

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

## / A Man Like None Other

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4471** – Though Jared didn't fully understand how the draconic essence in his possession maintained its link to Cyanna, he allowed it to absorb the aura on its own.

He knew he'd eventually rely on this essence to find Cyanna and the others, as well as to locate the Demon Seal Tower—a place filled with sealed Draconians.

This tower held the key to Jared's mission. He needed to confront its master and uncover the truth behind their grudge against the Draconians.

The following morning, Jared sought out Owen to inform him of his intention to take Scarlett back to Allardland. He had promised Cedric, and he intended to honor that promise.

Owen didn't object, but he voiced one lingering concern—Keegan of Quinlan Town.

Though Harvey was gone and Quinlan Town wasn't particularly strong, they were supported by the powerful Demon Seal Alliance. If Keegan decided to cause trouble for Castenada Town, it could spell disaster.

"Then I'll take care of the Quinlan family," Jared said firmly. "This way, you can live without worry."

Without another word, Jared vanished in a flash.

Half a day later, Jared returned. Along with his arrival came news of Quinlan Town's destruction. Jared's wrath was swift and unrelenting.

The Quinlan family's alliance with the Demon Seal Alliance had sealed their fate. In Jared's eyes, anyone aligned with the alliance deserved no mercy.

Before leaving with Scarlett, Judith approached Jared with a resolute expression. "I'll come with you," she said.

Jared blinked in surprise. "Where do you plan to go?"

"I'm heading to the Dead Sea," Judith replied. "I'll find a remote island to cultivate on. That way, even Suspine won't be able to track me down. As long as I have the secret scroll documentation device, Suspine will never give up. If I stay here, I'll bring calamity to the town."

Judith was determined to grow stronger, vowing that one day she would rebuild the Ten Thousand Sword Sect.

Her words carried undeniable logic, and Jared could only nod in agreement.

Owen, though saddened to part with his daughters again so soon, took comfort in knowing they were safe.

“Dad,” Scarlett reassured him, holding his hand. “I’ll visit you often once I’m in Allardland. You won’t have to worry about me. When the time comes, I’ll bring you to stay in Allardland for a while so you can see its splendor!”

Owen’s face softened into a smile. “My daughters have truly grown into remarkable young women.”

With a wave of his hand, he added, “Go now. Don’t waste any more time.”

Scarlett and Judith boarded the airship as it prepared to depart.

As Owen watched the airship ascend, tears welled up in his eyes, streaming down his face. At that moment, he seemed to age noticeably, the weight of their parting heavy on his shoulders.

The airship soared toward the Dead Sea. By the time it reached its edge, dusk had fallen.

Jared, rather than remaining inside, stood atop the airship, gazing out at the vast, desolate sea as the sun dipped below the horizon.

Judith joined him, knowing her departure was near. She didn’t know if she’d ever see Jared again. Perhaps this would be their final meeting.

As she stepped onto the deck, she saw Jared standing at the bow of the airship, hands clasped behind his back. The last rays of sunlight illuminated him, casting a dreamlike glow over his figure.

Judith watched him in silence until her brow furrowed in confusion. An odd aura was converging around Jared, emanating from all directions.

Those illusory shadows appeared to be colossal dragons, each one poised behind Jared.

Judith’s breath caught.

Draconic energy?

The sight left her shaken. At that moment, she felt unworthy of Jared, her earlier actions flashing through her mind. How could she have thought herself worthy of someone like him? She felt a pang of shame, recalling how she had approached him the previous night.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4472** – “What are you doing out here?” Jared asked, his voice steady as he stared ahead, knowing Judith was standing behind him.

“I wanted to let you know-I’m leaving,” she replied, her tone resolute. “I’m heading to a deserted island to focus on my cultivation.”

Judith hesitated when Jared noticed her, her expression faltering slightly.

“We’re too close to the shore,” he murmured. “Shouldn’t you head further into the Dead Sea?”

She seemed flustered, avoiding his gaze as though the weight of last night lingered between them.

“No. This place is close to the mainland, so I can visit my father more often.” Judith offered a faint smile.

“All right, I respect your decision,” Jared said, pulling out a handful of communication devices. “If you ever need help, don’t hesitate to reach out.”

Judith accepted the communication devices without a word. Then, with a sudden leap, she vaulted off the airship, her figure disappearing swiftly.

Jared called after her, puzzled. “Aren’t you going to say goodbye to your sister?”

He was somewhat puzzled. How could Judith just up and leave without even saying a word to Scarlett?

“There’s no need,” Judith’s voice floated back to him. “It’ll just make things harder. Pass my message along, will you?”

With that, she was gone, vanishing into the horizon.

As Jared stood there, watching Judith leave, an unexpected wave of melancholy washed over him.

He couldn’t help but think of the immense burden she carried-her mission to restore the Ten Thousand Sword Sect, the relentless pursuit of the Demon Seal Alliance, and the threat of Suspine. It was no easy path.

