

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

## A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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Jared plunged into the midst of the hundred-man army.

Within this battalion of a hundred soldiers, there were over thirty who had reached the Wandering Immortal Realm. The rest were all at least of the eighth level of the Immortal Realm.

The soldiers within the sky prison of Winged Tiger City were undeniably formidable.

When these people joined forces, the pressure on Jared instantly multiplied. If it had been a one-on-one fight, Jared could have defeated any of them in an instant.

However, when faced with the combined efforts of hundreds of soldiers, Jared was indeed somewhat at a loss. Otherwise, wouldn't have needed to drag Madman and the others all over the place.

The city was teeming with tens of thousands of soldiers. Even if his opponents were to just stand there and let attack, Jared reckoned would be exhausted to death.

The moment their paths crossed, Jared swiftly retreated. Meanwhile, a barrage of long spears was hurtling toward through the air.

Upon seeing the situation, Jared swung his Dragonslayer Sword forward.

Boom!

In an instant, those long spears shattered into dust under the force of the sword energy. At the same time, Jared clenched his left hand into a fist, then threw a punch.

“Sacred Light Fist!”

Boom!

In an instant, a powerful gust of wind erupted from Jared's fist. The soldier at the forefront was struck directly by the punch.

The armor they wore shattered into pieces. The soldiers up front were spewing blood, their insides pulverized by a single punch, leaving them all lifeless.

However, it didn't take long before the soldiers from behind charged forward, brandishing their spears viciously toward Jared's body.

"Golem Body!" Jared's body erupted in a golden light, immediately followed by the Golem Body enveloping entirely.

The sudden, piercing flashes of gold light startled the soldiers.

Long spears pierced Jared one after another, yet they failed to break his Golem Body. Even if the Golem Body was shattered, Jared's physical body was unparalleled, making it virtually impossible for to get hurt.

Jared stoically endured the thrusts from several long spears, his Dragonslayer Sword in hand, casting a swath of sword light.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

With this single strike, the soldiers who had previously been attacking Jared had their heads cleanly severed, their blood gushing out like a fountain. However, these soldiers were fearless in the face of death, continuing to charge toward Jared.

Meanwhile, Jared no longer held back. His eyes were filled with murderous intent as brandished the Dragonslayer Sword in his hand, reaping the lives of the enemy soldiers.

At that moment, the only thought consuming Jared's mind was to kill.

Madman and Eason were positioned on either side of Jared, safeguarding his flanks. At the same time, they were also engaging in battle with the soldiers.

The trio worked in unison, advancing as they fought off their adversaries.

Jared and his two companions became more invigorated with each battle, and the soldiers became increasingly thrilled as the fights progressed. At that time, both sides were deeply immersed in a frenzied massacre.

Jared found it quite challenging to face a hundred soldiers on his own, but with the assistance of Madman and Eason, felt much more at ease.

The trio swiftly decimated nearly half of the soldiers. Their courage seemed to escalate with every battle, while the remaining soldiers grew increasingly terrified with each confrontation.

While engaged in a fight, Jared turned his gaze toward Aisha, who was hiding, and shouted, "Stop idling around! Hurry up and release your clanspeople!"

Upon hearing this, Aisha immediately cautioned Bastian not to wander off. Then, dashed into the sky prison, embarking on a mission to rescue clanspeople.

Seeing the situation unfold, the battalion leader realized that if they continued this way, they were all going to die here. Especially when those human prisoners were released, they had even less chance of leaving.

The leader roared, "Retreat! Withdraw from the sky prison!"

He no longer wished to be entangled with Jared and his crew. All needed was to break free from the sky prison; once was outside, it would be better. After all, there were tens of thousands of soldiers within the city walls.

It was clear that Jared and his companions had no chance of escaping from this city. There was no need to follow Jared and fight to the death.

The leader of the soldiers, along with the remaining soldiers, turned and fled.

