

Meanwhile, Jared was in his seat at the Watanabe residence, seemingly putting on airs. Sitting opposite him was a Jetroinian with a mustache, clad in a suit.

“Good day, Mr. Chance. I’m Muto Shinichi, a messenger from Jetroina’s martial arts world,” he introduced himself as such. “Why have you come? Has the martial arts world of Jetroina finally chosen to yield?” said Jared with a faint smile.

To be honest, he knew very well that that would not be the case. Muto might not have come to subjugate the martial arts world of Jetroina to him, but he would never throw away the opportunity to gross the former out.

As expected, Muto’s visage did a one-eighty when he heard what Jared had said. Nevertheless, suppressing the disgust was his only option. He simply shook his head slightly. “No, Mr. Chance. I’m here to send you a duel invitation.”

Speaking of which, he presented Jared with an exquisite invitation card. Instead of sparing a moment to look at the card, Jared tossed it aside. “Don’t waste my time. Just say it.”

Seeing Jared’s arrogant demeanor, Muto did his best to contain the boiling rage within. “The countryfolks of Jetroina’s martial arts world were displeased with your massacre back at Jetroina. Because of that, Mr. Chance, Mr. Kuroki would like to challenge you to a duel. Do you dare to accept the invitation?” uttered Muto with a hint of contempt in his voice.

It was his deliberate attempt to take a dig at Jared, hoping to get on the latter’s nerves and coerce him into taking up the challenge. Considering how highly esteemed Kawasaki was, he was worried that Jared might actually end up cowering in fear.

Though taken aback at first, hearing those words made Jared sneer, “Don’t speak to me with such a tone. Kawasaki may be Jetroina’s whizz, but to me, he’s a nobody. If it’s a duel he wants, I’ll gladly humor him.”

A pucker formed between Muto’s brows. “What insolence! Mr. Kuroki’s the top samurai in our country, and he’s been around for nearly two hundred years. He’s basically immortal. How dare you speak of him that way!”

“Immortal, you say? Have you ever laid eyes on one before? Other things aside, you’re but a messenger. Some nerve you must have to lash out at me.”

The next thing Muto knew, an immense aura was already exuding from Jared’s body, manifesting itself as horrifying pressure and zipping in his direction.

Muto was a martial artist himself, but in the face of Jared’s domineering energy, he was nothing more than a minion. Thud! He was pressed down to his knees under Jared’s heel, just like that.

“I won’t kill you today, but I’ll have you know what a true immortal looks like.” With that, Jared stopped channeling his power, allowing Muto to rise to his feet with trembling legs.

By then, the latter’s face was already devoid of color. “V-Very well, then. Mr. Kuroki will be expecting your arrival at the crater of Fujio Mountain three days from now.” As soon as Muto said his piece, he was all ready to leave when a voice rang out.

“Wait a minute.” Fandor stepped inside and stopped Muto in his tracks. “Since it’s a duel invite, why did you all have the final say on both the time and place? If you’ve set the time, then we should be the ones deciding the place.”

The corner of Muto’s eyes twitched a little as he listened to that demand. Should he let Jared choose the venue, Kawasaki would certainly not be showing up, given that the latter had insisted on staying put at the mountain, Then came Muto’s goading. “Why? Is it because you’re afraid that you can’t even climb up the crater of Fujio Mountain?” “Enough with your reverse psychology. I’ll do as you wish. Get lost, now.”

Jared waved his hands in annoyance. Muto was overjoyed to see Jared agreeing to the arrangement. He left in a hurry for fear that Jared might go back on his word.

Fandor, in turn, voiced his concern, “You’ve fallen into their trap, Mr. Chance. That Kawasaki may be strong, but his power will suffer once he leaves the mountain. Most of his martial energy stems from the molten lava in the volcano, which is precisely why he’s been living in seclusion near the crater. I’ve made a great deal of effort just to get my hands on this piece of information.”

It seemed that Fandor had long anticipated a battle between Jared and Kawasaki. No wonder he had been scouting out all sorts of information about Kawasaki day in and day out.