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A Warrior Undefeatable Novel Chapter 11

As Jared stared at the woman whose face was caked with makeup, a glimmer of

repugnance showed on his face. The woman was Juliette Jones, and she was his

former classmate. She had even pursued him back when they were still studying.

At that time, his father had a proper job that was considered secure, so there was

no shortage of girls trying to woo him. However, he didn't like her and got together with Sandy instead. He felt that the latter was far better compared to the

materialistic Juliette, both in terms of looks and personality. But from the look of

things now, both of them are just the same kind of people!

I made the wrong call! "Why aren't you saying anything when I'm your former classmate? Have you gone mute? You were pretty impressive back during our university days, even holding the post of president of the student council. What do

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you think the dean and lecturers would say if they were to learn that a student who

was excellent in character and grades became an ex-convict after graduating?" the young man beside Juliette chimed in. The young man was Warrick Fox, and he

used to be Jared's roommate. They used to be very close, but he also had a crush

on Sandy. When he saw Jared dating Sandy, he held a grudge against the man. He

tried to break them apart multiple times, but alas, to no avail. They severed ties

after that, neither contacting the other after graduating from university. Well, the

fact that they're both here at the same time probably means that Sandy invited them. Otherwise, they wouldn't have the right to attend the wedding.

Jared merely swept a glance over them before dipping his head and sipping at his

water quietly. He wasn't in the mood to bother with them. When Juliette and Warrick saw him lowering his head, they grew increasingly smug, mistakenly assuming that he was afraid of them. "Jared, I'm sure you haven't found a job when you've only just gotten out of prison. Do you want me to recommend you for

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the job of cleaning toilets? While it's somewhat dirty and tiring, you can at least

make a living.

Your father has lost his job now, so it's of no use to pin your hopes on him." A triumphant smile bloomed on Warrick's face, and he was over the moon that he

could step all over Jared then. Back during our university days, I wouldn't have lost to him if it weren't for his father having a secure job! "Don't talk nonsense,

Warrick. How could the president of the student council clean toilets? At the very

least, get him a clean job. How about cleaning the streets instead?"

Juliette countered, giggling with a hand over her mouth. "Haha..." Warrick and

Juliette's ridicule of Jared had Baldy and the guests doubling over in laughter.

At

that precise moment, Jared slowly raised his head. "If the two of you don't want to

die, hurry up and leave this place!" His expression was indifferent, and his tone

was mild without a hint of anger, but Warrick and Juliette both shuddered upon

hearing that.

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Juliette, especially, felt a chill engulfing her. It was as though her entire person was

encased in ice, and she didn't even dare look him in the eye. All of a sudden, the

scornful words she had prepared beforehand got stuck in her throat. A long time

passed before Warrick abruptly exploded as though he had suffered a great insult.

His face contorted into a mask of rage, and he barked at Jared, "Why are you acting all high and mighty when you're an ex-convict?

You don't even dare do a single thing though your girlfriend is marrying someone

else, so why are you talking big here?" "Exactly! Are you venting your wrath at us

because you know that the Scott family is wealthy, so you don't dare offend them?

We're no easy prey either!" Juliette berated as she snapped back to her senses as

well, jabbing a finger at Jared. "You'd better not provoke me." Having said that,

Jared lowered his head once more.

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"Damn it! So what if I want to provoke you! What would you dare do to me? This

is Mr. Leyton's wedding..." As Warrick tore into Jared, he stepped forward and grabbed the latter's collar, hauling him from the chair. In all honesty, they were

only targeting Jared to curry favor with Leyton, convinced that their careers would

be smooth sailing after they got themselves in the latter's good graces.

Hoisting

Jared higher, Warrick was just about to make a move against him when Jared smacked him right across the face.

Slap! A slap so resounding that it startled everyone in the entire banquet hall pierced the air. Warrick flew back and slammed against a table hard. Crash!

The

table splintered into a million pieces while the plates and glasses all fell to the ground, smashing to smithereens. All the guests swung their gazes over, none of

them paying Leyton and Sandy on the stage any mind. Even Leyton and Sandy themselves couldn't help looking in the direction of the commotion.

"Damn it! You're really courting death!" When Baldy saw that Jared had gotten physical, excitement suffused him. "Get him and kill him!" he bellowed. At last, he

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could avenge his grudge with justifiable reason. Aware that Jared had some fighting skills, he didn't act personally but ordered the dozen of lackeys behind

him to do it instead.

"Kid, it's a death wish that you dare make a scene at Mr. Leyton's wedding!" A dozen goons with batons in their hands charged at Jared. When the guests saw that,

they all unwittingly shook their heads, knowing that Jared had no hope of surviving.

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"Beat him up! Kill him!" Warrick shouted with much viciousness. He was struggling to his feet with a hand over his cheek after he went flying with a slap

from Jared. On the stage, the corners of Leyton's mouth turned up in a sadistic smile. Everyone is just watching Jared make a fool of himself! No one sympathizes

with him, so they definitely won't save him! In the face of the attack by the dozen

men, Jared sneered and took a step forward. Boom!

With that single step of his, the entire banquet hall seemingly shook as though there was an earthquake. In a split second, the goons let out agonized wails before

they all went flying back, smashing the tables and chairs around them. The entire

place became a disaster area. At once, the guests were all stumped. As Baldy gaped

at his lackeys on the ground, a chill ran down his spine. At that moment, a welldressed middle-aged man at the wing of the stage frowned deeply.

