then that it became apparent to the crowd that the newcomer was Leviathan Zare, Colin’s father, the patriarch of Shadow Estate, and a veteran Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Leviathan gazed in the direction of Kristoff’s finger and spotted Colin leading a group of men in search of dry timber to start a fire.

At the sight of his son’s foolhardy endeavor, Leviathan’s anger flared up. It was so obvious that the crowd flinched and trembled as they watched with bated breath as Leviathan strode purposefully toward his son.

Jared’s expression was especially solemn. Leviathan’s strength seems to be on the same level as Rayleigh’s. I’m simply no match against such strength. Besides, the Martial Arts Grandmasters behind him will overwhelm me before I could get close.

Kristoff, Kenneth, and Sylvester were crestfallen at Leviathan’s sudden appearance as it essentially indicated the termination of their involvement in procuring the draconic essence.

The resounding smack of Leviathan’s palm across Colin’s cheek drew their attention to the Zares.

“How dare you return to Dragon Island against my permission?”

The slap seemed to finally impress upon Colin of his father’s arrival. Far from being unhappy, he tugged at his father’s sleeves urgently as he begged. “You came just in time, Dad. Please save Renee! She may not survive being frozen much longer.”

Leviathan cast a glance at the ice sculpture that bore an eerie resemblance to Renee. Despite wearing a slight frown, he quickly resumed the reprimanding glare at his son and said, “Enough girls! Come home with me this instant!”