

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE/ A Man Like None Other Chapter 3706

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3706-“My good sir, the Lunarius Palace rests in the far south of Demonica Mountain,” Dillon began, his tone cautious. “It’s a region perpetually shrouded in snow, with temperatures plummeting to unbearable levels. Furthermore, the path leading there winds through the treacherous depths of Demonica Mountain, fraught with peril at every turn. Venturing alone poses immense risks-chaos and danger lurk in the mountain’s depths. Without proper caution, you may die before even reaching the palace. The area is rife with wandering cultivators, and it’s not as safe as it is here.” “Furthermore,” Dillon continued, his tone grave, “considering you’re only a Third Level Tribulator, even the base of Demonica Mountain poses considerable danger, let alone venturing deeper into its depths. You ought to weigh the risks carefully. Frankly, if Moses hadn’t brought you here, I wouldn’t have divulged this information to you.” Jared’s brows furrowed slightly at Dillon’s words. He hadn’t expected the southernmost region of the Ethereal Realm to resemble the frigid landscapes of the mundane world’s polar regions. In the mundane realm, both the South and North poles were known for their perpetual snow and harsh conditions, where survival was a constant battle against freezing temperatures. However, the vastness of the Ethereal Realm far surpassed that of the mundane world.

Jared was acutely aware that the depths of Demonica Mountain harbored numerous Demonic Cultivators, rendering it an exceptionally perilous territory.

Yet, he couldn’t simply remain idle for days, waiting for an available spot on an airship.

“Dillon, I must be frank. Mr. Chance here has recently saved my daughter’s life,” Moses interjected, noticing Jared’s troubled expression. “In light of his invaluable service, please make arrangements for him on the airship.” Dillon was momentarily taken aback by Moses’s revelation. “Moses, your daughter is well?” he inquired, astonishment evident in his tone.

“Yes, thanks to Mr. Chance,” Moses affirmed with a nod, withholding Jared’s true identity. While he could choose not to take action against Jared despite the Demon Seal Alliance’s bounty, he couldn’t guarantee others would do the same.

Dillon sized Jared up in disbelief, clearly seeing him in a new light.

“Since you saved the life of Moses’ daughter, I’ll make the necessary arrangements for you,” Dillon declared to Jared. “An airship bound for the Lunarius Palace will depart shortly. Follow me; I personally oversee all airship operations to the palace. The journey through the depths of Demonia Mountain is perilous, with many Demonic Cultivators lurking about. I must ensure the safety of our passengers and crew.” “Thank you so much,” Jared expressed his gratitude earnestly.

Stepping forward, Moses patted Dillon on the shoulder. “Thank you, Dillon.

Once you return, join me for a drink at my place,” he invited warmly.

Dillon’s laughter filled the room. “Absolutely! I’ll hold you to that,” he replied jovially.

Trystan leaned in close to Jared, suggesting in a whisper, “Mr. Chance, perhaps we should accompany you on this journey.” After all, the southernmost reaches of Demonia Mountain were harsh, with its perpetually cold climate posing significant challenges.

“Yeah, we should go with you. We can look out for each other,” Faiyar agreed, offering his support.

However, Jared declined, shaking his head gently. “Mr. Pruitt, I’ve already imposed enough on you during this journey. The Soul Demon Sect can’t be left unattended. I’ll manage on my own.” Turning to Faiyar, Jared continued, “Faiyar, you’ve been by my side for some time now.

During his time with Jared, Faiyar had undergone significant growth.

“You’re a grown man. Why are you crying?” Jared comforted Faiyar, offering a gentle smile as he patted his shoulder.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3707-“Mr. Chance, if there ever comes a time when you require my aid, I’d gladly risk everything to assist you. Could you provide me with a communication device?

That way, I could easily reach out to you if needed,” Faiyar requested earnestly.

While communication devices were rare treasures to others, they held little value to Jared, who could easily craft them with his skills.

“No problem!” Jared retrieved a dozen communication devices from his Storage Ring and passed them to Faiyar with ease.

Faiyar accepted them happily, swiftly stowing them away.

Both Trystan and Moses were astounded.

