

# A Man Like None Other Chapter 979

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Chapter 979 The Attack Of The Venomous Wasps

Jared did not say anything to that and continued fumbling forward. Everyone was extremely careful. After all, they might trigger a trap if they were careless.

Edgar was following behind. As he stared at Howard and Jared, his expression turned vicious. Although they could definitely defeat Jared, he reckoned their chances at victory would be slimmer if Howard and his two Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters were to join in the fray.

“D\*mn it! Howard, that b\*stard! I’ll definitely teach him a harsh lesson after the Trial!” spat Edgar through gritted teeth.

“Mr. Edgar, we can’t attack Jared so easily now. There’s no one else here. If they want to kill us, they won’t be so easy to deal with,” Godrick reminded Edgar.

If Edgar insisted on attacking Jared, Jared might actually develop an intention to kill. Since Howard was there too, they might die there. Furthermore, there were no other families present. After the Trial ended, no one could disprove the claim that they had died after triggering a trap.

“I know!” snapped Edgar after shooting a glance at Godrick.

Godrick lowered his head and fell silent. However, a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

On the other side, Blake, Warren, and the other families walked straight ahead into the right tunnel. As Blake was right in front, the rest were quite relieved.

Suddenly, Blake froze in his tracks. He sensed an extremely vicious aura in the tunnel and heard some buzzing sounds.

“Did you guys hear something?” Blake turned around and asked the disciples from the Henckle family.

“I hear buzzing sounds, like wasps flying around,” replied the disciples.

“D\*mmmit! Turn back! Turn back now!” roared Blake anxiously as his expression changed drastically.

He backed off swiftly. Although Warren and the rest were confused, they retreated in haste as well.

After all, no one knew what was happening. If Blake was yelling so anxiously, he must have sensed danger.

Everyone backed off and Blake was the last one to leave. Just when he was about to seal the tunnel, it was too late—a whole swarm of wasps came flying out of the dark tunnel, filling the entire place.

“They’re venomous wasps! Everyone, be careful!” Blake reminded everyone loudly.

When everyone heard that there were venomous wasps, they panicked. Stunned, they stared at the dark swarm of venomous wasps in front of them.

They had already retreated to the chamber. If they moved back any further, they would leave the ancient tomb.

“D\*mn it! This ancient tomb has so many traps!” someone cursed furiously.

People kept sending waves of martial energy toward the wasps. They wanted to seal the tunnel and prevent the wasps from flying out.

Powerful martial energy kept surging out. Many venomous wasps died from the impact, but more flew out from behind.

Looking at the situation, they might die from exhaustion before they could kill all the wasps with all the martial energy that they were releasing.

“What should we do, Mr. Henckle?” asked Warren after he released some aura and enveloped himself in it.

“Use fire! These venomous wasps are afraid of fire! Any other method will be futile!” Blake yelled back.

“Let’s use fire attacks then! Quick! Light up some fires!” Warren urged Blake.

Blake looked conflicted. “Mr. Gordon, although I have gunpowder, I don’t have anything to ignite it. There are only stones in this tomb. There’s nothing that can burn it!”

When Warren heard that, he quickly glanced around. It was true that there was nothing flammable. Other than the two torches that the Henckle family’s disciples were holding, there was nothing else to burn.

Chapter 980 Fire Attack

"Mr. Henckle, we can take off our shirts and burn them," one of the disciples suggested to Blake.

"That's possible! But our shirts won't be enough!" After speaking, Blake glanced at Warren.

The shirts from Blake and the disciples would definitely be insufficient. However, if everyone else took off their shirts, there would be no problem.

Yet, those people were all elites from various prominent families. Since Blake had no authority to make them take off their clothes, he turned to Warren.

Staring at the endless swarm of venomous wasps in the tunnel, Warren had no other choice. He yelled at the rest, "Take off your shirts! Now!"

Everyone was stunned by what Warren said. They did not understand why they had to take off their shirts upon encountering the venomous wasps. Won't that make it easier for the venomous wasps to sting us?

"Everyone, we need to kill the venomous wasps using fire! Since there are no flammable items here, we can only burn our clothes," explained Warren anxiously.

When everyone heard that, they had no choice but to take off their shirts.

Soon, a pile of clothes was left at the entrance of the tunnel. Blake scattered some gunpowder on it and with a loud boom, the clothes started burning.

As a result, the venomous wasps could not fly out anymore. Some kept trying to fly through the flames, but they all burned to death.

