

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other

A Man Like None Other Chapter 4617 – Upon seeing Ricky arriving, Niel quickly started shouting, “Captain Ricky, save me!”

He had initially thought that he was going to die, but much to his surprise, Ricky arrived just in time, so he thought he might survive after all.

Ricky looked at the cultivators who had died tragically and Niel, whose legs had been chopped off. He couldn't help but furrow his brow.

Ricky turned to Jared, his eyes cold as he spoke. “You've got some nerve. Not only did you escape from the prison, but you also had the audacity to hurt these people and lay a hand on Mr. Niel!”

Jared merely cast a cold glance at Ricky and said, “This has nothing to do with you. Back off, or you might bring disaster upon yourself. Regarding my escape from prison, someone will naturally provide an explanation for you. I suspect that by now, Claude must have already taken the special release order to the prison.”

“A special release order doesn't give you the right to break free from prison, let alone harm others!” Ricky roared.

“So, it seems you're determined to apprehend me.” A murderous aura began to emanate from Jared.

If Ricky continued to insist on a confrontation, then Jared wouldn't mind taking him down as well.

Ricky was merely at Ultimate Realm Level Four. For Jared, eliminating him would be a piece of cake.

Outside Beast City, Jared was not bound by any restrictions. He could utilize all the power within him, starkly contrasting his situation within Beast City. Inside the city, Jared had to be cautious and discreet in using the power of the beast race.

“Of course. I will capture you!” After Ricky finished speaking, he launched an attack directly toward Jared with a long sword.

Jared watched as Ricky advanced toward him, a glint of icy determination flashing in his eyes.

He shook his head slightly, his voice cold as he said, “Since you have a death wish, don’t blame me for being impolite.”

Ricky took the lead, and the dozen or so guards behind him swiftly revealed their weapons and followed suit.

They swiftly dispersed, forming an arcane array, with Jared encircled in the center.

Ricky roared in fury, “There’s no escape for you today!” With that, he swung his long sword, sending a fierce blade of energy slashing toward Jared.

Jared stood his ground, unmoving, as if he didn’t even regard the attack as a threat.

Just as the blade’s energy was about to strike him, he lightly flicked his Dragonslayer Sword, effortlessly diffusing the threatening force.

“Is that all you’ve got?” Jared grinned, revealing a hint of a disdainful smile.

Ricky’s expression darkened. He hadn’t anticipated that Jared would deflect his attack so effortlessly.

As Ricky and his team launched their assault on Jared, Niel discreetly crushed a communication device. It was a distress signal to his family.

Regardless of whether Ricky could defeat Jared, all Niel hoped for was that he could last until his family came to rescue him.

At that moment, Ricky glared at Jared. Then, he bellowed, “Set up the arcane array!”

Upon hearing the command, the guards immediately shifted their formation. Rays of light emanated from them, interconnecting to form a formidable arcane array.

Within the arcane array, the pressure surged immensely, as if a massive mountain was weighing down on Jared.

However, he remained unruffled.

Dragonslayer Sword trembled slightly in his grip, releasing a surge of mighty power.

“Break,” Jared commanded, swinging his Dragonslayer Sword. A brilliant streak of sword light flashed, colliding directly with the arcane array and causing a huge boom.

The arcane array trembled violently, its light flickering unpredictably. However, in just a brief moment, it was shattered by the attack.

Over a dozen guards were sent flying, spitting out fresh blood.

They looked at Jared in shock, their hearts filled with fear.

Ricky was greatly alarmed when he saw the arcane array had been broken. He knew he had underestimated Jared’s strength, but by then, there was no way he could retreat.

He gritted his teeth. Brandishing his long sword once again, he charged toward Jared.

A glint of murderous intent flashed in Jared’s eyes. In a blink, he positioned himself right in front of Ricky.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 4618 – Ricky barely registered the blur before Jared was upon him. The Dragonslayer Sword gleamed in Jared’s hands, its lethal arc already driving toward Ricky’s chest.

Instinct took over as Ricky raised his blade in a desperate defense, but the sheer power behind Jared’s strike was unrelenting.

Spurt!

A heartbeat later, Jared’s blade punched through his guard, piercing his chest with ruthless precision. A crimson torrent erupted, staining the ground as Ricky staggered back.

His eyes widened, a cocktail of shock and disbelief twisting his features.

