

## **A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE/ Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 2804**

A Man Like None Other Chapter 2804-Jared and his group hadn't even gotten close yet when they overheard someone whispering nearby.

"It's a really strange day today. I mean, Stellaris Sect has so much money, yet the elder of the sect came to challenge us to compete for those petty stakes!"

"Yeah! When I saw him, I thought he looked like a beggar. His clothes were ragged as if someone had beaten him up."

"We'll just watch the fun from the sidelines. Right now, he's on stage, and no one's foolish enough to compete with him. Even if someone could beat him, they'd have to consider the power of Stellaris Sect backing him."

"We have to use Stellaris Sect's airship when we're traveling. If we really offended Stellaris Sect, they might restrict our travel, and we would have to walk on foot!"

The hushed murmurs of the crowd were heard clearly by Jared and his group.

"The elder of Stellaris Sect? Are Tyrone and the others here too?" Ghaylen wondered aloud.

"That's possible. Let's go see and find out!" Jared said.

They pushed their way through the crowd and indeed spotted Tyrone standing in the arena. His clothes were quite tattered as if he had just escaped danger.

At that moment, Tyrone swept his gaze across the crowd, then clasped his hands together and said, "Thanks for letting me off. Since no one is challenging me, I'll take all the stakes here..."

Tyrone understood that many people weren't abstaining from challenging him due to fear of losing, but rather out of fear of Stellaris Sect's influence. It wasn't worth offending Stellaris Sect over a small bet.

Tyrone was left with no choice. He had come to the arena hoping to win some spirit coins. After being hunted down by the Bloodthirsty Thunderhawk, he and the old woman managed to escape to Jipsdale, leaving behind a number of dead and injured cultivators.

With no money, he couldn't even change his clothes. He had no choice but to win some bets, just enough for him to buy new clothes and get a rest somewhere. He would then figure out how to report back to the sect leader.

Losing three wyverns was no small matter. Tyrone and the old woman had yet to inform Stellaris Sect.

Seeing Tyrone in the arena, Jared couldn't help but burst into laughter. He did not expect him to be able to escape the pursuit of the Bloodthirsty Thunderhawk.

Tyrone looked so comical in his disheveled state.

Just as he was about to take the stakes and leave the arena, a voice rang out.

"Mr. Stone, I'm itching for a challenge. I'd like to learn a few moves from you..."

Jared stepped out of the crowd and leaped onto the arena.

When Tyrone saw Jared, he was both angry and frustrated.

"Jared, you untrustworthy scoundrel! How dare you deceive us? You won't die a peaceful death..." he said through gritted teeth.

"You guys are just idiots. What's it got to do with me?" Jared retorted with a smirk.

"I..." Tyrone was seething with anger. He was about to raise his hand to attack Jared.

However, before he could do so, he stopped himself. He knew he was no match for Jared.

If they fought in the arena, he'd certainly lose. Not only would he lose the bet, but he'd also become a laughingstock. Stellaris Sect would be utterly disgraced.

"I'm busy today, so I won't fight you. But remember, Stellaris Sect won't let you off."

Tyrone snorted before preparing to leave the arena.

“You can’t leave. I’m here to challenge you. If you leave the arena, you’ll be considered the loser and you’ll have to leave these stakes behind!” Jared smiled.

“I won’t compete with you...” Tyrone said and continued walking off the arena.

“Whether you want to or not doesn’t matter. It’s the rules. Once you’re on the stage, you must compete.”

Jared blocked Tyrone’s way.

Tyrone glared at Jared, his teeth clenched in frustration, but he knew he couldn’t defeat Jared.

“Jared, you’re just a cultivator at Second Level Body Fusion Realm, which doesn’t match the standards of this arena. I won’t bully the weak, let alone challenge someone like you.”

Tyrone could only bring up the rules. After all, the arena in the south was meant for cultivators at Fourth Level to Sixth Level Body Fusion Realm.