Blake grabbed a few more clothes, lit them on fire, and tossed them into the tunnel. He also threw some gunpowder in as well.

Then, he pushed his palm forward. A blast of martial energy surged from his palm, creating a strong gust of wind. The clothes burned even more ferociously due to the martial energy.

The venomous wasps started plummeting to the ground. They turned and started retreating, hoping to evade the flames.

"Let's go!" yelled Blake before dashing forward.

While he ran, he tossed a few burning clothes out to kill the venomous wasps in the tunnel.

Soon, the tunnel floor was littered with the corpses of the venomous wasps. When everyone stepped on the corpses, they felt like they were stepping on a thick layer of snow.

By the time the last shirt was burned, all the venomous wasps had been killed.

Looking at how disheveled the members of the other prominent families looked, they felt helpless.

No matter how powerful they were, they could not unleash their full strength in the ancient tomb. All the Martial Arts Grandmasters were forced to such a pathetic state just by a swarm of venomous wasps.

Meanwhile, Jared and the rest had walked for quite a while. He could sense that the aura was nearing them.

However, just when he was advancing further, a strong murderous intent engulfed him.

Before he could react, he was sent flying away.

Boom!

Jared's body crashed forcefully against the tomb walls. He felt like his bones were about to crumble.

"Such a strong murderous intent!"

Jared's face was filled with shock. He did not understand why such an overwhelming murderous aura suddenly appeared.

"What happened, Jared?" asked Colin as he helped Jared up.

"Jared, what's going on?" asked Howard as well.

Meanwhile, when Edgar and the others following behind Jared saw what happened, they quickly halted in their tracks.

"Someone probably created an arcane array in front. We can't get through it," explained Jared solemnly.

Howard glanced at the tunnel, but he could not sense anything. In his eyes, the tunnel ahead was completely empty.

"But there's nothing there!"

With that, Howard walked forward.

"Howard, be careful!"

The moment Jared spoke, Howard's body was sent flying away by an extremely powerful force.

Jared quickly grabbed his elbow, helping him find his balance.

Blood was already dribbling down the sides of Howard's lips by the time he came back to his senses.

## Chapter 981 Arcane Array

"D\*mn it! The murderous intent is too strong!" Howard wiped the blood at the corner of his mouth and continued, "There must be something phenomenal in there, or there wouldn't be such a powerful arcane array in place. You two! Try to break the array."

He fired off the instructions at two of his subordinates.

The two Dunn family subordinates immediately nodded in acknowledgment. Both were Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters, and they unleashed their fearsome auras before walking deeper into the tomb.

Both men exuded gust after gust of martial energy, hoping to break the arcane array with brute force and bust into the tomb.

They were evidently more well-prepared than Howard and thus made it further into the tomb. Alas, the murderous intent of the arcane array merely intensified as the men slowly exhausted their martial energy.

The Dunn family subordinates broke into a cold sweat as each step forward became increasingly difficult. Soon enough, they flew backward like a pair of stray kites and crashed onto the ground.

Both men coughed up mouthfuls of blood, gravely injured. Despite their best efforts, they merely bested Howard by no more than twenty meters.

Howard swore out loud, "What the heck is with this arcane array? It's crazy. What kind of magical item would warrant such a powerful arcane array for protection?"

"Let me give it a shot, Jared!" Colin immediately stepped forward in excitement when he heard about the hidden magical item.

Jared pulled him back and warned, "Stop. Based on your skills, the murderous intent might flatten you into a patty the second you step inside."

The warning scared the idea right out of Colin's head.

Jared and the others could only sit and rest since the arcane array prevented them from accessing the magical item lying ahead. Jared began effusing his spiritual sense, determined to identify the core of the arcane array and destroy it.

However, before he could locate it, his spiritual sense was immediately deflected back, stunning him. The arcane array can even block spiritual senses?

Seeing that Jared and the others were out of options, Edgar led his men past Jared and appraised the empty path leading into the tomb.

"Give it a try, Godrick," came Edgar's order.

Godrick hesitated and stammered, "Mr. Edgar, I... um, are you sure?"

Jared, Howard, and even the two Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters from the Dunn family had been sent flying by the arcane array. I'm just a Third Level Martial Arts Grandmaster. What's the point in trying?

Noticing his hesitation, Edgar asked coldly, "Well? Are you ignoring my orders now?"

Godrick hastily shook his head. He then unleashed every trace of his aura to protect himself before slowly moving forward.

A mighty gust of murderous intent assailed Godrick the moment he took one step. It instantly struck Godrick's body and sent him flying a distance away.

