

A Warrior undefeatable /

A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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“Sir, I didn’t mean it. You’re just too fragile!” Jared said, somewhat embarrassed.

“Nonsense, and you think I wouldn’t dare to hit you? I could take you down, a mere Ultimate Realm cultivator, with just a simple exhale! Again!”

With a swift leap, the scholar soared high into the air, heading straight toward Jared.

Drawing from his experience with the first strike, Jared did not unleash the full power of the Dragonslayer Sword held in his hands.

Bang!

Jared struck again with his sword, sending the scholar flying once more. His body was now marred with several new wounds.

“What on earth is going on?” The scholar looked at the wounds on his body, his face flushed with anger

He couldn’t understand why his strength had suddenly diminished so drastically.

Just a couple of days ago, I battled a few rounds with someone... My strength certainly hadn’t decreased!

What’s going on?

“Put away your sword. Let’s have a fair fight!” The scholar gazed at the Dragonslayer Sword in Jared’s hand, aware that this was no ordinary weapon.

The issue must lie with the sword itself...

“All right, then...” Jared nodded, putting away the Dragonslayer Sword.

Upon seeing Jared sheath his Dragonslayer Sword, the scholar

gritted his teeth. A fierce determination ignited in his eyes as charged at Jared once again.

Jared watched as the scholar charged toward him. The initial worry had felt was long gone. Instead, a cold smirk graced his face.

“Sacred Light Fist!” Jared threw a punch, unleashing an explosion of golden light.

Bang!

Once again, the scholar was sent flying, his body crashing heavily onto the ground, fresh blood spilling from his mouth.

At that moment, Jared was completely at ease. It turned out the guard of the third level wasn’t all that, lacking any real skills. Yet, that scholar seemed to have an air of utter desolation about him.

“How could this be possible?!” the scholar roared.

Upon hearing the commotion inside the grand hall, Ararat also slowly made his way into the hall.

When saw the scholar, covered in wounds and a state of utter disarray, looked toward Jared in disbelief. He couldn’t comprehend.

Since when had Jared become this formidable?

With just a few punches and kicks, the guard of the third level was taken care of.

“Mr. Goizeder, the guard of the third level is nothing compared to you and Kishor!” Jared explained to Ararat.

Startled, Ararat looked again at the scholar before him.

Suddenly, drew his sword and struck. His movements flowed like water, seamlessly executed in one breath.

“What are you planning to do?” The scholar was struck with fear, hastily attempting to defend himself. Despite his efforts, was sent flying with a single blow, his body bearing yet another wound.

With a hint of confusion, Ararat questioned, “Given your abilities, how could you possibly have the audacity to call our first and second-level guards trash?”

Upon hearing this, the scholar looked at Ararat in utter astonishment.

“Who are you?”

“I am the guard of the second floor, Ararat Goizeder...” declared Ararat.

"That's Impossible. If you were a second-level guard, how could you have possibly left the second-level world?" The scholar shook his head, simply didn't believe it.

"I managed to escape, all thanks to Mr. Chance. He not only freed me from my shackles but also shielded me from Heavenly Punishment," Ararat said.

The scholar looked at Jared in astonishment. "You, an Ultimate Realm cultivator, can break the prisoner imprint and resist Heavenly Punishment?"

Jared nodded, not uttering a word.

"I won't believe it unless you help me break through it too," the scholar declared.

"I can help you break it, but there's a price to pay," Jared responded.

"What's the price?" asked the scholar.

"Of course, you've followed me for three hundred years. You should listen to my words and fight for me. However, with your level of ability, you really can't be of much help to me. You're just too weak." Jared looked at the scholar and spoke.

"I'm not weak. I'm an immortal from the celestial realm. Even at my weakest, how could I ever lose to an Ultimate Realm cultivator like you? It's just that my abilities are suppressed, and now, my strength is barely a tenth of what it used to be!" the scholar argued loudly.

"Why are you imprisoned here?" Jared asked curiously, looking at the scholar. "You weren't caught peeping on a young lady bathing, were you?"

"Nonsense. I'm a scholar and a gentleman. How could I possibly engage in such vulgar acts?" the scholar exclaimed in anger.

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On the sidelines, Ararat was a picture of embarrassment, consumed with shame.

"Why were you imprisoned then? Tell me the truth. I can help you break free from this captivity," Jared asked curiously.

"I... I merely accidentally brushed against a female immortal's bottom. Who would have known father was a golder immortal? Hence, imprisoned me here because of it..." The scholar spoke, revealing a hint of uneasiness.

The volume of the speech gradually diminished. It was clearly deliberate, far from being unintentional.

After hearing it all, Jared managed to suppress his laughter. He looked at Ararat, realizing that they seemed to have offended the same female immortal.

"I'll free you from your prisoner imprint, and in return, you serve me for three hundred years. How does that sound?" Jared asked.

"All right, but if you break the prisoner imprint and incur Heavenly Punishment, and you end up dead, don't expect me to intervene!" the scholar exclaimed.

