

A Man Like None Other Chapter 888

Chapter 888 Someone More Powerful

The other members of the Department of Justice continued to discuss among themselves in hushed tones. They knew a punch from a Martial Arts Grandmaster like Wrea had to be powerful beyond measure. What they couldn't fathom, though, was how anyone could've withstood an attack like that.

"Well done, Mr. Chance! Well done!" Shane suddenly shouted and clapped his hands.

He had been nursing a grudge ever since Wrea slapped him, so when Jared barely flinched from the punch, he was elated. There was no doubt that Wrea would be enraged, and Shane took obvious delight in it.

"You guys are courting death!" Wrea spat as his face darkened menacingly.

With that, he lunged toward Jared once again.

This time, however, Wrea had gathered all his power and released a burst of energy. His terrifying aura was pressing down on the Department of Justice members so much that they found it increasingly difficult to breathe.

It was only then that they knew Jared and Wrea weren't putting on an act. Wrea, especially, had unleashed everything he had.

Boom!

Wrea threw out yet another vicious punch that blasted a pit on the solid arena ground, sending clouds of dust and debris flying everywhere. That was the sheer power of a Martial Arts Grandmaster, and naturally, everyone was shocked by the impact.

Once the dust settled, however, they were greeted by something even more shocking. Jared remained in his spot, smiling as he stared Wrea down with a look of utter contempt.

The crowd gathered around widened their eyes in disbelief. They all knew Wrea's punch was powerful enough to split a mountain in half, so how did Jared walk away from it without even a scratch?

"T-This..." Wrea stuttered, but his voice began to trail off.

He stared blankly at Jared, not knowing what to say.

"Oh, my goodness. Mr. Chance is way too awesome, isn't he?"

"Yes, the fact that he's still standing means not even a Second Level Martial Arts Grandmaster can hurt him. From the looks of it, I think Mr. Chance might be a Fifth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster."

"That's amazing! With Mr. Chance as our instructor, I'm sure we'll improve by leaps and bounds!"

With their doubts about Jared's competence long gone, the members of the Department of Justice began chatting excitedly.

Shane, without a doubt, was the most excited of them all. "You see, Wrea, there will always be someone more powerful than you," he mocked. "Given your pathetic level of skills, why don't you back off? Stop making a fool of yourself in front of Mr. Chance."

Almost immediately, Wrea shook with fury. "How dare you, Shane Walsh! I'll kill you first!"

True to his words, Wrea charged toward Shane the next second, determined to vent his anger on the latter.

Upon seeing that, Shane's face paled. He knew he wasn't Wrea's match at all.

Just as Wrea was about to reach Shane, Jared suddenly moved and gave the former a heavy kick.

Like a kite with its string cut, Wrea flew backward by more than ten meters before crashing onto the ground.

The color drained from his face as he winced in pain and spat out mouthfuls of blood.

Everyone else could only stand by and gulp nervously, still finding it hard to believe that a mere kick had caused so much damage to a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

After Wrea landed on the ground, Jared loomed over him, foot raised and ready to stomp.

If the foot had come down, Wrea's head would undoubtedly be smashed to smithereens, marking the end of a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

"No, Mr. Chance. Don't..." Theodore pleaded as he rushed up to stop Jared. "Wrea is from the Shalvis family. You'd be in a lot of trouble if you killed him here at the Department of Justice. It'd be a tricky situation for us to handle too..."

Jared glanced at Theodore and slowly put his foot down. Within seconds, his gaze was back on Wrea. "Get the hell out of here."

Wrea struggled to his feet and glared at Jared. "Watch out, kid. I'll get my revenge one day!"

With that, Wrea left the Department of Justice, but Jared remained unfazed by the threat. There were so many people threatening him that if he were to fret over every single one of them, he'd be worried sick by now.