

# A WARRIOUR UNDEFEATABLE /

## A Man Like None Other

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4581** – This scene left everyone utterly stunned. It was pin-drop silence as everyone didn't dare to speak up.

Downstairs, the numerous cultivators dining were all wide-eyed as they took in the scene unfolding before them.

It should be noted that Beast City had a strict no-fighting policy. Yet, astonishingly, a brawl had broken out, and the one involved was none other than the young heir of the Buckley family.

Who was so audacious? How dare they be this brazen?

“You... You...”

Donovan's eyes widened, his mouth agape. He was so shocked that he couldn't utter a sentence.

He never would have imagined that Jared could be so impulsive.

Without a word, he immediately struck, not showing the slightest hesitation. This left Niel with no time to react.

This is Beast City, not the outside world. What kind of joke is this?

Donovan found it hard to believe that this was reality, yet the scene before his eyes left him with no choice but to accept it.

Is this what they mean by the young are fearless?

“Brat, how dare you strike me! You're courting death!”

Niel picked himself up. His body was unharmed, but his pride was severely bruised.

In front of so many people, being thrown down the stairs was utterly embarrassing.

Niel's face was flushed, his body covered in grime, looking no better than a beggar. He glared at Jared, bellowing in rage.

In Beast City, he was the only one who ever did the hitting. When was he ever on the receiving end of a punch?

The handful of friends that Niel had brought along were also descending the stairs at this moment, each of them assisting Niel.

“Run! Run fast. Once the law enforcement arrives, you’re done for.”

Finally, Donovan snapped back to reality, quietly giving Jared a reminder. Before Jared could even make a move, the sound of footsteps echoed from outside the restaurant.

“Who dares to cause trouble within Beast City? Such audacity!”

As the doors of the restaurant were flung open, a figure dressed in white burst in. This individual, radiating with spiritual energy and wielding a magic sword, was a cultivator.

Behind him trailed a dozen or so guards, each brandishing long spears.

Upon witnessing this scene, everyone swiftly moved aside.

After all, within Beast City, only the guards of the city lord mansion held the privilege to exude their aura.

If anyone else carelessly released their aura or used their spiritual sense to probe things, they would surely be apprehended.

Upon seeing the guards approaching, Niel pointed at Jared and accused, “It was him. He was the one who hit me...”

Niel had initially planned to teach Jared a lesson himself, but now that the guards had arrived, there was no need for him to lift a finger.

“Mr. Niel...”

The cultivator in white robes caught sight of Niel, and for a moment, he was taken aback. He couldn’t believe that someone in Beast City had the audacity to lay a hand on a member of the Buckley family.

If it had been two young cultivators losing their temper and resorting to violence over some issues, it would have been understandable.

Did they really dare to harm the Buckley family in Beast City? Were they tired of living?

This is simply outrageous!

“Brat, how dare you cause trouble in Beast City? You should just surrender now!”

The cultivator in white pointed his sword at Jared and spoke.

“I’m coming with you!”

Jared did not utter another word.

Observing from the side, Donovan saw how Jared agreed so casually to follow along. If he ended up in jail, he was as good as dead.

“Hold on. Even though he made his move, there was no eruption of spiritual energy. He relied solely on his physical strength. Moreover, Mr. Niel isn’t injured. He merely took a tumble. We’re willing to pay, so could we possibly avoid any arrests?”

Donovan spoke to the cultivator in white.

The cultivator cast a glance at Niel, seeking his opinion on the matter.

If the other party truly offered a high price and Niel forgave them, they wouldn’t have to end up in jail.

“I’m not short of money. He absolutely needs to be thrown into jail to taste hardship.”

Niel spoke out, his face filled with anger.

“Mr. Niel...”

Donovan wanted to say something more, but Niel cut him off with a wave of his hand. “Stop your d\*mn rambling, or I’ll have you arrested too!”

Upon witnessing the situation, Donovan dared not speak up for Jared any longer.

“Come with us!”

After the cultivator in white finished speaking, he left with Jared.

Meanwhile, Niel smirked arrogantly before he, along with a few of his followers, left the restaurant.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4582** – Donovan was a bit uneasy, closely following Jared, intending to bribe the cultivator in white after Niel had left.

