

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other [On-Going] 5011

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But such an outburst came at a steep price Blood began to seep from Jared's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and spiderweb-like cracks appeared across his skin.

The white-dressed woman gritted her teeth and rushed to his side, skewering two ambushers with a single thrust. "Are you trying to get yourself killed?" she exclaimed.

Jared didn't respond. His eyes were filled with only one thing-bloodlust.

Upon witnessing Jared's frenzied slaughter, the soldiers of Winged Tiger City were filled with a surge of fearless bravery

They shouted and raised their weapons once more, charging at the enemy with renewed determination.

Across the battlefield, the sounds of battle cries, agonized screams, and clashing weapons wove together into a tragic war anthem.

Blood continued to flow, with the pile of bodies growing ever higher. The entire battlefield was permeated with the intense scent of blood and the ominous aura of death.

Madman looked at the carnage before him, his heart heavy with sorrow.

He knew that if this continued, their forces would eventually be wiped out.

But he also understood that there was no retreat, only a fight to the death

Eason, now in the form of a nine-tailed fox, tore into the Winged Tiger City soldiers and the men in black with his fangs and claws.

A glint of grim resolve passed through his eyes.

He made a silent vow that even if it cost him his entire life force, he would avenge Gillian and give the comrades of Rhino City a sliver of hope.

As for Jared, his eyes had gone hollow. All that remained in his heart was a singular obsession with killing.

He didn't know how much longer he could last, but he knew one thing: As long as he still drew breath, he wouldn't stop fighting, not until every enemy was dead and until Reidan and Gillian had been avenged

The battle raged on. Both sides threw themselves into the slaughter with all they had.

No one knew how this battle would ultimately end, nor did anyone know how many of them would be able to walk away alive from this battlefield...

The white-dressed woman let out a helpless sigh. Then, she raised her broken spear toward the sky. A bolt of purple lightning shot into the void.

Suddenly, a deafening thunderclap roared across the heavens, and dark clouds gathered at an alarming speed.

A lightning bolt as thick as a barrel came crashing down, turning dozens of Winged Tiger City soldiers to charred corpses

Everyone momentarily halted, taken aback by this unexpected occurrence. All eyes turned skyward, where a bronze war chariot slowly descended from the clouds. Standing atop it was an elderly man in a purple robe, holding a lightning imprint. His presence radiated authority

Jovan's face went pale. "Who are you?" he demanded

"The purple-robed emissary swept his gaze across the battlefield, ignoring Jovan entirely

His eyes landed on Jared, and he frowned slightly. "Young man, your spiritual energy is already depleted. If you keep fighting, you'll die

But Jared only grinned savagely and raised the Dragonslayer Sword. "Then let me die!"

No sooner had the words left his mouth than he coughed up a mouthful of black blood and dropped to one knee. He thrust the Dragonslayer Sword into the ground just to keep himself from collapsing.

The white-dressed woman quickly supported him and discovered that several of his meridians had been severed.

“Mr. Levian, help him...”

She looked at Levian.

It was clear that he had been summoned by her.

Levian sighed and raised the lightning imprint again. Countless streaks of lightning descended like a rainstorm.

They struck the men in black of the Eighth Hall and the Winged Tiger City soldiers with deadly precision. Screams echoed through the battlefield.

Seeing the situation take a turn for the worse, Jovan hastily ordered a retreat.

The battlefield finally quieted down, but the countless corpses and the stench of blood were a grim reminder of the horrors that had unfolded.

Flaxseed staggered over, looking at the nearly unconscious Jared with a bitter smile. “You little brat...”

He never finished the sentence. His expression suddenly changed as he whipped his head toward the horizon. “This isn’t good! This aura...”

From the horizon, a pitch-black mist spread rapidly across the land. Within the mist, twisted figures loomed, and everything in their path—grass, trees, life—withered and died.

Maceo’s expression grew grim. “It’s the Demonic Soul Devouring Army from the Demonic Dragon Palace. Looks like they’re here to take advantage of the situation!”

“The white-dressed woman gripped her broken spear tightly, her brow furrowed.

Her voice was hoarse as she looked at Levian.

“Can we still fight?”