Maybe I was too harsh last night. It must’ve been a difficult decision for her. Perhaps I should’ve offered her some comfort.

“Regretting it already?” came the taunting voice of the Vermilion Demon Lord, resonating in Jared’s mind.

“What’s there to regret?” Jared countered, feigning ignorance.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Vermilion Demon Lord said mockingly. “Regretting you didn’t seize the opportunity when she practically threw herself

at you. What kind of man passes up a chance like that?”

“I’m not the kind to toy with someone’s emotions,” Jared replied, trying to sound righteous.

Vermilion Demon Lord snorted. “You? Spare me. After all the women you’ve led on, you’re hardly one to talk.”

Jared opened his mouth to retort, but before he could, Scarlette emerged onto the deck. “Mr. Chance, where’s my sister?” she asked, her eyes scanning the area.

“She’s gone,” Jared said simply. “She asked me to let you know.”

“Gone?” Scarlette echoed, stunned. She turned toward the vast sea stretching before them, her voice trembling. “Judith...” Tears streamed down Scarlette’s face as she stood frozen in place, gazing at the horizon.

Jared, unable to bear the weight of the scene, turned and went back inside the airship.

When the airship reached a stretch of water, Jared instructed Cloud to hover. Without hesitation, he leaped off the vessel, diving headfirst into the Dead Sea.

He was determined to find Violet, one of the Seven Fairies, and take her to the Soul Demon Sect. With the help of Trystan, he planned to restore her physical body.

Violet, perched on a tree, lit up with joy when she saw Jared approaching. She had waited anxiously for days, unsure if he’d keep his promise or if he’d forgotten her entirely.

Violet joined Jared as they set off for the Soul Demon Sect on Demonia Mountain. But before they arrived, Jared made a detour to Lunarius Palace.

At the palace, he checked in on Nieva and the others, taking the opportunity to inquire about the Mueller family. After all, Jared had killed two of their sons, and he doubted the matter would be left unresolved.

Fortunately, Nolan was still in seclusion, recovering from injuries sustained during the last major battle. The intervention of Anton had delayed the patriarch’s return, giving Jared some reprieve.

After leaving Lunarius Palace, Jared finally reached the Soul Demon Sect and entrusted Violet to Trystan. To ensure her physical body could be restored, he left behind two Demonia Stones—a rare and invaluable resource.

With Violet in good hands, Jared turned his sights toward Epea.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4473** – At the Demon Seal Alliance headquarters, an imposing silence hung over the grand hall.

At the head of the table sat Talcott, the leader, a man whose reputation inspired both fear and respect. Arrayed before him were over a dozen Ultimate Realm experts, their dark auras swirling ominously.

Ironically, the alliance that claimed to eradicate evil to maintain peace had itself become a refuge for Demonic Cultivators.

“Mr. Cabeza, share your findings,” Talcott commanded, his cold gaze fixed on Zayan.

Zayan, known more for his cunning than his cultivation, stepped forward. Despite being weaker than many present, Zayan’s role in orchestrating the alliance’s operations in the Ethereal Realm made him indispensable.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Zayan began, his voice calm yet deliberate, “as you may have noticed, Demonic Cultivators have been vanishing across the regions. This includes those we’ve been monitoring closely.”

He paused, letting the weight of his words settle. “This has hindered our recruitment efforts and disrupted our plans. However, after a thorough investigation, I’ve determined that these disappearances are linked to Abbot Infinides. He appears to be taking these cultivators to a secret realm.”

The hall erupted in murmurs, the gathered Demonic Cultivators exchanging uneasy glances.

Talcott turned to a hunched figure seated to his right. “Mr. Gatlin, your thoughts?”

Gatlin rose to address the room. He had recently returned from an assignment in the eastern region, where he’d clashed with Jared and been thwarted by the intervention of Infinides.

“My trip to the eastern region was to support the Quinlan family,” Gatlin began, his voice gruff with age. “However, I didn’t anticipate encountering Jared. He had powerful allies, and my disciples were injured. I had no choice but to retreat.”

His admission of retreat drew sneers and mocking laughter from the others.

“Gatlin,” one master jeered, “with your strength, who in the eastern region could possibly force you to flee?”

“Indeed, there are barely any Ultimate Realm cultivators in the eastern region, let Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators!”

“I bet you slipped back here because you didn’t want to make an enemy out of Jared, didn’t you? We all know your ways.”

As an Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator, Gatlin wasn’t claiming to be invincible in the eastern region, but it was rare to find anyone who could challenge him. Yet now, he stood before the assembly claiming to have fled from a fight and returned. Something about his story seemed questionable.

Gatlin ignored the murmurs of the gathered cultivators. Many of them were staunch loyalists of the Demon Seal Alliance, but he wasn’t one of them. He had no illusions of loyalty, choosing instead to prioritize his survival, even if it meant begrudgingly bowing to the alliance’s authority.

“This time,” Gatlin began, his voice calm but firm, “when I crossed paths with Jared, he wasn’t alone. Abbot Infinides was with him. Even though it was just an illusory shadow, its power was far beyond anything I could handle.”

