

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 4841

"Rest assured, Mr. Chance," Ararat vowed. "Since I've already agreed to serve you for three hundred years, I'll protect you with my life during that time, no matter who comes after you!"

Jared glanced at Ararat, his eyes filled with gratitude. He nodded in acknowledgment.

"Me too." Seeing this, Kishor quickly added, "Don't worry. As long as I'm here, no one's taking your life. And if someone too powerful comes after us, trust me— there are others who'll step in to handle them."

Jared smirked. "There's more behind me than just the two of you."

"Jared, let's get out of here," Catalina urged, an uneasy feeling creeping up on her. "This place gives me the creeps."

She had been terrified the moment she saw the Heavenly Punishment.

Jared nodded, and in a flash, they all left the second level of the Celestial Stairway, returning to the Ethereal Realm.

When Corrado and Infinides saw them reappear, their eyes widened in shock.

That was fast. Not only had Jared reached the second level so quickly, but now he had a swordsman standing at his side.

At the same time, many Ethereal Realm cultivators also appeared. Among them were Skylar and Josephine, who had been transported out along with the others.

The glowing portal to the second level of the Celestial Stairway slowly faded, signifying that the guardian of that level was gone.

Skylar looked at Jared, his gaze lingering on the swordsman beside him. He couldn't hide his disbelief.

"Josephine, let's head to the third level." Without another word, Skylar led Josephine forward.

After expressing their gratitude to Jared, the other cultivators also hurried toward the third level.

"Mr. Goizeder?" Infinides stared at Ararat, clearly taken aback.

So, they knew each other.

"Abbot Infinides?" Ararat looked equally surprised. "I never expected you to be trapped in the Ethereal Realm. No wonder I haven't seen you in years."

"How did you end up inside the Celestial Stairway?" Infinides asked, still confused.

Ararat sighed. "Made a small mistake. Got hit with a prisoner imprint and ended up locked in there."

"What kind of mistake?" Infinides was curious.

"Uh..." Ararat hesitated. It was embarrassing to admit he'd been caught peeping at a woman while she bathed.

Jared quickly stepped in to smooth things over. "Abbot Infinides, let's not get into the details. Let's head back to our base first, take a breather, and then I'll tackle the third level."

"Mr. Chance, the guardian of the third level is bound to be incredibly strong," Ararat cautioned. "Your abilities are impressive, but this next level won't be

easy. I suggest you take some time to rest and cultivate before pushing forward."

"I can help you sharpen your sword intent in the meantime," he offered.

"I'll help enhance your physical body!" Kishor chimed in.

Jared nodded. "Good idea. The Celestial Stairway will stay open for three months there's no rush."

After back-to-back battles, he had drained a significant amount of energy. He needed time to recover.

The group returned to Doveston, only to find that many of the cultivators had vanished. Most of them had already set off for the Celestial Stairway.

Jared, however, focused on recuperating. At the same time, he trained with Ararat, refining his sword intent.

He also sparred with Kishor, forging his physical body through direct combat.

Up on the hill behind Doveston, the sea of clouds churned like boiling water. Before Ararat even drew his sword, the ancient pine tree at the cliff's edge began shedding its green needles as if it could sense the imminent clash.

Jared stood with his eyes closed, his hidden blade humming softly in his sleeve. It was as if he could see the galaxy itself reflected along the spine of his sword.

"Watch closely!" Ararat raised his sword and slashed. A dazzling sword light sliced through the mist. But just as it neared Jared's forehead, it scattered into thousands of luminous butterflies.

Jared took a deep breath, his heart steady. He traced an invisible circle with his sword, gathering the scattered sword energy into a single path. Wherever his blade pointed, the sea of clouds surged and coiled, forming nine white dragons that roared as they soared into the sky.

Kishor's veins bulged along his arms as he clenched his iron-hard fists and sent them crashing down. "Take this punch, Mr. Chance!"

The sheer force of the strike sent shards of stone flying, carried by the howling wind, slamming into Jared's chest. Yet, instead of faltering, he used the momentum to pivot, his body radiating a faint golden glow.

Blow after blow, the two warriors clashed in a relentless storm of fists and kicks, shaking the very foundations of the mountain. Their battle sent a flock of birds into panicked flight, darkening the sky like an omen of destruction.