That person was none other than the patriarch of the Scott family, Yoel Scott, who

was also Leyton's father. Naturally, he was there since it was his son getting

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married. As such, he saw Jared throwing the dozen goons back. He was a martial

artist himself, so he could tell that the man's capabilities weren't to be underestimated. On the stage, Leyton's brows creased when he saw the turn of events. "Damn it! What a useless bunch!" he roared as he rushed down the stage.

"Darling..." Sandy, too, dashed after him. "Don't act rashly, Leyton!" Yoel, who had been sitting at the side of the stage without making a move, likewise went over, afraid that his son wouldn't be Jared's match. "What's going on? What exactly is happening here?" A dozen hotel security guards rushed in with rubber

batons. In the five or six years Glamor Hotel had been operating, no one had dared

to make trouble there.

After all, it was the property of the wealthiest family in Horington, the Sullivan

family. Furthermore, it was the heir to the Scott family's wedding then. The Scott

family's influence was a mere fraction beneath that of the Sullivan family, so whoever dared to kick up a fuss was equivalent to having a death wish. In the private room on the third floor, William frowned when he heard crashing sounds

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from downstairs.

The hotel manager hastened over, his forehead dotted with cold sweat.

"What's

happening downstairs?" William questioned in chagrin. "Someone is making trouble at the Scott family's wedding banquet. He beat several people up and even

broke things," the manager hurriedly explained. The moment William heard that,

his face flushed bright red with fury. "Someone dares to make trouble here? What

are the lot of you doing?

How useless! Hurry up and send some security over lest the reputation of the hotel

becomes tarnished!" "I've already done that," the manager replied. "Why aren't you there to handle the matter, then? Are you waiting for them to get up in arms?"

William snapped, scaring the other man so badly that he took to his heels. "Dad,

you're not all that well, so please stop fuming. I'll go downstairs and take a look."

After reassuring him, Josephine left the private room as well. She was presently

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handling many matters of the Sullivan family. After all, she was William's only daughter, and the man wasn't in the pink of health right then, so all the burden fell

onto her shoulders.

Meanwhile, more than a dozen security guards surrounded Jared in the banquet

hall on the second floor. The manager trotted over, bowing and scraping in front of

Yoel. "I'm really sorry, Mr. Scott. I didn't expect someone to be so audacious as to

dare cause trouble at the wedding of your son. I'll kick him out right away!"

After

saying that, he said to the dozen or so security guards, "Why are you all still standing around?

Haul the person making a scene here out!" "Wait!" Yoel uttered when the security

guards were about to act. "How could you just let him go when he wreaked havoc

at my son's wedding and unsettled my guests? How would the Scott family be able

to hold its head up in public? Even if he doesn't pay with his life today, he must

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leave his hands and legs behind!" "Uh..." His demand placed the hotel manager in

a dilemma. What if he holds a grudge against the hotel and returns to make trouble

here again in the future? Discerning his thoughts, Yoel sneered disdainfully, "The

Scott family will personally resolve this matter.

You can all get out of here now!" "Sure, sure! We're leaving right away!" The manager quickly nodded exuberantly upon hearing that he didn't need to do anything. "I don't want his limbs, Dad! I want his life! I want him to die since he

dared to disrupt my wedding!" When Leyton finished speaking, he shot daggers at

Jared. "I'm going to kill you today, Jared! I want you to know the consequences of

angering me!"

"As I said earlier, you wouldn't be getting married if I attended your wedding, but

you just wouldn't believe me. Do you believe me now?" Jared drawled with a chuckle, his gaze fixated on the man. There wasn't a hint of fear in it. "Not even

when hell freezes over!" Leyton swung his fist at Jared ruthlessly.

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Thump! Snap! The crisp sound of bones shattering then split the air. On the heels

of that, Leyton's arm bent downward at a peculiar angle, making it very clear that

it was broken. "Ahh!" The agonizing pain had him howling at the top of his lungs.

Everyone was staggered when they saw that. Oh my God, he actually dared to make a move against Leyton? He must be sick of living!

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"Leyton!" Yoel swiftly stepped forward to support Leyton. After checking the latter's arm over, he concluded that his arm was broken and would only recover in

a few months. "How dare you hurt my son, you b*stard? I'm going to kill you!"

Due to the wedding, he had merely planned to teach Jared a lesson initially.

But

right then, only one thought remained in his mind—to kill the man.

Otherwise, he

would be thoroughly humiliated before the many merchants in Horington present

there.

Whipping out his phone, he summoned all the bodyguards at home, all martial artists whom he had spent a king's ransom to hire. Hence, they were far more skilled than Baldy and his lackeys, who were just ruffians hanging around Leyton

to ingratiate themselves to him. Despite seeing Yoel make a call to gather his men,

Jared wasn't in the least bit panicked. Instead, he sat back down and picked his

glass of water up, sipping languidly.

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That further inflamed Yoel as Jared clearly hadn't any respect for the Scott family.