He let the words sink in before continuing, “Not only that but there was also a young woman with them, someone remarkable in her own right. She was connected to Abbot Infinides and possessed extraordinary strength. The two followers traveling with her were both Ultimate Realm Level Two Demonic Cultivators.”

Gatlin’s tone grew more serious. “I suspect this woman is tied to a city that disappeared thousands of years ago. Moreover, I believe Abbot Infinides has been sending those missing Demonic Cultivators to that city.”

As Gatlin finished, a ripple of unease passed through the room. The expressions of those who had been mocking him just moments ago shifted into thoughtful frowns.

“A city that vanished thousands of years ago?” someone asked, breaking the silence. “You mean Twilight Imperial City? There hasn’t been a word about it for ages. How could anyone from there suddenly reappear now?”

Talcott, seated at the head of the hall, spoke up, his voice authoritative. “Twilight Imperial City never truly vanished. It used the spiritual veins to create a secret realm. It has always existed in the Ethereal Realm, but we’ve been unable to see it.”

It was clear that Talcott had already received Gatlin's report and had conducted his own investigation into Twilight Imperial City.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4474** – As Talcott's words settled over the hall, an oppressive silence took hold. The mere mention of the enigmatic Infinides and the elusive Twilight Imperial City left even the seasoned Ultimate Realm cultivators uneasy. These were forces shrouded in mystery, their strength unknown, and facing them was a prospect none relished.

Gatlin, a formidable Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator, had been forced to retreat by nothing more than an illusory shadow of Infinides. This alone hinted at the terrifying power Infinides truly wielded.

Breaking the silence, Talcott pressed on, his tone commanding. "Jared is in contact with both Abbot Infinides and the people of Twilight Imperial City. We can't allow him to grow any stronger. Our priority must be to eliminate Jared first, and then we'll turn our attention to that Abbot Infinides."

"Mr. Lefterov," Gatlin spoke cautiously, "we don't even know where Jared is. How do you propose we find him?"

"He's gone to Allardland," Talcott replied with a calm certainty.

At the mention of Allardland, a wave of unease rippled through the room. The cultivators exchanged uncertain glances, and a heavy silence fell again. Any other location, and many of them would have eagerly volunteered to hunt Jared, but Allardland was another matter entirely.

Allardland was the one force in the Ethereal Realm that could potentially challenge the Demon Seal Alliance. Its strength and stability, rooted in centuries of unbroken rule by the Allard family, made it a daunting adversary. Few in the alliance dared to confront it directly.

Noticing the hesitation in the room, Talcott smirked. "Do you all believe that the Demon Seal Alliance is inferior to the Allardland?"

Though no one spoke, the doubt on their faces was plain. Unlike the tightly unified Allardland, the Demon Seal Alliance was a coalition, stitched together by a patchwork of factions, each with their own agendas. By contrast, the Allard family ruled over cities, armies, and vast territories with unmatched cohesion.

How could they possibly stand against such a formidable foe?

Talcott glanced at Zayan, signaling him to speak. The elder stood and addressed the room with confidence. "Yes, Allardland is powerful, but its greatest weakness lies in the struggle for the throne."

Zayan explained, “Cedric, King Bernard’s eldest son, was once poised to inherit the throne. However, his obsessive love for a woman nearly destroyed him. To save his son, King Bernard sought alchemists from across the land. Though Cedric recovered, his reputation and influence at court were left in tatters.”

“And then there’s Denzel Allard,” Zayan continued, his voice sharp with intrigue. “King Bernard’s second son, a man of both strength and cunning, who has reached Ultimate Realm Level Three. He surpasses Cedric in every way -except for the circumstances of his birth. Denzel is illegitimate, the product of a drunken night with a maid. His existence has been kept secret from all but a few.”

Zayan’s tone grew conspiratorial. “Denzel has been relegated to guarding Howler City, a desolate city in Epea. He’s grown bitter and restless. This is where we strike. By sowing discord within Allardland, we can ensure they won’t have the resources to protect Jared.”

“I’ve already made contact with Denzel. This time, I’ll go personally. If we can bring him to our side, the Demon Seal Alliance will help him claim the throne. With Allardland as our ally, who in the Ethereal Realm could oppose us?” Zayan concluded.

His words hung in the air, igniting a flicker of ambition in some, and a wave of doubt in others. The Demonic Cultivators exchanged uneasy glances. The claim about Denzel’s existence was news to them; many had never heard of a second son.

But this was precisely where Zayan’s brilliance shone. He had an uncanny ability to uncover the most guarded secrets. It was a skill that had served Talcott well on more than one occasion. Back on Demonica Mountain, when protecting Talcott’s son Xavion, Zayan had demonstrated his cunning by deploying intricate arcane array deductions.