“Mr. Reese, could you head to the inn and relay a message to Mia for me? Ask her not to wander around the inn. I’ll be out in a few days,” Jared said to Donovan.

Upon hearing Jared’s words, the cultivator in white couldn’t help but laugh. He had never encountered anyone being released from prison after just a few days.

Unless one was drained to the point of near death inside and if the family was willing to pay a hefty price, it was possible to bail them out.

The cultivator who was just locked up was the most valuable. There was no way Jared would be released.

“Let me figure something out for you. Hold on in there and don’t blabber nonsense! I’ll seek advice from Elder Roshan. He surely must have a way to save you,” Donovan advised Jared earnestly.

He wasn’t afraid of Jared being imprisoned; rather, he feared that Jared would spill some secrets. If word got to the city lord mansion, they would all be doomed.

“You don’t need to worry about saving me. Just focus on accomplishing what I’ve asked of you.”

Jared spoke to Donovan.

Jared wanted to enter the prison solely to inspect the ancient tree. If it truly harbored a vast amount of spiritual energy from the cultivators, he was perfectly poised to seize it all.

It would be such a loss if I had just gone in and got pulled out before I could even get anything done.

Hence, Jared didn’t allow Donovan to interfere in his affairs.

For him, escaping was a simple task. The prison’s surrounding arcane array was as good as nonexistent to Jared.

Donovan couldn’t quite grasp what Jared was trying to do. However, since Jared had insisted on not being saved, Donovan had no choice but to comply.

Jared followed the cultivator in white to a prison shrouded in a white mist.

After communicating with Ricky, the cultivator in white promptly handed over Jared.

Ricky gave Jared a once-over, a slight frown creasing his brows. “You seem oddly familiar, brat. Have we met somewhere before?” he asked.

“Perhaps my face seems familiar because it’s quite common!” Jared responded.

He certainly didn’t want Ricky to recognize him. Just yesterday, he had been in jail, and today he was hauled in again. Anyone with a bit of sense would surely harbor suspicions.

“Follow me...”

Ricky led Jared toward the underground prison cell.

Unexpectedly, the place where Jared was held captive this time turned out to be the very same cell he had entered with Mia just yesterday.

Perhaps it was because many cultivators who used to inhabit the cells here had passed away, leaving numerous rooms unoccupied.

After locking Jared in the cell, Ricky said, "Brat, there aren't many rules in prison. As long as you don't try to escape, you can do whatever you want. Forget about cultivating here. There's not a shred of spiritual energy. Just relax in your cell, and meals will be brought to you three times a day. Even without spiritual energy, you won't starve to death. There will be designated times for you to get some fresh air. You won't have to lift a finger. This place is even more comfortable than the outside world."

If Jared hadn't understood the purpose of this prison, he might have actually believed that the conditions in the cell were quite decent.

"Understood!" Jared nodded in agreement.

After Ricky left, the guy next door, who was Mia's brother, started to speak up. "Buddy, what got you thrown in here? Why does your voice sound so familiar?"

Because there was a wall separating them, Mia's brother could hear Jared's voice, but he couldn't see Jared.

"I got into a fight with someone, and that's how I ended up here. I have no idea how long I'll be in here. Buddy, what led to you being locked up here?" Jared turned to Mia's brother and asked.

"Ah..." Ezio sighed. "I found a female cultivator, proposed to be dual cultivation partners, and we cultivated together once. But then she demanded a hundred purple spirit coins from me. Where would I get that kind of money? She then accused me of forcing myself on her, and then I was arrested. Such rotten luck..."

Upon hearing this, Jared couldn't help but burst into laughter. No wonder Mia didn't want to reveal how her brother was captured. Such an event was indeed not very honorable.

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**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4584** – “Kid, you’re only at the Tribulator level, and you’re mouthing off to me?” the burly man roared. His animalistic features twitched with rage. Despite his rough exterior, he was an Ultimate Realm Level Two cultivator, leagues above someone like Jared-or so he thought.

Ezio tried to intervene. “Jared, just let it go. You can’t beat him. He’s at Ultimate Realm Level Two.”

