

## A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE/

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3701-“What the heck? What kind of magecraft is this?” Startled, Keiran’s face drained of color as he rapidly plunged downward.

Seeing the situation, Jared also plunged straight down without hesitation.

The two of them landed one after the other on a desolate mountain, located fifty kilometers away from Pathfinder Sect.

With a slight frown, Keiran asked, “Who are you? What kind of magecraft did you just use?” “Why should I reveal my magecraft to you? What makes you think you’re worthy...” Jared scoffed disdainfully!

“Brat, don’t think I’m clueless. I can sense the aura of demonic fire within you. If that’s the case, I’ll force your demonic fire soul out and use it as a resource for my cultivation!” With a smirk playing on his lips, Keiran promptly swept his hand toward the ground.

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Instantly, flames surged up from the ground, swiftly assembling into eight trigrams.

Within the confines of the eight trigrams, humanoid monsters began to emerge, each of them ablaze with flames.

Jared’s gaze swept over these humanoid monsters and furrowed his brows.

“These aren’t monsters, but human souls. I never thought you’d manipulate other people’s souls, turning them into puppets.” Jared glared furiously at Keiran.

“I absorbed the demonic fire energy of these souls, rendering them worthless.

Wouldn’t it be better to repurpose them into killer puppets?” Keiran’s lips curled into a smirk. “No need to rush. Soon, your soul will join them.” As Keiran’s words fell, the souls ablaze with flames encircled Jared, linked together by a thread of fire.

“Do you really think you’re skillful enough to kill me?” Jared casually inquired.

“Judging by your aura, you’re only a Third Level Tribulator. As for me, I’m already at the Seventh Level, on the verge of advancing to the Eighth. What makes you think you can compete with me? So, you’re relying on that aura of demonic fire within you? You don’t seem to be a Demonic Cultivator, and you’re not from the Inferno Devil lineage either. So, where did that demonic fire within you originate from?” Keiran asked.

With a playful smile, Jared said, “Submit to me, and I’ll tell you...” Being a Third Level Tribulator, Jared was no longer intimidated by a Seventh Level Tribulator.

Moreover, he possessed numerous life-saving measures. Divine Bow, Dragon Bell, and that time magical item timepiece could easily turn a dire situation around.

Furthermore, he had activated the Nethersky Eye, and within his Storage Ring resided a tiny creature known as Heaven Devouring Beast. Although he wasn’t sure when Heaven Devouring Beast would make its appearance, it always seemed to show up when Jared was in dire straits.

“You’re courting death...” In a fit of rage, Keiran performed a series of hand seals. Immediately, several fiery souls lunged toward Jared.

Jared remained still, motionless. Suddenly, his Golem Body activated, its radiant scales enveloping his entire body.

Remaining silent, Jared suddenly swung both hands. From the center of his palms, two bursts of flame erupted instantaneously.

The fire nascence star within Jared started to flicker rapidly.

Flames then began to engulf Jared’s surroundings.

Waves of heat rolled in, and the few souls that had been hovering around Jared were unexpectedly flung back under the force of this heatwave.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3702-Jared’s form flickered once more, materializing before another soul in a seamless dance of movement.

This unfolded repeatedly, and in the mere span of a heartbeat, those souls engulfed in flames dissipated into nothingness, leaving behind only bewildered silence.

“How... How is this possible?” Keiran’s eyes widened, awash with pure horror.

He struggled to comprehend the inexplicable. How could Jared, a mere Third Level Tribulator, wield such unimaginable power?

He couldn’t grasp the reality of witnessing his meticulously crafted souls, each infused with the ominous essence of demonic fire, being effortlessly snuffed out by a mere Third Level Tribulator.

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As Jared nonchalantly obliterated the souls, Keiran felt a wave of panic engulf him. Without hesitation, he bolted toward the horizon, knowing that once he reached home, even the formidable Jared would be rendered powerless against him.

“Hmph, where do you think you’re going?” Jared emitted a disdainful snort, then swiftly gave chase.

When it came to manipulating flames, Jared held an unyielding confidence.

