

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 4836

Ararat was about to turn away, but right then, Jared launched a sudden sword strike.

The void around them shattered with the force, sword energy flying like a violent storm.

In a blink, Ararat vanished—already dodging every blade. When he reappeared, he looked at Jared with narrowed eyes. "A swordsman?"

Jared chuckled. "That's right. I'm an omnipotent cultivator—I can do anything!"

"I don't care what you are," Ararat said, a sword appearing in his hand. "Let's see how you handle my attack."

He launched a wave of slashes, so fast they blurred the air.

Jared's face tensed—he hadn't expected his opponent to also be a swordsman, much less one this skilled.

Boom!

He raised his blade, unleashing his own sword intent, powerful and vast. In a blink, the air filled with blades—an entire sea of swords.

Rosa, Isla, and Catalina wisely stayed far back.

Above the mountain, Jared and Ararat's swordplay exploded into a fierce storm of clashing blades and sword intent. Sword energies danced in every direction, the sheer speed making it impossible to track them with the naked eye.

Jared could feel it-his opponent's sword intent was razor-sharp, each strike meant to rend the heavens apart. He couldn't afford a single misstep.

He stayed focused, every motion of his blade building a glowing curtain to fend off Ararat's attacks.

"Your sword technique's solid," Ararat sneered, "but not enough."

With a flick of his sword, Ararat multiplied his attacks into a wild storm of sword shadows. It came down like a tidal wave.

Jared's brow furrowed. This guy was on another level. Still, he didn't retreat. He used the chaos to study Ararat's sword intents, looking for any weakness.

Then, in one breath, Jared's sword surged forward like lightning. It tore through the storm, aiming straight at Ararat's throat.

Surprise flashed in Ararat's eyes. He dodged cleanly, but Jared's speed had clearly caught him off guard. In an instant, Ararat countered with a precise strike. The force behind his blade roared like a dragon, rushing toward Jared's chest.

Jared could feel the danger-he didn't try to block it head-on. Instead, he flickered away, reappearing behind Ararat in a flash. His sword shot forward without hesitation.

But Ararat had already predicted the move. With a simple sidestep, he dodged and swung his sword back toward Jared's exposed side.

A chill ran through Jared's spine. He knew there was no time to dodge. He gritted his teeth and raised his sword. It expanded into a massive sword shadow and clashed with Ararat's blade.

Boom!

The collision of their sword intents sent a shockwave through the peak, the ground trembling from the force. Jared staggered back, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

But Ararat didn't let up. His sword strikes poured down like a storm, each one with enough force to rip the sky open.

Jared fought back with everything he had. His Dragonslayer Sword danced in the storm, carving arcs of silver light through the air. Each swing was a clash of metal, like war drums echoing across the mountain.

"Hmph. You've got some skill," Ararat muttered coldly.

With a flick of his wrist, his sword strikes multiplied again, the pressure intensifying.

Jared cursed under his breath. This guy was strong-and totally unpredictable. But something inside Jared burned brighter. That stubborn flame wouldn't go out.

He roared, "Nine Shadows!"

Pouring every bit of spiritual energy he had into his blade, Jared launched his signature sword technique-ready to take it all the way.

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As six shadow clones appeared at once, Jared, who had been fighting solo up until now, managed to surround Ararat completely.

The Dragonslayer Sword gleamed with a fierce light. Each strike came down with overwhelming force, as if it was hellbent on destroying everything in its way.

"Hmm..." Ararat frowned. Without warning, he stabbed his longsword into the ground.

"Unmovable!" he roared, and in the blink of an eye, countless swords rose up around him, encircling him in a deadly formation.

Though Ararat didn't move an inch, the floating swords around him attacked relentlessly, each one acting like an extension of his will.

Their swordplay collided in an intense storm of blades. Sword energy swept out in waves, and wherever it touched, mountain rock crumbled into dust. Deep trenches were carved into the ground, like the mountaintop had been ravaged by some giant, invisible force.

Amid the chaos, Jared slipped into an odd state of mind. His thoughts cleared, his focus narrowed. Every move Ararat made, every time he drew his blade-it all slowed down, each detail unfolding with perfect clarity.

