

A Warrior undefeatable /

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A Man Like None Other [On

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"No worries... To others, these malicious spirits might be terrifying, but to me, they're top-grade resources!" Jared said with a slight smile. These malicious spirits could also be refined and absorbed. Moreover, the lethal intent within them was far denser than any found in the natural world..."

"What an anomaly..." The Vermilion Demon Lord rolled his eyes and didn't bother responding any further.

Soon, as the lethal intent surged into Jared's body from all directions, countless malicious spirits also began swarming toward him.

Sinister laughter echoed around him. To these malicious spirits, Jared was their ideal prey. If they could absorb enough of his blood and life force, they could slowly restore their physical bodies. That was why every person who entered the purgatory became a target.

Jared had the lowest cultivation level among them, making even more appealing to these malicious spirits. After all, who wouldn't enjoy an easy kill?

Just as the malicious spirits assumed Jared would be an easy target and prepared to feast on him, his eyes suddenly snapped open.

His pupils had turned crimson, the whites of his eyes replaced by a swirling sea of blood.

"Argh!" Jared let out a fierce roar.

Boom!

A terrifying force erupted from within him. The nearby souls didn't even have time to retreat before they were engulfed by the blast and instantly reduced to nothing but pure lethal intent. With this, these malicious spirits were completely obliterated, forever stripped of the chance to come back to life.

In that moment, Jared entered a frenzied state, fearlessly absorbing the lethal intent around him. Every soul that charged at was instantly devoured by the energy radiated, turned into refined lethal intent, and absorbed into his body.

Over and over, the cycle repeated. Jared felt incredibly invigorated. He didn't need to hold back at all.

In the outside world, regardless of whether it was the mortal realm, celestial realm, or the heavenly realm, whenever Jared used the Focus Technique to absorb others, always had some reservations and obstacles inwardly.

However, here, Jared felt no such restraint. He could unabashedly absorb these malicious spirits, without concerning himself with who these spirits were in their previous lives.

Jared walked steadily forward as wave after wave of malicious spirits hurled themselves at him. Even though they were shredded the instant they touched his aura, more kept coming, like mindless insects flying straight into the flames, knowing they'd die, but rushing forward anyway.

Jared was diligently practicing the Focus Technique as journeyed deeper into the purgatory. The surrounding lethal intent was entirely absorbed by him, and not a single bit was wasted!

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Meanwhile, in the city lord mansion, Maceo furrowed his brow as stared into a bronze mirror.

The scene inside the mirror showed Jared moving through the purgatory with ease.

"Who the hell is this guy?" Maceo muttered in disbelief. Most trial participants didn't have it this easy.

Jared strolled around as if were in his own backyard, even managing to absorb all the lethal intent around him.

"Is a demon?" Maceo's eyes widened.

While cultivators from other beast clans sometimes came to Rhino City's purgatory for trials, they were all fellow beastkin.

Never before had a member of another race joined the trial. Yet Jared could absorb lethal intent so effortlessly, so it made Maceo suspect might be a demon spirit.

"Someone, bring me the information on everyone who entered the purgatory field today, immediately!" Maceo barked the order.

A subordinate immediately went to retrieve Jared's file.

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Back In the purgatory, Jared remained blissfully unaware. He was still happily absorbing all the lethal intent around him.

Initially, his aim was to gain some combat skills through trials, but what happened was a total domination. He wasn't gaining any practical experience, but was absorbing a tremendous amount of lethal intent.

At this rate, he'd be advancing to another cultivation level again soon.

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Just as Jared was basking in his excitement, a terrifying surge of power suddenly slammed into him.

Boom!

Caught off guard, Jared was struck head-on by the powerful force and sent flying backward. His body crashed heavily to the ground, and immediately coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"D*mn it. Who the hell ambushed me?!" Jared frowned. He had been peacefully absorbing the lethal intent.

Who would sneak attack me like this?

Since malicious spirits lacked conscious thought, there was no way they could pull off a coordinated ambush.

Jared began to wonder if there were other cultivators in this purgatory who might suddenly launch a surprise attack on him.

After Jared slowly got up, was immediately stunned by the sight before him.

The relaxed and casual expression on his face vanished, replaced by intense seriousness.

"A demonic zombie?" The Vermilion Demon Lord sounded surprised. "Looks like this cursed place is more twisted than I thought. It actually managed to spawn a demonic zombie."

