

**A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE/**  
**A MAN LIKE NONE OTHER**

## **Chapter 3633**

Just as Stephen was preparing to leave, Jared suddenly said, “Wait...”

Everyone was taken aback, then their gaze shifted onto Jared. Trystan slightly furrowed his brows and

asked, “Clifford, who is this person?”

Upon a single glance, Trystan recognized that Jared was not a member of Soul Demon Sect.

“Master, this gentleman, Mr. Chadwick, is the savior of Serena and me. We were ambushed on our

journey, and he was the one who rescued us. When I was injured, it was Mr. Chadwick who treated me.

He is also an alchemist,” Clifford hastily explained.

Upon hearing that Jared was an alchemist, and moreover, the savior of Serena and Clifford, Trystan

became extremely courteous.

“Mr. Chadwick, I really can’t thank you enough. Is there something you need?” Trystan asked Jared.

The expression on Stephen’s face noticeably darkened when he heard that Jared was an alchemist.

With a serious expression, Jared said to Trystan, “Mr. Pruitt, in reality, your health has not improved,

nor have you been suffering from any illness. It seems that your life is nearing its end. You are on the

brink of death. As for this so-called Dr. Livingstone, he did not administer the Demonica Dragon Ginseng

to you. He merely ignited the little life force you had left within you. The reason you’re able to move

freely now, and even your hair has turned black, is because you’ve been rapidly burning through your

life force. If this continues, I'm afraid you won't survive more than three days!"

The extremely thin member of Soul Demon Sect yelled at Jared, "What did you say? Are you cursing

my master to die?"

Trystan also furrowed his brows, then turned his gaze toward Stephen.

Upon seeing Trystan look his way, Stephen felt a surge of panic. He immediately turned to Jared and

bellowed, "What nonsense are you spouting? I've dedicated my life to medicine. Everyone in the

depths of Demonica Mountain knows me! How dare you question me? You claim I didn't provide Mr.

Pruitt with the Demonica Dragon Ginseng. Do you have any evidence? You accuse me of causing Mr.

Pruitt to burn his life force. What proof do you have? Are you relying solely on your baseless

allegations?" Stephen questioned Jared skeptically. He didn't believe Jared could produce any

evidence.

Although what Jared said was correct, it was incredibly difficult to produce evidence for such a matter.

Jared looked at Stephen, then shook his head. "I can't provide any evidence. The Demonica Dragon

Ginseng has been tossed into your item pouch, so I can't find it. Unless you willingly take out your item

pouch for inspection, or I kill you and inspect your item pouch myself. As for burning one's life force,

there's no way to prove it now. However, in two days, Mr. Pruitt's health will deteriorate once again.

Then, he will await the arrival of his life's decline, ultimately leading to his death!"

"Hmph! You dare to slander me without any evidence. You have the nerves of steel." Stephen sneered,

then turned to Trystan, saying, “Mr. Pruitt, I kindly offered to treat you out of goodwill, yet this fellow

slandered me. Shouldn’t you give me an explanation?”

“Dr. Livingstone, perhaps Mr. Chadwick has made a mistake. Please don’t be angry.”

Trystan hurriedly consoled Stephen.

“Mr. Chadwick, Dr. Livingstone’s skills are indeed remarkable, so you must have misunderstood!”

Serena quickly pulled Jared aside.

Stephen, as he spoke, actually took out his item pouch.