Jared began to pick up on the deeper structure behind Ararat's sword techniques. What once looked complicated was now clean and logical in his mind.

"So that's it... the weak point's right there," he muttered to himself.

In a flash, his six shadow clones merged into one. At the same time, the arc of his Dragonslayer Sword shifted. He wasn't focused solely on defending or launching power strikes anymore. Instead of taking Ararat head-on, Jared started sidestepping, slipping through openings, and targeting vulnerabilities.

Ararat noticed the change immediately, his expression flickering with interest. "Not bad," he said. "You're actually picking things up mid-fight. But do you think that's enough to beat me?"

His aura flared as he moved. Ararat's swordplay evolved in an instant. What had been a barrage of endless swords now refined itself into something far deadlier.

Each strike felt like it could rip the world apart. Even the space around them seemed to bend wherever his sword passed.

"Meteorite Sword Domain!" he called out.

As the words left his mouth, the ground surged with sword energy. It looked like a silver river had flipped upside down and was falling from the heavens.

These weren't just regular sword energies, each one bearing the crushing force of the stars.

Jared felt like his legs were sinking into quicksand. His meridians throbbed under the immense pressure. Quickly, he plunged his sword into the ground and began to chant the Focus Technique. Surprisingly, the meteorite sword energy within a thirty-foot radius around him vanished, absorbed completely.

Ararat's eyes narrowed. The sudden vacuum in his sword domain threw him off for a split second.

"You can actually absorb sword energy?" he said, startled.

His stance changed again. The longsword in his hand danced through the air, splitting its glow into a Circle of Duality. One side flared bright like the sun, the other glimmered cold and pale like the moon.

Boom!

The moment the two sword energies clashed, a brilliant burst exploded outward. Jared's sword collided with Ararat's, ripping three dark gashes into the void itself.

Jared's grip nearly gave out. The sword almost slipped from his hands. Cracks ran across his body like a shattered mirror, blood pouring from each one. He stared at Ararat, stunned.

This is the strength of a second level guardian? How did Octavion and his team make it all the way to the fourth level?

"Jared, are you all right?" Catalina called out, her voice full of worry.

Rosa and Isla were just as shocked.

"Rosa, when we fought him, he wasn't this strong, was he?" Isla asked, confused.

"No way. Is he purposely targeting Mr. Chance?" Rosa looked just as suspicious. If Ararat had fought them like this from the start, they would've lost in a heartbeat.

Chapter 4838

"Are you targeting me?" Jared asked Ararat directly.

"What makes you say that?" Ararat raised an eyebrow.

"Come on! At your level, no one's getting past the second floor. There's no way to clear this trial!" Jared snapped, visibly angry.

"You've got real skill, yet you hide it and pretend you're just an Ultimate Realm Level Three cultivator. You can deceive others, but I can't push back?" Ararat chuckled.

"I am an Ultimate Realm Level Three cultivator. When did I ever lie to you?" Jared shouted, his fury boiling over.

"Impossible. No one at Ultimate Realm Level Three has that kind of power!" Ararat refused to believe it.

"Check for yourself. I won't move. Go on, see what level I've reached." Jared threw his arms wide, daring Ararat to confirm it.

Without hesitation, Ararat sent out a wave of spiritual sense to probe Jared's body. "Huh? You really are at level three. That's... insane."

He was clearly stunned.

"I've been beaten to a pulp over nothing..." Jared said, exasperated.

"My bad. I'll give you the clearance imprint right now so you can move on."
Ararat offered a sheepish smile.

"I don't need the imprint. Just tell me your name," Jared said, wiping blood from his lips.

"Ararat Goizeder," the man replied with a polite nod. "You're strong for your age. I'm guessing you've got a solid background. What's your name?"

"Jared Chance," he said. "Tell me something. Did you choose to be a guardian, or were you forced into it?"

He already knew the truth-Kishor had explained that all these so-called guardians were actually prisoners.

"You think I'd volunteer for this dump?" Ararat scoffed. "I got locked up here. In fact, I let most cultivators pass this level. Makes life easier for me."

"You don't seem like a bad guy," Jared said. "But why were you imprisoned?"

"Can't say," Ararat replied, shaking his head over and over.