Jared stepped closer, withdrawing the Dragonslayer Sword in a fluid, almost casual motion. “I warned you,” he said, his voice like steel on stone. “But you had to court disaster.”

Lying on the ground, Niel watched the scene unfolding before his eyes. When he saw Ricky pierced through by Jared's sword, he was utterly devastated.

He had initially believed he was spared from death, that he had been saved. But now, he found himself devoid of hope. Even if Ricky could have managed just a few moves against Jared, it might have bought enough time for his brother to rescue him. But Ricky was taken down in just two moves-slaughtered as easily as a chick.

The arcane array set up by Ricky and the other guards, something they had invested heavily in and cultivated through countless nights, had failed to withstand even a single strike from Jared's sword.

"I was wrong! Please, don't kill me... I beg you..." Ricky gasped, fresh blood trickling from the corner of his mouth, his eyes brimming with regret and despair.

Though he had witnessed Jared's fight with Claude and knew Jared was no pushover, he had never imagined him to be this overwhelmingly strong. Even the prison's painstakingly cultivated arcane array had been broken so effortlessly. If he had known, he would never have gone after Jared.

All he would have to face was punishment for letting Jared escape from the prison. Compared to losing his life, punishment was a trivial matter.

Jared watched Ricky as he admitted his mistake. Suddenly, a thought crossed his mind, and a cruel smile spread across his face.

"I could spare your life, but you must do something for me," Jared said, his tone sharp and unforgiving.

"What's the matter?" Ricky asked cautiously.

Jared drew his Dragonslayer Sword, its edge gleaming menacingly, and pointed it at Niel, who lay helpless on the ground. "If you kill him, I'll let you go."

"But..." Ricky hesitated, his face clouded with uncertainty.

"You have three seconds to decide," Jared said coldly. "Either you die, or he does."

Ricky could feel the suffocating weight of Jared's murderous intent. Trembling, he gripped his sword and began advancing toward Niel, his steps slow but deliberate.

"Apologies, Mr. Niel," Ricky said regretfully, his voice tinged with sorrow. "But it seems you won't make it anyway. I hope you can understand my predicament. After all, I have an elderly mother to care for and a child to raise." As he spoke, he looked at Niel with a helpless expression.

“Ricky, do you understand the consequences if you kill me?” Niel’s voice trembled with fear and fury, a desperate edge sharpening his words. “My father will annihilate your entire family! He won’t rest until your entire lineage is wiped out!”

Niel hadn’t imagined Jared would go so far as to incite Ricky to kill him. It was a cruel and cunning ploy.

“That’s a problem for the future,” Ricky muttered, his tone resigned. “Right now, I need to focus on staying alive. I’m sorry...”

Without waiting another moment, Ricky tightened his grip on the long sword and swung it down toward Niel with grim determination.

Clang!

Suddenly, a sharp, piercing sound rang out. A beam of white light struck Ricky’s sword, cleaving it cleanly in two. The force of the blow sent Ricky stumbling backward several steps.

In the next instant, a man bearing a striking resemblance to Niel appeared, moving at an astonishing speed. In the blink of an eye, he was standing before them.

“Teegan...” Niel’s voice broke as he recognized the newcomer. Tears streamed down his face. It was Teegan, his elder brother, who had come to his rescue.

Teegan’s long hair fluttered in the wind, his entire presence suffused with a mist-like spiritual energy. The long sword strapped to his back further emphasized the aura of a true swordsman. From the powerful energy radiating from him, it was clear Teegan had reached Ultimate Realm Level Five.

As his gaze fell on Niel’s pitiful state, a faint frown crossed Teegan’s face. His eyes then shifted toward Ricky, cold and piercing.

Under Teegan’s intense glare, Ricky’s body trembled. Desperately, he tried to explain, “Mr. Teegan, I...”

Whoosh!

But before he could finish, a streak of white light flashed. Teegan had moved—swift and decisive. His sword struck with unerring precision, slicing Ricky in two. The man fell lifeless to the ground, dead as a doornail.

The sword on Teegan’s back seemed as if it hadn’t moved at all. His speed was so swift that most onlookers couldn’t even register the strike.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 4619 – Ricky was a member of the city lord mansion, yet Teegan hadn’t hesitated for a moment to kill him. This act alone demonstrated that Teegan was even more ruthless than Niel.

