

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

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

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Could it be that cultivation for humans was even harder than it was for demons or beast clans?

The man looked overjoyed and asked, "Where are your people? Where are they?"

"It's just us," Jemima replied.

The man froze for a second, and the smile vanished from his face. "Just a few of you? What's the point? Seventy percent of the Caxton Continent has already fallen. You few won't make any difference!"

"My advice is for you to leave while you still can, before you end up as someone else's prisoner!"

"You looking down on us or something?" Flaxseed was visibly upset.

But before the man could respond, the ground suddenly trembled violently.

The man's face paled dramatically, his brows furrowing as said, "You need to leave quickly! Celestial Palace's men are here!"

As soon as spoke, over a dozen men in black from the Eighth Hall approached from a distance. Leading them was an elder dressed in a grey robe, his hair tied up in a topknot.

Though there were only about a dozen of them, their presence alone shook the surrounding void. A terrifying wave of pressure surged forth.

Screams echoed around them as many people were pinned to the ground, barely able to breathe.

Seeing this, Jared immediately summoned the Dragonslayer Sword.

A fearsome sword aura erupted from it. With a gentle wave of his hand, the crushing pressure vanished instantly.

Everyone suddenly felt the weight lift off their chests and scrambled to their feet.

At that moment, the man looked at Jared in disbelief, utterly stunned. He had sensed that Jared was only at the Wandering Immortal Realm Level One, just like himself, yet Jared had effortlessly dispelled the suffocating pressure.

The elder in the grey robe was also slightly taken aback but quickly arrived in front of them. When saw Thorley, his face lit up with excitement.

“Eruvan, save me, save me!” Thorley shouted the moment recognized the old man.

“Release Prince Thorley, and we might spare your lives!” Eruvan Thorne demanded furiously.

The man beside Jared was dumbfounded. He hadn’t expected one of Jared’s group to be a prince of Celestial Palace.

By now, more than ten thousand human cultivators had gathered around Jared’s group. Yet faced with just a dozen men from the Eighth Hall, not one of them dared step forward. Every face was filled with fear.

Seeing this, Jared let out a sigh.

When had the human race become so timid and spineless?

“You have this many people, and you’re afraid of just a dozen of them?” asked the man.

“It’s not about numbers. We’re just not strong enough. Numbers alone won’t help,” the man replied helplessly.

“Then what do you plan to do?” Jared asked.

He wanted to see what kind of resolve the people of the Caxton Continent had. If they were worth saving, wouldn’t mind stepping in.

But if they were all cowards, wasn’t about to waste his time.

“What can we do? Surrender or fight to the death. But we won’t surrender. Even if we lose, we’ll still make sure to give them a hard time. You’re not from here. You’d better leave. I’m about to take my people and crap all over them to disgust them to death,” the man said to Jared.

“This is how you resist?” Jared laughed.

“Then what else can we do?” the man asked, clearly at a loss.

As Jared ignored Eruvan, shouted again, “Don’t be wishy-washy. Release Prince Thorley now! Can’t you hear me?”

“You’re seriously annoying...” Jared finally turned to Eruvan and swung his Dragonslayer Sword.

A sharp arc of light shot out like a falling star!

The space around them instantly compressed. Everyone around froze in place, unable to move even an inch.

Eruvan’s eyes widened in disbelief. He stared in horror as the blade of light slashed cleanly across his neck.

His head flew high into the air. In that final moment, actually saw his own headless body collapsing to the ground. His severed head remained in mid-air, eyelids still blinking. His consciousness hadn’t even faded yet.