He could not react at all and took a long time to crawl to his feet.

Meanwhile, Edgar frowned severely at Godrick's failure.

He mumbled, "If only Mr. Gordon were here."

If Warren's here, he might be able to bust through the array with his skills as a Top Level Martial Arts Grandmaster.

Convinced that unparalleled magical items lay behind the arcane array, Edgar took a deep breath and decided to take his shot.

Alas, he suffered a painfully similar fate as Godrick. The murderous intent knocked him back after he took a couple of steps.

They began to wonder if there was truly any way of moving ahead.

After some rest, Jared slowly got to his feet to try again. He knew he had been sent flying by the murderous intent only because he was too careless earlier.

A shocked Colin blocked him and asked, "Are you still thinking of giving it a try, Jared?"

Jared nodded and replied, "Yes. We'll only know what magical items lies ahead if we can break this arcane array."

## Chapter 982 Breaking Through

Anxiously, Colin said to Jared, "Be careful then!"

Howard piped up, "Based on your abilities, aren't you seeking an early death, Jared? After all, even a Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters managed to travel only twenty meters before losing to the array."

"We're already here, so why not?"

With that, Jared slowly summoned a strong gust of aura through his body. Before long, scales began to grow on his body until he was covered in a layer of golden armor.

Everyone was floored as they witnessed the change in Jared's body, including a wide-eyed Edgar.

Jared ignored the stunned crowd and walked deeper into the tomb.

Boom!

Soon enough, a fearsome gust of murderous intent charged at Jared like a beast.

The impact of the attack was akin to being knocked back by a high-speed train.

It sent Jared flying backward, though he was not injured this time round thanks to his ample preparation.

Colin asked, "Are you injured, Jared?"

Jared shook his head before heading toward the tomb once more.

Another wave of murderous intent barreled toward him once he breached the arcane array. This time, Jared lifted his fist and summoned a shield.

Crash!

Jared's body quivered from the shockwaves of the murderous intent ramming into his shield. Although his arm felt numb, he had successfully held his ground instead of flying backward like before.

Jared was overjoyed when he realized that his method worked.

He took a deep breath and moved deeper into the tomb. The murderous intent exuded by the arcane array only grew as he ventured deeper inside.

Jared felt as though he was trying to move a massive mountain. Every now and then, waves of murderous intent struck his body, and slivers of golden light emanated from his body.

His expression turned somber as he muttered, "What the heck is inside? Why would someone use such a strong arcane array to hide it?"

Colin clenched his fists anxiously as he watched Jared venturing deeper into the tomb.

A short while later, a piercing ray of light greeted Jared's eyes. He could vaguely make out a tomb lying ahead. Bright rays seeped through the doorway. The contents of the tomb, however, would remain unknown until he made his way inside.

Jared tried to walk faster and rush toward the tomb. Alas, his legs suddenly felt as heavy as lead. A massive weight pressed upon his body, making every step more difficult than the last.

He gritted his teeth, frustrated that the tomb was near yet unreachable. Eventually, he began shuffling toward the doorway like a baby hesitantly taking its first steps.

"Where are you, Jared?"

Just then, Colin's voice rang out behind Jared. He looked back and saw Colin standing where he left him.

Confused, Jared shouted, "I'm not far ahead of you. Can't you see me?"

"I can't see you at all. You seem to have disappeared into thin air," came Colin's reply.

Only then did Jared realize that the arcane array could also manifest itself as an illusion. In truth, they were quite close to the tomb, though it was impossible to see it until one breached the arcane array.

Jared decided to ignore Colin for now and continue moving forward.

Crack!

A golden scale on Jared's body actually cracked. At the same time, the immense pressure enveloping him caused him to leave deep footprints on the ground.

His body started to bleed under the broken scales, for they behaved as though they were a part of his skin.

Jared bellowed, "Argh!"

The golden glow around his body intensified, and the spiritual energy within his elixir field gushed out endlessly from his body.

#### Chapter 983 Thousand Of Miles Away

Jared maxed out the power of his Focus Technique to fight back, yet the golden elixir and draconic essence in his body surprisingly cracked under the immense pressure.

At this rate, Jared's life would end once the golden elixir was destroyed. Even if he miraculously survived, he would be permanently impaired.

Crack!

A loud crack later, more scales on Jared's body snapped, and blood seeped from his skin.

Gradually, the golden scales on Jared's body cracked and yielded, revealing fresh, bleeding wounds underneath.

