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A Warrior Undefeatable Novel Chapter 1

"I'm finally out," Jared Chance exclaimed as he forcefully took a deep breath of

fresh air. Behind him was Horington Prison, where he had been locked up for the

past three years. Today was the day he was released. "Hmm, I wonder how my parents are doing." With a torn canvas bag on his back, Jared hurried home right

away. Over the last three years, his parents never visited him. Hence, he was worried about them. On the way home, Jared kept looking at the bronze-colored

ring he was wearing. There was a lifelike dragon carved on it. On top of the dragon's head was a special symbol.

The ring was given to him by Draco, a friend from prison. Draco was a strange

man. He would constantly ramble on about how he was the leader of the Dragon

Sect and knew everything, including astrology, geography, medicine, and many

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more. Not only that, he even claimed that he could bring back someone from the

dead. Everyone treated Draco as a madman and ignored him accordingly.
Only

Jared would chat with him and share his food occasionally.

Draco would tell Jared all sorts of strange stories about the Dragon Sect and Dragon Island. These were names that Jared had never heard before.

Moreover,

At the

Draco would get Jared to accompany him in his meditation and martial arts training. Given how bored Jared was in prison, he gladly went along with it.

end of three years, Jared had learned a plethora of martial art techniques and medical skills from Draco. On the fateful day of Jared's release, Draco gave the

ring to Jared and told him to go to Nameless Island within the Eastern Sea on the

fifteenth of July that year.

There, he was supposed to flash his ring and someone would pick him up.
When

that happened, Jared would be bestowed with a wonderful opportunity.

Considering how much he had learned from Draco, Jared naturally took his words

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seriously and promised to do as he was told. Nevertheless, there were still a few

more months to go before July. Before he knew it, Jared had arrived at the entrance

to his home. When he saw the dilapidated house in front of him, he felt a sense of

bitterness, as he had no knowledge of how his parents held up during the three

years.

Due to my rash actions, my parents must have suffered a lot. Thinking back to what had happened three years ago, Jared was filled with anger. Back then, he and

his girlfriend, Sandy Gibson, were at the stage where they were talking about marriage. They were classmates at university and had been in a relationship for

two years. One day, when he was walking Sandy back home, both of them ran into

Leyton Scott, who was drunk. Leyton was a rich kid in Horington, well-known for

all his misdeeds.

When he saw how pretty Sandy was, he harbored lecherous intentions against her

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and began touching her physically. As a famous rich kid, Leyton didn't even bother to look at Jared. Consequently, Jared was incensed when he saw his girlfriend being taken advantage of. Picking up a brick from the ground, he smashed it onto Leyton's head. One didn't need to be a genius to guess the outcome. Considering how powerful Leyton was, he called the police, who arrested Jared.

Because of that, Jared was sentenced to three years in prison for assault. After hesitating for a long time, Jared knocked gently on the door. "Who is it?" When

the door opened, a hunched-back old lady with a headful of white hair popped her

head out. Reaching out one hand as if to feel something, she asked, "Who is it?

Who's knocking on the door?" The old lady's eyes were closed shut. It could not

be more obvious that she was blind.

Jared was stunned the moment he saw her. His eyes widened in shock while his

entire body trembled slightly. He could not believe that the old, wrinkled lady was

his mother, Hannah Thompson. How did Mom end up in such a state in just three

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years' time? "Mom, it's me. Jared!" Jared called out emotionally as he stepped forward to support her. "Jared? Is it really you?" As Hannah used her hands to feel

Jared's face, tears could not help but roll down her cheeks.

"Mom, it's me. It's really me." Tears were also welling up in Jared's eyes.

"Mom,

what happened to you?" Jared was baffled as to how his previously healthy mother

turned out this way after just three short years. "Um, it's a long story. Come in first

before we talk." Hannah pulled Jared into the house. Seeing how empty their decrepit house was, Jared was shocked beyond belief. Although they were not rich,

his father had a steady job.

Therefore, they previously led a simple yet comfortable life. "Mom, what happened to our house?" Jared questioned in horror. Hannah let out a sigh. "After

you left..." His mother then related everything to him. After Jared was sent to prison, the Scott family didn't look past the matter. Instead, they demanded a million in compensation. Left without a choice, Jared's parents sold the house they

bought for his marriage and borrowed a lot of money.

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Even then, it was not enough. Finally, they had to pay the last three hundred thousand in installments. Thus, Jared's father lost his job and could only find work

as a street cleaner. As for his mother, she cried all day long until she went blind.

That was also the reason why his parents never visited him. While listening to his

mother, Jared gradually clenched his fist as his eyes glowed with murderous intent.

He had not expected the Scott family to show his family no mercy.

"Mom, did Sandy not help you at all?" Jared asked in a puzzled tone. Sandy and I

were about to be married. Furthermore, I was jailed defending her honor. Hence,

there's no way she can sit idly by and watch my parents end up in this state, can

she? Letting out a sigh, Hannah replied, "Let's not bring that up.

Not only did the Gibson family ignore us, but they also didn't even return the betrothal gift when I asked for it back. They claimed it wasn't their fault that the

wedding fell through because you went to prison. That's why they refused to return

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it." "When your dad argued with them, he was even beaten for it." The more Hannah talked about it, the more depressed she became. In the end, her tears just would not stop.

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"Did the Gibsons really do that?" Jared furrowed his eyebrows, as he could not

believe Sandy would do something like that. Back when he was arrested, she even

screamed in tears, saying that she would wait to marry him after he was released

from prison. Why did it turn out this way? As a result, Jared decided to see Sandy

to ask her about it. Suddenly, someone banged on their door heavily. The impact

was so forceful that the door almost collapsed from it.

The moment Hannah heard the knock, her face turned pale in terror. "Mom, who is

it?" Jared asked curiously upon noticing his mother's reaction. "Don't get involved. Go to your room quickly and don't come out, no matter what!" After pushing him into his room, Hannah anxiously went to open the door. Just as she

did, a bald man entered with a group of fierce-looking men whose bodies were

covered with tattoos. "Have you prepared the money?" the bald man queried, glancing at Hannah. "Baldy, I have. It's here." Hannah

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nodded repeatedly as she felt for a pouch in the corner. At that moment, many of

the neighbors had crowded around. However, they kept their distance at the sight

of Baldy. "These guys come asking for money every month. What a ruthless bunch!" "Exactly. Where is the rule of law?" "Shush, not so loud. They have been

sent by the Scott family to collect money on schedule." The neighbors hid by the

side and criticized the men's actions. Unfortunately, no one dared to interfere.

