

A Man Like None Other Chapter 851

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Chapter 851 Sneak Attack

Jared stared in despair at Josephine and Lizbeth with gritted teeth, not quite knowing what to do.

"Save yourself, Jared," Josephine shouted. "Run!"

"Jared, they won't let us go even if you give yourself up," cried Lizbeth. "Just kill me and escape this place. I would rather die than be violated by that brute."

It would not end well for me to fall into the hands of someone like Kristoff. Besides, he has already made his intentions toward me amply clear.

Kristoff's features hardened. With just the tiniest additional exertion of force in his grip, Josephine and Lizbeth suddenly began sweating profusely in pain.

"Stop!" Despite his fury, Jared did not dare take too big of a risk.

He was unsure that he would be able to kill the Top Level Senior Grandmaster with one blow. After all, Kristoff was second only to Martial Arts Grandmaster being at the peak of his strength.

If Kristoff could not be killed with one blow of absolute certainty, then Josephine and Lizbeth would be in even greater peril in Kristoff's hands.

Kristoff sneered. "Have you figured it out yet?"

"I'll come with you," he said, ashen-faced, as he sheathed the Dragonslayer Sword in his hand and placed his hands on top of his head. "You can do whatever you want to me."

Jared has no other choice but to obey Kristoff's words. There was nothing he could do.

"Jared, no!" Josephine and Lizbeth shouted desperately.

Jared did not seem to hear them as he walked slowly toward Kristoff.

Kristoff felt even smugger at the sight of Jared's meekness.

"Sylvester, we won't be able to avenge Xander if this guy gets taken away by the Shalvis family."

Sean grew anxious at the sight of Jared's surrender toward Kristoff.

"Shut up!" Sylvester got irritated in his meditation to treat his injuries after being constantly interrupted by Sean's chatter.

Sean fell silent at once.

Jared trudged toward his smug adversary with his hostility retracted. After taking two steps, he was startled to find that the white wolf was lying on the ground not far from Kristoff. It, too, was inching surreptitiously toward Kristoff like Jared was. The difference was that, unlike Jared, it held Kristoff in its sights as prey.

Jared was overjoyed at the sight of the white wolf as he thought that it had left. The rising temperature had melted the ice and snow and made it no longer suitable for the beast to live there.

"Let the two of them go before I surrender," he said cautiously in order to draw Kristoff's attention away from the white wolf. "I'll be yours to command. You can even take my life if you wish."

"Enough chatter!" Kristoff said impatiently. "Come here quietly. I promise I'll let your women go."

"Don't come any closer, Jared!"

Josephine and Lizbeth were perspiring from pain and anxiousness as they screamed.

"Don't worry, you two. I'll be fine..."

Jared cast the girls a meaningful look.

Just when he was only ten feet away from Kristoff, the white wolf leaped.

With a roar upon its collision with its prey, the white wolf sank its teeth into Kristoff's arm. With a painful scream, Kristoff involuntarily relinquished his grip that held Josephine captive.

Although she had managed to bolt quickly to safety, Lizbeth was still being held in Kristoff's left hand. If he had decided to squeeze Lizbeth, she would be crushed on the spot!

As the white wolf's appearance distracted Kristoff, Jared reached behind him and the Dragonslayer Sword in his hand appeared a second later. With a blinding flash, the sword slashed at Kristoff's left arm.

Chapter 852 Leviathan Is Here

Blood spurted from the joint where Kristoff's left arm used to be moments before it was chopped clean off by Jared's sword. As a final act of vengeance, the dismembered limb was still holding Lizbeth in its demonic clutches. Nimbly making use of the distraction, Lizbeth rolled on the spot and rid herself of its grip.

This time, the scream of pain was even more agonizing. In his blinding rage, he kicked the white wolf's chest with such force that it would have shattered a boulder.

The white wolf merely skidded several feet behind it before springing to its feet again, seemingly unscathed.

Kristoff's strength was comparable to that of a Great Grandmaster's at the peak. Under equivalent terms, this white wolf would be comparable to a Martial Arts Grandmaster. As a result, Kristoff's kick did not hurt it at all.

Kristoff's screams caught the attention of his subordinates. The men under the employ of the Shalvis family hurriedly detached themselves from the battle with the Thunderstorm Sect and ran to Kristoff's aid.

Kristoff stared at his severed arm with bloodshot eyes before bellowing at his men, "Kill him! Kill them all!"

Just when his men were about to surround Jared, a gust of overwhelming dominance in the form of a gale appeared at the scene. Its presence was felt by every member of the crowd from the way they all shuddered as one.

