

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

## A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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"If there's danger, then we face it together. Even if we die, at least we'll have each other for company on the way to the afterlife," Jemima said softly, smiling just a little.

Jared chuckled. "With me around, you're not dying."

He wasn't worried. Deep down, Jared was calm. He knew full well wouldn't die here. After all, if died, the story would end.

"You don't like that pretty boy, huh?" Jared asked.

"Do I even need to say it?" Jemima rolled eyes. "Just looking at makes my stomach turn."

She sighed and looked away. "But the Heavenfall Pavilion is powerful. If my family wants to form an alliance with them, I have no choice. Marriage is the only option."

"You ever think about pushing back against that?" Jared asked.

"I don't have that kind of strength," said, shaking head.

"When the time's right, I'll take care of that dainty clown. Then you'll be free," Jared told her, walking beside her.

"You're no match for him," Jemima replied.

"Maybe not right now. But I've got allies. Taking out would be easy," Jared said with a faint grin.

He then turned slightly and asked the Vermilion Demon Lord, "Mr. Vermilion, are you confident you can take down that soft-faced brat?"

"Your body can handle it. Forget just him, I could wipe out everyone here if I felt like it," the Vermilion Demon Lord replied flatly.

“Good to hear!” Jared laughed.

“Who are you talking to?” Jemima asked, puzzled.

“An old friend,” Jared said with a chuckle.

They kept talking as they made their way toward the ruined stone platform. Jared gripped his Dragonslayer Sword tightly, keeping his eyes on the two warrior statues flanking the platform. He had a nagging sense that they might spring to life any second.

The Dragonslayer Sword trembled lightly in his hand, likely picking up on the threat ahead.

From a distance, Aziel was watching them closely, eyes locked on Jared and Jemima.

Seeing them walk and laugh together ignited a fire in his chest. At that moment, all wanted was to kill Jared. But even burning with rage, Aziel stayed alert. If anything strange happened, was ready to run.

Everyone knew ancient ruins like this hid powerful magical items and just as many lethal traps.

Plenty had heard of ancient ruins like this, but very few dared to explore them. One wrong move and they’d be dead.

Dead men don’t get to enjoy the magical items...

This place in particular gave off an eerie vibe, making everyone tense. They were on edge, ready to bolt at the slightest sign of danger

Jared and Jemima stood before the stone platform, directly facing the two warrior statues. Their gaze alone made a chill crawl up Jared’s spine. His heart skipped a beat from the creeping fear.

“Let’s go,” Jemima said quietly, taking Jared’s hand.

Together, they walked slowly up to the platform.

As they got closer to the coffins, Jared noticed something strange. The eyes on the two warrior statues seemed to follow them. Their gaze didn’t shift, they stayed locked on Jared and Jemima.

He blinked and shook his head, thinking had imagined it. But when looked again, the statues' eyes had definitely moved.

A shiver ran down his back. His grip tightened on the Dragonslayer Sword, now trembling more visibly.

"Ms. Murray, do those warrior statues look weird to you?" Jared asked.

"No, not at all," Jemima replied, shaking head. Her focus was fixed entirely on the three coffins. She hadn't even glanced at the statues.

Seeing that, Jared kept quiet. No point in scaring more than necessary.

He steadied himself, took a long breath, and then turned his full attention to the three coffins. Each one was deep crimson, and on closer look, the surfaces seemed to ripple, like blood was flowing across them.

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"Wait... Could these coffins be made from congealed blood?" Jared muttered, eyes wide.

The stench of blood in the air was heavy, almost suffocating. Strange runes moved slowly over the surface of each coffin, like leaves floating on a river current.

Mysterious energy hovered around them, seeping into the coffins as though something inside was feeding on it.

Jared and Jemima kept studying the coffins in silence, each lost in thought

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Meanwhile, Aziel was growing impatient. He had assumed the two of them had found something, but wasn't willing to approach blindly.

"You, go check it out," said, nodding at Verdin.

Verdin frowned. "Why don't you go?"

"If you don't, I'll kill you. Take your pick, walk forward or die right here," Aziel snapped.

Verdin's face soured. He was furious, but it didn't matter. He couldn't stand up to Aziel, and even if could, Dexton was still backing him. There was no way he'd make it out alone.

Gritting his teeth, Verdin reluctantly stepped forward. He looked back at Nymeria, silently begging for help. But Nymeria's expression didn't change. She acted like hadn't even noticed.

This world had no room for pity for the weak. If one wanted to survive, one had to grow stronger. That was the only way out. So Verdin had no choice but to approach Jared and Jemima.

They were still deep in thought, studying the coffins, and didn't even notice Verdin approaching. He walked cautiously, watching his every step.

As reached the steps leading up the platform, glanced at the statues. The eyes of the warrior statues remained locked on Jared and Jemima. Still, Verdin pressed forward.

