

## Chapter 911 The Flawless Victory

Among the crowd were Ryker and Godrick, who had carefully covered their faces so as not to be recognized.

“Mr. Deragon, you can test Jared now to find out whether he is Ms. Beatrice’s son. If he’s able to sense your aura, that means you two are related by blood,” whispered Godrick to Ryker.

With a flick of his fingers, Ryker immediately sent his almost untraceable aura flying toward Jared, who was getting ready to draw lots when he suddenly felt a strange sensation.

Hence, Jared quickly turned to look in Ryker’s direction.

Despite the fact that he had never seen Ryker before, he could feel his heart skip a beat as soon as he laid his eyes on the mysterious-looking man.

Jared could instantly tell who Ryker was just by looking, even though the man’s face was covered up.

Suddenly, he could feel his blood boiling with anger and his veins popping out, but just when his emotions were about to take him over, Andrew tapped him on the shoulder. “It’s your turn, little one.”

Thanks to the interruption, Jared returned to his senses and managed to calm himself down. Now is not the time to deal with the Deragons. Besides, I’m strong enough to do that yet. If they find out who I really am now, I’m going to be in big trouble.

After turning back around, Jared extended his hand to draw lots.

Meanwhile, Ryker slowly stood up after getting his answer and walked away with no intention of spectating the competition at all.

Godrick hurriedly followed when he noticed Ryker leaving.

As soon as the participating teams had drawn their lots, they proceeded to ready themselves for the battles.

The first participant to jump into the arena was a short dark-skinned man, followed by a man with a turban and a mustache slowly making his way inside.

The two said not a word before bowing, but they could clearly sense each other's aura.

Immediately after that, the short one leaped up into the air and took a swing at the one with a turban.

The attack was so fast that the crowd could hear a sonic boom coming from the arena, and it was as loud as a bomb exploding.

"Mr. Chance, the one who just attacked is Song, an expert from Thymion. He specializes in kickboxing and is as strong as he is fast. The man's also known for being brutal," introduced Theodore again to Jared.

Even though Jared could see that Song was as fast as lightning and as strong as a bull, it did not bother him since he knew the man would need to be more powerful than that to beat him. Jared was indestructible against Song's striking power.

While Theodore was introducing him to Jared, Song had already unleashed a cascade of fists. Not only that, but Song had also repeatedly struck his opponent with his elbows and knees like a mad man.

It only took around ten seconds before Song slammed his fist into the man with a turban and sent his opponent flying out of the arena. The defeated man then vomited blood because of how hard he was punched in the abdomen.

Although it was clear that Song's opponent had been severely injured, the crowd could tell that the Thymion fighter did not go all out.

After his flawless victory, Song looked down from the arena and announced excitedly, "I'm ready for my next challenger!"

The second Song finished his sentence, Ichiro emerged from the crowd and landed as gracefully as a swan in the arena.

## **Chapter 912 To Die A Horrible Death**

When Song saw that his next opponent was Ichiro, his face immediately hardened, showing that he was somewhat afraid of the Jetroinian swordsman.

“Are you going to surrender? Or shall I make you?” questioned Ichiro with a condescending sneer.

In response, Song furrowed his eyebrows tightly. Even though he feared Ichiro, he was not about to humiliate himself in front of so many people by surrendering before the fight even began. “What makes you so sure you’re going to win?”

With that, Song rushed forward and swung his fist at Ichiro. The man was much faster compared to the last fight since he was holding back then.

In the face of the imminent attack, Ichiro placed one hand behind his back and the other on his long sword. It seemed as though the swordsman had no intention of fighting back.

Song got even more furious when he saw how Ichiro looked down on him. With a roar, the Thymion fighter released an intense aura that quickly took the shape of a giant palm.

When the palm zoomed toward Ichiro, the waves it created were so strong that the crowd felt like they were going to be blown away.

The move was so powerful that even Andrew was surprised. However, when Theodore turned to see Jared’s reaction, he realized that the man remained calm as if he was not impressed in the slightest.

“That’s the Tarot Palm! I never thought the Thymion could master such a move.”

