

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

## A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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“Jared, I’m right behind you! You’ve got this!” Flaxseed called out in support.

The cultivators of the vast Caxton Continent all turned their eyes to Jared in disbelief. To them, a Wandering Immortal Realm Level One taking on someone at Wandering immortal Realm Level Five was unimaginable. Calling it a mismatch was putting it mildly.

Even though Jared had just shown impressive power, the gap between their cultivation levels was still enormous.

“All right then, looks like we’re settling this the hard way. Seems like you won’t know your place until I put you there!” Braxton said as stepped forward, unleashing a wave of oppressive energy.

Jared smiled calmly. With a light flick of his hand, dispelled the crushing aura. He turned to Jemima and said, “Keep a close eye on Jhaelyn. Don’t let run...”

Jared didn’t dare assign Flaxseed to that task. He didn’t trust to keep his composure. If got carried away in front of tens of thousands of people, it’d be a disaster. And judging by Jhaelyn’s temper, things would go sideways fast.

Drawing the Dragonslayer Sword, Jared leapt into the sky to meet Braxton head-on.

“Come on, make your move,” Jared said with a beckoning gesture.

“Hold on!” Braxton raised a hand. “Jared, if we’re going to fight fair, you can’t let anyone possess your body. That wouldn’t be your own power anymore!”

“No problem,” Jared agreed without hesitation.

He knew Braxton was still shaken by the Vermilion Demon Lord. But Jared had no plans to rely on possession. With the Dragonslayer Sword, the fire unicorn, and the unpredictable Celestial Devourer, was confident in winning this battle on his own.

“Let’s go!” Braxton shouted as attacked without warning.

Boom!

A thunderous crack ripped through the skies.

Braxton's figure blurred across the void, leaving an afterimage behind. In the blink of an eye, was hovering a hundred feet above Jared's head.

Clasping his hands, spiritual energy swirled around like molten magma, building into a tremendous force. The clouds above were obliterated within fifty kilometers.

"Starfall Palm!" bellowed, slamming down with his right palm.

In that instant, a massive golden hand appeared, blotting out the sky. The palm lines were distinct, each crease pulsing with terrifying power. Even before the palm landed, the ground had already started to cave in.

Chunks of earth and stone were crushed into dust under its weight.

"Watch out, Mr. Chance!" Jemima gasped. Her hands clenched into fists, nails biting into palms.

She could clearly sense the overwhelming force in that blow. Even at peak Wandering Immortal Realm Level Three, wouldn't have stood a chance.

"It's over... We're finished..." the cultivators of the Caxton Continent muttered, their faces pale.

An old man with snow-white hair trembled as spoke, "That one strike could flatten everything within five hundred kilometers..."

Just when everyone thought Jared was done for, moved.

"Break!" shouted, unsheathing the Dragonslayer Sword.

A dazzling crimson glow lit up the sky. The blade let out a high-pitched hum, like the roar of a dragon. Gripping it tightly in both hands, Jared swung upward to meet the descending palm.

The crimson arc streaked upward like a blood moon rising into the heavens.

Boom!

A deafening explosion shook the heavens. The crimson light clashed with the golden hand mid-air, igniting a blinding burst of energy. Spiritual energy exploded outward in a shockwave, slicing buildings a few kilometers around.

As the dust settled, everyone's jaws dropped. The supposedly unstoppable golden palm had been cut clean in two.

“What?” Braxton’s pupils shrank. His face twitched uncontrollably.

Staring at Jared, his voice trembled, “How could a mere level one wandering immortal break my Starfall Palm?”

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A cold smirk tugged at Jared’s lips.

Pointing the sword toward the ground, said, “Power doesn’t depend on your cultivation level...”

Before finished speaking, his form flickered.

In the next instant, was less than nine meters from Braxton. The Dragonslayer Sword cut through the air with a sharp whistle, aimed straight at Braxton’s throat.

Braxton sidestepped in a flash, but Jared’s blade followed with relentless precision. Each stroke was calculated and deadly.

Crimson light filled the air, weaving into a dense web. Forced to retreat, Braxton’s ornate battle robe was shredded by the blows, revealing golden body armor underneath.

“H-How is this even possible?” Thorley gasped, eyes wide, jaw hanging open. He had never seen anyone dominate his father in a head-on fight.

