

The Man's Decree 811-820

The Man's Decree Chapter 811 Map

Rayleigh had never seen someone drawing parallels between a draconic essence and a dragon's core, but after giving it some thought, Rayleigh knew that Jared's guess was right. Draconic essences were found within a dragon's body, and dragons were a kind of a beast, even though it was divine. Technically, it would be counted as a beast core as well.

"Draco, I thought I was supposed to depart for the Nameless Island on July 15th? So why am I seeing you guys here today?" Jared asked Draco curiously.

Draco opened his mouth, but he couldn't say anything. Rayleigh stepped in and explained, "There's been a change of plans. We came back from the Nameless Island in order to stop you from going."

"Change of plans? What kind of change?" Jared frowned.

"Let me explain. Mr. Draco wanted you to travel to Nameless Island on July 15th because that place is supposed to be a transit station of sorts. You were supposed to infiltrate Dragon Island and take the draconic essence, but the Deragons managed to piece the puzzle together and make out that plan of ours, so they made an announcement. On July 15th, the Deragons will open Dragon Island to everyone. Because of that, there are bound to be a lot of people on the island that day, and your plan to take the draconic essence in secret will fail. After all, someone's bound to notice you." Rayleigh seemed solemn.

Jared was quiet as well. No wonder Dante said a disaster is going to befall me on July 15th. I see now. Taking the essence sounds simple enough, but the execution's going to be a b*tch. After all, someone else would have taken it if it was that simple.

Draco looked at Jared and let out a sigh. "You don't have to worry too much, Mr. Jared. The Deragons do this precisely because they have no idea who you are. You can go to Dragon Island tomorrow with everyone else. I've come up with another plan to take the essence. I have a map of the island here, and I've marked the most possible hiding place of the Twin Dragons."

Draco took out a map from a pocket and handed it to Jared with trembling hands.

"Twin Dragons?" Jared was surprised to find out that there were two dragons on the island.

"Yes. There are two dragons on the island, namely Ice Dragon and Flame Dragon. Tomorrow is the day where they will meet up, making it the perfect day to tour the island. But it's just a legend. Nobody has seen the dragons in the flesh. That said, there are still many beasts lurking about on the island, and they are dangerous. Mr. Draco got hurt in the process of making this map." Rayleigh looked at Draco, worry filling his eyes.

"Rayleigh..." Draco shot a glare at Rayleigh. Obviously, he didn't want Rayleigh to say that out.

Jared looked at Draco and quickly held the old man's wrist. "Draco, why didn't you tell me you're hurt? I can help you."

When Jared sent a sliver of his spiritual energy into Draco's hand to check on the old man's situation, his face fell. He could tell that Draco's body was falling apart. Most of his organs had shut down, and his heart was only beating weakly.

Jared didn't expect Draco's injuries to be so grave, and the fact that the old man was in such a dire situation shocked him. He knew how to make the pills that could help, but there wasn't enough time on their hands. Draco's body would not be able to hold on for much longer.

Draco didn't care about his own condition, however. The moment Jared touched him, he looked at Jared weirdly. "Mr. Jared, did you run into a magical encounter or something? There's a power within you, but it does not belong to you," he asked.

"Oh, that must be the Dragonslayer Sword." Jared splayed his right hand, and the Dragonslayer Sword appeared in his hand. The crimson marks on the blade shone brightly as if they were blood coursing through veins.

"The sword has fused with you?" Rayleigh's eyes widened in surprise.

The Man's Decree Chapter 812 Decease

Draco broke into a smile. "Ah, looks like even the gods are helping Mr. Jared. With this sword in hand, your chances of getting the essence have increased." Draco laughed for a moment, but his laugh was cut short by another bout of violent cough. This time, he even coughed up blood.

"Draco!"

"Mr. Draco!"

Jared and Rayleigh propped Draco up, but the old man waved them down and smiled. "Rayleigh, summon the ladies. I have something I need to tell them."