“This destructive power of this move is even more devastating than that of a bomb! I don’t think Ichiro’s going to make it.”

“Why is Ichiro just standing there? Is he freaking out?”

The crowd began discussing as they watched the fight unfold.

Still roaring, Song was about to hit Ichiro with his fearsome move, but still, the swordsman remained standing like a statue.

Just when everyone was still trying to figure out what Ichiro had in mind, he suddenly moved his right hand, the one holding his sword, while his left hand stayed behind him.

Many had no idea what had just transpired, but the more experienced ones like Jared were surprised when Ichiro finally made a move.

Even though Ichiro seemed like he did nothing, Jared and the others knew that his sword attacks were just too swift for most to catch.

In just a split second, the swordsman had already dealt out a dozen slashes.

The palm-shaped energy then started to dissipate as Song stared at Ichiro in shock. Only a few feet apart from each other, the two stood still for a while, and silence immediately befell the entire arena.

When a gust of wind blew past, the Thymion fighter suddenly collapsed to the ground before blood spurted out of his body and covered the arena in red.

After Ichiro sheathed his sword, Song had at least a dozen cut wounds on his body and could do nothing but die a horrible death.

“I offered you a chance to surrender, but unfortunately, you did not appreciate it. Now you have nobody to blame but yourself,” scoffed Ichiro at Song’s lifeless body.

The crowd was stunned when they witnessed just how powerful the Jetroinian swordsman was—it completely blew their minds.

Even Andrew, who was full of confidence before, was affected by the show of strength.

Theodore turned to look at Jared with concern in his eyes. If that’s what Ichiro’s capable of, I’m not sure if Jared can win. Jared might just get slaughtered like Song.

## **Chapter 913 There Is No Doubt About It**

“Mr. Chance...”

Theodore wanted to know if Jared was confident in beating Ichiro, for he thought it would be better for the man to just surrender. Losing face is nothing compared to getting cut down like that.

In response, Jared simply kept silent and gave Theodore a reassuring look, so the man said nothing else but shifted his attention back to the arena.

By then, the arena had already been cleaned up. Enraged, the Thymion team looked daggers at Ichiro for killing one of their own, but they dared not to say a word. After all, every fighter who participated in the competition knew exactly what they signed up for, so no form of retaliation was acceptable.

“So who’s next?” questioned Ichiro arrogantly, holding his long sword as he looked around.

Immediately, the face of a participant from Allosburgh turned grim, for according to the lots drawn, he was to be Ichiro’s next opponent. However, after witnessing the swordsman’s exceptional skills, he doubted himself.

In the end, the fearful man decided to surrender because he knew that he would only get butchered if he stepped into the arena.

Since the participant from Allosburgh conceded, Ichiro’s next challenger would be Andrew of Seneris.

“Do you think you can beat him, Andrew?” inquired Anne.

Frowning, Andrew seemed to be less confident than he was before. “I’ll try my best.”

Anne then handed the man a pill without another word.

In response, Andrew glanced at the princess before putting the pill away in his pocket and slowly making his way to the arena.

Anne clenched her fists as she watched Andrew walk away, obviously nervous to see how the man would fare against such a formidable foe.

“Don’t worry too much, Princess Anne. I’m sure Andrew will put up a good fight,” comforted Theodore when he noticed how anxious Anne was.

“Thank you, General Jackson. Andrew will win because we Senerisians do not tolerate failures,” stated Anne firmly.

“Just because you gave him an explosion pill doesn’t mean he’ll win. A mindless brute is no match against someone as skillful as Ichiro.” Jared calmly shared his thought with the Senerisian princess.

“What did you say?” Offended, Anne immediately turned to glare at Jared. “If Andrew can’t beat him, your chances are even slimmer. You better pray that Andrew does, though, because that way, maybe you’ll get to live to see another day.”

“Praying isn’t going to make a difference because I have no doubt about the outcome of this match,” responded Jared while shaking his head.

Anne continued to glare at Jared but said nothing else since Andrew had already entered the arena and was ready to fight Ichiro.

