

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

## / A Man Like None Other

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4481** – Despite facing a cultivator of Milton’s caliber, and despite being outnumbered, Jared displayed not a shred of fear. He knew he wasn’t without options. He still had his Celestial Devourer, the fire unicorn, the Divine Bow, the Dragon Bell, along with the Vermillion Demon Lord that lay in his consciousness field.

With a deafening rumble, all the power within Jared erupted in an overwhelming surge, rippling outward like a tidal wave. In that fleeting moment, his aura exploded.

Facing Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators, Jared knew he couldn’t afford to underestimate his opponent, especially when there were more than one of them. As his aura surged to a terrifying intensity, the very fabric of the surrounding void began to warp, as if the immense pressure was distorting reality itself.

Milton narrowed his eyes at Jared, his brow furrowing slightly. “This energy... it can’t possibly belong to a Seventh Level Tribulator. This kid certainly has something extraordinary about him.”

Without hesitation, Milton took a step forward, his confidence unwavering despite the disparity in their strength. He raised his hand and pressed it downward with commanding force. Even though Jared exuded terrifying power, Milton was unfazed.

Boom!

In an instant, the very void above Jared split open, and a colossal hand descended, aimed directly at him.

The blow came down with such force that it nearly tore the distorted void apart.

Faced with the overwhelming strike, a fierce glint flashed in Jared’s eyes. Without hesitation, he swung his Dragonslayer Sword, unleashing a torrent of sword intent that manifested as radiant slashes, soaring toward the massive hand. The sword light collided with the hand, erupting in a violent explosion that instantly shredded it into fragments.

Jared, though momentarily stunned, couldn’t hide his surprise. He hadn’t expected an attack from an Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator to be so easily neutralized.

While Jared was briefly lost in thought, a sudden wave of danger washed over him. His pupils contracted as a figure materialized before him in an instant.

Before he could react, a punch came flying toward his face-not bound by any technique, but carrying the raw power of law itself.

“Jared’s gaze sharpened, his body tense. He didn’t retreat, he knew that avoiding this blow was impossible at this point. The only option was to meet it head-on.

Only the bravest emerged victorious.”

Jared thrust the Dragonslayer Sword forward with all his might.

Bang!

In that instant, a sudden weightlessness overtook him, as though an immense force had sent him soaring backward. However, as his body was flung away, the Dragonslayer Sword remained in his grip, its blade swirling through the air and creating a cascade of sword flowers that blocked every possible escape route.

Despite the storm of sword strikes that swirled around him, Milton advanced relentlessly.

Thud, thud, thud...

Each strike from Jared’s sword found its mark, yet inexplicably, they caused no harm. Milton’s movements remained unimpeded, and he pressed forward without hesitation.

As Milton closed the distance, Jared’s sword intent surged within him. The Dragonslayer Sword let out a resonant hum as he thrust it forward, aiming directly at Milton’s chest.

To Jared’s astonishment, Milton did not flinch or attempt to dodge, instead allowing the blade to plunge toward him.

Clang!

Milton’s body quivered ever so slightly upon impact, and a chilling aura rippled outward. Yet, despite the sword’s deadly precision and overwhelming force, it halted just inches from his chest, unable to advance any further.

Jared’s brows knitted tightly in frustration as the power within him surged once more, his grip tightening around the Dragonslayer Sword. But still, the blade failed to penetrate Milton’s body. The frustration on Jared’s face deepened as his efforts proved futile.

Milton’s cold smirk only grew as he watched Jared struggle. “You can’t hurt me,” he taunted. In a swift, fluid motion, he threw a powerful punch directly at the Dragonslayer Sword in Jared’s hand.

Seeing the impending danger, Jared swiftly sheathed the Dragonslayer Sword and retreated. His sword still bore imperfections, and Zelda had yet to fully recover. If Milton destroyed the weapon now, Zelda would be lost to him forever.

Jared knew he couldn't afford such a risk, so he reluctantly created distance, keeping his sword close. As he observed Milton standing before him, his brow furrowed with growing concern. Not only was this man immensely powerful, but his physical strength seemed unparalleled. It was clear that Milton's body had been forged through countless trials, each one strengthening him to an almost indomitable level.

"Let's see whose body is stronger, yours or mine..." To everyone's surprise, Jared sheathed his sword and activated his Golem Body. Golden scales rapidly spread across his skin, transforming into a shimmering suit of golden armor that radiated with immense power.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4482** – Milton observed Jared sheathing his sword, clearly intending to challenge him in a test of physical strength. A scoff escaped him as he sneered, "Young man, I've weathered countless trials, relying only on my strength. Testing your might against mine is like bragging about swimming to a fish."

A look of disdain twisted Milton's features. He took a single step forward, and the earth beneath him seemed to tremble in response.

"Meteor Punch!" Milton roared as he unleashed another devastating blow. This time, his punch was unlike the last. It was accompanied by a flurry of afterimages, each one mirroring the fiery streak of a meteor, all speeding toward Jared.

Jared's teeth clenched, and with a grim determination, he planted his feet firmly into the earth.

Boom!

One fist after another rained down on him like a barrage of shooting stars. The sheer force pushed Jared back, his body sliding and leaving two deep grooves in the ground as he struggled to hold his ground.

In that instant, Milton vanished from his position, reappearing before Jared in the blink of an eye.

