

# A Man Like None Other Chapter 943

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## Chapter 943 Lucky

"Mr. Chance, what's the matter with you?"

Theodore, who was standing beside Jared, could sense the subtle, albeit unmistakable, murderous aura off Jared and posed the question.

"Nothing!" Jared snapped and shook his head.

Theodore did not egg Jared on, seeing as the man was reluctant to talk about it.

After some time, Mr. Sanders was still nowhere to be seen even after Jermaine had arrived. In the end, Theodore and Jared could only get inside first.

The hall of the Department of Justice was fully occupied with formidable people. Some of them were conversing with each other, while some were just resting with their eyes closed.

Among the people, Jared had spotted some familiar faces. Blake Henckle the graverobber and Kenneth Carrall from Thunderstorm Sect were also there. However, Jared did not know whether they followed their families there, or they were there upon his invitation.

However, the Baileys and the Coopers were nowhere to be seen, whether it was Samuel or Sean. Jared reckoned that maybe they were deemed unqualified to be present.

After about half an hour later, the bustling hall quieted down. A middle-aged man made his way inside, followed by four men in uniforms.

The middle-aged man exuded an intimidating aura and no one dared to look directly into his eyes. Instead, everyone shot up from their seats upon catching sight of the man.

Meanwhile, Jared widened his eyes in shock when spotted the middle-aged man.

It was not that Jared did not recognize the man. Rather, Jared knew the four men in uniforms behind the man.

He met the four men during his first meeting with Rayleigh back at Jared. After Rayleigh saved him, the four men made their appearance, and Captain Xenos was one of them.

After witnessing the four men's prowess, he revered them. Hence, he was startled by the fact that the four men were practically only the middle-aged man's bodyguards.

"Mr. Sanders..." everyone addressed him as such.

"Haha, sorry for being late. I had something to tend to..."

Mr. Sanders waved his hands and let out a chuckle, signaling for everyone else to take their seats.

"Mr. Chance, he's Mr. Sanders whom I talked about. He's representing that secret department," Theodore whispered to Jared.

Jared nodded. He needed no introduction from Theodore as the man naturally commanded respect from the crowd.

## **Chapter 944**

The four men behind Mr. Sanders were already formidable opponents to many in the hall.

The celebratory ceremony commenced. Mr. Sanders took out his drafted speech and started to recite it. Even though nobody was truly interested, everyone still kept quiet and listened.

After some pleasantries, Mr. Sanders shot a brief glance at Jared and smiled slightly. "We have Jared Chance to thank for our spectacular success in the international competition this time, especially the killing of the impudent Ichiro Watanabe. The martial arts world should learn to be the bigger man and prioritize national matters, much like Jared," he said.

"I know that established martial arts families like all of you here do not like the idea of being restricted after becoming part of the government. I will not force you guys either, seeing as everyone is entitled to their own pursuits in life. However, I wish that the martial arts world would stop the killing over the fight for resources. I heard that many established families are hunting down Jared because of a single vial of draconic essence. Don't you guys get enough resources from the Trial that we organize every year for the martial arts world? Since Jared has joined the Department of Justice, he is already one of the officials. I believe that all present here should be well aware of the repercussions that come with the murder of Jared."

Mr. Sanders' remarks sent waves of murmurs and whispers among the crowd.

Ryker's face darkened. He had not expected that Jared would be able to join the Department of Justice, much less garnering the attention of Mr. Sanders to support him.

The Shalvis family was startled as well. Just when Kristoff was thinking of seeking revenge on Jared, Mr. Sanders had given out a warning to all of them. How could the Shalvis family take out on Jared then?

"Mr. Sanders, do you mean that Jared could take out on others as he sees fit, but we cannot kill him?" Kristoff, who had lost an arm, stood up and demanded.

### **Chapter 945 Revenge**

Everyone turned their attention to him as he made his remark, shooting confounded looks in his direction.

"Who is this young man? How dare he question Mr. Sanders?"

"I think he's from the Shalvis family. I bet the Shalvis family is going to be finished."

"What an inexperienced fool!"

Everyone chattered among themselves.

Steinar was shell-shocked that he broke out in cold sweat.

"You fool! Sit down right now!" Steinar slapped Kristoff across his face and hurriedly turned to Mr. Sanders and said, "I apologize for his impudence, Mr. Sanders. Please do not get angry."

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Shalvis. Please let your son finish. I see that he is already a Martial Arts Grandmaster at such a young age. What a remarkable talent!"

Mr. Sanders was not infuriated but smiled instead.

Just when Steinar was about to say something, Jared interrupted and said, "Mr. Sanders, Jared cut off one of my arms. I cannot let him off the hook. How are you going to appease the martial arts world when you favor him so?"