With Andrew as his opponent, Ichiro was obviously not as laid back as he was with Song.

The swordsman had already unsheathed his weapon, a long sword that was as thin as a cicada’s wing. Every time Ichiro swung his sword, the crowd could hear crackles as loud as that of a lightning bolt.

However, instead of backing away, Andrew charged forward with his pair of Iron Fists and took the Jetroinian swordsman head-on.



Clang! Clang! Clang!

Andrew's fists were so hard that they remained scratchless even after parrying Ichiro's sword attacks.

Even though neither party had yet to land a meaningful blow, Andrew's Iron Fists seemed to be doing better than Ichiro's long sword.

"Do you see how powerful that pair of fists is? It fears no sharp weapon! I've even seen Andrew caught a bullet with one hand once," voiced Anne to Jared with pride. After seeing how well Andrew was doing, the Serenisian princess became less nervous.

To that, Jared responded with a smirk before calmly promising, "Andrew's not going to last much longer."

"How dare you!" roared Anne after jumping to her feet. "Are you looking down on our fighter?"

## **Chapter 914 The Werebear**

"Please forgive his bluntness, Princess Anne," pleaded Theodore hurriedly as soon as he saw how upset Anne was.

Then, the man turned to Jared and advised, "Mr. Chance, could you try not to offend Princess Anne? After all, the Senerisians are our ally, and it'd do us no good to make an enemy of them."

“Got it!” responded Jared with a firm nod.

While the two were talking, Andrew and Ichiro had already traded half a dozen blows.

“I must say, your Iron Fists are quite impressive. However, playtime’s over,” mocked Ichiro with a smirk before getting into a stance.

In response, Andrew tightened the muscles all over his body and used them as body armor to protect himself.

“Ichiro is getting ready to unleash Nine Shadows!” exclaimed Theodore, who recognized the swordsman’s unique stance.

Immediately after hearing the man, Anne got nervous once again.

“What is this Nine Shadows you’re speaking of, General Jackson?” inquired Jared.

“Nine Shadows is Ichiro’s ultimate move. Whoever goes up against that move will be forced to fight nine illusions at the same time, and they won’t be able to discern the difference between the real Ichiro and the fake ones. That’s how Ichiro managed to beat five Martial Arts Grandmaster from Chanaea all by himself back then,” explained Theodore.

“It’s that powerful, huh?” After that, Jared knitted his eyebrows as he continued to observe Ichiro’s every move.

Suddenly, a copy of Ichiro emerged from himself, and then another one from the copy.

Before Andrew knew it, he was surrounded by three identical Jetroinian swordsmen. Even though he was aware that two of them were fake, there was no way for him to tell which was the real Ichiro.

“Two illusions are all I need to deal with you, Andrew,” sneered Ichiro condescendingly.

It sounded like all three Ichiros were speaking at the same time, so Andrew could not distinguish them from the voice alone.

At that moment, Andrew’s face turned terrifyingly grim as he popped the pill Anne gave him into his mouth without hesitation.

The second the elixir entered his system, Andrew’s muscles grew exponentially, and the veins all over his body began to pop out.

After hearing Andrew let out a beastly roar, the crowd witnessed how the man miraculously transformed into a bear with brown fur, crimson-red eyes, and large fangs.

“Is that a Werebear?” questioned Theodore after turning to Anne in shock, but the woman kept silent with her eyes glued to the arena.

Like Theodore, Jared was also taken aback to see a man turn into a brown bear, for he had never heard of a Werebear and was unaware that a pill could do such a thing to a human being.

“Since you’re desperate enough to transform in public, I’m guessing you’re aware that you’re in a bad spot.”

Ichiro did not seem surprised to see Andrew change into a bear. Instead, there was a hint of excitement on the Jetroinian swordsman's face.

With another fierce roar, Andrew swung his large paw at Ichiro.

However, like before, the swordsman simply stood still and smiled in the face of another imminent attack.

Boom!

Andrew's paw strike was so powerful that it shook the entire arena, but still, Ichiro remained unharmed.