Communication devices were prized possessions in the Ethereal Realm due to their convenience, yet their high cost made them a luxury beyond reach for many cultivators.

However, Jared casually produced over a dozen communication devices and handed them over to Faiyar as if it were nothing.

“Mr. Chance, these communication devices... they’re quite valuable. How did you come to possess so many?” Trystan inquired, his astonishment evident.

If only Serena and her companions had communication devices back when they were pursued, they would have been able to alert Trystan about their predicament promptly. However, such devices were a luxury in the entire Soul Demon Sect, and none were available when needed.

“I have plenty of these,” Jared remarked casually. “I can share some with you if you’d like.” With that, he produced a dozen or so communication devices and passed them to Trystan, who accepted them with disbelief.

Dillon and Moses observed the exchange in astonishment, pondering how Jared had come into possession of so many communication devices.

“Mr. Chance, can you provide me with some?” Moses inquired cautiously. “I don’t expect them for free. In exchange, I’ll cover all your expenses at possession, you’ll have unrestricted access to all areas of Pathfinder Sect at no cost.” “Of course, I have plenty to spare,” Jared confirmed, handing over a dozen communication devices to Moses.

Dillon’s eyes gleamed with envy as he watched, licking his lips.

Having such a device would allow him to communicate with his family anytime and anywhere, a convenience he sorely needed during his frequent travels.

With this device, staying connected would no longer be a hassle, offering the promise of constant contact regardless of his whereabouts.

Observing Dillon's reaction, Jared couldn't help but smile. He extended his hand, revealing a handful of communication devices. "Mr. Sawyer, I'll need your assistance on our journey. Please accept these as a token of appreciation for your support." Dillon's face lit up with delight as he eagerly accepted the devices. "Thank you, Mr. Chance," he exclaimed. "Rest assured, I'll arrange for a first-class cabin with a private room for you. You'll have all the comfort and privacy you need!" Trystan, still bewildered, voiced his curiosity, "Mr. Chance, how did you come to possess so many of these devices? Not many are capable of crafting them, and they're quite expensive." Faiyar interjected with a smile, "Mr. Pruitt, Mr. Chance is a master of charms.

Crafting low-level charms like communication devices is child's play for him.

He's capable of creating even the high-level charms with ease." "What?" Trystan was stunned.

That's just absurd!

It was becoming increasingly apparent that Jared was not just talented but a prodigy among prodigies.

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3708-As the departure time approached, Dillon escorted Jared to the airship's docking location.

Faiyar bid Jared farewell with tears in his eyes, knowing that their paths might not cross again. With Dillon's guidance, Jared boarded the airship without any formal inspection.

Unbeknownst to Jared, however, someone was watching him board the airship before swiftly leaving.

"Mr. Mueller, Jared has boarded the airship headed for Lunarius Palace," a messenger promptly relayed the information to Keiran as soon as Jared boarded the airship.

By now, Keiran had left the vicinity of Pathfinder Sect, his countenance shrouded in gloom.

Although Moses had deliberately let him go, Keiran was reluctant to give up.

Moreover, Jared was a prized target marked by the Demon Seal Alliance. Keiran would secure the lucrative bounty they offered if he managed to slay Jared.

“Understood,” Keiran responded with a fleeting, cold smirk playing at his lips.

At that moment, Jared stood in awe as he gazed upon Pathfinder Sect’s grand airship. Its sheer size was enough to accommodate hundreds of cultivators.

Guided by Dillon, Jared navigated through a maze of corridors until they reached the opulent first-class cabins. Opening the door to one of them, Dillon turned to Jared with a courteous smile. “Mr. Chance, this will be your resting quarters for the journey. I’ll assign someone to cater to your needs, so don’t hesitate to ask if you need anything,” Dillon offered graciously to thank Jared for the communication devices.

Jared expressed his gratitude, “Thank you very much, Mr. Sawyer!” “You’re welcome,” Dillon replied with a reassuring tone before cautioning, “Despite my presence, there might be some who covet our airship. Should you hear any disturbances, Mr. Chance, rest assured, I’ll handle it.” His confidence spoke volumes of his experience in flying this route.

“Understood,” Jared nodded solemnly.

