

A Man Like None Other 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.

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.

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?"