In front of Jared, a towering demonic zombie was slowly approaching. Its entire body was rotted and reeked of decay, with bleached bones protruding through its flesh.

The sight made Jared gag. He couldn't help retching at how revolting it was.

With each step the zombie took, the ground trembled violently beneath its massive feet. It stood over a hundred feet tall, as imposing as a mountain.

When it reached Jared, the demonic zombie slowly lowered its head, glaring at with vicious, gleaming eyes.

Before Jared could react, the creature raised a giant hand and slammed it down toward him. This mighty slap completely engulfed the area within a hundred meters around Jared!

However, the moment the demonic zombie's large palm came down, Jared's figure vanished instantly. Thanks to his Blazing Stride, Jared could teleport several kilometers instantly, so narrowly avoided the crushing blow.

The moment Jared disappeared, a beam of sword light shot into the sky, heading straight for the demonic zombie.

Boom!

The sword light struck the zombie squarely and erupted into a cataclysmic shockwave that blasted Jared backward again.

The surrounding malicious spirits were instantly vaporized by the explosion.

Jared fought to stabilize himself midair and landed, then looked at the zombie, only to see that even after such a direct hit, it was still alive.

The ghastly creature appeared to be in a state of decay, with rotting flesh and exposed bones. It seemed unlikely that it could withstand even a single blow from him. However, despite its ravaged body, it surprisingly remained unscathed by Jared's sword.

"One more time..."

Jared leaped into the air and slashed down once more with the Dragonslayer Sword.

Boom!

This time, the sword light carried a torrent of blazing fire. The moment it made contact, the demonic zombie's gigantic body ignited instantly. It let out a series of tortured howls as the flames consumed it, writhing in agony.

In the end, it dramatically collapsed amidst the flames.

Jared landed on the ground and quickly activated the Focus Technique, absorbing the lethal intent radiating from the burning corpse.

"Looks like demonic fire really is effective against these things," Jared muttered, a smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth.

A smirk played at the corners of Jared's. Now that had found a way to deal with this demonic zombie, there was nothing to fear.

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Meanwhile, in the city lord mansion, Maceo's brow furrowed deeply when saw the demonic fire woven into Jared's sword strike.

"Demonic fire from the demon clan? Is this brat really one of them?" Maceo's hands clenched into fists unconsciously.

If Jared truly belonged to the demon race and had the audacity to enter the purgatory trial, Maceo wasn't going to let off easily.

Wouldn't that be a slap to his own face?

If word of this got out, Maceo knew he'd be laughed at across the region.

Jared still had no idea that his every move was being monitored. He continued roaming freely through the purgatory, unrestrained and unbothered. There was no one else around anyway, so Jared had no reason to hold anything back.

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Jared was letting loose without holding anything back, wielding the Dragonslayer Sword as absorbed the surrounding lethal intent. This place felt like paradise to him.

But just when thought the purgatory was only filled with malicious spirits and that one demonic zombie, the ground suddenly began to quake violently.

Moments later, the earth cracked open in the distance, and from those fissures, over a thousand demonic zombies began to slowly crawl out.

"Hell sh*t!" Jared frowned slightly.

Dealing with just one demonic zombie had already been tough, and now this many had appeared. Still, knowing these creatures feared demonic fire, didn't panic.

In fact, this was the perfect opportunity to use them as cultivation resources.

He raised the Dragonslayer Sword, flames rising from the blade, and charged toward the horde of demonic zombies.

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Meanwhile, Maceo, who had been watching Jared's every move, stared in disbelief. "Is this guy insane? He's going to take on all those demonic zombies alone?"

"Father..."

Just then, Rainah barged into the city lord's chambers, clearly looking for him.

Startled, Maceo hurried to cover the bronze mirror that was displaying the purgatory scene.

But Rainah had already caught a glimpse. Though the image in the mirror had flashed by quickly, it was enough to make gasp.

"Huh? Was that him?"

She was visibly surprised to see Jared in the mirror.

"What did you say?" Maceo asked.

"Father, why is there a person's image in this mirror?" Rainah stepped forward and lifted the cloth that was covering the mirror.

"Oh, that's just a scene from the purgatory. Someone's currently undergoing the trial, and I was taking a look," Maceo explained.

Then, turning his eyes to Rainah, asked, "What did you just say? Do you know the person in the trial?"

"Ah, no, I don't know him..." Rainah shook head quickly, denying it.