"Kill him, Dad! I want him dead!" Leyton, whose arm was broken, roared with his

face contorted. "Don't worry, Leyton. I'll definitely toss him into the river today

for the fishes to feast on!" Yoel swore as he gazed at his son in anguish. Knowing

that Jared was quite skilled, he didn't act immediately but waited for his bodyguards to arrive. Just then, the door of the banquet hall was pushed open, and

Josephine walked in briskly to see who exactly was kicking up a fuss there. "What happened, Mr. Scott?" Josephine asked Yoel as soon as she stepped in. "This kid dared to cause a scene during my son's wedding and even injure him. As

such, there'll be a bloodbath at your hotel today," Yoel answered, pointing at Jared, who was drinking water at the table. When Josephine swung her gaze over,

she was wholly stupefied. Never in her wildest dreams had she ever thought that

the troublemaker would be Jared and that he hadn't yet left. "Mr. Chance? How

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could it be you?" Josephine inquired with puzzlement etched on her face. "Are you surprised, Ms. Sullivan?" Jared flashed her a smile. "You're acquainted

with him, Josephine?" Yoel's brows furrowed. "Mr. Scott, there's probably some

mix-up. Mr. Chance is here to treat my father. All this must be a misunderstanding!" Josephine clarified. "Treat your father?" Yoel's frown deepened further. "Who are you? And what nonsense are you spouting? This fellow doesn't have any medical skills at all! He was just released from prison today!

Let me tell you that he knows nothing of that sort! I've known him for many years,

and I've never seen him treating anyone. Don't be fooled by him!" Sandy shrieked

at Josephine. Josephine's expression went chilly in a flash. But seeing the wedding

gown on Sandy, she knew that the woman was the new bride of the Scott family,

so she stifled her anger and asserted, "I can decide for myself whether it's true. The fact that you've never seen it doesn't mean that he doesn't have any medical

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skills!" "What a load of crap! How could I possibly not know his capabilities? We

were classmates for four years during university, and we dated for many years then. Even when I was sick, I had to go to the hospital. It was raining heavily once,

and he was the one who carried me there on his back! If he had medical skills, would I have had to go to the hospital?"

Sandy wore a contemptuous expression on her face. In her eyes, Jared wasn't worth a dime. Upon hearing that, Josephine glanced at Jared. She seemingly understood why he was making trouble at the wedding. "Don't interfere in this matter, Josephine. I'll get an expert from abroad to treat your father. But today, this

kid must die!" Yoel declared, his tone leaving no room for negotiation. He was older than Josephine, so he naturally didn't have to be courteous to her. "No, you

can't hurt Mr. Chance!" In a trice, Josephine moved to stand in front of Jared. I'm still counting on him to save Dad, so I can't just watch as they make a move

against him! Yoel's expression turned glacial. "Are you forcing my hand, Josephine?" A murderous intent glinted in his eyes. No sooner had his words fallen

than dozens of bodyguards from the Scott family barged in, all radiating an

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oppressive aura. When Yoel saw that they had arrived, the look in his eyes grew all

the colder as he stared at Jared. "Mr. Scott, no matter what, I can't allow you to hurt Mr. Chance!"

Right after Josephine finished speaking, more than a dozen hotel security guards

rushed in and shielded her. The atmosphere in the banquet hall instantly became

tense, and many guests retreated to a safe distance in fear that they would be caught in the crossfire when the fight broke out. "Girl, I can kill you anytime if it

weren't for your father's sake! Step aside right this moment! Do you think you can

stop me with these measly security guards?"

Livid, Yoel no longer showed Josephine any courtesy. Following his words, the dozens of bodyguards from the Scott family unleashed their menacing auras.

Just

that alone petrified the dozen security guards so much that they went as white as a

sheet. Josephine also went a shade paler, but she remained standing before Jared

with resolve in her eyes.

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"Scott, don't you think you're going too far to scare a child when you're already up in years?" At that exact moment, the door of the banquet hall swung open once

more, and William walked in with a trace of displeasure on his face.

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When Yoel saw that William had made an appearance, he sneered, "You came at

just the right time, Sullivan! Take your daughter away! I'm definitely killing this

kid today!" Ignoring him, William looked at Jared and uttered, "I'm sorry about

your experience here, Mr. Chance." His humble demeanor had surprise inundating

everyone there. "No matter. The Scott family is insignificant, so they can't do anything to me," Jared answered him with a faint smile.

However, his remark infuriated Yoel once again. "Kid, the Scott family can't possibly maintain our foothold in Horington if I don't kill you today!" After saying

that, he turned to his dozens of bodyguards. "Whoever kills him will have a reward

of one million!" The instant they heard about the monetary reward, a greedy look

flashed in their eyes, and they all rubbed their palms in anticipation. "I'll just see

who dares to make a single move!

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Don't forget that it's my territory here, and this is my hotel!" William bellowed.

As his words rang out, several dozens more security guards arrived. The butler of

the Sullivan family also rushed over with sweat dripping off his forehead. "I've already conveyed your orders, Mr. Sullivan! The security guards at the Sullivan residence and all other properties are rushing over right now. The bodyguards from

the Sullivan residence will be here very soon!"

the butler reported to William. When William nodded in acknowledgment, he retreated to the side. Meanwhile, Yoel promptly frowned when he heard butler's

report. "Are you planning to battle it out with me just because of this kid, William?" "Yoel, if you insist on killing Mr. Chance, I don't mind battling it out

with the Scott family. Do you think I'll be afraid of you?" William proclaimed fearlessly. The Sullivan and Scott families were equal in strength, so both parties

were sure to suffer heavy losses if they were to engage in a fight.