Jared smirked. “Ultimate Realm Level Two? So what?” Without another word, he threw a punch that sent the burly man flying backward.

The brute slammed into the cell’s arcane array and crumpled to the ground, groaning.

Jared stood over him, unimpressed. “You done yet?”

Ezio watched the scene unfold, his face a mix of shock and disbelief.

“Kid, you dare ambush me?” the burly man growled as he struggled to his feet. His anger was palpable as he glared at Jared, clearly thrown off by the audacity of someone at Jared’s level.

I’m at Ultimate Realm Level Two! There’s no way a mere Tribulator cultivator can beat me! Even if he’s a Ninth Level Tribulator, he’s no match for an Ultimate Realm cultivator

“You’re asking for it now...” The man’s face turned red with fury, and he charged at Jared, roaring like a wild beast.

Jared barely flinched. The moment the burly man got close, Jared threw a punch that sent him flying across the cell.

Bang!

He slammed into the ground with a loud thud, letting out a guttural scream. Jared stood over him, calm and composed.

“Ah!” The burly man, stubborn as ever, got up and rushed Jared again.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Jared’s punches landed with precision, leaving the burly man sprawled on the floor, panting heavily. Without any spiritual energy in the prison to replenish his strength, the man’s power drained quickly.

Jared, on the other hand, barely broke a sweat. He glanced down at the burly man, his eyes cold with disdain. “Behave yourself,” Jared said. “Otherwise, next time, I won’t go easy on you.”

Jared stepped on the man’s chest, his contempt unmistakable.



Ezio stood frozen, utterly stunned. He couldn't believe his eyes-an Ultimate Realm Level Two cultivator, someone who should have been unbeatable, was lying on the ground, completely subdued by Jared, who was only a Ninth Level Tribulator. It was as if Jared had been toying with him.

The ease with which Jared had defeated someone far above his supposed level left Ezio reeling. This wasn't just skill-this was something extraordinary.

Jared had to be someone powerful, someone from an influential family. The realization hit him hard-his sister being connected to Jared wasn't just good luck; it was like winning the lottery.

"Spare me!" The burly man's voice broke through Ezio's thoughts. The once-menacing figure now begged for mercy, his tone desperate. "Please, I admit defeat!"

Faced with Jared's overwhelming strength, the burly man's will crumbled. Every attempt to retaliate had been futile. He couldn't even land a single blow, let alone stand his ground. Defeat was his only option.

Jared kicked him lightly. "Remember this moment. Stay in line, or I'll make sure you regret it."

The burly man scrambled to his feet, nodding vigorously. "I'll behave! I promise!" He backed into a corner, avoiding Jared's gaze, his earlier bravado completely extinguished.

Ezio finally managed to stand, his eyes wide as he studied Jared. There was awe, curiosity, and disbelief in his expression. "H-How did you get here from the next cell? Isn't there supposed to be an arcane array on the walls?"

He paused, his voice dropping into a more cautious tone. "And about your power... Are you really just a Tribulator? Or have you been hiding your true strength?"

Jared glanced at Ezio but didn't respond. Without a word, he turned and walked back to his own cell, leaving the wall between them broken.

Ezio hesitated but didn't press further. He knew better than to push Jared for answers. If Jared didn't want to talk, it wasn't worth risking his wrath.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4585** – The following morning, the arcane array within the cell deactivated automatically. Ezio stepped out and called to Jared, "Come on, time for some fresh air. We only get thirty minutes, so let's not waste it."

Jared rose from his spot and followed Ezio out.

The burly man Jared had beaten the previous day remained in the corner of the cell, curled up and fast asleep.

Outside, the sunlight felt like a blessing, warming Jared's skin as if it were washing away the gloom of the prison. The prison itself was cloaked in a dense white mist. Those outside couldn't see in, and those inside were cut off from the outside world.

Cultivators began emerging from the other cells. Jared noticed their gaunt faces and frail bodies, drained of vitality.

As he surveyed the scene, he estimated there were thousands of inmates in this prison, but it was impossible to gauge their true cultivation level in their current state. Their energy was too depleted, and their aura was exposed.