Jared's eyes turned bloodshot from the effort of holding the immense pressure at bay, which threatened to flatten him into a paste.

Despite the struggles, he continued to advance slowly. He was thankful to even move several centimeters closer to the tomb, given that turning back was no longer an option. He would even crawl if that was what it took to make it inside the tomb.

In the blink of an eye, the overwhelming pressure sent Jared sprawling across the ground. The hard iolite surface shattered upon impact.

He used every ounce of strength in his limbs to crawl toward the tomb.

He gnashed his teeth so hard that they were on the verge of cracking.

The golden rays enveloping his body began to dim.

At the same time, the scales covering his body slowly disappeared, exposing Jared's body to the murderous intent.

Every wave felt like a sharp sword slashing across his body, leaving behind bloody wounds.

Jared gritted his teeth and inched forward, blood trailing behind him.

He was almost at the doorway, yet the distance seemed insurmountable.

Jared stretched his hand out. He felt as though he had touched the doorway and the barrier of the arcane array. Once he crossed that line, he would be inside the tomb.

Wounded and exhausted, Jared could no longer take another step forward. Instead, he focused on moving his finger across the barrier.

The pressure suffocating him instantly disappeared when Jared's finger crossed the barrier of the arcane array, as did the murderous intent.

The sudden pressure loss caused Jared to cough up a mouthful of blood.

He could now see clearly into the tomb. On the other hand, Colin and the others finally saw Jared's figure.

Jared lay in a bloody heap on the ground a dozen meters away from them. It was a gruesome and bone-chilling sight.

Colin called out, "Jared!"

He rushed forward with his men in tow. It was a short distance for them to cover, yet Jared had almost lost his life earlier.

Colin quickly helped a battered Jared to his feet.

Howard also approached them and asked, "Are you badly injured, Jared?" He was visibly impressed.

Jared was severely weakened from the fight but not in life-threatening danger. He mustered a smile before shaking his head in response to Howard's question.

Meanwhile, Edgar led his men and charged right into the tomb. A painting hung on a wall in the room, depicting a mountain bordering a river, where a shepherdess stood on its slope. The drawing was so realistic that the figure looked like a real human.

A few words were scrawled on the left side of the painting: Thousands of Miles Away. Other than that, the tomb held nothing else.

"Is this the magical item?"

Edgar reached out to retrieve the painting, only to be stopped by Godrick, who cautioned, "Be careful, Mr. Edgar! There might be a trap!"

His warning immediately caused Edgar to retract his hand. Having experienced other traps in the ancient tomb before, he elected to err on the side of caution.

Meanwhile, Colin supported Jared into the tomb. Jared was stunned when he laid his eyes on Thousands of Miles Away.

#### Chapter 984 A Dream

Jared saw the plants swaying in the painting while the shepherdess pranced happily across the slope.

The painting emanated the aura that Jared had sensed earlier on. It turned out that he had been feeling a pull toward this painting all along.

"D\*mn it! We wasted this much effort just for an old painting?" Colin grumbled when he realized there was only a painting in the tomb.

Jared looked at him and asked, "Colin, do you see the shepherdess moving in the painting?"

"What? No." Colin knitted his brows and asked, "Are you seeing things, Jared? How could the person in the painting move?"

Howard echoed his confusion, "What's so special about this painting? Why would someone conjure such a powerful arcane array to protect it?"

Jared instinctively frowned when he realized he was the only one who could see the objects in the painting moving.

He slowly extended a stream of spiritual sense toward Thousands of Miles Away. It had scarcely neared the painting when a strong force pulled it into the painting.

Jared felt as if his body had entered the world depicted in the painting. He could see the blue sky above him and the greenery beneath his feet. The shepherdess stood not too far away from him.

The place was brimming with spiritual energy, almost as common as oxygen was in the real world.

He muttered disbelievingly, "Is this a dream? It's way too realistic."

His eyes widened in surprise as he continued to survey his surroundings.

The shepherdess had noticed him by then and walked toward him.

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"I..." Jared trailed off, unsure of what to reply. He did not know how to explain his situation.

Instead, he replied to her question with one of his own, "Where is this place?"

The shepherdess appraised him curiously and said, "This is Encanta Island. Since you're already here, why wouldn't you know what this place is?"

"Encanta Island?" Jared frowned upon recognizing the name. Isn't Encanta Island the legendary magical realm? Am I really standing in a bona fide magical realm now?

Before Jared could ask the shepherdess more questions, she skipped away and promptly disappeared without a trace.

