

# A Man Like None Other Chapter 34

The Dragon Throne was a symbol of one's status. Although Walter had collected many antiques, the throne was obviously his favorite. Every day, he would sit on it and feel the authority of an emperor. "Mr. Grange, I would like to advise you to burn the Dragon Throne so that you may live longer," Jared persuaded. "What do you mean?" Walter's brows knitted at Jared's words. "Are you cursing me to my death?" Walter was infuriated. If it wasn't for Tommy, Jared wouldn't even have been worthy to step into his villa grounds. And yet, he was now spewing such vile words to him. "Mr. Grange, please calm down. Mr. Chance must have his reasons for saying that." Tommy sprang to his feet to mollify Walter. Then he turned to Jared. "Mr. Chance, you can be frank with us. After all, Mr. Grange is no outsider." Tommy naturally knew that Jared was someone capable.

Otherwise, there was no way for him to be the overlord of the Dragon Sect. "Kid, if you're unable to give me a good reason, no one will be able to save you!" Snorting, Walter stood up from the Dragon Throne. Unfazed, Jared explained with a smile, "The Dragon Throne did belong to an emperor from an ancient dynasty. Unfortunately, it's covered with a vengeful aura.

If my guess is correct, an emperor died on this very throne before. There's no other reason why it would be tainted with so much hatred otherwise. "The reason you don't feel anything while being seated is that the spiritual energy within this entire area is being concentrated here. Hence, it's suppressing the Dragon Throne's aura for the time being. But as of now, the nine dragons on the throne have been filled with hatred.

If you continue to keep it, you might lose your life very soon. Can't you see that the eyes of the dragons have begun to turn black?" Jared's words sent a chill down Walter's spine and jolted him into action. When he took a closer look at the Dragon Throne, he realized the nine dragon heads had indeed turned slightly black compared to the colors on the rest of the throne. "Kid, stop this fear-mongering of yours.

The dragon heads have turned black due to oxidation from the passage of time. It's not filled with hatred. That's just a load of crap!" Walter snapped and slammed his hand on the table. "Whatever!" Jared gave a disdainful scoff. "I wanted to save your life in return for the guidance you provided. And yet, you don't appreciate it. Perhaps this is what fate has in store for you. You might feel okay now, but you've been having nightmares every night for at least a month.

In your nightmare, you're being constricted by a python, causing you to suffocate till you wake up!" With that, Jared turned and left. "Mr. Chance!" With an embarrassed expression on his face, Tommy ran after him. Meanwhile, Walter was stunned after being overwhelmed by Jared's words. *I told no one about my dreams. So, how does he know about it in such great detail?* "Wait!" Walter called out as he too chased after Jared.

"What's wrong? Did I hit the nail on the head?" Jared sneered. Finally, Walter nodded in embarrassment. "Ki— Mr. Chance, you're right. I've been having nightmares recently. Moreover, the same dream has haunted me for a long time now." "The python in your dream is actually the nine dragons on the throne.

Despite the hatred that's suffusing them, they have yet to turn entirely black. Once they do, even God won't be able to save you," Jared replied blandly. "In that case, what should I do?" Walter fully trusted Jared by then. "Burn the Dragon Throne. You can't use just any ordinary fire either.

Instead, you have to burn it with paper notes until nothing is left," Jared explained. "This..." Looking at the Dragon Throne, Walter's eyes were filled with reluctance.

After all, he had spent significant effort to purchase it from overseas and naturally felt it a shame to suddenly burn it. Thus, he asked Jared again, "Mr. Chance, other than setting the Dragon Throne on fire, is there any other way?"