"Physical form, solid as a cauldron. Spirit, burning like a flame." Amidst his wild laughter, Kishor abruptly reined in his power. Jared felt as though his organs had been tempered in fire. He exhaled sharply, and to his astonishment, his breath solidified into a swirling vortex of ethereal energy.

Against all odds, Jared was holding his ground, facing both Ararat and Kishor at once. From the sidelines, Corrado and Infinides watched in stunned horror.

Through relentless fervor and grueling training under Ararat and Kishor, Jared's abilities had ascended at an astonishing rate.

Truth be told, despite their initial agreement to bind Jared to servitude for three hundred years, both Ararat and Kishor had grown to admire him. Over time, they recognized his exceptional talent-an anomaly seen perhaps once in ten

thousand years.

More than that, Jared had shattered their assumptions. He wasn't some privileged scion relying on birthright; his strength had been forged through

sheer determination. Time and again, he was beaten to a pulp, but never once did he

waver.

Rumble...

As Ararat and Kishor continued refining Jared's abilities, the world around them suddenly shifted. Dark clouds gathered overhead, churning ominously, their oppressive weight thickening the air.

The sight left both men utterly stunned.

"That... that's a lightning tribulation cloud?" Ararat's voice wavered with shock as his gaze locked onto the roiling sky.

"Who's making a breakthrough?" Kishor's eyes darted to Jared, who stood firm, sword in hand. His disbelief deepened. "Don't tell me... it's Mr. Chance?"

"This tribulation cloud is terrifying," Ararat muttered, his brow furrowed. "It couldn't possibly be him. He's only at Ultimate Realm Level Three-how could he summon something of this magnitude?"

"You two should step back if you don't want to get caught in it," Infinides warned. "That cloud is indeed triggered by Jared's tribulation."

"It's really his?" Ararat gasped. "Can he even withstand such a terrifying lightning tribulation?"

Kishor, however, quickly shook off his hesitation. "Have you forgotten? Mr. Chance has even endured the golder immortal's power of law. If anyone can survive this, it's him. We'd best keep our distance."

With that, he grabbed Ararat by the arm and pulled him back.

Against the backdrop of the lightning tribulation cloud, streaks of lightning crackled and writhed within the turbulent sky.

Boom!

Then, without warning, a bolt of lightning tore through the heavens with a deafening crash, striking Jared directly.

Yet, he didn't flinch. He didn't resist.

And just like that, the lightning tribulation ended. Smoke curled faintly from his body, carrying the scent of singed flesh, but astonishingly, he remained unscathed -untouched by what should have been a devastating force.

Jared's ability to withstand the tribulation with nothing but his bare body was no mere coincidence-it was related to Kishor and Ararat.

After all, both Kishor and Ararat were immortals of the celestial realm.

Jared had now ascended to Ultimate Realm Level Four, yet the true extent of his power remained a mystery.

Even after his breakthrough, he stood motionless for a long time, his eyes half- closed, as if attuning himself to something beyond mortal perception.

"What is Mr. Chance doing?" Kishor frowned in confusion.

Ararat, however, sensed something deeper. "He's gained insight from this breakthrough. Don't disturb him."

Under the breathless gaze of those around him, Jared's aura became increasingly elusive-its presence dissolving into the vast currents of the universe, as though he had begun to harmonize with an unseen, primordial rhythm.

After a moment, Jared slowly opened his eyes. A glimmer of profound wisdom flickered within them, as if he had glimpsed the very fabric of the universe itself. In a deep, measured voice, he spoke. "I have seen the laws of nature... their complexity far beyond imagination."

With those words, he reached out and picked up the third documentation device from the set of four.

The device was cool and smooth against his fingertips, its inscriptions shimmering faintly, as if pulsing in resonance with the power of law he had just grasped.

Jared took a slow, steady breath before extending his spiritual sense into the device.

At that instant, it erupted with a blinding brilliance. An overwhelming, ancient aura surged forth like a tidal wave, rippling through the air with an undeniable force.

Chapter 4843 The Third Documentation Device

The entire Ethereal Realm shuddered in response.