Meanwhile, Baldy snatched the pouch from Hannah's hands and opened it to check. "What the f*ck is this?" Knitting his eyebrows, Baldy turned the pouch inside out, causing some torn notes and spare change to drop out. There were a

hundred, a fifty, and a couple of ones. In fact, there was a load of coins inside. "Does this even add up to ten thousand?" Baldy thundered at Hannah. "Baldy, it's

all there, and we counted it. If you don't believe me, you can count it yourself." Hannah nodded with an obsequious smile. "Bullsh*t!" Baldy kicked Hannah in the

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abdomen and sent her crashing onto the ground. "How dare you ask me to count? I

have no time for this. Change all of them to hundreds!" "Mom!" Dashing out of his

room, Jared quickly helped Hannah up. Then, he swept an icy gaze across Baldy

and his men, sending a chill down their spines. "Jared, you shouldn't be out here.

Go back into your room, and don't get involved!" Hannah desperately tried to push

him back. "Mom, since I'm home, let me deal with this. You should just sit tight."

After settling down Hannah on a chair, Jared turned to glare at Baldy. Having scrutinized Jared, Baldy sneered, "Aren't you the guy who hit Mr. Scott with a brick and was imprisoned three years for it? I'm surprised that you're out! Your

timing is impeccable. Today is the day your girlfriend and Mr. Scott are going to

get married. As her ex-boyfriend, aren't you going to attend it?" "Loser!" Baldy

and his men burst out laughing. "What did you say?"

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Furrowing his brows, Jared was filled with disbelief. "I said the girl you went to

prison for is marrying Mr. Scott today. The wedding is being held at Glamor Hotel,

and it is certainly luxurious. Aren't you going to have a look?" Baldy smirked at

Jared. As the frown on Jared's face intensified, he balled his hands into fists. Behind him, Hannah was trembling all over as her expression drastically changed.

She could not believe Sandy married the enemy after Jared went to prison for her

sake.

"Kneel and apologize to my mother. Do it, and I'll spare your lives." Jared's gaze

turned frosty as a murderous aura emanated from his body. Feeling the tension in

the air, Baldy and his men stopped laughing. After a while, comprehension dawned, and Baldy fumed, "What did you say? You want me to kneel and apologize?"

Just as he spoke, Baldy threw a punch in Jared's direction. Given how scrawny Jared looked, he figured a single punch would take Jared out. To everyone's

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surprise, Jared launched a kick in response to Baldy's attack. Grabbing his crotch,

Baldy collapsed to the ground. He was drenched in sweat as he cried out in agonizing pain. "Jared, you can't afford to get into a fight again!" Hannah bellowed when she heard Baldy's repeated groans.

Jared was imprisoned because of assault. What if he gets arrested again for fighting? "All of you, beat him to death!" Baldy roared with a vicious stare. With

that, Baldy's men charged at Jared. After giving his mother a glance, Jared suddenly flicked both his hands, unleashing multiple flashes of light. The next

moment, his attackers felt their legs go weak before dropping to their knees. Shocked by the turn of events, Baldy stared at Jared in disbelief as fear began to

creep into him.

Even the neighbors who were watching widened their eyes in amazement. "Apologize to my mother!" Jared repeated in an icy tone. After a brief

hesitation,

Baldy had no choice but to kneel when his eyes met Jared's piercing gaze.

"We're

sorry," Baldy and his men expressed their remorse.

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"Get lost!" Jared snapped with a wave of his hand. Even though he could kill the

thugs with a flick of his finger, he didn't want to murder anyone in front of his

mother and neighbors. While Baldy was helped out of the house by his men, he

shot an insidious glare at Jared before hobbling out. Evidently, he was feeling indignant about what had transpired. Nevertheless, Jared didn't fear Baldy's vengeance at all.

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"Mom, are you all right?" Jared asked with concern after Baldy and the rest left.

"Those men are gone." "Why did you have to come out and offend him!" she scolded. "Pick up the money from the floor quickly. It's what we have painstakingly saved all this while." Stooping to the ground, Jared put the notes and

loose change back into the pouch. "Mom, I'll be the breadwinner going forward,

while you and Dad can rest. As for your eyes, I'll think of a way to get them treated."

When he was done picking the money up, he returned the pouch to Hannah. "I'm

glad to hear you say that," Hannah replied, before bursting into tears again.
"Now

that you're back, my mind is finally put at ease. If it wasn't because I was worried

about you, I would have been dead long ago." Jared's eyes could not help but water when he saw the look on his mother's face. Bang! Unable to hold back his

emotions, he slammed his fist on the table. Crack! The table shattered into pieces

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instantly. The Scotts, the Gibsons... I will definitely make all of you pay.

A burning rage began to grow from within him. Sensing Jared's fury, Hannah quickly added, "Jared, please don't cause any more trouble. Now that you're back,

you should get a proper job. Everything will work out after that." "Mom, don't worry. I know what to do. Anyway, I'm heading out." After comforting his mother, Jared planned to confront Sandy and demand to know what had truly happened. While leaving his home, Jared was enveloped with anger. Just when he

was crossing the road, a red Porsche sped toward him and crashed into him, sending him flying.

Bam! Jared landed heavily on the ground. He would likely have been killed if not

for his training with Draco. "Who's the crazy driver!" Jared, who was already angry, was further infuriated after being run down the moment he left his house. In

the midst of Jared's curses, a female voice cried out, "Why don't you f*cking look

where you're walking?" The next moment, a beautiful woman alighted from the

Porsche.

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She was wearing a white full-length dress and killer heels. Nevertheless, she was

staring angrily at Jared. Furrowing his eyebrows, Jared decided to lie back down

instead of getting up. "Which of us do you think is blind? Obviously, you were the

one who knocked into me. In spite of the pretty face, why do you have such a foul

mouth?" Jared retorted. "How dare you scold me!" While glaring at Jared, the woman suddenly raised her leg to stomp on him. Considering she was wearing

stilettos, her heels were the equivalent of sharp daggers. If she were to plunge one

into him, it would definitely cause a stab wound.

