

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

## Chapter 4846 Rostam Is Defeated

The sword in Rostam's grasp was etched with flowing runes, pulsing with an ancient power. A faint dragon's roar emanated from its blade, a clear sign of its divine nature.

Yet, to his surprise, Jared did not unsheathe his famed Dragonslayer Sword. Instead, he simply closed his eyes, his aura steadily condensing around him. In the palm of his hand, a faint white glow began to take shape—subtle at first, but growing sharper by the second.

Contained within that radiance was an unfathomable sharpness—the very essence of sword intent he had spent countless hours refining.

Rostam's expression darkened instantly. His grip on the hilt tightened as a surge of irritation flared within him. "Jared, what is the meaning of this? Are you implying that I'm not even worthy of facing your Dragonslayer Sword? That you can defeat me with nothing but sword intent? Do you think so little of me?"

Rostam's voice trembled with barely contained fury, each syllable echoing with indignation and wounded pride.

He had seen Jared wield the Dragonslayer Sword before—an unparalleled divine weapon in its own right. Yet now, in their duel, Jared had chosen not to use it. To Rostam, this was nothing short of an insult.

Jared slowly opened his eyes, amusement flickering within them. In a measured yet unwavering tone, he said, "You're right—I don't hold you in high regard. Against an opponent like you, my sword intent alone is more than

enough. If I were to wield the Dragonslayer Sword, it would be excessive... and frankly, an unfair fight."

His voice was calm, almost indifferent, yet his words struck like a boulder crashing into a still lake, sending ripples of shock through the onlookers.

"Arrogant brat!" Rostam roared, his fury igniting like a raging inferno. With a swift flick of his sword, a violent surge of sword energy tore through the air, slashing toward Jared.

The sheer force of the attack split space itself, leaving behind a jagged black rift. The sword energy, resembling a monstrous python, coiled and lunged directly at Jared with lethal precision.

Yet Jared remained composed. He raised his right hand effortlessly and casually. With a graceful motion, his palm-imbued with condensed sword intent-swept forward. In an instant, the formless sword intent crystallized into a streak of radiant white light, slashing through the air to meet Rostam's devastating attack head-on.

The two clashed mid-air, yet instead of an earth-shattering explosion, they fell into a momentary deadlock.

White sword intent and black sword energy intertwined, colliding in a relentless struggle. Ripples of fragmented energy spread outward, reducing rocks to dust and slicing nearby trees clean in half. Severed branches and leaves whirled chaotically through the sky.

"Hmph! Let's see how long your

sword intent can last!" Rostam scoffed coldly, channeling more spiritual energy into his attack. The blacksword aura surged, growing fiercer and more oppressive steadily pushing back Jared's white sword intent.

Yet Jared remained utterly unfazed, a faint, confident smile playing at the corners

of his lips.

"Break," he uttered softly.

In an instant,

the

white sword intent

flared with dazzling brilliance. A monumental force erupted,

shattering the black sword energy into countless fragments. But the onslaught didn't stop there-the residual force surged forward, barreling toward Rostam

His face paled drastically. In a panic, he swung his sword, hastily forming a protective barrier of sword energy before him.

The sheer force of Jared's sword intent was overwhelming.

Bang!

With a resounding crash, Rostam's defensive shield shattered instantly. Like a severed kite, he was hurled backward, tumbling thirty meters before barely managing to steady himself.

Blood seeped from the corner of his lips as he stared at Jared, his eyes wide with shock and disbelief.

"How... How is your sword intent this powerful?" he murmured, his voice laced with both awe and an unmistakable trace of fear.

Not far away, Stefan's amused expression faded, replaced by a look of solemn contemplation. "This Jared... He's something else. In just a month, he's grown this much?"

Beside him, Red Ghost tensed. He cast a cautious glance at Stefan before speaking. "Mr. Montes, now that Rostam has been defeated, shall I step in?"

Stefan remained silent for a moment before shaking his head. "Not yet. Let's wait and see."

#### Chapter 4847 Bring It On

Jared landed lightly, his stance composed and unwavering. With a calm gaze, he turned to Rostam and asked, "Do you still have the strength to continue?"

Rostam clenched his fists, resentment flickering in his eyes. Yet, he knew all too well the chasm that separated his strength from Jared's.

Taking a deep breath, he sheathed his sword and clasped his hands in a gesture of respect. "Jared, your strength is undeniable. I admire your skill. Today, I was outmatched. In this duel, I admit defeat."