"Don't worry! A mere golder immortal's Heavenly Punishment is nothing to me!"

Once Jared finished speaking, abruptly pressed his palm down onto the floor of the grand hall.

As the glow gradually rose from the floor of the grand hall, the prisoner imprint slowly materialized. Just like the seals of Kishor and Ararat, the seal was coursing with red blood within.

Just as Jared was preparing to break the prisoner imprint, it suddenly trembled and vanished into thin air.

Confused for a moment, the scholar quickly moved his body, his face full of astonishment.

"The prisoner imprint has vanished..." the scholar said.

Jared was left stunned and bewildered, rooted to the spot. "Why did it run off?"

Upon seeing the situation, Ararat hurriedly began to explain, "Mr. Chance, it must have been scared of you. The moment you made your move, it ran off."

"Stop spouting nonsense. That prisoner's mark is just a symbol. It doesn't have a mind of its own. How could it possibly escape on its own? Without a doubt, it was the person who set the prisoner imprint, who suddenly withdrew it. Could it be that you, my friend, have some sort of connection with the golder immortal who imprisoned me?" the scholar, intrigued, turned to Jared and asked.

Jared shook his head.

How could possibly have any connection with the golder immortal? He didn't even know at all.

"Sir, you're free now. Don't forget your promise!" Jared exclaimed.

"Of course, since I've promised you, I'll certainly serve you for three hundred years. But brace yourself for the Heavenly Punishment. Once you've weathered that, then we can discuss other matters," the scholar cautioned Jared.

"Both of you, keep your distance. I wouldn't want you getting caught up in this."

Having had the experiences of the previous two times, Jared felt much more at ease.

If the Celestial Devourer could not emerge, would use the Dragon Bell to resist.

Jared took a deep breath. His entire body was enveloped by the Golem Body, and the Dragon Bell was ready at any moment.

Having made all the necessary preparations, Jared waited in anticipation.

Quickly, a vast energy descended from the heavens.

“Be careful, Mr. Chance. Heavenly Punishment is upon us!” Ararat reminded Jared.

Jared gave a slight nod, as all his strength coalesced within him, forming layer upon layer of shields around his body.

Clang!

Just as Jared was bracing himself for the impending impact, a sudden crisp sound rang out. It felt as if a hammer had struck Jared on the top of his head.

Following the sound, the immense force of the Heavenly Law astonishingly vanished into thin air in an instant.

Ararat, the scholar, and Jared were all dumbfounded. The three of them were completely stunned, nobody moved or uttered a word.

They couldn’t comprehend.

When had the Heavenly Punishment been reduced to this state?

The force wasn’t even as strong as an average person throwing a large rock.

“Is this the golder Immortal’s power of law?” Jared couldn’t quite figure out what on earth had transpired.

In fact, had no idea that someone was actually going easy on him. However, the other party had gone a little too easy on him.

“I’ve said it before that a mere golder immortal is hardly worth mentioning...”

Jared put away all his divine powers, adopting an air of arrogance as spoke.

The scholar and Ararat were looking at Jared with faces full of admiration.

But how many years has only cultivated?

Also, his cultivation level is just...

Compared to Jared, these immortals who had been cultivating for millions of years find themselves feeling embarrassed and wanting to find a hole to crawl into.

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"My name is Zevon Swanson. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Chance..." The scholar knelt on one knee, signifying his complete submission to Jared.

"Get up!" Jared waved his hand.

After getting up, Zevon turned to Jared and asked, "Mr. Chance, are you planning on going to the next level?"

"Of course!" Jared nodded in agreement.

"Mr. Chance, the guard of the fourth level is not to be taken lightly. Moreover, the fourth level is filled with formidable opponents. If you plan to venture there, it would be wise to proceed with caution," Zevon advised Jared.

"If I help remove his prisoner imprint, would still attack me?" Jared gave a slight smile.

Zevon shook his head and said, "The guard of the fourth floor wasn't imprisoned here by someone else. He chose to confine himself here, devoting himself to his cultivation. So, I'm afraid your idea of freeing by breaking the prisoner imprint won't work."

"Confine himself for cultivation? Has lost his mind?"

Upon hearing this, Jared instantly found it peculiar. Who in their right mind would confine themselves?

"So, I urge you to be cautious, Mr. Chance," Zevon advised, "People like these are generally not quite right in the head. They're incredibly unpredictable."

After a moment of silence, Jared asked, "Is there a way to bypass the fourth level and go directly to the fifth?"

Zevon shook his head. "There's no way around it. Climbing this Celestial Stairway requires one step at a time."

"Whatever. Different situations call for different actions. Let's just focus on getting to the fifth level first. However, with your abilities, how could you be so heavily suppressed? You'd better figure out a way to recover. Otherwise, even in the Ethereal Realm, you could easily be taken advantage of and killed."

After Jared finished speaking, pulled out an item pouch and tossed it to Zevon, which was filled with celestial crystals.