Jared was shocked. He thought of wandering around the place to find the shepherdess, yet his body suddenly shuddered, and the next thing he saw was Colin in the flesh. He was now standing in the tomb instead of Encanta Island.

Colin questioned, "What happened, Jared? You were staring so intently at the painting like a fool. You didn't even blink once!"

Jared could hardly begin to describe what had happened earlier. It seemed like a dream, yet it was uncannily realistic. The shepherdess' last words still rang in his mind.

"Encanta Island?" he mumbled under his breath.

Suddenly, someone yelled, "Look! The painting has changed!"

Everyone in the tomb turned their attention to the painting, which looked starkly different from before. Gone were the mountain, river, and shepherdess. Instead, a dense forest now took its place.

Many animals were in the forest, and they were very much alive and moving in Jared's eyes.

He quickly exuded his spiritual sense toward the painting, and voila, he materialized in the forest just as he had done in Encanta Island. The animals in the forest regarded his arrival cautiously.

Jared scanned his surroundings and realized that he was alone. He looked for a place to sit before activating his Focus Technique. Streams of spiritual energy began darting into his body.

The spiritual energy replenished his elixir field, which was almost depleted after the harrowing journey into the tomb.

The draconic essence in his body also began to absorb the spiritual energy around Jared in a near frenzied state.

No one in the tomb noticed the changes in Jared. Their attention was focused wholly on the painting.

#### Chapter 985 Taking Advantage

"Godrick, go grab that painting."

Edgar saw how the painting could change colors on its own and knew that it had to be a treasure, so he immediately ordered Godrick to retrieve it.

He would've retrieved it himself, but he was worried that there would be hidden traps, so he had Godrick do it.

Godrick frowned in dissatisfaction, but he didn't dare to go against a direct order, so he bit down and went after the painting.

"Stop him!" instructed Colin who had hurried over with the two Martial Arts Grandmasters from Shadow Estate. He was determined to stop Godrick.

"What is wrong with you two? Jared fought so hard to help us get in here. If it wasn't for him, none of you would've made it this far. By right, he should be the one who gets to keep that painting. How can you two take it for yourself? That would just make you as bad as robbers," he said in a hostile tone.

"Oh, f\*ck you. The Trial has always worked like this. The painting belongs to whoever gets their hands on it first, and you don't f\*cking get to lecture me," refuted Edgar.

He raised his brows and turned his attention to Kristoff after saying that. "Kristoff, take your men and go teach that punk a lesson. I will reward you handsomely for it once we make it out of this place."

Kristoff nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Edgar."

After saying that, Kristoff led his men from the Shalvis family and went after Colin right away.

The latter had no choice but to lead his two subordinates and fight with Kristoff.

Edgar signaled Godrick with his eyes to get him to retrieve the painting quickly.

Colin was frustrated when he saw Godrick going after the painting, but there was nothing he could do because dealing with Kristoff was too challenging. In essence, Colin was just a small fry, and he depended heavily on his subordinates, who were both Martial Arts Grandmasters.

Howard shot a look at Jared and saw that the latter didn't move a muscle. Even his eyelids didn't flutter. It seemed the guy had been weakened, and that prompted Howard to sigh in exasperation.

Seeing how Godrick was about to get his hands on the painting, he zipped over. Immediately after, he waved his palm, and a wave of massive martial energy sent Godrick flying right away.

"What the hell are you doing, Howard?" growled Edgar upon seeing that.

"Seriously, Edgar. Have you no shame? Jared is the one who worked hard to break through that arcane array, and none of you would've made it here if it weren't for him. How can you take advantage of a situation like this? I can't believe you're just going to take the painting for yourself even after everything he did for you," insulted Howard in a voice filled with disdain.

“This is the Trial of the Warriors Alliance, Howard, and it has nothing to do with you. You don’t have the right to butt in on this, or have you forgotten what you promised Mr. Gordon?” said Edgar as he glared at his counterpart.

“Oh, f\*ck that promise. I won’t accept this and insist on getting in your way. What are you going to do about it?”

Howard was so irritated that he glared at Edgar in distaste and spewed all sorts of insults he could think of.

“You...”

Edgar was so infuriated to hear Howard’s scathing remarks that he pushed his palm toward the other man right away.

“If you insist on getting your a\*s kicked, then so be it!” growled Edgar. His angry move contained immense martial energy.

The wind swirled around, and Howard’s expression took a sharp change before he backed away quickly.

He understood that he was no match against Edgar and knew fighting head-on would only lead to certain death.