She didn't dare admit that knew Jared. After all, had given a token and then lost contact with him. If father found out, it'd be a huge problem.

"What did you need from me?" Maceo asked.

"Father, I want to go out for a bit. I've been cooped up in the mansion for so long, I'm going to suffocate!" Rainah said.

Maceo refused instantly, "No, it's not safe. The city has been quite unstable lately. It's best if you stay put at home..."

The Winged Tiger City spies in town hadn't been identified yet, and letting Rainah roam around was too dangerous.

Rainah rolled eyes in frustration and stormed off.

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Back in the purgatory, Jared gripped the Dragonslayer Sword tightly as flames roared around him. He charged headlong into the swarm of demonic zombies.

The blade, wrapped in searing fire, streaked across the gloom of the purgatory sky like a falling meteor.

The instant Jared plunged into the demonic zombie horde, over a thousand rotting throats shrieked in unison. The stench of decay swept over like a physical wave. In their murky eyes, a greedy glow flickered as the zombies lunged at him.

The first demonic zombie swung its claws at him. Jared sidestepped and slashed, the Dragonslayer Sword tracing a crimson arc.

With a sharp sizzle, the demonic zombie was cleaved in two at the waist, and golden flames devoured the exposed flesh.

Surprisingly, the black lethal intent leaking from its corpse didn't disperse. Instead, an unseen force drew it steadily into Jared's body.

His eyes flashed with cold focus. The Dragonslayer Sword whirled in his grip, cleaving through limbs and torsos. Black demonic zombie blood rained down around like a storm.

Each time a demonic zombie fell, the lethal intent within it surged along the Dragonslayer Sword and poured into Jared.

At first, Jared had to consciously guide the lethal intent to transform. As the battle continued, this absorption became increasingly natural and smooth.

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"Lowly ant..."

The moment the armored warrior spoke, Jared's eardrums throbbed with pain, and the space around began to fracture inch by inch.

The voice seemed to emanate from the depths of the hell, carrying with it the mournful walls of countless lost souls.

Jared's pupils contracted. The pressure from a Wandering immortal Realm presence pressed down on him, almost crushing his breath. But gritted his teeth, letting the lethal intent had just absorbed surge wildly within.

Crimson flames ignited once more on the Dragonslayer Sword.

"Perfect timing!" With a furious roar, shot forward like an arrow loosed from a bow, aiming the blade at the gap in the armored warrior's throat.

The massive axe came sweeping across with crushing force.

Jared barely dodged by twisting his body, the axe wind slicing past his shoulder and shredding a large portion of his clothes.

Using the momentum midair, twisted and stabbed at a joint in the armor, but the mithril deflected the strike, scattering sparks.

The armored warrior countered with a backhanded swing. Jared raised his sword to block, but the immense impact numbed his arms and forced back dozens of steps.

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Inside the city lord mansion, the subordinate had already delivered Jared's profile.

When Maceo saw that Jared was only an Immortal Realm Level Eight, shot up from his chair, his expression full of disbelief.

How could an immortal Realm cultivator, just freshly guided onto the path by the heaven and earth laws, be so powerful?

Maceo glanced at the copper mirror's projection and turned pale instantly.

"A Wandering Immortal Realm demonic zombie appeared, and that kid's still holding his own?" He stared hard at Jared battling the armored warrior, veins bulging at his temples.

He knew full well that in all of Rhino City, not a single Immortal Realm cultivator could go up against someone from the Wandering Immortal Realm. The gap between those realms wasn't just one level. It was an entire class, an entire world apart!

Maceo stared in stunned silence as the battle in purgatory grew fiercer.

Jared's flames were scattered again and again by the massive axe, and his body had accumulated several deep, bone-revealing wounds.

Yet, every time was injured, could absorb the residual lethal intent from the attacks of the armored warrior through his Dragonslayer Sword. This, in turn, served to refine and strengthen his own energy.

He quickly realized that although his opponent's cultivation was high, his combat style was rigid, relying purely on brute force.

"Got you!" A gleam flashed in Jared's eyes.

As the axe drove into a corner once more, suddenly abandoned his sword and formed a seal with both hands. The flames around turned into chains that wrapped around the giant axe.

In the split second that the armored warrior was stunned, Jared surged forward. The supreme positive flame condensed in his palm slammed down onto the warrior's helmet.