Because this breath was so terrifying, not even Senior Grandmasters or Martial Arts Grandmasters at the scene dared move a muscle.

Jared frowned as he turned to look for the source of the disturbance.

"What's with all the yelling, Kristoff? Whose blood are you thirsty for this time?"

The speaker was a middle-aged man who ambled toward them. He was clad in a simple white training robe. His sandals of cloth made no noise as he walked. There was no expression discernible on his powerfully set face.

He was not alone. Flanked by three other figures, the crowd gasped at the realization that those three alone were all Martial Arts Grandmasters. Judging by the way they are walking reverently in his wake, the leader must be a Fourth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster.

"Mr. Zare!" Kristoff's face flooded with relief.

Kenneth too hurried over to greet the newcomer.

The middle-aged man glanced at everybody before turning to Kristoff. "Have you seen my son?"

"Oh, Colin? There he is." Kristoff indicated with his finger.

It was only then that it became apparent to the crowd that the newcomer was Leviathan Zare, Colin's father, the patriarch of Shadow Estate, and a veteran Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Leviathan gazed in the direction of Kristoff's finger and spotted Colin leading a group of men in search of dry timber to start a fire.

At the sight of his son's foolhardy endeavor, Leviathan's anger flared up. It was so obvious that the crowd flinched and trembled as they watched with bated breath as Leviathan strode purposefully toward his son.

Jared's expression was especially solemn. Leviathan's strength seems to be on the same level as Rayleigh's. I'm simply no match against such strength. Besides, the Martial Arts Grandmasters behind him will overwhelm me before I could get close.

Kristoff, Kenneth, and Sylvester were crestfallen at Leviathan's sudden appearance as it essentially indicated the termination of their involvement in procuring the draconic essence.

The resounding smack of Leviathan's palm across Colin's cheek drew their attention to the Zares.

"How dare you return to Dragon Island against my permission?"

The slap seemed to finally impress upon Colin of his father's arrival. Far from being unhappy, he tugged at his father's sleeves urgently as he begged. "You came just in time, Dad. Please save Renee! She may not survive being frozen much longer."

Leviathan cast a glance at the ice sculpture that bore an eerie resemblance to Renee. Despite wearing a slight frown, he quickly resumed the reprimanding glare at his son and said, "Enough girls! Come home with me this instant!" A Man Like None Other Chapter 851

Chapter 853 No Surprises

In his rage, Leviathan practically lifted Colin by the collar in an iron grip that did not yield under the latter's squirms.

Both Jared and Kristoff breathed a sigh of relief at Leviathan's imminent departure as they were confident that they would not survive a confrontation against him.

"I'll come with you, Dad," Colin said suddenly as they passed before Jared, "on the condition that my friends come with us."

Jared, Josephine, and Lizbeth are all Renee's friends, after all. She was frozen trying to save Jared. I can't leave them behind to fend for themselves against Kristoff's wrath!

Having recognized the limitations of his abilities, Colin did not deem it wise to involve himself in the fight. Besides, he was more anxious to rescue Renee.

Now that Dad is here, I'm not going to let Renee's friends die here if I can help it.

Jared and the girls saw at that moment just how deep his affection for Renee was.

"Fine," Leviathan snapped as he regarded his son with a beady eye. "If I find out you have any surprises up your sleeve, I won't hesitate to break your legs. Do you know how much distress you've caused your mother, you rascal?"

"I won't, Dad," Colin agreed hastily.

Upon his release from his father's grasp, Colin walked up to Jared. "Jared, Josephine, Lizbeth, please come with me. Let's leave these people..."

The group felt a little surprised when Colin spoke to them as his help was the last thing they expected. After all, with Renee gone, Colin was no longer obligated to remain close to them.

Could this kid also be offering to help me to obtain the draconic essence for himself?

However, Colin's sincere eyes seemed to make Jared doubt himself.

After a long while, Jared nodded his assent. Leaving with Colin would be more helpful for our survival.

With that, Jared, Josephine, and Lizbeth trudged in Colin's wake toward his father, who did not even offer them a second glance as he spun around on the spot and marched smartly away.

Kristoff and Kenneth were thoroughly anxious by that point. Jared could not be allowed to be taken away without a fight for consuming the draconic essence!

"Mr. Zare!" Kristoff hurried forward and stood in Leviathan's way.

"Is something wrong, Kristoff?" Leviathan glanced at Kristoff's severed arm without comment.