With that, he turned and rejoined the remaining seven swordsmen.

The others, having witnessed Rostam's defeat, were visibly shaken. They exchanged silent glances, hesitation flickering in their eyes. However, their pride as swordsmen would not allow them to retreat—especially with Stefan watching from behind.

Without a word, the seven simultaneously drew their swords, their auras surging to their peak in unison.

"Jared, since you're so formidable, the seven of us will take this opportunity to learn from you," one of them declared, his voice steady, carrying an air of fearless resolve.

Jared stood at the center of the encirclement, unfazed by the seven swordsmen surrounding him. Instead of fear, a spark of exhilaration lit up his

smile. "All right, let's see for ourselves just how capable are the rest of you aside from Rostam?"

Once again, sword intent radiated from his body, a dazzling white light engulfing him. He stood there like a war deity descending upon the mortal realm, his presence suffused with an overwhelming aura. The tension in the air thickened— an even fiercer battle was on the verge of erupting.

"Jared, don't let them fool you! These guys have no shame they're planning to gang up on you. Don't fall for it!" Fraser abruptly stepped in front of Jared, blocking his path. Turning to the seven swordsmen, he sneered, his gaze filled with contempt. "Have you all no shame? Jared just finished a battle and hasn't even recovered. Now, seven of you want to gang up on him? How utterly disgraceful!"

His voice rang with indignation, and his words sparked a response. "If you want a fight, come at us instead! Don't think Twilight Imperial City is defenseless!"

With that declaration, cultivators from Twilight Imperial City rose to their feet, their fighting spirit ignited, ready to stand their ground.

The seven remaining swordsmen exchanged uneasy glances. For a moment, none of them could find the right words to respond.

Stefan observed the scene unfold, his eyes narrowing slightly. With a calm yet authoritative tone, he turned to Red Ghost. "Red Ghost, why don't you step in and have a little spar with Jared?"

Red Ghost nodded. "I'll take care of him and bring you his head!"

With those chilling words, his figure flickered. In an instant, he transformed into a streak of black light, hurtling toward Jared with terrifying speed.

Jared's expression darkened as he sensed the overwhelming aura surging toward him. His body tensed. He had just endured an intense battle, and his energy far from recovered. If he were forced into another fight now, he wouldn't stand a chance.

Just as despair threatened to creep in, a voice echoed through the sky-calm yet brimming with authority. "Consecutive battles? Is that all you can resort to? How disgraceful."

A formidable aura suddenly descended, sweeping across the battlefield like an unseen tempest. The suffocating pressure it carried instantly suppressed Red Ghost's incoming attack.

Floating high above, a figure emerged-Infinides. He held a cane in his hand, his presence exuding an air of ethereal grace and wisdom.

Jared had barely caught his breath when yet another adversary lunged at him. Infinides could no longer stand idly by.

Red Ghost's eyes burned with fury as he glared at Infinides, his voice laced with venom. "Old geezer, stay out of this if you know what's good for you."

Infinides let out a sharp, disdainful laugh. "Stay out of it? I'll do as I please! If you have a problem with that, then come and stop me!"

"Gladly!" Red Ghost snarled, wasting no time. With a flicker, he lunged at Infinides, and in the blink of an eye, the two clashed mid-air.

The sky trembled as their battle erupted, sending shockwaves rippling through the void.

Meanwhile, Stefan's gaze shifted toward Toben and Colby. "Your turn."

The two instantly understood. They nodded in unison before rallying their family's experts, surging forward in Jared's direction.

Fraser's voice rang out like a war drum. "All cultivators of Twilight Imperial City, heed my command-slay them!"

The cultivators of Twilight Imperial City, following Fraser's lead, charged into battle.

Orion and the others also threw themselves into the fray.

The clash of sword and energy filled the battlefield. Both sides were made up almost entirely of Immortal Realm experts, and the sheer power of their combat shook the very ground beneath them. The Land of Finale itself seemed to tremble in response, as if on the brink of collapse under the weight of their devastating strikes.

Rostam's eyes burned with determination as he watched the chaos unfold. Knowing he couldn't remain on the sidelines, he raised his sword high and bellowed, "Charge!"

At his command, the remaining seven swordsmen drew their blades in perfect unison. Without hesitation, they surged forward, their swords aimed directly at Jared.

Chapter 4848 Ignorant Ants

"You lot dare to touch Mr. Chance?" Ararat and Kishor launched themselves into action.

