

A Warrior undefeatable /

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After hearing that, Berserk Tiger sized up Jared, Reidan, and Flaxseed, as those were the only three individuals who were strangers to him.

Surely, Eason's son-in-law must be among these three men....

"Which one of the three?" Berserk Tiger asked.

Pointing at Jared, Eason said, "This one...".

Berserk Tiger was taken aback for a moment, then burst into hearty laughter. "Eason, your son-in-law is only Immortal Realm Level One, and looks so frail. What's there to be proud of?".

"Don't underestimate just because appears thin. Despite his lean appearance, he's actually quite muscular. Just tell me whether you have the guts to have fight here," Eason scoffed.

"Of course I do! I can pick anyone at random, and they can beat your darling son-in-law until he's black and blue." Sneering, Berserk Tiger looked down on Jared. In his eyes, Jared's slight frame could be sent flying with a mere slap.

"Good..." Eason turned to Jared and asked, "Jared, are you ready?".

"Yes, Father... I'd like to see who can beat the crap out of me." Jared confidently nodded.

"All right!" Eason nodded in agreement.

The group subsequently arrived at an arena, where Berserk Tiger said, "Eason, same rules as always. Each match is a hundred thousand celestial coins. If you don't have enough, you'll have to make up for it with resources."

"No problem!" Eason nodded in agreement.

Upon hearing that, Jared felt a surge of pressure. He didn't expect a match to require a hundred thousand celestial coins for the bet.

In the official arena, one could only bet a hundred celestial coins, and the payout after ten matches would only be a thousand celestial coins.

Two women could be bought for five hundred celestial coins each. Yet, the opening bet was a hundred thousand celestial coins in the black market.

"Father, isn't this wager a bit too steep?" Jared asked in a low voice.

"Not at all. Berserk Tiger took way more than a hundred thousand celestial coins from me. You must win several rounds for me to recoup my previous losses. It'll be great if you can remain unbeatable and win until that punk is broke." Eason held high expectations for Jared.

"I'll give it a shot!" Jared was at a loss for words.

With mockery, Berserk Tiger said, "Eason, stop beating around the bush. Hurry up and let your son-in-law take the stage. However, let me be clear upfront. Your son-in-law is too frail. If ends up dying from a single slap, you can't blame me."

"We'll see who's going to bite the dust!" Jared declared before leaping onto the stage.

At that moment, Berserk Tiger turned to a burly fellow beside him.

"Tiny, it's your turn. Don't hold back. If you win, I'll share some of the hundred thousand celestial coins with you!"

"Thanks, Boss!" Tiny joyfully then leapt onto the stage.

Jared gazed at Tiny, wondering why that was the latter's name when the man was over three meters tall, with fists larger than his head. Compared to Tiny, Jared seemed incredibly frail.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're about to have a match with Fox Spirit House. Now is the time for those who wish to place bets. No matter the amount, Mr. Flowers will ultimately cover the cost!" Berserk Tiger began to roar loudly.

The cultivators within the black market all rushed over one after another!

Upon seeing Jared and Tiny on the fighting stage, everyone broke into laughter.

"Mr. Flowers, is your House running out of people? How come you're sending such a skinny guy up on stage?"

"It seems like Mr. Flowers isn't short of money. What's the point of such a lopsided match?"

"I bet a thousand celestial coins on Berserk Tiger House. I'm putting everything on the line."

"I'm betting too, I'm betting too..."

Everyone seemed to have gone mad, betting everything they owned on Berserk Tiger House's victory. After all, who wouldn't want to earn some extra money in such a perceived sure-win situation?

"Boss..." Gillian whispered into Eason's ear, "We've bet too much. I'm afraid we won't be able to cover the losses."

"It's all right. I have faith in Jared." Eason maintained a calm expression, yet a hint of smugness lingered at the corners of his mouth.

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After all, Eason had witnessed Jared's strength the previous night. Only such a stark contrast in physique could lead the other party to underestimate him.

Seeing everyone betting on his side to win, Berserk Tiger looked at Eason even more mockingly. "Eason, the match hasn't started yet. If you chicken out now, all you need to do is apologize to me. There's no need to pay any compensation."

"Enough with the f*cking chatter. Let's get started," Eason said.

Berserk Tiger swung his massive hand, causing four pillars of light to rise around the entire arena. Following that, those light pillars emitted rays that eventually connected, enveloping the entire platform.