After a fierce battle with Stefan, Jared's side suffered significant losses. However, they also reaped substantial rewards. The individuals from Three Unified Sects, the Haverford family, and Four Hell Palace were indeed carrying a wealth of resources.

After accumulating all the resources, Jared managed to obtain a million celestial crystals.

"Mr. Chance, I'm not as weak as you perceive me to be. For some unknown reason, my strength was suddenly suppressed. If we were to fight now, I doubt you'd be a match for me," Zevon said.

"How could that be possible? I sent you flying with a single punch!" Jared couldn't believe it.

Suddenly, Zevon threw a punch, landing it squarely on Jared. The force sent Jared flying backward.

Caught off guard, Jared was abruptly flung out from the grand hall's entrance, his body harshly crashing onto the ground. A wave of discomfort surged through as if his insides were being tossed and turned tumultuously.

"D*mn! Why didn't you say anything before launching a surprise attack?" Jared said with furrowed brows.

"This is what they call, 'strike first to gain the upper hand.' You can only blame yourself for not being cautious enough," Zevon responded with a subtle smile.

"All right. Again!" Once Jared finished speaking, transformed into a streak of golden light and vanished in an instant. In the blink of an eye, reappeared in front of Zevon.

Jared's Dragonslayer Sword was unleashed, and the terrifying sword intent of the blade enveloped Zevon from all sides.

Under those previous circumstances, Zevon would have undoubtedly been sent flying by such an attack.

However, this time, Zevon suddenly held a book in his hand. As continuously flipped through the pages, beams of light shot out from between them, akin to sharp blades being thrust forward.

Jared's sword intent was instantly shattered, while countless radiant blades were hurled toward him. His body rapidly retreated, while simultaneously, his invincible Golem Body emitted a series of thudding sounds.

When Jared stepped out of the grand hall, only then noticed that his Golem Body had already begun to show cracks.

Clearly, Zevon had become significantly stronger than before.

Zevon followed Ararat out of the grand hall.

“Mr. Chance, are you okay?” Zevon asked.

“Mr. Swanson, did you go easy on me when I was attempting the challenge just now?” Jared could hardly believe it. In such a short amount of time, the magnitude of Zevon’s capabilities had changed so drastically.

“You almost killed me, left me bruised and battered. Do you really think I would go easy on you?” Zevon wore a helpless expression on his face.

He hadn’t intentionally eased up, it just happened all of a sudden. It wasn’t like was going easy.

At that moment, Jared had no idea that the owner of the Celestial Stairway was actually the one going easy on him.

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Jared led Ararat and Zevon out from the third level.

Upon realizing, the number of cultivators who emerged wasn’t substantial. Neither Skylar nor Josephine were among them. It was likely that the two had already passed the third level and ascended to the fourth.

Without any hesitation, Jared glanced at the fourth level of the Celestial Stairway and resolutely ascended it.

Ararat and Zevon were closely following behind. After all, they were now Jared’s servants.

Although the guard of the fourth level was difficult to deal with, Jared was still determined to give it a try.

We surely can’t be stuck on the fourth floor, unable to ascend, right?

Just as Jared stepped into the fourth level, a voice suddenly rang out. “Jared, you’ve reached the fourth level too?”

Jared was taken aback. “Octavion, weren’t you supposed to be out?”

“I may have left, but I can come back anytime, as long as the Celestial Stairway hasn’t vanished. I can enter the fourth level whenever I want. However, when I came in this time, I realized that the world on the fourth level had unexpectedly changed again...”

“See that grand hall ahead? That’s where the guard resides. Around the hall, there’s nothing but emptiness, as if this fourth-level world contains only this one hall. Before I left, this place was a whole world unto itself. I don’t know why, but it seems as if the world has vanished.” Octavion pointed toward the grand hall not far off and spoke.

Jared glanced over, his face full of bewilderment. Yet, had no idea why things had turned out this way.

Each level represented a unique world. The cultivators who entered were required to seek out the guards within these worlds for a challenge.

Moreover, they could even obtain resources within this world of the Celestial Stairway.

But now, having entered, was transported to the guard's realm, as if the world around had simply vanished.

Not to mention resources, it seemed that upon entering here, one could only face challenges. The idea of relying on the resources within the Celestial Stairway's realms for cultivation was no longer a possibility.

"Forget about what's going on. Let's just go take a look, and everything will become clear."

After Jared finished speaking, headed straight for the grand hall.

"You better be careful. Not many have managed to get past the guard of the fourth level," Octavion cautioned Jared.

The latter gave a nod.

The group made their way to the grand hall, only to discover that it was shrouded in darkness, eerily reminiscent of the underworld, exuding a strange and unsettling aura.

When Jared and his companions reached the entrance of the grand hall, they were met with gusts of chilling wind swirling around them. It was incredibly cold.

Above the hall, a dark cloud loomed ominously. Within it, streaks of lightning flashed continuously. And within the grand hall, sounds of a skirmish could still be heard. It seemed like someone had already initiated a challenge.