The mithril helmet screeched as it melted, and the green ghostfire inside distorted under the searing heat.

The armored warrior roared in rage, trying to break free, but Jared clung to like a bone-deep parasite, pouring all his strength into the fire.

"Shatter for me!" With a deafening roar, the helmet exploded, revealing a blazing skull underneath.

At some point, the Dragonslayer Sword had reappeared in Jared's hand. It came down with unstoppable force.

In that instant, the skull was split in two. The armored warrior collapsed with a thunderous crash, crumbling into a pile of white bones.

Jared dropped to one knee, gasping for breath. His wounds visibly closed as the aura within surged, on the verge of a breakthrough.

Maceo watched everything unfold, slumped in his chair, his back soaked in a cold sweat. He stared at the blood-soaked Jared standing firm in the copper mirror, waves of shock rolling through his heart.

The young man had not only slaughtered a thousand demonic zombies but had also defeated a Wandering Immortal Realm demonic zombie with a nearly impossible strategy. Such talent and skill were no less than those of the legendary prodigies of ancient times!

If Jared turned out to be a demon spirit, then Rhino City was in grave danger.

"We must send someone to keep an eye on him!" Maceo abruptly slammed the table as stood up, his eyes flickering with a complex array of emotions.

He wanted to recruit Jared under his command, yet feared might be a threat from the demon spirits.

And at that very moment, Jared had no idea that his battle had been watched in its entirety by Maceo, the lord of Rhino City.

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His aura had been rising steadily, and the pressure radiating from his body was growing ever stronger.

Jared, who had struggled just to deal with a single demonic zombie earlier, was now growing fiercer the more fought.

Flames danced wildly around him, purging the surrounding lethal intent and forming a scorching domain with at the center.

Under the intense heat, the demonic zombies grew sluggish, howling in pain.

Jared moved with agile precision, weaving effortlessly through the zombie horde.

At times, leapt into the air to behead a demonic zombie with a single slash. Other times, swept low and sliced clean through their legs.

As more and more demonic zombies fell, Jared's aura reached a terrifying level. He seemed to transform into a flaming god of war. Wherever went, the demonic zombies were reduced to ashes.

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Inside the city lord mansion, Maceo stared fixedly at the bronze mirror, his eyes full of shock and disbelief.

He had ruled over Rhino City for many years and seen countless gifted cultivators, but never had witnessed such a terrifying rate of growth.

Facing a horde of over a thousand demon zombies, the man not only stood his ground but also grew stronger as the battle progressed. Such a scene was simply unheard of.

"How is this even possible..." Maceo muttered, his fingers unconsciously gripping the armrest of his seat tightly.

He watched the image of Jared battling in flames, his heart filled with questions.

Who exactly is this young man?

How could absorb and convert the purgatory's lethal intent into his own strength in such a short time?

Moreover, the sword in his hand was no ordinary item. Astonishingly, it could slay demonic zombies with such ease....

What unsettled Maceo the most was that Jared's current display of strength far exceeded what had anticipated from any trial challenger.

Just as his mind was spinning with thoughts, the image in the bronze mirror suddenly intensified.

Jared shouted, and the flames on his sword surged violently, forming a massive blade of fire. With a powerful swing, sent it sweeping through the horde. Wherever it passed, demonic zombies fell in waves and turned to ash.

He had already cut his way into the heart of the demonic zombie swarm. His movements were ghostlike, and with every flash of his blade, another demonic zombie collapsed.

The fire on the Dragonslayer Sword blazed even hotter, gradually forming a faint illusory shadow of a fire dragon coiling around the blade.

Even more astounding, a visible black vortex began to form in the air around Jared, sucking in all the lethal intent released from the fallen demonic zombies.

With the final demonic zombie slain, Jared slowly sheathed his sword. His body was splattered with blood and dust, but his eyes gleamed with unwavering determination.

The once-sinister purgatory now felt somewhat less oppressive, its lethal intent weakened by the massacre.

Jared took a deep breath, feeling the surging power within his body, and a satisfied smile curled at his lips.

Ashes from the demonic zombies still floated in the purgatory's foul wind, and smoke continued to rise from the scorched earth.

Just as Jared slid the Dragonslayer Sword into its sheath, a deep hum suddenly rumbled from the void, as if an ancient giant beast had stirred from slumber.

