

A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 887

I Know What To Do

Wrea was taken aback for a moment. "Kristoff's my nephew. Do you know him?"

"Of course. I was the one who cut his arm off. Why wouldn't I know him?"

As it turned out, Jared had overheard the conversation between Theodore and Wrea, thus realizing that the latter was from the Shalvis family.

"You... You're Jared Chance?" Wrea blurted out, his eyes wide in disbelief.

Jared nodded. "That's right. I'm Jared Chance. Nice to meet you."

Wrea's face instantly turned red with rage when he heard that confession. "Da*n you! You were the one who cut my nephew's arm off and swallowed the draconic essence! Well then, I shall avenge Kris today and dig that draconic essence out of you!"

As soon as he said that, Wrea's aura intensified, and he readied himself to punch Jared.

Seeing that the situation was about to get out of hand, Theodore quickly placed himself between Jared and Wrea. "What are you doing, Wrea? Don't forget that this is the Department of Justice. You'd better watch your behavior!"

Alas, Wrea couldn't care less about Theodore. "F*ck you, Theodore. Stop threatening me with the Department of Justice," he reprimanded. "This punk here injured my nephew, so I must get my revenge today! Get lost if you don't want to die!"

Theodore's face fell almost immediately. Da*n it. I don't have a choice, do I? I'm nowhere as strong as Wrea. Even if I were to retaliate, I'd only be asking for trouble!

"General Jackson, why don't you step aside?" Jared calmly suggested. "Let me deal with Wrea. I can also use this chance to show everyone my capabilities. There's no better way than that to convince your subordinates."

"Mr. Chance..." Theodore muttered as he turned to look at Jared.

"What's wrong? Are you afraid that I won't beat him?"

"No, no, of course not. Not even two Wrea Shalvises would be your match, Mr. Chance. That said, I do hope you'll hold yourself back if need be. Let's not get anyone killed..."

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In actuality, Theodore was afraid that Jared might use too much force and accidentally kill Wrea. If that were to happen, the mess would be even tougher to clean up.

“Don’t worry. I know what to do!” Jared reassured.

Unfortunately, Theodore and Jared’s interaction only riled Wrea up further.

“What the f*ck did you say, Theodore? Once I’ve destroyed this kid, I’m going after you! I’ll teach you a lesson for looking down on me!”

Immediately after his outburst, Wrea clenched his fists and threw a punch at Jared.

Theodore hastily ducked away, knowing that Wrea could never be Jared’s match. After all, he had witnessed Jared killing Hayden and Declan without breaking a sweat, so how could Wrea ever beat that?

Despite seeing Wrea charge toward him with pure rage and hatred, Jared stayed rooted to the spot with a smile on his face.

Just as Wrea’s punch was about to land, Jared’s skin suddenly emitted a golden glow that seemed to form a protective layer around his body.

Bang!

The next moment, a dull thud sounded as Wrea hit Jared squarely on his chest. Strangely though, the latter didn’t move an inch, and neither did his expression change.

Wrea gaped at Jared, completely dumbfounded.

He had put all his strength into the punch, making it powerful enough to rip a hole through a car and shatter mountains. Yet, when it hit Jared, it felt like he had just punched an impenetrable steel plate.

The forceful recoil from the impact numbed Wrea’s arm and instantly sent a torrent of pain throughout his body.

Wrea gritted his teeth and slowly retracted his fist. His arm was still trembling uncontrollably, but he did his best to keep it under control so others wouldn’t notice his pain.

“What’s going on? Did Wrea not use any strength at all?”

“Everyone knows a punch from a Martial Arts Grandmaster is enough to total a car, so why is Jared still standing?”

“Do you think the two of them are putting on a show just to make Jared Chance look good?”

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Someone More Powerful

The other members of the Department of Justice continued to discuss among themselves in hushed tones. They knew a punch from a Martial Arts Grandmaster like Wrea had to be powerful beyond measure. What they couldn't fathom, though, was how anyone could've withstood an attack like that.

“Well done, Mr. Chance! Well done!” Shane suddenly shouted and clapped his hands.

He had been nursing a grudge ever since Wrea slapped him, so when Jared barely flinched from the punch, he was elated. There was no doubt that Wrea would be enraged, and Shane took obvious delight in it.

“You guys are courting death!” Wrea spat as his face darkened menacingly.

With that, he lunged toward Jared once again.

This time, however, Wrea had gathered all his power and released a burst of energy. His terrifying aura was pressing down on the Department of Justice members so much that they found it increasingly difficult to breathe.

It was only then that they knew Jared and Wrea weren't putting on an act. Wrea, especially, had unleashed everything he had.

Boom!