Following that, a piercing scream was heard. A tall, imposing cultivator was sent flying straight out from the grand hall.

The cultivator's body disintegrated into dust mid-air, vanishing completely without a trace.

Upon witnessing this scene, Jared's face turned quite unsightly. He hadn't expected that the guard of the fourth level would actually kill without hesitation.

It was merely a challenge, and even if one failed, getting injured should have been the worst outcome.

How could it lead to someone being utterly destroyed, both body and soul?

Octavion's face paled. He swallowed hard before saying, "Jared, I think we should leave. The guard of the fourth level seems a bit irritable."

Both Ararat's and Zevon's expressions subtly shifted.

They were held captive here, having no grudges against the cultivators of the Ethereal Realm.

Usually, they would let things slide if they were merely injured. Sometimes, the cultivators would stop as soon as they made their point, and often, they would let them go after that.

For such a long time, they had never savagely killed the cultivators of the Ethereal Realm like this before. Yet, the guard of the fourth level, who annihilated people's spirits and bodies, was a bit brutal.

"Since we're here, let's go in and take a look. We can choose not to challenge. He won't attack us if we choose not to, right?" Jared spoke, taking strides as moved forward.

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As soon as entered the grand hall, Jared caught sight of Skylar.

He was donned in a fiery red cloak, his face concealed behind a mask. Meanwhile, another woman, dressed in similar attire, held a flaming longsword. She gazed indifferently into the darkness of the great hall.

Skylar also spotted Jared, and to his surprise, Jared had actually made it to the fourth level. A subtle change was evident on Skylar's face.

"Mr. Norton, I can't believe you've actually made it to the fourth level." Jared had taken the initiative to go over and greet Skylar.

Skylar gave a nod of acknowledgment. However, when saw Ararat and Zevon trailing behind Jared, his expression drastically changed.

He was familiar with Zevon since had just successfully completed the third-level challenge.

He's the guard of the third level!

Now, following Jared, they had actually reached the fourth level. This implied that the guard of the third level had, at this point, also become Jared's ally.

At that moment, Skylar didn't know what to think anymore.

"Your senior... She..." Jared quietly asked, gazing at the retreating figure of Josephine.

“Josephine is taking on a challenge!” Skylar exclaimed.

No sooner had Skylar’s words fallen than a flash of sword light appeared unexpectedly before Josephine.

This flash of sword light emerged from the darkness. It was impossible to discern who had wielded it.

The sword was thrust directly toward Josephine’s face. It was a killing move right from the start.

Josephine’s reaction was not slow. The moment the sword light appeared, had already swung own sword.

Clang!

The sword light was instantly shattered by a single strike from Josephine. Without the slightest hesitation, Josephine swept with longsword in a swift, fluid motion.

The entire hall was instantly engulfed in flames, illuminating even the darkest corners that were previously shrouded in shadows.

A figure stood amidst the flames, yet their features remained indiscernible.

“D-Demonic fire?” Jared, feeling the overwhelming flames, slightly furrowed his brows as turned to Skylar.

Skylar turned to Jared and asked. “We are Demonic Cultivators, Jared. You wouldn’t look down on us, would you?”

“No...” Jared shook his head, saying nothing more.

At that moment, from within the roaring flames, streaks of sword light continuously burst forth. It seemed like the other party was not afraid of the fire at all.

Josephine, on the other hand, was wielding longsword, ceaselessly swinging it to ward off the brilliant flashes of sword light.

Clang!

When the final stroke of the sword light was shattered, the longsword in Josephine’s hand astonishingly snapped in an instant.

When Josephine saw the longsword in hand had unexpectedly shattered, gaze slightly hardened. Immediately following this, forcefully pressed down with both palms.

Boom!

All around Josephine, a wave of demonic fire suddenly erupted, and within this fire, a sword, forged from the very flames, gradually materialized.

At that moment, several beams of sword light shot toward her, but they were all blocked by the intense flames surrounding Josephine.

Had Josephine reacted a tad slower, might have already been pierced through by the adversary's sword light.

With a shout of fury, Josephine abruptly seized the longsword, forged in the demonic fire. Then, with all might, swung it.

Countless beams of fiery sword light erupted from the ground.

This time, it appeared that the opponent did not make a move. Instead, with a casual wave of his hand, the multitude of fiery sword lights that Josephine had unleashed were instantly extinguished. Even the demonic fire within the entire hall was snuffed out with it.

The grand hall was once again plunged into darkness, and Josephine, as if struck by a heavy blow, was sent flying, crashing hard onto the ground.

"Your senior has been defeated..." Jared said to Skylar.

However, upon seeing Josephine defeated, Jared couldn't help but feel a nagging discomfort in his heart, constantly wanting to avenge her. He didn't know why this was happening.

Perhaps it was his strong sense of justice that made loathe seeing women being mistreated.

Josephine rose to feet, abruptly brandishing sword once more. She surprisingly refused to admit defeat.

With this single sword strike, the entire void began to quiver.

Suddenly, the grand hall was filled with an immense brightness.