He launched another punch, this one charged with the ferocity of a raging thunderstorm. The force was so immense it seemed to tear the very fabric of the air, creating a black hole in its wake.

But Jared's eyes held no fear-only a burning resolve to fight.

With a fierce determination, he clenched his right fist, a radiant burst of golden light erupting from it. In a swift motion, he thrust it forward, shouting, "Sacred Light Fist!"

Bam!

As the two punches collided mid-air, the impact unleashed a violent tempest. The force of the clash created a turbulent rift in the void- fleeting yet powerful enough to make the entire space tremble with unrelenting force.

Milton's body was pushed back with incredible speed, finally halting after several hundred meters. Jared, however, was sent flying, crashing into the ground with a deafening impact that created a deep crater several meters wide.

Milton's brow furrowed slightly, and his gaze shifted toward Jared, now tinged with a hint less contempt.

Meanwhile, Gatlin, Cayan, and the others, who had been blocking Jared's escape, watched in stunned silence. Their faces mirrored the shock of the moment.

Ruth and Seth, despite both being at Ultimate Realm Level Two, were deeply shaken by the recent exchange. From the intensity of the battle, it was clear: had they been the ones to face Jared's punch, they would have been sent flying with little hope of resistance.

Jared took a deep breath, pushing himself out of the deep pit that had formed beneath him. His body, though strengthened by the Golem Body and the Sacred Light Fist, still felt the weight of the overwhelming power disparity. Despite his exceptional talent and the might of the Golden Dragon's True Form, the gap in their levels was undeniable. For the first time, Jared could truly sense the distance between them.

Jared gritted his teeth, pushing through the pain that rippled through his body, as if every joint had been shattered. Without the protection of the Golem Body and his rigorous physical training, that last punch would have pulverized him into nothing.

An Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator was indeed a force to be reckoned with.

Despite Jared's ability to fight above his weight, he knew there were limits to how far he could push himself. His gaze remained fixed on Milton, his expression growing more serious with each passing moment. He was uncertain whether he should reveal some of his hidden strength now-or hold back, waiting for the right moment.

Milton's expression shifted from one of mockery to solemn seriousness. Jared's relentless strength had gradually forced him to take the young warrior seriously, something he hadn't expected.

“This brat cannot be allowed to remain. If left unchecked, he will undoubtedly become a major threat to the Demon Seal Alliance,” Milton said to himself.

With a narrowed gaze, Milton took a single step forward, and in an instant, his body disappeared, as though swallowed by the very air.

Jared felt a surge of unfamiliar energy erupt within him.

From a distance, Milton moved like a blur, his speed pushing the very limits of possibility. It was as if he was bending time and space itself, charging straight toward Jared with unstoppable force.

At this speed, even someone at Ultimate Realm Level Four would likely struggle to evade or block such a move.

Jared’s eyes widened, his focus fixed solely on Milton as his lips moved, silently murmuring something under his breath. In the blink of an eye, a flash of light tore through the void, cutting through the air like a bolt of lightning.

A strange force materialized, enveloping the void for miles around. Milton, who had been as fast as lightning, suddenly felt as if invisible chains were binding him, his movements slowing down. The incredible speed that had once been imperceptible to the naked eye now became unmistakably visible.

Milton’s brows furrowed in disbelief as he turned to face Jared. In that instant, Jared had already slipped to the side, narrowly avoiding Milton’s strike as the force of his body brushed past.

Incredibly, Jared had dodged the blow.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4483** – “Hey, kid, what did you just do?” Milton asked Jared, confused.

Jared smirked, his expression dripping with disdain. “Nothing. You’re just so slow, I’m about to fall asleep.”

Milton’s face twisted in fury. With a roar, he charged at Jared once more. This time, his body tore through the void, appearing before Jared in the blink of an eye. But as he prepared to land a devastating punch, an unusual surge of power swept over him, pulling at his very being. The strange force wrapped around his body, slowing his movements to a crawl, leaving him momentarily suspended in time.

Wide-eyed, Milton watched as Jared, with a mocking grin on his face, deliberately sidestepped him, effortlessly slipping past his reach.

“D\*mn it! This is impossible!”

Milton was seething with rage. Without a moment’s hesitation, he turned and unleashed another punch. In that instant, figures began to materialize around him, and to Jared’s astonishment, Milton seemed to multiply, creating countless replicas that surrounded him from all sides. No matter where Jared tried to maneuver, it felt as though Milton’s fists were always within striking distance.

Jared wiped the blood from the corner of his lips. The strange power within him surged once more, and instead of retreating, he pushed forward. In a breathtaking move, he brushed past Milton yet again.

Amid the countless figures, Jared’s sharp eyes quickly pinpointed a flaw, and with surprising ease, he evaded Milton’s attack. Though he managed to dodge, Jared’s complexion grew pale.

What he had just used was the Time Nascence, a powerful ability that allowed him to manipulate time within a specific range. However, the strain it placed on him was immense, leaving Jared physically drained and unable to use it again in quick succession.

“Milton, this young man has mastered the Time Nascence-be cautious!” Cayan shouted, his voice laced with urgency as he warned Milton.

“The Time Nascence?” Milton’s expression shifted to one of disbelief as he stared at Jared. “You... how is it possible for someone like you, a mere Seventh Level Tribulator, to control the Time Nascence? This is... unimaginable!”