The once clear sky darkened in an instant, ink-black clouds coiling like serpents, devouring the last traces of light.

The mountains groaned, rivers swelled, and the earth itself split apart. Jagged fissures tore through the land, gaping like the fanged maw of some monstrous beast, stretching in all directions.

Then came the wind—a violent, howling force that swept through the land, tearing up sand and foliage, shrieking like a chorus of restless spirits.

Panic seized the creatures of the forest. Birds took to the sky in frantic swarms, beasts bolted through the undergrowth, all fleeing as if from an impending apocalypse.

"What... What's happening?" Kishor's eyes widened in shock as he watched the earth-shattering changes unfold before him. His voice trembled involuntarily, unable to mask his unease.

Ararat's brow furrowed, his gaze locked onto the documentation device in Jared's hand. His voice was grave. "It has to be that device. It's the source of this disturbance... There's a secret hidden within it."

Infinides stroked his beard, a flicker of concern flashing in his eyes. His tone was low, almost as if speaking to himself. "Such immense fluctuations... I fear they signal the emergence of the Heaven and Earth Array. Jared is triggering it. Once it fully reveals itself, we'll finally be able to decipher its mechanism—and then, at long last, we can return to the celestial realm."

The moment his words sank in, both Kishor and Ararat stiffened. A thrill of excitement shot through them.

They had longed for nothing more than to return home. And now, that possibility was finally within reach.

At that moment, Jared was completely absorbed in the world within the documentation device.

In the vast expanse of his consciousness, ancient and enigmatic visions flickered like lanterns in the night. He bore witness to the birth of mountains and rivers, their endless transformations over time. He saw the celestial bodies tracing their eternal orbits, the stars waltzing through the cosmos. He glimpsed the rise and fall of countless beings, caught in the unending cycle of life, death, and rebirth.

Woven throughout these visions were nearly imperceptible threads—delicate yet indomitable. They intertwined like the veins of existence itself, the very fabric of laws of nature made manifest.

As Jared delved deeper, his awareness expanded. He no longer felt like a mere observer. His consciousness stretched, dissolving into the Ethereal Realm itself.

He could sense everything. The silent breath of the land beneath him. The soft, whispering caress of the wind. The pulse of life in every creature, their joys, their fears—each emotion resonating like a distant echo in his soul.

And deep within this vast, interconnected world, something ancient and immense stirred from slumber. The power of the Heaven and Earth Array was awakening.

"It's almost time... The Heaven and Earth Array is about to reveal itself." Jared recited the words in his mind, his forehead slick with sweat-though he was too focused to notice.

He pushed his spiritual sense to its absolute limits, straining to establish a deeper connection with the array before it fully materialized.

Only by doing so could they shatter it swiftly and effortlessly when the moment arrived.

Meanwhile, at the Fire Incineration Sect, deep within a hidden chamber, Rudy sat in silent meditation. Suddenly, he sensed the powerful disturbances emanating from the Ethereal Realm. His expression darkened, his brows knitting together.

"It seems the Heaven and Earth Array is finally surfacing..." he muttered under his breath.

Standing before him, an elderly man with a long white beard narrowed his eyes. His voice was deep, laced with solemnity. "Elder Rudy, the array has begun to manifest-but whether this is a blessing or a curse remains to be seen. Someone is trying to break it."

This man was none other than Seoirse Wrobel, leader of the Fire Incineration Sect and father of Wallace and Winifred. He was not in seclusion due to an injury. Instead, he had simply been healing Rudy.

"Every coin has two sides. Everything in this world carries both light and shadow. If the Heaven and Earth Array is broken, it may not be a disaster for us-it might even work in our favor." As Rudy finished speaking, his gaze shifted toward the bronze coffin resting in the distance.

Seoirse asked in confusion, "Elder Rudy... who exactly is inside that bronze coffin? And why do you continue to channel spiritual energy into it every day?"

The moment the words left his mouth, the temperature in the room seemed to drop. Rudy's expression turned ice-cold, his eyes sharp as a blade. "How many times have I warned you? There are things you shouldn't ask. Things you shouldn't know. Some knowledge brings nothing but ruin."

A shiver ran down Seoirse's spine. He quickly bowed his head. "Forgive me, Elder Rudy. I won't ask again."

