

A Man Like None Other Chapter 976

A Trap

For a while, the tomb was silent as no one spoke, and the atmosphere became tense. Combined with the smell of blood, it was enough to make one lose one's mind. Suddenly, the sound of metal scraping against metal rang out. Everyone was shocked, swinging around hurriedly to see what was happening.

They saw Blake strike a part of a stone wall with his hand, leaving a dent in it. Then, two stone heads vaguely resembling tigers' heads appeared on the wall. Embedded in their wide-open eyes were gemstones illuminated in a green glow, giving the stone heads an utterly terrifying appearance.

"Finally, we found it!" Blake declared gleefully.

"Are the eyes Luminous Pearls?"

Colin had noticed the green glow of the carved heads' eyes and thought they were a type of gemstone. Hence, he reached out to take them.

"Don't move!"

Jared grabbed Colin to stop him from moving.

But when the others saw that, they began taking action.

After all, this was the Trial. The magical items would belong to whoever got to them first, and it was a survival of the fittest. That was also why Jared had gotten assigned to the back of the group.

"Nobody move!" Blake yelled.

No one knows whether there are any traps inside here. If we let everyone move around as they wish and someone happens to trigger a trap, these people will be in deep trouble.

Alas, no one paid any attention to his command. All of them had their eyes fixated on the magical items.

Seeing the situation, Blake could only turn to Warren and shout, "Mr. Gordon, we can't let them move around to avoid setting off any traps!"

"Everyone, stop moving!"

Warren's face twisted with fury when he heard what Blake said. A burst of aura exploded from his body, sending those attempting to get their hands on the mysterious objects flying into the air.

After that, no one dared to move an inch. After all, Warren was the most skilled person among them.

“Even if you encounter rare treasures during this Trial, don’t blame me for not showing mercy if anyone dares to touch them before I have given my permission. Although you may have a death wish, don’t cause the deaths of others.”

No one dared to protest as Warren swept a chilling gaze over the crowd.

There was only a snicker from Howard, but Warren ignored him. I don’t want to provoke a madman like him at a time like this.

“Blake, send someone over there to take a look,” Warren instructed.

Blake nodded and waved his hand, motioning for one of the disciples of the Henckle family to move forward carefully.

Everyone was on their guard, watching the disciple reach his hand toward the stone head and pry the orb illuminated in a green glow.

The disciple brought it over to Blake and said, “Mr. Henckle, this isn’t a gemstone. It’s soft!”

Blake frowned immediately when he heard that. “Hurry up and throw it away—”

Before he could even finish speaking, the bead dissolved into what seemed like a puddle of water, trickling from the disciple’s palm onto the iolite floor with a pattering sound.

“Aaahh!”

Suddenly, the disciple shrieked and stared at his hand. A cloud of green smoke started rising into the air, and he watched as the skin and flesh quickly melted away before his eyes, exposing the white bones of his hand.

He grabbed his wrist with his other hand as the martial energy within him converged in his injured palm. Thick clouds of martial energy billowed from his palm, but it was no match for the speed of the corrosive green smoke.

There was the sound of something swishing through the air, and the disciple saw a light flash across his eyes.

Then, his severed hand fell to the ground.

Not a single drop of blood dripped from where his hand was severed. Instead, a thick, black gas swirled around the wound.