"Josephine, stop." Just when the woman was about to strike Jared, a middle-aged

man got out of the back seat of the car. He was surrounded by an air of authority

and was obviously someone important. However, his face was pale, and his breathing was rapid. After shouting briefly, he held onto the car for support as he

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desperately tried to catch his breath. "Dad, why did you come down?" When the

woman saw her father, she rushed over to support him.

"Let's hurry to the hospital and not waste any more time," the middle-aged man

remarked, to which the woman nodded. Upon returning to Jared, she took out a

stack of money and threw it in front of him. "Here's ten thousand. Take the money

and leave. We have an urgent matter to attend to." Instead of taking the money,

Jared stood up and took a glance at the middle-aged man. He then remarked, "There's no need to go to the hospital. It's already too late." When he finished speaking, he turned to leave. It was obvious to him that the middle-aged man's

condition was severe that he would not make it in time.

"Stop!" The woman blocked Jared's way and glowered at him. "What do you mean by that? Speak clearly, or I'll not let you go!" At this moment, the middleaged man also approached Jared with a frown. "Your father's condition is dire due

to the injury in his left lung. In less than five minutes, he will suffer from breathing

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difficulty and suffocate to death. Can you make it to the hospital in five minutes?"

Jared calmly asked the woman.

"You're bluffing! My dad only has the flu—" "Josephine," the middle-aged man

snapped at his daughter before taking another two steps toward Jared. With an

astonished look, he questioned, "Young man, how do you know my left lung has

been injured before?" "You wouldn't understand, even if I told you. Anyway, I'm

busy right now and have no time to waste with the both of you." With that, Jared

turned around and prepared to leave.

"Young man—" the middle-aged man called out again before breaking into an intense cough. After he managed to calm down, he grabbed Jared's arm at once.

"Young man, since you can diagnose my sickness, I'm sure you can treat it. I hope

you are willing to save my life, and I'm happy to pay any price for it. Here, this is

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my card!" The middle-aged man handed Jared a card. Nonetheless, Jared didn't

want to accept it nor get involved.

However, the moment he caught a glimpse of the name on the card, he took it at

once. "You're the CEO of Sullivan Group, William Sullivan?" "Yes, I am," William confirmed with a nod. All of a sudden, Jared extended his hand and stabbed his finger at William's major acupoints. His actions were so swift that neither William nor Josephine had any time to react.

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"What are you doing?" Josephine jumped between Jared and her father, but Jared

was already done. As for William, he suddenly felt his breathing improve while

color gradually returned to his face. "I have temporarily kept your injury in check.

Considering how old your injury is, you will need a long duration of treatment in

order to fully recover," Jared explained. "Thank you for saving me. I really can't

thank you enough." William grabbed Jared's hand and expressed his gratitude continuously.

Meanwhile, Josephine was astounded to see the glow return to her father's cheeks

and the improvement in his condition. "I saved you because I'm aware of your philanthropic work. Considering you have built more than ten schools, I'm obliged

to do something for you." Jared saved William because he knew of William's good

heart. If it had been a stranger, he naturally would not have bothered, especially

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after Josephine had been rude to him and almost killed him.

After all, Jared was not a saint who went around healing everyone. William was

visibly embarrassed by Jared's words. "What I've done is not even worth mentioning. Young man, since you've saved me, just tell me whatever it is that you

want. Now that it's almost noon, why don't I treat you to lunch at Glamor Hotel?"

"It's fine. I still have something to take care of." Shaking his head, Jared declined

the invitation, as he wanted to confront Sandy to clear the air. Jared's rejection

caught William by surprise. As Horington's richest man, there were many who

wanted to buy him lunch. Nevertheless, only those who walked the corridors of

power had the honor of dining with him. Hence, he didn't expect Jared to decline

his invitation.

"Young man, no matter what, I insist on giving you a treat to show my gratitude."

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William refused to let go of Jared's arm. It was not lost upon Jared that William's

intention behind treating him was to find out about his follow-up treatment.

spite of that, he was moved by William's sincerity. As a result, he nodded in agreement. "All right then, I'll deal with my problem first and see you at the hotel

when I'm done?" William released his grip in response.

"Fine, that settles it. Just call me when you arrive, young man!" After acknowledging William, Jared hurried to the Gibson residence. "Where's Sandy? I

want to see her!" Jared cried out to a middle-aged woman in front of an old mansion. She was Sandy's mother, Melinda Connor. In the past, Jared would never

have dared to speak to her in such a tone. However, after hearing what his mother

had said, Jared was so infuriated that it was a surprise he didn't strike her at the

get-go.

Dressed in a gown, Melinda put on a haughty expression with her arms folded in

front of her chest. Staring at Jared with disdain, Melinda spat, "Get lost! My

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daughter is getting married today. Hence, an ex-convict like you isn't welcomed

here." "Getting married?" Jared knitted his eyebrows when he realized Baldy was

telling the truth. "Where's Sandy? Who is she marrying? Tell her to come out here

and explain it to me." With a scowl on his face, Jared dashed into the mansion.

"Hey, are you mad? How can you barge into my house just like that!" Melinda desperately pulled Jared back. Unfortunately, it was a futile effort considering how strong Jared was. Instead, she was being dragged across the yard.

When she saw Jared barging in, a woman dressed in a wedding gown came out

with a sullen look on her face. The moment he saw her, Jared stopped. "Sandy, what's going on? Explain yourself!" Jared demanded, his eyes burning with rage.

"Jared, you should leave and don't come and see me again. I have decided to marry

Leyton," Sandy asserted with an indifferent expression. Narrowing his gaze, Jared

clenched his fists.

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Even though he had already known about it, it still felt excruciating to hear Sandy

say it out loud. I went to prison because of Leyton, and now, my own girlfriend is

getting married to him? She is making a mockery of me! Suddenly, Jared laughed

wryly when he realized how pathetic he was. "Is this what you really want?" Looking at Sandy, Jared felt his fury begin to recede as his fingers gradually relaxed. "Yes!" Sandy nodded.

"I want to be rich, which is something you will never be able to provide. Furthermore, as an ex-convict, you might not even be able to take care of yourself,

let alone me. For old times' sake, here's a few hundred. Take it, so you don't have

to sleep on the streets!" As Sandy said that, she grabbed a bunch of hundreds and

threw them at Jared's face. At that moment, Sandy was dead to him. He knew the

person in front of him was no longer his girlfriend. "You will regret this!"

Jared

roared and left without taking Sandy's money. "Pfft, I would only regret it if I married a broke b*stard like you!" Sandy hissed from behind him.

