

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other [On-Going] 5006-5010

5-6 minutes 11/10/2024

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The envoy's gaze toward Jared grew colder. His killing intent surged.

Jared could feel the pressure. He gripped his Dragonslayer Sword tightly, his face deadly serious. Facing this wyrm transformation technique, couldn't afford a single misstep. His life was on the line.

"Mr. Vermilion, if I falter, I need you to step in," Jared called out in his mind to the Vermilion Demon Lord.

"Not a chance," came the lazy reply. Vermilion Demon Lord lounged in Jared's consciousness field like didn't have a care in the world.

Jared snapped, "You ate my food, drank my wine, crashed at my place, and now you talk to me like that? Where's your conscience?"

"Don't rely on me for everything," Vermilion Demon Lord chuckled. "You've got to know your own strength. Push yourself to the edge. Otherwise, how would you know that you're trash?"

"F*ck..." Jared muttered, exasperated.

Just then, the envoy disappeared. Jared's brow furrowed. He stepped forward and brought his sword down in a heavy arc.

Boom!

A tremendous force resisted his strike, flinging backward. The envoy reappeared, slamming a punch at Jared. The blow radiated murderous intent, enough to make the world pale.

Jared knew that if it hit, wouldn't die, but he'd be in bad shape. Just as the punch was about to land, a long spear streaked through the air.

Boom!

The envoy was blasted back by the impact.

A girl in white appeared, spear in hand, a Necro Ring dangling at neck. She looked like she'd stepped out of legend, barely missing the Fire Wheels beneath feet.

"A dignified envoy of the Celestial Palace attacking a kid? Have you no shame?" demanded, staring down without a hint of fear.

"Who are you?" The patrol officer asked, his brows furrowed as fixed his gaze intently on the girl in white before him.

She ignored and turned to the injured Jared instead. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." Jared nodded. "Thank you, miss, for saving me!"

"I should be thanking you," the girl replied with a faint smile. "You've saved so many lives across the Caxton Continent."

Jared blinked in surprise. "Miss, are you from the Caxton Continent?"

But shook head in response. Their conversation clearly irritated the envoy. He snapped, "You've got a death wish!"

The words barely left his mouth before swept his hand outward. A terrifying wave of force burst forth, seeming to compress the entire dimension around them.

Both Jared and the girl felt their bodies lock up under the pressure.

"Hmph, overestimating yourself..." The girl scoffed, then snapped wrist. Her long spear thrust forward.

Boom!

Her strike pierced through the crushing pressure, but the force didn't fully dissipate. She was pushed back repeatedly.

Seeing this, Jared gripped the Dragonslayer Sword tightly.

A resonant dragon's cry erupted as slashed with all his strength. The strike shattered the oppressive force completely.

Just as Jared caught his breath, the envoy was suddenly in front of him. There was no time to swing his sword, could only gather all his strength and throw a punch!

"Sacred Light Fist!"

Boom!

As Jared's punch landed, suddenly felt himself yanked backward.

The girl had grabbed him.

"Don't fight him. You're not a match!" warned.

Right after speaking, lunged forward with spear again. Its tip shimmered with flashes of purple light.

The envoy's expression changed. He swung his left arm forward in response.

"The Murray Spear?" blurted out as struck.

"You've got good eyes," the girl said, retreating swiftly while flicking spear.

Spear shadows filled the air, surrounding the envoy.

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The envoy's eyes narrowed. He stepped back quickly, clearly wary of the Murray Spear.

Noticing his hesitation, Jared immediately swung his sword again, hoping to strike while the envoy was distracted.

"One sword seals the end!" Jared unleashed a wave of sword energy.

It morphed into a Golden Dragon engulfed in flames, roaring as It charged toward the envoy. This opponent was far too strong, forcing Jared to bring out everything had in a single blow.

He didn't just draw on the Power of Immortals in his body. He fused it with the Power of Dragons and fire nascence, channeling it all into this one devastating strike.

He poured everything into this attack, determined to take the envoy down. Even the envoy couldn't hide his alarm. His contempt vanished. But by then, Jared's sword had already closed in, there was no way to dodge.

The envoy roared and crossed his arms, unleashing a furious counterattack. Both fists drove forward with all the might he'd built up over a lifetime. The very air seemed to distort under the pressure.