Wrea threw out yet another vicious punch that blasted a pit on the solid arena ground, sending clouds of dust and debris flying everywhere. That was the sheer power of a Martial Arts Grandmaster, and naturally, everyone was shocked by the impact.

Once the dust settled, however, they were greeted by something even more shocking. Jared remained in his spot, smiling as he stared Wrea down with a look of utter contempt.

The crowd gathered around widened their eyes in disbelief. They all knew Wrea's punch was powerful enough to split a mountain in half, so how did Jared walk away from it without even a scratch?

"T-This..." Wrea stuttered, but his voice began to trail off.

He stared blankly at Jared, not knowing what to say.

"Oh, my goodness. Mr. Chance is way too awesome, isn't he?"

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"Yes, the fact that he's still standing means not even a Second Level Martial Arts Grandmaster can hurt him. From the looks of it, I think Mr. Chance might be a Fifth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster."

"That's amazing! With Mr. Chance as our instructor, I'm sure we'll improve by leaps and bounds!"

With their doubts about Jared's competence long gone, the members of the Department of Justice began chatting excitedly.

Shane, without a doubt, was the most excited of them all. "You see, Wrea, there will always be someone more powerful than you," he mocked. "Given your pathetic level of skills, why don't you back off? Stop making a fool of yourself in front of Mr. Chance."

Almost immediately, Wrea shook with fury. "How dare you, Shane Walsh! I'll kill you first!"

True to his words, Wrea charged toward Shane the next second, determined to vent his anger on the latter.

Upon seeing that, Shane's face paled. He knew he wasn't Wrea's match at all.

Just as Wrea was about to reach Shane, Jared suddenly moved and gave the former a heavy kick.

Like a kite with its string cut, Wrea flew backward by more than ten meters before crashing onto the ground.

The color drained from his face as he winced in pain and spat out mouthfuls of blood.

Everyone else could only stand by and gulp nervously, still finding it hard to believe that a mere kick had caused so much damage to a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

After Wrea landed on the ground, Jared loomed over him, foot raised and ready to stomp.

If the foot had come down, Wrea's head would undoubtedly be smashed to smithereens, marking the end of a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

"No, Mr. Chance. Don't..." Theodore pleaded as he rushed up to stop Jared. "Wrea is from the Shalvis family. You'd be in a lot of trouble if you killed him here at the Department of Justice. It'd be a tricky situation for us to handle too..."

Jared glanced at Theodore and slowly put his foot down. Within seconds, his gaze was back on Wrea. "Get the hell out of here."

Wrea struggled to his feet and glared at Jared. "Watch out, kid. I'll get my revenge one day!"

With that, Wrea left the Department of Justice, but Jared remained unfazed by the threat. There were so many people threatening him that if he were to fret over every single one of them, he'd be worried sick by now.

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Promise

"General Jackson, why don't you make the introductions?" Jared said as his glance swept around the room.

Theodore nodded. "Gather around, everyone."

Upon hearing the order, all the members of the Department of Justice came together and stood at attention, their faces happy and expectant.

"I'm sure you've all witnessed Mr. Chance's strength. He'll be training everyone from now on and helping you increase your abilities in the shortest time possible. That said, I'm happy to announce that Mr. Chance is now officially the instructor at the Department of Justice. Everyone is to obey his orders, and if anyone dares defy him, you can leave immediately," Theodore announced in a stern voice.

“If anyone doesn’t obey Mr. Chance, you’ll have to answer to me too,” Shane chimed in.

“Yes! We’re at your command, Mr. Chance!” the members replied in unison.

Jared’s display of power had already won the hearts of everyone, and even without Theodore’s reminder, no one would dare to defy their new instructor.

“Mr. Chance, why don’t you say a word or two,” Theodore urged.

Jared nodded. “Truth be told, I don’t have much time to spend teaching you guys. You’d still have to rely on your own training. What I can do, however, is write down and share the lessons I’ve learned through my cultivation so it can accelerate your progress. I can also get the Medicine God Sect to send us pills that benefit cultivation. With ample training and supplements, your skills will improve even faster.”

“Pills from the Medicine God Sect?”

Everyone, including Theodore, was stunned.

After all, it was a monumental task to ask for pills from the Medicine God Sect. Many people had tried begging for it, only to be turned down and chased away.

Furthermore, there were more than ten members in the Department of Justice, so why would Medicine God Sect willingly give out that many pills to them?

“Mr. Chance, the pills from Medicine God Sect are expensive and almost impossible to get for us ordinary folks. Besides, we have many members, which means we’d need a significant number of pills. Are you sure that’d be feasible?” Theodore asked while staring at Jared in bewilderment. “Or could it be that you’re on friendly terms with Medicine God Sect, Mr. Chance?”