Even without Dillon’s caution, he would not have shown himself. If he encountered someone who recognized him and his identity was exposed, it could spell trouble for him.

His priority was obtaining the Demoniac Stone from the Lunarius Palace and leaving promptly thereafter.

Jared secured the door behind him and carefully set up a small arcane array before beginning his cultivation.

As the airship took off, it embarked on its journey toward the southernmost point of Demoniac Mountain.

Engrossed in his cultivation, Jared lost track of time as the landscape passed by below.

Suddenly, the airship shuddered to a halt, but Jared remained unperturbed.

After all, Dillon had told him if anything were to happen, he needn't concern himself with it.

At that moment, the airship was surrounded by over a dozen vicious cultivators, each exuding an intimidating aura.

Recognizing the dangers of the journey to Lunarius Palace, Dillon had assembled a larger escort than usual for their protection.

Behind him, his companions wielded an array of mystical weapons, each matching the power of a Fifth or Sixth Level Tribulator.

If it came down to a fight, they'd be vastly outnumbered and outmatched.

Yet, if all the cultivators aboard the airship joined forces, they might have a fighting chance. But would they be willing to step up?

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3709-The fear emanating from the passengers was palpable, each one trembling in the face of the group's overwhelming aura.

Among the passengers, the majority were young cultivators bound for Lunarius Palace, driven by curiosity and the hope of finding romantic partners among the palace's renowned beauties.

However, most of them were relatively weak, with the majority only Second or Third Level Tribulators, lacking the strength to confront such a formidable threat.

Suddenly confronted by such formidable cultivators, the young passengers were naturally gripped by fear.

Dillon, attempting to maintain his composure despite the tension, addressed the group, his voice tinged with a hint of suppressed anger. "My friends, surely you understand the strength of Pathfinder Sect since you had the audacity to get in our airship's way. Do you think you can dismiss us so easily?" If possible, he wanted to avoid conflict. Considering the group's frequent ventures into the treacherous depths of Demoniac Mountain, Dillon weighed the potential repercussions of engaging in a deadly feud. It was clear that any altercation would only invite relentless harassment upon Pathfinder Sect in the future, creating needless complications.

“Mr. Sawyer,” One-Eyed retorted coldly, “I harbor no intentions of disrespecting your sect. However, today, I only have one demand. Surrender one individual to me, and the rest of you may depart unharmed, with all your resources intact.” “Who?” Dillon was taken aback. He hadn’t anticipated that these rogues weren’t after mere material possessions but rather a person.

“Hand over a guy named Jared Chance!” One-Eyed declared.

“Mr. Chance?” Dillon frowned. “Is there some history between Mr. Chance and your group?”

Why are you looking for him?” One-Eyed laughed in response. “Mr. Sawyer, do you truly not know, or are you feigning ignorance? Jared Chance has been marked for execution by the Demon Seal Alliance. Killing him would earn me a handsome reward from the alliance. I find it hard to believe that you’re unaware. You’re clearly planning to monopolize the bounty that the Demon Seal Alliance offers, aren’t you?” One-Eyed’s accusation left Dillon stunned; he was indeed oblivious to this matter!

Meanwhile, in the luxurious private room, Jared’s heart tightened when he heard One-Eyed’s words. He hadn’t anticipated that news of his voyage to Lunarius Palace on an airship would be known to others.

A wave of commotion erupted in the airship. Many cultivators, upon hearing One-Eyed’s words, were utterly astonished.

Many of them were aware of the Decree of Execution issued by the Demon Seal Alliance, but they didn’t know Jared. Thus, they didn’t even know Jared had boarded the airship.

As soon as One-Eyed mentioned that Jared was on board the airship, the cultivators were instantly thrown into a frenzy.

“Who’s Jared? Which one is Jared?” A Fifth Level Tribulator, deemed powerful among the young cultivators, rose to his feet, scanning the crowd for answers.

But silence greeted his inquiry. None dared to speak up, as none of them were Jared.

“This Jared is worth a handsome bounty. Surely he wouldn’t be sitting among us. He’s likely in the luxurious first-class cabin,” someone speculated aloud.

"I saw Mr. Sawyer personally escort someone to the first-class cabin. That guy must be Jared," someone else confirmed.