Jared gazed at the complex formation, smirking because Berserk Tiger House's arena was far inferior compared to the official one.

Upon seeing that, Flaxseed sneered, "Such a big place, yet the arena's formation is so shabby and outdated, riddled with countless flaws."

Upon hearing that, Berserk Tiger shot a cold glare at Flaxseed, displeased by Flaxseed's remark. However, wasn't able to find many array masters, and those did find were not particularly powerful. Thus, being able to set up that kind of formation at the arena was already quite an achievement for him.

"Activate the arcane array! Let the match begin!" roared.

Tiny looked at Jared, flashed a grin, and said, "Sorry about this, brat. After defeating you, my boss will give me some money. Then I can go enjoy myself with the ladies."

After Tiny finished speaking, threw a punch at Jared!

Relying solely on his physical strength, his punch managed to produce a sound that seemed to tear through the air.

Jared watched Tiny's punch with disdain, knowing could break the latter's arm without moving.

"Is this guy scared out of his wits or something?"

"He's not moving. Does want to die?"

"He should try to dodge if can't beat Tiny. What's the point of just standing there?"

Everyone was utterly baffled, wondering why Jared chose to remain motionless.

"Boss..." Gillian's brows furrowed slightly in concern. After all, Jared was Eason's son-in-law. If were to be killed by a single punch, it would be utterly humiliating.

Eason remained silent, his gaze fixed on Jared calmly.

Boom!

Tiny's punch landed hard on Jared's body.

In a flash, the stage quaked violently. Everyone was convinced that Jared was crushed to death!

"Argh!"

A piercing scream resonated, but it wasn't Jared who cried out. It came from Tiny as his arm was drenched in fresh blood, his massive fist revealing the white bones underneath the flesh.

It would seem Tiny's fingers had been broken, with the bones piercing through the skin and becoming visible.

Meanwhile, Jared, unmoved from his original spot, smirked.

"What?" Everyone was taken aback when they witnessed that scene.

The punch Tiny threw packed a tremendous amount of raw physical force, enough to turn someone into a pulp, yet Jared was perfectly fine.

Berserk Tiger widened his eyes in disbelief. Even Gillian was taken aback, but Eason was smiling with satisfaction.

"Tiny, what's going on?" roared Berserk Tiger.

"Boss, this guy's body is as tough as steel! I can't hurt him!" Tiny's bloody arm hung down as spoke in a thoroughly disheartened tone.

"You good-for-nothing! Don't you still have one arm? Take down. We can't afford to lose," Berserk Tiger roared in fury as a hundred thousand celestial coins were on the line.

The others were also growing frantic. "Take down, take down!"

After all, they had bet everything on Berserk Tiger House winning. If Tiny lost, they would be completely ruined.

Seeing the situation, Tiny could only bear the intense pain. He then raised his left hand, clenching it tightly into a fist.

With gritted teeth and a roar, punched Jared.

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Perhaps the excruciating pain provoked Tiny's nerves, making his punch even more ferocious.

Everyone held their breath watching Tiny's punch!

They hoped Tiny could knock Jared out with a single punch, as that punch was tied to their entire fortune.

"Die!" Tiny roared, aiming a punch directly at Jared's face with the intention to kill.

Jared observed the furious Tiny, sneering. Subsequently, raised his hand slightly. He directly blocked Tiny's punch, rendering Tiny's fist unable to move forward even the slightest bit.

The enormity of Tiny's fist was held by Jared's petite palm. It was a stark contrast that left everyone nearly breathless.

"F*ck you!" Casually, Jared flung Tiny away.

Tiny's body flew into the air before plummeting heavily to the ground, creating a deep crater upon impact.

At that moment, everyone fell silent, staring blankly at Tiny, who was spitting up blood.

Jared looked around, then asked in an incredibly pretentious manner, "Anyone else?!".

Eason shouted with excitement and laughter. "My son-in-law is truly impressive! Gillian, go collect our winnings...".

Immediately, Gillian started gathering the celestial coins with his team.

Everyone watched as their money was taken away. Each of them felt a heartache, but they could do nothing. They had to accept the loss since they were willing to gamble in the first place.

Nobody dared to stir up trouble in the black market. After all, it was a forbidden place. If a fight broke out there and word got out, the soldiers would discover it in no time.

"You good-for-nothing!".

