A Man Like None Other Chapter 886

Chapter 886 Competition

"Hey, watch your words. From what I've heard, Mr. Chance is someone who can take on two Martial Arts Grandmasters at one go!"

"Ha! And you believe that? If he were that powerful, why isn't there a shred of news about Horington having such a young and formidable martial artist?"

The more everyone prattled on, the more annoyed Shane got. "All of you, shut up!" he bellowed as he glared at them.

Even though that instantly scared everyone to silence, their gossip had long reached Theodore's ears.

Wrea, on the other hand, continued to sneer at Theodore. "Do you hear that, Theodore? If you let the kid become the instructor, no one would want to listen to him. Why don't you get him here to spar with me? If he can withstand three of my attacks, I'll leave right away. But if he can't, I want you to get rid of him and let me participate in the competition."

Theodore said nothing, but Shane, who had had enough of Wrea's arrogance, retorted, "You think too highly of yourself, Wrea! If Mr. Chance really were to go up against you, not only would he be able to take your attacks, but he'd also be able to crush you with just one hand!"

Wrea's expression darkened as his steely gaze landed on Shane. "You've got some guts, haven't you? How dare you talk to me in that tone!"

Before anyone could react, Wrea suddenly appeared in front of Shane and gave him a tight slap.

Slap!

Alas, the impact was so hard that Shane was sent flying and crashed onto the floor.

"Wrea Shalvis!" Theodore shouted, furious that Wrea had initiated the attack.

Unsurprisingly, Wrea stared smugly back at him. "Get that brat here so we can spar. I'd like to see just how powerful he is..."

Theodore helped Shane up, but instead of answering Wrea, he fumed silently with knitted brows.

Shane began to panic when he saw how quiet Theodore was. "General, why don't I fetch Mr. Chance? We can't let Wrea behave so brazenly in the Department of Justice."

With that, Shane was about to leave for Jared when Theodore suddenly pulled him back. "No, don't. If Mr. Chance comes and turns this into a full-blown conflict, wouldn't he be making another enemy?" he reasoned. "Moreover, the Shalvis family isn't one to be provoked. Mr. Chance already has plenty of enemies in Jadeborough, so let's not bring him any more trouble."

Indeed, Theodore was reluctant to let Jared compete with Wrea because he didn't want a grudge between the former and the Shalvis family. If Jared did offend the Shalvises, his days in Jadeborough would undoubtedly become even more difficult.

Upon hearing that, Shane had no choice but to stop in his tracks. He touched his swollen cheek as he glowered at Wrea, frustrated that he couldn't do anything to get back at the latter.

After all, with Shane being a mere Senior Grandmaster, he wouldn't stand a chance against a Martial Arts Grandmaster like Wrea.

All of a sudden, Jared walked in slowly. "General Jackson, since I'm already a part of the Department of Justice, how can you leave me out of such situations?"

Naturally, Shane was on cloud nine when he saw Jared. "Ah, Mr. Chance..."

"Mr. Chance, why aren't you resting?" Theodore asked politely.

Jared smiled. "A few hours of travel is nothing to me, General Jackson. At my level, I can even go without sleep for three days and three nights!"

Wrea stared at Jared, his expression cold and stern. "So, you're the new instructor that Theodore hired?"

"That's right!"

"You seem to be only in your early twenties, yet you're already a Senior Grandmaster? I must admit that's rather impressive. But even then, you aren't fit to be an instructor at the Department of Justice! I'm sure you've worked hard to achieve your current cultivation level, so if you get out of my sight now, I may still let you off..." Wrea warned.

He could tell from a glance that Jared's aura was only comparable to that of a Senior Grandmaster's. Thus, he had nothing to fear at all!

"Let me off?" Jared replied with a smirk. "Say, how are you related to Kristoff Shalvis?"