Possessing the fire nascence and wielding multiple varieties of demonic fire, he remained unruffled by his opponent.

His current technique, the Blazing Stride, was a mastery beyond any attainable in the Ethereal Realm.

Jared’s form flickered, traversing space effortlessly. In an instant, he closed the gap with Keiran, his presence looming ominously.

With a gesture into the void, Jared unleashed a potent force, causing Keiran’s mid-air flight to grind to a sudden halt.

“You like playing with fire, don’t you? Well, now you’ll get to experience what it feels like to be scorched...” In the palm of Jared’s hand, a vibrant flame danced before hurtling directly toward Keiran.

Boom!

Suddenly, an intense heat enveloped Keiran's body, its ferocity defying all rational expectation.

While it was customary for Keiran, a fire technique practitioner, to be surrounded by flames, the inferno now seemed imbued with a sinister sentience. It penetrated his skin with voracious intent, delving into the very core of his being.

"Ah!" A pained cry tore from Keiran's lips as he plummeted from the sky.

"Please, spare me! Spare me! I can give the soul back to you!" Keiran's plea echoed desperately, yet Jared's demonic fire held him ensnared, impervious to escape.

The sight of a Seventh Level Tribulator reduced to pleading for mercy at the hands of a Third Level Tribulator was a spectacle seldom witnessed, an anomaly in the hierarchy of power.

With a swift flick of his wrist, Jared quelled the flames consuming Keiran in an instant.

Keiran was in a disheveled state; gone was his usual poised demeanor befitting a scion of a distinguished lineage.

Jared extended his hand, his voice firm. "Hand it over." Though Keiran hesitated, he reluctantly surrendered the cloth bag from his waist.

Jared peered inside, confirming its contents to be the soul of Faiyar before securing the bag.

"I've given you what you want. Will you release me now?" Keiran inquired cautiously.

With these words, Jared unleashed a swift strike toward Keiran.

Shock seized Keiran to his core as he realized there was no escape from Jared's relentless force.

"Mr. Chadwick, please show some mercy..." In that moment, Moses hurriedly approached, trailed by the others.

Since Moses had said so, Jared could only offer a nod of acquiescence.

Before long, Jared and his companions returned to the Pathfinder Sect.

Jared carefully unsealed the cloth bag, releasing Faiyar's spirit. Upon its reunion with his body, Faiyar swiftly regained consciousness, spared from significant harm thanks to the Soulbinding Bead.

Clifford's countenance darkened when he saw Keiran. Despite his internal turmoil, he struggled to maintain composure.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3703-"You jerk! You nearly cost Faiyar his life! I'll end you!" Serena's fury surged when she saw Keiran, now captured and brought back. She almost wanted to kill him.

"Serena, stop!" Trystan interceded, mindful of Keiran's status as the favored scion of the Mueller family. His demise would undoubtedly provoke severe repercussions from the Muellers, rendering Soul Demon Sect vulnerable to retaliation.

"Mr. Mueller, it's well known that Soul Demon Sect and the Mueller family have maintained amicable relations. Why then would you harm one of our sect members? If you fail to provide an explanation today, Soul Demon Sect will not overlook this transgression. We are not to be underestimated," Trystan interrogated Keiran with simmering indignation.

It was impossible Keiran couldn't recognize their sect's members, especially Serena.

Yet, he had not only assaulted Serena, causing her injury, but had also seized Faiyar's soul. Such blatant disregard for their sect was an affront that could not be overlooked.

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Keiran sensed the simmering rage in Trystan's gaze, understanding that without coming clean, his predicament would only worsen. Gathering his resolve, he began, "Mr. Pruitt, I-" "Master, no more listening to his lies. Dispose of him and be done," Clifford interjected abruptly, panicking when he realized Keiran was going to betray him.

In a frantic attempt to silence Keiran permanently, Clifford moved to strike.

Fortunately, Moses intervened swiftly, positioning himself before Keiran, intercepting the impending blow.

“Clifford, how audacious of you! Step back!” Trystan thundered. Clifford’s audacity to act on his own and disregard his authority angered Trystan to no end.

