

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE/

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3711-Dillon dismissed One-Eyed's insinuation with disdain. "Bullsh*t. Pathfinder Sect may not rival the Demon Seal Alliance, but we do not lack resources. How dare you suggest that? I don't care who's after Jared. He is currently under our protection, aboard our airship. Surrendering him would tarnish our reputation irreparably. As the escort, it's my duty to ensure the safety of all passengers.

Even at the cost of my life, I will not betray that trust. And if you dare to provoke a conflict, be prepared for the consequences. Even if I fall, Pathfinder Sect will ensure justice is served. Consider your actions carefully. If we mark you as our enemy, you won't survive in the southern region." Dillon's words could only use Pathfinder Sect's authority to intimidate One-Eyed and his group.

As expected, One-Eyed's resolve wavered. Pathfinder Sect wielded considerable influence throughout the southern region, boasting numerous branches and a formidable reputation.

If he crossed them and found himself on their hit list, it would indeed be impossible for him to survive in the southern region.

Moreover, the sect leader of Pathfinder Sect was an enigma, rarely seen and known by few. It was the elders who were primarily overseeing the sect.

Swayed by the potential consequences of antagonizing Pathfinder Sect, One-Eyed hesitated. Dillon seized the opportunity, offering a compromise. "If you give up now, we're willing to provide a generous batch of resources. While it may not match the bounty of the Demon Seal Alliance, it certainly won't be far off." He struck while the iron was still hot, hoping he could persuade One-Eyed and his group to leave.

Upon hearing the offer, One-Eyed was even more torn.

As One-Eyed contemplated Dillon's proposition, one of his underlings approached him, murmuring into his ear, "Boss, a century's worth of offerings isn't the only thing we'll get if we manage to kill Jared." One-Eyed's gaze hardened after he heard that. Turning his gaze back to Dillon, One-Eyed spoke. "Mr. Sawyer, while I harbor no desire to be at odds with Pathfinder Sect, I cannot leave without Jared today. If you refuse to hand him over, you

leave me no choice but to end you.” Dillon’s brow furrowed. I was so close to succeeding! What did that underling say to strengthen his resolve?

“Mr. Sawyer, do you think you could take on this one-eyed guy?” As Dillon was caught between a rock and a hard place, Jared unexpectedly emerged from the airship.

“Mr. Chance, why are you out here? I told you to stay put,” Dillon exclaimed anxiously.

Turning his attention to Jared, One-Eyed was surprised. “Are you Jared Chance?” he asked, his tone tinged with disbelief.

After all, he believed anyone targeted by the Demon Seal Alliance with such a hefty bounty was typically a seasoned cultivator; a Fifth Level Tribulator, at least.

Moreover, he must be someone who had a history with the alliance.

Jared, however, appeared deceptively youthful and was merely a Third Level Tribulator.

How could someone of this caliber possibly be targeted by the Demon Seal Alliance?

“Indeed, I am Jared, the one whom the Demon Seal Alliance is after. I can go with you, so don’t make things difficult for Mr. Sawyer,” Jared addressed One Eyed calmly.

“Mr. Chance, you...” Dillon began, feeling a mix of gratitude and guilt as Jared voluntarily stepped forward to spare him trouble.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3712-“Sure. Speak up,” One-Eyed said.

“I want to know how you found out I was on Pathfinder Sect’s airship, and how you learned of my destination, the Lunarius Palace. Who betrayed me?” Jared had been wondering who had disclosed his whereabouts. After all, only a handful of people knew about his journey to Lunarius Palace. There was no way those individuals would leak his whereabouts.

None of the cultivators on the airship knew who he was either, so there was no way they could have revealed it.

“Ha! Not only did you manage to offend the Demon Seal Alliance, but you’ve also crossed Mr. Mueller. He himself divulged your whereabouts to us. Now that you know, you can meet your end,” One-Eyed declared, his laughter echoing ominously.

“Keiran?” Jared’s narrowed his eyes as realization dawned on him.

He knew Moses would never harm Keiran, but he hadn’t expected Keiran to be released so quickly.