"You can't take Jared with you, Mr. Zare. I demand retribution for my arm." He brandished his wound at Leviathan who began to take notice.

Tactfully, Kristoff did not reveal that Jared had consumed the draconic essence. He was certain that that knowledge would have cemented Leviathan's resolve to take Jared away.

Leviathan's stern countenance betrayed a hint of surprise. "Was he the one who cut off your arm?"

This boy looks as weak as a Seventh Level Grandmaster. How could he have cut off the arm of a Top Level Senior Grandmaster?

Originally assuming that Kenneth had been the one to maim Kristoff as their feud was well known, Leviathan could not resist taking a closer look at Jared's unassuming profile.

Leviathan turned to his son. "How did this happen, Col?"

Why would a friend of Colin's cut off Kristoff's arm?

Colin's apprehensive gaze bounced between Jared and Kristoff. "Jared consumed the draconic essence, Dad," he finally said through gritted teeth. "The conflict was over the draconic essence."

"The draconic essence?" Leviathan's eyes lit up.

Colin instantly regretted it after witnessing the greed in his father's eyes. I shouldn't have said that! Though I don't care much for the draconic essence, the same couldn't be said for him.

Chapter 854 Carrot Or Stick

Kristoff and Kenneth sensed something was wrong when they saw Leviathan's expression, which only served to amplify their desire to obtain the draconic essence for themselves.

Jared took two apprehensive steps back from the intensity of Leviathan's gaze.

"Is that true? Did you consume it?" Leviathan asked.

Jared nodded without a word.

"They're my friends, Dad," Colin cried. "Jared only-"

"Silence!" Leviathan roared at his son before turning to one of his men. "Take him away."

Two masters from the Shadow Estate fell out of formation and practically marched Colin away by pinning him from either side.

After Colin had been taken away, Leviathan stretched out his hand toward Jared. "Surrender the draconic essence, boy, and I'll let you walk away safely."

"The draconic essence has been swallowed by this kid hours ago, Mr. Zare," Kristoff reported. "It's most likely digested by now."

"Ignorance," Leviathan snorted coldly without even sparing Kristoff a glance, keeping both his eyes fixed on Jared. An invisible hand of forceful coercion enveloped Jared and pushed his spine into a half-bow.

Jared felt the weight of a mountain pressing down on his back. His legs began to tremble slightly.

Leviathan was a little surprised at the strength of Jared's resolve.

He only has the strength of the Seventh Level Grandmaster. How could he have withstood it?

The pressure that Leviathan was capable of exuding was no laughing matter. Even a Martial Arts Grandmaster would have fallen to his knees.

"The draconic essence stays with me and I am not giving it to anyone else. You would have to kill me first."

Jared unsheathed the Dragonslayer Sword as he spoke, the crimson river of his last victim still warm on its blade.

"How unexpected for a Senior Grandmaster like yourself to possess such a fine blade," Leviathan remarked appreciatively, his eyes reflecting the glint upon the sword. "This has been a worthwhile trip after all."

Jared mobilized the spiritual energy in his entire body. Soon, his aura began to accumulate.

Having consumed a body-quenching pill prior to facing a master like Leviathan, his body was at that moment like an iron wall as a domineering show of defense.

"I'll just say it once more, boy," Leviathan whispered, cold menace ringing in every syllable, "surrender the draconic essence, and give me this sword. For the sake of being a friend of my son's, I'll take you away to safety."

Jared's gaze was set. "As I said, you would have to kill me first."

"How noble of you. But have you considered what will happen to the two girls behind you after you die?"

Jared glanced at the two girls in an attempt to give them the best farewell he could, before turning back to face Leviathan. "There's nothing more to think about at this point. Even if I die defending it, you will never get your hands on the draconic essence."

Leviathan's grimace became uglier than ever.

Almost instantaneously, he struck. The terrifying aura instantly enveloped Jared before he could react. Far too late, he felt his whole body tense up and made it impossible to even pull the Dragonslayer Sword out of its scabbard.

Anxious that Jared would carry out his threat of suicide, Leviathan took the preventive measure to immobilize Jared before aiming a slap at his head to beat his skull open.

With a roar of fury mingled with panic at Leviathan's impending coup de grace, a burst of golden light erupted from Jared's body and conjured a barrier before him.

Unfortunately, it did little to stop Leviathan. Without even faltering, his palm continued its meteoric projectile toward the side of Jared's head.

Just when Leviathan's palm was inches away from its mark, Leviathan stopped. Jared even felt the breath of death stroking his cheek.