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When Jared arrived at the entrance, the groom's convoy had blocked the exit.

Α

young man dressed in a suit and leather shoes alighted from a beautifully decorated

car, holding a bouquet of flowers. That man was Leyton. The moment he saw Jared, he was momentarily stunned. When he regained his senses, he guffawed out

loud. "I forgot that today is the day you're released from prison. What a wonderful

coincidence. Would you like to attend my wedding with Sandy?"

Leyton gave Jared a mocking look that was tainted with mischief. All Jared did

was shot Leyton an icy glare. After that, he stepped aside to leave, as he didn't want to waste time speaking to someone like that. "Don't go!" Unexpectedly, Leyton blocked Jared's way. "Is it because you can't afford to buy a gift? Don't worry, you don't have to get us anything. Instead, you can have the leftovers

from the banquet. We will be having our wedding reception at Glamor Hotel. If

you don't come, I'm afraid you will never have the opportunity to eat there." Giving Jared a contemptuous smile, Leyton even patted Jared on his cheek.

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However, the latter slapped it away forcefully. "Idiot, what's so great about marrying used goods? You're just having my leftovers," Jared sneered. In truth,

Jared had never touched Sandy before.

Not even her hand. He simply said it to spite Leyton as well as exact revenge on

Sandy. The very next instant, Leyton looked in Sandy's direction. She had told him

she never held Jared's hand before, but now he was not so sure. Sandy grew nervous when she noticed the look on Leyton's face. Turning to Jared, she thundered, "Jared, what lies are you spewing? How dare you accuse me of being a

leftover? I would never let someone like you hold my hand!"

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Even Melinda began to panic. "Jared, stop your sour grapes behavior," she berated.

"My daughter would never have let the likes of someone like you touch her!" Then, she turned toward Leyton and explained, "Leyton, don't listen to him. He is

obviously saying it to spite you." Given how hard it was for her to find a rich sonin-law, she was not going to let Jared's words foil her plan. "Mrs. Gibson, don't

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worry. I won't believe him."

Obviously, Leyton was not a fool to be easily taken in. "It's up to you whether you

want to believe it or not." Ignoring Leyton, Jared walked around him and headed

out. "Wait!" Leyton cried out. "You better keep your mouth shut. If I find you spreading rumors about my wife, I will make sure you regret it!" Leyton was worried that Jared would sully the Scott family's reputation. "Haha, my mouth is

my own, and I can say whatever I want.

What are you going to do about it?" Staring at Leyton coldly, Jared added, "In fact,

you're the one who should watch out. Or else, you won't even know what hits you

the day you lose your life." When his eyes locked with Jared's piercing gaze, Leyton had a sudden realization and felt a shiver down his spine. Realizing he was

humiliated the very next instant, he widened his eyes and threatened, "You are

welcome to try if you're not afraid of death. When the time comes, you will be begging me on your knees instead!" Leyton was filled with rage.

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If not for the fact that he was getting married, he would have taught Jared a lesson.

"We won't know till it happens. Let's wait and see." Jared shot Leyton a scornful

look. "Leyton, it's time. Let's just ignore that broke b*stard." Melinda glanced at

Jared in a condescending manner. Holding the flowers in his hand, Leyton and his

entourage walked toward the house. Watching Leyton's leaving silhouette, Jared

shot a ray of light into Leyton's body with a flick of his finger.

Leyton was visibly jolted for a fleeting moment. However, he didn't think too much of it as he carried on with his steps. "Let's see if you will kneel before me

and beg." With a smirk on his face, Jared turned and left for Glamor Hotel. Meanwhile, at the entrance of Glamor Hotel, William was waiting for Jared personally, causing everyone present to speculate about what was going on. "Isn't

that Mr. Sullivan? It's a surprise to see him waiting for someone at the entrance.

I wonder what makes him so important that Mr. Sullivan has to wait for him." "I

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heard the Scott family's eldest son is getting married, and the wedding is being

held here. Could he be waiting for them?" "Maybe. After all, the Scott family is a

prominent family too. Hence, he ought to show them some respect." As the crowd

gradually streamed into Glamor Hotel, William paced back and forth anxiously at

the entrance, checking his watch every now and then.

"Dad, I think that guy was bullsh*tting us. All this talk about your injured left lung

and threat to your life is nothing but crap. All you have is lung inflammation from

your flu, so stop waiting for him, and let me take you to the hospital,"
Josephine

persuaded William. William had arrived half an hour ago but didn't see Jared.

As

for Josephine, she felt Jared was just spouting nonsense, as William had never mentioned about injuring his left lung before.

Moreover, this was the first time the situation had occurred. "Josephine, there are

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some things that you aren't aware of. The doctors at the hospital have no way of

seeing the injury on my left lung. This hidden ailment of mine has been with me

for more than twenty years. The only reason I didn't tell anyone was that I didn't

want you to worry." William sighed grimly. Stupefied by the revelation, Josephine

held her father's hand nervously.

"Dad, w-what's going on? Please don't scare me... Please... I already gave Dr. Watson a call, and he will be arriving shortly." Josephine was consumed by panic.

Ever since she could remember, she had never seen her mother. All this while, William had raised her alone, and they were everything to each other. Hence, if anything happened to William, she didn't know how she could

continue

living by herself. "It's a long story. I'll tell you when we have the time." As his words fell, William checked his watch again before looking out far ahead.

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The moment he saw Jared emerge, William was filled with delight. He then ran up

to Jared. "You're finally here, young man. This way, please." Holding onto Jared's

hand, William heaved a sigh of relief. "Mr. Sullivan, since I have made you a promise, I would definitely turn up." Jared was cognizant that William was worried that he would stand him up. Feeling embarrassed, William could only smile awkwardly. "After you, young man."

Given how servile William was behaving, everyone in the hotel wondered who Jared was. When Josephine saw how proudly Jared was walking in contrast to her

obeisant father, she fumed, "What's wrong with you? My father had waited for you

at the door for half an hour, and didn't you notice that his condition seems to be

deteriorating? Do you even know how to heal someone?" Josephine had resented

Jared from the very beginning. However, she gave him the benefit of the doubt

after being impressed by how he stopped William's condition from getting worse.

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A short while later, when she noticed William's cheeks losing color again, she felt

Jared was a scammer, looking to cheat them out of their money. "Josephine, stop

making a fuss and apologize at once," William barked with a stern look on his face. "There's no way I'm going to do that. Look, he's barely a fully grown man.

