

THE MAN'S DECREE

A Man Like None Other Novel Read Online Chapter 911

Chapter 911 The Flawless Victory

Among the crowd were Ryker and Godrick, who had carefully covered their faces so as not to be recognized.

“Mr. Deragon, you can test Jared now to find out whether he is Ms. Beatrice’s son. If he’s able to sense your aura, that means you two are related by blood,” whispered Godrick to Ryker.

With a flick of his fingers, Ryker immediately sent his almost untraceable aura flying toward Jared, who was getting ready to draw lots when he suddenly felt a strange sensation.

Hence, Jared quickly turned to look in Ryker’s direction.

Despite the fact that he had never seen Ryker before, he could feel his heart skip a beat as soon as he laid his eyes on the mysterious-looking man.

Jared could instantly tell who Ryker was just by looking, even though the man’s face was covered up.

Suddenly, he could feel his blood boiling with anger and his veins popping out, but just when his emotions were about to take him over, Andrew tapped him on the shoulder. “It’s your turn, little one.”

Thanks to the interruption, Jared returned to his senses and managed to calm himself down. Now is not the time to deal with the Deragons. Besides, I’m strong enough to do that yet. If they find out who I really am now, I’m going to be in big trouble.

After turning back around, Jared extended his hand to draw lots.

Meanwhile, Ryker slowly stood up after getting his answer and walked away with no intention of spectating the competition at all.

Godrick hurriedly followed when he noticed Ryker leaving.

As soon as the participating teams had drawn their lots, they proceeded to ready themselves for the battles.

The first participant to jump into the arena was a short dark-skinned man, followed by a man with a turban and a mustache slowly making his way inside.

The two said not a word before bowing, but they could clearly sense each other's aura.

Immediately after that, the short one leaped up into the air and took a swing at the one with a turban.

The attack was so fast that the crowd could hear a sonic boom coming from the arena, and it was as loud as a bomb exploding.

"Mr. Chance, the one who just attacked is Song, an expert from Thymion. He specializes in kickboxing and is as strong as he is fast. The man's also known for being brutal," introduced Theodore again to Jared.

Even though Jared could see that Song was as fast as lightning and as strong as a bull, it did not bother him since he knew the man would need to be more powerful than that to beat him. Jared was indestructible against Song's striking power.

While Theodore was introducing him to Jared, Song had already unleashed a cascade of fists. Not only that, but Song had also repeatedly struck his opponent with his elbows and knees like a mad man.

It only took around ten seconds before Song slammed his fist into the man with a turban and sent his opponent flying out of the arena. The defeated man then vomited blood because of how hard he was punched in the abdomen.

Although it was clear that Song's opponent had been severely injured, the crowd could tell that the Thymion fighter did not go all out.

After his flawless victory, Song looked down from the arena and announced excitedly, "I'm ready for my next challenger!"

The second Song finished his sentence, Ichiro emerged from the crowd and landed as gracefully as a swan in the arena.

A Man Like None Other Novel Read Online Chapter 912

Chapter 912 To Die A Horrible Death

When Song saw that his next opponent was Ichiro, his face immediately hardened, showing that he was somewhat afraid of the Jetroinian swordsman.

"Are you going to surrender? Or shall I make you?" questioned Ichiro with a condescending sneer.

In response, Song furrowed his eyebrows tightly. Even though he feared Ichiro, he was not about to humiliate himself in front of so many people by surrendering before the fight even began. "What makes you so sure you're going to win?"

With that, Song rushed forward and swung his fist at Ichiro. The man was much faster compared to the last fight since he was holding back then.

In the face of the imminent attack, Ichiro placed one hand behind his back and the other on his long sword. It seemed as though the swordsman had no intention of fighting back.

Song got even more furious when he saw how Ichiro looked down on him. With a roar, the Thymion fighter released an intense aura that quickly took the shape of a giant palm.

When the palm zoomed toward Ichiro, the waves it created were so strong that the crowd felt like they were going to be blown away.

The move was so powerful that even Andrew was surprised. However, when Theodore turned to see Jared's reaction, he realized that the man remained calm as if he was not impressed in the slightest.

"That's the Tarot Palm! I never thought the Thymion could master such a move."

"This destructive power of this move is even more devastating than that of a bomb! I don't think Ichiro's going to make it."