Milton’s mind struggled to process the situation. A junior cultivator, barely at the Tribulation level, was wielding the Time Nascence—a power that even many Ultimate Realm cultivators couldn’t control. It was beyond comprehension.

Jared had just used the time nascence not once, but three times in quick succession—an act that seemed almost impossible. It was beyond belief.

“There are many things that defy comprehension,” Jared said, his voice laced with feigned nonchalance. “And I still have plenty of tricks up my sleeve. Otherwise, you’d already be dead.”

In reality, Jared was only trying to intimidate Milton. At that moment, he was completely unable to use the time nascence again, but he hoped that by projecting confidence, he could force Milton to hesitate. Even if he couldn’t scare him off entirely, the fear he might instill could give Jared a psychological edge in the coming confrontation.

“Hmph, who do you think you’re fooling?” Milton sneered. “Even if you have the Time Nascence, if I decide to kill you, it would be as easy as catching a fly!”

Milton wasn't even slightly intimidated. In an instant, he transformed into a streak of light and vanished from sight.

Seeing this, Jared discarded any lingering illusions. He immediately summoned his sword, feeling the flickering draconic essence pulse within him. A surge of golden light erupted behind him, and slowly, a golden dragon began to materialize. With a swift motion, Jared unleashed his sword, its radiance cutting through the air, while the golden dragon coiled around it, letting out a series of powerful, resonant roars that filled the space.

Even the Cyanna Draconic Essence surrounding Jared glowed with a deep crimson hue. Above his head, an illusory shadow of the Azure Dragon circled, adding to the intensity of his presence. The sight left Gatlin and his companions utterly dumbfounded.

"What's going on? How could this kid possibly radiate the aura of two different Draconian clans?"

"D\*mn it, even if he has a Draconian bloodline, there's no way he should be able to manifest two types of draconic energy!"

Gatlin and Cayan exchanged looks of utter disbelief, their faces filled with shock.

"Don't tell me he's the product of a union between a Golden Dragon and an Azure Dragon!" Ruth exclaimed in surprise.

No sooner had Ruth spoken than the others looked at him as though he were a fool.

Feeling their piercing gazes, Ruth immediately flushed with embarrassment, lowering his head in shame.

"If you're not going to use your brain, you might as well donate it," Gatlin scolded, his tone dripping with disdain. "How could you say something so ignorant?"

## **A Man Like None Other Chapter 4484 – Rumble...**

Meanwhile, Jared, with a swift strike of his sword, sent Milton flying a full kilometer away in an instant. However, the force of the blow also sent Jared hurtling backward.

Gatlin's expression darkened, his eyes narrowing with concern. He had not anticipated Jared's strength to be so overwhelming. Milton was considered the strongest among their group, and he had been sent flying with ease.

Despite being at the Tribulation Stage, Jared had managed to spar with Milton for so long without sustaining any major injuries.

This is just absurd!

Gatlin was grateful he hadn't rashly attacked Jared himself-had he been defeated by the young Tribulator, it would have been a crushing humiliation.

Milton, still reeling from Jared's sword strike, slowly lowered his gaze. To his astonishment, he noticed a wound on his left chest. It wasn't deep, but the fact that a mere Seventh Level Tribulator had managed to inflict any injury on him at all was utterly absurd.

At that moment, Milton's fury surged. The humiliation was too much to bear, especially with others watching. As an Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivator, being bested by a mere Seventh Level Tribulator would have been an embarrassing blow to his pride. Worse still, he had just mocked Gatlin for being too timid to take on Jared. Now, here he was, in the very position he had ridiculed-this was the very definition of karma.

"Kid, I don't care who you are. Today, you die!" Milton growled, his fists clenched so tightly that his knuckles whitened. A terrifying aura exploded from within him, rippling outward like a violent hurricane, its force slamming toward Jared.

In the blink of an eye, Milton surged forward like a bolt of lightning, his body a blur as he shot toward Jared.

But just as he was about to strike, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. His brows furrowed deeply, and his gaze shifted toward the distant void.

Gatlin and the others, sensing the shift in atmosphere, turned their attention toward the same direction.

"The people from Allardland are coming. Stop wasting time!" Gatlin called out, his tone urgent.

Milton nodded, his expression grim. "Let's join forces, take this young man down, and claim the Demon Sea Alliance's hundred-year offering!"

Once they finished speaking, the five Ultimate Realm cultivators launched their attack on Jared in unison. The sight of five powerful cultivators targeting a Seventh Level Tribulator would, if it got out, likely become one of the greatest jokes in the Ethereal Realm.

Waves of terrifying energy erupted from their combined assault, ripping through the air and distorting the very fabric of the void. The universe itself seemed to tremble, as though the heavens and earth were on the verge of collapse.



As Jared faced the overwhelming force of their simultaneous assault, his brow furrowed in frustration.

“You’re all beyond shameless...” he muttered bitterly, cursing under his breath.

Jared knew all too well that chastising them would be pointless. These Demonic Cultivators had no regard for martial ethics, and they were beyond reason. Although Jared knew he wasn’t inferior to them, he couldn’t afford to sit idly by and let disaster unfold.

With a resolute expression, Jared gripped his Dragonslayer Sword and immediately unleashed a flurry of brilliant sword light, halting the five attackers in their tracks.

