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## The Mans Decree Chapter 885

Chapter 885 Irresponsible

"Sure!" Jared agreed without any hesitation.

He continued chatting with Theodore for a while, but the latter knew how exhausting traveling could be and soon told him to get some rest.

Unfortunately, Theodore had only just stepped out of the room to make his way to the martial arts arena when Shane rushed toward him. "General, Wrea's stirring up trouble in the arena. He and a group of people have stopped training."

"What's going on? And what on earth is Wrea up to now? Haven't I already made him an instructor?" Theodore grumbled, his brow knitted into a frown.

"I'm not sure either, but in any case, please hurry over and take a look..." Shane urged.

Theodore sighed and made a beeline for the martial arts arena. As it turned out, the Shalvis family had used their connections to get Wrea into the Department of Justice to make themselves look good. However, even though Wrea was a Martial Arts Grandmaster, he was so arrogant and conceited that barely anyone in the department liked him.

To make matters worse, Wrea knew he had powerful backers and never once bothered to show Theodore an ounce of respect. He was also a lot stronger than the latter, thus making him even cockier in the Department of Justice.

Theodore eventually made Wrea an instructor, hoping he could become more grounded through training others. Alas, Wrea only managed a few days of good behavior before reverting to his old, problematic self.

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As soon as he arrived at the martial arts arena, Theodore saw Wrea sitting atop a table with a beer in one hand and half a roast chicken in the other. He ate and drank to his heart's content, not at all fazed by the attention he was getting.

The Department of Justice had rules, and one of those forbade members from consuming alcohol. With Wrea intentionally breaking that rule by drinking in front of everyone else, it only went to show how much he didn't care for Theodore.

Naturally, Theodore was furious. "Wrea Shalvis, what the hell are you doing?" he scolded. "How dare you drink in the martial arts arena!"

Wrea shot him a look and scoffed, "Tell me, Theodore, is it true that you've found another instructor for the Department of Justice?"

Instead of hiding the truth, Theodore nodded firmly. "Yes!"

"Well, I heard he's just a young punk in his early twenties. Why would you put a kid in the same position as me? Do you know how much of an insult that is?" Wrea shouted as he jumped off the table and glowered at Theodore.

This time around, Theodore stood his ground. "I don't look at one's age. All I care about is one's capability."

"Capabilities? How good can this young brat be? I'm a Martial Arts Grandmaster, for goodness' sake. No one in the Department of Justice, including yourself, is my match, so don't talk to me about who's capable or not. I'll be frank with you, my only reason for joining this department is for the upcoming international competition. I want the world to witness the might of the Shalvis family. I want us to be famous! Besides, I'm your best candidate to represent the Department of Justice in the competition! Is there anyone else who can rise to the occasion?" Wrea taunted, his eyes filled with disdain.

After all, he knew he was the strongest in the Department of Justice.

Theodore merely stared at Wrea. He knew that the Shalvis family had pulled strings to get Wrea into the Department of Justice, but never in his wildest dreams did he think it was for Wrea to participate in the competition and bring fame to the Shalvises.

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An international competition was for candidates to bring glory to their respective countries, yet all Wrea cared about was his own family.

"I already have a candidate in mind for the international competition. As for the instructor position, I'm dismissing you with immediate effect. Mr. Chance will take over from now on..." Theodore said coldly.

Upon hearing that, Wrea flew into a rage. "Theodore Jackson, are you out of your mind? Don't you care about the training quality at all? It's highly irresponsible of you to put a young, ignorant punk in charge of training everyone here! Who the hell is going to listen to a kid?"

Soon, everyone else started chattering among themselves. "I heard General Jackson personally went to Horington to invite this instructor to join us. He's just a young fellow in his early twenties, though. With that many years of cultivation, how skilled can he be?"

"Exactly! What the hell is General thinking about, anyway? Why would he even think of sending the kid to the competition?"

## The Mans Decree Chapter 886

### Chapter 886 Competition

"Hey, watch your words. From what I've heard, Mr. Chance is someone who can take on two Martial Arts Grandmasters at one go!"

"Ha! And you believe that? If he were that powerful, why isn't there a shred of news about Horington having such a young and formidable martial artist?"

The more everyone prattled on, the more annoyed Shane got. "All of you, shut up!" he bellowed as he glared at them.

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Even though that instantly scared everyone to silence, their gossip had long reached Theodore's ears.

Wrea, on the other hand, continued to sneer at Theodore. "Do you hear that, Theodore? If you let the kid become the instructor, no one would want to listen to him. Why don't you get him here to spar with me? If he can withstand three of my attacks, I'll leave right away. But if he can't, I want you to get rid of him and let me participate in the competition."

Theodore said nothing, but Shane, who had had enough of Wrea's arrogance, retorted, "You think too highly of yourself, Wrea! If Mr. Chance really were to go up against you, not only would he be able to take your attacks, but he'd also be able to crush you with just one hand!"

Wrea's expression darkened as his steely gaze landed on Shane. "You've got some guts, haven't you? How dare you talk to me in that tone!"

Before anyone could react, Wrea suddenly appeared in front of Shane and gave him a tight slap.

Slap!

Alas, the impact was so hard that Shane was sent flying and crashed onto the floor.

"Wrea Shalvis!" Theodore shouted, furious that Wrea had initiated the attack.

Unsurprisingly, Wrea stared smugly back at him. "Get that brat here so we can spar. I'd like to see just how powerful he is..."

Theodore helped Shane up, but instead of answering Wrea, he fumed silently with knitted brows.

Shane began to panic when he saw how quiet Theodore was. "General, why don't I fetch Mr. Chance? We can't let Wrea behave so brazenly in the Department of Justice."

With that, Shane was about to leave for Jared when Theodore suddenly pulled him back. "No, don't. If Mr. Chance comes and turns this into a full-blown conflict, wouldn't he be making another enemy?" he reasoned. "Moreover, the Shalvis family isn't one to be

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provoked. Mr. Chance already has plenty of enemies in Jadeborough, so let's not bring him any more trouble."

Indeed, Theodore was reluctant to let Jared compete with Wrea because he didn't want a grudge between the former and the Shalvis family. If Jared did offend the Shalvises, his days in Jadeborough would undoubtedly become even more difficult.

Upon hearing that, Shane had no choice but to stop in his tracks. He touched his swollen cheek as he glowered at Wrea, frustrated that he couldn't do anything to get back at the latter.

After all, with Shane being a mere Senior Grandmaster, he wouldn't stand a chance against a Martial Arts Grandmaster like Wrea.

All of a sudden, Jared walked in slowly. "General Jackson, since I'm already a part of the Department of Justice, how can you leave me out of such situations?"

Naturally, Shane was on cloud nine when he saw Jared. "Ah, Mr. Chance..."

"Mr. Chance, why aren't you resting?" Theodore asked politely.

Jared smiled. "A few hours of travel is nothing to me, General Jackson. At my level, I can even go without sleep for three days and three nights!"

Wrea stared at Jared, his expression cold and stern. "So, you're the new instructor that Theodore hired?"

"That's right!"

"You seem to be only in your early twenties, yet you're already a Senior Grandmaster? I must admit that's rather impressive. But even then, you aren't fit to be an instructor at the Department of Justice! I'm sure you've worked hard to achieve your current cultivation level, so if you get out of my sight now, I may still let you off..." Wrea warned.

He could tell from a glance that Jared's aura was only comparable to that of a Senior Grandmaster's. Thus, he had nothing to fear at all!

"Let me off?" Jared replied with a smirk. "Say, how are you related to Kristoff Shalvis?"

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