He jerked his head up abruptly, only to see a pitch-black rift warping in mid-air. From it, an oxidized bronze chain slithered out like a living creature, dragging a figure clad in mithril armor, who crashed onto the ground with a thunderous impact.

Boom!

The ground instantly cracked open, forming a spiderweb-like pattern, and amidst the scattered fragments of stone, the armored warrior slowly straightened his back.

From the rusted gaps in his helmet, ghostly green flames flickered in his decayed eye sockets. Worms crawled in and out of his ribcage beneath the cracked mithril plates, and the stench exuded was far more nauseating than that of a thousand zombies.

He wielded a colossal mountain-splitting axe nearly ten feet long. Black sludge clung to its blade, dripping to the ground and hissing as it burned deep pits into the earth. This creature was a demonic zombie from the Wandering Immortal Realm.

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In the purgatory, Jared took a deep breath.

Suddenly, the entire area trembled, and felt a dramatic surge in both his bloodline and sword intent.

"Am I about to break through right here in the purgatory?" Jared could hardly believe it himself.

Having absorbed a tremendous amount of lethal intent, no longer concealed his aura. He fully released the aura of all three races within him.

At that moment, his mind was consumed by a wild urge to kill. He felt no emotion, only the overwhelming need to destroy. His aura surged wildly, causing the very space within the purgatory to twist and distort under its pressure.

The Vermilion Demon Lord warned Jared, "Kid, you'd better rein it in. Don't let yourself lose control. Just because you've got demon aura inside you doesn't mean you're truly a demon. You've absorbed all that lethal intent without

using any cultivation technique to refine it. If you go off the deep end, it'll be a disaster."

He had sensed that Jared was showing signs of slipping into madness.

In his rush for power, Jared had recklessly absorbed lethal intent directly without using the Focus Technique to process it. Now, the sheer volume of it was pushing his limits. Even for a true demon, absorbing that much all at once without bursting apart would be impressive.

Jared took in the Vermilion Demon Lord's words and began to suppress the killing intent inside him, focusing on his breathing and calming his state of mind.

From the deepest corner of the purgatory, a man slowly emerged. His hair was long and wild, and looked like a beggar, but the terrifying aura radiating from marked as a formidable cultivator.

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At the city lord mansion, Maceo's brows furrowed when saw the man appear. His expression was laced with surprise.

"That Madman is still alive?! He's been in the purgatory for hundreds of years, hasn't he?" Maceo was stunned.

Back when Rhino City was first established, that man had entered the purgatory, and he'd done so every year without fail. Because was always unkempt and eccentric, people had begun calling Madman.

But after one trip into the purgatory several centuries ago, had never returned. Over time, people assumed had died inside and gradually forgot about him. Yet now, this long-forgotten Madman had reappeared.

This left Maceo astounded. After all, Madman had endured in the purgatory for hundreds of years.

Just imagine the terrifying strength and determination it would take!

At that moment, Madman had already noticed Jared, though the other party had yet to notice him.

Jared was still focused on controlling the bloodlust inside him, carefully adjusting his breath. He could feel that was on the verge of another breakthrough.

"A little Immortal Realm punk, daring to charge into the purgatory and even slay so many malicious spirits and demonic zombies... Interesting..."

Just as Madman was about to approach Jared, was suddenly blasted backward by a powerful force.

Boom!

From within Jared, a long-suppressed power erupted. That force carried an aura even darker and more chilling than the lethal intent that filled the purgatory.

"What is this?" Startled, Madman paused.

Even Maceo, watching through the bronze mirror, stared in disbelief. He couldn't fully sense the terror of the energy Jared had just unleashed, but judging by Madman's reaction, could guess how serious it was.

"Argh!" Jared threw his head back and let out a primal roar. At the same time, his internal energy surged. In the blink of an eye, his cultivation rose from the immortal Realm Level Eight.

It was as though something within had been released, or perhaps, like his breakthrough had calmed the turbulence in his body.

With a long exhale, Jared finally felt his body settle into a newfound peace.

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It's so easy to break through a realm... Looks like this purgatory is a great place after all....

Jared felt the power surge brought on by his breakthrough and was genuinely pleased.

Buzz!

Just as was still basking in the joy of advancing, the space around suddenly trembled and then became blurry.

"A spatial cage?" Jared was startled.

Casting such a spatial spell required an overwhelmingly powerful cultivator to trap a lower-realm opponent by twisting the fabric of space and recreating it, forming a separate pocket of time and space.

