

## The Mans Decree Chapter 1489 -

### Chapter 1489 The Monster

Although many sects had withdrawn from the Warriors Alliance, they still couldn't escape the fate of annihilation.

In an instant, the entire martial arts world of Jadeborough plunged into a state of terror. Some sects even moved away from Jadeborough to escape death.

Rumors abounded in the martial arts world of Jadeborough that the man in a black robe wiping out sects everywhere was Gilbert Feigenbaum.

Gilbert was a martial artist among the younger generation in the martial arts world of Jadeborough. There wasn't much information on him, for he was a renowned Demonic Cultivator over twenty years ago. He had absorbed the power of countless people and slaughtered innumerable sects.

Later, the entire martial arts world of Jadeborough teamed up and collaborated with the authorities to apprehend the man. In the end, they forced Gilbert off a cliff. More than twenty years had passed since then, and everyone thought he was dead.

But at present, a man in black robes popped up, massacring sects everywhere and absorbing other people's powers. That had people inevitably thinking of Gilbert, the monster.

Gilbert had killed several elites of Martial Arts Marquis all alone and had only been forced off the cliff when surrounded by a few hundred people.

If he had really returned after over twenty years, his capabilities would certainly be terrifying beyond words. Worse still, he was a ruthless person who never left any survivors. It was too similar a style.

Many of the sects in Jadeborough had already reached the point whereby they viewed everyone as a suspect. Some bigger sects had even summoned back their elites scattered around the world to deal with the impending danger.

In fact, many of them had joined hands and written a petition requesting Mr. Sanders' help to eliminate the black-robed man and restore peace to the martial arts world of Jadeborough.

At the Department of Justice, Mr. Sanders was sipping coffee leisurely, seemingly unbothered by the clamoring of the various sects.

"Mr. Sanders, representatives from the sects have been visiting daily and asking to meet you these two days. Right now, the entire martial arts world of Jadeborough has plunged into chaos, with everyone panicking," Xavier reported.

He had been the one to deal with everyone in the past two days, while Mr. Sanders refused to meet anyone from the sects even when they came time and again.

"Didn't I tell you to have them leave? I'm not going to meet them," Mr. Sanders murmured, drinking a sip of coffee.

Xavier wore a conflicted expression on his face. "B-But... Mr. Sanders, many people are now saying that the black-robed man is that monster from twenty years ago, Gilbert Feigenbaum. If it's really him making a comeback, the sects won't be the only ones at risk. Even we will be in danger."

Back then, the authorities took the lead in apprehending Gilbert, and the entire martial arts world of Jadeborough united. If Gilbert is back for revenge, he may very well make a move against the Law Enforcement Department. Even if he doesn't dare do so, it's entirely possible that he may kill a few members of the Department of Justice to vent his anger!

"Haha, putting aside the fact that the black-robed man isn't Gilbert, even if he's really back, will he dare to make a move against the authorities? Despite being a Demonic Cultivator and a monster, he's no fool."

Mr. Sanders burst into raucous laughter.

Xavier was stunned for a moment. "How do you know that the black-robed man isn't Gilbert, Mr. Sanders? From his ruthless methods, he bears a close resemblance to him."

In truth, he also suspected that the black-robed man was Gilbert, as no one else had such immense power.

"You'll know the answer to some things when the time comes," Mr. Sanders replied placidly. He then waved a hand, dismissing Xavier.

After the latter left, a smile bloomed on his face. "Jared is becoming increasingly savage."

From his expression, one could tell that he had long since surmised that the black-robed man was Jared. That was why he didn't make a move to stop the massacres. In fact, he didn't even have the authorities step forward. He needed Jared to possess such a kind of savagery, knowing that something even crueler would be awaiting the man in the near future.

## **The Mans Decree Chapter 1490 -**

### **Chapter 1490 The Secret In The Dungeon**

The Warriors Alliance in Jadeborough was packed to the rafters.

Many sects had no choice but to seek out the Warriors Alliance when their efforts to meet with Mr. Sanders ended up fruitless. Ryker and Edgar were also among the crowd.

Initially, Edgar wasn't at all worried. He had the confidence to deal with the black-robed man as long as he could absorb Renee's powers and obtain her armor.

Alas, he couldn't procure her armor even after using all sorts of methods in the past two days. Her armor had already fused with her person, so it could only be removed when it materialized.

He couldn't do anything to her before acquiring the armor, so he could only come up with another solution.

The fact that rumors were abounding that the black-robed man was Gilbert terrified him to the core. While he had never witnessed the latter's capabilities in person, he had heard about them from Ryker.

Back then, the Deragon family had taken part in the effort to arrest Gilbert, and Ryker had been among them. As the largest martial arts family in Jadeborough, they had naturally contributed the most.

If Gilbert had really returned, the Deragon family would be in grave danger. Therefore, Ryker had brought Edgar over to seek the Warriors Alliance out and discuss a countermeasure with Zion.

"President Zeigler, the martial arts world of Jadeborough is now in great trouble. The authorities are turning a blind eye to things, so the Warriors Alliance must step forward and do something. If the Warriors Alliance were to capture the black-robed man, I believe many of the sects would return to the alliance!" Ryker said to Zion.

"I've already sent out men to investigate, but the black-robed man's movements are unpredictable, without a set pattern. That makes things very difficult for me," Zion admitted with a frown.

"The recent rumors claim that the black-robed man is Gilbert, President Zeigler. Do you think that's possible?" Edgar questioned.

"No."

Zion shook his head firmly.

"How could you be so sure, President Zeigler?" Edgar couldn't help wondering at the man's confidence.

"Back then, we witnessed him falling off the cliff with our own eyes. Besides, a dead body was later found beneath the cliff. Although it had been mauled by wild beasts to the point that it was beyond recognition, it must have been him. How could a person who had been dead for over twenty years return to life? It's just an empty rumor to incite panic in the martial arts world. I can guarantee you that it's absolutely not him. That aside, the black-robed man is still beneath Gilbert despite his immense capabilities. At that time, Gilbert was already a Fifth Level Martial Arts Marquis. Now that twenty years have passed, he would've long since attained Greater Martial Arts Marquis or even Martial Arts Saint. Think about it. Will a Martial Arts Saint need to act all mysterious if he's back for revenge?" Zion analyzed.

As Edgar listened, he nodded every so often, feeling that it indeed made sense.

“Who could it be if it wasn’t Gilbert?”

Edgar was confounded. Ryker, likewise, wore a frown, having no idea as to the identity of the black-robed man and his reason for going on a killing spree.

After getting them both to leave, Zion strode into the dungeon at Warriors Alliance.

A black figure was sitting in a corner in the depths of the dungeon with a bowl of bright red blood in front of him.

“It’s been over twenty years. I didn’t expect people to mention you once again and even think that you’re back for revenge. What a joke! Little do they know that you’ve been here for twenty-plus years. How could you possibly get out?” Zion muttered before the black figure.

It turned out that in the depths of the dungeon was the monster back then, Gilbert. After he fell off the cliff, the Warriors Alliance sent men to rescue him and placed an unrecognizable body in his place to dupe others.

“I’ve also done quite a lot for you in the past twenty-plus years. Otherwise, how could you possibly have mobilized the Demonic Cultivators who had gone into hiding with your capabilities?” Gilbert drawled.

Then he downed the bowl of blood in front of him.

Zion said nothing further but spun on his heel and left.