All the guests retreated far away even as they inwardly surmised, If the Sullivan

and Scott families were to duke it out, it'd definitely benefit the other families!

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Yoel's face flushed bright red, and the murderous intent in his eyes intensified. "You're forcing my hand, so don't blame me for showing you no courtesy, William! You forgot one thing—Mr. Lewis owes the Scott family a favor!" As soon as his words fell, William's expression changed, and a sliver of panic crept

into his eyes. Even the guests around them shuddered when they heard that name,

and a chill ran down their spines.

The so-called Mr. Lewis was known as Tommy Lewis and was the head of the Templar Regiment. In fact, he was the true underground king of the whole of Horington. There was a well-known saying in Horington that illustrated the capability of the Templar Regiment—even if you offend the Grim Reaper, never

transgress against the Templar Regiment! As the head of the Templar Regiment,

Tommy was a figure who could send ripples all across Horington with a single stomp of his foot. Noticing William's terrified expression, Yoel cracked up.
"I'll

pretend that nothing happened if you leave with your men now, William!

Don't force me to give Mr. Lewis a call!" The corner of William's eye twitched,
and he wavered because Tommy's name was just too resounding. The Sullivan

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family couldn't afford to offend him. "I'll handle my own problems, Mr. Sullivan.

You should leave with your men," Jared urged as he could see the man's hesitance.

Gritting his teeth, William stated, "You're the one who saved my life, Mr. Chance.

Aren't you insulting me by saying such a thing? If a fight breaks out later, I'll have

Josephine make a run for it with you. Neither Tommy nor Yoel will dare kill me."

"Dad..." Josephine clutched at his sleeve tightly. "Josephine, go to the secret chamber in the Sullivan residence after fleeing with Mr. Chance. Wait until everything has calmed down before coming out," William instructed her. "So, what's your decision, William? Do you want me to trouble Mr. Lewis?" Yoel demanded upon seeing that William still hadn't made his stance clear. "I'm going

to defend Mr. Chance to the very end, Yoel!"

William answered with steely determination written all over his face. "Fine! I laud

you for your guts!" Clenching his jaw, Yoel phoned Tommy right away. In truth,

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he didn't want to cash in that favor because it was reserved for a time when the

Scott family was in desperate straits. Back then, his father once allowed Tommy to

stay overnight when it was raining. Thus, the young man then said that he owed the

Scott family a favor, and they could seek him out to call it in anytime.

The Scott family initially hoped to use it when they encountered a great crisis, but

Yoel was unwilling to accept defeat by not killing Jared that day. That aside, the

Scott family would also become the brunt of the joke. For that reason, he decided

to cash in the favor and ask Tommy to come over. Shortly after the call was made,

a flurry of thunderous footsteps was heard. Many people cast their gazes out the

window, only to be dumbfounded at once.

Men in black suits and holding machetes surrounded Glamor Hotel. There were

hundreds of them, and they all exuded a murderous aura. Stark despair weighed

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William down when he saw that sight. Crap! It looks like Mr. Chance can't escape

death today! Click! The door of the banquet hall was pushed open. Twenty over

burly men in suits who stood at 1.9 meters rushed in with chilly expressions on their faces. They stood in two rows with their heads held up high and chests puffed

out, forming straight lines.

"Welcome, Mr. Lewis!" the twenty men in suits greeted in unison, their voices so

resounding that the chandelier on the ceiling shook. "Whoa! What a grand spectacle!" "As expected of Mr. Lewis!" "Let's all keep our mouths shut lest we lose our lives..." The crowd whispered among themselves, but they all zipped their

mouths in no time. Everyone trained their gazes in the direction of the door. Soon

after, a middle-aged man of about fifty years dressed in a fitted suit and leather shoes strode in. The leather shoes were so shiny that they could reflect a person's

countenance.

That person was none other than the underground king of Horington and the head

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of the Templar Regiment, Tommy Lewis. "Mr. Lewis," Yoel greeted deferentially,

hastily moving forward. "I'm exceedingly busy. Who do you want to kill?" Tommy asked point-blank. Pointing at Jared, Yoel replied, "Him!" Tommy swept

his gaze over Jared, only to see that the man was dressed ordinarily and was a tad

thin. There's nothing special about him.

I wonder why Yoel wants to kill him. He then started toward Jared. William and

Josephine stood before Jared, and they both trembled as they stared at the approaching man. "Buzz off!" Tommy ordered with a frown when he saw them blocking his path. With those two words alone and the oppressive aura he exuded,

William and Josephine felt so suffocated that they could hardly breathe.

Upon seeing that, Jared placed his hands on their shoulders. "Step aside, Mr. and

Ms. Sullivan. I'll handle my matters by myself." He pushed them aside before taking a step forward, coming face to face with Tommy.

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"Don't kill him so quickly, Mr. Lewis. You've got to torture him slowly!" Leyton

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cried out when he saw that Tommy had arrived. "Are you teaching me what to do?" Tommy's brows knitted together, and he cut his gaze at the young man. With

that mere glance, Leyton was so terrified that he almost peed his pants. He hastily

backed away while exclaiming, "No, no! Of course not..." "How dare you speak to

Mr. Lewis in such a manner, you b*stard?"

