

The Mans Decree Chapter 854

Chapter 854 Carrot Or Stick

Kristoff and Kenneth sensed something was wrong when they saw Leviathan's expression, which only served to amplify their desire to obtain the draconic essence for themselves.

Jared took two apprehensive steps back from the intensity of Leviathan's gaze.

"Is that true? Did you consume it?" Leviathan asked.

Jared nodded without a word.

"They're my friends, Dad," Colin cried. "Jared only-"

"Silence!" Leviathan roared at his son before turning to one of his men. "Take him away."

Two masters from the Shadow Estate fell out of formation and practically marched Colin away by pinning him from either side.

After Colin had been taken away, Leviathan stretched out his hand toward Jared. "Surrender the draconic essence, boy, and I'll let you walk away safely."

"The draconic essence has been swallowed by this kid hours ago, Mr. Zare," Kristoff reported. "It's most likely digested by now."

"Ignorance," Leviathan snorted coldly without even sparing Kristoff a glance, keeping both his eyes fixed on Jared. An invisible hand of forceful coercion enveloped Jared and pushed his spine into a half-bow.

Jared felt the weight of a mountain pressing down on his back. His legs began to tremble slightly.

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Leviathan was a little surprised at the strength of Jared's resolve.

He only has the strength of the Seventh Level Grandmaster. How could he have withstood it?

The pressure that Leviathan was capable of exuding was no laughing matter. Even a Martial Arts Grandmaster would have fallen to his knees.

"The draconic essence stays with me and I am not giving it to anyone else. You would have to kill me first."

Jared unsheathed the Dragonslayer Sword as he spoke, the crimson river of his last victim still warm on its blade.

"How unexpected for a Senior Grandmaster like yourself to possess such a fine blade," Leviathan remarked appreciatively, his eyes reflecting the glint upon the sword. "This has been a worthwhile trip after all."

Jared mobilized the spiritual energy in his entire body. Soon, his aura began to accumulate.

Having consumed a body-quenching pill prior to facing a master like Leviathan, his body was at that moment like an iron wall as a domineering show of defense.

"I'll just say it once more, boy," Leviathan whispered, cold menace ringing in every syllable, "surrender the draconic essence, and give me this sword. For the sake of being a friend of my son's, I'll take you away to safety."

Jared's gaze was set. "As I said, you would have to kill me first."

"How noble of you. But have you considered what will happen to the two girls behind you after you die?"

Jared glanced at the two girls in an attempt to give them the best farewell he could, before turning back to face Leviathan. "There's nothing more to think about at this point. Even if I die defending it, you will never get your hands on the draconic essence."

Leviathan's grimace became uglier than ever.

Almost instantaneously, he struck. The terrifying aura instantly enveloped Jared before he could react. Far too late, he felt his whole body tense up and made it impossible to even pull the Dragonslayer Sword out of its scabbard.

Anxious that Jared would carry out his threat of suicide, Leviathan took the preventive measure to immobilize Jared before aiming a slap at his head to beat his skull open.

With a roar of fury mingled with panic at Leviathan's impending coup de grace, a burst of golden light erupted from Jared's body and conjured a barrier before him.

Unfortunately, it did little to stop Leviathan. Without even faltering, his palm continued its meteoric projectile toward the side of Jared's head.

Just when Leviathan's palm was inches away from its mark, Leviathan stopped. Jared even felt the breath of death stroking his cheek.