Just as stepped onto the stairs, a sudden gust of wind whipped past. Startled, Verdin drew his weapon to guard.

Right then, the two warrior statues seemed to come alive. Their massive swords swung toward in unison.

Boom!

Verdin was hurled through the air and crashed heavily at Aziel's feet. His blade shattered in his hands. His arm hung limp.

Just one blow had crippled him. His weapon was destroyed. His arm was done for.

Everyone stood frozen in shock. Even Jared and Jemima turned around instinctively.

Jared's face darkened as soon as saw that the statues had attacked. He had felt something off about them from the beginning.

Verdin was no weakling, a Fifth Level Tribulator. And yet, one strike was enough to put down. The warrior statues were far stronger than anyone had imagined.

Jared raised his Dragonslayer Sword, eyes sharp. Jemima stood close, equally tense. Neither of them had expected the statues to really attack.

What puzzled Jared most was that and Jemima had been near the statues the whole time, and they hadn't made a move.

Verdin slowly got back up, seething with rage. He was completely baffled. He'd taken the same path as Jared.

Why had been attacked and not them?

Aziel and the others were just as confused.

"Mr. Draycott, do you know why this happened?" Aziel asked, voice low.

Dexton shook his head. "There aren't any arcane arrays on those statues, or any sign of control. I've got no idea why they suddenly attacked."

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"Why did those things only come after me and not the other two?" Verdin asked, clearly annoyed.

"Maybe they just don't like the look of you," Nymeria said with a cold smirk.

"You!" Verdin clenched his jaw, fuming, but didn't dare make a move against her.

She was from the Bloodbane Palace and likely stronger than him. Besides, was already injured. Picking a fight now would be suicide. If things got messy later, wouldn't even have the strength to run.

"Maybe it's got something to do with women. Why don't you give it a try?" Aziel suggested, turning to Nymeria.

Just earlier, Jared and Jemima had approached the warrior statues together. Jemima, being a woman, hadn't triggered an attack.

At the time, Nymeria had been the only other woman present, which made the next logical candidate in Aziel's mind.

"If that's the case, why don't you try it? The statues won't attack you. Aren't you basically a woman anyway?" Nymeria shot back, tone dripping with sarcasm.

"You!" Aziel's face flushed a deep red, his jaw tightening.

He hated it when people compared to a woman. Even though dressed with a certain elegance every day, absolutely couldn't stand anyone saying it out loud.

"So it really is because of a woman? In that case, why not just have those two come back? Let that Wandering Immortal Realm Level One kid try again by himself. That should give us a clear answer..." Nymeria added with a slight smile.

Aziel immediately looked over at Jared and Jemima.

"Jemima, both of you come back over here!" called.

Jemima stayed still, saying nothing.

Jared looked at Aziel and asked, "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm only thinking about your safety. I don't want either of you to get hurt, that's all," Aziel replied. "But If you don't come back, I'll get irritated. And you all know what happens when I get angry."

It was a threat, clear as day.

Jemima's hand instinctively tugged at Jared's sleeve, a flicker of fear in eyes. The image of Aziel killing that cultivator earlier was still fresh in mind.

"Don't worry... We'll go back," Jared said softly to calm her.

With that, the two of them started walking back.

As they returned, Aziel's eyes brimmed with killing intent. He wanted nothing more than to strike Jared down right there and then. But Jared still had his uses. They needed as bait.

"Back you go," Aziel said, waving his hand.

“This is really starting to feel like exploitation, you know...” Jared muttered, the irritation rising in his voice.

“Die, or go back there! Your choice,” Aziel snapped.

Jared shot a cold stare. In his heart, he’d already marked Aziel for death. It was just a matter of time. But now wasn’t the moment to lash out. He had to wait for the right opportunity.

Jared took a deep breath and turned to head back toward the stone platform.

“I’ll go with you,” Jemima said, stepping forward instinctively.

However, Aziel caught by the arm. “Let go alone!”

“It’s fine,” Jared reassured with a small smile. “I’ll be okay...”

Then turned and walked toward the platform again. This time, Jared’s attention was fixed solely on the two statues. He was fully prepared to dodge the moment they moved.

Even a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator had been taken down in one strike. Jared knew better than to underestimate them.

He moved up the platform slowly, heart pounding. The statues didn’t move, but their eyes followed closely, unblinking and cold. Still, they didn’t strike.

“Huh?” Aziel frowned slightly, confused.

The others looked just as lost, no one able to make sense of what was happening.

“So I guess it doesn’t have anything to do with being a woman, huh?” Nymeria said aloud.

“Why me, then? Why was I the only one attacked?” Verdin shouted, on the verge of a breakdown.

“Maybe it’s just because I’m better looking than you, so I get a pass,” Jared called out from the top of the platform with a grin.

By now, his nerves had settled a bit.

“Bullsh\*t! I’m way better looking than you!” Verdin snapped, furious.