The moment the spatial cage appeared, Jared vanished from Maceo's bronze mirror because had already been trapped by Madman in another dimension.

Jared furrowed his brow. He hadn't expected there to be other trial challengers in the purgatory. After all, neither demonic zombies nor malicious spirits could possibly cast a spell like this.

Gripping the Dragonslayer Sword, Jared swung hard.

Boom!

A golden sword aura shot into the sky, shattering the newly formed spatial cage in an instant. As the cage shattered, Jared spotted the one who had attacked him, Madman!

Madman's eyes flashed with surprise. He hadn't expected his spatial cage to be destroyed by a mere Immortal Realm cultivator like Jared.

Suddenly, Jared rushed forward with his Dragonslayer Sword, slashing at Madman.

Madman froze, more surprised than before. He couldn't fathom where Jared had gotten the nerve.

A low-level Immortal Realm cultivator daring to attack a Wandering Immortal Realm cultivator?

Was courting death?

Madman grew irritated. Taking a step forward, charged straight at Jared, determined to teach the boy a lesson and help remember his place.

The gap between the Immortal Realm and the Wandering Immortal Realm was immense and practically insurmountable. The Immortal Realm was nothing more than a fake immortal, while the Wandering Immortal Realm was that of a true immortal, just not officially recognized.

Madman threw a punch at Jared, completely unfazed by the Dragonslayer Sword.

Boom!

The sword energy and the fist collided heavily.

Jared was sent flying but landed steadily on the ground.

Madman, on the other hand, staggered backward from the impact. It took effort to regain his footing, and his entire arm trembled uncontrollably.

The scene made Madman's face darken with disbelief. He hadn't expected someone in the Immortal Realm to possess such terrifying strength. Even Maceo gulped in shock. His face was filled with disbelief.

Madman stared coldly at Jared, about to speak.

Jared said nothing. Instead, slashed again with the Dragonslayer Sword.

"You!" Madman cursed and threw out another punch.

Boom!

His fist shattered the sword aura once more, but just as was about to mock Jared, countless sword energies rained down from above like a storm.

Madman's expression shifted dramatically. He quickly raised both palms, and a barrier instantly formed over his head.

The sword energies clashed against the shield, shattering one after the other. They were utterly incapable of breaking through the barrier.

Just as Madman caught his breath after blocking the attack, Jared came charging in again, sword in hand.

"F*ck you! Have you lost your mind!" Madman scowled and snapped at Jared, calling a lunatic. Yet himself was known as Madman, and now Jared seemed even madder than him.

As the Dragonslayer Sword reached his face, Madman frowned deeply, sensing the violent killing intent radiating from Jared.

This time, noticed what had missed earlier. Jared's body was exuding not just a terrifying killing aura, but also eerie, lethal intent and a strong demonic aura.

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When had a demonic cultivator managed to enter the purgatory within the beast race's territory?

Had the outside world undergone some earth-shaking change during the centuries I had stayed in seclusion?

As pondered the possibility, Madman quickly threw another punch.

Boom!

The deafening clash of sword and fist echoed through the purgatory. Waves of force surged outward like a raging tide. Wherever they passed, the ground split into jagged fissures, rocks shattered, and dust filled the air.

The battle between Jared and Madman had reached a fever pitch. At first, the two had fought on nearly equal footing, exchanging blows in a deadlock.

Madman relied on his profound Wandering Immortal Realm cultivation and vast battle experience. Every punch throw carried a destructive force strong enough to shake the heavens.

The punch whistled through the air, seemingly on the verge of tearing the very space apart.

Jared, on the other hand, stood his ground with nothing more than his immortal Realm Level Nine cultivation, the mysterious and violent power surging through his body, and the razor-sharp Dragonslayer Sword in his hands.

The Dragonslayer Sword danced like a living dragon in Jared's grasp.

Sword shadows flashed, each swing releasing a deadly burst of sword energy that collided violently with Madman's forceful fists. Sword energy crisscrossed the air, drawing brilliant lines of light that lit up the darkness around them like daylight.

The more they fought, the more alarmed Madman became. He had never imagined that a mere Immortal Realm cultivator could display such tenacity and terrifying strength.

He had expected to crush Jared with ease. But as the fight dragged on, gradually realized that Jared showed no signs of faltering.

In fact, Jared seemed to grow stronger with every strike.