Just as Howard backed away, a Martial Arts Grandmaster under Howard’s employment stepped up. The latter made a move to even out the impact of Edgar’s move.

They were both Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters, so the move knocked them both backward.

“Men, beat them up!” ordered Edgar.

He flushed out the aura within his body, and his palms began glowing.

“This is so stupid,” dissed Howard before he scoffed.

He had two Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmasters on his side, whereas Edgar was the only Seventh Level Martial Arts Grandmaster on that side. Both of Edgar’s subordinates were on Sixth Level Martial Arts Grandmaster, while Godrick was a Third Level Martial Arts Grandmaster.

An intense battle broke out right away. Howard would’ve gotten the upper hand if he didn’t need to help Colin out. In the end, both sides were unable to settle the fight quickly.

## Chapter 986 You Just Signed Your Death Warrant

Kristoff, who had been fighting the entire time, saw how Jared was standing still like an idiot. The former knew then and there that was the best time to exact his revenge.

He attacked a Martial Arts Grandmaster of the Shadow Estate and forced the latter to back away a little. After that, he headed straight for Jared.

"Jared Chance. You will perish here and now!"

Kristoff threw a punch at Jared. A gust of wind swirled from his move.

"Jared!" shouted Colin nervously upon seeing that.

Unfortunately, it was as though Jared couldn't hear anything. He stood there without moving a muscle even as Kristoff's punch got closer and closer. He never even blinked.

Colin gritted his teeth when he saw how things were. He jumped in front of Jared right away to shield him.

Bang!

Kristoff's merciless punch landed on Colin's chest and sent him flying.

Colin's body crashed into Jared and brought him down to the ground as well.

Immediately after, Jared's body trembled a little, and he came back around.

"Colin, what's wrong?"

Finally coming back to his senses, the first thing Jared saw was Colin being all pale at the side. The latter coughed up blood, and his chest had swollen in, making it obvious that he had a couple of broken ribs.

"Kristoff tried to kill you earlier, Jared..." informed Colin in agony.

That was when Jared realized that a battle was ongoing, and the place was in a mess. Everyone was still fighting each other, and Kristoff was staring at Jared intently.

Seeing how Jared had woken up from his dazed-like state and was looking right at him, Kristoff was so frightened that he backed away a few steps. However, he soon recalled how Jared was wounded and weakened, and that brought a confident smile back to his face.

"Jared, I will exact my revenge today," announced Kristoff as he exuded a murderous aura.

Jared helped Colin up and infused some spiritual energy into him to lessen the pain. After that, he slowly shifted his attention to Kristoff and replied, "You really think you can go against me with that puny power of yours?"

"Hah, stop pretending. You're wounded now and probably won't be able to handle a single punch from me," sneered Kristoff before he attacked Jared again.

"I'm going to kill you while you're weakened!" roared Kristoff. The aura within his body flushed out and the domineering martial energy swirling around his hand was an incredible sight to behold. It was obvious he wanted to kill Jared in a single move.

"What an idiot."

Jared grinned. A faint, golden light started to emit from his hand, and he slapped Kristoff as soon as the latter was close enough.

Slap!

Kristoff's powerful punch couldn't even reach the corner of Jared's shirt before that slap landed.

Kristoff was sent flying, and his body smashed into the wall. He spat blood as horror shone in his eyes.

"A-Aren't you wounded?"

Kristoff didn't understand what was going on. Just moments ago, Jared was wounded and had depleted his martial energy. Yet, he had now turned into a completely different person.

"Even with my wounds, killing you is still an easy feat."

Jared stepped forward and moved to Kristoff.

"W-What are you going to do?" asked Kristoff as he trembled and stared at Jared.

"Take a wild guess," replied Jared as a murderous aura flushed out of him.

"D-Don't kill me. Don't!" begged Kristoff. He panicked and kept backing away. He wanted the two Martial Arts Grandmasters of the Shalvis family to protect him, but they were busy dealing with the Martial Arts Grandmasters of the Shadow Estate. In other words, they were too busy to help.

"Oh, that's no longer up to you. You signed your death warrant the second you tried to kill me."

After saying that, Jared's aura suddenly exploded and a terrifyingly powerful spiritual energy shot out.

Boom!

Kristoff wanted to run away, but he was too late. All he felt was heavy pressure on his chest. When he tilted his head down, he saw a bloody hole in his chest and his organs falling out of it.

Thump!

Kristoff's eyes were wide open. They shone with indignation as he fell to the ground.