

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other Chapter 4694

A Man Like None Other Chapter 4694 – Deep within the Tenth Hall, in a dimly lit and enigmatic secret chamber, the flickering candlelight cast long shadows across the stone walls. Hundreds of bodily spirit lamps lined the chamber, each a silent testament to the life force of an important member of the Tenth Hall.

Tennyson, the ruler of the Tenth Hall, stood alone in the chamber. His dignified yet solemn presence filled the room as his sharp, hawk-like gaze remained fixed on a single lamp-Octavion's.

From an early age, Octavion had demonstrated exceptional talent and wisdom, surpassing many of his peers. Yet, an unexpected twist of fate had led him to fall in love with a woman from the outside world-an act deemed heretical by celestial law. The strict codes of their kind branded him a traitor, an outcast unworthy of his lineage.

For the sake of his son's happiness, Tennyson had orchestrated a way out. Under the guise of an important mission, he had sent Octavion and his entourage away from the Tenth Hall, hoping he would use the opportunity to escape -free to elope with the woman he loved, free to carve out a simple yet blissful life away from the shackles of celestial law.

At that moment, Tennyson's heart pounded like a drum, his gaze tense with anxiety and unease.

He knew that Octavion's bodily spirit lamp still remained in the Tenth Hall despite his departure. Its presence meant that if Octavion never returned, the Celestial Palace would inevitably take notice. Once they deemed him a defector, they would dispatch enforcers to hunt him down. If that happened, Tennyson understood he would have neither the authority nor the power to intervene.

Thus, he wrestled with a decision-should he relocate Octavion's lamp or extinguish it entirely? Either way, it was the only means to keep the Celestial Palace from taking notice.

As Tennyson fixated on Octavion's bodily spirit lamp, it suddenly flickered twice before vanishing without a trace. His eyes widened in shock.

He couldn't believe it-Octavion was gone. His only son, lost.

Tennyson had merely used the task of finding Jared as a pretext, a way to grant Octavion the freedom to escape the Tenth Hall and be with the woman he loved.

That was why he had insisted Octavion take all his personal guards-so he could protect him from afar. But now, against all expectations, Octavion's lamp had been extinguished.

"Could that naive child really have gone after Jared?" Tennyson trembled.

After a long moment, he finally managed to suppress the storm raging in his heart. Taking a deep breath, he stepped out of the secret room, each stride heavy with unspoken weight.

Upon entering the grand hall, his gaze landed on a figure clad in a flowing black robe. The ferocious beast embroidered on the fabric seemed to come alive under the dim light, its eyes gleaming with menace. The man's face was deathly pale, his sunken eyes hollow, as if he had just returned from the depths of hell.

"My Lord." The man spoke, his voice laced with dissatisfaction. "Octavion has fallen for a woman from the outside world, breaking the laws. He bears the burden of his crime-how could you have allowed him to leave the Tenth Hall?"

"Quenric, I know you're doubting me-wondering if I let Octavion go on purpose. But let me make it clear-Octavion is dead. He gave his life for the Tenth Hall." Tennyson's eyes burned with barely contained fury.

"Octavion is dead?" Quenric flinched, disbelief lacing his voice. "How did he die?"

"Do you really need to ask? Jared killed him, of course. Octavion's bodily spirit lamp has already been extinguished. If you don't believe me, I'll take you to see for yourself!" Tennyson snapped.

Quenric narrowed his eyes. "Since you insist, I suppose I'll take a look."

It was obvious-Quenric wasn't convinced. He didn't believe Octavion had died, nor that he had left the Tenth Hall solely for revenge.

Suppressing his growing rage, Tennyson turned on his heel and strode away, Quenric following close behind.

Upon arriving at the secret chamber and seeing Octavion's extinguished lamp, Quenric finally accepted the truth of Tennyson's words.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 4695 – “Octavion... how could you just die like that? Your death... it was so senseless...” Quenric suddenly broke into sobs.

His wails of grief echoed through the halls, carrying an anguish so raw that nearly everyone in the Tenth Hall could hear his sorrow.

Tennyson glared at Quenric, his expression dark with fury, yet he held his tongue.

After a while, Quenric pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed at his eyes. Whether his tears had been genuine or not remained uncertain.

“My Lord, Jared truly deserves to die-we must avenge Octavion!” Quenric exclaimed, hastily wiping his face.

“Of course,” Tennyson said, his voice like ice. “I want you to avenge Octavion immediately. You must eliminate Jared.”

“Me?” Quenric's eyes widened in shock. He quickly waved his hands in protest. “No, no, that won't do. My strength is on par with Octavion's. If he was killed, wouldn't sending me be a suicide mission?”

“I will give you twenty thousand celestial crystals,” Tennyson said, his gaze dark and unyielding. “This is not a request-it's an order.”

Quenric hesitated, his mouth opening as if to protest, but upon meeting Tennyson's piercing stare, he knew he had no choice. Swallowing hard, he finally nodded. “All right... I'll go.”

As he turned and walked away, Tennyson watched his retreating figure, his eyes brimming with murderous intent.

He had indeed sent Quenric to his doom. The audacity of the man-to question and challenge his authority-was beyond belief. His death was nothing less than deserved.

As Quenric stepped out of the main hall, a frail old man quietly followed behind. Though his frame was thin and his presence unassuming, his eyes gleamed with an unsettling sharpness.

"Mr. Haverford, how did it go? Did he let Octavion go?" the old man asked in a hushed tone. "Such an act is a betrayal of the Celestial Palace. If we report this, Tennyson will surely face severe punishment."

"Shut up," Quenric snapped, his eyes flashing with irritation. "Octavion is already dead."

"Dead?" The elder's face stiffened with shock.

He found it almost impossible to believe.

"Could he truly be so ruthless as to send his own son to his death?"

"There's no doubt about it, I saw Octavion's lamp go out with my own eyes," Quenric said grimly.

"If that's the case, then we have no choice but to bide our time in the Tenth Hall, waiting for the right opportunity," the elder replied, a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"Opportunity? Ha! Tennyson just ordered me to kill Jared and even offered twenty thousand celestial crystals. I had no choice but to accept!" Quenric scowled, his frustration evident.

"Twenty thousand celestial crystals? Quite generous of him," the elder remarked, stroking his beard thoughtfully. "In that case, let's proceed with eliminating Jared. Once it's done, we simply report back. From what I've heard, Jared himself isn't all that formidable-it's the expert backing him that poses a problem. But no one can be protected every second of every day. If we bide our time and strike at the right moment, we'll surely take him down."

A confident gleam flickered in the elder's sharp eyes.

Quenric shot the elder a sharp glare, his eyes burning with anger. "You old geezer, are you trying to send me to my death even faster?"

"Mr. Haverford, what are you saying?" The elder gasped, taken aback.

"Tavon and Octavion both died at Jared's hands, and now you expect me to go after him? My strength is on par with Octavion's-if he couldn't survive, what makes you think I stand a chance?" Quenric's voice rose, his frustration evident.

"Mr. Haverford, I've already looked into it," the elder insisted. "That Jared is nothing more than a Ninth Level Tribulator. With your power, you could snuff out his life with a mere flick of your wrist. Back then, it wasn't Jared who defeated Octavion and Tennyson-it was the intervention of Allardland, Abbot Infinides, and the enigmatic Mr. Sanders backing Jared. This time, Tavon and Octavion's deaths were undoubtedly tied to Allardland or Mr. Sanders. There's no way Jared alone could have done it. Mr. Haverford, don't let yourself be fooled. That boy is nothing more than an insect before you!"

The elder's voice brimmed with conviction as he relentlessly urged Quenric to strike.