"Why is Ichiro just standing there? Is he freaking out?"

The crowd began discussing as they watched the fight unfold.

Still roaring, Song was about to hit Ichiro with his fearsome move, but still, the swordsman remained standing like a statue.

Just when everyone was still trying to figure out what Ichiro had in mind, he suddenly moved his right hand, the one holding his sword, while his left hand stayed behind him.

Many had no idea what had just transpired, but the more experienced ones like Jared were surprised when Ichiro finally made a move.

Even though Ichiro seemed like he did nothing, Jared and the others knew that his sword attacks were just too swift for most to catch.

In just a split second, the swordsman had already dealt out a dozen slashes.

The palm-shaped energy then started to dissipate as Song stared at Ichiro in shock. Only a few feet apart from each other, the two stood still for a while, and silence immediately befell the entire arena.

When a gust of wind blew past, the Thymion fighter suddenly collapsed to the ground before blood spurted out of his body and covered the arena in red.

After Ichiro sheathed his sword, Song had at least a dozen cut wounds on his body and could do nothing but die a horrible death.

“I offered you a chance to surrender, but unfortunately, you did not appreciate it. Now you have nobody to blame but yourself,” scoffed Ichiro at Song’s lifeless body.

The crowd was stunned when they witnessed just how powerful the Jetroinian swordsman was—it completely blew their minds.

Even Andrew, who was full of confidence before, was affected by the show of strength.

Theodore turned to look at Jared with concern in his eyes. If that’s what Ichiro’s capable of, I’m not sure if Jared can win. Jared might just get slaughtered like Song.

A Man Like None Other Novel Read Online Chapter 913

Chapter 913 There Is No Doubt About It

“Mr. Chance...”

Theodore wanted to know if Jared was confident in beating Ichiro, for he thought it would be better for the man to just surrender. Losing face is nothing compared to getting cut down like that.

In response, Jared simply kept silent and gave Theodore a reassuring look, so the man said nothing else but shifted his attention back to the arena.

By then, the arena had already been cleaned up. Enraged, the Thymion team looked daggers at Ichiro for killing one of their own, but they dared not to say a word. After all, every fighter who participated in the competition knew exactly what they signed up for, so no form of retaliation was acceptable.

“So who’s next?” questioned Ichiro arrogantly, holding his long sword as he looked around.

Immediately, the face of a participant from Allosburgh turned grim, for according to the lots drawn, he was to be Ichiro's next opponent. However, after witnessing the swordsman's exceptional skills, he doubted himself.

In the end, the fearful man decided to surrender because he knew that he would only get butchered if he stepped into the arena.

Since the participant from Allosburgh conceded, Ichiro's next challenger would be Andrew of Seneris.

"Do you think you can beat him, Andrew?" inquired Anne.

Frowning, Andrew seemed to be less confident than he was before. "I'll try my best."

Anne then handed the man a pill without another word.

In response, Andrew glanced at the princess before putting the pill away in his pocket and slowly making his way to the arena.

Anne clenched her fists as she watched Andrew walk away, obviously nervous to see how the man would fare against such a formidable foe.

"Don't worry too much, Princess Anne. I'm sure Andrew will put up a good fight," comforted Theodore when he noticed how anxious Anne was.

"Thank you, General Jackson. Andrew will win because we Senerisians do not tolerate failures," stated Anne firmly.

"Just because you gave him an explosion pill doesn't mean he'll win. A mindless brute is no match against someone as skillful as Ichiro." Jared calmly shared his thought with the Senerisian princess.

"What did you say?" Offended, Anne immediately turned to glare at Jared. "If Andrew can't beat him, your chances are even slimmer. You better pray that Andrew does, though, because that way, maybe you'll get to live to see another day."

"Praying isn't going to make a difference because I have no doubt about the outcome of this match," responded Jared while shaking his head.

Anne continued to glare at Jared but said nothing else since Andrew had already entered the arena and was ready to fight Ichiro.

With Andrew as his opponent, Ichiro was obviously not as laid back as he was with Song.

The swordsman had already unsheathed his weapon, a long sword that was as thin as a cicada's wing. Every time Ichiro swung his sword, the crowd could hear crackles as loud as that of a lightning bolt.