“Did you harm my younger brother?” After dispatching Ricky, Teegan turned his cold, piercing gaze toward Jared, his voice sharp and commanding.

“What do you think?” Jared asked, his smile calm and composed, betraying no fear.

Though Teegan was an Ultimate Realm Level Five cultivator, Jared remained unfazed. He knew his own abilities well and was confident that, even in the face of Teegan’s strength, he could hold his ground.

“Teegan, it was him!” Niel cried out, his voice desperate. “He’s the one who attacked me. He even stole the beast cores of our men! And he crippled my legs! You have to avenge me, you have to!”

Teegan gave Niel a reassuring look. “Don’t worry,” he said, his voice unwavering. “He won’t leave here alive. As for your legs, I’ll find a way to heal them.”

His gaze then locked onto Jared, cold and filled with an unrelenting murderous intent.

“Heal them?” Jared chuckled, a flick of his hand sending a beam of white light flashing across the air. In an instant, Niel’s severed legs disintegrated into dust. It was all gone—turned to ash. There was no hope of repairing the damage now.

“You...” Teegan’s voice trembled with shock and fury. He hadn’t expected Jared to be so audacious. He’s just a Tribulator. What gives him the confidence to confront me, an Ultimate Realm Level Five cultivator, so boldly?

“Die!” Teegan roared, his fury exploding as he drew his long sword from his back. The sword’s energy slashed through the air with such force that the very void rippled in its wake. The blade’s intent radiated outward, an overwhelming aura of power.

“A spiritual sword? I never expected you’d have one too!” Jared’s expression shifted, his surprise evident. Teegan’s sword was, remarkably, also a spiritual sword—and it clearly possessed a sword spirit.

Spiritual swords were rare enough, but to have one that contained a sword spirit was even rarer. And imbuing such a spirit with true intelligence was a complex and arduous task few could manage.

Otherwise, the sword spirit would remain like a machine—cold, emotionless, and without true awareness. In contrast, the spirit within Jared’s

Dragonslayer Sword, Zelda, had evolved into a complete individual. No longer merely a spiritual entity, she now possessed a fully formed consciousness.

“I didn’t expect you to be familiar with spiritual swords,” Teegan said, his voice dripping with disdain. “Dying by my sword today is an honor for you!”

With that, Teegan's long sword moved in a blur, unleashing a relentless barrage of powerful strikes in every direction, each blow infused with lethal precision.

Jared's eyes flickered momentarily, and with a swift, decisive motion, he swung the Dragonslayer Sword. A beam of sword light sliced through the void, mirroring Teegan's strike. The two beams collided with an ear-splitting crash, their powerful forces clashing together in an instant.

The sword lights vanished simultaneously, and the entire void fell into an eerie silence. Jared, unfazed, felt only a slight tingling sensation in his palm.

Teegan stood wide-eyed, his gaze fixed on Jared with disbelief. He had never imagined that Jared would not only withstand his attack but do so without falling into disadvantage. The unexpected turn of events left Teegan stunned.

After all, the sword in Jared's hand was a spiritual sword. It not only contained a sword spirit, but that spirit had also awakened to full intelligence.

"Don't tell me he also wields a spiritual sword?"

Teegan's eyes narrowed, fixed intently on the Dragonslayer Sword in Jared's grip. His gaze was sharp as a hawk's, searching for any sign, any hint that might explain this unexpected turn.

The surprise that surged within him was like a tidal wave, overwhelming his composure. He never could have imagined that this seemingly ordinary cultivator before him possessed a spiritual sword of his own. And judging by the clash just now, the power of Jared's sword was in no way inferior to his own.

"You... Your sword... is it also a spiritual sword?" Teegan's voice wavered, disbelief creeping into his words. He couldn't fathom how a cultivator of such a lower realm could possess a treasure of this caliber.

Jared flashed a nonchalant smile, the Dragonslayer Sword in his hand vibrating faintly, as if resonating with its master's pride. "This is the Dragonslayer Sword, my companion for many years. The spirit within it has gained wisdom."

Before his words could fully settle, a brilliant radiance erupted from the blade. The faint silhouette of Zelda materialized, her presence exuding an ancient and majestic aura that quickly began to fill the air around them.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 4620 – Though Zelda had yet to fully manifest, the invisible sword intent already solidified the surrounding air, as if time itself had come to a halt.