Yoel stepped forward and slapped him hard across the face. Then, he flashed Tommy an apologetic smile and murmured, "My son didn't know any better, so

please don't take offense at him, Mr. Lewis!" "Let me tell you something, Yoel Scott. Indeed, I owe the Scott family a favor. However, I'm not a servant of your

family! I hope you understand that!" Tommy warned in an icy voice. "Yes, of course, I understand that!

You're an esteemed guest of the Scott family, Mr. Lewis! How could you possibly

be a servant?" Yoel was frightened to the point that he broke out in a cold sweat.

He shot his son a glare. Leyton had been hurting from his broken arm in the first

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place, so he presently hung his head low without daring to utter a single word after

the slap. Satisfied with Yoel's attitude, Tommy shifted his gaze back to Jared. "Mr.

Lewis, it was only a moment of rashness on Mr. Chance's part.

The bride was his girlfriend, but Leyton stole her, so he was a tad resentful," William explained with a cheery smile as he hurriedly moved forward. "Oh, I see!"

Tommy nodded, finally understanding why the seemingly ordinary man dared to

kick up a fuss at the Scott family's wedding. Ah, so it turns out that his girlfriend

was stolen from him! But in the next moment, something occurred to him. He abruptly froze and asked William, "What did you just call him?"

He's the richest man in Horington, so why would he address a young man in his

early twenties as "Mr.?" There must be a reason behind it! "Mr. Chance!" William

wore a baffled expression, but he soon realized what the man meant. Thus, he explained, "Mr. Chance saved my life, so I'm going to protect him today no matter

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what!" It was only then that Tommy fully understood the entire matter. In actual

fact, this was just a trivial matter, but it became a huge deal when the Sullivan family and Scott family started butting heads.

And that's why the Scott family called me here! "Look at what a massive commotion you two created out of this trifling matter! You're both influential figures in Horington, so you should have a care for your image! Since this kid made a scene during the wedding and injured the heir of the Scott family, he can't

be allowed off the hook easily. However, his offense doesn't warrant the death penalty. Just cut off one of his arms and have him apologize publicly for his mistake."

Even as he chastised both William and Yoel, neither of them dared utter a single

word of protest. In attaining his position as the underground king of Horington,

Tommy didn't just rely on his fists but also his brains. He could easily make Jared

disappear from the face of this world for this trivial matter, but that would offend

the Sullivan family in the process. While he wasn't afraid of them, it wasn't worth

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doing so after weighing the pros and cons.

Meanwhile, the Scott family merely wanted to keep their pride intact, so it would

appease them to have the man sever his arm and apologize publicly. Leyton would

also be able to vent his anger. With that, the Scott family gets to retain their dignity, and I don't offend the Sullivan family either. It's a win-win situation for

me! "What do you two think about my suggestion?" he questioned when he noticed that both William and Yoel were keeping mum.

He didn't bother asking the person in question, Jared, because the man was just a

chess piece in his eyes. As such, Jared had to do whatever was demanded of him.

"Whatever you say, Mr. Lewis." Neither William nor Yoel dared to have any objections. "Isn't this simple? Why must you make a huge fanfare out of things?

It's as though it's a matter of grave importance!" Tommy chuckled before turning

his gaze on Jared. "Kid, I'll let you off if you now cut off your arm and apologize

after having caused trouble during the wedding and injuring someone's son!

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Otherwise, I'm afraid that you won't be able to leave this place alive!"

Jared glanced at Leyton, who was looking all smug, waiting for him to sever his

arm and go over to apologize to him. "They don't deserve it," he murmured placidly.

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In an instant, everyone was stunned. After all, no one in Horington dared to go against Tommy's orders. But that day, the seemingly ordinary Jared wasn't showing him any respect at all. Tommy's expression turned chilly, and his eyes radiated murder. Off to the side, Leyton was close to bursting with laughter as he

inwardly crowed, Kill him! Finish him off! "Mr. Chance, h-hurry up and apologize

to Mr. Lewis!" Josephine hastily tugged at Jared's sleeve, feeling so apprehensive

that she was drenched in a cold sweat. "How dare you go against Mr. Lewis, kid?

You must have a death wish!" one of Tommy's lackeys roared as he swung his fist

at Jared. "Mr. Lewis, I apologize on behalf of Mr. Chance!" William descended into a panic when he saw that Tommy's lackey was about to make a move. However, he didn't dare order his men to act since his dozens of security guards

were no match for Tommy's several hundred lackeys, even if he were to risk his

life. The ending would be the same, but the Sullivan family would only be dragged

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into the mess.

Tommy said nothing, neither entertaining his apology nor ordering his lackey to

stop. That lackey of his was tall and burly and was almost a head taller than Jared.

Not only that, he was bulging with muscles. Therefore, Jared would probably be

crippled even if he didn't die from that single blow. Both Leyton and Sandy regarded Jared with a sneer. Warrick and Juliette likewise anticipated seeing his

pitiful state in a moment, waiting to see him make a fool of himself. That went doubly for the former since he was still hurting badly from the slap that sent him

flying earlier.

Therefore, he wanted to see Jared crippled. But just as the lackey's fist drew close

to Jared's face, Jared reached out and caught the gigantic fist. No matter how much

force the man exerted, he found that he simply couldn't move his hand. At that sight, everyone was bowled over. Even Tommy couldn't help taking a closer look

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at Jared. Alas, he felt as though he was on the verge of a heart attack when he truly

scrutinized the man.