Even so, Jared was no ordinary foe. He had unraveled Zayan’s most complex arcane array deductions before, proving himself a man of many mysteries.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4475** – “Mr. Gatlin, Mr. Cabez is going to Howler City himself, while you’re leading a team to Allardland yourself. If Bernard knows what’s good for him and hands over Jared, we’ll let him off the hook for a while. “But if he doesn’t, then we should declare war outright, and kick him off his throne,” said Talcott to Gatlin.

Gatlin was slightly taken aback, looking reluctant.

However, since Talcott had said so, he couldn’t refuse. He had no choice but to grit his teeth and take it on.

Talcott waved his hand, dismissing everyone. Only Zayan remained, turning to Talcott and saying, “Mr. Lefterov, Mr. Gatlin is not truly loyal to the Demon Seal Alliance. You’re sending him to Allardland, but can he really get the job done?”

Talcott merely responded with a nonchalant smile. “This time, regardless of what Bernard does, I’ll ensure he steps down. I absolutely won’t allow such a significant threat to exist within the Demon Seal Alliance.”



“Got it.” Zayan nodded.

Talcott’s intentions were clear. Gatlin was nothing more than a pawn in a bigger game to him. Talcott was never concerned of his safety when sending him to Allardland.

After everyone had left, Talcott made his way to the rear of the main hall. He gently pushed open a black door.

Surprisingly, there was a massive black hole inside. As he walked into the room, his body was instantly devoured by it.

The massive airship descended in the palace of Allardland.

Upon spotting the incoming airship, hundreds of guards were on high alert, prepared for anything. Nearly a hundred Eighth Level Tribulator cultivators hovered mid-air, their eyes fixed on Jared’s airship.

Since they had no idea who was inside the airship, they were all on high alert.

Bernard, along with Cedric, hurriedly rushed over.

For all these years, no one had ever dared to challenge Allardland.

However, when the airship landed and Jared stepped off with Scarlette, both Bernard and Cedric were overjoyed.

With a wave of his hand, Bernard ordered all the guards to withdraw.

Cedric rushed forward, hugging Scarlette tightly. He couldn’t hold back his tears.

“Scarlette, where have you gone? Do you know how much I’ve missed you?”

Cedric held Scarlette and expressed his feelings, completely ignoring the others.

Tears streamed down Scarlette’s face as she said, “Cedric, I’ve missed you too. It’s just that something came up at home. I went back, but then someone captured me. Thankfully, Mr. Chance came to my rescue. Otherwise I wouldn’t have been able to see you again...”

Upon hearing this, Cedric released Scarlette and offered Jared a deep bow. “Mr. Chance,” he began with sincere gratitude, “You’ve not only saved me but also Scarlette. Your kindness will never be forgotten, not for as long as I live. If ever you find yourself in need, know that I’ll do everything in my power to help you.”

Cedric was profoundly grateful to Jared.

“Your Highness, you’re being too formal. It’s not that big a deal,” Jared said, smiling.

“Mr. Chance, you’ve done so much for us. You must stay a little longer in Allardland. It would be my honor to show you our hospitality.” Bernard took Jared’s hand, guiding him toward the palace with a warm smile.

Hand in hand, Cedric and Scarlette also entered the palace.

Bernard hosted an extravagant banquet, not only to express his heartfelt gratitude to Jared but also to publicly announce the forthcoming marriage of Cedric and Scarlette. More importantly, the event marked the formal declaration of Cedric as the crown prince. With Cedric’s recovery now complete, it was the perfect moment to resolve the matter of his succession to the throne.

Standing before the gathered nobles and ministers of Allardland, Bernard spoke with unwavering calm. “I hereby declare, from this moment forward, Cedric is the crown prince of Allardland. All of Allardland shall obey him, and he holds the authority to command the kingdom’s military forces.” With that, Bernard produced the commander’s seal and, without hesitation, handed it to Cedric, symbolizing the weight of his new responsibility.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4476** – Many of the royals and ministers were left in stunned disbelief. In the past, Allardland had always named a crown prince, but it was understood as a preparatory step for the future reign of the king. Never before had the crown prince wielded such immense power from the outset.

Whispers spread among the onlookers, with some wondering if Bernard wasn’t afraid that his own son might amass an army, rebel, and seize the throne for himself.

In that moment, even Cedric stood in stunned silence. He couldn’t comprehend why his father had suddenly granted him such immense authority. Declaring him the crown prince seemed like the natural next step—after all, he was Bernard’s only son, and Allardland was destined to be his. Yet, for reasons unknown, Bernard had hastily transferred such power to him.

As an outsider, Jared was largely indifferent to the events unfolding around him. He was simply enjoying Bernard’s hospitality, knowing that in a few days, he would be leaving for the Divine Smithing Sect. It had been some time since he had heard from Zelda, and he could no longer sense her presence. He planned to take the Dragonslayer Sword to the sect, hoping they could refurbish it thoroughly. Ideally, he wanted them to restore Zelda to her former self.

Meanwhile, far away in the remote border town

of Howler City, Denzel stood by the window, his gaze directed toward the distant palace grounds. Dressed in a pale yellow robe, he had spent many years in this quiet, isolated town, yet there was no masking the noble air that still surrounded him.