As he swung his blade, he simultaneously called upon the Divine Bow. The moment the bow was fully drawn, countless marked auras around him began to converge, forming a multitude of glowing arrows.

The sight of Jared’s Divine Bow took all five opponents by surprise. Before they could even react, Jared had already drawn the bow and unleashed a volley of arrows.

Rumble...

The air was filled with a series of earth-shattering explosions. Jared was instantly propelled backward, his body sent flying through the air. Despite wielding the Divine Bow, the notion of fending off the combined onslaught of five Ultimate Realm cultivators seemed almost impossible.

Jared’s Golem Body began to crack and disintegrate, turning into a brilliant golden light that vanished. His physical form, too, was ravaged-fresh blood splattered from his wounds. Yet, even as the pain racked his body, Jared’s resolve remained unbroken. He had prepared himself for this moment, knowing full well that if he was going down, he would drag someone down with him.

The act of drawing the bow and readying the arrow had nearly drained all of Jared’s remaining aura.

Despite the toll it had taken on him, Jared was resolute in his determination to go down fighting-taking his enemies with him.

The sheer force of the Divine Bow had left Gatlin and his companions in stunned disbelief.

They never could have anticipated that Jared would wield such an extraordinary weapon- one of unmatched power.

Milton's eyes widened in shock as he stared down at his arm, where his hand had been cleanly severed from the wrist by one of the arrows. The others were equally injured.

Despite their combined might, the five of them had failed to defeat Jared. Instead, they found themselves wounded by his relentless counterattack.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4485** – “Divine Bow... How could this kid possibly possess the Divine Bow?” Milton muttered in disbelief, his gaze fixed on the severed stump of his arm.

The others shared his shock, their eyes locked on the weapon in Jared's hand, brows furrowing in confusion. The Divine Bow was popular in the Ethereal Realm for its unmatched power. Yet, here it was, in the hands of Jared, a mere Tribulation Stage cultivator. None of them could fathom how such an extraordinary weapon had come to be wielded by someone so seemingly insignificant.

“I truly underestimated this young man. It seems he must have some significant backing,” Cayan murmured, his voice tinged with unease.

Gatlin, however, remained silent, his fingers moving rhythmically, as if he was calculating something. After a few tense moments, his expression darkened considerably. Without betraying a trace of emotion, he turned to Ruth and Seth, his tone cold and commanding. “Do not act recklessly later. Stay behind me and follow my lead.”

Ruth, visibly confused, frowned. “Mr. Gatlin, even if Jared has the Divine Bow, he's just a Tribulator. If we join forces, we can undoubtedly take him down. Why are you even considering retreating? It's humiliating!”

How could so many of us possibly fear Jared?

Gatlin delivered a resounding slap to Ruth's face.

“You don't know anything,” Gatlin snapped, his expression dark. “I've figured it out-this kid has some serious backing. We can't afford to mess with him. If you don't want to retreat, don't blame me for what happens to you!”

Ruth held his tongue, not daring to utter another word.

Cayan smirked at the scene. “Gatlin, you may lack many talents, but you certainly know how to punish your disciple.”

Gatlin ignored the jab, his gaze darting around the battlefield as he silently worked out a potential escape plan.

“Enough of this nonsense,” Milton growled, his face contorted with fury. “Let’s take him down together. That kid must have something valuable on him!”

The humiliation burned in his chest—a cultivator of his stature, an Ultimate Realm Level Four, reduced to this state by a mere Tribulator. His severed hand throbbed as a bitter reminder, fueling his thirst for revenge.

“All right, let’s charge together,” Cayan agreed with a nod.

“Charge!” Milton roared, surging toward Jared in a blur of motion, with Cayan closely on his heels.

“Run!” Gatlin bolted in the opposite direction, dragging Ruth and Seth along with him.

Startled, Milton and Cayan skidded to a halt, their confusion evident as they turned to see Gatlin and his disciples disappearing faster than startled rabbits. In the blink of an eye, the trio had vanished without a trace.

“What in the world are they doing?” Milton spat, his voice laced with disbelief and frustration.

“Scared off by a mere Tribulator—what a coward!” Cayan scoffed, his expression a mix of confusion and disdain.

Milton’s fury only deepened. “That cowardly fool! Once I return, I’m reporting him to Mr. Lefterov. He needs a lesson in discipline!”

Milton turned back to Cayan. “Forget them. Just the two of us can take Jared down. We’ll split his possessions evenly—and the hundred-year offering will be ours for the taking.”

“Can the two of us handle this?” Cayan’s unease deepened as he watched Gatlin vanish into the distance.

Milton scowled. “Why can’t we? We’re both Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators. Are you saying we can’t deal with a mere Seventh Level Tribulator? Quit second-guessing. If the Allardland people get here, we’ll be the ones scrambling to survive.”

Cayan’s gaze flickered toward the Divine Bow in Jared’s grip, his eyes narrowing. After a moment of hesitation, he gritted his teeth. “Fine, but let’s be clear—once we’ve dealt with Jared, the Divine Bow is mine.”

Milton sighed, clearly annoyed, but nodded. “Fine. Just help me kill him, and you can take whatever you want.”

“Deal!” A newfound resolve lit up Cayan’s face. Without wasting another moment, both of them surged forward, their bodies transforming into streaks of light that shot toward Jared with deadly intent.