Upon seeing the situation, Jared, along with Madman and their group, immediately leaped into action, chasing after the fleeing soldiers. Jared wouldn't let these b\*stards get away.

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth... Debts must be repaid!

These brutes have massacred so many people. There's no way they are going to get off easily.

The leader of the soldiers noticed Jared and his people clinging on stubbornly, and his brows furrowed involuntarily. "Pick up the pace! We need to break out of the sky prison..."

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After speaking, the remaining soldiers all rushed toward the entrance of the sky prison.

Jared and his two companions were relentless, refusing to back down. Every minute, soldiers were falling in battle. He moved even faster with his Dragonslayer Sword in hand.

Sword lights trailed like shadows, relentlessly cutting down the fleeing soldiers.

Meanwhile, some soldiers reached the entrance of the sky prison. Once they broke free from the prison, they could swiftly alert the city's troops. By then, they would have the sky prison tightly surrounded. There was no way Jared and his crew could leave.

"Not a single one of you should think about escaping..."

Jared's fingertips moved subtly, a pattern of array runes faintly visible in the space around him, then suddenly, they flashed.

In the next moment, a formation appeared at the entrance of the sky prison. As the soldiers charged forward, they were instantly repelled by a force.

At this point, the soldier's face immediately turned extremely unpleasant.

At that time, the leader of the soldiers instructed, "You few, forcefully break the formation! As for the rest of you, follow me and give it your all!"

He had people forcibly break through the formation, then led a team to block Jared and his companions. All they needed to do was endure until the formation was broken.

A few soldiers began to forcefully break through the formation, while the squad leader, accompanied by the remaining soldiers, turned around to gaze at Jared and his men coldly.

"Why are you so hell-bent on wiping us out? Even if you managed to kill us all, there are countless soldiers in the city beyond this prison. There's no way you could escape!" The leader of the warrior squad questioned Jared.

Jared responded frostily, "Did you ever stop to consider why you were wiping out those humans when you were killing them?"

As Jared's words fell, vanished in an instant. The Dragonslayer Sword in his hand swung toward the leader of the soldiers.

The leader had a savage look on his face, and bellowed, "I'll fight you to death!"

The three figures charged into the ranks of the soldiers once again.

In the span of a brief moment, the sounds of the fight had ceased.

Madman and Eason, panting heavily, sat on the ground. The two of them were utterly exhausted. Jared had also expended a considerable amount, but was still able to persevere.

He was seen rummaging through the fallen soldiers, collecting anything of use. As long as there was an item pouch or useful supplies, Jared would gather them up.

Over a hundred soldiers were completely wiped out by Jared and his men.

Despite facing just over a hundred soldiers, Jared and his men found the battle incredibly challenging. If it involved tens of thousands of soldiers, Jared didn't even dare to entertain the thought.

Luckily, Maceo had already led the soldiers of Rhino City to begin their assault on Winged Tiger City.

Most of the soldiers had been reassigned to address the pressing matter and then tasked with defending against the attack on Rhino City.

At that moment, Aisha appeared, trailed by thousands of human cultivators.

It appeared that all these human cultivators were in their prime, suggesting that the elderly, the weak, women, and children must have been annihilated.

Winged Tiger City was planning to use the remaining adults as slaves.

Aisha gazed at the fallen soldiers, disbelief coloring voice as asked, "Did you wipe out all these soldiers?"

Jared nodded. "They're all gone..."

Madman cast a disdainful glance at the human cultivators, scoffing. “Over a thousand human cultivators, yet they were slaughtered by just over a hundred soldiers. Not a single one fought back. It’s truly pitiful, so very pitiful...”

“Do you know why human cultivators are the weakest and most easily bullied? It’s because all of you are only thinking of yourselves, with no one willing to step forward, that so many people are slaughtered by over a hundred soldiers!”

“Even if you’re just ordinary people, incapable of defeating those soldiers, you should still annoy them to the point of frustration. It’s a pity that you humans are too clever for your own good, so much so that your intelligence often leads you astray!”