Behind Denzel stood an elderly priest, draped in a worn priest's robe. Holding prayer beads in his left hand, he had his eyes half-closed, his lips moving in a quiet chant. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and, in a calm but certain tone, said, "They've arrived..."

No sooner had the words left his mouth than a soldier, clad in full armor, rushed in and exclaimed, "Your Highness, Mr. Cabeza from the Demon Seal Alliance has arrived!"

Denzel nodded in acknowledgment and motioned for the priest to follow as he left the room.

In the hall, Zayan awaited him, accompanied by two cultivators from the Demon Seal Alliance. As Denzel entered, Gatlin greeted him with a faint, knowing smile. "Your Highness, I've come specifically to offer my congratulations this time."

"Congratulations?" Denzel responded, taken aback and visibly puzzled.

Zayan's smile remained, his tone blunt. "King Bernard has already declared your elder brother, Cedric, the crown prince and even handed him the commander's seal. Your brother now holds the authority to command the entire army of Allardland, including Howler City, where you reside. Your father's actions clearly show his wariness of you. Given these circumstances, there's no reason for you to keep enduring in silence. If you align with us, the Demon Seal Alliance, we can overthrow your father together, and you can claim the throne."

Denzel's eyes narrowed. "So, you came here to drive a wedge between my father and me. Aren't you afraid I'll capture you and deliver you to him for punishment?"

Zayan let out a hearty laugh. "Hahaha, of course, I'm not afraid. I knew you wouldn't do such a thing. If you were truly loyal to your father, why would you secretly train death warriors? If I'm not mistaken, you likely have hundreds of them at your command, with quite a few Ultimate Realm experts among them, no?"

Denzel furrowed his brow, his expression tinged with concern as he asked, "How did you come to know all this?"

Zayan shrugged nonchalantly. "Your Highness, there's no need for more questions. I have my ways of gathering information. What matters now is whether you wish to collaborate with our alliance."

Denzel's brows knitted tightly. He was troubled, struggling to make a decision. "Give me some time to think."

“Very well, I’ll give you a day to consider. This is your final chance-I hope you recognize its value.” With those words, Zayan turned and led his entourage out of the room, leaving Denzel to ponder his decision in silence.

Turning to the old priest beside him, Denzel asked, “Sir Abbot, what do you think I should do?”

The old priest offered a faint smile. “Your Highness, haven’t you already found the answer in your heart? Why seek mine?”

A faint smile crossed Denzel’s face. He then turned and walked out of the grand hall.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4477** – At the palace in Allardland, Gatlin, accompanied by Ruth and Seth, arrived-but it was Cedric who greeted them, while Bernard was nowhere to be found.

Cedric sat regally upon the Dragon Throne, his gaze unyielding as it swept over those below. Now the crown prince, he exuded an air of undeniable authority.

Though Cedric was already aware of Zayan’s affiliation with the Demon Seal Alliance, he still asked with cold formality, “Who are you? What brings you to Allardland?”

Zayan hesitated for a moment, surprised by the question, but quickly composed himself. “Your Highness, we are from the Demon Seal Alliance. We have come because we learned that Jared is here, and we intend to take him with us. As you may be aware, our alliance has been relentlessly pursuing Jared for a century. We hope that, with your understanding, you will be willing to hand him over to us.”

“Very well.” Cedric nodded and subtly signaled to the person beside him.

Zayan was momentarily taken aback by Cedric’s swift agreement, his mind racing to process the unexpected turn of events.

Moments later, Jared was summoned. He entered the hall with measured steps, and upon locking eyes with Zayan, there was not a trace of fear in his demeanor.

“As expected, you’re here. This time, let’s see who can save you!” Ruth exclaimed, his voice tinged with excitement as he spotted Jared.

Jared ignored Ruth entirely, instead walking calmly to a nearby chair and sitting down with confidence.

“Mr. Chance is here,” Cedric said, addressing Zayan coolly. “You may attempt to take him, if you wish.”

Zayan paused, sensing something off in Cedric's casual tone. He furrowed his brow and asked, "Your Highness, if we take Jared with us, you won't interfere, will you?"

"Of course not," Cedric replied, his tone casual.

"That's a relief!" Zayan exclaimed in relief.

"But I would kill you..." Cedric added with a cold smirk.

Zayan, Ruth, and Seth's expressions darkened instantly. They had wanted to capture Jared, but upon hearing that, they froze, unsure of how to proceed.

"You can try to take Mr. Chance," Cedric declared, his voice firm, "but let's see if you can manage to leave this grand hall alive."

Zayan's face tightened, but he quickly regained his composure. "Your Highness, Jared is an enemy of the Demon Seal Alliance. If you continue to protect him like this, it will bring disaster. Given your current position, I'm afraid you're not in a place to make such decisions. Perhaps we should have King Bernard step in instead."