How can he be a miracle doctor? I think he's nothing but a con artist." Glaring at

Jared, she felt he was the reason William didn't want to see the doctor. When Josephine refused to obey him, William was so furious that he began to have trouble breathing.

Cough! Cough! Just when he was about to speak, William ended up coughing intensely instead. "Dad!" Josephine dashed forward to support William.

Nevertheless, she was given a fright when she saw the black blood William had

coughed out. At the sight of the scene, Jared furrowed his brows at once. Evidently, William's injury was worse than he thought. In fact, he was

surprised

how William managed to survive for so long.

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"Quick, carry your dad to a room," Jared ordered Josephine, who was already in a

panic. Unfortunately, she didn't move at all because she didn't trust Jared. Frowning at Josephine's inaction, Jared snapped, "Do you want to watch him die?"

After she was shouted at, Josephine quickly helped William to a private room in

the hotel. Inside, Jared searched for William's pulse right away. However, his expression turned grim the moment he did. While Jared was treating William, a

bespectacled man in a white doctor's coat barged into the room. "Dr. Watson, quick!

Take a look at my dad. He has just vomited blood!" The moment she saw him, Josephine felt as if she had managed to grasp a sliver of hope. "What? Let me see."

Jonathan, the doctor, quickly opened his medical bag. "Move away." Josephine pushed Jared aside and held William up. "Dr. Watson, my dad's life in your hands

now. Please save him!" she pleaded. At that moment, William was close to losing

consciousness as his breathing was increasingly labored. "Don't worry, Ms. Sullivan. I will do my best." Just as Jonathan spoke, he began to take William's

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pulse.

The longer he did so, the more intense Jonathan's frown became. Josephine was

unsettled when she noticed his expression and didn't dare make a sound. "Ms. Sullivan, Mr. Sullivan's damaged lung is the cause of his hidden ailment. This is a

chronic disease that needs to be treated slowly. However, someone has forcefully

kicked his immunity system into overdrive. Although it might seem effective in the

short run, it would only cause his condition to further deteriorate. I'm afraid Mr.

Sullivan is in a precarious situation now. Before I came, who did you bring Mr.

Sullivan to see?"

Jonathan explained in a grave tone. When she heard the doctor's words, Josephine

flew into a fit of rage and looked in Jared's direction. It was he who had treated her

father just now. As it was just as the doctor had described. Her father did make a

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turn for the better, but Jared's method ended up hurting William more. "You con

man! If anything happens to my father, I'll never forgive you!" Josephine roared at

Jared with a scowl on her face. If not for the fact that she was supporting William

and could not leave, she would have lunged at Jared to beat him up.

"How can you accuse me of being a con man? Have I cheated anything out of you?

If not for me, your father would have been a corpse by now. I can't believe how

ridiculous you can be!" Jared snorted. He hated how Josephine kept insisting he

was a scammer and how nasty she was despite being a woman. "You..."

Despite

feeling incensed, Josephine knew that the priority was saving her father, and it was

not the time to argue with Jared.

"Dr. Watson, I beg of you, please think of a way. Please..." Josephine felt so distraught that she was on the brink of tears. Opening his medical bag, Jonathan

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took out a black pill and put it into William's mouth. Then, he proceeded to open a

bag of silver needles and inserted them into William's acupoints. "Doing this won't save him. You will only harm him," Jared commented when he saw Jonathan's acupuncture technique, making the latter knit his eyebrows. "What are you trying to say? Are you doubting me? Don't tell me you know acupuncture." Acupuncture was part of traditional medicine. Unlike modern medicine, where one could master it between three to five years, one needed at

least eight to ten years before one could master acupuncture.

In fact, some might not even do so despite decades of learning. Given that Jared

only looked about twenty years old, Jonathan figured that there was no way he would be a master at it, even if he had started learning in his mother's womb.

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A Warrior Undefeatable Novel Chapter 7

"What garbage are you spewing? You're not needed here. Get out!" Josephine barked, as she was worried that Jared would disrupt the treatment. "Fine. You're

the one that asked me to leave. I'll be waiting in the corridor. In less than five minutes, you'll be out there begging me to come back in." The moment he finished, Jared opened the door and went out. After he left, no one bothered about

him. Meanwhile, Jonathan carefully continued with William's acupuncture treatment.

Soon, he was entirely drenched in sweat. After the last needle was inserted, William gradually regain his consciousness and opened his eyes. "Dad! My dad is

awake, Dr. Watson. He's awake. This is wonderful!" Josephine cried out jubilantly

as tears filled her eyes. Just a moment ago, she was worried that he would never

ever do so. When Jonathan saw William was awake, he, too, heaved a sigh of relief. After all, he barely had any confidence going in. Unfortunately, the moment

Josephine and Jonathan sighed in relief, William began to tremble violently. He looked to be in excruciating pain as his face started turning purple. "Dad!

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Dad!" Josephine yelled as she turned to Jonathan in panic. "Dr. Watson, why is

this happening?" At that moment, even Jonathan was feeling so distressed that he

was just stumped. "I... I don't know why this is happening either. How did it

out this way?" "Who are you asking? You're the doctor here!" Josephine roared at

the doctor in desperation.

At the same time, William's shiver began to grow faint before he finally stopped

moving. Even his breath could not be felt at all. Watching the change in William,

Jonathan felt his panic intensify. If anything happened to William, he would have

to suffer the consequences. "Dad, don't scare me..." Don't scare me..."

Josephine

began to cry. "Ms. Sullivan, let's take Mr. Sullivan to the hospital. I have run out

of ideas!" Jonathan suggested anxiously.

He wanted to send William there so that he could shirk his responsibility. If

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William died in the hospital, it would then not be his fault. "Do you take me for a

fool? Given my dad's condition, there's no way he can make it to the hospital!

better save him! If not, don't think you will survive this unscathed!" Josephine exploded, having lost her rational mind. The Sullivans were the wealthiest family

in Horington. To destroy a lowly doctor would take no more than a flick of their

fingers. Jonathan was stricken with terror by her threat. Nonetheless, he was devoid of any ideas.

Suddenly, he thought of Jared and quickly suggested, "Ms. Sullivan, the guy that

just went out. Perhaps he might have a solution. I think he probably knows a thing

or two." Jonathan's words reminded Josephine of Jared. Still, it was not lost upon

her that Jonathan had looked down upon him earlier, but was praising him now.