Milton, despite having lost a hand, his strength seemed entirely unaffected. Jared, observing the situation, exhaled deeply and stowed away the Divine Bow. The previous attack had drained almost all of his aura.

Clutching the Dragonslayer Sword with both hands, Jared steeled himself, preparing to deliver one final, all-or-nothing strike.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4486** – This is it. After this, no matter the outcome, I will relinquish control to the Vermilion Demon Lord.

“Kid, you expect me to step in when you’re already knocking on death’s door? How generous of you. But I must decline. If I unleashed even a fraction of my power in your current state, your body would crumble to dust.” The Vermilion Demon Lord, knowing what Jared was thinking, spoke up.

With no avenue for escape and his adversaries closing in fast, Jared gritted his teeth and made his move.

“Assembly of the Swords!” he roared, slashing his blade through the air with unwavering resolve.

The Dragonslayer Sword hummed with ancient power as Jared unleashed the ultimate skill of the Ten Thousand Sword Sect. The void itself seemed to rend open, a jagged tear forming in its fabric as the heavens and earth trembled under the immense force. The ripple of energy was so profound that even cultivators hundreds of kilometers away paused, startled by the disturbance.

From the skies above, countless dazzling sword lights cascaded like a meteor shower, surging toward Milton and Cayan from every direction, leaving them with nowhere to run.

Jared’s body staggered backward under the relentless recoil of the unleashed sword aura. Similarly, Milton and Cayan were forced into retreat, battered by the ceaseless barrage of sword energy. They hastily conjured shield after shield to fend off the attack.

Despite their defenses, both suffered numerous wounds. While none of the injuries were fatal, it was shocking that a mere Seventh Level Tribulator could injure not one but two Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators.

At that moment, Jared was at his weakest, his energy utterly depleted. The devastating sword strike he had unleashed moments earlier had drained nearly every ounce of strength from his

body. He leaned heavily on the Dragonslayer Sword, using it as a crutch to keep himself upright. Blood flowed freely from numerous wounds, staining the ground beneath him.

Were it not for Jared's exceptional physique and resilience, the sheer force of that attack might have backfired entirely, leaving him in a far more perilous state.

The idea of injuring two Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators with a single sword strike was something Jared could scarcely have dared to imagine. It was a feat born not of confidence, but of sheer desperation. Relying solely on his unwavering resolve to fight to the bitter end, Jared had poured every ounce of his remaining strength into that final strike.

Though both Milton and Cayan were injured, their wounds were far from fatal. However, the backlash Jared endured from the strike nearly sent him into unconsciousness. In his weakened state, even if the Vermilion Demon Lord attempted to take control, it seemed unlikely to be of any use.

With the slightest exertion of force from the Vermilion Demon Lord, Jared's body would be utterly destroyed.

"This guy's finished." Cayan sneered. "We don't even need to lift a finger; he'll probably drop dead on his own."

"True," Milton agreed, his voice cold. "The kid's reached the end of his rope. But the fact that he managed to withstand our attacks and still hurt us-he's got enough to boast about when he's gone."

As Milton spoke, he took slow, deliberate steps toward Jared. In their eyes, Jared was no more than a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

"Kid, run away..." The Vermilion Demon Lord urged, sensing the inevitable.

Jared let out a sudden, dry chuckle. "Run? There's no escaping today."

He knew it was futile. No matter what, he wouldn't be able to escape.

Jared dropped the Dragonslayer Sword. Yet, instead of fleeing or fighting further, he slowly sank into a cross-legged position, as if embracing his fate.

As Jared settled, three terrifying auras within him began to stir, coiling and intertwining. The Power of Three moved in harmony, gradually forming into a long, radiant sword. At the same

time, a fiery sensation began to course through his body, the multicolored flames swirling around him, radiating an entrancing and dangerous beauty.

The sky dimmed as twilight gave way to darkness, and stars began to dot the heavens above Jared. Some gleamed faintly, while others blazed with intensity, casting a surreal light over the scene. From those celestial bodies, a myriad of auras descended, weaving together and converging into the forming longsword in Jared's grasp.

His face contorted into a ghastly visage, pallid and unrecognizable, like a malicious spirit rising from the depths of despair. The divine soul within him was disintegrating rapidly, unraveling at a pace that defied comprehension. Jared had sacrificed everything-his strength, his essence, even his nascence space-to fuel this final, devastating strike.

If he was to fall, he vowed to drag the two before him down with him.

In the vast heavens above, stars shimmered like scattered jewels, their light ethereal and enigmatic. Beneath their feet, the ground came alive with intricate streaks of white light, weaving together to form an immense eight trigrams symbol.

It was as though the heavens and the earth had become one, resonating in harmony. The forces between them surged and intertwined, creating an overwhelming and terrifying energy.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4487** – Milton and Cayan stood frozen, their faces etched with shock and disbelief. The scene before them was beyond anything they had ever encountered, as though the end of the world was unfolding before their eyes.

“What in the heavens are these stars in the sky and the patterns forming on the ground?” Milton murmured.

“That sword... It carries the essence of humans, demons, and beasts. Could it be the combined strength of the three races?”

“And those flames-they're infused with the essence of demonic fire. Not just one, but multiple types. Has he actually cultivated all of them?”