In an instant, the sky lit up with dazzling streaks of sword light. The eight swordsmen found themselves instantly halted, their every move blocked by the relentless barrage of attacks from Ararat and Kishor.

The two guardians of the Celestial Stairway were locked in fierce combat with the swordsmen.

Stefan stood silently, a faint smile curling at the corner of his mouth as he watched the chaos unfold. "This is becoming more and more interesting..." he murmured to himself.

Rostam, still reeling from the sheer power of Ararat's swordsmanship, couldn't hide his astonishment. "Who are you? Why do you have such impressive sword skills?" he asked, his voice tinged with disbelief.

Ararat responded with a mocking tone. "If we're being honest, I could well be your grandfather, given how pitiful your swordsmanship is. It's a disgrace to the name of a swordsman."

With that, he transformed into a streak of sword light, his blade descending with terrifying speed.

Rostam, sensing the overwhelming intensity of Ararat's sword intent, instinctively stepped back, knowing he could not face the attack head-on. "Set up the formation!" he shouted.

At his command, the eight swordsmen swiftly swung their blades, severing the cloth bags holding their sword cases. The cases shot into the sky, and in an instant, beams of light erupted from within them, each beam as sharp and precise as a sword. These rays of light shot toward Ararat, revealing a hidden mechanism within their sword cases.

Boom!

Ararat swung his longsword with precision, conjuring an impenetrable shield before him, deflecting the relentless onslaught of sword energy.

Seeing this, Rostam wasted no time. He bit his finger, using his own blood to inscribe a cryptic symbol onto his blade.



Noticing Rostam's actions, the other seven swordsmen followed suit. One by one, they bit their fingers, tracing intricate markings onto their swords with their own blood.

As soon as the last stroke was completed, the longswords in their hands began to tremble violently.

Then, in perfect synchronization, the eight swordsmen hurled their swords into the air. The blades converged, merging into a colossal greatsword.

The newly formed greatsword hung suspended in mid-air, radiating an oppressive force so intense that the very void seemed to tremble beneath its presence.

The greatsword surged toward Ararat like a descending judgment, its immense pressure distorting the space around it. The eight swordsmen moved in unison, positioning themselves strategically as fresh droplets of blood splattered onto the ground.

Beneath Ararat's feet, the ground trembled violently before a sword array gradually took shape, locking him within its confines.

From all directions, countless streams of sword energy surged forth, converging with the colossal greatsword as they all struck toward Ararat in unison.

It was the Impalement Sword Array.

This formation was the pinnacle technique of the Eight Swordsmen of Demonia Mountain—once activated, even an Immortal Realm Seventh Level cultivator could be effortlessly slain within it.

The eight swordsmen knew better than to underestimate Ararat. Though his power wasn't

overwhelmingly destructive, his

a depth they had never encountered before. His sword intent wasn't just sharp-it was profound, carrying an artistry that transcended mere technique.

every movement carried his net

It was at that moment they realized-Ararat wasn't a cultivator from the Ethereal Realm. No, he was far beyond that. He was likely a

being from the celestial realm a

trapped here by circumstances unknown.

Understanding the threat he posed, they dared not show the slightest bit of carelessness. Without hesitation, they activated the Impalement Sword Array at full force.

Ararat gazed at the countless sword energies swirling within the formation, a faint trace of disdain curling at his lips. Slowly, he closed his eyes.

Though his power was suppressed, he was an experienced fighter. A mere sword array was hardly enough to faze him.

With a calm grip on his sword, he began to swing it in smooth, deliberate arcs.

With each stroke, an invisible force spread outward, forming an astonishing barrier within a hundred-meter radius around him.

"Sword domain?" Rostam's eyes widened in disbelief.

He had never expected Ararat to unleash such a technique.

Within this domain, Ararat reigned supreme. This was his world-his creation.

His eyes snapped open as he bellowed, "Swords! Forward!"

Swish! Swish! Swish!

In an instant, a torrent of overwhelming sword intent erupted, crashing down upon the formation with devastating force.

Before the eight swordsmen could react, the Impalement Sword Array shattered in an instant, obliterated by the sheer might of Ararat's sword domain.

Rostam and the others staggered back, their faces pale with shock and terror. Blood spilled from their mouths as fear flickered in their eyes.

"What a bunch of ignorant ants, daring to challenge us?" Kishor's voice boomed like thunder. In the next instant, his body expanded, towering over a hundred meters tall. Without hesitation, he threw a devastating punch.