Watching the blood spill from Tiny's mouth, Berserk Tiger was consumed with rage. He then punched Tiny so hard that the latter turned into a puddle of flesh.

Upon witnessing the ruthless demeanor of Berserk Tiger, everyone instinctively took several steps back.

Eason looked at Berserk Tiger and asked, "Berserk Tiger, it was just a match. There are winners and losers. How could you kill your own subordinate?".

"You needn't concern yourself with this. Dare to have another match?!" growled Berserk Tiger.

"Of course... I'm just worried you might not," Eason said with a slight smile.

"Gianto!" Berserk Tiger roared before a massive iron gate began to open.

Following that, a man nearly ten meters tall with an incredibly large build emerged. His face was almost entirely covered with a beard!

With each step took, the whole of Berserk Tiger House would tremble.

Eason's expression became serious when saw Gianto.

Gianto's palm was larger than Jared's entire body.

Seeing Eason's expression, Berserk Tiger sneered, "Are you scared now? Let me tell you, Gianto possesses incredible strength. He can do the impossible with just his physical body, and each of his punches packs five tonnes of force. With just one stomp from him, your son-in-law would be reduced to nothing! Not even a trace of his bones would be left!".

Eason looked at Jared with a serious expression. "Jared, can you still keep going? If you can't, we can stop competing now. Although we haven't gotten everything back, we've already made a significant recovery."

Eason was afraid that Jared wouldn't be a match for Gianto, given the latter's immense size. In terms of pure physical strength, being larger in size had its advantages.

"Father, there's no need to worry. I won't back down, even if I'm facing a mountain-size giant." Jared spoke with an air of confidence.

"You're not just boasting, are you?" Eason was worried Jared was deliberately showing off to protect his dignity.

It was a matter of life and death, not a time for showing off. Otherwise, the consequence could indeed be fatal.

"I have faith in my abilities. I'm not boasting..." Jared spoke loudly.

"That's good to hear. I don't want my daughter to ascend to the celestial realm only to find out you're already dead, leaving a widow. She will definitely give me hell for that." Eason was terrified that wouldn't know what to say to Catina if Jared died.

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"Dumbo, come on then..." Jared beckoned to Gianto.

"Gianto, kill him. Don't hold back," Berserk Tiger bellowed.

Gianto gave a firm nod, then leapt onto the stage. His massive frame slammed onto the arena floor, making the whole Berserk Tiger House tremble. Dust shot into the air from the impact, swirling under the lights in a hazy mist.

Those copper-colored eyes of his locked onto Jared, flames of violence flickering in his pupils. Twin jets of steam shot from his flaring nostrils like an enraged beast from ancient times rousing from slumber.

"Little bug, I will squash you into a pulp!" Gianto's voice rolled like thunder, shaking the lanterns around the arena until their flames danced and flickered wildly.

He spoke with cruel excitement, as if already savoring the image of Jared crushed into pulp.

Jared, however, just smirked with scorn, lips curled into a dangerous arc. He slowly rolled up his sleeves, revealing lean but well-defined arms, and beckoned lazily. "Come on. Let's see what you've got, dumbo."

His voice wasn't loud, but it rang clearly through the entire Berserk Tiger House, brimming with unshakable confidence.

Berserk Tiger threw back his head and let out a booming laugh. "Brat, get on your knees and beg now, and I might let you die in one piece!"

Jared merely smirked, not offering a response. Instead, flexed his wrist, the knuckles producing a crisp sound.

This seemingly casual move made Gianto inexplicably tense. His gut told that this seemingly weak opponent in front of was far from being as simple as appeared.

Gianto made the first move. He advanced with his sturdy legs, charging at Jared like a moving hill. The ground beneath his feet cracked with each step took.

He let out a deafening roar that made the arena's shield ripple under the force of sound. Then came his fist, a massive hammer of flesh tearing through the air, the sheer pressure bending light and bursting with a high-pitched boom.

That punch could have leveled a hill!

People in the audience clamped their hands over their ears. Some with weaker cultivation were knocked down by the wind force alone, their faces pale with fear.

Several spectators even closed their eyes, unwilling to watch Jared get obliterated.

At the edge of the stage, Eason stood, sweating bullets. But seeing Jared's calm demeanor, relaxed a little.

He wiped his forehead and mumbled, "My dear son-in-law, you must hang in there..."

However, Jared simply shifted his body slightly, moving as gracefully as if was taking a leisurely stroll in a garden.