Rayleigh nodded and left, while Jared looked at the old man in silence. Draco's presence was getting weaker with every passing second, and wrinkles were starting to fill his face. Soon, he would be facing the final moment of his life.

The ladies came back a moment later. When Renee saw what happened to Draco, she quickly held her mentor. "Master! What happened to you?"

Renee had been studying under Draco for a long while, and she loved her mentor dearly. However, Draco only took her under his wing in the first place because her frosty constituent could be of assistance to Jared.

Draco stared at Renee for what might be the last time in his life, and he patted the girl's head. He felt guilty, for he knew he needed Renee to sacrifice herself for Jared eventually.

"I'm sorry, Renee. I am really sorry. Do you blame me for deciding your fate for you?" Draco apologized to Renee profusely. He had told Renee about the truth, for she had to be willing to sacrifice herself, or the plan would not work.

Renee shook her head. "This is my choice. I do not blame you, master."

Draco looked at the other ladies before finally setting his gaze upon Josephine. "Do not forget about your promise. I hope you'll hold up the end of your bargain."

The ladies nodded, and Josephine had resolve flaring within her eyes. She knew Draco was directing that message to her specifically.

Josephine had a fiery constituent, and she could be a big help to Jared. If they were to run into the dragons on the island, Jared would find it difficult to retrieve the essence with his current power level. After all, one of the dragons controlled the powers of ice, while the other reigned over the power of flames.

However, with Josephine and Renee around, Jared's chances of retrieving the essence would be greatly boosted. Of course, that was if they were willing to give up their lives for him.

Draco smiled for the last time in his life. "I've finally repaid my debt to Ms. Renalia. I can finally see Mr. Deragon with pride." He then drew the last breath in his life, and he closed his eyes forever.

"Master!"

"Draco!"

"Mr. Draco!"

Sorrow filled the air of the room, and Jared's hatred toward Draco had disappeared along with the old man's death. He held the map in his hand tightly. Draco gave his life to make the map for him. He hadn't seen Dragon Island just yet, but he could guess just how treacherous that place must be.

Draco painstakingly created this map on that dangerous island himself. A tear traveled down Jared's cheek at the thought, but resolve flared within his eyes. "I will make you pay for what you did to my mother, Deragons." As Jared gazed upon the boundless sea below him, something changed within him.

Everyone came back to the hotel after they gave Draco the proper burial, but nobody spoke. The atmosphere was somber, and Renee's eyes were puffy from all the crying.

"Jared, you'll be on your own tomorrow. I cannot go with you, or the Deragons will be suspicious of who you are." Rayleigh patted Jared's shoulder.

"Don't worry about me, Rayleigh. I'll definitely retrieve the draconic essence and grow stronger. Then, I will force the Deragons to face me, and I'll save my mother," Jared answered adamantly.

Just when they were about to retire for the day, a big group of hooligans barged into the hotel with menacing looks on their faces.

The Man's Decree Chapter 813 Vent

The hooligans' leader was Sebastian, and he looked furious. The moment he came in, he bellowed, "I want all of you to block all exits. These b*tches aren't going anywhere! Nobody, and I mean nobody gets to escape after beating me up in Southernshire! Once we get our hands on them, you guys are gonna f*ck their asses one by one!"

"Yes, boss!" Sebastian's lackeys' eyes shone, and they quickly blocked all entrances and exits.

Seeing how the situation was quickly spiraling out of control, the hotel manager quickly went up to Sebastian and handed a cigarette to him. "What seems to be the matter, Mr. Wulfenstein? What got you so worked up?"

"Piss off! Some b*tches beat me up, and they're here in your hotel. I'm going to force them out of hiding no matter where they are!" Sebastian shoved the manager away, making the latter feel awkward that Sebastian had treated him so rudely.

However, since Sebastian was the son of the richest man in Southernshire, the manager knew that he would be dead if he crossed the man, so he forced a smile. "Someone actually did that to you in Southernshire? Why, they must be punished! Please tell me their names, Mr. Wulfenstein. I shall search them for you."