What caught Jared's attention was the ancient tree at the heart of the prison. The spiritual energy of thousands of cultivators was being absorbed and stored by this tree. Jared dared not imagine the sheer magnitude of energy the tree must have accumulated.

"Where are we headed?" Jared asked, sticking close to Ezio.

Ezio replied, "We're going to restore some of our spiritual energy. There's only one place in this prison where you can absorb any spiritual energy, and it's during this half-hour. Everyone gathers there."

Jared reflected on Ezio's words. The prison wasn't completely devoid of spiritual energy; it was under the control of a powerful formation.

Spiritual energy could only be accessed in a single location, and cultivators were only allowed half an hour to use it. Jared suspected this setup wasn't arbitrary.

Allowing the prisoners to cultivate even as their energy was drained was to prevent them from uncovering the secrets of this immense prison.

Ezio led the way, and Jared followed. The path led to an open area that was as vast as several soccer fields combined. It was already packed with cultivators, each vying to absorb what little spiritual energy was available.

Ezio quickly found a spot, sat cross-legged, and began cultivating. Jared noticed how thin the spiritual energy became with so many drawing from it at once.

Instead of joining in, Jared's gaze shifted to the ancient tree towering over them. Its massive trunk, at least a hundred meters in circumference, stretched high into the clouds, its dense branches creating a canopy that seemed to cover the entire prison.

"Stop cultivating for a moment and come with me. Let's check out that tree," Jared said, tugging at Ezio's sleeve.

Half an hour wasn't nearly enough time to absorb much spiritual energy, especially with so many fellow cultivators frantically doing the same.

"But I still want to-" Ezio began.

"Here. Take this," Jared interrupted, tossing him a pill.

The pill would work faster than sitting here absorbing what little spiritual energy was left!

"Okay!" Ezio caught it, immediately stashing it away. "But let me warn you, there's a pack of beast race living under that tree. Nobody knows what species they are. It's too dangerous to get close."

"You don't know what kind of beasts they are? Could they be demon beasts from outside this world?" Jared asked, surprised.

"I'm not sure, I've never seen anything like them in Beast City, and I can't say if they're demon beasts from somewhere beyond," Ezio replied with a shake of his head.

As the two moved closer to the tree, Jared marveled at its sheer size. The trunk alone had to be a hundred meters in diameter, and the roots extended in intricate networks across the prison grounds. After walking another hundred meters, Ezio stopped abruptly, fear etched on his face.

Jared noticed a group of about a dozen cultivators seated under the ancient tree. Their appearances were distinct, bearing features of the beast race-much like the burly man Jared had seen in their cell earlier. Some of them still seemed partially unevolved, their beastly traits evident on their faces.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4586** – Before long, Jared’s attention locked onto one individual in the group. A man clad entirely in white sat at the center, his sharp features accentuated by two horns on his head. The other beast race cultivators kept their distance, clearly wary of him.

“Who’s the guy with the horns?” Jared asked, pointing toward the man in the middle.

“That’s Claude Barretta,” Ezio whispered. “He likes to claim he’s a descendant of the Draconians, but he’s just a python. He’s strong, though, so nobody messes with him.”

“Descendant of the Draconians?” Jared asked, scrutinizing Claude.

The horns did resemble those of a dragon. If a sea serpent grew horns, it could transform into a true dragon. Perhaps this Claude wasn’t bluffing after all.

“How did he end up here?” Jared pressed.

“I don’t know,” Ezio admitted. “Some people weren’t brought here against their will. All I know is, every time we’re let out, he and his group are always under that tree. We can’t get close. We’d be beaten up if we do.”

“Why does he act like he owns the place? This is a prison, not his territory. What gives him the right to stop others?” Jared scoffed, a cold smile tugging at his lips as he began walking toward the tree.

“Wait, don’t!” Ezio called out, trying to stop him. “You have no idea how strong he is, or the extent of his power. If you go over there, we could be in real trouble!”

But Jared shrugged off Ezio’s grip and continued. Their brief tug-of-war caught Claude’s attention. He lifted his head, his piercing gaze locking onto Jared’s. In that instant, both men seemed to assess each other’s strength.

The other beast race cultivators quickly stood, sensing the tension. Claude made a subtle gesture, and within moments, a dozen of them surrounded Jared and Ezio.

