

## A Man Like None Other Chapter 863

### Chapter 863 Progress

Jared's body slowly changed over the course of a month.

He was different from other martial artists. His body was continuously growing stronger as he cultivated. With every bit of strength he gained, he shed his old skin like an army ant, revealing a layer of new skin as lustrous as metal.

Then, he slowly cracked open his eyes, which had been closed for an entire month. Jared's body emanated a pale, golden glow as striking as the sun and the moon. His bones had become so strong that they were indestructible.

Axton was bewildered at the sight of golden rays seeping out of Jared's room. He exclaimed, "What's going on in the lord's room?"

The other elders shook their heads in unison, clueless to the happenings in Jared's room. They only knew that Jared had not left his room even once in the past month.

"Let's go and check on him," Axton suggested.

He led a few elders toward Jared's room.

Jared was slowly getting to his feet at that moment. Spiritual energy coursed through his body in waves, and he had never felt like this in his life. He looked at his fists, which radiated golden rays. Jared was tempted to throw a punch and test his ability.

Alas, he repressed his urge. If I throw a punch now, I could very well destroy the entire house!

He muttered to himself, "I can't believe I could achieve the peak of the Transcendence Phase in a month. Some day, I will break through the Transcendence Phase and enter the Golden Core Phase. Then, I may be able to take on the Deragons."

Jared never imagined that the draconic essence could bring him such a massive benefit.

He soon made another discovery. The glow of the draconic essence was a lot paler than before, and the spiritual energy it emanated was noticeably weaker.

Does this draconic essence have a usage lifespan?

Jared did not know much about the draconic essence. His confusion was exacerbated by the fact that Rayleigh had not explained things clearly to him.

Meanwhile, Axton's voice drifted in from outside his room door. "My Lord, are you all right?"

Worried that Jared might be in trouble, Axton and several elders had rushed over to check on him.

At the sound of Axton's voice, the golden rays around Jared's body dissipated, and Jared stepped forward to open the door.

Axton and the others were all surprised to see Jared.

Only a month had passed, yet they could sense an immense change in Jared's aura.

They could clearly tell that Jared had become a Top Level Senior Grandmaster, and he was about to transcend the boundaries of a Martial Arts Grandmaster.

How long have I been cultivating? How did I progress so quickly?

Axton, who had finally recovered from his shock, repeated his question. "My Lord, are you all right?"

"I'm fine!" Jared shook his head before asking Axton, "How's Lyanna?"

Lyanna was still unconscious by the time Jared returned to Medicine God Sect. He had been in a rush to cultivate in isolation. Consequently, he had not kept tabs on both Lyanna's condition and the duration of his cultivation.

"Don't worry, My Lord. Ms. Lyanna is doing well. She has been trying to see you during this time, but we stopped her from doing so."

Lyanna did not know about Jared's isolation, and Axton and the elders dared not enlighten her on the situation. Thus, after Lyanna regained consciousness, she began to whine about her wish to see him.

Suddenly, Jared wondered how long he had remained in isolation, and he asked, "Mr. Knox, how long have I been in this room?"

"My Lord, you have been in isolation for a month. It will be Thanksgiving the day after next. I've instructed the sect member to decorate the hall for a celebration."

Jared had only just become the Lord of Medicine God Sect, and few people knew of his identity. Axton believed a Thanksgiving celebration was the perfect opportunity to introduce their new lord to the members.

"A month?" Jared was astonished at how long he had been cultivating in isolation. He believed cultivation was a quick process, yet a month had passed in the blink of an eye. It was now almost Thanksgiving.

The thought of Thanksgiving brought Jared's parents to mind. Although he knew he was adopted, Jared continued to love his adoptive parents deeply.

I wonder how Josephine and Lizbeth are doing too.