

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE/ Read A Man Like None Other Chapter 3359

A Man Like None Other Chapter 3359- collective gasp caught in everyone's throats. The notion of a First Level Tribulator cultivator standing motionless while being assaulted by a Fifth Level Tribulator cultivator was beyond their imagination.

It resembled an adult striking an immobile child, a scenario too unsettling to fathom. Proclus' palm hit Jared's chest, and the tremendous force caused his figure to sway. He retreated several steps. Indeed, Proclus was formidable as a Fifth Level Tribulator cultivator.

Jared sensed the turbulence of his internal energy. A surge of blood reached his throat, but he staunchly suppressed it. At that instant, Jared developed a fresh appreciation for the resilience of his physical form.

When Jared understood that using his Golem Body would neutralize Proclus attack, a confident smile graced his features. He gave a polite bow.

Everyone stared blankly at Jared, their eyes filled with disbelief.

Even Proclus found himself gazing at Jared incredulously. It was unfathomable to him that Jared, a First Level Tribulator cultivator, could endure his strike.

Jared had merely taken a few steps back, seemingly unscathed.

"Mr. Chance, you're amazing!" Dalton and Rosetta couldn't help but express their excitement upon seeing that Jared was unharmed.

Proclus' expression transformed from shock to shame. As an elder of Creston Sect, a Fifth Level Tribulator cultivator, he couldn't even defeat a First Level Tribulator cultivator in front of everyone. It was too embarrassing.

"Mr. Lunawick, you're too merciful. If you had used your full strength, this young man would undoubtedly be dead. I can see you haven't even exerted half of your power." Dimas quickly came to Proclus' defense using his usual excuse. However, Proclus shook his head and admitted, "While I didn't use my full strength, I utilized more than eighty percent of my power. This fellow's physical body is indeed formidable." Proclus didn't follow Dimas' example of

lying but chose to be straightforward. In terms of integrity, Proclus was far superior to Dimas.

“Mr. Lunawick, do you still remember our agreement?” Jared asked.

“Certainly.” Proclus nodded. He then addressed Dimas, stating, “You instigated the attack, and in self-defense, he broke your arm. You should be held responsible. As per the rules, you must leave Creston Sect now.” Dimas stared at Proclus in disbelief. “Mr. Lunawick, I came here with my master.

You-” “I don’t care who you came here with. You broke the rules, so you have to leave,” Proclus cut him off.

“How dare you drive away my disciple?” Dimas was feeling somewhat helpless when a furious voice suddenly rang out.

An elderly figure in a black robe walked over. It was Helmut Koritnik, the head of Bloodroot Peak. Seeing him, both Dalton and Rosetta reluctantly greeted, “Mr.

Koritnik.” Ignoring them both, Helmut went straight to Dimas.

“Master, you must help me. Someone broke my arm,” Dimas said, sounding aggrieved.

“Who broke my disciple’s arm? Step forward before I get angry,” Helmut threatened, his aura of an Eighth Level Tribulator cultivator enveloping everyone. Feeling this pressure, everyone involuntarily trembled and turned to look at Jared.

Helmut instantly knew who had broken his disciple’s arm, but he was somewhat surprised when he saw that Jared only had the cultivation of a First Level Tribulator cultivator.

Nevertheless, he thought that Jared might be hiding his true strength, as it wasn’t uncommon to conceal one’s abilities in the Ethereal Realm.

Proclus’ expression turned dark as he said to Helmut, “Mr. Koritnik, it was your disciple who initiated the attack and got beaten in return. He can’t blame anyone for that.” Helmut let out a disdainful snort. “Get lost. You’re not worthy to address me.

Only your head, Artan Solavar, has the privilege of conversing with me. Know your place.”