Rudy's piercing gaze lingered on him for a moment before shifting back to the bronze coffin. His eyes darkened with contemplation. "I wonder... when the Heaven and Earth Array shatters-will he fiChapter 4844 Becoming One With The Sword

Deep within a cave in the Ethereal Realm, Hellion's eyes lit up with excitement as he observed the sudden shift in the world outside. "Divinus, you truly are wise! The Heaven and Earth Array is finally revealing itself. Once we break it, we'll be free!"

Divinus smirked, crossing his arms. "Naturally. I've always been the wiser one between us."

Hellion rolled his eyes. "Yeah, right. He came to this on his own-it had nothing to do with you. Now, let's get back to our chess game. That half-baked formation you taught him? When the Heaven and Earth Array fully manifests, it might not be enough. He'll probably need my guidance to break it."

Divinus shot him a withering glare. "Oh, please. Your skills are worse than mine, and you have the audacity to act superior?"

Hellion scoffed. "Nonsense. Just because you're my senior doesn't mean you get to talk down to me! If you've got a problem with it, let's settle this right now."

Divinus smirked and tossed his chess piece aside. "Fine by me. Do your worst."

"Gladly!"

And just like that, the two launched into yet another brawl-one of countless clashes that had played out between them before.

They only stopped when exhaustion finally caught up with them.

In Doveston, within the Land of Finale, Jared had been training under Ararat and Kishor for a full month.

Despite advancing to Ultimate Realm Level Four during this time, he remained vigilant, never allowing complacency to take root.

At the start, his training had been brutal-Ararat and Kishor routinely left him battered and bruised. But now, the tides had shifted. He could not only endure their onslaught but also hold his own against them with ease.

Meanwhile, over the past month, numerous cultivators who had entered the Celestial Stairway began emerging one after another.

Orion, Fraser, and the others had all returned-save for Octavion, who was likely still on the fourth level.

For many, the Celestial Stairway wasn't about reaching the celestial realm by conquering all nine levels. Instead, they sought treasures, knowledge, and battle experience.

After all, ascending all nine levels was no small feat.

Among those who reappeared was Stefan, his excitement evident. From the look on his face, it was clear he had gained something significant from his journey within the stairway.

"Huh? This kid advanced an entire level in just one month?" When Stefan arrived in Doveston, he was stunned to discover that Jared had already progressed from Ultimate Realm Level Three to Level Four. What shocked him even more was that Jared didn't seem to have stayed within the Celestial Stairway's realm to achieve it.

"Mr. Montes, the sisters from the Fire Incineration Sect aren't in Doveston right now. They're probably still inside the Celestial Stairway," Red Ghost whispered. "This is the perfect time to deal with Jared."

"Indeed... now is the right moment." Toben stepped forward, his voice laced with murderous intent.

At this point, his hatred for Jared had reached a boiling point he was determined to see him dead, no matter what.

"Mr. Montes, if we join forces, taking down Jared will be effortless!" Colby chimed in eagerly. Their grudges against Jared ran deep, and they couldn't wait to eliminate him.

Stefan nodded slightly, then turned his gaze toward the group of black-robed cultivators standing behind him. His expression was calm, but his voice carried weight. "Rostam, you eight should go and pay Jared a visit. You're all swordsmen after all."

The leader of the eight black-clad cultivators gave a slight nod. "Understood." With swift, fluid movements, they shed their black robes, revealing tight-fitting combat attire beneath. Each of them carried a sword case strapped to their back, their identities as swordsmen unmistakable.

"The Eight Swordsmen of Demoniac Mountain?" Colby and Toben's eyes widened in shock. They had never expected to see this legendary group-thought to have vanished long ago-standing before them in the Four Hell Palace.

Before they could fully process the revelation, the eight figures disappeared in an instant. A heartbeat later, the sky was filled with eight streaks of searing sword energy, each radiating an overwhelming, lethal force. They had become one with their blades.

Meanwhile, in the midst of training, Jared frowned. Sensing the abrupt disturbance, he lifted his gaze, his expression turning grave.

The energy surging through the air was anything but ordinary. It carried the unmistakable weight of immense power-one that rivaled or even surpassed Immortal Realm Level Four. A formidable battle was imminent.