Sebastian loved that his ego was stroked, and his anger was greatly assuaged. "How the f*ck should I know what their names are? Let me see your list of guests and get all the women staying in this hotel to gather here."

The manager started sweating nervously. We have a few hundred guests here, and a hundred of them are women. It's going to be chaos if I try to summon all of them here. Not only that, the hotel's rep is going to take a hit if I do as told. But this is Sebastian. I can't go against him.

Just when the manager was having an internal debate, Sebastian saw the ladies on the second floor, and his eyes shone. "There they are! Don't let them get away!" Sebastian rushed to the second floor with his goons following in his wake.

Draco's death had already depressed the ladies out, and Sebastian coming to ruin their day was the final straw for them. Josephine, Lizbeth, and especially Renee, were feeling murderous.

Jared's skin crawled when he felt their intent for murder. He couldn't figure out what happened the last few days. He wondered why Josephine and Lizbeth had suddenly acquired such immense power.

Even though Sebastian had dozens of lackeys, they were still no match for the ladies. They were in a league of their own.

Sebastian and his goons were charging toward them, and Josephine's face fell. She said, "Go back to your room, Jared. Leave this to us. I need to vent. No, we need to vent."

Jared hesitated for a moment, but he went back to his room in the end. He wasn't worried about them since Renee was around to keep them safe. He reckoned that Renee was probably powerful enough to take on a Seventh Level Senior Grandmaster.

She alone was enough to beat the living daylight out of those goons, and with the other ladies helping her, the fight would only be a massacre.

Rayleigh took Melanie, and they went back to their room. After all, he wasn't needed for a simple fight like this, and Melanie knew no martial arts. Her Seduction Technique was useless in this kind of situation, so she went back to her room.

Sebastian and his men came to the second floor, but to their surprise, the ladies didn't run. They remained standing to their spot in silence as if they had been waiting for them.

Sebastian looked at them lecherously. "Well, well, well. Daring, aren't you? You beat me up, but instead of running away, you stay in a hotel instead. What? Do you think I can't do anything to you just because you know a bit of martial arts moves?"

The ladies were glaring at Sebastian with rage. If looks could kill, Sebastian would be long dead.

The Man's Decree Chapter 814 Noise

"Oh, don't give me that look. You're scaring me." Sebastian leered at them and boldly walked up to Josephine. Then, he tried to hold her face as if he had forgotten all about being beaten up back at the beach.

"If you still want your hands attached to your arms, I suggest you piss off right now," Josephine told Sebastian coldly.

Sebastian paused, and his hand hung in midair, then he smiled. "What a feisty woman you are. Hey, see these guys behind me? You'd better shut up now, or I'll strip all of you naked and toss you out to the streets. Let's see how you like that."

He waved his hand forward and backed off, worried that Josephine might actually hit him. As if on cue, his lackeys surrounded the ladies.

All the guests on the second floor opened their doors and watched as the show unfolded right before them. Most of the guests here were going to travel to Dragon Island the next day. There wasn't anyone weaker than a Grandmaster among them, so none of them was scared of Sebastian at all.

"Hey, you need some help? Sleep with me for a night and I can kick these idiots' a*ses for you. I can even do it with one hand tied behind my back." A man with a thick beard came out and leered at the ladies.

"One hand? I can do the same with a single finger. All you have to do is have a few drinks with me," a frail, mousey man added.

"Say the word and we'll send these idiots on their way. Their way to hell, of course."

"Yeah, and all we ask is a bit of your time with us."

Since someone was already making an offer, the other martial artists decided to join in on the fun as well. Obviously, they did not think of Sebastian as a threat.

The ladies weren't angry that they were being hit on, but Sebastian was positively fuming. This is Southernshire. This is my turf! How dare they look down on me! I have a lot of men with me. Aren't they scared?

"Shut the f*ck up and get back into your rooms! Do you have any f*cking idea who I am? My father's the richest guy in Southernshire! Try challenging me again and I'll cut all of you into pieces!" Sebastian angrily snatched a machete from his lackey and swung it around.