Cayan's eyes widened in sheer disbelief, his expression a mixture of astonishment and terror. The moment his words left his lips, he turned and propelled himself backward like a cannonball, showing not a shred of hesitation in his retreat.

Milton, witnessing Cayan's sudden flight, instinctively followed suit, retreating with equal urgency. Gone was the arrogance and disdain they had shown earlier. In this moment, neither dared to underestimate Jared-a mere Seventh Level Tribulator who had defied all logic.

Cayan, in particular, was silently cursing himself, filled with regret for not fleeing with Gatlin earlier.

Who could have imagined that Jared would unleash such an unfathomable and devastating power?

Buzz!

Suddenly, it was as if the world had been reset -returning instantly to its original, tranquil state. The stars vanished from the heavens, and the intricate pattern on the ground dissolved into nothingness.

Jared, however, staggered as a mouthful of blood burst from his lips, his body crumpling to the ground. He could feel his life slipping away, each moment more fleeting than the last. His vision blurred, and a cascade of memories from his past began to flash vividly before his eyes.

Just as Jared's eyes fluttered shut and his spirit began to drift away, a radiant beam of white light pierced the air. From within its brilliance, a middle-aged man emerged.

With a single hand, he lifted Jared's lifeless body, cradling him effortlessly. The man exuded a gentle, healing glow, and Jared was soon enveloped in its warmth. His soul slowly returned to his body.

Milton and Cayan stood frozen, their expressions blank with disbelief as they stared at the middle-aged man. It was as if he had materialized out of thin air.

For cultivators of their caliber, their senses were honed to detect even the faintest things, no matter how swift or subtle. Yet, this man's arrival was beyond their comprehension.

"Who are you?" Milton demanded.

The middle-aged man gently smoothed Jared's disheveled hair before lifting his gaze to them. "You are not worthy of knowing who I am," he declared.

"F\*ck, how arrogant!" Milton frowned, his aura erupting like a mountain torrent and surging toward the man with overwhelming force.

The middle-aged man stood motionless, his composure unwavering. As Milton's terrifying aura surged toward him, it dissipated into nothingness before it could even come close.

Milton's eyes widened in disbelief.

At that moment, Cayan's eyes narrowed as he finally gauged the middle-aged man's strength. His expression turned grim, and he urgently muttered, "We need to leave, Milton."

Without another word, Cayan sprang into the air, ready to flee.

But just as he attempted to take flight, an invisible force seemed to slam into him, halting his movement entirely. He was forced to plummet back to the ground.

Meanwhile, Milton tried to retreat as well, but found his efforts equally futile. He managed to take only three steps before an invisible barrier gripped him. No matter how much he strained, his feet were locked in place, his body refusing to budge even an inch.

At that moment, both Milton and Cayan were struck with a sense of terror. The middle-aged man hadn't moved an inch from the start, yet they found themselves completely immobilized.

"Mr. Sanders..." Slowly, Jared opened his eyes, his gaze locking onto the middle-aged man standing before him. A faint smile spread across Jared's face.

As soon as Jared uttered "Mr. Sanders," he slowly closed his eyes again.

Milton and Cayan furrowed their brows, their minds racing as they tried to comprehend the identity of this mysterious "Mr. Sanders."

Arthur gently lowered Jared to the ground. Only then did he finally turn his attention to the two men, his gaze sharp and unwavering.

His face remained impassive, his eyes void of any emotion.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4488** – With a single glance from him, both Cayan and Milton felt an overwhelming pressure. Their divine souls escaped their bodies, and their physical bodies collapsed to the ground.

Their souls darted in every direction, desperate to escape. But despite their efforts, they remained trapped in the area. Arthur barely moved his hand, and in an instant, their souls were pulled toward it, caught effortlessly within the confines of his grasp.

"I'll be using your divine souls to restore his strength," Arthur stated coldly.

After Arthur's words, he rubbed his hands together. In an instant, the souls of Cayan and Milton condensed into a blinding beam of white light, which surged into Jared's body.

To Arthur, these two Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators were nothing more than insignificant insects, barely deserving of his attention.

Even the Vermilion Demon Lord, hidden deep within Jared's consciousness, cowered in fear, trembling at the thought of Arthur discovering his presence.

He's so powerful, yet he keeps helping Jared. The Vermilion Demon Lord was confused, struggling to fathom what Jared's true identity was.

From a distance, more than a dozen figures swiftly approached, and soon, Cedric, flanked by the elite experts of Allardland, arrived at the scene.



The moment their eyes landed on Arthur, a wave of shock washed over them. Cedric and the other experts froze, their faces draining of color as they instinctively recognized the immense threat before them. It was as though they were facing an adversary of unimaginable power.

Although Arthur remained completely still, offering no menacing aura or visible threat, the moment the Allardland experts laid eyes on him, a suffocating pressure gripped their hearts. Instinctively, they positioned Cedric behind them, their expressions tense and wary as they watched Arthur with the utmost vigilance.

Arthur turned his gaze toward Cedric and asked calmly, "Are you here to take him with you?"

"Yes," Cedric replied, stepping forward and pushing through the crowd toward Arthur.

"He's a rare opportunity for Allardland. You should seize it..."

Before Cedric could respond, Arthur gave a faint smile. In an instant, he disappeared without a trace, vanishing as though he had never been there at all.