Ezio’s face went pale. Panic set in, and without hesitation, he let go of Jared and retreated a safe distance. Self-preservation was his priority, and he wasn’t about to get involved in a fight that could endanger him.

The group of cultivators surrounding Jared were all of Ultimate Realm Level One or Two. Jared scanned them with a calm but disdainful expression.

“Kid, this isn’t your place. Get lost!” one of them, a man with snake-like eyes, hissed menacingly.

“Is this your territory?” Jared shot back, unfazed. “I’ll go wherever I please. What are you going to do about it?”

He crossed his arms, his tone sharp with defiance. “And by the way, you’re locked up just like the rest of us. What’s there to brag about?”

Jared’s calm retort left the group momentarily stunned. None of them had expected such boldness from a mere Tribulator.

Standing before a dozen Ultimate Realm cultivators, Jared showed no hint of fear. On the contrary, his words carried a biting insolence that only deepened their astonishment.

“You’ve got guts, kid,” the man hissed, his anger flaring. “Do you really think you’ve got nothing to fear just because murder’s not allowed in here? Let me tell you something-I have ways to make your life a living hell.”

Death, after all, wasn’t the worst fate a cultivator could face. In the hands of seasoned cultivators like these, the methods of torment were endless.

Jared’s lips curled into a faint, mocking smile. “If I’m not mistaken, you’re a snake demon, aren’t you? Cultivation’s no easy feat, so why not take your own advice and slither off to one side? Annoy me too much, and I might just find your weak point and cut you to ribbons.”

The man’s face darkened, his anger boiling over. “Kid, don’t push your luck...” he snarled.

With a furious wave of his hand, the man barked an order, and the dozen cultivators around him began to close in on Jared, their intentions unmistakable.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4587** – Ezio stood on the sidelines, his face tense with worry as he watched the scene unfold. Around them, other cultivators lingered at a safe distance, none daring to step in.

Beneath the ancient tree, Claude, dressed in pristine white, observed the confrontation with a look of amusement. His aura exuded arrogance, embodying the pride of the Draconians.

But when the dozen cultivators charged at Jared, Claude's expression faltered.

Jared moved like a phantom, weaving effortlessly among them. Before anyone could react, the cultivators were sent hurtling back, landing in crumpled heaps beneath the ancient tree.

The crowd watched in stunned silence. Jared, a Ninth Level Tribulator, had utterly outclassed the group of Ultimate Realm cultivators.

This is absurd!

"Y-You..." The man picked himself up, staring at Jared in astonishment.

He realized Jared hadn't even used his full strength. If he had, they wouldn't have just been thrown back-they would've been dead.

Even though they were only at Level One and Two, their combined strength should have matched someone at Ultimate Realm Level Four. Yet they had been powerless against Jared's effortless strikes.

"You were the one who wanted me dead, weren't you?" Jared said with a calm smile, his tone laced with mockery.

The man didn't answer. Instead, he glanced nervously toward Claude, who was now watching Jared with narrowed eyes and a newfound seriousness.

"Continue," Claude said softly, his voice carrying an air of command.

The man hesitated for a moment, then his face hardened. A cruel glint flashed in his eyes as he gestured for his men to attack again. "Everyone, let's hit him together. I refuse to believe he can take all of us!"

The dozen cultivators charged once more, their combined power bearing down on Jared like a wave.

"Some people just don't learn," Jared muttered, shaking his head. Then, with a sudden burst of movement, he swung his fists with devastating force.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

One by one, the cultivators were hurled through the air, crashing to the ground. This time, Jared showed no restraint. The group lay scattered on the ground, groaning in pain, unable to get back up. The leader coughed up blood, his face pale with terror.

Jared had to suppress his human aura and relied solely on the strength of the beast race when he fought. Even so, his power was overwhelming. If he had unleashed his full potential, not a single person would have survived. Over a dozen cultivators lay sprawled on the ground, gravely injured and unable to stand.

The crowd of thousands stared in stunned silence, the tension so thick it was almost tangible. Ezio rubbed his eyes as if he couldn't trust what he was seeing. His expression was a mixture of disbelief and awe.