The cultivators of the Caxton Continent were too stunned to speak.

A young cultivator rubbed his eyes and whispered, “Am I dreaming? A first-level wandering immortal is overpowering a fifth-level?”

“Hahaha!” Flaxseed laughed, slapping his thigh. “Jared is really insane!”

“Awesome! Absolutely awesome!” the tens of thousands from Caxton Continent echoed in unison.

With the crowd’s cheers behind him, Jared felt his legs go light, like was walking on air.

In the middle of the sky, Braxton’s face grew darker. He was struggling to keep up. Jared’s strikes were sharp and unrelenting, cutting off every escape route, forcing Braxton to meet head-on.

What frightened most was Jared's seemingly endless spiritual energy. He wasn't slowing down at all.

"Secret technique! Worldlock Net!"

At his breaking point, Braxton bit his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of blood essence. As the mist dispersed into the air, golden chains began to appear out of the void. Each chain shimmered with ancient runes, radiating a suppressive aura. They surged toward Jared from all directions.

"D\*mn it!" Jemima's face drained of color. instinctively, stepped forward. "That's the celestials' shackling technique! Once trapped, even a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six cultivator can't escape!"

The cultivators of Caxton Continent closed their eyes, hearts heavy with despair.

A middle-aged female cultivator covered face and wept, "It's over... Mr. Chance won't make it out alive..."

The golden chains coiled around Jared like serpents, layer upon layer. Each rune glowed, suppressing his spiritual energy. Even the Dragonslayer Sword lost its luster under the binding force.

"Hahaha! Jared, this is where your arrogance ends!" Braxton laughed wildly, eyes burning with malice. "You thought a first-level wandering immortal like you could defy the celestials? Today, I'm going to shatter your soul!"

He clasped his hands, and the chains constricted. Jared's body groaned under the crushing force. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"Mr. Chance!" the cultivators from the Caxton Continent cried out in anguish.

"Jared!" Jemima turned pale and rushed to help, only to be thrown back by a golden shield Braxton had raised with a wave of his hand.

Flaxseed's eyes were bloodshot as roared, "If you kill him, I swear I'll take you down with me!"

Braxton sneered, "You worms think you can stop me?"

But just as everyone was certain Jared was done for, a thunderous roar shook the heavens.

Roar!

A moment later, a torrent of searing flames erupted Skyward, like a volcano blowing its top. The golden chains crumbled in the heat, reduced to ash!

“W-What?!” Braxton’s pupils constricted. He turned to stare in disbelief.

Jared was now wrapped in blazing fire. On his shoulder perched a young fire unicorn, its scales glowing like molten metal.

The beast raised its head and let out another roar, its eyes glowing like lava, radiating the fearsome power of a true celestial beast.

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“A-A fire unicorn?” Braxton’s voice faltered, the disbelief clear. “That’s impossible! How could a low-level wandering cultivator like have a celestial beast?”

The Caxton Continent cultivators stood frozen, their mouths wide open in stunned silence.

“Oh my god! That’s the legendary celestial beast!”

“Mr. Chance actually has a fire unicorn helping him!”

Flaxseed was shaking with excitement. “Hahaha! I knew this kid was hiding something big!”

The fire unicorn cast a dismissive glance at Braxton before turning into a streak of fiery light and disappearing back into Jared’s Storage Ring.

Jared broke free from his restraints. The spiritual energy that had been suppressed roared back, stronger than ever.

“Braxton, you really thought this would be enough to kill me?” Jared said with a mocking grin. He flipped his hand, and the Divine Bow appeared in his grasp.

“The Divine Bow?” Braxton’s face drained of color as fear finally crept into his eyes.

“You broke your promise. Weren’t we supposed to fight without outside help?” Braxton accused.

“I didn’t call for backup. That unicorn beast is my pet. If you’re so capable, go ahead and summon your own celestial beast. I won’t say a word,” Jared shot back coldly.

Braxton looked like he had just swallowed something bitter.

Where am I supposed to find a celestial beast to use as a pet?

Jared slowly drew the bowstring. The marked aura surged wildly around him, and an arrow, radiant like starlight, formed from thin air.

“With this arrow, I’ll send you off...”

Whoosh!

The arrow tore through the sky, dimming the heavens and the earth itself.

Braxton, panicked, activated every defensive magical item he had. But in front of the Divine Bow, all his defenses crumbled like paper.