The colossal fist narrowly missed him, striking the arena instead. Instantly, the specially made obsidian arena was left with a two-meter-wide crater. Debris flew in all directions, and the area was quickly shrouded in a cloud of dust and smoke.

"Too slow," Jared said with a sneer, his voice laced with open mockery.

Jared let out a scoff, his voice laced with undisguised mockery. His figure suddenly blurred, and in the next instant, was already behind Gianto. His speed was so fast that didn't even leave an afterimage.

"What?"

Berserk Tiger shot to his feet, eyes bulging in disbelief. He clenched the armrest of his seat so hard it shattered, wooden splinters falling between his fingers.

Jared hopped lightly onto Gianto's shoulder, landing like a leaf drifting down from a tree.

He crouched and gave Gianto's stubbled cheek a little pat, voice full of casual teasing. "Didn't your mom ever teach you to watch your back, dumbbo?"

Enraged, Gianto reached out to grab Jared, who was perched on his shoulder, only to clutch at thin air. Jared had already nimbly moved to his other shoulder, thoroughly enjoying the game.

"D*mn mouse! Get down from there!" Gianto thrashed furiously, slapping at his own shoulders, but every attempt missed by a whisker.

In Jared's eyes, his movements were as slow as a snail's crawl.

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After having his fun, Jared leapt down from Gianto's body.

Humiliated and furious, Gianto let out a furious roar, like a bull gone mad. He swung a fist at Jared with all his might, but this time, Jared didn't dodge.

Instead, stood his ground and reached out a palm to meet the incoming fist. Their hands collided with a thunderous crash.

In an instant, a blinding light burst forth, and a powerful shockwave rippled out from the point of impact, knocking the crowd off their feet. People raised their arms to shield their eyes.

Once the light had faded, everyone was astounded to discover that Jared had firmly seized Gianto's massive fist in his hand, holding it perfectly still.

"Impossible!" Berserk Tiger's eyes widened as shrieked in disbelief.

Gianto's physical strength was renowned in the black market. He had crushed every opponent with sheer brute force. Never before had encountered someone who could match head-on.

With a roar, Gianto flexed every muscle in his body, veins bulging, trying to break free of Jared's grip.

Jared merely responded with a cold laugh. With a sudden burst of strength in his wrist, managed to forcefully alter the direction of Gianto's punch.

Then kicked Gianto squarely in the knee. With a crisp crack sound, Gianto's towering figure dramatically collapsed to the ground.

The entire place fell into complete silence. Everyone's mouths were agape, and they were unable to utter a word.

No one had ever seen such overwhelming physical strength. Jared had not only held his ground against a giant. He was winning.

"My turn," Jared said softly.

Though quiet, his voice hit like thunder in everyone's ears.

In a flash, vanished.

The next moment, Gianto took a full punch to the face and was sent flying across the stage, slamming into the wall with a loud crash. The stone wall now bore a massive human-shaped dent.

Gianto struggled to rise, but his body felt like it had fallen apart. Every movement brought unbearable pain.

Jared strolled over and looked down at from above. "That all you've got?"

Berserk Tiger's face turned livid. He shouted, "Gianto! Get up and kill him!"

Gianto clenched his teeth and tried to stand, but Jared stepped on his chest, pinning down.

With just a bit of pressure, Gianto felt like a mountain was pressing down on him. He could barely breathe, his vision turning dark.

"Admit defeat," Jared said.

Gianto's eyes burned with rage-but knew had no chance against this deceptively slender opponent. With great difficulty, gave a small nod. He admitted defeat.

Jared retracted his foot, and Gianto collapsed onto the ground like a lump of mush.

The entire room erupted in a deafening gasp, leaving everyone's gaze on Jared filled with a mix of fear and awe.

"Who's next?" Jared asked as swept his gaze across the crowd. "I'll take on ten at once..."

Berserk Tiger's expression darkened. Grinding his teeth, growled, "Fine, brat. You've got guts! Since you want it that way, we'll all come at you. I want to see just how strong you really are!".

With a wave of his hand, ten experts from Berserk Tiger House leapt onto the stage.

Their heavy footsteps pounded like war drums.

They were all body cultivators. The shortest among them stood over two meters tall, their bodies packed with coiled muscle, their skin gleaming with a metallic sheen.