As soon as Zayan finished speaking, his aura exploded outward. The surge of energy was overwhelming—an Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator's presence was terrifying. The hall trembled under the pressure, and a dark, oppressive demonic aura spread through the palace grounds, causing an immediate sense of unease and shock to ripple across the entire palace.

Cedric's expression shifted abruptly. He knew his current strength was no match for Zayan, an Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator, and Zayan's sudden outburst had caught him completely off guard.

He hadn't expected Zayan to be so assertive.

As the oppressive demonic aura spread, threatening to engulf the entire palace, a sudden burst of white light exploded from the center of the hall. In an instant, it shattered the dark, suffocating energy, pushing the demonic aura back.

Zayan, Ruth, and Seth all wore frowns, but it was Zayan whose face grew especially grim. He knew immediately that the person who had intervened was no ordinary foe—whatever they were, they were incredibly formidable.

"You're nothing more than a foot soldier from the Demon Seal Alliance, yet you dare to act with such impunity in Allardland. This is truly outrageous." Bernard slowly strode into the room.

At the sight of Bernard, Zayan's expression darkened, but he quickly masked his discomfort with a thin smile. "Your Majesty, I am here on Mr. Lefterov's orders."

“Are you here to declare war on Allardland?” Bernard’s voice was ice cold as he met Zayan’s gaze. “Let me make it clear-Mr. Chance is our esteemed guest, and I will not allow anyone to harm him. If your Demon Seal Alliance dares to challenge us, then bring it on.”

He paused for a moment, his expression growing even more severe. “However, you’ve caused a commotion in my palace. I expect a proper explanation.”

Zayan’s smile faltered, but he quickly recovered and spoke in a diplomatic tone. “Your Majesty, I’m merely here to deliver Mr. Lefterov’s orders. As the saying goes, even in a war between nations, the messengers are spared. Surely, Your Majesty wouldn’t take advantage of your home turf to lay a hand on us, would you?”

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4478** – “What orders?” Bernard asked.

“Hand over Jared, and there will be peace between the Demon Seal Alliance and Allardland,” Zayan replied, his tone calm but firm. “If Allardland refuses to surrender him and insists on protecting him, then the Demon Seal Alliance will have no choice but to declare war. Your Majesty, you must understand that if war erupts, it will bring devastation. The foundation of Allardland, built over thousands of years, could be shattered, starting with you.”

Before Zayan could finish, Bernard moved with lightning speed. With a resounding crack, Bernard slapped Zayan across the face.

Slap!

The force of the blow was enough to leave Zayan’s cheek bright red and swollen, though Bernard had refrained from using his spiritual energy.

“You...” Zayan’s eyes widened in disbelief, but he dared not retaliate. He understood all too well that he was now standing on Bernard’s turf, where even his most powerful alliances couldn’t offer protection.

“So be it, then,” Bernard replied coldly, his voice unwavering. “Go back and tell Talcott that I will not tolerate the presence of a single Demon Seal Alliance member in all of Epea.”

With a fierce finality, Bernard called out, “Ezequiel!”

“Your Majesty?” Ezequiel rushed forward with swift obedience.

“Send the order to eradicate every faction of the Demon Seal Alliance in Epea. If any of them are encountered, show no mercy... kill them all.”

The command was issued with chilling authority, and Bernard’s stance was resolute- he was prepared to defend his kingdom at any cost.

“As you wish!” Ezequiel responded without hesitation before immediately departing to carry out the order.

Zayan stood frozen in disbelief. Is Bernard truly willing to risk everything, including war with the entire Demon Seal Alliance, just to protect Jared?

“Your Majesty, if you’re determined to declare war, there’s no point in me staying any longer,” Zayan said.

He quickly turned to escape with Ruth and Seth, fearing they’d be trapped here if they didn’t leave soon.

Despite his power as an Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator, Gatlin understood the dangers of overestimating his position in Allardland.

Once they had flown far from the borders of Allardland, Zayan stopped mid-air, gazing out at the vast expanse of the kingdom below. A sigh escaped his lips as he looked toward the horizon. “A great battle looms ahead,” he murmured softly. “Our time of ease is nearing its end.”

“Mr. Gatlin, what should we do next?” Seth asked.

“What else can we do?” Gatlin replied with a weary sigh. “I’ll send a message back, and we’ll wait to see how Mr. Lefterov handles the situation. It seems we’ve been relegated to cannon fodder in this conflict. We were fortunate that King Bernard didn’t harbor murderous intent; otherwise, none of us would have made it out alive.”

With a grim expression, Gatlin pulled out his communication device and quickly relayed the situation to Talcott, detailing everything that had transpired in Allardland. Once he finished, he tucked the device away, preparing to remain in Epea until further instructions arrived.

Meanwhile, in the palace, Jared turned to Bernard and said apologetically, “Your Majesty, I’m truly grateful for your protection, but it’s not worth putting Allardland in such a dangerous position on my behalf.”

“I should probably leave,” Jared mused, “After all, I’m not from Allardland. Once I’m gone, I suspect the Demon Seal Alliance will cease to trouble you.”