However, his threats didn't work. The martial artists only roared in laughter, for the threats were nothing but a joke for them.

The title of 'richest man in Southernshire' was nothing to them. A Grandmaster alone could have more power than that if they so wanted to, and there were Senior Grandmasters as well as Martial Arts Grandmaster there as well.

The heads of the top families in Summerbank were only Grandmasters, but their families were far richer than the richest man in Southernshire. Sebastian thought he could make the martial artists submit to him, but unbeknownst to him, they only saw him as a joke.

The martial artists' reaction infuriated Sebastian, and his face turned red with anger while the flames of fury flared within his eyes. "Just you wait! I'll teach all of you a lesson once I'm done with these b*tches." He gritted his teeth.

The moment he said that, a young man in a traditional outfit appeared. He was holding a paper fan with an elderly man following behind him.

Jared was watching the event from within his room as well. When he saw the young man, he recognized him as Kristoff, whom they met back at the restaurant. "I'm afraid you won't be teaching these ladies any lesson today" Kristoff looked at Sebastian coldly.

The Man's Decree Chapter 815 No Escape

Sebastian looked at Kristoff, and his face fell. "Are you going to defend them? If you are unaware, my father is—"

Before he could finish, the elderly man behind Kristoff suddenly waved his hand, and Sebastian was sent flying backward. He fell to the first floor before crashing onto the ground. Blood spurted out of every orifice of his body, and the ghost of his last growl remained on his face.

Sebastian's lackeys were shocked by their boss' death, and they scrambled to escape, lest they wound up dead as well.

Kristoff looked around, and the martial artists who were watching the show earlier quickly retreated into their rooms. Evidently, they were scared of the person before them.

"Hello, ladies. My name is Kristoff Shalvis." Kristoff extended his hand, but all he gained in return was the ladies rolling their eyes at him.

It was understandable since they were about to vent their anger and sorrow on Sebastian and his lackeys only to have Kristoff suddenly showing up and taking that chance away from them.

After that, Jared came out of the room. He looked at Kristoff, then he held Josephine and Lizbeth's hands. "Come on, let's go back to our room."

"Hmph!" Renee snorted at Kristoff before she followed Jared back into the room.

Kristoff paused for a moment. After Jared took the ladies into the room and closed the door, he narrowed his eyes.

“Mr. Kristoff,” the elderly man who was behind Kristoff came up and called out to his young master.

Kristoff waved him down. “None of my prey has ever escaped me before. It’s too late for now. We shall speak of this come tomorrow.” With that, he turned and left.

Back in the room, Lizbeth flung Jared’s hand away, but her face was red with embarrassment. When Jared suddenly held her and Josephine’s hand outside earlier, her heart almost leaped out from her chest from how nervous she was feeling.

“Sorry. I was just doing it instinctively. I didn’t mean it,” Jared quickly explained himself, lest Lizbeth took it the wrong way.

Lizbeth shook her head, but she stole a glance at Josephine, worried that she might get jealous. However, Josephine seemed like she was spacing out, and she didn’t look like she felt anything about it.

“What’s wrong, Josephine?” Jared noticed Josephine’s dazed look as well, and he was worried.

“It’s nothing.” Josephine quickly shook her head.

“Oh yeah, Draco told you ladies something, didn’t he? What did he say?” Jared wondered what kind of deal Draco made with the ladies.

“It’s nothing. Anyway, it’s getting late now, so you should get to sleep. We need to hit the hay now too.” Josephine pushed Jared out of the room.

Just then, Melanie came back into the room as well, and once the ladies were gathered, the air was filled with a somber feeling. Nobody said anything to break the silence. The only sound in the room was their breathing.

A while later, Josephine said, “Lizbeth, if I can’t make it out safely, please take care of Jared in my place.”

“You don’t have to be so pessimistic about it, Josephine. Draco said you guys don’t really have to sacrifice yourselves. Maybe Jared can take the essence without your help.” Lizbeth tried to cheer Josephine up.