Each sword swing came with unstoppable momentum, as if Jared intended to cut down completely.

As time passed, Jared began to see through Madman's attack patterns and shifted from defense to offense.

His movements were like lightning, weaving through Madman's punches with ease. The Dragonslayer Sword struck again and again, unleashing wave after wave of fierce sword energy like a torrential storm.

Madman was suddenly overwhelmed. He struggled to keep up, desperately blocking Jared's onslaught as beads of sweat formed on his brow.

Each clash with the Dragonslayer Sword left his arms numb and his internal energy in turmoil.

D*mn it! Why is this kid so hard to deal with?!

Madman cursed inwardly as tried to spot a weakness could exploit to deliver a fatal blow. However, Jared's attacks were so relentless, had no room to counter.

Then Jared seized the moment, let out a thunderous roar, and unleashed the power had been suppressing all along. His eyes blazed with madness, and the Dragonslayer Sword in his hand erupted in golden light.

A massive golden sword aura shot into the sky, radiating a world-shattering force as it came crashing down toward Madman.

Madman's expression changed drastically. He sensed the terrifying might of the incoming blow and quickly summoned all his strength to form a thick celestial energy shield in front of him. However, faced with Jared's full-powered strike, the celestial energy shield was pitifully weak.

The golden sword aura sliced through it like a hot blade through butter, crashing straight into Madman's body.

Boom!

With a thunderous explosion, Madman was blasted away like a cannonball, smashing into the ground with tremendous force.

The ground was smashed, leaving a massive crater, with dust and smoke filling the air.

Madman struggled to rise, only to realize that his body had taken a severe beating. It felt as though every organ inside had been shattered, and the agony was unbearable. He looked up, stunned and unwilling to accept the outcome, as Jared approached step by step.

At that moment, outside the purgatory, Maceo, who was observing everything through the bronze mirror, was already so shocked that was at a loss for words. His eyes were wide open, and his mouth hung agape, as if it could fit a whole egg.

He never would have believed that a lowly Immortal Realm cultivator like Jared could defeat someone in the Wandering Immortal Realm like Madman!

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The gap between the Immortal Realm and the Wandering immortal Realm was considered an unbridgeable chasm. Countless cultivators spent their entire lives without ever crossing it. Yet Jared had done it, and in such a swift, decisive manner.

"How... How could this be possible?" Maceo muttered to himself, wondering if was dreaming.

He pinched his arm forcefully, and the intense pain brought back to reality. Yet, the scene unfolding before his eyes was indeed happening. His heart was filled with awe and curiosity toward Jared.

Just how many secrets is this young man hiding?

Jared walked up to Madman and looked down at from above, his eyes void of the slightest pity.

Madman struggled to sit up, staring at Jared with confusion and shock in his eyes. "You... Who are you really? How could someone in the Immortal Realm defeat me?".

Jared let out a cold laugh but said nothing. Instead, slowly released the power of his bloodline.

In an instant, a dazzling golden light burst from his body. A faintly visible silhouette of a massive golden dragon loomed behind him, and its roar echoed through the entire purgatory.

The noble and powerful aura it emitted made both Madman and Maceo's hearts tremble.

"Golden Dragon bloodline!" Madman's eyes widened, his voice trembling with disbelief. He had never imagined that the young man before possessed the Golden Dragon bloodline.

The Golden Dragon bloodline was the most exalted among the beast races. They held immense power and mysterious innate abilities, revered as kings among beasts.

In beast race legends, the Golden Dragon clan had long vanished into the river of history, surviving only in ancient records and myths.

Madman had always thought the Golden Dragon bloodline was just a legend, never something that could appear in the real world. But now, seeing Jared unleash its power with his own eyes, finally realized it was all true.

"You... How can you have the Golden Dragon bloodline? That's impossible! The Golden Dragon clan was wiped out ages ago. Where did you come from?" Madman asked urgently, desperate to uncover Jared's identity.

Jared looked at and said calmly, "I carry the Golden Dragon bloodline. It is fate. As for where I come from, that doesn't matter. What matters is that I came to this purgatory today to prove my strength..."

Madman fell silent. He looked at Jared, a whirlwind of emotions in his heart. There was shock, admiration, and a hint of jealousy.

He had spent centuries in this purgatory, thinking himself invincible. But today, had been defeated by a mere Immortal Realm cultivator with the Golden Dragon bloodline.