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A smile instantly crept across Jared’s face. “I’m not sure about any friendly terms, but as their lord, I’m sure my words will carry a significant weight.”

“Oh!” Theodore replied before realization struck him and almost reeled him back in shock. “M-Mr. Chance, what did you say? L-Lord? Are you saying you’re the Lord of Medicine God Sect?”

“Why else would I have made such a promise if I wasn’t?”

Jared’s words shocked everyone to the core. He had given them surprise after surprise, and they no longer knew how to react to them.

It was a few minutes before Theodore finally snapped out of his daze, face flushed with excitement.

Oh, my goodness. Who knew Jared had such an impressive status too? Now that he's the instructor at the Department of Justice, does that mean we'd be able to get our hands on any pills we want?

All of a sudden, a voice rang out. "You're the best, Mr. Chance!"

Before long, everyone else started chiming in, "You're the best, Mr. Chance!"

"You're the best, Mr. Chance!"

Many members ran toward Jared and lifted him into the air as they continued to cheer. They were all so excited that they didn't know how else to express their emotions.

Theodore, too, stared at Jared with gratitude in his eyes. With Jared joining them, the Department of Justice might finally be able to escape its current embarrassing state and soar to greater heights. Even with the support of the various sects and powerful families, there was no doubt the reputation of the Department of Justice had suffered over the years.

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A Man Like None Other & The Mans Decree Chapter 890

Connections

Jared spent an entire night writing out a manual for learning techniques and handed them to Shane the next day, urging him to lead the other members in mastering the tips and lessons. With that done, Jared shared his plan of making a trip to Medicine God Sect. Not only could he use the chance to get Axton to cultivate pills for the Department of Justice, but he could also finish formulating the jet melding cream to relieve Tommy and Phoenix's pain.

After hearing Jared's plans, Theodore couldn't help but feel a nagging sense of unease. "Mr. Chance, why don't I make this trip with you? As you know, many people in Jadeborough have their eyes on you. I may not be as powerful as you, but I still have my status and reputation. No one will dare lay a hand on me."

Jared smiled in return. "General Jackson, with the international competition approaching, I think you should stay and watch over the Department of Justice. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine on my own."

"Very well then. But if there's any trouble, please call me immediately, Mr. Chance. After all, I do still have some connections in Jadeborough."

Indeed, if it hadn't been for Theodore's connections and ingenious means, he wouldn't have successfully become the general of the Department of Justice in Jadeborough.

"Sure!" Jared replied with a firm nod.

However, just as he was about to leave the Department of Justice, Jared suddenly stopped and turned toward Theodore. "General Jackson, do you know where Shadow Estate is?"

"Are you thinking of going there, Mr. Chance?"

"I'm acquainted with their patriarch, Leviathan Zare, so I thought of dropping by."

As it turned out, Jared had been away from Leviathan for more than a month. But now that he knew Shadow Estate was one of the regiments in Dragon Sect and under his wing, Jared was even more eager to visit and get pills formulated for them too.

Theodore quickly pointed out Shadow Estate's location, which was smack in the middle of a forest on the outskirts of Jadeborough.

Not long after, Jared followed Theodore's directions and arrived at Shadow Estate. The sprawling estate and majestic buildings that greeted him left him in awe. Jared had never thought that Shadow Estate would be so luxurious, and its magnificence only proved that they were no ordinary folks. Ah, no wonder no one dares to offend Colin. He isn't all that powerful, yet people fear him because of Shadow Estate.

Jared walked up to the main door, only to see two Shadow Estate members standing guard outside. They looked stricken with grief, and it didn't long before Jared noticed the black mourning wreath hung on the door.

"What happened here?" he asked, feeling his heart skip a beat.

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Da*n it. Something must have happened and resulted in a death. Otherwise, why would there be a mourning wreath, and why would the guards look so crestfallen?

The guards glanced at Jared and suddenly tensed up, drawing their weapons on him. "Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"I'm friends with Mr. Zare. What happened in Shadow Estate?" Jared once again asked worriedly.

"Mr. Zare's friend?" the guard asked dubiously. "If that's the truth, then you would've known about what happened here. Fess up! Are you a spy from the Shalvis family or Thunderstorm Sect?"

Both guards unsheathed their swords immediately after, ready to attack.

"I've already told you that I'm Mr. Zare's friend. If you don't believe it, go ahead and let him know that Jared Chance is here. You can report it to Colin too if you like," Jared hastily explained.

One of the guards gaped at him. "Jared Chance? Y-You're Jared Chance?"

"Yes! I'm Jared Chance!"

"H-Hold on a minute. I'll report this right away..." the guard replied before dashing into the estate.

The guard came back within minutes, except this time, Colin followed behind.

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