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Chapter 4845 Do You Think I Am Dead Weight

As the eight streaks of sword energy descended before Jared, they coalesced into human forms—eight cultivators, each with a sword case strapped to their back. Jared's frown deepened.

"The Eight Swordsmen of Demonia Mountain?" Fraser's expression darkened as recognition struck him.

"You know them?" Jared asked, his gaze never leaving the swordsmen.

"Of course. Years ago, the Eight Swordsmen of Demonica Mountain were infamous -formidable warriors, but unfortunately, they were Demonic Cultivators. Rumor had it they were hunted down and ultimately slain by a powerful expert. I can't believe they're still alive... and judging by their aura, they've only grown stronger!" Fraser said, his voice laced with disbelief.

Jared took a step forward, asking, "Gentlemen, we have no enmity between us. What brings you here?"

The leader of the group, Rostam, stepped forward, his eyes cold and unreadable. "We are from Four Hell Palace. Mr. Montes has ordered your death."

Fraser's eyes widened in shock. "The Eight Swordsmen-renowned for their tough characters-serving under Four Hell Palace? Aren't swordsmen supposed to never bow to anyone?"

Jared was momentarily stunned. He hadn't expected the eight black-clad cultivators trailing behind Stefan to be the legendary Eight Swordsmen of Demonica Mountain.

He had to admit-Four Hell Palace was indeed formidable, especially Stefan. Commanding the loyalty of such powerful individuals was no small feat.

Turning to Fraser, Jared asked, "Can you handle these eight?"

Fraser blinked in surprise before narrowing his eyes at Jared. "If you think I'm dead weight, just say it outright. No need to go about it this way."

Jared chuckled. "That's not what I meant."

"Oh? Then what did you mean? Because it sure sounds like you're trying to get rid of me. Maybe you want me out of the way so you can claim more of Twilight Imperial City's assets?" Fraser shot him a glare.

Jared was speechless. Even if Fraser lived, Twilight Imperial City would still belong to him.

Before Jared could respond, Orion and the others stepped forward. "Mr. Chance, what about us?" Orion asked.

Jared glanced at them, thoughtful. Although Orion and his companions had also reached the Immortal Realm, their strength was still a notch below that of the swordsmen.

Jared's gaze shifted toward Ararat and Kishor.

"Mr. Chance, it's eight against one. This won't be an easy fight," Ararat said honestly.

Their strength hadn't fully recovered. Here, in the Land of Finale, they relied on the celestial crystals Jared provided just to keep their power from waning. Even their daily sparring sessions with Jared drained a significant amount of resources.

"What about you two?" Jared asked.

Kishor nodded. "Let's give it a shot."

Just as Jared was about to assign Ararat and Kishor to handle the swordsmen, Rostam suddenly stepped forward. "Jared, as swordsmen, we don't believe in overwhelming the weak with numbers. How about a one-on-one duel between you and me?"

Jared arched a brow. "You and me?"

Rostam nodded. "Yes, a sword duel."

Jared chuckled. "Fine, but don't come crying when you lose."

"You'll be the one crying," Rostam shot back. The moment he finished speaking, he leapt into the air.

A smirk tugged at the corners of Jared's lips as he rose effortlessly into the air.

"Mr. Chance, this guy looks like the perfect test for your sword intent. Let's see if all that training paid off," Ararat remarked.

Jared gave a slight nod. "Yeah."

Not far away, Stefan watched as Jared and Rostam slowly ascended into mid-air. A faint smile played on his lips. "This Jared is quite something... He's got two more experts with him," he mused.

Unbeknownst to him, Kishor and Ararat were guardians of the Celestial Stairway Dimension.

Red Ghost, standing beside him, narrowed his eyes. "Mr. Montes, I have a feeling Rostam might not be his match. Do you want me to step in?"

Stefan waved a hand dismissively. "Let's watch a little longer."

Red Ghost simply nodded.

Meanwhile, suspended mid-air, Rostam slowly drew his sword from its scabbard. The instant the blade was unsheathed, an icy brilliance surged forth, freezing the very air around him. A sharp sizzling echoed through the space, as though the cold itself was searing into reality.