Evidently, Jonathan was planning to let Jared take the blame. Once Jared stepped

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in to treat William, even if he was dead, Jonathan would be able to absolve himself

of any responsibility.

After a momentary hesitation, Josephine let go of William, who slumped in his

chair as she dashed out of the room. At that very moment, Jared was sitting along

the corridor, expecting Josephine to come and see him. When the woman saw Jared was still there, she rushed up to him. Just when she wanted to speak, she

suddenly realized that she had no idea how to address him. "P-Please save my father, I beg of you," Josephine pleaded with an awkward expression. When Jared

gradually raised his head at her, Josephine averted her gaze, as she didn't dare make eye contact.

Not too long ago, she was berating him, but now, she ended up begging him instead. "Do you believe I can save your father and that I'm not a con man?" Jared

asked. Josephine kept silent, as she didn't know how to answer. She didn't fully

trust him yet, but she had no other choice. Looking at her reaction, Jared simply

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chuckled. He decided not to make things difficult for her as he got up and returned

to the room.

When Josephine followed Jared back in, she saw Jonathan pacing back and forth

with his head covered in sweat. The moment Jonathan saw Jared, he felt as if he

had seen his savior. Regardless of whether Jared could revive William, he could

push the blame to Jared once the latter took over. Lowering himself, Jonathan begged, "I'm sorry about just now, young man. Please save Mr. Sullivan!" Considering that he could potentially lose everything, Jonathan felt that being

polite would not hurt at all. After shooting William a glance, Jared sighed. "Looks like I'll have to give it my all." Turning toward Jonathan, Jared questioned,

"Do you still have any silver needles?" "Yes, in the medical bag." Jonathan quickly handed over a bag of silver needles to Jared. "It's not enough!" Jared shook his head. "Not enough?" Jonathan was stunned. "The bag contains thirty

needles. How can it not be enough?" In acupuncture, anyone who could insert more than ten needles was considered impressive.

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Even the president of the Association of Traditional Medicine, John Jacobson, who

was also known as a miracle doctor, could only insert around twenty needles.

As a

result, thirty needles were more than enough. "It just isn't. I need more!" Jared

replied. "How many more?" Jonathan carefully asked. "Eighty-one!" Jonathan was

stupefied by the reply. Suddenly, his eyes were filled with horror. However, instead of saying anything, he handed over all his silver needles.

After receiving them, Jared laid William's body flat on the ground. Moving ambidextrously, he swiftly inserted the needles into William's body. At this moment, cold sweat began to break out on Jared's forehead. He looked as if he was

exerting a lot of energy to the extent his clothes were all drenched.

When the final needle was inserted into William, Jared let out a long sigh. As if he

was entirely drained, he dropped his butt onto the ground to sit. During the entire

time, Josephine watched on nervously. She didn't know much about acupuncture,

and she felt the urge to ask.

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However, she was worried about disrupting Jared. As for Jonathan, he was already

gawking in astonishment from the get-go. His mouth opened so wide that one could fit an egg into it. A short while later, Jonathan's shock had turned into elation. With a loud thud, he dropped his knees to the ground in front of Jared. His

sudden movement gave both Jared and Josephine a fright.

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A Warrior Undefeatable Novel Chapter 8

"Miracle Doctor, please take me as your apprentice!" Right after he spoke, Jonathan bowed to Jared. Gaping in response, Jared realized he no longer had any

energy left. As for Josephine, she gave Jonathan a bewildered look. "Dr. Watson,

what are you doing? My dad hasn't even woken up yet." Josephine didn't understand why Jonathan was addressing Jared as a miracle doctor when her father

was still unconscious. "Ms. Sullivan, you're probably not aware that this gentleman had just applied the Soul Resurrection Needle, which is capable of reviving a dead man.

Therefore, Mr. Sullivan will be just fine!" Jonathan explained. "He's that good?"

Josephine gaped at Jared in disbelief. If what Jonathan says is true, Jared really

deserves his title as Miracle Doctor. "I can't believe you actually know the Soul

Resurrection Needle!" Jonathan exclaimed in awe. The Soul Resurrection Needle

was an ancient acupuncture technique that had been lost through the generations.

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However, Jared didn't understand what Jonathan was talking about, as he had only

learned it from Draco.

"Miracle Doctor, I'm Dr. Jonathan Watson, deputy president of the Horington Association of Traditional Medicine. I have read about this technique in some ancient books and didn't expect to have the honor of witnessing it in action today.

Please, accept me as your student." With that, Jonathan prostrated in front of Jared.

Just when Jared was confounded by Jonathan's reaction, coughs rang out in the

room. William was finally awake. "Dad!" Josephine reacted quickly by trying to

help him up. However, Jared held her back. "Ms. Sullivan, he's not supposed to

move yet.

You'll have to wait for me to remove the needles." Holding Josephine's slender hands, he could feel how warm and gentle it felt. The sudden sensation felt like a

jolt to him. As for Josephine, she, too, felt the warmth from his hands. Blushing,

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she remarked, "This is all thanks to you." Jared frantically released Josephine's

hand before collecting himself. With a wave of his hand, the eighty-one needles

were pulled toward his palm as if there was a magnetic force at work. "It's done,"

Jared informed Josephine while returning the needles to Jonathan.

At that moment, Josephine no longer had any doubts left about Jared.

Thanking

him, she helped William up with teary eyes. "Dad, how do you feel?" Josephine

inquired. "I'm fine. I feel good, to be honest." William let out a slight smile. Upon

noticing Jonathan kneeling on the ground, he asked curiously, "What's going on?"

After Josephine related how Jared had saved him with the Soul Resurrection Needle, William was astounded.

When Jared diagnosed his ailment just by looking at him, William was already

impressed. Nevertheless, he didn't expect the young man to be so skillful that the

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deputy president of the Association of Traditional Medicine would drop to his

knees and beg to be accepted as a student. "Young man, you have saved me twice

already. From today onward, you are a benefactor of the Sullivan family. I will readily fulfill any request you have as long as it's within my powers," William declared resolutely. "You're being too kind, Mr. Sullivan, as I barely did anything.

Furthermore, this is a blessing you deserve for all the charity you have done." After giving a cordial reply, Jared changed his tact. "Although I used the Soul Resurrection Needle to save your life temporarily, you will still die within three

months if your ailment isn't treated." Having heard Jared's words, William dropped to his knees. "Please, sir, I'm willing to give you everything I have as long

as you save my life."