As it turned out, Andrew's attack landed on one of Ichiro's illusions; the real swordsman did not even have a scratch on him.

After realizing that he had hit but an illusion, Andrew swiftly turned around to strike another Ichiro, but unfortunately, it was another illusion.

Enraged, the Werebear started flailing his paws around, trying to claw at the nearest swordsmen. Despite Andrew's efforts, he still failed to get the real Ichiro.

Having exhausted much of his energy, Andrew began panting heavily before long. Then, the brown fur on his body slowly retracted, and his eyes turned back to their normal color.

## Chapter 915 The Humiliation

Andrew transformed back to his regular self, for he lacked the amount of aura required to sustain the Werebear form.

Seeing that Andrew could no longer put up a fight, Ichiro withdrew his illusions before rushing to place his blade at the Senerisian's neck.

At that point, the swordsman could decapitate Andrew with just a flick of his wrist.

However, instead of killing Andrew outright, Ichiro carved a large turtle onto the Senerisian fighter's chest with his weapon.

Even though Ichiro did not murder Andrew, he did something far worse—he had utterly humiliated the man.

"I'll kill you for that!" shouted Andrew furiously after realizing what Ichiro had done to him, but before he could do anything, the Jetroinian kicked him off the arena.

"You'd be dead already if you weren't a Senerisian," sneered Ichiro.

As if he had lost his mind, Andrew desperately tried to get back into the arena.

To him, being humiliated like that was worse than death.

“Andrew!” called out Anne to stop the man. Since Andrew had already lost, Anne refused to let him disgrace their country any further.

After that, Andrew had no choice but to return to the princess with his chest still bleeding, but the wound did not bother him at all.

“I believe Chanaea is next. I hope that you guys will put up more of a fight.” Ichiro shifted his attention to Theodore and taunted the man arrogantly.

Furious, Theodore turned to Jared, intending to say something to the man. However, before Theodore could do that, Jared unexpectedly leaped up into the air and landed in the arena.

Seemingly offended that Jared stepped up to challenge him, Ichiro scoffed, “Is this the best fighter Chanaea has to offer? A Senior Grandmaster?”

“It’s more than enough for me to kill you,” voiced Jared with confidence.

“I love it when my opponent’s full of arrogance. The more arrogant you are, the more bloodthirsty I get!”

After narrowing his eyes at Jared, Ichiro stabbed his sword into the ground and then slowly raised one hand.

It seemed the Jetroinian swordsman intended to battle Jared with his bare hands because he thought the man was not worthy enough for his weapon.

“You plan to fight me without your sword?”

“I need only my fists to beat you. You’re not worthy of my blade,” sneered Ichiro in response.

“If you don’t use it, I’m afraid you won’t get another chance to do so,” warned Jared in all seriousness.

“We’ll see about that!” The second Ichiro was done speaking, he threw his palm at Jared, and immediately, a powerful force was shot out in the man’s direction.

It turned out that not only was Ichiro a skillful swordsman, but he was also an expert in martial energy.

The energy Ichiro shot at Jared was so powerful that it produced a sharp shriek and left a deep mark on the battleground in its wake, even though the arena was specially designed to withstand mighty attacks.

It was clear that Ichiro’s martial energy was even sharper than a razor blade.

In the face of such a fearsome attack, Jared simply smirked as his body began to produce bursts of golden light that seemed to be forming a cocoon around him.

“Huh?” Ichiro could not help but tilt his head in curiosity when he sensed a terrifying level of aura from someone he deemed to be only as strong as a Senior Grandmaster.

## Chapter 916 One With The Sword

Soon, a sharp wave of martial energy hit Jared.

Clang, clang, clang...

The crowd heard metal clashing when the martial energy came in contact with Jared. Then, the collision produced a cloud of sparks before disappearing.

However, such a terrifying level of martial energy still failed to break through Jared's defense. He remained unharmed after the attack.

"How is this possible?" Ichiro whispered and was astounded.

At the same time, Anne looked shocked as she watched the battle below the stage. Initially, she thought Jared would die if he proceeded with the fight. However, after witnessing this incredible scene, she had no choice but to look at him in a new light.