Josephine smiled. She knew her friend was just trying to comfort her. “Lizbeth, if this is what fate has in store for me, then I shall accept it. I never expected that I’d be blessed with a fiery constituent, but now that I know, I am willing to give my life up for Jared.”

The smile remained etched on her face as she spoke, but it looked forlorn.

The ladies stopped talking, while Melanie thought to herself, Why are these ladies so ready to give themselves up for Jared? Why do they like him so much?

At the same time, Jared was pleading in his room. "Rayleigh, just tell me what did Draco want the girls to do? What did he mean when he said those words?" he asked Rayleigh.

"I'll explain to you another time. For now, you need to get some sleep. You have a lot to do on Dragon Island tomorrow. Remember, do not trust anyone that is not on your team when you're on that island," Rayleigh told Jared.

"Aren't you coming with me?" Jared was surprised.

Rayleigh shook his head. "I've told you that the Deragons will find out who you really are if I were to go with you. You and the ladies will be enough for this mission. Melanie and I shall wait for your good news back here."

Hearing that, Jared thought Rayleigh was making sense. Well, I doubt he'll tell me anything else soon, so I guess I should just go to sleep. The men went to sleep shortly thereafter.

Jared and his team left the hotel and headed for the pier at daybreak the next morning. Even though they were early, the pier was already packed with people. A ferry that was five-stories high was docked at the pier. The ferry alone could take a thousand passengers, and that was proof that there were a lot of people heading to Dragon Island.

Although everyone knew that Dragon Island might be a one-way ticket to hell, they couldn't resist the temptation of the reward. Everyone wanted to get their hands on the island's treasure, and they decided to make the trip despite knowing its dangers.

The ticket inspector checked all the passengers for tickets. A lot of them had no tickets, and they tried to sneak past the inspector, though none made it through. The Deragons sponsored the ferry, so all the staff members were made up of the Deragon family members. As such, it was nigh impossible to ride on the ferry without a ticket.

"Did you see that? A Senior Grandmaster tried to sneak onto the ferry, but he got beaten up and tossed overboard. I wonder who the Deragons are."

"It's my first time hearing about them too. They're probably a hidden clan. Even the ticket inspectors are Grandmasters. I think we should just play by the rules."

Two martial artists were in a silent discussion not far away from Jared, though they weren't silent enough to not let Jared overhear.

When Jared heard that all the staff members on the ferry were part of the Deragons, he felt like razing them down for torturing his mother. However, he kept his bloodlust in control. He knew he wasn't powerful enough to go against the Deragons just yet.

All he could do was hold his fury down. Once he became powerful enough, he would charge toward the Deragons and save his mother. If that path was to be laid with murder, then so be it. Jared would do anything for his mother that he had never seen.

Just when everyone was waiting in line for their turn, a group of people barged in and told everyone to make way for them. Jared turned to see who it was, and to his surprise, he saw Kristoff and his lackeys taking the first spot in line.

Since it was Kristoff, nobody said anything and simply made way for them.

When Kristoff walked past Jared and the ladies, he shot Jared a look. Even though Kristoff and his men had broken the rules, the inspector didn't say anything. Instead, he let them through.

Just when everyone was going to line up and wait for their turn again, another commotion happened, and another group of people cut through the line.

It was a group of men led by a young man with red hair and dressed in red clothes to match. When everyone saw the young man, they gasped.

"That's Kenneth 'Flashfire' Carrall!"

Fear welled up in everyone's eyes, and they hurriedly made way for him.

"Even this guy is here too?" The man in front of Jared looked crestfallen.

"Who is that guy, mister?" Jared looked at the man before him curiously.

Jared could feel that the young man was just a Senior Grandmaster. He could tell that even Kristoff was more powerful than the young man was, but everyone seemed to be scared of him more than they did Kristoff. That's odd.

The Man's Decree Chapter 817 Confrontation

The man looked at Jared. He was about to say something, but realization struck him, and he became a little excited. "A-Are you Jared? Jared Chance?"

Jared was surprised that the man knew him. How did he know me?