A man dressed in a black robe made a swift, gentle grab with his hand.

The world around shook violently as if Josephine herself was in shackles. The longsword in hand, forged from the demonic fire, vanished in an instant.

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Josephine's eyes lost their fighting spirit and luster. She knew that in the face of the guard of the fourth level, was powerless.

Octavion was left in utter shock. Given Josephine's recent performance, knew stood no chance against her. If even Josephine couldn't break through the fourth level, then certainly didn't even need to think about it.

"Let me try..." Upon seeing Josephine restrained, Jared was inexplicably filled with anger.

Without a second thought, gripped his Dragonslayer Sword, ready to take action.

"Mr. Chance, let me handle this on your behalf!" Ararat intercepted Jared, then stepped forward, addressing the man in the black robe, "Buddy, you..."

"Get lost!"

With a grand sweep of his arm, the man in the black robe unleashed a terrifying aura that swept toward Ararat.

Upon seeing the situation, Ararat instantly released two flying swords.

The terrifying aura was instantly torn apart by the flying swords, and then it vanished into thin air.

The man in the black robe was momentarily taken aback before heading straight toward Ararat.

Seeing the situation, Ararat also stepped forward, his longsword in hand casting a swath of sword light.

Clang!

As Ararat's words fell, it was as if the sword light had descended from the heavens.

The man in the black robe scoffed, immediately throwing out a punch.

Boom!

With a sound that was deafening, a terrifying aftershock erupted, spreading in all directions.

In an instant, Jared activated his Golem Body, positioning himself protectively in front of Josephine.

Upon seeing the situation, Zevon swiftly waved his sleeve, immediately dissipating the residual energy.

"Are you okay?" Jared asked, looking toward Josephine.

Jared himself wasn't sure why, but instinctively positioned himself in front of Josephine, fearing might get hurt.

Upon glancing at Jared, all Josephine did was shake head. She didn't utter a word.

Upon witnessing this scene, Skylar was filled with unease. He feared that Jared would recognize Josephine beneath the mask. If that were the case, his plan would have been in vain.

The man in the black robe turned to Ararat and asked, "Aren't you a cultivator from the Ethereal Realm?"

"I was the guard of the second level, not a cultivator from the Ethereal Realm!" Ararat responded.

"Where is the prisoner imprint inside you?" the man in the black robe asked in surprise.

"Mr. Chance got rid of it!" Ararat cast a glance at Jared.

The man in the black robe glanced at Jared, but just chuckled coldly. "Are you trying to fool a toddler? He's merely in the Ultimate Realm. How could possibly break the prisoner imprint? Even if did manage to break it, could withstand the Heavenly Punishment?"

"You don't believe me?" said Ararat.

"I don't believe it," The man in the black robe shook his head.

"Mr. Chance, doesn't believe..." Ararat looked helplessly at Jared.

"Come back here. Let me challenge him. Perhaps then, he'll believe." Jared unsheathed his Dragonslayer Sword, taking a step forward.

Looking at Jared, the man in the black robe spoke. "Brat, I'm not like the other guards. I am capable of murder..."

"If you've got the guts, then come and kill me!"

After Jared finished speaking, swung his Dragonslayer Sword with all his might.

Accompanied by the sound of a dragon's roar, the sword light instantly transformed into a massive dragon, charging toward the man in the black robe.

"Hmph!" The black-robed man snorted coldly.

With a gentle wave of his hand, made his move immediately. However, as swung his hand, there was no change in the space around him. The sword light transformed into a colossal dragon, brutally crashing into the man in the black robe.

The black-robed man was sent flying, spitting out fresh blood mid-air before crashed onto the ground.

Skylar and Josephine watched this scene in astonishment.

Both of them were stunned. They couldn't fathom how Jared managed to send such a formidable guard flying with just a single strike.

Octavion's eyes widened in shock, and his jaw nearly dropped.

Defeating the fourth-level guard with a single blow... Isn't that a bit outrageous?

Ararat also had a slight frown, his face full of confusion.

Only Zevon seemed to understand something, subtly lifting his gaze toward the direction above his head.

Possibly, the owner of the Celestial Stairway is going easy on Jared. When I was battling with Jared, my strength was suddenly and severely restricted...

"What's going on? How did this happen?" the black-robed man asked, taken aback and somewhat at a loss.

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"You've never been a match for me. If I wanted to kill you, it would have been a piece of cake." Jared, with an inscrutable expression, sheathed his Dragonslayer Sword.

The black-robed man observed Jared, his expression shifting continuously.

Suddenly, cracked a grin and said, "You have quite the background..."

"Indeed..." Jared nodded.

"Even the master of Celestial Stairway is going easy on you. It's clear you're no small fry."

The black-robed man also noticed that the master of Celestial Stairway was intentionally going easy on Jared.

"How about it? Would you like to come with me? I'll take you away, and in return, you'll serve me for three hundred years," Jared asked.