Before Rostam and his companions could even catch their breath, Kishor's attack

was already upon them.

#### Chapter 4849 A Lesson

With no alternative, the eight swordsmen scrambled to retreat, raising their swords in unison. Brilliant sword light flared as they desperately tried to counter the incoming blow.

Boom!

"But their efforts were in vain. The sword light shattered in an instant.

Kishor's fist slammed into the ground with earth-shattering force, creating a massive hundred-meter crater."

The eight swordsmen were sent hurtling through the air, crashing to the ground in disarray, their bodies battered and broken.

Stefan's brows furrowed slightly, his expression darkening with seriousness.

Rostam, still reeling from disbelief, wiped the blood from his lips. He had never expected that both Ararat and Kishor were celestial realm cultivators.

Even with their powers suppressed, their combat experience and sheer dominance placed them in an entirely different league.

As the guardians of the Celestial Stairway, Kishor and Ararat had battled countless foes. Their vast experience left them unfazed by any opponent, making them nearly unstoppable despite their limitations.

Ararat cast a cold, mocking glance at the Eight Swordsmen of Demonia Mountain. "You call yourselves swordsmen? Don't disgrace the name," he sneered.

With that, he swung his longsword. A surge of sword energy erupted, splitting the void itself.

"Block it!" Rostam shouted, his voice tinged with urgency.

The Eight Swordsmen reacted instantly, drawing another longsword from their waists and launching a simultaneous counterattack toward Ararat.

The moment their swords clashed, the energy unleashed by the Eight Swordsmen shattered like fragile glass against Ararat's overwhelming sword force.

In an instant, deep, bloody gashes marred the chests of Rostam and his companions. The once-formidable swordsmen, now battered and bleeding, were no longer a match for Ararat and Kishor.

Colby and Toben watched in stunned silence, their expressions betraying sheer disbelief.

The Eight Swordsmen of Demonia Mountain were renowned Immortal Realm experts, their strength and reputation well-established. Yet, they had been utterly crushed-completely overpowered by the two mysterious figures at Jared's side.

At that moment, the will to fight drained from Rostam and his men. Fear flickered in their eyes, yet none dared to flee without Stefan's command.

Ararat and Kishor, however, had already dismissed them. Their gazes had shifted toward Stefan, who was watching from a distance.

"That brat is cocky. Should we teach him a lesson?" Kishor remarked with a smirk.

"Why not?" Ararat nodded in agreement.

Without hesitation, Ararat swung his sword, unleashing a brilliant arc of sword light toward Stefan, while Kishor's fist struck downward, its force manifesting as a spectral beast that roared through the air, charging at him.

Stefan, however, merely scoffed. "You think you can kill me so easily?"

As his expression twisted, his face seemed to ripple, as if countless beings lurked beneath his skin.

Then, from within his body, a withered, skeletal hand slowly emerged. With a mere flick, it obliterated both Ararat's sword. energy and Kishor's devastating punch as though they were nothing more than dust in the wind.

Ararat and Kishor froze, their eyes widening in shock. The strength Stefan had just displayed defied all reason. They couldn't fathom how this seemingly young cultivator wielded such unfathomable power.

Stefan's expression twisted into something menacing as tendrils of dark aura slithered around him like living shadows. Those were marked auras, and within the swirling darkness, countless tormented souls wailed in agony.

A hunched elder, clad in a tattered blood-red robe, slowly emerged from the swirling darkness, his disheveled hair hanging in wild tangles. A sinister aura clung to him, thick and

oppressive, exuding an  
unmistakable malice.

"Crimson Ghost, can you take care of those two?" Stefan asked, his tone casual yet commanding.

Crimson Ghost's hollow eyes flicked toward Ararat and Kishor. "I can handle one of them," he rasped.

Stefan scoffed. "Pathetic. Just go!" With a flick of his wrist, he sent Crimson Ghost hurtling straight toward Ararat.

Without hesitation, Ararat swung his sword, meeting the attack head-on.

The moment their forces collided, a deafening explosion of energy rippled outward, shaking the very air around them.

In an instant, the entire Land of Finale was swallowed by an impenetrable black fog, plunging everything into an eerie abyss of darkness.

"What a powerful marked aura... It seems Mr. Montes has ties to demons," Jared muttered, his brows knitting together as the oppressive, sinister energy thickened around him.

He knew he had to recover his strength-fast. There was no telling how many more formidable figures lurked in Stefan's shadow, waiting for the right moment to strike.

