

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

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

5033

---

“A million celestial gems?” Malgor froze, clearly stunned.

After a moment, nodded eagerly. “Deal... I’ll contact my allies right away. We’ll crush Caxton Continent!”

“Mr. Haverford, please rest here for a bit. I’ll go find someone,” Malgor said.

“Go...” Braxton replied dismissively with a wave.

After Malgor left, Thorley turned to Braxton. “Father, do we even have a million celestial gems?”

Even if they did, the Eighth Hall wouldn’t have had to loot resources from level one.

“It’s a lie, of course. Otherwise, why would these scum work themselves to death for us?” Braxton chuckled coldly.

Thorley nodded, finally understanding the trick.

\*\*\*

Back on the Caxton Continent, the Floating Island was a breathtaking paradise. Waterfalls cascaded like rivers of light, birds chirped in harmony, and the air was filled with the fragrance of blossoms.

“It’s so beautiful...” Jemima said, lying down in the grass. “Of all the things I missed, this Floating Island tops the list.”

“Seriously? You miss the island more than me?” Nilou teased, rolling eyes.

“Of course not. I missed you, too,” Jemima replied with a sly smile.

Nilou had already ordered spiritual fruit brews to be laid out for the guests. Everyone was seated among blooming flowers. Cranes soared in the sky above, and the surroundings radiated a dreamlike serenity, like a hidden paradise untouched by time.

“Here, Mr. Chance, try our Ninefold Spirit Wine. It’s a specialty of the Caxton Continent,” Nilou offered warmly, holding up a cup. “It’s made from thousand-year-old spiritual fruits. Fantastic for cultivation...”

Jared took the cup, sipping lightly. Instantly, a warm energy coursed through him, refreshing his body and mind.

“This is amazing!” exclaimed.

Flaxseed had already finished his glass and was grinning ear to ear.

“Hahaha! This beats any wine back home!”

Leaning against a spiritual tree, Jemima looked toward the distant waterfall with nostalgia. “I used to come here a lot as a kid to cultivate. This place has always felt... Different, like there’s something hidden here.”

Jared felt a flicker of the same sensation. He surveyed the area with sharpened awareness. Though the island was rich in spiritual energy, it didn’t feel like a naturally formed location.

The spiritual energy here felt focused, gathered on purpose. Even stranger, when scanned with his spiritual sense, detected a faint disturbance. It was like something powerful had been concealed with a restriction.

“Is there... Some kind of secret hidden on this island?” mused aloud.

Just then, a deep voice echoed inside Jared’s sea of consciousness.

It was the Vermilion Demon Lord. “Kid, something’s off about this place...”

Jared narrowed his eyes and responded telepathically, “Mr. Vermilion, what did you find?”

“This island wasn’t created by nature,” the Vermilion Demon Lord replied, voice serious. “It’s an ancient ruin, likely pulled into the sky using a massive formation. Someone disguised it as a regular floating island.”

“Ancient ruins?” Jared’s heart skipped a beat.

“The restrictions here are incredibly strong. Even Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm cultivators would have trouble breaking through them by force,” the Vermilion Demon Lord added. “If we get the chance, it’s worth a closer look. Who knows what secrets might be hidden here?”

Jared was about to ask more when suddenly a deafening blast echoed across the horizon. The ground trembled violently beneath their feet.

Boom!

“What was that?” Nilou jumped up, face pale.

A cultivator from the Caxton Continent rushed in, his face stricken with fear. “Urgent news! Malgor and a host of Demonic Cultivators are attacking our border formations!”

“What?” Everyone was taken aback.

“We’ve never had conflict with Hollow City. Why would they come after us?” Nilou demanded, tone sharp. “Besides, Hollow City’s strength is no match for ours, not on its own!”

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

5034

---

Jemima’s expression was somber. “It has to be Braxton! Looks like isn’t planning to let this go!”

A sharp light flickered in Jared’s eyes. “Seems like he’s using someone else to fight his battle for him...”

Nilou clenched teeth and gave a crisp command. "Let's move! We need to support the front lines!"

Everyone stood and began preparing to leave the Floating Island.

