

The Man Decree Chapter 764 (The Man like none Other chapter 764)

"Are you from the Bloodmage Sect or the Darklight Sect?" Curtis questioned as he eyed Kai cautiously.

If Kai were from either of the two sects, he wouldn't dare kill him as he pleased. After all, the two sects were vicious. If he really made an enemy of them, he would be in great trouble. When his mentor learned about it, he would certainly be torn a new strip.

He was presently a renowned figure in Turcoln, so he had to be exceedingly careful in his deeds, lest he wrecked his future.

"I'm neither from the Bloodmage Sect nor the Darklight Sect. If you're afraid, get down on your knees obediently. Perhaps I'll take mercy on you," Kai drawled with a faint smile.

"Hmph! How arrogant! So what even if you're truly a Demonic Cultivator? Turcoln is a righteous organization, and we specialize in dealing with Demonic Cultivators like you!" Curtis snorted.

He then removed the Dragon Crushing Formation and drew a sword instead. The sword was ancient and black, so its material was unascertained at a single glance. Nonetheless, charms were drawn onto its body with a red cinnabar rosary.

"This is the Sword of Evil, used specially to vanquish Demonic Cultivators like you!"

While saying that, he lifted the sword to chest level. Condensing his energy, he swung it through the air.

Whoosh!

It was as though a tear opened in the air, and a whistling sound of a blade cutting through air rang out. An intense burst of energy shot out from the body of the sword. In concert, its charms seeming came alive right that moment. They all left the sword and blended into the energy, streaking toward Kai.

As the energy zapped through, everything was split in half. Even the hard marble floor had a deep crack on it right then.

Crack!

The energy slashed right at Kai, and a crisp crack split the air. Nevertheless, he remained unharmed despite a tear on his clothes.

While the energy didn't hurt him, the charms mixed in there swirled around him, incessantly flashing red.

"The heaven and earth are the fundament and origin of all things. Everything in this world is from the same source. We practice our way through hundreds of millions of trails to prove our powerful and sacred beliefs. Ghosts and demons shall be terrorized. Spirits and monsters shall disintegrate. We slay monsters and wipe out demons, destroying their bodies and shattering their souls..." Curtis kept chanting, veins popping up on his forehead, even as sweat started dripping down his face.

Since the burst of energy earlier couldn't hurt Kai, he could only depend on the charms.

Following his increased speed of incantation, the charms circled Kai all the faster, and the red glow grew all the brighter.

"Vanquish evil!"

He gave a roar, upon which the charms suddenly attached themselves to Kai.

Kai was enveloped in the red light, and the charms affixed themselves to him like tattoos.

Glancing at the man, Curtis saw that the charm seemingly had no effect on him despite having attached themselves to his body. There's no reaction from him. Logically speaking, this isn't possible!

He frowned and quickly started chanting once more.

At the sight of him sweating profusely, Kai sneered, "What an idiot!"

With a slight shake of his body, the charms on him scattered in an instant, fluttering on the wind and causing a crack on the ground around him.

Curtis' pupils constricted, and he swung the Sword of Evil in his hand. Those scattered charms promptly returned to the sword once more. However, their color had dulled significantly.

He gaped at Kai incredulously. He blocked the burst of energy from my sword earlier, and he has now broken free from the charms effortlessly. Isn't this just too powerful?

The Sword of Evil was a treasured magical item of Turcoln. It was only because of Curtis' extraordinary talent that his mentor, Declan, passed the sword to him. Although he wasn't at the Senior rank yet, the average Demonic Cultivator wasn't his match. Before that day, he had never once met any Demonic Cultivator who wasn't afraid of the Sword of Evil in his hands.