They surrounded Jared in a fan-shaped formation, eyes gleaming with bloodlust.

Eason's face turned pale. He shouted anxiously, "Jared, don't! There are too many of them. You can't take them all alone! When you're out in the world, keep a low profile! You're acting so cocky, I can't even cover for you anymore..."

He was panicking.

Jared's strength might be insane, but fighting ten of these monsters alone?

That was madness!

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Jared waved a hand, signaling Eason not to worry. He rolled his shoulders a little and grinned. "Perfect timing... I wasn't done having fun..."

Berserk Tiger's face turned ashen, veins throbbing on his forehead. With a furious roar, smashed the table in front of and shouted, "Kill that arrogant brat!".

The first expert to rush forward was swinging fists as heavy as sledgehammers. A faint aura of energy was coiled around his fists, indicating that had honed his physical body to its peak.

Jared didn't dodge. He punched back. His fist, in comparison, was pitifully small, but it carried an unstoppable momentum.

Crack!

A sharp bone-snapping sound echoed through the hushed Berserk Tiger House, piercingly loud.

The man's entire arm twisted into an unnatural angle, with white bone tearing through skin as blood sprayed everywhere.

He let out a scream and was hurled backward, crashing into one of the pillars at the edge of the stage. He collapsed in a heap, unconscious.

The second and third experts attacked at the same time. One struck out with a fist as heavy as a bell hammer, while the other swept across with a leg as strong as a steel whip.

Jared moved like lightning, dodging effortlessly, and tapped both of them lightly with his hands, his motions as graceful as a butterfly dancing among flowers.

Pfft!

"Argh!" One expert suddenly coughed up blood and dropped to his knees.

The other clutched a leg bent at a grotesque angle, howling in pain.

Every strike from Jared landed precisely on their weak spots. His actions seemed nonchalant, but they were in fact imbued with terrifying, destructive power.

He tore through the ten-man assault like a tiger in a flock of sheep, moving with ease among the chaos. He moved so fast Berserk Tiger House men couldn't even graze the hem of his clothes.

With every move made, an enemy would scream in agony and fall. Some had their arms broken, others had their leg bones shattered, while some would just faint outright.

Seeing their companions fall one after another, Berserk Tiger House experts were filled with fear and launched a more frenzied attack. However, Jared only grew more vigorous as the battle progressed. His speed and strength increased with each passing moment.

Under his assault, the experts fell one by one. The air was filled with pained screams.

The onlookers were stunned, their mouths hanging open. They had never witnessed such raw, overpowering combat.

One man against ten. Not only was holding his ground, but was dominating them. it defied all logic.

"Is even human?" someone muttered.

"How can his physical body be this terrifying?" another asked in disbelief.

As the fight dragged on, the outcome became clearer.

Of the ten experts, only two were left standing, barely hanging on. They looked around at their fallen comrades, eyes full of fear. Their movements turned frantic and desperate.

Seizing the opportunity, Jared moved swiftly, appearing behind one of them in an instant. He landed a punch on the back of the man's neck. The man blacked out instantly and collapsed.

Then Jared charged the final opponent and sent flying with a kick.

In just a few minutes, Jared stood alone on the arena.

The experts from Berserk Tiger House lay scattered like broken dolls, groaning in pain. Blood stained the obsidian floor, glinting eerily under the lights.

Berserk Tiger's face was as pale as ash. He trembled with rage and humiliation, but in the end, his lips quivered as croaked, "I... I admit defeat..."

His voice was as soft as a mosquito's whisper, a stark contrast to his previous arrogance. It was as if was a completely different person.

Eason jumped up in excitement, the wrinkles on his face stretching into a gleeful smile. "Hahaha! We're rich! Gillian, hurry up and clear out Berserk Tiger House's vault!"

He rubbed his hands, already calculating how many rare materials could buy with the haul of celestial coins.

Jared walked slowly up to Berserk Tiger and looked down at the once-overbearing leader of Berserk Tiger House.

His eyes were cold, as if were staring at an insect. "Remember this... Next time you see anyone from Fox Spirit House, you walk the other way."

Just then, a flicker of malice flashed in Berserk Tiger's eyes. Abruptly, pulled out a poison-tipped dagger from his sleeve. The dagger emitted a faint, eerie green glow, clearly indicating it was coated with a lethal poison.

He thrust it toward Jared's chest with lightning speed!