Jared turned his head to glance one last time at the mysterious place behind him. He felt a faint pull, a reluctance to walk away. But with war looming, had no choice but to put his curiosity on hold.

I'll come back and figure out what's going on here once the demons are dealt with...

Just as they turned to go, deep within the Floating Island, a faint golden light shimmered. It was brief, subtle, and almost as if it had responded to something.

By the time Jared and his group arrived at the border of the Caxton Continent, tens of thousands of cultivators had already gathered.

Andre, Emre, and Ashton had each mobilized their own forces to stand against Malgor and the army from Hollow City.

As Jared and the others arrived, a heavy darkness loomed above. The sky churned as if a storm was forming in the void itself. A suffocating aura hung in the air, thick with the scent of decay and destruction.

"Has Malgor gone insane? Why is going all in like this?" Ashton muttered, gripping his massive battle-axe tightly as braced for the fight ahead.

The cultivators of the Caxton Continent stood ready, wide-eyed, barely breathing, weapons clenched in anxious fists.

Though thousands filled the battlefield, not a single word was spoken. The silence was chilling. Jared floated in the air, staring deep into the creeping darkness, the stench of rot drifting into his senses.

A great battle was about to begin.

Caxton Continent had already endured the assault of Winged Tiger City, weathered the onslaught of the Eighth Hall, and now, Hollow City was bearing down on them.

Each attack had left the land in ruins. What had once been a continent of over a hundred thousand cultivators was now down to just a fraction of that number.

The cultivators of Caxton Continent felt the aura of death closing in. Fear etched itself into their faces. Many began to tremble, unable to stop their legs from shaking.

Aisha stood among them. Though a princess by title, knew status meant nothing now. With the entire continent at stake, even had stepped forward to fight.

Suddenly, a deep rumble echoed through the ground. The dark mist shifted, and the earth quaked as terror seeped in from the distance. Like a wave, the black mist surged forward.

“Brace yourselves!” Nilou shouted.

The cultivators responded instantly.

Jared drew his Dragonslayer Sword. The black mist in front of looked like a monstrous tide, ready to swallow Caxton Continent whole.

Jemima, Flaxseed, and the others were ready, too. They all understood, this wasn’t just a fight, it was survival.

The black mist churned like a living thing, staining the sky inky black.

The Dragonslayer Sword pulsed with heat in Jared’s hand. The ancient runes on the blade shimmered faintly, as if they sensed an oncoming calamity.

That distant golden light from the Floating Island was long forgotten. Right now, the fate of the Caxton Continent teetered on a knife’s edge, with the borders about to be consumed by the creeping skeleton army.

“Your Majesty, the spiritual energy reading at the northwest defense line is decreasing!” cried Corwin Eastcliffe, the imperial advisor of Daprein.

The spiritual energy disc in his hand spun violently, the needle almost slicing through the dial.

Emre gripped the hilt of his golden foil sword, his knuckles bone white. “Order the armored battalion to retreat three kilometers and switch to tortoiseshell formation!”

Even before finished speaking, the ground beneath them cracked apart like shattered glass. From the gaps oozed a foul, black liquid.

The moment it splashed onto a cultivator's robes, it hissed and burned straight through.

Aisha's silver armor glowed faintly blue as a protective aura, but hand, tightly wrapped around spear, was trembling.

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

5035

---

Her servant reached out instinctively to wipe the sweat from Aisha's brow. But before could touch her, an invisible force struck back violently. In mid-air, exploded into a cloud of blood.

"Stay sharp!" Nilou shouted, voice cutting through the tension like a blade.

Her delicate hands moved in fluid arcs, conjuring thirty-six azure lotus illusory shadows behind her. Each bloom glowed warmly, purifying the surrounding demonic aura.

Still, the weight in gaze betrayed the strain was under. The illusory shadows were already beginning to dim, slowly corroded by the oppressive black mist.

Roar!

From within the black mist came the sickening scrape of bones grinding together. In an instant, wave after wave of skeleton soldiers surged forward.

Each one had green ghostfire flickering in their eye sockets and sinister black runes etched into their bones. Even when smashed apart, they rapidly reassembled, refusing to die.

"D\*mn it! Why won't these skeleton soldiers stay down?" