

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE/

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 2621

A Man Like None Other Chapter 2621-“Then why are you still loyal to Ghaylen? Why don’t you submit to another master?” Jared asked.

“How could I do that? I should remain loyal to my master until the end of time. I couldn’t turn my back on him just for some supplies! Besides, I joined Emerald Cauldron Sect and became an alchemist to help the poor, suffering village folk. With the world becoming increasingly more selfish, everything comes down to money and resources, of which the village folk possess neither. We can’t just watch them suffer and die from their ailments, could we?” Zebediah said indignantly.

Jared gave Zebediah a look of admiration. In the mundane world, where people were even more wicked than those of the Ethereal Realm, a kind soul like Zebediah was a rare gem.

Soon, it became Jared’s party’s turn to collect their rations. Zebediah hurriedly produced a list and approached a young disciple who looked to be in his early twenties.

“Here, brother. Take a look at our list.”

Zebediah handed the checklist over, but when the youngster saw him, he asked coldly, “Are you Mr. Samoll’s disciples?”

Zebediah nodded eagerly. “That’s right.”

The youngster took the list without even glancing at it. Instead, he tossed it aside. “You have no rations to collect. Come again next time.”

Zebediah froze. “That’s not right. We have rations every week.”

“I’m telling you, you don’t. Are you the one distributing them, or am I?” the youngster said disrespectfully to Zebediah.

Sensing the hostility, Zebediah became filled with rage. However, he did his best to remain composed.

“Look closer, brother. Surely we have some rations to collect.”

Zebediah was trying so hard to suppress his anger that he was turning red in the face.

“Stop calling me that. I’m telling you, you don’t have anything to collect! Move along, now. Don’t hold up the line.”

The youngster flapped his hand dismissively to get Zebediah and his group to leave.

Unable to bear it any longer, Zebediah stepped forward and grabbed the youngster by the collar. “You were still p*ssing your pants when I was inducted into Emerald Cauldron Sect, you little sh*t. Give me our rations!”

“Look! A fight’s starting! Mr. Samoll’s disciples are here to pick a fight and plunder for rations!”

Following the youngster’s shout, a crowd of Emerald Cauldron Sect’s disciples swarmed forward and promptly surrounded Zebediah and Jared.

The youngster smirked at the arrival of reinforcements. “Let go of me at once. If you don’t, I’ll make sure you’ll never get another scrap again.”

At the youngster’s threat, Zebediah was forced to relinquish his grip slowly while gritting his teeth.

The crowd watched Zebediah with amusement, their eyes twinkling with cruel mockery.

Having witnessed the incident, Jared finally understood why Ghaylen’s disciples were so unwilling to come.

“Let’s go, Mr. Chance.”

Helplessly, Zebediah turned to leave.

Jared did not move. Instead, he turned to regard the youngster in charge of distributing the rations. “You mentioned that Mr. Samoll’s disciples do not have any rations to collect?” he asked coldly.

He nodded. “That’s right, they don’t.”

Smack!

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Jared sent a tight slap across his face without warning.

Given Jared's strength, the slap promptly sent the youngster flying and knocked all his teeth out.

Zebediah froze when Jared resorted to violence. The others, too, gaped at him in disbelief, suddenly realizing how little they knew him.

The youngster who was beaten clutched his cheek. "How dare you lay a finger on me?" he howled. "Who the h*ll are you? Don't even think about leaving this place in one piece today!"

Following the youngster's shout, a large group began encircling Jared, preparing to strike.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 2622

A Man Like None Other Chapter 2622-Zebediah grew anxious as he watched the unfolding situation. Our days ahead will be tougher if a fight ensues. Besides, Jared alone is no match for all of them.

While Zebediah was beside himself with panic, a sonorous voice rang out.

"Stop, all of you!"

Following the furious roar, Sigurd dashed over.

"Are you all trying to start a mutiny?" he demanded when he saw the disciples surrounding Jared. "How dare you fight amongst yourselves within the walls of our sect?"

"This fellow made the first move, Sigurd! Look, he struck me."

The youngster who was slapped stepped forward and showed Sigurd his swollen cheek.

"Mr. Chance only struck you because you made things difficult on purpose by not apportioning our rations to us," Zebediah quickly explained.

The youngster was about to retort when Sigurd stopped him. "Go and bring out the rations belonging to Mr. Samoll's disciples. Do not leave out a scrap."

Sigurd's order caused the disciple tasked with distributing the rations to gap in disbelief.

Sigurd did not use to like Ghaylen's disciples, much less take the initiative to have their back.

His order for them to allocate the rations belonging to Ghaylen's disciples baffled the other disciples of Emerald Cauldron Sect.

"I'm telling you to bring them here. Would you like a taste of disciplinary action?"

Sigurd became anxious when they did not move.

Upon seeing Sigurd's anger, the disciple in charge slunk away to bring out the rations meant for Ghaylen's disciples.

"Let me know ahead of time when you come to collect your rations, Zebediah, and I'll make sure these hoodlums won't make things difficult for you," Sigurd told Zebediah.

Zebediah stared at Sigurd, not quite sure what to say at the moment. He was disconcerted by the peculiar change that had come over the latter.

Sigurd had never been this courteous to us before.

However, Zebediah did not know that Sigurd was behaving like that because of Jared.

"Let's go."

When the rations were brought out, Jared prepared to take them and return with Zebediah.

Just when he was about to do so, a figure emerged and planted a foot firmly on the items.

"Without my say so, nobody can bring them away!" declared a middle-aged man with a fleshy face and shrewd eyes.

Sigurd scowled at the appearance of the newcomer. "What is the meaning of this, Bilius? You have no authority over the matters of the sect."

“You are a little too generous, aren’t you, Sigurd? Historically, the task of delegating the rations has been ours to uphold. Why are you getting involved?” Bilius Kenlay asked, glaring at Sigurd as he did so.

“In the absence of my master, I am in charge of making decisions on behalf of the sect. Why shouldn’t I get involved in the decision regarding the rations?” Sigurd demanded, unwilling to back down.

“Hah! Mr. Holt isn’t here, yes, but my master is, and he is the second in command around here. Who are you, some insignificant disciple, to have a say? Besides, the matter of distributing rations isn’t under your jurisdiction. How dare you butt in?”

After his declaration, Bilius waved an arm. “Bring the rations back in.”

The disciple who distributed the rations was just about to do so when Sigurd roared, “Insolence! In the absence of Mr. Holt, I, as the chief disciple, have the power to relegate disciplinary action if you so much as move a muscle.”

At the sound of the threat, the disciples distributing the rations froze in fear.

“What are you afraid of? I am the actual chief disciple of Emerald Cauldron Sect. This fellow was still in his diapers when I joined the sect. Bring the things in, all of you. I will bear all consequences. Though we are Mr. Erdell’s disciples, we will not allow let you walk all over us,” Bilius declared, motioning with his hand.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 2623

A Man Like None Other Chapter 2623-“Listen to Bilius, brethren, and bring the things in. He is our true chief disciple.” shouted the fellow who was just beaten, then took the initiative to begin moving.

Seeing this, the others began to lend a helping hand. Soon, the rations that were just moved out were moved back in again.

Sigurd was purple with rage, but he could not do a thing against them as they were Ebenezer’s disciples, who would undoubtedly not take it kindly if he were to lay a finger on them.

Though Sigurd was the chief disciple in Hosen’s absence, Ebenezer was somebody he did not dare cross.

Sigurd shot Jared a helpless glance, indicating that he had done the best he could; Bilius' return had been an unexpected turn of events.

Bilius smirked when Sigurd conceded. As he struck the triumphant pose of a victor, he turned to Jared and Zebediah. "Remember, you'd best be treating me with more respect when you come asking for rations again. I can have you severely dealt with with a single command. Why would you bring a worthless idiot like that? He couldn't even help you collect your rations!"

Sigurd was so enraged by Bilius' words that he was shaking.

Zebediah, on the other hand, remained silent. Given Bilius' appearance and Sigurd's presence, it was not his place to speak.

Though he was also Ghaylen's disciple, there was no place in Emerald Cauldron Sect for them.

"We're only here for what is rightfully ours, and we don't have to be respectful to anybody. You'd better bring them out," Jared told Bilius calmly.

Bilius froze, then swept his glance up and down Jared. "Oh," he exclaimed suddenly, as though having just recalled something. "You're the idiot who had recently sworn allegiance to Mr. Samoll, aren't you? Haven't you seen what his disciples look like? Why would you still take him to be your master? I heard from my master that you put on a dazzling display during your test. You may take the rations. All you have to do is show me whether or not you're worthy of it. What power could you possibly possess to disrespect my master during your test?"

Bilius' meaning could not be plainer: he was going to avenge Ebenezer.

Sigurd had mentioned that Bilius was a vengeful fellow who challenged Jared the moment he returned.

"Are you challenging me to a duel?" Jared asked with a faint smile.

"That's right. Would you dare accept?" Bilius gave Jared a provocative stare.

"Why not? Pardon my crude language, but if I beat the sh*t out of you, you only have yourself to blame, all right?" Jared said with a laugh.

"Hah! You're as brazen as Master said."

Bilius let out a roar of laughter. “Yes, you are preemptively absolved of any blame if you could kill me. If I kill you, however, Mr. Samoll will not find trouble with me.”

Jared nodded. “Naturally. We’ll each be subjected to our own fates.”

“Mr. Chance...”

Zebediah tugged Jared’s sleeve lightly. As he was unaware of the true extent of Jared’s power, he did not wish Jared to take the risk.

Jared merely smiled. “Don’t worry. I can single-handedly deal with him.”

Jared was not boasting. He did only require one hand to take care of Bilius.

Even Bilius’ master, Ebenezer, would have a hard time besting Jared.

“You should spare Bilius’ life, Mr. Chance, or it’ll cause trouble down the line,” Sigurd whispered to Jared.

He was aware of Jared’s abilities. Though it would be easy to deal with Bilius, he was worried that Ebenezer would not let the matter slide if Jared killed Bilius.

Emerald Cauldron Sect will be subjected to chaos, which will make it all the more difficult for Jared to enter the medicinal pool.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 2624

A Man Like None Other Chapter 2624-“I know what I’m doing.” Jared smiled faintly. Then, he turned to Bilius. “Where should we compete?”

“Let’s do it here. There’s no need to move the fight to the arena since it won’t take long to defeat you. Going to the arena would be a hassle,” Bilius replied confidently.

He never anticipated a disciple who had just joined the sect and apprenticed under Ghaylen would be formidable.

“You’re right. The fight won’t take long, so this place is indeed suitable,” Jared chirped.

Bilius waved his hand. The next second, everyone stepped back, clearing a spacious area for Jared and Bilius.

Ebenez's disciples watched intently with gleaming eyes, eager to witness how Bilius would overpower and triumph over Jared.

At that moment, other disciples also hurried over. After all, such a contest hadn't taken place within Emerald Cauldron Sect for quite some time.

Since Bilius was banished to another location, no one in Emerald Cauldron Sect had sparred internally.

Now that the showdown was occurring, everyone's interest and excitement were piqued.

Bilius stared at Jared, and his aura started to surge rapidly, quickly reaching the status of a Top Level Manifestor.

Many disciples were shocked when they sensed Bilius' aura.

Even Sigurd knitted his brows slightly at that realization as Bilius' strength was obviously surpassing his soon.

"Did you all think I lazed around all those years outside? I've been training hard every day! I returned to the sect this time with the intention of using the medicinal pool to break through the Manifestor Realm and attain the Body Fusion Realm!" Bilius declared haughtily.

His words were clearly meant for Sigurd.

"Why are you talking so much? Didn't you say you won't take long to defeat me? I won't even retaliate. If you can win against me within ten moves, I'll consider this victory yours." Jared clasped his hands behind his back.

The reason he chose not to go on the offensive was to avoid revealing too much of his capabilities. He figured it would be best for him to keep a low profile before the opening of the medicinal pool.

Hearing that, Bilius instantly sneered, "Brat, you're truly arrogant. Forget about ten moves. If I can't knock you down within three moves, I lose. I'll even return you twice the amount of resources belonging to Mr. Samoll and his disciples."

“No problem. Hurry up. I have other things to attend to. I’m quite busy,” Jared said while grinning at Bilius.

The crowd widened their eyes in astonishment, seeing Jared planning to endure Bilius’ attacks head-on with his hands behind his back. A Top Level Manifestor has the capability to destroy a hill with one punch. Who would dare to withstand the attack directly?

“Brat, you will regret this!” Bilius bellowed and instantly launched himself at Jared.

Immediately afterward, he swung his fist at Jared with all his might.

Jared didn’t dodge or hide, standing calmly in his spot and not even bothering to activate Golem Body.

Boom!

Bilius’ punch smashed into Jared’s chest, the immense force generating an ear-splitting noise.

Jared’s body swayed slightly, and he stepped back with his right foot to stabilize himself.

Bilius, on the other hand, felt as if he had hit a steel plate with his fist. Jared’s physical robustness seemed to exceed his expectations.

His right arm trembled, and the tremendous recoil even made his bleed.

“You’re a Top Level Manifestor, not bad. That’s one move now.” Jared retracted his right foot. Jared’s remark, which sounded like a compliment, felt more like an insult to Bilius.

Under everyone’s watchful gazes, Bilius, a Top Level Manifestor, failed to cause Jared the slightest harm, even as the latter stood still, let alone knock him down.

They looked at Jared in great surprise. Zebediah was all the more astounded. He only knew Jared’s alchemy skills were extraordinary, but he didn’t expect Jared’s physique to be so sturdy as well. Even a punch from a Top Level Manifestor couldn’t break Jared’s defense and injure him.

“Brat, don’t get too full of yourself. I only used fifty percent of my strength just now to prevent you from dying too tragically. Unexpectedly, your physique is quite tough. I won’t go easy on you anymore for my subsequent punch!”

Bilius hurriedly found an excuse for himself to avoid the embarrassment, then swiftly exerted his full power.

Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 2625

A Man Like None Other Chapter 2625-Taking in Bilius’ demeanor, Jared couldn’t help but curl his lips, his eyes filled with mockery and disdain.

Bilius’ anger intensified when he saw Jared’s facial expression. The next second, his fists glowed with dazzling light.

When Bilius threw a punch, a flash of blinding light erupted, prompting everyone to close their eyes instinctively.

Boom!

A massive explosion sounded, much like the detonation of a bomb.

Upon hearing that sound, the crowd opened their eyes and saw Jared rooted in his spot, his body entirely unscathed.

Bilius, on the other hand, wasn’t doing fine. Blood trickled down his right wrist as the great recoil had completely shattered his purlicue.

Colors drained from Bilius’ countenance. He could sense everyone’s gazes on him.

“You have one move left. Shall we continue?” Jared looked at Bilius with a faint smile.

The muscles on Bilius’ face twitched continuously, and the murderous intent in his eyes amplified.

“Of course!”

He took two steps back. Then, his body began to swell, and he even grew taller on the spot.

Seeing that, Jared fathomed Bilius must have cultivated some form of power-augmenting technique. Nevertheless, he was unfazed.

“Be careful, Mr. Chance. This is the ultimate move practiced by Mr. Erdell and his disciples, Limitless Strength!” Zebediah reminded Jared loudly.

Meanwhile, Sigurd, standing at one side, also clenched his fists, planning to step in at the critical moment.

Although Jared was stronger than Bilius, Sigurd didn’t know if Jared could withstand being hit without retaliating.

If Jared were killed, he wouldn’t survive either, as his bodily spirit was still in Jared’s hands.

He couldn’t stand idly and watch Jared die.

“Don’t worry,” Jared chirped confidently.

“Brat, you’re the first in Emerald Cauldron Sect to force me to use my ultimate skill.” After saying that, Bilius leaped up and extended his leg to kick Jared’s head.

This time, Bilius didn’t use his hands, nor did he target Jared’s body again. Instead, he used his leg to attack the latter’s head.

It seemed like he was determined to do away with Jared. After all, who could endure a ferocious kick from a Top Level Manifestor while standing still without suffering any injuries?

Noticing Bilius was trying to kill Jared by directly aiming at his head, Zebediah was astounded.

At the same time, Sigurd’s aura burst forth, and he was about to interfere in the fight.

However, Jared narrowed his eyes as a cold glint flitted across his gaze. “None of you are allowed to move.”

Jared told Zebediah and Sigurd to stay back, not allowing them to intervene, while his body shone with golden light as he activated Golem Body. Instantaneously, dazzling golden scales covered his entire figure.

At that instant, Jared resembled a golden-armored war god, exuding righteous energy and standing unmoving in his spot.

Bilius was slightly taken aback to see the changes in Jared's outward form. Still, he had launched his kick attack and could no longer stop it at that point, so he mustered all his might to boot Jared's head.

Bam!

That kick could smash even a body made of iron into smithereens.

However, when the blow struck Jared's head, all that happened to him was staggering three steps back. His head didn't explode, and his brain matter didn't splatter.

Bilius felt his leg turning numb. He landed on the ground in utter astonishment, barely able to keep his balance.

He genuinely didn't expect Jared's head could also be so hard. He was unable to break Jared's defense even with his ultimate skill.

"Three moves are up. You can hand over the resources now," Jared said while staring impassively at Bilius.

Bilius stood frozen in his spot, stumped and dumbfounded.

Everyone else also fell silent. Bilius, their eldest senior who was exceptionally strong, had actually lost. He failed to cause the slightest injury to Jared even when the latter stayed still and took the beating.

The difference in their capabilities was simply insurmountable. The crowd was baffled by Jared's cultivation level for him to possess such a monstrous physique.