Boom!

With a thunderous crash, Jared was blasted backward through the air.

The envoy didn't get away unscathed either, his arms were completely destroyed by the force of Jared's strike.

Realizing could no longer fight, the envoy tried to retreat. But the girl's spear was already in front of him. Beams of purple light enveloped his entire body.

Clenching his teeth, the envoy's divine soul briefly detached from his body. Then, under the radiance of the purple glow, his physical body exploded.

"The Murray Spear certainly lives up to its name," muttered.

The envoy's divine soul fled, trying to escape.

"Trying to run?" the girl In white raised spear to give chase, but a group of figures suddenly appeared in the distance.

They were from the Eighth Hall, backing the envoy's escape.

At the same time, the ground trembled as soldiers from Winged Tiger City, who had earlier retreated, surged back into the battlefield.

Jovan was among them, forced to return. Behind stood Braxton, personally overseeing the situation. Jovan didn't dare defy him.

Seeing this, the girl let go of pursuit and instead reached out to help Jared to his feet. Jared's forehead was drenched with sweat as gasped for breath. The battle had drained him.

Had the girl not shown up, wouldn't have been able to handle the envoy alone. He might've had no choice but to let the Vermilion Demon Lord take over his body.

With the Eighth Hall forces now present, the envoy calmed down. Though his body was gone, his divine soul could still regenerate a new one-it just needed time.

"Sir Envoy..." Braxton approached the envoy with utmost respect.

These envoys were the enforcers of the Celestial Palace, inspecting conditions across the branches, akin to a discipline inspection department.

The envoy's eyes were cold as glared at Braxton. "Have someone clean up here. You escort me back to the Eighth Hall. I need to restore my physical body."

"Yes, sir!" Braxton bowed and turned to Jovan. "Move out! If anyone tries to flee, kill them all!"

Jovan, clearly reluctant, gave the order. "Attack!"

The soldiers from Winged Tiger City charged at Jared and the girl in white. An overwhelming wave of fighters descended on the two of them.

Jovan didn't dare hold back. Braxton glanced at Jared, his face clouded with conflicting emotions, before quickly retreating to protect the envoy's divine soul.

If anything happened to the envoy while under his watch, it would spell disaster for Braxton as the overlord of the Eighth Hall. Jared watched the approaching horde, frowning deeply.

"What are you thinking about?" the girl asked.

"Wondering whether to run or not..."

"What do you think?" She laughed.

"Run!"

With that, Jared turned and bolted.

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Before they could escape, the ground quaked again.

A sea of figures surged into the fray. Maceo had returned with Madman, Flaxseed, Eason, Reidan, and even Gillian. They had brought the full force of Rhino City's soldiers.

"We can't abandon Jared! Everyone, attack! Don't stop until they're wiped out!" Maceo bellowed in fury.

Rhino City's soldiers crashed into Winged Tiger City's soldiers. Chaos erupted once more.

Watching the chaos unfold, Jovan frowned. They'd just escaped, only to be dragged back again. But this time, there was no turning back. If fled now, the Celestial Palace's punishment would be absolute.

"Fight! Give it everything!" Jovan roared.

Winged Tiger City's troops knew the truth. There was no other option. It was do or die.

As the armies clashed, the battle reached a fever pitch.

Jared drew his sword again. There was no more thought of escape. He, the girl in white, Madman, and Flaxseed were experts in the field. Even soldiers in Wandering Immortal Realm Level One couldn't last a single round against them.

Gradually, Rhino City gained the upper hand. Jovan looked on with helplessness and dread. His army was being destroyed. With their fall, Winged Tiger City was finished and so was his reign as city lord.

Amid his despair, dark figures rained down from above. They were dressed in black, each one radiating incredible strength.

After escorting the envoy, Braxton had sent in more forces from the Eighth Hall. Their arrival turned the tide. The sheer power they brought instantly put Winged Tiger City back in control.

Despite Jared and his allies' strength, they couldn't match the men in black from the Eighth Hall. All of them were at least Wandering Immortal Realm Level Two.

The Celestial Palace's power was terrifying. With just the Eighth Hall, they controlled all of Winged Tiger City. The city lord himself had become little more than a puppet.