The man knew Jared was starting to get suspicious, so he explained, "I watched your match with Xander, so I know you. You defeated a Martial Arts Grandmaster at such a young age. Not to mention you killed him as well. I must say, it was a spectacular sight to behold."

Jared felt flattered about being praised. He smiled sheepishly and asked the man again, "Mister, what's the deal with the guy with red hair? Why is everyone so scared of him?"

The man was much more willing to explain after he recognized Jared. "That man is Kenneth Carrall, the only son of Zeke Carrall, the head of the Thunderstorm Sect. He's impulsive and cruel. No matter the era, there will always be conflicts in the martial arts world, though most of us won't cross the line. However, that rule does not apply to Kenneth. He always goes for the kill, and he has taken the lives of countless people now. You'd think someone would have killed that kid, but his old man is a veteran Martial Arts Grandmaster, so nobody would try to do anything like that."

After Kenneth made his way to the forefront, he looked around, and the other martial artists hung their heads low, fearing that he might lock gazes with them. Some of them even gave up on the island and opted to leave. Nobody wanted to get noticed by Kenneth if they could help it.

Kenneth showed the inspector his ticket, and the inspector let him in without saying anything.

“Well, fancy seeing you here, Mr. Carrall. What brings the young master of the Thunderstorm Sect to this ship?”

Kristoff was already on the ferry. When he saw Kenneth making an appearance, he sneered. Obviously, he didn't hold Kenneth in any regard at all.

“If you can be here, why can't I?” Kenneth grinned. “The Deragons aren't saying anything, so shut your trap, fool.”

Kristoff's face fell. “You're just going to kill yourself if you think you are powerful enough to make this trip.”

Kristoff was disdainful, though he was powerful enough to be so. He might be the same age as Kenneth, but Kristoff was already a Top-Level Senior Grandmaster, while Kenneth was only a Fifth Level Grandmaster, and that was only thanks to his father giving him plenty of herbs and pills.

“Hey, you never know. Lady Luck might smile on me.” Kenneth scoffed.

They weren't even on the island yet, but the two men were already gearing up for a fight.

“Hey, if you guys are gonna fight, mind if I join?” A young, arrogant man appeared on the deck, and a group of powerful martial artists stood behind him.

All the martial artists around gasped in surprise when they saw the newcomer.

“D*mn. The three troublemakers are here. I should back off now.”

The sight of the third young man scared the man standing before Jared, and he was about to leave as well.

“Wait, mister. Who is this guy?” Jared held the man before he could leave.

“That's the young master of Shadow Estate, Colin Zare. Seems like this trip is going to be an eventful one, and that's an understatement. Heed my advice and leave, or you might end up dead.”

The man left in a hurry after that. Jared noticed that a lot of martial artists were leaving as well. They tossed their tickets aside and gave up on the trip to Dragon Island. Half of the visitors left just because of the three young men alone.

Their families must be really powerful, huh? Jared used spiritual sense to scan Colin to gauge his strength, but he frowned when he noticed Colin's power level. A newbie Grandmaster? Someone like him is actually going to the island? Any random guy here is more powerful than he is.

The Man's Decree Chapter 818 Departure

“Colin?” Kenneth and Kristoff frowned.

“You think you can achieve anything here? The beasts might eat you for lunch,” Kenneth joked.

“You might die before you even get to the island.” Kristoff smiled as well.

Instead of getting angry, Colin retorted, "Now that's going too far. You can't curse me like that. I might be weaker than you guys, but I have more women than you two."

"Ah, shut up. That's not even an achievement you should be proud about." Kenneth rolled his eyes at Colin.

Colin grinned. "I'm not like you, Kenneth. You're an infamous killer, while I'm a womanizer."

"So I take it that you had enough of women now? What's your new hobby? Is it dying?" Kristoff shot Colin a look of disdain.

"Of course not, Kristoff. I will never get tired of women. I'm just here for some fun, that's all. I'm not going to fight with any of you. In fact, I need you guys to protect me," Colin joked again.