However, instead of backing away, Andrew charged forward with his pair of Iron Fists and took the Jetroinian swordsman head-on.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Andrew's fists were so hard that they remained scratchless even after parrying Ichiro's sword attacks.

Even though neither party had yet to land a meaningful blow, Andrew's Iron Fists seemed to be doing better than Ichiro's long sword.

"Do you see how powerful that pair of fists is? It fears no sharp weapon! I've even seen Andrew caught a bullet with one hand once," voiced Anne to Jared with pride. After seeing how well Andrew was doing, the Serenisian princess became less nervous.

To that, Jared responded with a smirk before calmly promising, "Andrew's not going to last much longer."

"How dare you!" roared Anne after jumping to her feet. "Are you looking down on our fighter?"

A Man Like None Other Novel Read Online Chapter 914

Chapter 914 The Werebear

"Please forgive his bluntness, Princess Anne," pleaded Theodore hurriedly as soon as he saw how upset Anne was.

Then, the man turned to Jared and advised, "Mr. Chance, could you try not to offend Princess Anne? After all, the Senerisians are our ally, and it'd do us no good to make an enemy of them."

"Got it!" responded Jared with a firm nod.

While the two were talking, Andrew and Ichiro had already traded half a dozen blows.

"I must say, your Iron Fists are quite impressive. However, playtime's over," mocked Ichiro with a smirk before getting into a stance.

In response, Andrew tightened the muscles all over his body and used them as body armor to protect himself.

“Ichiro is getting ready to unleash Nine Shadows!” exclaimed Theodore, who recognized the swordsman’s unique stance.

Immediately after hearing the man, Anne got nervous once again.

“What is this Nine Shadows you’re speaking of, General Jackson?” inquired Jared.

“Nine Shadows is Ichiro’s ultimate move. Whoever goes up against that move will be forced to fight nine illusions at the same time, and they won’t be able to discern the difference between the real Ichiro and the fake ones. That’s how Ichiro managed to beat five Martial Arts Grandmaster from Chanaea all by himself back then,” explained Theodore.

“It’s that powerful, huh?” After that, Jared knitted his eyebrows as he continued to observe Ichiro’s every move.

Suddenly, a copy of Ichiro emerged from himself, and then another one from the copy.

Before Andrew knew it, he was surrounded by three identical Jetroinian swordsmen. Even though he was aware that two of them were fake, there was no way for him to tell which was the real Ichiro.

“Two illusions are all I need to deal with you, Andrew,” sneered Ichiro condescendingly.

It sounded like all three Ichiros were speaking at the same time, so Andrew could not distinguish them from the voice alone.

At that moment, Andrew’s face turned terrifyingly grim as he popped the pill Anne gave him into his mouth without hesitation.

The second the elixir entered his system, Andrew’s muscles grew exponentially, and the veins all over his body began to pop out.

After hearing Andrew let out a beastly roar, the crowd witnessed how the man miraculously transformed into a bear with brown fur, crimson-red eyes, and large fangs.

“Is that a Werebear?” questioned Theodore after turning to Anne in shock, but the woman kept silent with her eyes glued to the arena.

Like Theodore, Jared was also taken aback to see a man turn into a brown bear, for he had never heard of a Werebear and was unaware that a pill could do such a thing to a human being.

“Since you’re desperate enough to transform in public, I’m guessing you’re aware that you’re in a bad spot.”

Ichiro did not seem surprised to see Andrew change into a bear. Instead, there was a hint of excitement on the Jetroinian swordsman’s face.

With another fierce roar, Andrew swung his large paw at Ichiro.

However, like before, the swordsman simply stood still and smiled in the face of another imminent attack.

Boom!

Andrew’s paw strike was so powerful that it shook the entire arena, but still, Ichiro remained unharmed.

As it turned out, Andrew’s attack landed on one of Ichiro’s illusions; the real swordsman did not even have a scratch on him.

After realizing that he had hit but an illusion, Andrew swiftly turned around to strike another Ichiro, but unfortunately, it was another illusion.

Enraged, the Werebear started flailing his paws around, trying to claw at the nearest swordsmen. Despite Andrew’s efforts, he still failed to get the real Ichiro.

Having exhausted much of his energy, Andrew began panting heavily before long. Then, the brown fur on his body slowly retracted, and his eyes turned back to their normal color.