

A Man Like None Other

Chapter 35, A Man Like None Other

"There is!" Jared nodded. "All I need to do is to extract the Dragon Throne's hatred and destroy the vengeful dragons." Walter was ecstatic to hear Jared's reply. "In that case, Mr. Chance, please go ahead!" "Why should I help you? In your eyes, I'm nothing but a fraud," Jared sneered. Immediately, Walter was filled with remorse. "Mr. Chance, it was my mistake. I didn't know any better and offended you instead.

"I hope you won't hold it against me and are willing to save my life!" Walter pleaded sincerely. At the same time, Tommy interceded, "Mr. Chance, Mr. Grange didn't mean to insult you. I hope you can help him as he will still be of use to us in the future." Tommy's intention was obvious. Walter could be instrumental in the Templar Regiment's expansion in Horington. Therefore, by helping Walter, Jared would be helping the Dragon Sect at the same time.

"Going forward, if you have any use for me, I'll be at your service." Walter hurriedly made his stance clear. Only then did Jared nod in agreement. "Fine, I'll help you destroy the dragons." With that, Jared walked up to the Dragon Throne. His hand darted out to press on one of the dragon's heads.

The next moment, a strange scene unfolded. The carved dragon began to emit a faint golden hue. What followed was the sound of agonized dragon roars that rumbled on incessantly.

Meanwhile, Tommy and Walter watched on in astonishment. Illuminated by the golden light, the nine dragons began to move and rise into the sky. While their bodies emitted a black mist, they stared furiously at Jared, as if he had foiled their grand plan. In the blink of an eye, the black mist enveloped the entire living hall, causing Tommy and Walter to have difficulty breathing.

At the same time, the century-old trees outside seemed to have sensed what was going on and began to sway violently even though there wasn't any breeze at all. With their mouths gaping wide, both Tommy and Walter were stupefied by the sight of the giant dragons. Walter, in particular, was already drenched in sweat.

The thought of how he had been sitting on top of a group of demonic creatures every day caused him to tremble in fear. "Hatred induced dragons, begone!" Jared's expression was calm. With a flick of his hands, rays of golden light penetrated the dragons' bodies. Unleashing roars of desperation, the dragons began to morph into balls of black mist, which then flew toward Jared. Opening his mouth, Jared took a deep breath to suck the black mist into his stomach.

In the very next moment, peace returned to the living hall. *Draco's Focus Technique is amazing! It can actually absorb and cultivate energy from hatred too!* The thought delighted Jared. Other than cultivating spiritual energy, the Focus Technique was able to do the same with hatred and anger, absorbing them to increase one's strength. Having digested the energy from hatred, Jared could feel his power growing stronger.

After a long while, Walter finally recovered from his shock. He quickly went up to Jared and bowed. "Thank you, Mr. Chance, for saving my life. I will never forget this!" "Don't mention it. I was just doing it for my own self-interest." Jared waved his hand dismissively. The energy he derived from the hatred

absorbed was more than what he could cultivate in half a month's time. Walter was slightly surprised as he didn't know what Jared meant.

Nonetheless, he didn't dare dig any further. After all, there was a lot about the supernatural world that was beyond comprehension for laymen like him. Turning his gaze to the Dragon Throne, Walter carefully asked, "Mr. Chance, about the throne..." "The Dragon Throne has become an ordinary chair.

Other than satisfying your ego, it has no other use. That aside, you have to take meticulous care of the old trees in the villa grounds, as they are the key to you living a long and healthy life," Jared remarked while looking at the trees outside.

It was a shame the trees couldn't be transplanted, as the spiritual energy they emitted would have been helpful to his training. If they could, Jared would have transported them to the top of the hill at Dragon Bay.