“Mr. Mueller? How did you manage to offend him, Mr. Chance?” Dillon’s expression was one of confusion, as he was unaware of Keiran’s actions at Pathfinder Sect.

Jared didn’t have time to delve into the details. with Dillon at that moment. “It’s a long story. I’ll explain later. I asked if you can handle this one- eyed guy just now, and you haven’t responded yet.” “Mr. Chance, I’m confident I could defeat him, but he’s accompanied by a group of formidable underlings. The disciples I have with me wouldn’t stand a chance against them,” Dillon replied, his concern evident.

If it were just a one-on-one situation, he wouldn’t be worried, but he couldn’t possibly face so many of them alone.

“Mr. Sawyer, you focus on dealing with the one- eyed guy. Leave the rest to me,” Jared replied casually.

“What?” Dillon was surprised. “Mr. Chance, we’re talking about over a dozen Fifth and Sixth Level Tribulators. Even though there aren’t many Sixth Level ones, it’s still a challenge for you, a Third Level Tribulator.” Dillon was well aware of Jared’s proficiency in charm spells, but the idea of a Third Level Tribulator taking on a dozen Fifth or Sixth Level Tribulators seemed utterly implausible.

That’s not funny at all!

As Jared prepared for the impending battle, seemingly unfazed by the odds stacked against him, One-Eyed erupted into laughter. “Have you lost your mind, kid? A Third Level Tribulator challenging me and my buddies?” “There’s only one way to find out,” Jared retorted coolly.

With a smirk, he summoned the Dragonslayer Sword, his form enveloped by the shimmering golden scales of his Golem Body.

Jared's sudden transformation startled One- Eyed, who frowned in concern.

Witnessing that, Dillon knew there was no avoiding the confrontation. Clenching his jaw, he addressed Jared, "Mr. Chance, team up with Pathfinder Sect's disciples. Once I deal with the one-eyed fellow, I'll join your side!" "No need. Pathfinder Sect's disciples are too weak. They shouldn't risk their lives unnecessarily." Jared shook his head.

The disciples were instantly provoked by Jared's words.

However, Dillon didn't have the luxury to retort at that moment. "Fine. I'll end this as quickly as possible and lend you my support." "I'll make it quick and help you out," Jared declared, his words barely escaping his lips before he vanished in an instant.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3713-Before anyone could even comprehend what had transpired, Jared stood among the chaos, Dragonslayer Sword in hand, its blade still dripping with fresh blood.

Gasp!

Every disciple of Pathfinder Sect drew in a sharp breath, their initial frustration now replaced by utter astonishment.

Just moments ago, they were irate because Jared looked down on them, but now, they stood in awe. Witnessing a Third Level Tribulator dispatch a Fourth Level Tribulator with such precision and speed left them speechless.

Even for a Fifth Level Tribulator, such a feat would be impressive, but Jared had accomplished it effortlessly.

Dillon, too, was profoundly astonished. He had underestimated Jared's strength; he couldn't fathom achieving such a feat himself.

One-Eyed stared at his fallen comrade, flabbergasted.

"Brat! You'll pay for this with your life!" he bellowed, his voice reverberating with fury as he lunged toward Jared with a scimitar encased in a sinister black aura.

“I won’t let you harm Mr. Chance!” In response, Dillon surged forward, his determination fueled by Jared’s astounding display of strength moments earlier.

As Dillon clashed with One-Eyed in a fierce struggle, the remaining dozen Demonic Cultivators surged toward Jared.

“Nine Shadows!” Jared’s voice thundered as he wielded the Dragonslayer Sword. With each stroke, one figure after another materialized until there were seven identical versions of himself, each adorned in gleaming golden armor and brandishing a Dragonslayer Sword. Their eyes blazed with an unmistakable murderous intent as they faced down the Demonic ‘Cultivators.

The sudden appearance of multiple identical Jareds left the dozen or so Demonic Cultivators utterly dumbfounded.

Their shock was mirrored by the disciples of Pathfinder Sect and the other cultivators aboard the airship, who watched in awe.