Chapter 4850 Call For Backup

Meanwhile, Ararat and Crimson Ghost clashed with such speed and ferocity that their movements blurred into streaks of light and shadow. Each collision of their power sent violent shockwaves rippling through the battlefield, distorting the very air around them.

Cultivators watching from a distance wore grim expressions, sensing the sheer devastation brewing. It felt as if the Land of Finale itself teetered on the brink of collapse.

"Ararat, let me assist you!" Kishor stepped forward.

"Your opponent is me." From the dense dark mist surrounding Stefan, an elder clad in a black robe emerged. His face was an unsettling shade of red, almost purple-reminiscent of a monkey's backside.

"D\*mn, not another one!" Jared muttered, his brows furrowing in frustration.

Kishor glanced at the ruddy-faced figure, frowning. "You monkey-faced fool, you think you can challenge me?"

Ruddy Ghost blinked in surprise, his eyes widening as he processed Kishor's words. "Do you... know me?"

"No!" Kishor shook his head.

Ruddy Ghost scratched his head in confusion. "How could you know my name if you don't know me?"

Kishor raised an eyebrow. "What's your name? Let me guess-Macaque?"

Ruddy Ghost nodded solemnly. "Indeed, my name is Macaque."

"F\*ck. I knew it. Enough with the chatter, you're about to be nothing but meat for my fists. Let's finish this, I still have Ararat to help!" With that, Kishor launched a powerful punch straight at Ruddy Ghost, his patience running thin.

The Land of Finale grew increasingly unstable, with battles erupting in every corner.

Stefan's gaze settled on Jared, his expression dripping with disdain, a faint smirk curling at the corners of his lips.

"The Four Ghosts of Hell Mountain... It seems there's one missing." Corrado slowly approached Jared, his eyes flickering with a certain seriousness as he spoke, casting a glance at Stefan.

"What are the Four Ghosts of Hell Mountain?" Jared asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Corrado explained, "There are rumors of a hidden range beneath a Mountain, a place known as Hell Mountain—said to be a gateway to the underworld itself. The Four Ghosts of Hell Mountain are four Demonic Cultivators who dwell within. They belong to the same sect, notorious for their savagery. I never imagined they would end up under the banner of Four Hell Palace as well."

"The Eight Swordsmen of Demonia Mountain, the Four Ghosts of Hell

It seems Four Hell

Mountain... It

Palace has recruited quite a collection of formidable individuals.

No wonder this brat, despite his youth, holds such impressive confidence. He truly has the power to back it up." Jared's gaze shifted to Stefan, the weight of realization settling in. It was then that he fully grasped the true strength of Four Hell Palace.

"Emperor Lantz, are you planning to take matters into your own hands?" Seeing Corrado standing next to Jared, Stefan let out a cold, mocking laugh.

"I won't allow anyone to threaten Mr. Chance, not even Four Hell Palace!" Corrado replied indifferently.

"Very well, I'll grant your wish," Stefan nodded with a sly grin.



From the depths of the swirling black mist beside Stefan, another elder emerged.

The elder was shrouded in black robes, but his hands stood out-vivid crimson, as though freshly drenched in blood.

"The King of Twilight Imperial City, it's an honor to face you in battle," the elder, known as Blood Ghost, declared, stepping forward with lethal intent.

With a swift leap, Corrado engaged, their battle erupting in a flurry of movement.

Jared scanned his surroundings, noting that all the forces on his side had now been fully mobilized.

Meanwhile, Stefan slowly advanced toward Jared. Each step was deliberate, yet in the blink of an eye, he had closed the distance, standing right before him.

"Everyone has been saying you're an unparalleled genius in the Ethereal Realm-gifted beyond measure. I'd like to see it for myself... But don't worry I'll give you the chance to call for help. If anyone's backing you, feel free to summon them all," Stefan said with a slight smile, his tone almost polite.

They didn't seem to be enemies, and they weren't. Stefan simply couldn't stand anyone who seemed more impressive than himself.

Jared met Stefan's gaze, shaking his head slowly. "I won't call for backup. If I did, Four Hell Palace would cease to exist."

Stefan chuckled softly, amusement dancing in his eyes. "You're laying on it a bit thick. Even the leader of the Fire Incineration Sect wouldn't dare speak of Four Hell Palace like this. Do you truly believe that the Eight Swordsmen of Demoniac Mountain and the Four Ghosts of Hell Mountain are all we have?"