He had obviously noticed the bronze-colored ring on Jared's finger as well as the

carved dragon on it. The Dragon Ring! That's the Dragon Ring! The person who

wears the Dragon Ring is the overlord of the Dragon Sect! He fell into a trance for

a moment. In the next second, he bellowed, "Get the hell away! Who asked you to

make a move?" After roaring at his lackey, he sent the man flying with a kick. "Please forgive my ignorance, Mr. Chance!"

Tommy hastily apologized to Jared. He had never expected the overlord of the Dragon Sect to grace the insignificant Horington with his presence when the Dragon Sect was the most mysterious organization in the entire world. With a mere

flick of its finger, the whole world would tremble. In fact, Tommy's Templar Regiment was under the command of the Dragon Sect. The Dragon Sect had a total

of thirteen regiments in the whole of Chanaea, and the Templar Regiment was only

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one of them.

However, when they weren't summoned, the regiments operated independently

without revealing their identities. For that reason, Tommy could only address Jared

as Mr. Chance right then. Seeing his sudden change of attitude toward Jared, everyone was bewildered. They had no idea what he was trying to do. Even Jared

himself was quite taken aback. "Do I not need to apologize anymore?" he questioned tentatively with his gaze fixated on Tommy.

"No, of course not! How would I dare ask that you apologize, Mr. Chance? Please

just say the word if you have any requests!" Stricken with terror, Tommy quickly

shook his head. No matter what, I wouldn't dare ask the overlord of the Dragon

Sect to apologize! "I said they won't be getting married if I attend the wedding,"

Jared commented placidly.

Nodding, Tommy turned and announced loudly, "The wedding today is canceled!

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Everyone can get lost now!" "Mr. Lewis..." Yoel gaped at him, nonplussed. If the wedding is called off, the Scott family will become the laughingstock of

Horington!

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A Warrior Undefeatable Novel Chapter 17

"Clear the place!" Tommy ignored Yoel altogether. Following his command, his

several hundred lackeys swarmed into the banquet hall. The guests were so terrified that they all sprinted out. Warrick and Juliette, who initially wanted to see

Jared's tragic end, were also kicked out without getting to see anything at all. Meanwhile, Yoel wore a downright grim expression right that moment.

Leyton, on

the other hand, glared at Jared with his face contorted into a mask of rage as though he wanted to kill him. Argh! How is the Scott family going to hold its head

up anymore after having been utterly humiliated today?

"Jared, even if Sandy can't get married today, don't dream that you'll be able to get back with her, you peasant! Someone like you will never find a wife!"

Melinda

screeched at Jared. She was close to bursting a blood vessel that he ruined the wedding after they had finally hooked up with the wealthy Scott family. "Do you

think you can stop me from marrying Leyton by doing this, Jared? Stop dreaming!

I've got nothing to do with you anymore, so stop harassing me!"

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Sandy shot daggers at Jared, her gaze devoid of all emotions save loathing. Hearing that, Jared sneered, "Was I the one who harassed you? As far as I remember, the two of you insisted that I attend your wedding. I already told you

that you wouldn't be getting married if I attended!" "How dare you?" Sandy was

so enraged that she gritted her teeth and glowered at him. "Don't bother about him

anymore, Sandy.

He's deliberately angering you and trying to get you to talk to him more. Look at

his dopey countenance! Adding to the fact that he's an ex-convict, he'll be a bachelor for the rest of his life!" Melinda cursed Jared even as she pulled Sandy

over to her. Right then, Josephine stepped forward and asked Jared solemnly, "If

you don't mind, Mr. Chance, can I be your girlfriend?" At that unexpected turn of

events, Jared was instantly rooted to the spot.

He never expected her to say such a thing in public when she was the heiress of the

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Sullivan family and would be the head of the Sullivan family in the future. Sandy

and Melinda's faces flushed bright red with fury when they heard Josephine's question. That was unmistakably a slap in the face to them, especially when the

latter had just declared that Jared would never be able to find a girlfriend when he

was a nobody. Sandy's hands balled into fists, and her face flamed hotly.

I just told him not to harass me anymore the second before, but in the blink of an

eye, the heiress of the Sullivan family confessed to him! Compared to her, I'm not

even worthy of note! "Please allow me to consider it for two days, Ms. Sullivan. I'm not quite ready yet." Jared flashed Josephine a grateful smile. He knew that she was only saying that to help him out and prove Sandy and her mother wrong.

Nonetheless, he was still exceedingly thankful that she would help him at the cost

of her reputation.

"I'll try my best and give my all to have you accept me, Mr. Chance." Josephine gave him a faint smile in return. Subsequently, the Scott family and Sandy's family

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left. When they were leaving, the look in Yoel's eyes was so vicious that it was as

though he wanted to kill Jared right then and there. From the look of things, he was

not going to give up his quest for revenge just yet. Even William and Josephine were asked to leave.

Right then, only Jared and the members of the Templar Regiment remained in the

relatively huge banquet hall. "So, what is it that you want? Just spit it out!" Jared

astutely surmised that Tommy definitely had some motive or other to have suddenly helped him clear the place out.

However, never had he expected Tommy to fall to his knees before him with a thud no sooner had he finished speaking. On the heels of that, all the several hundred members of the Templar Regiment did the same. Seeing that, Jared was

discombobulated even as he wondered whether the man had lost his mind.