Would you look at that, this guy knows his way around people, Jared thought. Looks like he's friends with Kenneth and Kristoff.

"Fine. Then you'd better follow me and don't run around."

They wouldn't snap at someone who was trying to be friendly. Not to mention that Colin was the young master of the Shadow Estate. Kenneth and Kristoff wouldn't antagonize him if they could help it.

The three of them went to the lobby, while everyone else went back in line to get their tickets checked.

A young man in traditional clothes and short hair was standing in a cabin on the fifth floor, overseeing everything on the ferry.

That man was Godrick of the Deragons. He might be young, but he was already a Martial Arts Grandmaster. Godrick came from a branch family, though he was still a valuable member for being a Martial Arts Grandmaster at his age.

He would have the chance of getting his body cleansed after some time, and if he was successful, he could become a cultivator and get invited into the inner circle of the family.

"Mr. Deragon, we have no visual of Rayleigh or Draco among the martial artists," a servant came to Godrick and reported quietly.

"Rayleigh is no fool. He would never come here for fear that we will find out who the missing child is. As for Draco? He came to the island by force and paid a heavy price. He's probably dead by now." Godrick was still overseeing the ferry as if he wanted to see through all the passengers.

"Another thing, sir," the servant said. "The Shalvis family, the Thunderstorm Sect, and the Shadow Estate have sent their young masters as well. Should we go on with our plan then?"

"Yes. We'll just send someone to tell them about this when the time comes. I want to make sure this plan is a success no matter what." A hint of cruelty appeared within Godrick's eyes. He was a ruthless man who would do anything to get what he wanted.

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Everyone boarded the ferry not long after. As the horn sounded, the ferry took off and was headed to Dragon Island.

Jared was about to go to the reception and reserve a room. There were a few hours left before they would arrive at the island, and they couldn't go without a room. On top of that, getting a room would mean that Jared could stay away from the crowd. After all, if the Coopers were to see him, it would be trouble.

Just when he was heading to the reception, a man in a black suit, black hat, and a pair of black sunglasses passed by Jared. The man's hand was ghostly pale, and after he went past Jared, he headed straight for the reception.

The Man's Decree Chapter 819 Helping You

A Demonic Cultivator? Jared could sense that the man was a Demonic Cultivator the moment he passed by him. After all, the man's aura reeked of lethal intent.

When Jared's gaze fell upon the man, he stopped and looked at Jared for a moment before he went back to his business.

Jared ignored him and went to the reception as well. It wasn't the time to stir up an event and attract unwanted attention.

"Give me a room."

"Give me a room."

The man in black and Jared made the request at the same time.

The receptionist slowly took out a card. "I'm very sorry, sirs, but there is only one room left.

Jared and the man in black looked at each other, then the man took the card when the receptionist was distracted. He left right away and refused to spend any more time with Jared. It was obvious that he didn't want to attract any attention to himself either.

After all, Demonic Cultivators were hated by everyone in the martial arts world. If they knew he was a Demonic Cultivator, they would kill him. The man didn't want to attract that kind of attention to himself before he even landed on the island.

"Hold it right there!" Suddenly, Josephine and the ladies stopped him before he could leave.

They saw what happened at the reception. This guy just took the card and tried to leave without even saying a word? That is just plain rude. If he could have just negotiated with us, we would have given the room to him. The man's attitude rubbed the ladies the wrong way, so they went and stopped him.

"What do you want?" The man in black looked at the ladies.

"What you did just now was rude! You can't just take the card like that! Give that back!" Lizbeth pointed at the man angrily.

The man looked at Jared for a moment. He knew that the ladies were Jared's friend, so he didn't argue with them. Instead, he simply tried to get past the ladies.

“Hey, you’re just being unreasonable now! You can’t just leave like that!” Josephine stopped the man again.

“Step away, or this won’t end well for you,” the man threatened coldly.

“Oh yeah? I’d like to see you try.” Josephine wasn’t scared of the man at all. Renee alone could face a lot of regular martial artists, and the three of them could take on some powerful foes themselves. On top of that, they had Jared backing them up as well.