"B\*st\*rd!" Steinar bellowed as he shook with fury. He slapped Kristoff across his face yet again.

"Stop!" Mr. Sanders' face darkened slightly. With a wave of his hand, Steinar's body leaned back slightly as he was sent back to his seat.

Steinar was a Level Seven Martial Arts Grandmaster, and it was a piece of cake for him to break apart mountains and stones, as well as move freely in the air. However, he was sent back to his seat like an insignificant fly with just a light wave of Mr. Sanders' hand.

Jared was floored at the sight. It seems like cultivation is truly a lifelong practice after all. I need to be strong myself to earn the respect of others.

Jared had never longed for power and strength more than he did at that moment.

"Do you take me for nothing if you wish to take him out right in front of me?" Mr. Sanders said impassively.

His words sent chills down Steinar's spine. Tension hung in the air of the hall.

"Of course not, Mr. Sanders," Steinar said as he wiped the cold sweat that broke out on his forehead.

"Don't worry, young man. Just continue to voice out your concerns," Mr. Sanders said with a smile at Kristoff.

"I... I am not displeased about anything else!"

Kristoff shook his head in regret. He knew he acted rashly when he stood up and questioned Mr. Sanders. After Kristoff calmed down, a crippling sense of fear overpowered him.

## **Chapter 946**

"Since you have nothing else to say, I will start to explain myself. I never play favoritism. I only hope that the martial arts world will abide by the rules and benefit from benign

competition and development. What I do not wish to see is factions fighting to the death over some resources. If you do have disputes, please go through the proper channels to disseminate your concerns. Why do you think the Warriors Alliance has been established?" Mr. Sanders said and turned to Zion. "President Zeigler, why don't you enlighten us on the main mission of the founding of Warriors Alliance?"

Zion quickly rose from his seat and explained, "Mr. Sanders, our main mission is to maintain the order of the martial arts world and to mete out punishments for Demonic Cultivation and heresy."

"Great. Then do you think Warriors Alliance could handle the problem that the young man mentioned?" Mr. Sanders asked.

"Yes, I will be sure to deal with it in an appropriate manner. We can settle the matter by organizing a duel. The results of the duel shall be honored and any actions taken to settle personal grudges thereafter will be prohibited," Zion added.

"Yes. We have to abide by the rules to prevent more conflicts down the road. Do not for a second think that I am oblivious to what's going on inside your heads. Sometimes, I just think it too tedious to deal with these matters," Mr. Sanders said as he scanned everyone present in the hall.

Everyone who was able to take a seat was a formidable presence, and yet all of them kept their heads low and dared not utter a single word.

## **Chapter 947 Not For Jokes**

"You're right, Mr. Sanders. I shall put more emphasis on maintaining the order of the martial arts world..." Zion nodded repeatedly.

"Oh, there's one more thing. I wish to inform everyone that the Trial this year will be postponed in view of the lack of an appropriate venue and ancient ruins. I hope that all of you can keep your eyes peeled on the next possible venue for the Trial," Mr. Sanders said impassively.

Murmurs and whispers spread in the crowd as everyone heard that the Trial was going to be postponed.

Leviathan immediately glanced at Jared and gave him a look.

He wanted Jared to report his findings of the ancient tombs. It would be great if the location was suitable for the Trial. That way, Jared would have made a greater impression on Mr. Sanders.

"Mr. Sanders, I do know of a place. However, I am not sure if it's suitable for the Trial..."

Jared understood the look that Leviathan was giving him and rose from his seat.

Everyone stopped talking as they turned their attention to Jared.

"Mr. Chance, not every place is suitable to hold the Trial," Theodore reminded Jared in a low voice.

He was afraid that Jared might suggest a mediocre cultivation venue and become the laughing stock of others.

"Jared Chance, right? Could you tell us more about this place?" Mr. Sanders asked curiously, obviously interested in what Jared had to say.

"Mr. Sanders, the place is right at the outskirts of Jadeborough," Jared replied.

Everyone went into an uproar after listening to him.

"Jared, do you even have any idea what kind of place was suitable for cultivation? How dare you utter nonsense here? So many great families are on the perimeters of Jadeborough. Do you think that they would not have found out about the places that were suitable to hold the Trial?" Steinar quipped.

"What nonsense are you talking about? It's still plausible that you've found some ancient ruins or tombs. But that's impossible in Jadeborough. We've looked everywhere here."

"He's talking through his hat! I could travel all around Jadeborough even with my eyes closed. How could I have not known of such a place in Jadeborough?"

"Young man, don't get all cocky just because you've killed Ichiro Watanabe and earned the admiration of Mr. Sanders. How dare you utter nonsense here?"

Everyone engaged in hushed whispers as they judged Jared. Nobody actually believed what he said.

"Jared, do you know that this is no place for jokes? I think you still have no idea what the Trial is. Please take your seat!"