Boom!

Pfft!

A geyser of blood erupted from his mouth. Braxton staggered forward, nearly collapsing, but barely managed to hold himself up.

He turned with great effort to face Jared, eyes filled with terror. “W-Who are you, really?”

How could someone with so many divine weapons and a celestial beast just be an ordinary Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator?

Back in the Ethereal Realm, Braxton had lost too, restricted to being just a divine soul. Jared had only beaten him then by relying on possession. But now, he had defeated him head-on, even though he was only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level One, while Braxton stood at level five.

The fire unicorn had helped, but it was Jared’s strength, fighting way beyond his cultivation level, that truly shook Braxton.

Jared put away the Divine Bow and slowly unsheathed the Dragonslayer Sword. Pointing it straight at Braxton, he said coolly,

“Someone you really don’t want to mess with...”

Then, in a flash, Jared vanished.

The next instant, was right in front of Braxton, the tip of his sword pressing against the man’s throat.

“Now, do you admit defeat?” Jared asked.

A deadly silence fell over the entire place. Everyone held still, waiting for the outcome of this legendary clash.

Braxton’s face was a storm of emotions-struggle, rage, and deep resentment. But in the end, all that was replaced by a crushing defeat.

Lowering his head, spoke hoarsely, “I... I concede...”

Getting a celestial to admit defeat was no small feat. Braxton was shocked by Jared’s power, but more than that, was worried. His children were still in Jared’s hands.

“He’s won! Mr. Chance has won!”

A moment later, cheers exploded across the Caxton Continent. Cultivators cried out in joy, hugging each other as they celebrated.

One elderly man collapsed to his knees, tears streaming down his wrinkled face. “The heavens have heard us... Caxton Continent still has hope...”

Flaxseed was bursting with joy, dancing with wild limbs. in the middle of his excitement, tripped on his own robe and fell flat on his back, but didn’t care. He just kept laughing.

Jhaelyn fell to the ground in disbelief, delicate face pale. “No... It can’t be... My father lost... He actually lost...”

At that moment, all pride crumbled. Her eyes went blank, stunned by what had just happened.

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Jared sheathed the Dragonslayer Sword, his gaze ice-cold as looked toward Braxton. "Keep your promise. Take your people and leave Caxton Continent."

"I will," Braxton said, "But you need to release my children. If you don't, I'll risk everything, even if it means bringing down the entire Eighth Hall, to destroy Caxton Continent."

Jared faced calmly. "That's not how this works. What if you stay behind after I release them and cause more destruction? I'll release one of them as a sign of good faith. You pick who."

Braxton glanced at his children, torn.

"Father, save me! Please!" Thorley cried out. "Jhaelyn's just been taken, but I've been locked up for days. I don't want to die. I can't take this anymore!"

Seeing Thorley's desperation, Jhaelyn spoke gently. "Father, take Thorley. I'll stay. I don't think they'll dare hurt me!"

Braxton had no choice but to nod.

Jared waved a hand, signaling for Thorley to be released.

But the moment was free, Thorley's arrogance returned. "Jared, you dared to capture me? Just wait! The Celestial Palace will crush you! I'll make sure you suffer!"

Jared chuckled coldly. "If you're that eager to stay, I can throw you back in right now. Don't forget, your father lost to me. If I want to take you again, no one can stop me."

That shut Thorley up immediately. He tugged at Braxton's sleeve. "Father, let's go now!"

Braxton gave Jared a cold look. "If anything happens to my daughter, I'll never forgive you. You might've beaten me, but behind me stands the entire Celestial Palace. Behind the Celestial Palace, all the celestials. You don't know who you're dealing with."

"Relax," Jared said evenly. "As long as you leave Caxton Continent alone, your daughter will be perfectly safe."

"Fine! I'll stay away from Caxton Continent. But don't think I'm done with you," Braxton said darkly.



“Whatever. Even if you let me go, I’ve got no plans to spare the Celestial Palace anyway,” Jared replied casually.

“Jhaelyn, take care of yourself!” Braxton said, then turned and left with the members of the Eighth Hall.

After they were gone, the cultivators of Caxton Continent fell to their knees, one after another. Jared had saved them all, from slaughter, from slavery.

Jemima looked at with awe and admiration in eyes.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator, yet so powerful...