Cedric and the other experts were left stunned.

Cedric, in particular, couldn't make sense of Arthur's cryptic words. What does he mean? What "rare opportunity" could Mr. Chance represent?

"Bring Mr. Chance back!" Cedric ordered.

Jared was quickly transported back to Allardland. Upon seeing the severity of his injuries, Cloud was overwhelmed with guilt. He had always been by Jared's side, yet he had been completely unaware of Jared's secret departure.

Cloud quickly deduced that Jared must have left without a word to avoid putting him in danger, especially considering the relentless pursuit by the Demon Seal Alliance. Jared likely didn't want to drag him into the conflict.

Cedric delivered a wealth of resources and entrusted Cloud with Jared's care while he immediately began mobilizing his forces to secure the palace. He knew that the Demon Seal Alliance would soon make their move, and it was only a matter of time before they arrived.

At the headquarters of Demon Seal Alliance, the news of Milton and Cayan's defeat quickly spread, sending shockwaves through the ranks. The fall of two powerful cultivators, both at the Ultimate Realm level, was an unprecedented blow.

"Mr. Lefterov, the people from Allardland arrived right away, leaving us no chance to kill Jared. I had already told the two of them to leave, but they refused to listen. They were fixated on obtaining the Divine Bow from Jared. In the end, we were ambushed and nearly killed by Allardland's forces. Thankfully, I managed to act swiftly and escaped with two of my disciples," Gatlin reported to Talcott.

In reality, Gatlin had no idea about the deaths of Milton and Cayan until he returned to the headquarters. Upon hearing the news, he felt a sense of relief, but he quickly realized that he couldn't be entirely truthful in his report. If he revealed that he had secretly fled, he would undoubtedly face severe punishment.

"Gatlin, your fear of death drove you to act out of selfishness, abandoning Milton and Cayan. Your cowardice is what led to their tragic deaths! You've never been truly loyal to the Demon Seal Alliance!" someone shouted furiously, pointing an accusatory finger at him.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4489** – "You're talking nonsense!" Gatlin shot back, his frustration evident. "I'm completely devoted to the Demon Seal Alliance, or I wouldn't have gone to declare war on Allardland! If you're so capable, why didn't you go? If you had, you'd probably be dead by now!"

He would never admit to fearing death or being disloyal to the Demon Seal Alliance.

"Enough." Talcott waved his hand, and the room fell into an immediate silence.

While the loss of two Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators was certainly a blow to the Demon Seal Alliance, it was not enough to provoke Talcott's wrath.

"Mr. Cabeza, how are things progressing on your end?" Talcott inquired.

"Everything is in place. Denzel and his team have already headed toward Allardland. All of their Ultimate Realm experts have been summoned to the palace, preparing for battle," Zayan replied.

Talcott smiled faintly. "Perfect. By capturing all of Allardland's experts in one fell swoop, they won't have the power to resist."

After speaking, Talcott turned to Gatlin and said, "Your recent visit to Allardland was successful, and you've gained valuable insight into their operations. Now, I want you to lead an assault on Allardland. Everyone will follow your command, but you must conquer it."

Gatlin was momentarily stunned. He hadn't anticipated that Talcott would entrust him with such an important responsibility. "But Mr. Lefterov, I..."

Gatlin recoiled at the thought of getting involved in such a crucial matter. He knew all too well that taking on the task would likely lead to his early demise.

“I’ll have Mr. Cabeza accompany you. He’s already devised a plan. Allardland will fall with ease,” Talcott interrupted, silencing Gatlin’s protest.

With no other option, Gatlin reluctantly nodded in resignation.

The rest of the Demon Seal Alliance were left perplexed, struggling to understand why Talcott had entrusted the mission to Gatlin, a man they all knew to be cowardly. However, once Talcott had spoken, no one dared to challenge his decision. The rules of the Alliance were clear- once the leader made a command, it was absolute.

As the others dispersed, Gatlin couldn’t help but sigh. The weight of the responsibility felt unbearable. He knew deep down that he wasn’t capable of shouldering such a heavy task.

It seemed as though Talcott was deliberately steering him toward his death.

“Mr. Gatlin, you’re really something now! You’re leading the Demon Seal Alliance, and a lot of those guys look down on us. This is your chance to show them who’s boss!” Ruth said eagerly, his eyes shining with excitement.

Gatlin shot Ruth a glare so fierce it seemed to burn, his fists clenched, wishing nothing more than to slap him into silence.

This guy’s crazy!

Seeing the look on Gatlin’s face, Ruth immediately recoiled in fear and quickly backed away.

Gatlin then turned to Zayan. “Mr. Cabeza, any guidance you can provide regarding the attack on Allardland would be greatly appreciated.”

Zayan gave a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry, Mr. Gatlin. Prince Denzel is already on our side. He’s now part of our Alliance. With him backing us, there’s nothing to fear!”

“That’s good. Then let’s move out,” Gatlin said, relieved. He then issued the command for the Demon Seal Alliance members to prepare for departure.

The Demon Seal Alliance had mobilized hundreds of cultivators, nearly a hundred of whom were at the Ultimate Realm. Most of these warriors were demon cultivators, carefully nurtured and trained by the Alliance over the years. Virtually all of their elite forces had been called upon for this mission.

Hundreds of Demon Seal Alliance members marched in unison, making their way toward Allardland.