They were puzzled, wondering what manner of technique was Jared employing, how had he multiplied himself so suddenly, and which figure was the real deal.

“Don’t panic! It’s merely an illusion spell! It’s all fake! Just continue your attacks!” One-Eyed roared, rallying his underlings when he noticed their confusion.

He was confident Jared had used some sort of illusion to confuse everyone.

With renewed determination, the Demonic Cultivators launched their assault once more, their mystical weapons slicing through the air in a synchronized barrage aimed at the illusionary Jareds.

Jared soared into the air, Dragonslayer Sword gleaming in his grasp.

Instantly, the attention of the Demonic Cultivators converged on him. They recognized him as the genuine threat amidst the illusions, focusing their assault on the real Jared with a determined intensity.

That was exactly what Jared wanted. The Demonic Cultivators leaped into the air, charging straight toward Jared, completely ignoring the duplicate bodies of Jared below.

As the Demonic Cultivators closed in on him, they were caught off guard by an unexpected chill creeping up from behind.

Initially assuming it was the disciples of Pathfinder Sect making their move, they turned to find, to their astonishment, the Jared clones that they had overlooked charging toward them with Dragonslayer Swords in hand.

The Demonic Cultivators stood frozen in shock, their faces pale as they witnessed six or seven of their comrades swiftly cut down, halving their force in an instant.

“What is going on?” “D*mn! His shadow clones can kill, too?” “These clones aren’t just illusions! They each have their own distinct auras!” “That’s terrifying! Is this brat really a Third Level Tribulator?”

Just moments earlier, his underlings were spiritedly engaged in combat, but now, half of them lay lifeless.

He struggled to comprehend how Jared had managed to accomplish that.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3714-As Dillon executed his move, he also witnessed the astonishing sight unfolding before him: Jared, in the blink of an eye, had single-handedly eliminated half of the dozen or so Demonic Cultivators.

It was now abundantly clear to Dillon why Jared had earlier asked if he could face One-Eyed alone.

The fact that over a dozen Demonic Cultivators, who were Fourth or Fifth Level Tribulators, stood no chance against Jared, a mere Third Level Tribulator, was simply absurd.

“Retreat!” One-Eyed could sense the turmoil within himself, knowing he was injured.

Realizing his current state was no longer fit for battle, coupled with the fact that his underlings were no match for Jared either, he swiftly waved his hand, making the decision to retreat.

Neither Dillon nor Jared gave chase. Their primary objective was to continue their journey. Engaging in further conflict would only serve as a needless distraction.

With Jared's identity now exposed, they had to remain vigilant, as more interruptions were likely to arise during their journey to Lunarius Palace. Dillon understood the urgency of the situation; their priority was to expedite their travel and ensure Jared's safety.

"Mr. Chance, are you all right?" Dillon inquired, concern evident in his voice.

"Yes. They're only Fourth and Fifth Level Tribulators. They can't harm me," Jared replied with indifference.

Dillon no longer thought Jared was showing off.

Now, he too comprehended why the Demon Seal Alliance had placed such a generous bounty on Jared's head.

As they returned to the airship, Dillon noticed the deceased cultivator and frowned.

Unaware of Jared's involvement in the cultivator's demise, he was about to ask questions when Jared said, "This person discovered my identity and attempted to claim the reward offered by the Demon Seal Alliance by ending my life.

Unfortunately for him, luck was not on his side. I took care of him instead..." Dillon didn't say much after hearing Jared's explanation. His gaze swept over the numerous cultivators aboard the airship as he spoke. "As passengers of Pathfinder Sect, I assure you of your safety. However, should any of you dare to cause trouble on this airship, I will not hesitate to enforce discipline!" Dillon was clearly warning everyone not to mess with Jared. With the warning issued, the airship resumed its journey smoothly, encountering no further interruptions.

Two days passed uneventfully, and finally, the airship arrived at the edge of the southern region.

As Jared peered down from the airship, he beheld a sprawling landscape blanketed in white. Amidst this snowy expanse lay a modest-sized city, its structures standing out against the pristine backdrop.