Beneath that, though, was something deeper-hope. He clenched his fists tightly, excitement flashing in his eyes. For the first time, he felt there was a real chance to escape this cursed place.

Jared wasn't just a powerful cultivator. There was something extraordinary about him, a hidden identity that was as terrifying as it was impressive.

The shock on the faces of the crowd was unmistakable. While many had attempted to challenge the space beneath the ancient tree, none had ever succeeded. Time after time, they had been defeated and humiliated, until eventually, no one dared to venture close.

Now, Jared, a Tribulator, had not only dared but triumphed-and he had done so effortlessly.

Among the murmurs, disbelief spread like wildfire. How could a Ninth Level Tribulator defeat over a dozen Ultimate Realm cultivators, even if they were only at Level One and Two? Their combined strength should have posed a significant threat, yet they had been utterly powerless.

"This guy's no ordinary fellow," someone muttered.

Meanwhile, outside the prison, Ricky, the captain of the guards, stood just beyond the light curtain that separated the inmates from the outside world.

His sharp eyes tracked Jared's every move. The prisoners were given exercise time to blow off steam, and Ricky's job was to make sure things didn't spiral out of control. Fights were normal, and he rarely stepped in unless someone's life was at risk.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4588** – After all, as far as the city lord mansion was concerned, every prisoner was a resource. If someone died, it was a waste, and Ricky didn't want that responsibility on his shoulders.

He had seen countless brawls in his time, but the way Jared had effortlessly dispatched over a dozen cultivators was unlike anything he'd witnessed before.

"Wait a second," Ricky muttered to himself. "I've seen this guy before. He came here once... to visit someone." He turned to the guard beside him. "What's this kid's story again?"

"He got locked up for hitting Niel Buckley, the son of the Buckley family," the guard explained.

"They arrested him on the spot."

"Hitting Niel? That sounds like he was asking for trouble," Ricky said, frowning.

"I'm not so sure about that. After he was locked up, Mr. Reese, the one who bought the celestial crystals, sent over five hundred purple spirit coins," the guard continued. "Even Mr. Reese coughed up money to get him out. Everyone knows how tightfisted that guy is. If he's spending, it's because this kid's important to someone."

Ricky scrutinized Jared, his eyes narrowing as he tried to piece the puzzle together. "Hmm. Maybe he's got connections to Donovan. Could he be a relative?"

"Captain Ricky, should we step in? If he and Claude go at it..." The guard trailed off, leaning in to whisper.

Ricky waved him off dismissively. "Don't bother. I've had enough of Claude and his constant grandstanding. If someone's finally going to knock him down a peg, let it happen. As long as nobody dies, I don't see the problem. It's been a while since I got to enjoy a show."

"But, Captain Ricky, if Claude gets hurt, how will we explain that to the city lord mansion?"

"Explain what? That I didn't do anything? The Lord hasn't shown up in ages. Who knows what's going on in the city lord mansion?" Ricky said with a cold snort.

The guard flinched at Ricky's tone and said nothing more.



Beast City had been in chaos ever since the Lord disappeared. In his absence, his three beast generals had taken over, but their constant disagreements left the city's administration in shambles.

Corruption was rampant, and people like Ricky found plenty of opportunities to line their pockets. Bribes for releasing prisoners or allowing visits were routine. Even Donovan, the official in charge of celestial stone transactions, operated a thriving black market.

The chaos overwhelming Beast City stemmed entirely from the city lord's absence. With no one at the helm, countless individuals seized the chance to amass enormous profits.

Had the city lord been in charge, Niel wouldn't have been so brazen, running roughshod over others without a care for the damage he caused. But how could his father, one of the beast generals and a supposed enforcer of the city's laws, bring himself to discipline-let alone imprison-his own son?

Unaware that he was being observed, Jared moved steadily forward, each step deliberate as he approached Claude. Claude stood watching, his eyes sharp and unwavering, filled with a fierce resolve. It had been far too long since anyone had dared to confront him directly.

The cultivators stood frozen, watching in stunned silence. Every one of them was hoping, almost desperately, that Jared would go head-to-head with Claude.