In this world where strength was everything, Jared, despite his cultivation level, had won everyone’s respect.

“Take us to meet your Lady,” Jared said to one of the locals.

“Of course, right this way...” the man stammered, nodding quickly. “Mr. Chance, please follow me...”

Jared and his group followed the man toward the palace where Nilou resided. The other cultivators remained kneeling long after Jared and his group had left.

An old cultivator murmured, “It was Mr. Chance... He saved us. Saved all of Caxton Continent. We must build a golden sculpture in his honor. Let be worshiped for generations...”

Unaware that people were already planning to build a sculpture, Jared continued on toward the palace, eager to meet Nilou.

From time to time, Jemima stole glances at Jared. Though they hadn’t known each other for long, something was stirring inside her. Especially after watching Jared defeat Braxton, who stood four levels above him, thought was incredible.

Meanwhile, Flaxseed was practically drooling as watched Jhaelyn, whose tight outfit left little to the imagination.

Any man seeing dressed like that would have a reaction.

Inside a grand palace on the vast Caxton Continent, Nilou's brows were tightly furrowed, a growing sense of unease building within her.

Jemima still hadn't arrived. Without the Murray family's support, there was no way the Caxton Continent could hold off the Eighth Hall's assault.

"My Lady, when's your reinforcement getting here? If we keep stalling, I can't even begin to count how many innocent folks in Caxton Continent will fall to the Celestial Palace's forces," Andre said anxiously.

"Just a little longer. They should be here any moment now!" Nilou answered.

"My Lady, I can't keep waiting. Daprein has already fallen under the Celestial Palace's control. If we don't act soon, it'll be completely wiped out," Andre pressed.

"What do you expect us to do?" Ashton asked.

"We aren't strong enough to fight back. We have no choice but to surrender. What else could we do, stand there and watch everyone die?" Andre replied.

"You traitor! I knew you'd fold. I ought to finish you off right now..."

As Ashton raised his hand to strike, Nilou cut off, yelling, "Enough! Do you all really want to tear each other apart right now?"

Everyone went quiet, eyes turning to Nilou, waiting for a plan. But all could do was wait and hope. Every moment that passed cost another life from the Caxton Continent.

Suddenly, someone burst through the doors, breathless and excited. "My Lady! They've retreated! Their forces have all pulled back!"

"What do you mean?" Nilou asked, eyes wide with disbelief.

"They're gone! The Celestial Palace people, they've left the Caxton Continent entirely!" the messenger exclaimed.

"What's going on?" Nilou asked, stunned but elated.

"I don't really know either," the messenger admitted with a shake of his head.

The three other kings stood in shock. None of them could make sense of why the Celestial Palace forces would withdraw so suddenly.

"I get it now! It must've been the ally I asked for help. She must've driven the Celestial Palace's people out!" Nilou's eyes suddenly lit up with realization.

As spoke, a powerful aura swept toward the palace, landing at the entrance.

Meet her today!

"My Lady, your guest is here to see you!" the man who had come with Jared called out.

"Haha! I knew it was her!" Nilou said with excitement. "Let them in!"

Jemima entered, leading Jared and the others.

As soon as Nilou saw her, Jemima ran into arms, and the two women embraced tightly.

"Jemima, I can't thank you enough. Without you, the Celestial Palace's forces would've completely taken over the Caxton Continent."

"Don't thank me," Jemima said, motioning toward Jared. "He's Jared, the one you should thank..."

"Jared?" Nilou looked over at him, clearly puzzled.

When noticed was only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level One, face twisted with doubt.

"Don't judge by his cultivation level; he's incredibly strong. He even forced the overlord of the Celestial Palace's Eighth Hall, a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator, to admit defeat. That's why they retreated," Jemima explained, anticipating Nilou's confusion.

"My Lady, is this the backup you brought? I'm sorry, but I don't see even a shred of connection between the Celestial Palace's retreat and this group here," Andre scoffed after giving Jared and the others a quick once-over.

Judging from their auras, Jemima was the strongest among them at the peak Wandering Immortal Realm Level Three. Flaxseed and Jared didn't seem particularly powerful.

He simply couldn't believe that these few individuals managed to force the Celestial Palace's people into retreating.

Nilou didn't argue. In truth, found it hard to believe, too. She had expected the Murray family to send experts, not just a few unknown faces.