Keiran was furious when Clifford tried to kill him. He lashed out, “Clifford, you treacherous scoundrel! Wasn’t it you who orchestrated this?” “Mr. Pruitt, it was your own disciple who sought me out and asked me to do this.

He said someone’s trying to snatch Serena from him. I acted upon his plea, swayed by his persuasion. I harbor no ill will toward Soul Demon Sect.” Keiran decided to spill the beans since things had already come to this.

Trystan stood stunned by this revelation, never imagining Clifford capable of such deceit.

His furious gaze bore into Clifford, and Clifford, gripped by panic, sank to his knees before Trystan. “Master, I was misguided. Serena and I have a history.

We were childhood sweethearts. Faiyar’s sudden appearance disrupted our bond. I couldn’t bear losing her,” he confessed desperately, his body trembling.

“Clifford, how... how could you do something like that? I’ve always regarded you as an older brother. I have no romantic feelings for you.” Serena’s disbelief resonated in her voice.

Trystan’s jaw tightened, his gaze icy as he struggled to find words.

Jared, standing nearby, broke the tense silence. “We ran into Dr. Livingstone, who suddenly attacked us. You tipped them off, didn’t you?”

“You despicable traitor! You’ve besmirched the honor of our Soul Demon Sect.

I’ll end you,” Trystan declared, his hand raised to strike at Clifford.

Witnessing Trystan’s resolve to disregard their master-disciple relationship and execute him, Clifford teetered on the edge of madness.

Clifford roared, glaring at Jared venomously. If it hadn't been for Jared, Faiyar wouldn't have shown up either.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3704-"Clifford, you animal!" Trystan's fury reached a breaking point. Without hesitation, he delivered a resounding slap to Clifford's face, the force of which proved fatal.

As Clifford's life abruptly ended, Trystan was struck by a whirlwind of complex emotions. The shock of having taken the life of his own apprentice rendered him motionless, his countenance a tumult of conflicting feelings. After all, Clifford had been under his guidance, nurtured and mentored by his own hands, only to meet his demise by them.

Serena stood frozen, her gaze fixated on Clifford's lifeless form. She was similarly stunned, unsure how to react.

Clifford's revelation sent shockwaves through the gathered crowd, drawing their attention squarely onto Jared. Among them, Moses and Keiran shared a look of disbelief, their eyes trained on Jared.

In that moment, Keiran was overwhelmed with astonishment. He finally understood why Jared, a Third Level Tribulator, had effortlessly bested him, a Seventh Level Tribulator, without a hint of trepidation.

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It turned out that Jared held a Decree of Execution from the Demon Seal Alliance, who promised century-long offerings as a bounty for anyone who could execute him. That was a revelation that hinted at Jared's exceptional abilities.

After all, the alliance wouldn't have gone to such lengths without reason.

"Mr. Sutton, let's head to your place. I need to discuss some matters with you," Trystan urged.

He understood that if they continued staying here, they'd risk exposing Jared's identity and place him in jeopardy.

Trystan could only hope that Moses, considering Jared's recent heroism in saving his daughter, would refrain from harming Jared.

Moses comprehended Trystan's meaning and nodded in agreement. He then directed his subordinates with a decisive command, "Keep a close eye on Keiran. Don't let him escape." As he was instructing his subordinates, however, Moses hinted at them with his eyes.

Instantly, his subordinates grasped his meaning. Pathfinder Sect could only reprimand Keiran for his actions; outright execution was out of the question, as they didn't want to invite trouble.

Even if Jared were the one responsible for Keiran's demise, it was probable that the Mueller family would still seek retribution against Pathfinder Sect, given that the incident had originated within their territory.

After Moses escorted Trystan and the others back to his residence, Keiran was granted his freedom, released from captivity.

"Mr. Sutton, I must come clean. I've lied to you. This man is indeed Jared Chance, the individual targeted by the Demon Seal Alliance for termination," Trystan confessed candidly to Moses. "However, our decision to conceal his identity was not made lightly. Given the circumstances, revealing Mr. Chance's true identity would have placed him in imminent danger." Jared's demeanor shifted as Trystan spoke, reverting to his authentic self.

