

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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“My Lady, it’s true! Mr. Chance here forced the Celestial Palace’s Eighth Hall to back off. He even defeated their overlord. We all saw it with our own eyes. It’s not up for debate,” the man who brought Jared insisted.

He wouldn’t have believed it either, had not seen it himself.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator defeating a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator sounded impossible.

“Is that so?” Nilou was clearly stunned.

“What kind of nonsense are you spouting? Did someone pay you to lie like this?” Andre barked. “It’s ridiculous. A Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator defeating someone four levels above him? That’s bullsh*t!”

The man’s face twitched slightly. He was clearly afraid of Andre, the King of Daprein.

“How can I convince you?” Jared asked, turning to Andre.

“Let us see for ourselves. That’s the only way I’ll believe it,” Andre said.

“May I ask, what cultivation level are you at now?” Jared asked.

“I’m at the peak of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Two. Just a bit more and I’ll hit level three,” Andre answered proudly.

Smack!

No sooner had the words left his lips, Jared appeared in front of and delivered a crisp slap to the face.

Andre was stunned, and as tried to react, found himself completely frozen, his body locked in place by some unseen force.

Jared didn't stop. He followed up with several more slaps, one after another.

Smack! Smack!

"Now, do you believe me?" Jared asked coolly, still hitting him.

The two other kings stood in stunned silence.

Nilou gasped, eyes wide in disbelief. Even didn't have the power to suppress Andre so thoroughly. Yet Jared, a mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator, had done exactly that.

"Jared, that's not fair!" Flaxseed said. "Weren't we supposed to take turns showing off?"

He yanked Jared aside and stepped up to Andre, slapping from the other direction. Andre had no chance to fight back. Against these two, might as well have been a toddler.

"Jared, Mr. Flaxseed, that's enough! Don't kill him," Jemima finally spoke up.

By then, Andre's face was already swollen like a balloon.

The man who had brought Jared struggled to hold back his laughter, while Ashton burst into open laughter. "Hahaha! You believe it now, don't you? Look at your face. It's totally wrecked!"

Despite his anger, Andre began to realize just how dangerous Jared and Flaxseed were. Their strength far outstripped what their cultivation levels suggested.

Clearly, one shouldn't judge a book by its cover.

"Jemima, where did you find these two experts?" Nilou asked.

"In Winged Tiger City..." Jemima began recounting the tale.

As spoke, Ashton suddenly perked up. He rushed forward and grabbed Jared's hand. "Wait... Was it you who saved my daughter and our people in Winged Tiger City?"

"Your daughter?" Jared asked, surprised.

"Her name is Aisha," Ashton replied.

"Oh, right... Yes, I rescued them back in Winged Tiger City," Jared confirmed.

"You're our savior... I don't even know how to thank you," Ashton said, kneeling in gratitude.

Jared quickly reached out and pulled up, stopping from kneeling. That gesture only made Ashton admire more.

Here was a young man, still just at Wandering Immortal Realm Level One, yet with such depth of power.

When Nilou heard that Jared had saved many members of the Caxton Continent from Winged Tiger City, heart swelled with gratitude.

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"Today, I want to extend the warmest welcome to our honored guests," Nilou announced with a smile.

"We're heading to the Floating Island?" Jemima perked up.

"I figured you'd want to go there, so I arranged everything ahead of time," Nilou chuckled.

"Ms. Murray, what exactly is this Floating Island?" Jared asked curiously.

"You'll see when we get there. It's absolutely beautiful," Jemima replied.

They all exited the main hall together, but Nilou paused, surprised to find three women waiting outside. Among them was Jhaelyn, flanked by two women.

To prevent the arrogant Jhaelyn from taking own life, Jared had sealed off meridians, rendering no different from a normal person, unable to self-destruct.

"Who are these three?" Nilou asked, curiosity in voice.

Once Jemima introduced them, Nilou's eyes burned with fury upon learning that Jhaelyn was Braxton's daughter. Braxton had massacred countless innocents and plundered untold resources from the Caxton Continent. Her rage was more than understandable.

Still, Nilou refrained from acting against Jhaelyn in front of Jared and his group. After all, it was Jared who had captured her, and keeping Jhaelyn alive could be used as leverage against Braxton, deterring any further aggression toward the Caxton Continent.

The group flew toward the Floating Island.

Meanwhile, far away, Braxton arrived with his followers from the Eighth Hall in the demon's region.

In front of a blood-hued city, Braxton halted.

This was the domain of Malgor Blight, the King of Hollow City. Braxton glanced at the city walls, where skeleton guards clad in armor kept watch. With a casual wave of his hand, reduced all those soldiers to dust.

"Who dares make a move in my Hollow City?" a voice thundered.

A brawny Demonic Cultivator emerged atop the city wall, his aura fierce and menacing. Behind stood thousands of skeleton soldiers, armed with curved blades, their eyes glowing red.

"Cut the yelling and get down here!" Braxton snapped coldly.

Seeing who it was, Malgor flinched slightly, then immediately forced a smile, revealing a row of glinting, sharp teeth. "Ah, it's the overlord of Celestial Palace's Eighth Hall. My deepest apologies for not greeting you sooner!"

With a flicker of movement, Malgor appeared before Braxton. The horde of skeleton soldiers behind vanished without a trace.

"What brings you here, My Lord? Do you have instructions for me?" Malgor asked politely.

"You think our overlord has time to stand outside talking to you?" Eradin scowled.

"Please, come in," Malgor said quickly, waving his hand.

The city gates creaked open. Braxton and the rest of the people from the Eighth Hall entered Hollow City.

In truth, Braxton wouldn't have come here unless absolutely necessary. As a celestial, held Demonic Cultivators like Malgor in contempt.

Demonic Cultivators like Malgor thrived on absorbing lethal intent and turning corpses into puppets or refining skeletons into undead soldiers. Even among the demons, Demonic Cultivators kind were considered the lowest of the low. But desperate times called for unpleasant allies.

Inside the main hall of Hollow City, Braxton didn't hesitate to seat himself at the highest position.

Malgor dared not utter a word of protest. He wouldn't dare cross the Celestial Palace.

"Malgor, if you were to launch an attack on the Caxton Continent, do you think you could succeed?" Braxton asked.

With his daughter held hostage by Jared, Braxton couldn't act directly. But having someone else fight on his behalf was a different matter entirely. He had to vent his frustration somehow.

"Mr. Haverford, my Hollow City commands a hundred thousand soldiers, but compared to the vast Caxton Continent, I must admit, we'd be at a disadvantage alone," Malgor replied diplomatically.

"Then gather allies from the rest of the demon clans. Even the beast race is fair game. When it's over, you can all divide up the resources of the Caxton Continent." Braxton leaned forward. "Also, I'll give your city one million celestial gems. How about that?"