Meanwhile, Andrew stared at the battle with his mouth agape. He could not believe what was happening before him. How can a brat like Jared withstand Ichiro's attack and remain unscathed? That is unbelievable.

"Mr. Chance, you're doing great!"

"Mr. Chance, get rid of them!"



“Beat them up for good, Mr. Chance!”

Members of the Department of Justice cheered as they watched the battle.

Ichiro glared at Jared and asked coldly, “What technique are you using? How can you block my attack and remain unscathed?”

Jared smirked and replied mockingly, “Why do I need a technique to deal with you? Your weak attacks feel like an itch to me. I suggest you start using your sword!”

Ichiro was smug and arrogant a moment ago, but now, it was Jared’s turn to look down on him.

It was a blow to his ego, prompting him to roar furiously. “I can’t believe it!”

Then, Ichiro shot another punch toward Jared. He exerted an even more intense martial energy this time. It swept across the arena like a tornado.

The tornado-like martial energy sucked up everything in the arena. Even Jared began to float above the ground with his feet hanging in the air.

As Jared floated further away from the arena, the tornado-like martial energy surrounded him and attacked him relentlessly.

The crowd heard a series of loud metal clashing noises. Everyone kept their eyes on Jared, but he began to blur and disappeared in the onslaught of the tornado-like martial energy.

Suddenly, a red glow appeared in the middle of the tornado-like martial energy. It was soon followed by blinding light as if a sun suddenly appeared.

Whoosh!

Jared wielded the Dragonslayer Sword and brought it down hard before him.

Crack!

A crisp noise sounded. Everyone watched in disbelief as the tornado-like martial energy suddenly broke into halves. They soon diminished in intensity and allowed Jared to return to the ground gradually.

Meanwhile, the Dragonslayer Sword continued to burn intensely in Jared's grip. Blood red fluid flowed unceasingly on the blade, causing the flame to burn even more intensely.

"Is he one with the sword?" Ichiro widened his eyes and looked on in disbelief.

"So, am I worthy for you to use your sword now?" Jared asked.

As Jared spoke, his body flickered before reappearing before Ichiro. He quickly raised the Dragonslayer Sword and brought it down. The sword's intense flame made Ichiro feel like his skin was sizzling.

Ichiro had lost his initial arrogance and contempt in the face of Jared's attack. He quickly pulled out his sword.

Crack!

Ichiro's sword flashed like a shooting star as he unsheathed it. The blade was as thin as a cicada's wings, giving off a cold gleam.

Clang!

The two swords collided with a deafening noise.

The force of the collision sent both of them backwards and widened the distance between them.

They figured out the extent of each other's strength from that strike. Their wrists throbbed in pain.

## **Chapter 917 Nine Shadow Clones**

Ichiro's expression darkened. His aura grew intense as he gripped his sword tightly.

"It turns out that you are not a Senior Grandmaster but have learned to hide your true abilities at a young age. You are too devious. I can't let you escape alive," Ichiro said.

Then, he gripped his sword with both hands and slashed it toward Jared.

The sword moved so fast that sword energy broke through the sound barrier. Jared quickly raised the Dragonslayer Sword to block the attack.

Clang!

Jared hit Ichiro's sword with a crisp noise and blocked his attack.

Seeing that his attack failed, Ichiro quickly pulled his sword away and retreated. Then, his sword gleamed as he charged at Jared again.

In a few seconds, Ichiro slashed at Jared a dozen times, surrounding Jared with chilling sword energy.

At the same time, Jared skillfully maneuvered the Dragonslayer Sword to block Ichiro's attacks. Their blades clashed continuously.

Ichiro smirked when he saw that Jared could only block his attacks but could not retaliate.

"Break!" Jared yelled suddenly. The Dragonslayer Sword immediately burst into flame and shook the surrounding.

The flame from Dragonslayer Sword broke through Ichiro's sword energy. Then, Jared slashed at Ichiro. He focused the spiritual energy from his elixir field onto the Dragonslayer Sword, causing it to burn brightly and dye half of the sky red.