Fearing death, William no longer addressed Jared as a "young man." Instead, he

greeted him as "sir," as he was really worried that Jared would refuse to help him.

In order to survive, he was willing to give Jared all of his assets. As the richest man

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in Horington, William was unimaginably wealthy. Consequently, anyone would be

envious of Jared for being in such a position. "Mr. Sullivan, there's no need for

that. I'm obliged to save you after running into you. Nonetheless, there are some

rare herbs that I need, and I hope you can prepare them for me." Jared could not

afford to buy William any herbs.

The herbs he requested were so expensive that they were out of the masses' reach.

"Sir, whatever you need, just say the word!" William nodded at once. Then, he turned to Josephine and instructed, "Josephine, prepare a pen and paper to write

them down." Meanwhile, Jared felt awkward when William kept addressing him as

"sir." Hence, he suggested, "Mr. Sullivan, my name is Jared Chance. You can just

call me by my name."

"I can't do that. Mr. Chance, you're my savior, and the Sullivan family will never

forget it for as long as we live." Given how stubborn William was, Jared didn't

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insist. Instead, he wrote down a long list of herbs and handed them to Josephine.

"Mr. Sullivan, most of the herbs on the list are for your treatment.

Nonetheless,

some are for my mother, as she has lost her sight. As a result, I need some of these

herbs to cure her," Jared explained to William honestly. Considering Hannah had

gone blind from crying, it would not be difficult for Jared to treat her.

It was just that he was incapable of getting hold of the herbs in his current state.

Hence, he felt the Sullivan family was in a better position to obtain them. In spite

of that, there were two items that Jared was worried the Sullivans could have trouble finding. One of them was a calligraphy brush which was embodied with

spirituality after being used by a famous scholar for a long time. It could also be

made from the fur of any spiritual animal.

Other than that, he also needed a cinnabar rosary. Although they were common

items nowadays, the one he needed was made from woods of ancient trees.

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Combined with the spiritually endowed calligraphy brush, he would be able to cure

Hannah's blindness by simply anointing it on her eye.

Even though he had put the two items on the list, he was not optimistic that the

Sullivan family would find them. After all, one could only encounter the items with luck. Moreover, only those in the know would be able to tell upon seeing it.

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A Warrior Undefeatable Novel Chapter 9

"Mr. Chance, just let me know what you need. As long as I can fulfill it, I will not

refuse," William quickly declared. At that moment, Josephine queried, "Mr. Chance, what do you need the calligraphy brush and cinnabar rosary for?"

After

all, both items didn't look like they were required for medical treatment, and they

were also widely available. "Josephine, Mr. Chance has his reasons for writing them down. You shouldn't question him!" William admonished her with a glare.

"It's all right." Jared smiled. "They are used for treatments, too. However, they aren't just any ordinary brush and rosary.

They have to be imbued with spirituality for them to work." "Imbued with spirituality?" Josephine and William were dumbfounded, as they had no idea what

Jared meant. When he saw how confused they were, Jared explained, "Everything

in this world will live and die, and all of them contain spirituality. Even items deemed inanimate by men can have spirituality as well. However, it can only form

under very strict conditions.

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"Let's take this chair I'm sitting on as an example. If I sit on it and meditate for

decades, it would gradually be imbued with spirituality too." Worried that both of

them would not understand, he illustrated the concept in layman's terms. "Oh, I get

it!" Josephine suddenly exclaimed. "Mr. Chance, are you saying that it's the same

as what is shown on TV? At one of the trees where the immortals reside, it will

gain spirituality after some time and even turn into a human form!"

"Josephine, stop your nonsense!" William was speechless at the way Josephine described it. From his perspective, immortals didn't exist, especially not in the

modern world. "Ms. Sullivan, you hit the nail on its head," Jared replied with a grin. Previously, Jared didn't believe in such things too. However, after spending

the last three years with Draco, he finally realized that there was still a lot out there

that he didn't understand. In fact, the secrets Draco had passed on to him were the

Focus Technique. As long as he continued to train in them, he might actually

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become an immortal.

William smiled awkwardly, as he didn't expect Josephine to get it right. If anyone

else talked to him about spirituality and immortals, he would have scoffed at them.

However, since it was Jared who brought it up, William's skepticism wavered immediately. While Jared and William continued their discussion, they didn't even

give Jonathan, who was still kneeling on the ground, a look. Even though Jonathan

was not particularly evil, he was unable to take on any real responsibility. Hence,

Jared didn't intend to accept him as his student. Moreover, he would not simply

take in anyone without Draco's permission.

After talking for more than ten minutes, Jared finally knew how William injured

himself. When he was young, William was hit by a palm strike by a business competitor. As there was no external wound, and the results of his checkups were

clear, he didn't pay much attention to it. As time went by, William began to feel

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that he was growing weaker to the extent of having difficulty breathing. As a result, he kept himself going all this while by consuming a lot of health supplements.

Not wanting to cause any concern to his family, William hid the news from them.

That was also why Josephine was unaware of her father's hidden ailment.

After

hearing the story, Jared realized at once that the attacker was a martial artist who

had managed to cultivate internal energy. From the looks of it, he had wanted to

kill William. Fortunately, William's immense wealth had allowed him to afford

potent health supplements to keep himself alive all this while.

If William had not encountered Jared, he would have lost his life. "Mr. Chance,

please accept me as your student!" Jonathan yelled again from the floor. By then,

both his legs were so numb that he grimaced in pain. Jared gave Jonathan a look.

"You should get up. I won't accept anyone as my student, but feel free to ask me

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any questions, and I will guide you accordingly." Jared was finally moved by Jonathan's sincerity after watching him prostrate for such a long time. Therefore, he agreed to provide guidance even though he refused to take in students. Jonathan was naturally delighted with Jared's response and thanked

him

profusely, "Thank you, Mr. Chance! Thank you!" As Jonathan gradually stood up,

his legs hurt so much that he struggled to do so. Noticing Jonathan's condition,

Jared gently tapped on Jonathan's leg, causing the painful numbness to disappear.

Naturally, the doctor was astonished.

"Mr. Sullivan, my parents are still at home, so I have to return to them. Once you

have collected the herbs, you can give me a call," Jared informed as he gradually

got to his feet. Given that his mother was home alone, Jared was worried about her.