"If I could get you out, what would you offer in return?" Jared asked casually, hinting at a bigger plan but avoiding direct words.

"Enough with the nonsense. I've got the prisoner imprint. I can't leave unless someone lifts it. I'll give you the imprint. You should go now," Ararat shot back, clearly not buying Jared's claim.

"Ararat, Mr. Chance isn't joking," a voice interrupted.

Kishor stepped into view. Ararat stared in disbelief. "Kishor? You're here? Weren't you imprisoned too?"

"I was stuck on the first floor. Never thought you'd be guarding the second."
Kishor laughed.

"You two know each other?" Jared asked, surprised.

Kishor grinned. "I wasn't the only one who peeked at the golder immortal's daughter while she was bathing... He did it too."

Jared's jaw dropped. He looked at Ararat in disbelief. Robes, longsword, scholarly aura-how could this guy be involved in something like that?

"Shut up..." Ararat glared at Kishor.

And suddenly, Jared understood why Ararat had refused to say why he'd been imprisoned he was too embarrassed.

"Ararat, Mr. Chance can break the prisoner imprint. You just need to swear loyalty to him for three hundred years," Kishor said.

"Really?" Ararat turned to Jared, stunned.

Jared gave a calm nod. "That's right."

"Do you really think you can survive the Heavenly Punishment for lifting a prisoner imprint?" Ararat asked, eyes wide. "You'd be going up against the power of law of a golder immortal!"

Jared didn't answer right away. But as he looked at Ararat, he realized this man was far more sincere than Kishor, who'd almost gotten him killed by withholding information.

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"The power of law of a mere golder immortal? Not even worth mentioning."
Jared spoke with an air of indifference.

Ararat stared at him, eyes filled with shock. "You're not just bragging, are you?"

A cultivator at Ultimate Realm Level Three, dismissing the power of law of a golder immortal as insignificant? If that wasn't boasting, then what was?

"Ararat, what are you saying? Do you really think Mr. Chance needs to brag? Mr. Chance didn't even need to lift a finger against the golder immortal's power of law. His pet alone was enough to crush it!" Kishor declared.

"Is that true?" Ararat furrowed his brows. It was almost impossible to believe.

Jared didn't waste time proving himself. He immediately began breaking the prisoner imprint for Ararat.

"Listen, kid," Vermilion Demon Lord warned, "my Celestial Devourer doesn't just show up whenever you want it to. If the Heavenly Punishment strikes and my Celestial Devourer doesn't come, can you handle it on your own?"

Hearing that, Jared hesitated for a moment.

"Mr. Chance," Kishor said, "Ararat doesn't believe you. Show him."

"I still don't buy it," Ararat admitted.

"Then watch closely." Jared pressed his palm to the ground. A grand prisoner imprint emerged, its patterns glowing in crimson, infused with Ararat's blood.

Using the same method as before, Jared successfully removed the prisoner imprint from Ararat's body.

Ararat immediately felt a surge of energy disappear from within him. When he reached inward with his consciousness, sure enough, the prisoner imprint was gone.

"It's gone... It's really gone... I'm free!"

Ararat jumped in excitement, as carefree as a child.

He had once believed he'd be trapped in this place forever, but now-against all odds—he had escaped. For him, this was an unimaginable fortune.

"Mr. Chance, I can't thank you enough." With deep respect, Ararat bowed to Jared.

"There's no need for formalities," Jared said. "I granted you freedom, and in return, you serve me for three hundred years. Fair trade, don't you think?"

Ararat shook his head. "Even if I serve you for three hundred years, I'll still owe you my life. You could say you're like a second father to me."

Jared waved it off. "You're being too kind." Then he asked, "Like Kishor, were your abilities sealed as well?"

"Yes. My current strength is only a third of what it once was. If I were at my peak, even with your talent, you wouldn't have lasted a single blow from my sword."

Hearing that, Jared was thrilled. These were top-tier immortals. Once Ararat regained his full strength, Jared would have another powerful ally. Even in the celestial realm, he wouldn't have to bow to anyone.

He couldn't always rely on Arthur. He needed to build his own forces.