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"Your servant, Tommy Lewis, the head of the Templar Regiment, is at your service, My Lord!" "At your service, My Lord!" the few hundred members of the

Templar Regiment echoed in unison. That gave Jared a great shock, for he wasn't

aware that he had such a status. "Uh... H-Have you gotten the wrong person? I'm

not your overlord!" He shook his head profusely. "The person wearing the Dragon

Ring is the overlord of the Dragon Sect.

There's no mistake about it!" Tommy asserted. At that remark, a fragment of memory flashed across Jared's mind. Back when I was in prison, Draco kept insisting that he was the overlord of the Dragon Sect. Later, he gave me a ring. It

looks like it's precisely because of the ring that Tommy claims that I'm the overlord of the Dragon Sect! "You mean it's because of this ring I'm wearing?" Jared inquired after slipping the ring off. "Yes.

That's the Dragon Ring of the Dragon Sect. According to the rules of the Dragon

Sect, whoever wears it is the overlord of the Dragon Sect!" Tommy explained, lifting his head and staring at the ring in the man's hand. Feeling a tad

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discomforted to see them all kneeling, Jared waved a hand. "Please get to your feet

first." "Thank you, My Lord!" Tommy and the members of the Templar Regiment

all stood up. "I'll be honest with you.

I'm really not your overlord, for someone gifted me this ring. You're truly gotten

the wrong person!" Jared clarified. "We only acknowledge the Dragon Ring, not

the person himself. Since you're in possession of the Dragon Ring, you're our overlord!" Tommy replied respectfully. Hearing that, Jared was speechless. It seems that Draco deliberately passed his position to me! "Are you all members of

the Dragon Sect?"

he queried. "Yes. The Dragon Sect has a total of thirteen regiments, and the Templar Regiment is just one of them. However, I'm not familiar with the members of the other regiments, and we seldom communicate. The only exception

is when we're summoned by our overlord. Otherwise, we can't simply reveal our

identities," Tommy explained. Words eluded Jared after he heard that. A single

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Templar Regiment can shake up the entire city of Horington with a single stomp of

its foot, so the Dragon Sect must be terrifyingly powerful if there are thirteen such

regiments!

"Other than the thirteen regiments in Chanaea, My Lord, we also have branches all

over the world. However, I don't know anything specific since my rank is too low." As Tommy's words fell, Jared's shock intensified. Whoa! They have branches all over the world? That's astounding! I really don't quite understand how a sloppy guy like Draco could actually be such a mighty figure! At that very

moment, he was anticipating the arrival of the 15th of July.

Perhaps I'll know more about the Dragon Sect at that time! After his momentary

shock, he waved a hand and ordered, "You may all be dismissed. I'll look for you

if I need anything." "Understood!" Tommy bowed slightly. He then left with his

men, but Jared remained motionless. His emotions were chaotic for a long time as

he was overwhelmed by the sudden identity bestowed upon him. Meanwhile,

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William and Josephine hadn't left Glamor Hotel but went to the manager's office

on the top floor. It was the Sullivan family's property, so they could go anywhere

they wanted.

"Were you serious when you said that to Mr. Chance just now, Josephine?" William questioned with his eyes glued on Josephine. "What are you referring to?"

In response, Josephine played dumb. "Drop that act! I know my daughter best.

Do

you think I'm unaware of your thoughts?" William retorted with a smirk.

"Dad, I

was just helping him out earlier. How could I possibly have fallen for him when

we've just gotten acquainted?"

Josephine rolled her eyes at him, but a blush stained her cheeks. "He's quite good.

He has above-average looks, and his medical skills are impressive. But I'm just not

sure how he fares in other aspects..." William had a good impression of Jared, but

medical skills alone weren't enough to be the son-in-law of the Sullivan family.

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After all, Josephine was his only daughter, so he would be handing the businesses

of the Sullivan family to her. As such, he had to find someone who could help her

manage the company.

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"Dad, stop overthinking!" Josephine turned away. In fact, Josephine's admiration

toward Jared had grown. Especially after she saw how he had protected her when

they encountered Tommy, she felt a sense of security with him around. Suddenly,

the hotel manager entered the office and reported, "Mr. Sullivan, Tommy had left

with his men. So did Mr. Chance." "I see. All right!" William nodded. Then he turned to Josephine and instructed, "Josephine, hurry up and gather up the medications needed by Mr. Chance. After that, arrange for someone to watch over

Mr. Chance stealthily.

I believe that the Scott family will not let this slide easily." "Got it!" Josephine nodded and proceeded to carry out the instructions. After Jared left Glamor Hotel,

he went back home. By then, it was already noontime. Mother should be expecting

me by now. Indeed, Jared saw that the dining table was already full of dishes when

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he arrived home. His parents were waiting for him to have a meal together. "Is that

you, Jared?"

Hannah asked when she heard the door open. "Mom, it's me!" Jared hurried toward her and held her hand. "Oh son, where have you been? Your dad had already prepared food. We've been waiting for you!" Although Hannah sounded as

though she was grumbling, her face was filled with joy. "Mom, I had to go out to

get some things settled," Jared explained. At that moment, Gary walked out of the

kitchen. Unlike three years ago, Gary seemed to have grown old fairly quickly. His hair was all white, and his face was full of wrinkles. "You're back!" Gary simply said. His eyes were filled with excitement when he saw Jared. However, he

tried his best to conceal his feelings. "Yeah." Jared nodded, with his eyes slightly

reddened. Being the breadwinner of our family, you used to be a civil servant who

everyone looked up to. Back then, you were an energetic and dashing man in a tux.