Meanwhile, Cedric was rallying his own forces. The palace was well-guarded, with over a thousand elite soldiers stationed throughout, and dozens of Ultimate Realm experts summoned from across the land to fortify the defense.

“Your Highness, the experts from across the region have all arrived. We’re just waiting on the delegation from Howler City,” Ezequiel reported quietly.

Cedric, dismissing the concern with a casual wave, replied, “Howler City? It’s a remote little town, probably with no real experts. Whether they come or not, it won’t matter.”

Unbeknownst to him, the man leading Howler City was his half-brother, sharing the same father. And contrary to Cedric’s assumptions, Howler City was home to dozens of highly skilled cultivators—far more formidable than Cedric could have imagined.

These were the forces Denzel had meticulously built over the years while guarding Howler City.

Now, with his trusted experts by his side, Denzel was leading the charge toward the palace, preparing for the impending conflict.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4490** – “Your Highness, hundreds of cultivators from Demon Seal Alliance have already reached the city gates. The guards who were defending the gates have been killed.”

At that moment, a guard hurriedly arrived with a report.

“So soon?” Cedric frowned. He then turned to Ezequiel and asked, “Mr. Yorba, what should we do?”

After all, it was the first time Cedric had encountered such a significant matter, so he was somewhat indecisive.

“Your Highness, command the activation of the city defense formation and then ensure that the entire imperial city activates their arcane arrays as well to prevent these members of Demon Seal Alliance from invading too quickly!” Ezequiel exclaimed.

“Okay. I’ll immediately act on your orders, Mr. Yorba. Activate the city defense formation!” Cedric commanded loudly.

Before long, the protective arcane array of the entire imperial city was gradually activated.

Following their triumph over the city gate guards, Gatlin and Zayan, leading the members of Demon Seal Alliance, made their way into the imperial city.

The moment they stepped into the imperial city, everyone from Demon Seal Alliance was utterly astounded.

The imperial city of Allardland truly lived up to its reputation as the largest city in Ethereal Realm. Spanning hundreds of kilometers, countless buildings soared toward the sky, exuding both opulence and antiquity.

The city’s architecture was especially impressive. Each structure astonishingly bore array runes that shimmered with an ominous aura of power. Given the sheer number of these buildings, it was needless to say that if their protective arcane arrays were activated all at once, their fortitude would be unparalleled.

“If we could overthrow Allardland this time, this beautiful imperial city would be ours. Just thinking about it is thrilling.”

“I heard that the palace maids in Allardland are all stunningly beautiful like goddesses descended from heaven. Wouldn’t it be wonderful to cultivate a dual cultivation with one of them?”

“I’m growing rather impatient. Where are the people from Allardland? Why isn’t there a single one of them showing up?”

The members of Demon Seal Alliance were growing impatient. They were itching to defeat Allardland and seize control of the imperial city.

At that moment, the protective arcane array within the imperial city was unexpectedly activated. The entire city was enveloped, and the structures within the city also began to engage their own arcane arrays. This made it impossible for Demon Seal Alliance members to even set foot inside a single building.

Looking at the suddenly activated arcane arrays, it was clear that quite a few members of Demon Seal Alliance were flustered. Even Gatlin had a slight frown on his face..

Zayan, on the other hand, seemed to have anticipated this. He said calmly, "Break the arrays..."

Zayan began to speak, and from the multitude of cultivators in Demon Seal Alliance, a dozen beams of white light suddenly shot out.

These beams of light shot straight up into the sky, and upon touching the arcane array above the imperial city, they dispersed just like fireworks.

In just the span of a few breaths, the protective arcane array over the imperial city astonishingly vanished. Even the arcane arrays surrounding the nearby buildings had inexplicably disappeared.

Upon witnessing this scene, all the cultivators of Demon Seal Alliance were filled with excitement.

On the other hand, the hidden subjects of Allardland began to feel a certain unease stirring within them.

Hundreds of Demon Seal Alliance cultivators released waves of black mist. In just a blink of an eye, the entire imperial city was shrouded in a black mist.

Cedric and the others gazed at the suddenly darkened sky, each of their expressions turning solemn.

Behind Cedric, there were several thousand imperial city guards, and dozens of them were in Ultimate Realm.

Cedric rode atop a massive, fierce lion-tiger beast, exuding the aura of a powerful ruler.

Cedric, who had become the crown prince, was leading a large number of people into battle for the first time.

Although they were somewhat tense, excitement was the predominant emotion. After all, they were in the imperial city of Allardland, their home turf.

Beyond the thousands of imperial city guards behind him, the entire imperial city was also home to hundreds of thousands of subjects. These weren't just ordinary people. They were cultivators.

The idea of Demon Seal Alliance attempting to swallow up Allardland was simply ludicrous.

That was where Cedric's confidence stemmed from.

Ezequiel's body hovered protectively by Cedric's side at all times, ensuring his safety.

In front of the numerous guards, three Ultimate Realm Level Four cultivators were donned in platinum battle armor, their entire being radiating an awe-inspiring aura. Behind these guards were all kinds of divine weapons and magical items, including a dozen spirit beasts that were letting out continuous roars.

The aura was extremely formidable, so much so that a mere glance could be overwhelming. If it were a wandering cultivator, there was no need to fight. The mere sight would probably scare them to death.