The black-robed man shook his head. "If I wanted to leave, I could. No one's holding me here, I chose to stay. In fact, I had to beg the master of Celestial Stairway for quite some time before agreed."

Jared was taken aback, staring at the black-robed man in disbelief. "Why? Why would you imprison yourself? Could it be just for the resources within Celestial Stairway?"

The black-robed man shook his head. "I would never give up my freedom for such meager resources."

"Why is that?" Jared asked curiously. "If you tell me, perhaps I could help you."

The black-robed man fixed his gaze on Jared, then said, "Come with me..."

"Okay." Jared followed the black-robed man toward the depths of the main hall.

Ararat and Zevon were both waiting inside the main hall.

Jared had no idea how long he'd been walking, nor did know where he'd ended up. All knew was that the light in front of him was growing brighter.

Subsequently, before Jared's eyes, there appeared a house. The house bore an air of antiquity, with its wooden door and two copper door bolts.

The black-robed man pushed the door open and walked in. Jared trailed closely behind him.

No sooner had Jared stepped inside than was instantly taken aback. The room was filled with pink chiffon, creating an incredibly cozy atmosphere. Moreover, the room was adorned with incredibly cute cloth dolls.

Jared couldn't fathom.

How could a grown man possibly live in such a room?

However, it didn't take long for Jared to spot a woman sitting on the bed, clad in a pink dress. Her eyes were wide open, unblinking as stared outside.

"Who is this woman?" Jared asked curiously as looked at her.

That was because Jared didn't sense any presence from the woman. Had there been any, Jared would have known there was someone in the room.

"That's my wife," replied the black-robed man while casually offered Jared a stool. "Have a seat..."

Without any hesitation, Jared took a seat and then, with a hint of concern in his voice, asked, "Is... Is your wife dead?"

The black-robed man nodded. "She's been dead for almost a thousand years now."

"A thousand years?" Jared exclaimed in disbelief.

This black-robed man is incredibly devoted. His wife has been dead for nearly a thousand years, and yet, still clings to physical body.

"You used a secret technique to preserve your wife's physical body. That's unfair to her. She can't reincarnate in this case," Jared remarked.

"My wife urged me to do this. She didn't want to be reincarnated. She just wanted to be with me. She said that once I became strong enough to bring back from the brink of death, we could be together again." After the black-robed man finished speaking, gazed lovingly at his wife.

"Have you confined yourself within Celestial Stairway just to cultivate to the point where you can resurrect the dead?" Jared asked.

The black-robed man shook his head. "My abilities are restrained here. Even cultivation wouldn't make much of a difference. However, being here allows me to better preserve my wife's physical body. Even though I can't bring back to life, whenever I look at physical body, I always feel that she's by my side."

"Perhaps, I might have a way to bring your wife back to life." Jared thought of Arthur.

At that time, Arthur could effortlessly revive even someone whose divine soul was destroyed.

"Really? If you can bring my wife back to life, I am willing to serve you for three hundred years!" the black-robed man exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with determination.

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"Reviving shouldn't be a huge issue, but I need to consult first. After all, your wife has been dead for almost a thousand years. However, since Mr. Sanders has the ability to instantly resurrect those whose body and soul were destroyed, reviving your wife should not be an issue," Jared responded.

"If even someone whose body and soul were destroyed could be brought back to life, reviving my wife should certainly be possible. Hurry up and get in touch with this Mr. Sanders!" The black-robed man was growing impatient.

"I can't get in touch with Mr. Sanders at the moment, but I'm confident that he'll eventually reach out to me. When that happens, I'll be able to ask for you." Jared told the black-robed man the truth.

Arthur had always shown himself unannounced, and Jared had never known where Arthur was.

"If there's a chance to bring my wife back to life, I'll willingly sacrifice my cultivation, even my own life!" The black-robed man seemed somewhat agitated.

"Men as devoted as you are truly rare in this world. If your wife is looking down from above, would certainly be comforted," Jared lamented.

The black-robed man shook his head. "I'm a villain. It was I who caused my wife's death."

"You caused your wife's death?" Jared was taken aback.

How could such a passionately devoted man possibly bring harm to his own wife?

The black-robed man gave a nod, then slowly removed his cloak.

He was gaunt, his body thin as a stick, and his complexion was extremely pale, reminiscent of a vampire. "My wife and I were childhood sweethearts, cultivating together, climbing mountains together, even bathing together..."

"My wife's talent surpassed mine. She was always one step ahead of me. Later on, we got married, becoming dual cultivation partners. Despite my wife's constant support, I could never surpass in any aspect. Gradually, my male chauvinism began to show..."

"Seeing my wife's strength surpassing my own, I couldn't help but feel a sense of discontent. Later on, I secretly practiced demonic technique, hoping to surpass my wife with its power. Indeed, as time went on, I surpassed my wife. My strength was increasing at an astounding rate, but my entire mindset was changed, and my rationality was consumed. To cultivate, I consumed the blood of innocent people. I had turned into a monster!"