Unfortunately, the past three years must've been rough on you.

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"Let's eat before the food turns cold!" Gary said before he served Jared a plate of

pasta. Jared had a strict upbringing because Gary was an authoritative figure at

home. Hence, it had never been a norm for Gary to serve food in the household.

Besides, meals were always prepared for Gary instead of the other way around. Indeed, their way of life had changed dramatically. During lunch, neither Gary nor

Jared spoke a word.

Due to his upbringing, Jared had always been wary of his father. Hannah, on the

other hand, was rather chatty. With so many things in her mind since Jared was

locked away, Hannah gave him a long lecture. "Jared, now that you're back, you

should start looking for a job and a girlfriend. Although our family is not doing

well financially, I believe that things will get better once you and your dad hustle

for it. Your dad can make some money from sweeping the streets.

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Then, I'll get your Aunt Polly to find you a girlfriend. Once you're settled down

and have your own family, everything will be fine. In the meantime, don't go looking for Sandy anymore since she has already married into the Scott family. We

can't afford to cross them. Please don't repeat your mistake.

I don't think I'll be able to handle it if you go back to jail." In response, Jared just

kept nodding his way through. After lunch, Jared cleared the dining table and went

to wash up. Meanwhile, Gary was putting on his sanitation work uniform as it was

time for him to go to work. "Dad, now that I'm back, please don't go back to cleaning up the streets anymore. I'll take care of us." Jared then took out a set of

keys and said, "I have a friend who is willing to lend us a nice house.

How about we pack up our things and move in there?" Jared wanted to move his

parents to Dragon Bay because the house they were staying in was too run-down.

However, he didn't dare to come clean on how he had gotten the place. Instead, he

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just told them that he was borrowing it from a friend.
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As for the ten million, Jared still hadn't told his parents about it because he had no

idea how to explain where it came from. I can't possibly tell them that after three

years of imprisonment, not only did their son pick up some divine martial art, but

he also became the overlord of the Dragon Sect. They're going to think that I've

gone crazy! "Your friend's house? Where is it?" Hannah was curious. "It's at Dragon Bay!"

Jared said as calmly as he possibly could. "What?" Hannah and Gary both exclaimed in shock. Dragon Bay was the most luxurious area in Horington. It was

occupied only by the rich and famous. So expensive that even if Gary had not lost

his job, he could've never been able to afford to stay there in his lifetime. "What

friend of yours, exactly? Not only could he afford a house there, but he's also lending it to you?" Gary asked sternly. "Umm... You wouldn't know even if I told you!"

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Jared answered unconvincingly. "Hmph!" Gary scoffed and continued, "Do you think you can fool us? Firstly, how could you have made such a friend? Secondly,

there's no way someone would lend others a house at Dragon Bay. Have you not

learned anything else in prison other than bluffing? How about you just find a proper job and stop daydreaming?" Feeling unconvinced, Gary continued to put on

his work clothes, and he was about the leave for work. "Dad, how could you say

I'm bluffing if you haven't even seen the house yet? Why can't you just give me some credit?

Regardless of what you think, I'm determined to move us there today!" Jared yelled in annoyance. Throughout his life, Gary had never once given Jared the recognition he deserved. Even when Jared was once made a president of the student council in the university due to his exemplary academic results, Gary refused to acknowledge his achievement. It was just how Gary was, as a father. "All right, all right!" Hannah tried to calm Jared down.

"Gary, your son has just gotten back home. Why can't you be nicer toward him?"

After giving Gary an earful, Hannah turned toward Jared. "Jared, I believe you.

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Why don't you bring me to Dragon Bay for a spin? I've never been there!" "Okay,

Mom. I'll get us a taxi right away. In the meantime, please pack up our things!"

Jared then walked out. When he was walking past Gary, he whispered, "Dad, I'm

telling the truth. Follow me, and you'll see for yourself."

After some hesitation, Gary complied and packed up his things as well. Three of

them had finally arrived at Dragon Bay in a taxi. There were two intimidatinglooking security guards standing at the entrance. In fact, even being a security

guard at Dragon Bay was considered an incredible feat. There was no way one could get the job without some connections with respected individuals. When the

security guards saw the taxi approaching, one of them rushed up toward it. While blocking the entrance, he asked with a puzzled tone, "What are you doing

here?" Throughout his three years being a security guard at Dragon Bay, he had

never seen someone entering in a taxi. That was because all of the residents in the

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area were filthy rich. They all had their own cars and even personal drivers.

"I'm a resident here!" Jared said calmly after getting out of the car. "Resident?"

The security guard sized Jared up before casting a glance at his parents.

Feeling

unconvinced, the guard sneered, "I've seen so many people just like you! If you were hoping to take a tour around Dragon Bay, I suggest you turn around and leave." The guard had made it clear that he didn't believe Jared one bit. After seeing three of them in simple clothes, he was certain that none of them looked like

they could afford a house in Dragon Bay.

Due to the prestige of Dragon Bay, there were indeed a lot of commoners who would disguise themselves as residents just to go in and have a peek. Hence, the

security guard thought that Jared was no different.

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