"Ha! Men, we've got backup now. Let's take down these fools!" The reinforcements from the Eighth Hall revived Jovan's morale.

Winged Tiger City's troops rallied and fought with renewed vigor.

Jared frowned deeply. He hadn't expected so many from the Eighth Hall to show up, or that they'd be this strong. Now that the chaos had erupted, escaping was nearly impossible. He clenched his teeth and fought with all he had.

As he was battling, a figure suddenly crashed down in front of him.

Startled, Jared vanished and reappeared with a flash of sword light, decapitating one of the men in black. Then, he caught the falling figure.

"Mr. Schwartz!" Jared looked at him, surprised.

Reidan was covered in wounds, his aura weakening.

"Glad you're all safe..." muttered before coughing up blood.

As soon as he heard Jared had stayed behind alone and was in danger, he came rushing without hesitation. Eason had even mobilized everyone from the Fox Spirit House.

"You're so foolish," Jared said. "Coming here was a death sentence!"

He gently laid Reidan on the ground, visibly confused. Reidan wasn't particularly strong, was just in the Immortal Realm, not yet reached the Wandering Immortal Realm. Coming here to save was as good as suicide.

"You saved my life. I couldn't just stand by while you were in trouble," Reidan said. "Even if I died, it'd be worth it. If it weren't for you, I'd still be rotting in that cage."

His aura was fading quickly.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let you die,” Jared said firmly. He pulled out a celestial gem he’d taken from the Treasure Land and pressed it into Reidan’s hand.

“This is a celestial gem. It’ll keep you alive. And these are pills made with mystical herbs...”

Jared didn’t hold anything back, was determined to help Reidan recover.

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“Mr. Chance, don’t waste your resources on me anymore. I’m not going to make it. I’m honestly lucky to make it this far. Just ignore me,” Reidan said as he forced out a smile.

“Nonsense! I said you’ll live, so you’ll live. I have plenty of resources. You don’t need to save any for me!” Jared shouted anxiously.

If Reidan gave up hope of surviving, not even a great golder immortal could save him!

“Cough, cough, cough...”

Reidan spat out a mouthful of fresh blood mixed with internal organs.

It was clear that Reidan was seriously injured.

“Okay, don’t move. I’ll heal your wounds...” Jared saw this and knew if he didn’t treat Reidan now, he really would die.

“Mr. Chance, watch out!”

Suddenly, Reidan’s eyes widened. He mustered his last ounce of strength and lunged forward!

Pft!

A longsword instantaneously pierced through Reidan’s body, and a black-clad figure from the Eighth Hall swiftly followed with a kick!

Reidan’s body collapsed again, but this time his eyes lost all light. He couldn’t even speak.

“F*ck...”

Jared panicked. The Dragonslayer Sword in his hand flashed, slashing out a brilliant sword light that pierced straight through the Eighth Hall man in black, splitting him in two.

But when Jared looked back at Reidan, he found Reidan was already lifeless.

Jared’s body trembled slightly. A raging killing intent surged skyward

Although they had only known each other a short time, Reidan came without hesitation when Jared was in danger.

Now, he had died here. In truth, Reidan had died for Jared.

More and more men in black from the Eighth Hall charged at Jared.

“Die!” Jared roared, his expression turning ferocious.

“Nine Shadows!”

Jared swung the Dragonslayer Sword.

Suddenly, eight identical images of Jared appeared, each wielding a Dragonslayer Sword.

Whoosh!

Eight beams of light flew out instantly. At once, more than a dozen men in black rushing toward Jared were all cut in half!

Meanwhile, Jared recklessly charged forward, without any regard for the consequences.

Although the Nine Shadows’ clones rapidly drained Jared’s inner strength, even possibly consuming his life to death, Jared didn’t care at all now.

All that consumed his mind at this moment was destruction, to eliminate all these people.

The Dragonslayer Sword in Jared’s hand carried a blood-red sword aura, every swing summoning a rain of blood.

Seven illusory shadows spun around him, shredding the men in black who tried to get close into pieces.

On the ground, bodies piled up like mountains.

Thick blood formed streams, glowing eerily under the moonlight, staining this battlefield red

Yet, the Winged Tiger City's soldiers and the Eighth Hall men in black came in endless waves.

