

# The Man's Decree Chapter 720 ( The Man like none Other chapter 720 )

A man sat cross-legged in the middle of the room, seemingly unbothered by the innumerable poisonous creatures biting and gnawing at him.

Instead of killing him, the toxic energy released into the room was being absorbed into his body at a rate visible to the naked eye. The creatures found their fangs and claws shattering against his skin.

Kai's body was, at that moment, impervious to anything. Despite the myriad of poisonous creatures unleashed onto him, none was successful in piercing his skin.

His eyes were lightly shut as his entire being was held at attention on the Focus Technique. Initially lethal and relentless, the poisonous creatures were soon scurrying away from him to hide in the shadowy corners of the room now that they had been rendered harmless and disarmed. Some that were desperate for survival crawled their way up to the sealed windows only to fall back down with a disappointing thud.

"None shall escape!" Kai proclaimed as his eyes gleamed greedily. The bugs are valuable training resources. It'll be a waste to let them go!

Smashing them open one at a time, Kai inhaled the venomous essence that was released with relish before transmuting it into spiritual energy and storing it carefully away in his elixir field. Soon, the pile of dehydrated remains of the creatures grew to a small mountain. By nightfall, the poisonous creatures that were locked up with Kai had greatly dwindled in number.

Given the faith an average member of Mapleton had in the potency of their monarch's critters which they held in such high regard, they would have been undoubtedly shocked and insulted to see how Kai had unceremoniously crushed such a large number of them.

At that very moment, Lyanna was pacing anxiously in her own bedroom.

As worried for Kai as she was, the men standing guard outside her door made checking up on Kai impossible.

Just when Lyanna was about to lose her nerve and consider an escape, Weston opened the door a crack and poked his head through. "Ms. Lyanna, Poison King requests your presence."

"Godfather wants me there?" Lyanna asked, her brow creasing warily.

"Yes. Right away, he specified."

Without waiting for an answer, Weston withdrew his head, threw open the door, and strode ahead.

Lyanna jogged to keep up with him as they headed in the direction of Poison King's chambers.

Upon reaching the landing of the second floor, Weston pointed at a set of doors at the far end of the corridor and instructed, "You're expected to go in alone. He's waiting for you." Without another glance, Weston descended the stairs and left Lyanna rooted to the spot. He has never allowed me into his chambers until now. Why today? Could he have found out about what I did yesterday?

With a growing sense of trepidation, Lyanna walked up to the door and knocked.

"Is that you, Lyanna? Come in." Poison King's voice came from within. The door swung inward at her slightest touch. It was several moments before she realized that he was having his dinner at a table laden with several dishes and a bottle of wine. Lyanna entered the room and closed the door behind her softly.

"You wanted to see me, Godfather?" she asked, approaching him timidly when he beckoned. "Have a seat. Join me for dinner." He indicated a stool next to him. Lyanna said nothing as she sat down. He poured her a glass of wine.

"Have a glass with me," he said, as he slid the glass toward her.

Unable to find the words to reject him politely, Lyanna took the cup and drained it out of sheer awkwardness.

Poison King's smile widened as the last drop disappeared down her throat. "You're the one who took the photographs on the table, didn't you?" he asked casually.

Lyanna shuddered before resigning herself to the fact that he must have already known from his strange tone. Unable to keep the lie going any further, she decided to come clean. With a resigned nod, she placed the photographs on the table.

"Who is the woman in the photograph, Godfather? Why does she look so much like me?" "Of course she does," Poison King replied, "she's your mother, after all."