Ichiro raised his magic sword in a panic to block the attack. However, he could only hear a loud resounding noise like a gong.

Then, energy as heavy as a mountain crashed against his body. He could feel his feet sinking into the arena.

The arena's floor was made of hard granite, but Ichiro's legs still sunk in half-a-meter deep.

His eyes widened with shock for he did not expect Jared to be this powerful. Jared's sword contained enough energy to destroy a mountain.

Luckily, Ichiro was strong enough to withstand the energy. Had he been an ordinary Martial Arts Grandmaster, the sword would have slashed him into halves.

"Brat, you are powerful despite your youthfulness. You have forced me to release my trump card." Ichiro's figure shook after he had spoken.

Then, his body began to split up into two, then three...

In the end, four identical Ichiros wielded their magic swords and surrounded Jared in four directions.

Jared looked at the four identical Ichiros and said calmly, "Only four? Aren't you using the Nine Shadows technique? You might as well project all of them at once. That would save time and trouble..."

"Humph, it is not easy to perfect Nine Shadow Clones. I have trained for decades to produce four. However, this is more than enough to kill you..." Ichiro snorted.

His words came from four directions as if all four Ichiros spoke. Jared could not differentiate which one was the real Ichiro.

“Since you are that confident, you should experience my shadow clones,” Jared replied.

Then, Jared’s Dragonslayer Sword suddenly disappeared. Instead, two light blue flames danced on his palm.

He flicked his finger and scattered the blue flames onto the surroundings.

The flames burned brighter and surrounded Jared and Ichiro. The crowd below the stage could only see the dazzling flames but could not see what was happening beyond them.

Ichiro furrowed his brow and slashed his sword at Jared. All four Ichiros attacked Jared at the same time. They closed in on Jared, giving him no room to escape. His only option was to choose one of them to attack. If he made the wrong choice, he would be doomed.

## **Chapter 918 Illusion**

However, Jared chose not to fight back. Instead, he mumbled something, causing the blue flames to connect and form an arcane array.

These flames became reflective like mirrors, reflecting Jared and Ichiro. Lights reflected from one flame to another. Suddenly, a dozen shadow clones of Jared appeared.

Jared's shadow clone scattered all around the arcane array. Ichiro was stunned. He could no longer differentiate which one was the real Jared.

"What do you think? My shadow clones are quite convincing, aren't they?" Jared sneered. He had thought of this method the instant he saw Ichiro use the Nine Shadows technique on Andrew.

"Argh..." Ichiro yelled furiously. He immediately slashed his magic sword at the arcane array.

The light barriers disappeared when Ichiro's magic sword slashed through them. However, they reappeared the instant he removed his magic sword.

Then, Ichiro realized that the blue flames sustained the light barriers. He had to put out these blue flames to destroy the light barriers.

Ichiro exerted martial energy onto the blue flames, but none of them went out. They did not even flicker from his attacks.

"It seems we can finally battle fair and square. Your illusions are useless now," Jared said as he looked at Ichiro's sullen expression.

Ichiro looked at Jared grimly and removed all his shadow clones. Then, he replied, "What makes you think this is enough to overcome my Nine Shadows technique? Nine Shadow Clones are only a small part of the Nine Shadows technique. You have yet to witness its true power."

Ichiro quickly raised the thin-bladed magic sword high and roared. A burst of green light appeared in his eyes. At the same time, his fighting spirit rose drastically, and his whole body gave off a murderous aura.

“The first technique from the Nine Shadows technique, Colossal Sword Energy!” Ichiro shouted.

Immense martial energy gathered on the magic sword. Then, Ichiro threw the magic sword up before flipping it in mid-air. The magic sword sparkled with a green light and enveloped Jared’s head with its energy.

Ichiro looked on solemnly. His internal energy had risen to its peak. At the same time, he used his martial energy to make the magic sword hover in the air.

Seeing the sword, Jared immediately clenched his right fist and formed a dazzling golden glow around it. Then, he shot a punch into the air.

Bang!