The people started surrounding them when they realized something was going on. When they saw Josephine and the ladies, they got even more excited about what was going to happen.

After all, the trip to the island was going to be a boring one, so they wouldn’t mind a little entertainment.

Colin was already in his cabin, but when he heard the commotion, he got up curiously and tried to see what was happening. When he saw the ladies confronting the man in black, his attention was gripped.

Colin quickly got up and went downstairs, and his men followed.

Jared noticed the crowd that was starting to form. He didn’t want anything to affect their trip to the island, so he was about to tell the ladies to forget about it.

However, just when Jared was about to stop them, he saw Colin and his men quickly coming over to the scene, and the crowd made way for them.

“Hey, you! Why don’t you pick on someone your own size! Men like you who pick on women disgust me!” Colin insulted the man in black without even knowing the full situation. Then, he grinned at the ladies, though it looked more like a leer. “Don’t worry, ladies. I’ll help you out.”

The Man’s Decree Chapter 820 Disadvantage

Josephine and the ladies felt like puking when Colin grinned at them, but they held it down. “That card belongs to us, but he took it away.”

Colin looked at the card held by the man in black, and he smiled. “Don’t worry, ladies. I’ll get it back for you.”

He gave his men a look, and they nodded. One of them went over to the man in black arrogantly. “Hey, give me that card.”

“I reserved a room, so this card belongs to me,” the man in black answered calmly.

“Stop yammering and just give me that card, you hear?” Colin’s lackey demanded arrogantly.

The man in black looked at Colin’s lackey before glancing at Colin for a moment. Instead of getting into an argument, the man tried to leave. If the crowd kept on gathering, the man knew it would be a matter of time before someone realized he was a Demonic Cultivator.

Colin's lackey was annoyed that the man in black was ignoring him. He frowned and went over to get in the man's way. "I said give me the card! Are you deaf or something?"

"Out of my way." The man in black was starting to get angry.

What the hell? How dare he talk to me like that? I'm from the Shadow Estate! How dare he deny me? I am a Fifth Level Senior Grandmaster! Nobody can talk to me like that!

The man in black's attitude made Colin frown, and his face fell. How dare he go against my orders! D*mn him!

Colin's lackey noticed his young master's sour mood, and he knew that he had embarrassed Colin. If he failed the task, he knew Colin would punish him once they went back. In a fit of desperation and rage, he roared at the man in black and tried to grab him.

He was a Fifth Level Senior Grandmaster, and his strength was not to be underestimated.

Kristoff and Kenneth had arrived as well. Kristoff was surprised to see Josephine and the ladies at first, but then he smiled. Ah, I see why Colin got into a fight now.

Kristoff took one look at the man in black and smiled at Colin. "Colin, your lackey's going to lose."

He could sense the man in black's power level. The man might be cloaking his real power, but Kristoff could feel that he was a lot more powerful than he was letting on.

"Are you kidding me? He's a Fifth Level Senior Grandmaster. There's no way he's going to lose!" Colin sneered.

Well, if you insist. Kristoff smiled at Colin and kept on watching.

The moment Colin's lackey attacked, the man in black's face fell and became contorted with rage. He had been holding back just in case his true identity was found out, but Colin's man kept taking advantage of it, and it finally angered him.

Right when Colin's lackey hurled his punch, the man in black responded with a punch as well. At the same time, he revealed his cultivation level—Top Level Senior Grandmaster.

Kristoff was surprised that the man in black was on the same level as he was, and the man didn't seem too old either.

An old man beside Colin noticed the Top-Level Senior Grandmaster power coming from the man in black, and he shouted, "Look out!"

The warning came too late, however, for the man in black had already landed his punch. Colin's lackey screamed in agony as he was sent flying backward before falling down with a heavy thud.

He coughed up blood, and his face turned deathly pale. If he wasn't treated, he would die soon.

Colin's remaining lackeys looked at one another, then they went to surround the man in black.