It didn't matter to them who won or lost; they just wanted a good show. If Claude were defeated, maybe they'd even get a chance to linger under the ancient tree. But truthfully, they didn't care about the outcome-only the spectacle.

Ezio, however, was different. His fists were clenched tightly, and he was silently praying for Jared to prevail over Claude.

As Jared stopped right in front of Claude, the tension between them was almost unbearable, like two swords drawn and ready to clash.

Then, just as the moment seemed ready to explode, a sharp, piercing bell rang out. The sound cut through the air, signaling the end of their free time. The rules were absolute-every prisoner had to return to their cells the moment the bell rang.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4589** – “Time's up. You need to return to your cell now.”

“By this time tomorrow, I'll be here waiting for you...”

Claude looked at Jared and spoke in a detached tone.

“I don’t want to go back, though...”

After Jared finished speaking, he shifted his gaze toward the copper bell located hundreds of meters away.

He casually flicked his hand, and a burst of spiritual light arrived in an instant. The copper bell broke into pieces immediately, silencing it in a split second.

Upon seeing Jared actually damaging the item inside the prison, Claude was momentarily taken aback.

Everyone else was also utterly astounded.

Although the prisoners there could engage in fights with each other, they were strictly prohibited from damaging any items in the prison. Furthermore, they had to adhere to the rules of the prison without fail.

When their free time was up, they would have to return to their cells.

For all these years, not a single soul had dared to break the rules of the prison.

However, Jared not only disregarded the rules within the prison, but he even went so far as to destroy the prison’s copper bell.

It was simply outrageous.

Ezio looked at Jared with a face full of worry.

He thought that even if Jared was incredibly capable, he couldn’t confront all the prison guards.

Even if one could stand against the prison guards, it was impossible to defy the entire city lord mansion, let alone the whole Beast City.

The other cultivators were also stunned, unsure of what to do at that moment.

Some of the cultivators began to retreat back to their cells, while others lingered around, curious to see what consequences would befall Jared.

“F\*ck! You’re too reckless! How dare you ignore the prison rules and even destroy that copper bell?”

A guard rushed over from the distance.

The guard, towering at three to four meters tall and estimated to weigh over a thousand pounds, was akin to a small mountain when he sprinted forward.

With each step he took, the earth trembled beneath him. This caused every cultivator in the vicinity to hold their breath and watch in awe, their hearts pounding in their chests. The prison guards were mobilized, and everyone started behaving themselves.

The guard lunged at Jared, attempting to seize him. However, Jared swiftly extended his hand, immediately grasping the guard’s wrist.

The guard’s figure came to an abrupt halt. No matter how much effort was exerted, he found himself unable to move an inch.

“I don’t want to hurt you, so don’t be a busybody. Get lost!”

Casually, Jared tossed aside the guard, who was surprisingly thrown out directly, landing heavily on the ground and stirring up clouds of dust.

The scene fell eerily silent, leaving everyone utterly dumbfounded.

Nobody could have anticipated that Jared would dare to lay a hand on the guard. It was simply contrary to expectations.

Even Claude had a flicker of surprise flash across his eyes.

“Brat, you’ve got some nerve to dare hit a guard!” Claude said to Jared.

Jared merely flashed a slight smile, then slowly turned his head, gazing into the white mist not far behind him.

In this direction, Ricky was observing everything.

When Ricky saw Jared looking in his direction, he was slightly taken aback. Their eyes met as if they could see right into each other.

However, Jared merely glanced before turning his head back again.

“Captain Ricky, this kid broke the rules and even attacked one of our guards. There’s no way we can let him off the hook!”

A guard standing next to Ricky spoke out, filled with rage.

“Spread the word. Free time will be extended by ten minutes. After those ten minutes, everyone must return to their cells. No exceptions, or they will be dealt with severely!” Ricky said.

The guard’s mouth fell open after he heard those words. In the end, he said nothing and simply relayed the message.

“Attention all prisoners. Free time is extended by ten minutes. After ten minutes, everyone must return to their cells immediately. No exceptions will be made!” the guard shouted loudly.

“What the heck? What’s going on? Are they extending free time by ten minutes? Because of this brat?”

“Who is this brat? Have the rules of the prison changed because of him?”

“How impressive! There might be a big shot backing this brat up!”