Even though Jared hadn't ascended to celestial realm yet, he had already gathered a strong network of allies-the great demon lords, Infinides, Divinus, Hellion, along with Kishor and now Ararat.

All of them were from the celestial realm. Once the Heaven and Earth Array disappeared, they would return to the celestial realms.

The more Jared thought about it, the more excited he became.

But at that moment, the ground trembled, and a terrifying force descended from the sky.

"Mr. Chance, be careful! Heavenly Punishment is coming!" Ararat shouted. Everyone instinctively backed away. The golder immortal's power of law-none of them dared to face it directly.

Seeing the situation, Jared activated his Golem Body, a barrier of spiritual energy forming around him. In his mind, he frantically chanted, Come on, Celestial Devourer, show up! Now would be a great time!

But the more anxious he became, the more the Celestial Devourer remained silent. As the full force of the power of law bore down on him, Jared clenched his teeth and braced himself.

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Boom!

The power of law struck. But still, the Celestial Devourer never appeared. The impact triggered an earth-shattering explosion, reducing the mountain to rubble. Jared's figure vanished entirely. A massive crater, nearly a hundred meters deep, had formed where he had stood.

"Jared!" Catalina cried out in panic, about to rush forward.

But Rosa and Isla grabbed her arms, holding her back. "Don't!" Rosa warned. "At your level, you won't even make it halfway before you're turned to ash!"

Kishor and Ararat stood frozen in shock.

"Uh..." Ararat glanced at Kishor.

"What just happened?" Kishor muttered in disbelief.

"You said he wasn't bragging, so how did this happen?" Ararat asked.

"I-I don't know! Something's not right!" Kishor scratched his head.

"Should we go take a look?" Ararat asked.

"The power of law hasn't faded yet. You think you'd survive?"

"No way!"

"I wouldn't either..."

"Then we wait."

Just as they were debating, a deep roar, like a dragon's call, echoed from the pit. A burst of golden light shot into the sky. Then, slowly rising from the depths of the crater, was an enormous golden bell, glowing with an ethereal light.

Wrapped around it, an enormous dragon coiled, its presence overwhelming. And beneath that golden bell, Jared stood completely unharmed.

"What kind of magical item is that?" Kishor gasped.

"A relic capable of withstanding the power of law. That thing is no ordinary divine item," Ararat muttered, eyes wide in disbelief.

Buzz!

The Dragon Bell let out a deep hum, and in an instant, the power of law dissipated. Jared landed gently, the bell vanishing at the same time.

"Mr. Chance, are you all right?" Kishor and Ararat rushed forward.

Jared scoffed, keeping his expression calm. "Hmph, the golder immortal's power of law? Nothing to worry about."

"But no one noticed the slight tremble in his legs.

If he hadn't pulled out the Dragon Bell at the last second, he'd be dead right now."

"Mr. Chance, I misjudged you," Ararat admitted. "If you truly have divine items like that, then I wouldn't stand a chance against you in a fight."

Jared smirked. "I have plenty of these in my Storage Ring. Nothing special."

Ararat said nothing. At this point, he didn't dare to question Jared anymore.

Jared casually pulled out an item pouch and tossed it to Ararat. "Here, take these celestial crystals. Use them to recover. It won't bring you back to full strength, but at least your power won't decline any further."

Ararat hesitated before accepting the pouch. "Mr. Chance, you've done so much for me... I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"You'll have plenty of chances. I've made enemies with Celestial Palace, so you'll have to help me out in the future," Jared said.

Ararat's expression changed. "Celestial Palace? You mean that arrogant sect that acts like they're celestials?"

"That's the one. You've heard of them?"

"Of course. Back in the celestial realm, they were insufferable. No one really liked them."

Jared's eyes narrowed. "Have you fought anyone from Celestial Palace before?"

"I have. I dueled one of their overlords and lost."

Jared's breath caught. "Which one?"

At his peak, Ararat was absolutely formidable. It was surprising that he'd lost to an overlord of the Celestial Palace.

"It was the third overlord," Ararat said.

"That's a relief then..." Jared sighed.

Following the third overlord, there were still the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth overlords. For now, it didn't seem like he was in any immediate danger.

After all, the Celestial Palace wouldn't send the third overlord at once just to deal with me!