Teegan's expression changed drastically. He recognized the significance of the awakened sword spirit all too well. It wasn't just about amplifying the sword's power; more crucially, it signified the perfect extension of the sword master's will—an absolute fusion between the blade and its wielder.

Though Teegan possessed a sword spirit of his own, it felt lacking, devoid of the indescribable charm and presence that Zelda emanated.

“Hmph, so what if you have a spiritual sword? Today, I, Teegan, will cut you down here and now!”

Enraged, Teegan let out a furious roar, his entire being radiating with intense spiritual energy. His sword, strapped to his back, erupted into flames, its power crackling with fury. The blade hummed like a deafening dragon’s roar, its inscriptions flickering with a brilliant light. Waves of overwhelming sword intent surged forth like a tidal wave, reaching toward the skies.

A cold smirk tugged at the corners of Jared’s mouth. Without hesitation, he raised his Dragonslayer Sword, the tip of the blade pointing straight at the vast sky, a challenge to Teegan’s power.

A more powerful surge of sword intent erupted from Jared, crashing fiercely against Teegan’s in mid-air. The collision sent a dazzling explosion of sword light across the sky, painting the heavens in brilliant, shifting colors.

“The contest of sword intent isn’t just about whose blade is sharper, but whose resolve is stronger!” Jared’s voice rang out, resonating amid the blinding glow of the swords. The radiance of the Dragonslayer Sword grew even more intense, its light almost blinding in its brilliance.

At last, Zelda’s figure fully materialized, her form coalescing into being, holding her own long sword. She engaged in a fierce battle with Teegan’s Sword Spirit, their clash filling the void with a shimmering, otherworldly force.

The two sword spirits collided with a thunderous force—one radiated an aura of ancient solemnity, while the other exuded a fierce, domineering presence. Each clash was accompanied by a deafening roar, as if the very heavens and earth were being torn asunder.

The sword light flickered, and the sword intent surged with boundless power. Each flash of the blades carried enough force to obliterate the area.

Shock and frustration twisted across Teegan’s face.

Teegan had once believed that his Ultimate Realm Level Five cultivation and the power of his spiritual sword would be more than enough to easily overwhelm Jared. However, reality had delivered a crushing blow.

The strength of Jared’s sword intent and the power of his sword spirit surpassed anything Teegan had anticipated.

“This... This can’t be possible!” Despair seeped into Teegan’s voice, the weight of the situation pressing down on him. As the battle raged on, he could feel his sword intent rapidly depleting, while Jared’s seemed inexhaustible. Each strike from Jared grew more intense, more ferocious, leaving Teegan struggling to keep up.

During his time in the Divine Smithing Sect's sword-cleansing lake, Jared had absorbed countless sword intents, honing his mastery to an unimaginable degree. In a direct confrontation of swords, Teegan simply couldn't measure up.

Niel, standing off to the side, was ashen-faced with terror, too stunned to speak. He had once believed his brother would easily avenge him. Yet, what he witnessed now filled him with utter despair. He had never seen a battle so terrifying, nor could he have ever imagined that Jared possessed such overwhelming power.

"Teegan... save me..." Niel's voice trembled with desperation, a hint of tears breaking through. He called out for help, but amidst the furious clash of swords, Teegan was consumed by the battle, unable to spare him even a glance.

At last, after a brutal exchange of blows, Teegan's sword spirit was struck down with a single, decisive stroke from Zelda. The once brilliant runes that adorned the blade now lay dim and lifeless.

Teegan's face drained of color, his expression turning deathly pale. This sword spirit had been his labor of love, nurtured with immense effort over countless years-almost as if it were his own child. Now, slain by Zelda's might, his once-formidable spiritual sword had been reduced to nothing more than an ordinary long sword, stripped of its essence.

"You destroyed my spiritual sword! I will see you dead for this..." Teegan roared, clutching what had now become a mere, ordinary long sword.

Even without its previous power, Teegan raised the blade high, the sword's edge gleaming with a cold, deadly light that cast an eerie reflection, impossible to ignore.

A torrent of fiery aura enveloped Teegan, his body beginning to levitate as the flames surged around him. His inner energy surged to its peak, an overwhelming force gathering within him. With a final, determined motion, Teegan released the long sword, sending it hurtling into the air.

Even without the Sword Spirit, Teegan's long sword suddenly erupted with a brilliant beam of white light, which swiftly multiplied-first into ten, then a hundred, and soon thousands of beams.