He felt his pride had suffered a heavy blow. And yet, deep inside, couldn't help but admire Jared. After all, possessing the Golden Dragon bloodline and using it to defeat someone like while still in the Immortal Realm was no ordinary feat.

"Fine, I lost to you today, and I admit defeat..." Madman let out a long sigh and said, "You have the Golden Dragon bloodline. Your future achievements will surely be boundless. I hope you use that power wisely and do not bring harm to the world."

Jared nodded and said, "Don't worry. I know where to draw the line. There are still many unknown dangers in this purgatory. I don't wish to become your enemy. Let today's matter end here."

Madman looked at Jared, a hint of approval flashing in his eyes. He stood up, patted the dust off his clothes, and said, "Very well... Today, we will bury the hatchet. However, this purgatory is filled with dangers. If you intend to continue forward, you must proceed with caution."

After a moment of silence, Madman added, "You've already slaughtered nearly all the malicious spirits and demonic zombies in this area. But I know of a place where the lethal intent is even more intense. Do you dare to go?"

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"What would I not dare? Lead the way..." Jared knew that since Madman was here in the purgatory, had to be far more familiar with the place than was.

Madman nodded. "Follow me..."

With that, led Jared deeper into the purgatory.

Jared wasn't worried. He had already reached Immortal Realm Level Nine and wouldn't back down even if encountered a Wandering Immortal Realm expert.

Madman himself was in the Wandering Immortal Realm. Although Jared couldn't tell exactly which level, had still managed to defeat him.

What's more, Jared had both the fire unicorn and the Celestial Devourer at his disposal, not to mention the Vermilion Demon Lord who resided in his consciousness field. If things truly got out of hand, could call on any of them.

Once the Celestial Devourer was unleashed, it would be enough to scare the life out of anyone. And if Jared allowed the Vermilion Demon Lord to take over his body, then in this level one celestial realm, there would be no match for him.

Meanwhile, outside the purgatory, Maceo gazed at Jared's upright figure through the bronze mirror, his heart full of anticipation.

He knew this young man with the Golden Dragon bloodline would bring massive change to Rhino City, and perhaps even to the entire beast race.

He resolved that once Jared emerged from the purgatory, would make every effort to befriend him, hoping to harness his power to make Rhino City even stronger.

At that moment, Jared followed Madman deeper into the purgatory. The farther they went, the denser and more terrifying the eerie atmosphere around them became. Yet they didn't encounter any malicious spirits or demonic zombies, only the surrounding lethal intent grew noticeably thicker.

Still, Jared didn't bother absorbing it. No matter how concentrated the lethal energy in the air was, it couldn't compare to the quick gains from killing a demonic zombie and absorbing the energy directly from its body.

Jared was not settling for less after experiencing something better.

After walking a bit farther, Jared suddenly saw a vast stretch of blood-red landscape ahead. Even the sky and earth were painted in that same bloody hue, causing to frown instinctively. At the same time, a restless energy began to stir inside his body.

Madman stared at the area ahead, eyes filled with emotion. "That place is buried with countless corpses and teeming with malicious spirits. There's a special restriction there that makes it unlike any other area. The malicious spirits in that zone can't escape. They're trapped within it..."

"Have you been inside?" Jared asked.

Madman nodded, then abruptly shook his head, leaving Jared somewhat baffled.

"You either went in or you didn't. Which is it?" Jared asked, his patience thinning.

Madman gave a bitter smile and said, "My physical body couldn't penetrate the restriction, so only my consciousness entered. Luckily, I pulled back right after stepping in. Otherwise, I'd be trapped in there too, turned into a malicious spirit. I'd be nothing more than a walking corpse now."

"How long have you been in this purgatory?" Jared asked.

Madman paused to think before answering, "I can't quite recall. It must have been many, many years..."

"Then do you know how this purgatory came to be? I noticed everyone who died here was a demon, but now the place belongs to the beast race," Jared asked curiously.

Madman explained, "This land originally belonged to the demon race. Back then, two major demon cities fought a brutal internal war and eventually perished here together. It's said that a Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm

Demonic Cultivator descended from level three and put an end to the conflict, sealing off the battlefield...".

"Over time, through annexation and migration, this area gradually became territory of the beast race. The discovery of this purgatory brought great benefit to Rhino City. Many beast race cultivators from other cities are willing to spend a fortune just to come here for a trial...".