The words of Madman, much like a steel needle, deeply pierced the hearts of these human cultivators.

Indeed, they had all become numb, with no one considering resistance. After all, in the beast race’s sky prison, resistance meant death. Perhaps, by enduring in silence, there was a glimmer of hope for survival.

It was this mentality that allowed a mere hundred or so soldiers to carry out a massacre against their vast numbers of human cultivators.

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Aisha, too, flushed with embarrassment, stung by Madman’s words.

She leaned toward Jared and asked softly, “What should we do now? I imagine there’ll be quite a few soldiers waiting for us once we get out of this sky prison.”

Jared replied with a calm certainty, “There likely aren’t many left outside. When the time comes, we’ll create a distraction. You lead your people and go.”

“We should stick together,” Aisha insisted. “There’s strength in numbers.”

But Jared shook his head firmly. “You’ll only slow us down. You’re of no use at all.”

Jared was disappointed when first saw these human cultivators. There were so many of them, young and able-bodied, yet they stood idle, indifferent.

The image of the fallen, elders and children alike, still burned in his mind. Fury twisted in his chest.

How could they just look away?

These were their people... Their kin...

Aisha said, "Thank you. If we make it out of this alive... I swear, if you ever come to Caxton Continent, I'll welcome you with honor."

"Let's talk about that later," Jared said, deactivating the arcane array at the entrance of the sky prison before moving forward.

Bastian followed close behind, his eyes filled with admiration, never straying from Jared's side.

As Jared had expected, the number of soldiers in the city had significantly decreased. Figures could be seen rushing toward the border between Winged Tiger City and Rhino City.

Shortly after and the others left the prison, they came across a group of about a dozen soldiers. Weapons in hand, the men were patrolling nervously. But the moment the soldiers laid eyes on Jared and his group, they froze in shock.

A heavy silence fell over both sides.

The dozen or so soldiers, eyes flicking to the mass of human cultivators behind Jared, visibly trembled.

"Find anything over here?" one of them asked, trying to sound casual.

"No, nothing," another replied quickly.

"Let's check the other streets!"

Without so much as a glance at Jared's group, the soldiers turned and walked away, pretending they hadn't seen anything at all.

Jared stood there for a moment, speechless.

“What just happened? Were those guys blind or something?” Madman asked, bewildered.

“They’re not blind...” Jared said with a faint smile. “They’re scared...”

Then turned to Aisha. “You should all go now. As long as you stay together, you’ll make it out of the city. No one will stop you. As for how you’ll return to Caxton Continent, that’s up to fate. I can’t help you with that. I must take my leave now.”

“Until we meet again,” Aisha replied with a nod before turning to lead the thousand-plus human cultivators away.

Figures soared into the sky, heading for the outskirts of the city.

Just as Jared had said, no soldiers moved to stop them, likely because there were so few left in the city.

“Let’s go too,” Jared said.

But just as and his companions were about to leave, the group of soldiers from earlier suddenly returned.

Jared let out a quiet chuckle. “I thought you didn’t find anything? What brought you back?”

“Cut the crap! Who exactly are you?!” one of the soldiers demanded.

Jared raised an eyebrow. “What’s the matter? Did you come back because you saw there were only a few of us and thought we’d be easy to deal with?”

“Hmph, so what if we did? Die!” the soldier shouted, charging at Jared with his weapon raised.

Jared’s eyes narrowed with disdain. With a casual wave of his hand, the soldier was reduced to a mangled pulp by a single palm strike. He didn’t even bother drawing his Dragonslayer Sword.

Poof!

The other soldiers froze, horrified. Their expressions darkened with fear. Without a word, they turned and bolted.



“Spineless,” Jared scoffed, then threw a single, thunderous punch.

The force caught the fleeing soldiers mid-air, sending them flying. Moments later, their bodies exploded in a burst of gore.

Compared to the guards at the sky prison, these soldiers were clearly weaker, both in power and in will.