Bernard’s response came with a calm smile. “Mr. Chance, you needn’t worry. My declaration of war against the Demon Seal Alliance wasn’t just for you—it was for myself as well.”

“Why is that?” Jared asked, confusion creeping into his voice. Does Bernard have some sort of personal vendetta against the Demon Seal Alliance?

Bernard’s gaze softened, his expression unwavering. “Mr. Chance, you’re no ordinary man. Your potential will one day surpass the limits of this humble Ethereal Realm. I’m helping you now with the hope that, in the future, you’ll ensure the prosperity of Allardland for generations to come. So, in a way, I’m doing this for both you... and for myself.”

Jared blinked, momentarily taken aback by the sincerity in Bernard’s words. After a pause, he stammered, “Your Majesty, you really think so highly of me?”

Bernard gave a knowing smile. “Of course. I’ve always had a keen sense for people’s true potential.”

Jared remained silent. He had nothing else to say when Bernard had placed such immense trust and faith in him. Deep down, Jared resolved that if he ever ascended to immortality and claimed his place as a ruler, he would ensure Allardland’s protection in return for Bernard’s kindness.

“Cedric,” Bernard said, turning to his son, “why don’t you show Mr. Chance around? Also, see to it that some resources are delivered to his quarters.”

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4479** – “Understood,” Cedric replied with a nod before gesturing for Jared to follow him.

Once Jared and Cedric had exited the hall, Ezequiel stepped forward and addressed Bernard. “Your Majesty, I suspect Demon Seal Alliance will launch an attack soon. We must begin preparations immediately.”

Bernard’s expression grew firm, his resolve evident. “You’re right. Issue the command—summon all cultivators of Allardland who have surpassed the eighth tribulation level to gather on the palace grounds.”

Once Allardland declared war on the Demon Seal Alliance, it was no longer a battle they could fight alone. The Alliance’s strength was formidable, and Bernard understood the dire implications. This was why he had ordered all Eighth Level Tribulators and above to assemble.

Weaker cultivators, no matter how numerous, would serve only as cannon fodder, unnecessarily increasing casualties.

“Your Majesty, should we also inform Howler City?” Ezequiel asked cautiously, his voice low. He clearly knew about Denzel’s presence there.

Bernard fell silent, weighing the decision carefully. After a moment, he nodded decisively. “Yes, notify them. All cultivators in Howler City who have surpassed the Eighth Tribulation Level must report to the palace grounds.”

Ezequiel hesitated, then spoke nervously. “But, Your Majesty, if we do this, Prince Cedric and Prince Denzel will undoubtedly meet. I fear that...”



Ezequiel trailed off, not daring to complete his thought. He knew full well the explosive potential of such a meeting. Cedric had always believed he was Bernard's only son, entirely unaware of Denzel's existence.

"One way or another, the truth always comes to light," Bernard said, his tone steady yet tinged with weariness. "I've already named Cedric as my heir apparent. Sooner or later, Allardland will belong to him. As for Denzel, I'll have a serious talk with him. I can only hope he doesn't resent me as his father."

Ezequiel's brow furrowed deeply, concern evident in his eyes. "Your Majesty, I urge you to reconsider. History is rife with examples of dynasties crumbling due to discord between princes vying for power. If Prince Denzel is allowed to return now, his dissatisfaction could ignite a crisis both within and beyond our borders. With the Demon Seal Alliance threatening us externally, any internal strife could become catastrophic. Should Prince Denzel sow discord, I fear Prince Cedric may struggle to maintain order."

Ezequiel's words carried the weight of wisdom. His appointment as Prime Minister had its reasons—he had an exceptional talent for foreseeing matters that could jeopardize Allardland's safety and stability. His argument was not one of disloyalty but of prudent caution.

"Don't worry," Bernard said, his voice cold and resolute. "If Denzel ever harbors thoughts of rebellion, I will deal with him myself. This battle with the Demon Seal Alliance will not only defend Allardland but also serve as a proving ground for Cedric. He has endured years of frailty, and this is his chance to establish his credibility."

Bernard's decision to declare war against the Demon Seal Alliance was driven by many factors, far beyond just his protection of Jared.

"You have my word, Your Majesty," Ezequiel replied firmly. "As long as I draw breath, I will ensure no harm comes to Prince Cedric." His tone carried a weight of unwavering loyalty as he hastened to assure Bernard of his dedication.

"Good." Bernard nodded, a faint smile softening his stern demeanor before he turned to leave the hall.

Ezequiel immediately immersed himself in preparations. Allardland governed dozens of cities, and the exact number of Eighth Level Tribulators across the kingdom was a mystery even to him.

Meanwhile, Jared, after accompanying Cedric on a tour of the palace grounds, returned to his quarters. By then, the room had been stocked with an impressive assortment of cultivation resources.

Despite the abundance of resources, Jared found himself unable to focus on training. He knew little about Allardland's true strength, nor the full might of the Demon Seal Alliance. The thought of Allardland falling into ruin and its people suffering because of him weighed heavily on his mind. The guilt would be unbearable.