The black-robed man paused before continuing, "My wife finally noticed something was off with me. So, during our dual cultivation, forcibly absorbed the demonic power within me. In the end, to prevent herself from turning into a demon, damaged soul, leaving behind only physical body..."

"I came to a realization... Gazing upon my wife's physical body, I was filled with regret, but it was all too late. It's been nearly a thousand years, yet my physical body still suffers from the corruption of demonic technique and has yet to fully recover. My wife could also never speak another word to me. All I can do is watch in silence every day."

As the man spoke, tears began to stream down his face incessantly.

Jared wasn't sure how to comfort him. He reckoned perhaps only those who had gone through such an experience could truly understand the depth of that pain.

"What's your name? I don't even know how to address you yet. I'll do my best to help you. With physical body preserved, resurrecting your wife shouldn't be too difficult," Jared said.

"My name is Sidney Morse." With that, Sidney gently waved his hand, and his wife's body was placed into the storage ring. "I'll go with you..."

After casting a glance around the room, Sidney made a sweeping gesture with his hand, and the entire room was instantly engulfed in a sea of flames.

Jared followed Sidney, returning to the main hall once again.

“Let’s go,” Jared said to Ararat and the others.

Subsequently, the party left the fourth level.

At that moment, the fourth level of Celestial Stairway had already been closed off, ceasing to exist.

“Mr. Chance, are you still heading to the fifth floor?” Sidney asked.

“For now, I won’t be going. I have more important matters to attend to,” Jared replied, pulling out a documentation device.

This was the fourth documentation device from the Heaven and Earth Array, and at that moment, it was emanating a faint glow.

Jared knew that the fourth documentation device was about to be unlocked. He was aware that once unlocked this fourth documentation device, the Heaven and Earth Array would reveal itself.

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“Mr. Chance, what is this?” Sidney asked curiously.

“This is the documentation device for the Heaven and Earth Array. Once this device is activated, the Heaven and Earth Array will reveal itself. When the time comes and I’ve broken through the Heaven and Earth Array, you all will be able to return to the celestial realm.” Jared gazed at the documentation device in his hand and spoke.

Passion ablazed within Ararat’s and Zevon’s eyes.

If the Heaven and Earth Array were to be shattered, they would truly be free.

“Jared, go on with your work. We’ll go to the fifth level to take a look,” Skylar said to Jared.

“Be careful, Mr. Norton.” Jared gave a nod of acknowledgement.

Subsequently, Skylar took Josephine to the fifth floor while Jared began to activate the fourth documentation device.

The glow of the documentation device Jared held intensified, as if a tremendous force was on the verge of breaking free. He took a deep breath, steadily channeling his spiritual energy into the documentation device.

As the spiritual energy flowed in, the ancient runes on the documentation device began to flicker, emitting a series of resonating hums.

In an instant, a blinding beam of light shot up into the sky, emanating from Jared and spreading out in all directions. As if an invisible colossal hand had torn the sky open, a large, enigmatic arcane array slowly emerged.

Atop the arcane array, runes were swirling, lines intertwining, emanating a pulse that set one's heart racing.

Regardless of what the cultivators of the Ethereal Realm were doing, they found themselves involuntarily pausing their current tasks at that moment, lifting their gazes toward the sky that was shrouded by the Heaven and Earth Array.

Some were so astounded that their jaws dropped, their magical items slipping from their hands unnoticed.

Others were filled with reverence, kneeling on one knee and bowing in the direction of the formation. There were also those whose faces revealed a greed, seemingly calculating the hidden opportunities within the formation.

"W-What is this? Such formidable power!" A white-haired elder's voice trembled as he spoke. Despite his hundreds of years of cultivation, he had never witnessed such a spectacle.

"Could this be the legendary Heaven and Earth Array?" A young cultivator clenched his fists in excitement, his eyes shimmering with fervent passion.

"It's revealed! The Heaven and Earth Array is revealed. Divinus, we'll be able to return to the celestial realm soon!" Hellion gazed at the Heaven and Earth Array, his excitement mirroring that of a child.

Divinus, too, was gazing upward at the Heaven and Earth Array in the sky, his ancient eyes brimming with tears.

In the far north, Inferno Devil, cloaked in flames, gazed up at the Heaven and Earth Array. His expression was filled with profound emotions.

Countless celestial realm cultivators who were trapped in the Ethereal Realm were overwhelmed with excitement. They had waited for thousands of years.

The Heaven and Earth Array had finally revealed itself. Now, all they were waiting for was the appearance of the one who could break the formation. Only then would they truly be free.

As Jared gazed upon the Heaven and Earth Array unfolding before him, he felt a twinge of excitement, coupled with a subtle sense of unease.

He was well aware that the activation of this Heaven and Earth Array would inevitably trigger a massive upheaval, and he was already in the eye of this storm.

Ararat asked excitedly, "Mr. Chance, the Heaven and Earth Array has manifested. Can you break it now?"

Jared shook his head. "Right now, I can only reveal the Heaven and Earth Array. As for how to break this formation, I still need to conduct further research."