"Mr. Charice, welcome to Southedge City, the edge of the southern region. Our airship will soon make its descent into the city, and to head to Lunarius Palace, you'll have to traverse the city and venture deep into the depths of

Demonia Mountain. The weather here is unforgiving, and the depths of Demonia Mountain, where Lunarius Palace resides, are even more treacherous.

Despite the risks, there are safety measures in place. Lunarius Palace has a reception center here in Southedge City. Once we land, you can head there for registration, and you'll be guided to the palace, which is relatively safer.

assistance, do not hesitate to seek us out. We are committed to supporting you in any way we can." Dillon treated Jared with utmost respect, especially after witnessing Jared's impressive display of power.

Recognizing Jared as a potential rising star, Dillon knew that befriending him now was a strategic decision.

Jared's question stemmed from uncertainty regarding the structure of the Ethereal Realm. He wondered if it resembled the mundane world, spherical in shape, with defined borders.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3715-Dillon shook his head in response. "Nobody knows. The truth is, the extremities of the four major regions-East, South, West, and North- are all shrouded in mystery. Each region is ensconced behind impenetrable shields, preventing any exploration beyond. Thus, what lies beyond the confines of the southern region remains a mystery to all." He added with a slight smile, "There's a tale of a formidable individual who reached the Immortal Realm but found himself unable to ascend further to become an immortal. Driven by curiosity, he sought to breach the shield and explore the unknown beyond. However, his venture ended tragically, leading to his demise. Since then, few have dared to entertain the idea of venturing beyond the shield, content with the mysteries that lie within the known realms." As Jared absorbed this information, a realization dawned upon him. The notion that the end of the Ethereal Realm was a shield hinted at a grander truth-that the entire realm might be the creation of an immortal being.

Contemplating this, Jared envisioned the cosmos as an intricate chessboard in the eyes of the creator, with countless worlds and stars merely pieces in a cosmic game.

The power of an immortal extended far beyond the confines of mortal comprehension. He could shape and obliterate worlds effortlessly.

As Jared's strength grew, so did his perception of the vastness and intricacy of the universe.

Jared wondered about the extent of his father's capabilities at that moment.

"Mr. Chance, please, don't even think about venturing there. Everything I've told you is the truth." Dillon assumed that Jared was curious when the latter didn't respond.

As the saying goes, curiosity kills the cat. If Jared really did want to venture to the far reaches of the southern region and attempt to cross that shield, it would certainly spell disaster.

"Rest assured, I have no intention of taking such risks." Jared offered a reassuring smile.

As Jared and Dillon were engrossed in their conversation, the airship descended onto the square of Pathfinder Sect's branch.

Stepping off the airship, Jared surveyed a bustling crowd of cultivators, mostly young ones, milling about the area.

The distinguished architecture of Pathfinder Sect loomed prominently over the small border town, a testament to the sect's considerable wealth.

"Mr. Chance, ever since Lunarius Palace set up a reception center in Southedge City and news spread about the stunning beauty of its disciples, this place has seen a surge in activity," Dillon remarked, watching the cultivators coming and going with a sense of wonder. "Our sect has certainly benefited from this influx.

It's quite remarkable how the city has transformed from its quieter past." Jared found himself perplexed. Why has Lunarius Palace set up a reception area, and what's the purpose of bringing people specifically to the palace? Is it merely to find partners for the outer circle's disciples?

Despite his curiosity, Jared chose not to delve deeper. His primary objective was to retrieve the Demonia Stone and return home. As for Lunarius Palace's motives, Jared decided not to dwell on them.

Upon disembarking from the airship, several individuals dressed in Pathfinder Sect attire promptly approached them.

“If I didn’t have the weight of being a branch manager on my shoulders, I’d jump at the chance to visit Lunarius Palace,” the disciple quipped.

Jared observed the person before him with interest. He hadn’t anticipated such a young disciple to be the person in charge of Pathfinder Sect’s branch.

No wonder this guy has the guts to joke around with Mr. Sawyer like that!