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Berserk Tiger clearly held back. He didn't dare unleash any magecraft aura, afraid that the soldiers above might detect it. If they ever discovered the location of this black market, his life would be over.

"Watch out!" Flaxseed cried, his face instantly turning pale.

But Jared had already anticipated it. A cold smirk curled at the corner of his lips.

Just as the dagger was about to brush his clothes, grabbed Berserk Tiger's wrist and gave it a slight squeeze.

"Argh!" Berserk Tiger let out a terrifying scream. The bones in his wrist were crushed to powder, and his hand dangled limp and useless.

The dagger clattered to the ground, the venom eating into the floor and leaving a small pit that hissed with green smoke.

"This is merely a lesson. In the future, if you're willing to gamble, you must accept the loss. Don't resort to sneak attacks."

After Jared finished speaking with an icy tone, then kicked Berserk Tiger through the air. The man flew more than ten meters like a rag doll and slammed hard into the ground.

The entire black market went dead silent. Everyone was stunned by the scene in front of them.

Who would have thought this seemingly ordinary young man could wipe out the entire Berserk Tiger House with nothing but brute strength?

The thugs who used to swagger around acting tough now looked like helpless infants before him.

Berserk Tiger's face was deathly pale, eyes filled with unwillingness, but didn't dare fight back. He knew was utterly powerless in front of Jared. With no other choice, gave the order for Gillian to bring out all the celestial coins and resources.

Eason stared at the mountain of celestial coins and resources, grinning so wide his face nearly split.

He stepped forward and patted Jared on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Jared, you're amazing! With you, our Fox Spirit House's position in the black market is bound to skyrocket!".

Jared simply gave a faint smile without replying. He knew that in the celestial realm where strength ruled all, only by constantly becoming stronger could hold his ground.

Today's victory came only because magecraft aura was restricted. If such restrictions hadn't been in place, wouldn't have stood a chance against those experts. That meant had to raise his cultivation level as quickly as possible.

The members of Berserk Tiger House could only watch as Jared took away the wealth they had painstakingly gathered. Though resentment burned in their hearts, no one dared to say a word. They all knew from this moment on, Berserk Tiger House's status in the black market would plummet.

"Father, shall we hit the next black market?" Jared asked.

Only by amassing more celestial coins and resources could Jared elevate his cultivation level more rapidly.

"Absolutely. Let's go!" Eason was all excited.

After giving Berserk Tiger one last cold glance, turned and left with Jared.

As they exited Berserk Tiger House, the members of Fox Spirit House looked at Jared with newfound admiration.

Originally, they had suffered heavy losses to Berserk Tiger House and were on the verge of collapse. They never expected to recover everything in one stroke.

At first, Gillian had looked down on Jared entirely. His small build and cultivation at Immortal Realm Level One didn't impress at all.

If hadn't been Eason's son-in-law, wouldn't even have bothered to speak to him. But now, Gillian and the others kept calling his name with sincere enthusiasm.

Eason, too, became increasingly fond of Jared, showering with praise all the way.

Together, Eason and Jared began sweeping through black markets one by one.

Because of Jared's figure, everyone assumed was weak. So every black market they visited, the locals bet heavily on his loss.

The outcome was predictable each time. Jared emerged victorious, subsequently collecting a substantial amount of celestial coins.

The black markets may have lost fortunes, but they couldn't do anything about it. They didn't dare to take action. If they dared to refuse payment or resorted to violence, their black market's reputation would be lost. And in the black market world, losing credibility meant destruction.

No one would dare do business with them again. More importantly, once anyone used magecraft aura, it risked leaking their location and alerting the patrolling soldiers.

If a black market's location was exposed, it was as good as dead. The city lord mansion would undoubtedly dispatch troops to eradicate the black market.

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So unless it was a life-or-death situation, the owners of these black markets would never take action. They could only admit defeat and hand over the celestial coins.

That day, Eason led Jared through a sweep of every black market in Rhino City, raking in an uncountable amount of celestial coins and resources.

By the time they returned to Fox Spirit House, Eason was so thrilled nearly hugged Jared and showered with kisses.

"My dear son-in-law, forget about staying in the inn from now on. Fox Spirit House is your home. I'll arrange a luxurious and comfortable room for you," Eason said warmly.

Jared nodded, then pointed to Flaxseed and Reidan. "These two are my friends..."

"If they're your friends, then they're our guests. Let them stay here too," Eason replied with enthusiasm.