"Mr. Chance, go ahead with your research. We'll guard you," Zevon uttered in excitement.

"Okay." Jared nodded, then slowly levitated into the air.

As stared at the Heaven and Earth Array, Jared fell into a state of oblivion.

Meanwhile, within Fire Incineration Sect, Rudy abruptly opened his eyes, his brow deeply furrowed in concern.

"Elder Rudy, the Heaven and Earth Array has appeared. I suspect someone is trying to break it!" Seoirse entered the secret room, addressing Rudy.

"Stop him. The time isn't right yet. We can't let the Heaven and Earth Array be broken." After glancing at the bronze coffin, Rudy directed an ordertoward Seoirse.

"Understood!" Seoirse nodded in agreement.

In no time, within Fire Incineration Sect, a large group of cultivators, led by Seoirse, rushed directly toward Land of Finale. Among them were Winifred and Wallace.

During the Intense battle between Jared and the Four Hell Palace, this sibling duo had already made their escape.

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Meanwhile, in Land of Finale, Jared continued to be absorbed in a state of oblivion. Even Jared himself wasn't sure when would be able to break through this Heaven and Earth Array.

Corrado, Theodore, the Five Great Governors, Kishor, Ararat, Zevon, and Sidney were all rallying to protect Jared.

Right then, a wave of terrifying aura rapidly approached Land of Finale from the horizon.

Feeling the terrifying aura, everyone's expressions turned grave.

In just a breath's time, Seoirse, accompanied by the members of Fire Incineration Sect, had already arrived in front of Corrado and his group.

Seoirse glanced up at the Heaven and Earth Array where Jared was engrossed, his eyes filled with a chilling intent to kill.

“Seoirse, what brings you here?” Upon seeing the people from Fire Incineration Sect, Corrado panicked.

Four Hell Palace had given them a hard time, and now, the most influential force in Ethereal Realm, Fire Incineration Sect, had arrived. This only served to fluster Corrado further.

“The Heaven and Earth Array cannot be broken yet, so the one who dares to break it must die.” Seoirse spoke in a cold tone.

Corrado didn’t speak further, merely sparing a glance at Theodore.

Theodore gave a wave of his cane and nodded in affirmation.

“Kill!” With a roar of fury, Corrado was the first to charge out into battle.

In an instant, everyone below Jared surged forward.

Without any superfluous banter, the world around them momentarily shifted hues as various magecraft techniques flew about.

Seoirse didn’t make a move. Instead, just stared intently at Jared.

As Seoirse lifted his finger and gently pointed toward Jared, a surge of energy instantly rushed toward Jared.

“Protect Mr. Chance!” Seeing the situation, Corrado let out a bellow.

However, at that time, everyone was entangled by the people from Fire Incineration Sect. They simply couldn’t be distracted. Moreover, not everyone could withstand that blow from Seoirse.

Having established himself as the most powerful force in Ethereal Realm, Seoirse’s capabilities were truly terrifying. He had reached Top Level Immortal Realm and was on the verge of ascending to Ascendance at any moment.

As the wave of energy approached Jared, seemed completely oblivious. With his eyes slightly closed, continued to immerse himself in Heaven and Earth Array.

At that moment, a large hand suddenly reached out, grabbing onto the faint trace of aura before exerting a slight force.

Boom!

The moment the aura was seized, it exploded instantaneously, unleashing a terrifying wave of power. Every person engaged in combat was repelled by this shockwave, bringing a halt to the fighting.

The shockwave pushed everyone back, and this terrifying power left everyone in disbelief.

The gaunt and pale-faced Sidney had materialized before Jared.

Seoirse looked at Sidney, his expression extremely grave.

Sidney gave a sense of crisis, and at the same time, was immensely shocked. He couldn't comprehend how such an expert could appear in Ethereal Realm's Land of Finale.

I'm already peerless in Ethereal Realm, so where did come from out of the blue?

"Who are you?" asked Seoirse.

"You don't deserve to know," Sidney responded nonchalantly.

"Hmph. Even if you are a cultivator from celestial realm, in this Ethereal Realm, you still have to respect me. You have no choice but to bow before me because I'm the one who is invincible In this Ethereal Realm." Seoirse scoffed.

With a casual flick of his hand in the void, a massive cage materialized before everyone's eyes.

"Dare to take me on?" Seoirse challenged.

"What's there to fear?" Without any hesitation, Sidney stepped into the enormous cage.

Only by doing so could their battle not affect others. Otherwise, their fight could have risked the obliteration of the entire Land of Finale. Even the people around them could have died.

Seoirse smirked, stepping into the prison cage. Subsequently, slowly opened his right hand. A brilliant radiance emanated from his palm, causing the entire Land of Finale to tremble violently.

"Child's play!" Sidney snorted coldly, immediately throwing a punch.

Boom!

Countless powers of law surged from within Sidney. As Sidney was an immortal from celestial realm, his combat experience and techniques were simply incomparable to Seoirse's.