Jared’s fist collided with the energy from the sword. The impact shook the whole arena, triggering an immense shockwave. It spread like a hurricane in every direction.

The shockwave caused Ichiro’s magic sword to wobble in the air before falling.

Ichiro quickly parted his arms like a bird expanding its wings and leaped into the air to catch the falling magic sword.



“The second technique of Nine Shadows—Heart Stalker!” Ichiro shouted.

His sword continued to glow with green light. Ichiro held the sword and leaped into the air, merging with it. His body appeared like a sharp sword as he shot straight toward Jared’s heart.

Meanwhile, Jared released a burst of aura and extended his hands to retaliate. He stopped Ichiro’s magic sword with his bare hands and channeled a colossal wave of spiritual energy from his body. The spiritual energy traveled down the magic sword’s blade and struck heavily against Ichiro’s chest.

Ichiro could not resist the energy. He crashed to the ground and skidded a couple of steps back.

Jared’s attack further infuriated Ichiro. He immediately got up and attacked Jared for the third time.

Meanwhile, Jared shaped his hand like a sword and caused a ray of golden light to surround it. The golden light was so bright that it looked like something had torn through the sky and left a golden gash.

That flash of golden light caused Ichiro’s expression to darken dramatically. He yelled ferociously and shot out radiant white lights from his eyes. At the same time, he raised his magic sword above his head and condensed all the martial energy from his body onto it.

## Chapter 919 | Admit Defeat

“River Cutter...” Ichiro shouted.

Then, energy gushed out from Ichiro’s magic sword and shot into the sky, reaching nearly a dozen meters in height. Then, it crashed down and collided hard with Jared’s sword-like hand.

The impact formed shockwaves and shook the arena. The arena seemed on the verge of collapse from the colossal force.

Jared’s golden blade came in contact with Ichiro’s white energy, throwing them into the sky. As Jared leaped into the sky, the light blue flames that combined to form an arcane array went out and disappeared.

Boom...

Ichiro’s sword energy formed a wide crack in the arena. The arena could not withstand the force and collapsed in the middle.

Ichiro suddenly found himself falling. He immediately took a deep breath and jumped up in mid-air.

Jared saw what Ichiro was doing and narrowed his eyes threateningly. That was the chance he needed.

As Ichiro shot up into the sky, Jared propelled himself halfway into the sky and sent a punch toward Ichiro.

Thump!

That punch broke through the void, spreading colossal shockwaves in every direction and creating loud noises in the sky.

That punch contained all of Jared's power. He did not hold anything back.

Ichiro's face turned pale when he heard a sharp noise above his head. It turned out that Jared did not leap into the air to escape Ichiro's attack. In actuality, Jared had planned everything and was waiting for the right moment to give him a fatal blow.

Thus, Ichiro realized that he had been careless. He instantly stopped moving upward and forced his body to descend quickly to the ground.

However, Ichiro was still a step too late. Jared's fist soon appeared before his eyes.

Ichiro had no choice but to throw out a punch. The magic sword in his hand had become useless. He did not have enough time to utilize the magic sword in his grip.

Boom!

Another thunderous boom sounded when the two fists collided.

The spiritual energy around Jared's punch tore through Ichiro's defense and hit him squarely on the chest.

Ichiro spurted blood in mid-air. A dent immediately appeared on his chest, and he crashed to the ground.

Jared landed soon after. He could not stop his body from swaying slightly. He had used up a lot of energy in this battle.

“The winner takes it all. Since I have defeated you, this place shall be your grave,” Jared said.

Then, he took a deep breath and clenched his right fist. He channeled spiritual energy out of his elixir field and condensed it on his right fist. He was ready to use his remaining strength to kill Ichiro.

Ichiro panicked when he saw that Jared wanted to kill him. He tried to get up and dodge the fatal blow. Unfortunately, his injuries were too severe, and he could not get up no matter how much he tried.

“Kill him! Finish him off...” the crowd shouted.

A large number of people stayed to watch the battle. Even representative teams from other countries urged Jared to kill Ichiro.