"Mr. Chance, do you mind telling me where you stay?" William asked. "I'm staying at Happy Avenue. Why?" Jared questioned curiously. "Oh, nothing really.

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I just have a house that's currently vacant, which I want to present to you as a gift.

That place has a wonderful environment to recuperate in, and I hope it will be of

use to you." When he was done speaking, William took out a key from his pocket.

"Thank you, Mr. Sullivan!" Initially, Jared wanted to decline, as he was not motivated by monetary gains when he first treated William.

However, when he thought about the dilapidated house his parents were staying in,

he decided to accept it. Moreover, he needed time to make enough money to afford

a new one. However, Jared was stunned to find out that the mansion was located at

Dragon Bay when he received the key.

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A Warrior Undefeatable Novel Chapter 10

Dragon Bay was the best neighborhood in the whole of Horington, constructed on

the only mountain in the city. For that reason, not only was the scenery there astounding, but the air was also exceedingly fresh. Those who could live there were either wealthy or influential people from the upper echelons of society. Ordinary people couldn't even afford to pay the property management fee there,

much less live in the neighborhood.

"Mr. Sullivan, this... this mansion is too expensive. I can't accept this!" Jared hastily returned the key to William. "Of course, you can, Mr. Chance! Or is my life

not worth a mansion?" William remarked smilingly. Since he had said as much,

Jared had no choice but to accept it. Then, William proceeded to take out a bank

card with ten million in it and handed it to him. Knowing that he wouldn't be able

to turn it down, Jared could only pocket it. Just when he was about to take his leave, a clamor sounded from downstairs, the noise deafening.

Jared's brows furrowed slightly. When William saw the frown marring his countenance, he immediately summoned the hotel manager. "What's going on

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here? Why is it so noisy?" William demanded. "Mr. Sullivan, the heir of the Scott

family is getting married today, and the wedding banquet is being held in the banquet hall on the second floor. That's where the noise is coming from," the manager hurriedly explained.

Only after hearing that did William decide not to pursue the matter. After all, the

hotel was open for business, and a racket was inevitable when someone was getting married. "I'll be leaving then, Mr. Sullivan." Jared waved to William before exiting the private room. Just as Jared arrived downstairs, he coincidentally

bumped into Leyton strutting into the hotel with Sandy in his arms. Leyton was

stunned for a moment when he spotted Jared, but he guffawed in the next instant.

"I didn't expect you to really come and attend my wedding, Jared! Are you here

for the free food and liquor?" Casting him a frosty glance, Jared said nothing and

moved sideways to leave. "Hey, don't go!" Leyton blocked his path and drawled

with mockery written all over his face, "Look at your ex-girlfriend. Isn't she

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beautiful now? Do you not have anything to say to her?" In truth, he was deliberately embarrassing the man.

"Let's not bother about him, Ley. We're running late," Sandy murmured coquettishly to Leyton without even sparing Jared a glance. "Don't entertain this

piece of trash anymore, Leyton. It's bad to be late for your own wedding, so you

two go into the banquet hall first. I'll kick this worthless bum out!" Melinda urged,

echoing Sandy's sentiments. Subsequently, she turned to Jared and lambasted, "Can you just stop hounding us?

You're so desperate that you even came to the hotel after us! Do you think my daughter will ever take a fancy to your peasant self? Go and take a look at yourself

in the mirror! Hurry up and buzz off instead of kicking up a fuss here!" Her censure was caustic and vile, drawing blood with every single word. The relatives

around them whispered among themselves, snickering as they stared at Jared. Right that moment, Jared was no more than a fool who was made fun of by everyone.

"One day, you will all fall to your knees before me and beg me!" Suppressing the

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fury blazing within him, Jared shoved Leyton, who was blocking his path, away

before striding out. Leyton's brows knitted together. "Stop him! Regardless of whether you want to attend the wedding today, you've got to do so! I want you to

see your girlfriend marrying me with your own eyes, you piece of trash!" As soon

as he said that, Baldy and a few others instantly blocked Jared's path.

They were still harboring a grudge after being beaten up at his house, so they wanted to take revenge on him. At the sight of them blocking his path menacingly,

Jared slowly turned back to look at Leyton. "Are you sure you want me to attend

your wedding?" "Yes! I want you to see with your own eyes and know that you're

not worthy of going against me!" Leyton wore a sneer on his face. "All right, then.

But a word of warning from me—if I attend your wedding, you won't be getting

married today!"

After saying that, Jared whirled around and walked into the banquet hall on the

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second floor. There were more than a hundred tables set up inside. "Haha, I'll just

see how you're going to accomplish that!" Leyton laughed uproariously, not believing his threat in the least. Nonetheless, to prevent the man from kicking up

trouble and dampening everyone's merriment, he said to Baldy, "Baldy, bring a

few men with you and keep a close eye on Jared.

Restrain him at once if he dares to do anything!" "Don't worry, Mr. Leyton.

Just

leave this matter to me!" Baldy nodded, his gaze turning chilly. This is the perfect

opportunity for me to take my revenge on him! In the banquet hall, Jared took his

seat in a corner. Those who could attend the heir of the Scott family's wedding

were either wealthy or influential, all prestigious people in the whole of Horington.

In other words, an ordinary person like him wasn't even worthy of the honor. Thus, his appearance had many of the guests in the banquet hall throwing him

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strange looks. After all, it seemed out of place for an ordinary-looking young man

to show up at such an opulent wedding out of the blue. But soon, his identity spread like wildfire among the guests. With that, the gazes directed his way increased in number, most of them mocking and derisive, though a handful was

sympathetic.

Nevertheless, Jared wasn't at all bothered. He sat in the corner alone and nibbled at

the snacks on the table with his face devoid of expression. Meanwhile, Baldy stood

behind him with a dozen men, all watching him like a hawk. The second he made a

suspicious move, they would restraint him without a hint of hesitation. "Hey, if it

isn't Jared Chance! When did you get out of prison?" A voice tinged with sarcasm

rang out.

Jared lifted his head and swung his gaze over, only to see a woman with heavy makeup on her face and dressed seductively sashaying toward him. A young man

followed beside her. The woman's voice promptly snagged the attention of the

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guests around them.

They initially thought that Jared was merely the bride's ex-boyfriend and was there

to see his girlfriend for the final time, but they never expected him to have a record. Following that, they grew all the more intrigued.

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