Moses regarded Jared with keen interest, his curiosity piqued. "Mr. Chance, I'm curious. What did you do to provoke the wrath of the Demon Seal Alliance?" His question echoed the sentiments of many who were aware of the alliance's pursuit of Jared, yet remained ignorant of the reasons behind it.

"It's not a significant matter, really. I just happened to, uh, eliminate the son of their leader..." Jared remarked casually, his tone oddly nonchalant.

"What?" Moses exclaimed, his shock palpable. "How can you say that's not significant? No wonder the Demon Seal Alliance is hell-bent on your elimination!"

Moses appeared to be acting in Jared's best interests, but in truth, he was also keenly aware of the potential trouble Jared's presence could bring to Pathfinder Sect.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3705-Accompanied by Moses, Jared and his companions made their way to a place in Pathfinder Sect known for selling valuable intelligence.

The area was bustling with activity, with numerous individuals queued up for information. While Jared's group had an appointment scheduled for later in the afternoon, Moses's influence allowed them to gain swift access.

"Mr. Sutton, what brings you here?" a Pathfinder Sect member inquired, surprised by Moses' unexpected appearance.

"I've come with some friends to inquire about something. Is Mr. Sawyer available?" Moses responded calmly.

"He's in the room at the back," the sect member confirmed with a nod.

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Acknowledging the information with a slight nod, Moses gestured for Jared and the others to follow him as they proceeded toward the rear of the establishment.

Their path remained unimpeded, with no one daring to stop them.

Jared couldn't help but marvel at the ease with which they navigated through the sect's premises, recognizing the significant advantage of having influential connections.

Moses led Jared and the others to a secluded room at the back of the establishment. Inside, they found a middle-aged man with a slight frame, dressed in humble, coarse linen, absorbed in writing.

Upon hearing someone enter, the middle-aged man looked up, his expression one of surprise. "Moses, what brings you here? Please, take a seat," he greeted warmly, rising from his chair swiftly.

"Dillon, I've brought some friends with me. We're in need of your expertise," Moses explained.

Jared realized then that the unassuming man before him was none other than Dillon Sawyer, an esteemed elder of Pathfinder Sect. It was known that elders of the sect enjoyed considerable wealth and prestige, yet Dillon's appearance contradicted this notion, his attire suggesting a life of austerity rather than abundance.

Dillon, acknowledging Jared, Trystan, and the others, nodded in greeting.

"Please, feel free to inquire about anything. While I may not know everything about the Ethereal Realm, my knowledge of the southern region is comprehensive," he offered graciously.

"Mr. Chance, allow me to introduce Mr. Sawyer, who's responsible for gathering intelligence within Pathfinder Sect. He's an invaluable resource for any inquiries you may have," Moses introduced Jared to Dillon.

Jared nodded in acknowledgment before turning his attention to Dillon. "Mr. Sawyer, I'm curious about the Lunarius Palace. Are you familiar with it?" he inquired.

"Indeed, I am," Dillon confirmed with a nod. "The Lunarius Palace is said to have a history spanning thousands of years. It vanished without a trace until approximately six months ago when it reappeared atop Demonica Mountain.

Notably, it's inhabited exclusively by female cultivators." Jared's excitement surged when he heard this information. It aligned with what the holy maiden of the Lunarius Palace had mentioned about the palace's destruction by demons years ago. It was evident that Dillon possessed considerable knowledge on the matter.

"Mr. Sawyer, could you tell me the current whereabouts of the Lunarius Palace?"

"I'm eager to pay it a visit," Jared inquired eagerly.

Jared was astonished by Dillon's revelations. He hadn't anticipated that news of the Lunarius Palace would spread so rapidly in just half a year.

Yet upon reflection, it seemed inevitable. With tales of beautiful female cultivators inhabiting the palace spreading far and wide, it was no wonder that

countless cultivators were drawn to it, hoping to witness such beauty firsthand.

Carnal desires are innate, even among cultivators of the Ethereal Realm. Jared mused inwardly, recognizing the universality of such impulses.