"But their identities..." Jared hesitated, worried that Flaxseed and Reidan's human identities might cause trouble for Fox Spirit House.

"It's fine. As long as they don't wander around, there won't be any problems inside Fox Spirit House," Eason reassured him.

"Mr. Flaxseed, Mr. Schwartz, what do you think?" Jared asked.

"I'll go with whatever you say, Mr. Chance," Reidan answered indifferently.

Jared had saved his life, and following was his only choice. Otherwise, as a human, wouldn't survive a day in Rhino City.

Flaxseed looked a little troubled and said, "There are two women still staying at the inn. Can I bring them here too?"

"Of course. I'll arrange a room for them as well," Eason offered before Jared could even respond.

"Okay, I'll go and bring them over!" Brimming with joy, Flaxseed went to bring those two women back.

In the days that followed, Jared and the others remained inside Fox Spirit House. The place had everything. It was practically a small city.

Jared threw himself into intense cultivation within the Pentacarna Tower. With a steady supply of celestial coins and resources, his progress was astonishing. In just half a month, his cultivation soared all the way to Immortal Realm Level Eight.

Two weeks in the outside world equaled fifty months in Pentacarna Tower. Years of cultivation, compressed into mere days.

When Jared emerged from the tower, everyone was stunned to see that had advanced from Immortal Realm Level One to Level Eight in such a short time. It was simply unbelievable.

"Jared, your cultivation speed is incredible! But your consumption rate is also terrifying. All the resources we won in the arena battles are nearly used up," Eason said with a helpless smile.

Had it not been for the depletion of resources, Jared wouldn't have left the Pentacarna Tower at all.

"Father, this is already more than I could ask for. I just feel a little guilty that all those resources were used by me alone," Jared said a bit sheepishly.

"Nonsense, you're part of Fox Spirit House now. Of course the resources should be used by you!" Eason said, clapping Jared on the shoulder.

Jared was deeply moved. He genuinely respected and accepted Eason as his father-in-law.

"Father, is there any sort of trial ground in Rhino City? My cultivation has advanced so quickly, so I need real combat experience to solidify it," Jared said.

Despite reaching Level Eight, the leap had been so fast that needed practical battle to master his new abilities. But couldn't exactly just start challenging random people on the street.

"There is a purgatory in Rhino City, but it's extremely dangerous. I'm afraid it might be too much for your current level," Eason warned.

He added, "Also, each entry into the purgatory costs five hundred thousand celestial coins. Most people simply can't afford that."

"Purgatory? Why is there even a fee? Who collects it? And what's inside this purgatory?" Jared asked in confusion.

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"My dear son-in-law, forget about staying in the inn from now on. Fox Spirit House is your home. I'll arrange a luxurious and comfortable room for you," Eason said warmly.

Jared nodded, then pointed to Flaxseed and Reidan. "These two are my friends..."

"If they're your friends, then they're our guests. Let them stay here too," Eason replied with enthusiasm.

"But their identities..." Jared hesitated, worried that Flaxseed and Reidan's human identities might cause trouble for Fox Spirit House.

"It's fine. As long as they don't wander around, there won't be any problems inside Fox Spirit House," Eason reassured him.

"Mr. Flaxseed, Mr. Schwartz, what do you think?" Jared asked.

"I'll go with whatever you say, Mr. Chance," Reidan answered indifferently.

Jared had saved his life, and following was his only choice. Otherwise, as a human, wouldn't survive a day in Rhino City.

Flaxseed looked a little troubled and said, "There are two women still staying at the inn. Can I bring them here too?"

"Of course. I'll arrange a room for them as well," Eason offered before Jared could even respond.

"Okay, I'll go and bring them over!" Brimming with joy, Flaxseed went to bring those two women back.

In the days that followed, Jared and the others remained inside Fox Spirit House. The place had everything. It was practically a small city.

Jared threw himself into intense cultivation within the Pentacarna Tower. With a steady supply of celestial coins and resources, his progress was astonishing. In just half a month, his cultivation soared all the way to Immortal Realm Level Eight.

Two weeks in the outside world equaled fifty months in Pentacarna Tower. Years of cultivation, compressed into mere days.

When Jared emerged from the tower, everyone was stunned to see that had advanced from Immortal Realm Level One to Level Eight in such a short time. It was simply unbelievable.