After all, Ichiro had many enemies. Those who had lost to him were either dead or heavily wounded. He rarely ever showed mercy to anyone.

Now that it was his turn to face defeat, Ichiro’s expression turned white as a sheet, and his eyes filled with terror.

Everyone feared death, especially someone like Ichiro. Prominent men like him had numerous enemies. Thus, they feared death even more.

Jared was about to kill Ichiro with a fatal punch, but Ichiro said, "I admit defeat..."

He dropped the sword in his hand and kneeled humbly on the ground. He admitted to his defeat without hesitation.

Ichiro knew the rules of the competition. The participants were not allowed to continue attacking if their opponents admit defeat.

Therefore Ichiro had always hurt and killed his opponents in the arena swiftly before they could surrender.

## **Chapter 920 Identity Exposed**

Everyone was shocked to see Ichiro surrendering. Even Jared did not expect him to do this. It turned out that Ichiro was a coward in the face of death.

Ichiro was a swordmaster and a Martial Arts Grandmaster. Yet, he kneeled in the view of thousands of spectators.

Ordinary people could not bear to humiliate themselves this way. However, Ichiro had abandoned all shame. He kneeled before Jared and shouted, "I admit defeat. I surrender..."

“Hahaha, what a satisfying sight. I finally get to see Ichiro fall from grace!”

“Awesome. That Jared was something. He is only in his early twenties, but he managed to defeat Ichiro!”

“All hail Mr. Chance. All hail Mr. Chance...”

The spectators and the team from the Department of Justice all shouted excitedly.

However, the representatives from Jetroina looked terrible. All their face turned green from fear.

“That Jared is quite something.” Anne also looked at Jared in a new light.

Meanwhile, Andrew looked at Jared with respect and reverence. He had long lost his contempt and disdain for Jared.

People from Seneris admired powerful martial artists. Therefore, Andrew could not help but feel impressed with Jared’s performance during the battle.

Meanwhile, in the destroyed arena, Jared looked at Ichiro kneeling in surrender and had no choice but to unclench his fist.

Pfft!

Jared spat at Ichiro before heading back to his team.

“Mr. Chance...” Theodore ran excitedly to welcome him.

Jared did not say anything. He placed a hand on Theodore’s shoulder and rested all his weight on him.

Theodore immediately understood what was going on. He quickly supported Jared and brought him back to the team.

Although Jared defeated Ichiro, he had exhausted his strength and forced himself to persist.

When Jared returned to the team, members of the Department of Justice gathered around him, wanting to lift him up in celebration.

“Congratulations...” Anne looked at Jared and offered her hand.

“Thank you!” Jared replied while shaking her hand.

“Jared, I apologize for my behavior. I shouldn’t have looked down on you...” Andrew came to Jared and apologized.

Jared smiled in response. He did not blame his initial arrogance.

The Department of Justice continued to cheer and jump for joy. On the other hand, the atmosphere at Jetrouina's team was tense. Ichiro stood up, wiped the dirt from his face, and slowly walked back to his team.

His eyes gleamed with murderous intent. Although he admitted defeat just now, it was an expedient measure to gain him another chance. He would not give up easily. There would be a team event later on a deserted island. Since there would be no rules, he could take revenge there.

The competition came to an end. Jared's name became even more well-known after the battle today. Especially among martial artists. Many martial artists looked at him in a new light after he had defeated Ichiro.

Furthermore, many people became troubled and anxious after knowing the outcome of the battle.

Steinar was one of them. He did not expect Jared to attain such astounding improvement in his abilities in just a few days. Jared was now so powerful that he had even defeated Ichiro.

It seemed that they had to alter their plans for revenge and come up with a new strategy to obtain draconic essence from Jared.

Meanwhile, many other prominent families and sects also vied for the draconic essence within Jared. After witnessing Jared's true power, they realized their task had become tremendously difficult. Consequently, they had no choice but to reevaluate their plans.

They thought that Jared was only a Senior Grandmaster. It turned out that they had been fooled. They would suffer severe defeat if they challenged him with the assumption that he was a Senior Grandmaster.