Even Mr. Sanders also did not believe in Jared.

It was not possible to find a place that was suitable to hold the Trial in the perimeters of Jadeborough as they had scoured the place in search of such a venue.

However, only one person cast a perplexed look at Jared—Blake Henckle. It was as if he knew the place that Jared was talking about.

"Mr. Sanders, even though I do not know the place suitable to hold the Trial, the place that I am suggesting is a royal tomb. If it was not ravaged by tomb robbers, I am certain that there would be a lot of things in there."

Jared did not sit down and continued to make his case.

"A royal tomb? Are you delusional? How is it possible that there are still undiscovered royal tombs in Jadeborough?" Kristoff chided Jared, as did others.

They thought he was a truly boastful man who did not know any better.

However, Mr. Sanders' face turned dark as Jared's remarks were making him look bad.

They had scoured the whole Jadeborough countless times. The royal tombs that had been discovered were mostly their discoveries. The fact that Jared had discovered another site in Jadeborough meant that the others were utter trash.

"Mr. Chance, please don't be ridiculous. There are no more royal tombs in Jadeborough..."

Theodore hurriedly gave Jared a look to signal the latter to stop talking.

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**Chapter 948 A Favor**

However, Jared pretended as if he had seen nothing and continued to say to Mr. Sanders, "This royal tomb site is right beside the current site, underneath the small hill. If I am not mistaken, the small hill is actually the heaped earth of the undiscovered royal tomb site."

His remarks sent the crowd into another uproar. The current royal tomb site had practically become a tourist site and was filled to the brim with visitors. How was it possible for the alleged royal tomb site to go unnoticed?

Mr. Sanders leveled a stare at Jared. "Chance, are you for real? Do you know the repercussions that await you if there is nothing there?"

"Mr. Sanders, I am willing to bear the responsibility for my words," Jared said calmly.

At the sight of his confident manner, Mr. Sanders started to believe in him, and the others were swayed as well.

After all, nobody would be that foolish to lie about such a thing to Mr. Sanders on such an occasion. Moreover, Jared was not a moron.

"Mr. Sanders, there truly is a tomb site underneath the small hill. However, I am not sure if it's a royal tomb site. I discovered it a while back. When I wanted to find out more, I bumped into this young man. He disrupted my investigation when I was using the Seven Star Formation. Otherwise, I would have reported my findings much earlier," Blake said as he rose from his seat.

Blake was the first to discover the tomb site, and he planned to scavenge the place secretly. However, he did not expect to bump into Jared there. Now, Jared was going to use the discovery as a favor to Mr. Sanders.

Blake felt indignant that Jared had taken his credit in the matter. Hence, he rose from his seat and tried to claim the credit for himself.

Everyone started to believe in Jared's claims right then. After all, the Henckle family explored tombs and graves for a living, and no other families could surpass them in the matter. Now that Blake had verified the location of the site, it was almost guaranteed that Jared's claims were true.



Mr. Sanders cast a glance at Blake and did not believe his claim that he would report his findings. He knew for a fact that these great families would not openly share the resources that they have found. However, Mr. Sanders said nothing.

"Okay. I will send someone to investigate. If there is truly a royal tomb site, you will have made a great contribution, Jared," Mr. Sanders said before he strode outside.

At the sight of Mr. Sanders leaving, everyone stood up to send him off.

Theodore brought Jared along to see him out.

"Jared, you have to be most careful when you're at the pinnacle of success. Others' protection would only last a short while. You are the only one who could truly protect yourself," Mr. Sanders remarked as he patted Jared's shoulders before getting into his car.

Jared understood Mr. Sanders' message and nodded slightly.

He knew he would have to be stronger to survive in the cruel society. Depending on others' protection was not a sustainable plan.

The others left the hall one by one after Mr. Sanders had taken his leave. If not for Mr. Sanders, the Department of Justice would not have been able to invite such a respected crowd.

"Jared, don't think that I will forgive you just because you've found a strong backup. I will never let you off the hook for cutting off my arm. Just you wait and see," Kristoff gritted through his teeth.

"Whatever," Jared said nonchalantly.

Kristoff boiled with fury at his response. However, he dared not strike Jared at such a place, especially after Mr. Sanders' warning.

"Kris, let's go."

Steinar called out after his son to leave. He was afraid that Kristoff might not be able to restrain himself and hit Jared.

"Dad, are we going to let Jared off the hook just like that?" Kristoff asked indignantly after leaving together with his father.

Slap!

Steinar slapped him across the face just after Kristoff asked him the question. "B\*st\*rd! Did you know you almost sent us all to die back there? How dare you question Mr. Sanders? Haven't you seen that Zion Zeigler dared not even let out a breath in front of that Mr. Sanders?"