After long contemplation, Jared resolved to leave.

However, he made a deliberate decision not to take Cloud with him. Instead, he left instructions for Cloud to remain in Allardland and take advantage of the ample cultivation resources available. This way, Cloud could continue training uninterrupted, and Jared could travel unburdened, making it slightly easier to evade the inevitable pursuit by the Demon Seal Alliance.

Without notifying Cedric, Jared quietly slipped away from Allardland. He was certain that Cedric, loyal and protective as he was, would have done everything in his power to stop him from leaving.

No sooner had Jared left Allardland than he was spotted by Gatlin, Seth, and Ruth. The three hadn't strayed far; they had been keeping watch just outside Allardland's borders all along.

"Mr. Gatlin, what is Jared thinking? Leaving Allardland alone at a time like this-does he have a death wish?" Ruth asked, confused.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4480** – Gatlin furrowed his brow, equally puzzled. "I can't figure it out either. What could he be planning? Is he deliberately provoking us into taking action against him?"

Seth chimed in, equally baffled. "But why would he do that? There's no way he could stand a chance against the three of us, right?"

Ruth's sharp eyes narrowed. "Isn't it obvious? This guy must have Allardland backing him. If we attack him, they'll use it as an excuse to retaliate."

Gatlin's expression darkened. He couldn't discern Jared's true intentions, and the uncertainty left him wary. "That's possible. For now, let's just follow him. Let's see where he's headed and what he's really up to."

With that, the trio shadowed Jared.

Just as Gatlin and the others were preparing to tail Jared, the air around them suddenly quivered, rippling with an unseen force. Without warning, two elders materialized beside them.

A flicker of annoyance crossed Gatlin's face at the sight of the newcomers, though he quickly masked it.

"Gatlin, Mr. Lefterov was concerned this task might be beyond your abilities, so he sent us to assist," said one of the elders, a black-robed man with notably long eyebrows. His tone carried an air of condescension.

Gatlin was displeased. "Cayan, he's just a Seventh Level Tribulator. Why can't handle him?"

Cayan's lips curled into a faint, derisive smile. "If you were capable, you wouldn't have let Jared slip away and resorted to merely following him like a shadow."

The second elder, Milton, joined in with a mocking chuckle. "An Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator, afraid to confront a mere Seventh Level Tribulator. Seems our leader had the right idea sending us here."

"Milton, spare me your smug remarks," Gatlin retorted, his irritation now barely concealed. "If you're so confident, why don't you take the lead and capture Jared yourself?"

As Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators, all serving in the Demon Seal Alliance, friction and rivalry among them were commonplace. In the Ethereal Realm, pride and the refusal to lose were ingrained in nearly everyone.

"Fine, I'll show you," Milton said with a sneer, stepping forward. His hand moved in a fluid arc, and the empty space before him rippled as if disturbed by an unseen force.

Jared, who had been making his way forward, suddenly sensed an intense wave of danger behind him. Instinctively, he tightened his grip on the Dragonslayer Sword, his senses sharpening to the threat.

In a seamless motion, the sword flashed in his hand, its gleam slicing through the undulating void.

Milton let out a cold snort, his eyes narrowing. With a casual flip of his right hand, he commanded, "Get back here!"

Boom!

In an instant, the air seemed to condense, forming an enormous, spectral hand as massive as a mountain. It lunged toward Jared with astonishing speed, its five fingers closing around him like an iron cage. For a moment, Jared was caught in the crushing grip.

Bang!

But he soon swung the Dragonslayer Sword, channeling his energy into the strike. The sword's radiant blade cleaved through the spectral hand, triggering a thunderous explosion. The massive hand shattered into fragments.

In a flash, Jared retreated several kilometers, his movements swift yet strained. A thin trickle of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth, and his Dragonslayer Sword trembled slightly in his grip.

He struggled against the surprise assault of a formidable opponent.

Jared glanced toward Milton, his expression grim. The strength of his adversaries was undeniable—they were Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators, and worse still, they were working together. The odds were heavily stacked against him.

Just as Jared got ready to escape, he realized his path of retreat had already been cut off. Shadowy figures loomed in every direction, encircling him. His brows knitted together, and he had no choice but to come up with something else.

"If I can't escape, then I'll fight..." he muttered through gritted teeth, his resolve hardening like tempered steel. His eyes blazed with an unyielding determination. The fierce fighting spirit within him ignited, and as it surged, it awakened the sword intent. The Dragonslayer Sword released a powerful resonance that reverberated through the air, its hum like a war cry echoing across the battlefield.

Milton's eyes narrowed as he studied Jared, his voice tinged with surprise. "You're certainly not like any average Seventh Level Tribulator. To shatter my giant palm with a single strike... your strength has undoubtedly touched the Ultimate Realm."

Wiping the blood from his face, Jared charged forward. "Enough with the chatter. Let's see how I deal with you today!"