"Jared, your cultivation speed is incredible! But your consumption rate is also terrifying. All the resources we won in the arena battles are nearly used up," Eason said with a helpless smile.

Had it not been for the depletion of resources, Jared wouldn't have left the Pentacarna Tower at all.

"Father, this is already more than I could ask for. I just feel a little guilty that all those resources were used by me alone," Jared said a bit sheepishly.

"Nonsense, you're part of Fox Spirit House now. Of course the resources should be used by you!" Eason said, clapping Jared on the shoulder.

Jared was deeply moved. He genuinely respected and accepted Eason as his father-in-law.

"Father, is there any sort of trial ground in Rhino City? My cultivation has advanced so quickly, so I need real combat experience to solidify it," Jared said.

Despite reaching Level Eight, the leap had been so fast that needed practical battle to master his new abilities. But couldn't exactly just start challenging random people on the street.

"There is a purgatory in Rhino City, but it's extremely dangerous. I'm afraid it might be too much for your current level," Eason warned.

He added, "Also, each entry into the purgatory costs five hundred thousand celestial coins. Most people simply can't afford that."

"Purgatory? Why is there even a fee? Who collects it? And what's inside this purgatory?" Jared asked in confusion.

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A Man Like None Other [On

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"F*ck, what a rip-off!" Jared couldn't help but curse when heard the price.

The woman snorted coldly and glared at like was ready to bite his head off.

"He's just a kid and doesn't know any better. Don't take it personally..." Eason quickly stepped in to apologize to the woman.

Then pulled Jared aside and warned in a low voice, "It is the nobody that is hard to get along with. Don't go picking fights with the staff. If they decide to

make things difficult for you, you might not even make it out of the purgatory.”.

“Understood...” Jared nodded.

This so-called celestial realm didn’t feel much different from the mundane world. Even a staff member like had the same arrogant, condescending attitude, like someone owed money.

“Go on in. Just be careful. If it feels like too much, don’t try to tough it out. Get out immediately.” Eason reminded Jared again, worried might push himself too far.

“I know!” Jared said, then turned toward the staircase.

One hundred and eighty thousand steps stretched ahead, disappearing into the distance. Standing at the bottom, Jared felt as if were about to walk into a road without end, cliffs plunging down on either side.

Seeing Jared begin the climb, Eason was about to leave, but after a moment of hesitation, stayed put.

He figured if something really happened to Jared, could help somehow by being there. If Jared got hurt or worse, and Catina came to the celestial realm looking for him, might not even acknowledge Eason as father anymore.

Jared climbed step by step. For someone like him, with a powerful physique and abundant strength, the staircase posed no real physical challenge. The only thing required here was perseverance, and that was something had in spades.

Everything had been through until now, had survived through sheer grit.

When Jared finally reached the entrance to the massive cave, took a moment to catch his breath. Following that, pulled out the trial crystal and tossed it into the cave.

Buzz!

With a flash of white light from within the cave, Jared suddenly felt as if a mysterious force had pulled in.

When opened his eyes again, found himself in the middle of a wasteland. The surroundings were dark red, the ground littered with bones and skeletal remains, and a cold drizzle fell from the sky.

He reached out and touched the droplets. This wasn't rain. It was blood. The sky was literally raining blood!

He looked around, and there wasn't even a trace of the cave anymore. It was as if had been transported to another world entirely.

Jared's expression grew grim. This place was seriously creepy.

He immediately activated the Focus Technique and began absorbing the lethal intent in the air. The area was thick with it, like a realm straight out of the underworld.

The lethal intent around surged toward his body like a tide. Thankfully, his Focus Technique could refine anything. Any kind of energy could be absorbed and converted into his own.

On top of that, Jared had demonic blood running through his veins. As more of the lethal intent flooded into him, felt power filling his body. Even the nervousness he'd felt earlier was completely swept away.

"This really is a great place..."

Jared actually closed his eyes and began absorbing the lethal intent with full focus.

As more of it entered his body, his skin took on a dark hue, and the veins across his body bulged like thick ropes.

"Kid, this lethal intent might be good stuff, but don't get careless. You'll lose control if you go too far. Plenty of malicious spirits are trapped here. Looks like a massive battle once took place, and all those souls were locked in this

place, unable to escape." Just as Jared was absorbing the lethal intent, the voice of the Vermilion Demon Lord echoed in his mind, issuing a stern warning.