Hearing that, the Fifth Level Tribulator wasted no time and sprinted toward the first-class cabin.

Jared emerged from within, fixing a cold gaze on the Fifth Level Tribulator.

Realizing that Jared was only a Third Level Tribulator, the Fifth Level Tribulator was filled with excitement.

If he acted swiftly and eliminated Jared, the bounty would be his.

Jared affirmed with a nod. "Yes, that's correct."

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3710-The Fifth Level Tribulator thought that made sense. He frowned slightly, asking, "You're Jared, the one targeted by the Demon Seal Alliance?" "Yes, that's me. If you end my life, you'll be rewarded with a century's worth of offerings from the Demon Seal Alliance." Surprisingly, Jared affirmed without a moment's hesitation.

This bold admission left everyone present perplexed. They couldn't fathom why Jared would be bold enough to openly confess.

Does he not know that by admitting it, he's essentially dead meat?

As a mere Third Level Tribulator among many formidable cultivators, his audacity seemed reckless.

"Very well, since you've admitted it, you've left me no choice," the Fifth Level Tribulator declared coldly. "I'd rather eliminate the wrong person than let this golden opportunity slip through my fingers!" With resolve in his eyes, he wasted no time in taking action against Jared.

With a swift motion, he aimed his palm at Jared, believing that the vast gap in their levels would ensure Jared's swift demise.

However, in a surprising turn of events, as he launched his attack, Jared reacted with lightning speed. Meeting the strike head-on, Jared's palm shot out, delivering a devastating blow before the Fifth Level Tribulator could react.

Thwack!

The force of Jared's counterattack was overwhelming. With a thunderous impact, the Fifth Level Tribulator was propelled backward, hurtling through the air until he crashed heavily onto the ground before the stunned onlookers.

His body convulsed momentarily before he spat out a mouthful of blood, his life extinguished in an instant.

After his physical demise, a remnant of his soul attempted to flee the confines of the airship.

With a mere flick of Jared's finger, a sinister blaze of demonic fire erupted, ensnaring the soul remnant in its merciless grasp.

The chilling wails echoed through the air as the flames devoured the remnants, leaving nothing behind but smoldering ashes.

In a cruel twist of fate, not only did his mortal form meet its end, but even his soul was consumed by the relentless inferno, extinguishing any hope of redemption or reincarnation.

As the horrifying spectacle unfolded before their eyes, the other cultivators aboard the airship stood frozen in shock, their disbelief palpable in the stunned silence that permeated the atmosphere.

Never in their wildest dreams could they have envisioned such a scene: a mere Third Level Tribulator effortlessly killing a formidable Fifth Level adversary with a single, devastating blow.

That's just ridiculous!

Jared's gaze swept over the hushed crowd, his demeanor unyielding and cold.

"If any of you still desire to claim the Demon Seal Alliance's bounty, make your move now," he declared, his voice cutting through the tense silence like a blade.

Under the weight of Jared's stern stare, many of the cultivators lowered their heads uneasily.

In that moment, they comprehended why the Demon Seal Alliance had set such a generous reward for Jared's demise, despite his comparatively modest cultivation level.

Knowing he had managed to intimidate the cultivators into submission, Jared made his way out.

He understood that he couldn't evade the confrontation any longer, these people had come seeking him, and he was prepared to confront them head-on.

Dillon and his group were probably no match for these people.

Outside, One-Eyed's patience had worn thin. His voice carried a chilling edge as he said to Dillon, "Hand him over, or I'll kill everyone on board."

Around him, a cadre of about ten Demonic Cultivators bristled with hostility, their readiness to strike palpable in the air.

Despite his shock at Jared's true identity, Dillon couldn't fathom betraying him.

Jared had provided him with invaluable communication devices and, more importantly, had saved Moses' daughter.

Even if Jared were merely an ordinary passenger, Dillon wouldn't have surrendered him.

Doing so would jeopardize Pathfinder Sect's reputation. How are we going to do business in the future?

"You're the one who wants a fight. All I asked was for you to surrender Jared.

Why won't you do it? Are you also after the bounty?" One-Eyed asked.