Numerous cultivators started discussing Jared’s identity amongst themselves, all speculating about it.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4590** – Even Ezio was wide-eyed, looking at Jared in disbelief. Incredibly, Jared has managed to change the rules of the prison. What kind of status does he possess?

Even Claude was somewhat surprised. He hadn’t expected that Jared’s actions would not only fail to attract more guards but, instead, seemed to have extended their free time.

Claude threatened Jared, saying in a tone of intimidation, “Brat, it seems like you’ve got some power backing you up, but you’ve messed with the wrong person. Since I’m given ten minutes, I could kill you a hundred times over!”

Jared chuckled. “Are you a Draconian?”

With an air of arrogance, Claude declared, "Yes. I am a Draconian, and you're just a nobody!"

Jared's face was adorned with a smile when he uttered, "How come you don't seem like you're a Draconian at all? You're more like a burrowing snake."

"What did you say?" Claude was instantly infuriated. "Are you blind? Can't you see the dragon horn on my head? If you dare to claim I'm not a Draconian, then I'll show you just what Draconians are capable of."

With that, Claude immediately leaped into action, launching an attack on Jared.

In an instant, the void trembled, and a wild wind stirred.

Jared watched as Claude took action, sensing the energy within him. This made the smile on his face even more radiant.

"You? A Draconian? You certainly like to talk big!"

After Jared finished speaking, he leaped up.

Bang!

In the fleeting moment when their bodies intertwined, a deafening sound erupted.

Immediately after, the two individuals separated, standing back to back.

Everyone was watching closely, yet no one could discern who had the upper hand between the two.

Neither of them had any injuries.

Jared and Claude both turned around, once again standing face to face.

Jared still had a smile on his face, while Claude looked rather serious.

"What the heck? The horn... It's gone..."

At that moment, a cultivator suddenly noticed that the dragon horn atop Claude was gone.

At that moment, all the cultivators turned their gaze toward Claude, each one of them utterly astounded.

Claude was left baffled by the flurry of discussions among the cultivators. He quickly reached up to touch his own head and, sure enough, found that the horn was gone.

“Your faux dragon horn attachment seems a bit unstable!” Jared reached out, holding in his hand was indeed the dragon horn from Claude.

The color drained from Claude’s face when he saw the dragon horn in Jared’s hand, leaving him looking utterly dreadful.

“Hahaha! That’s truly hilarious! As it turns out, we have ourselves a fake dragon!”

“F\*ck! After being bullied for so long, I actually thought he was a Draconian.”

“Sticking a fake dragon horn on his head, he must be obsessed with becoming a Draconian.”

The multitude of cultivators who Claude and his cohorts had oppressed in the past all began to laugh heartily, mocking Claude.

Even Ricky, who had been behind the scenes, was momentarily taken aback. “F\*ck! Claude is actually a fake Draconian!”

Ricky was fooled, mistakenly believing that Claude was truly a Draconian. After all, within the entire beast race, the Draconians were the most noble of all.

Claude’s face flushed red when he heard the surrounding people’s mockery. He bellowed, “Brat, I’ll kill you!”

The roar from Claude was accompanied by the intermittent echoes of a dragon’s roar.

Moreover, within him, his blood began to surge and boil, a terrifying aura spreading all around.

Within Claude’s aura, there was a subtle hint of a dragon’s power, and indeed, the intermittent dragon’s roar was real.

Jared turned to Claude and said, “It seems you’ve reached the stage of the sea serpent, indeed on the verge of transforming into a Draconian. However, you can’t be considered part a Draconian yet, so you shouldn’t swagger around as one, oppressing others!”

Claude simply wouldn’t listen. He threw a punch directly, causing dust and smoke to rise and the air to ripple with spiritual energy.

Boom!

A torrent of sand and pebbles obscured everything. At the same time, Claude revealed his true form, and that was a hundred-meter-long white sea serpent. With his giant mouth wide open, he lunged toward Jared.

Upon witnessing that scene, all the cultivators felt a surge of anxiety for Jared.

Claude's figure leaped amidst a whirlwind of sand and pebbles. However, in the blink of an eye, Claude's silhouette had vanished.