Jared clearly felt his spiritual power draining. like a breaking dam, each sword swing overdrawing his life force.

His complexion grew increasingly pale, and the blood seeping from the corner of his mouth became more and more copious. Yet, the murderous intent in his eyes didn't wane even slightly. Only one thought remained: kill them all!

"Die!"

Jared's eyes turned blood red, killing aura rolling like a solid force. Every swing of the Dragonslayer Sword unleashed a shower of blood.

The soldiers of Winged Tiger City and the Eighth Hall men in black surged like tides, only to fall like stalks of wheat.

But the enemy was simply too many!

"Jared, if you keep this up, you're going to exhaust yourself to death!"

Flaxseed gritted his teeth and shouted, his talisman constantly exploding to push back several men in black, but his face was pale as paper, obviously drained of spiritual power.

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"Then let me die! Kill them all!" Jared roared, completely deaf to any attempts to stop him.

Elsewhere on the battlefield, Madman swung his longsword, each slash cleaving enemies clean in two.

Despite his valiant efforts, the sheer number of adversaries was overwhelming. His battle-axe was drenched in fresh blood, and his body bore multiple wounds.

Blood poured from his injuries, staining his clothes red. Sweat and blood mixed, running down his face and dripping to the ground.

Eason wasn't doing any better. His breathing had grown rapid and heavy.

The soldiers of Rhino City, once brimming with morale, had it worn down by the endless tide of enemies.

Their injuries multiplied, and their strength was nearly depleted. The weapons they held felt increasingly heavy, with each swing seeming to consume all the energy they had left.

Yet, they held their ground, for they knew that if they backed down, death would be awaiting them.

The white-dressed woman's spear had already snapped in half. Beads of sweat covered her forehead, her breathing heavy. Over thirty corpses lay around her, yet the enemy continued to pour in relentlessly.

Just then, several agile men in black suddenly darted in from the side, aiming straight for Eason.

Hearing the sound of air splitting behind him, Eason tried to turn and defend himself, but it was too late.

A flash of despair crossed his eyes as he thought, is this where I meet my end today?

At that critical moment, a figure shot past Eason like lightning.

It was Gillian! Determination was written all over his face, and a faint golden glow rose from his body.

"Boss, go now!" Gillian shouted, his voice full of resolve and sorrow.

His body swelled in an instant, the golden glow becoming increasingly dazzling.

The men in black realized something was wrong and tried to retreat, but Gillian had already locked onto them.

"A deafening boom erupted. A blinding golden light illuminated the entire battlefield, and a shockwave like a hurricane blasted outward."

The men in black were instantly reduced to ash. Others nearby were flung away by the blast, crashing heavily to the ground.

Eason was also thrown backward by the shockwave, landing hard with blood at the corner of his mouth.

He struggled to his feet, staring at the spot where Gillian had vanished. His eyes were filled with anguish and fury.

“Gillian!” Eason roared, voice thick with grief.

Gillian had followed him for many years, loyal to the end. But today...

Eason finally snapped. Low growls came from his throat as his body began to transform.

In moments, a massive nine-tailed fox appeared. Eason had recklessly revealed his main body.

Though this transformation granted a temporary boost in power, it came with irreversible damage to the body.

But at that moment, Eason no longer cared!

Jared, too, had been drawn by the deafening explosion. He turned toward Eason’s direction.

Seeing Gillian’s self-destruction only fueled his killing intent.

“Drop dead, all of you!” Jared shouted, once more swinging the Dragonslayer Sword.

Eight illusory shadows shot forward like grim reapers toward the enemy.

However, by this point, Jared had reached his limit.

The eight illusory shadows grew faint, and his body began to sway.

Yet he continued to grit his teeth and persist, each swing of his sword seemingly draining him of all his strength.

Suddenly, Jared let out a roar no longer human.

The eight shadow clones returned to his main body at once.

The Dragonslayer Sword erupted in a blinding crimson light, transforming him into a streak of bloody meteor, charging straight into the densest part of the enemy lines.

The men in black scrambled to form a defense, but the moment they made contact, they were shredded by the terrifying sword energy.

Where Jared passed, the ground cracked and the air twisted, as if even space itself couldn't bear this rampant force.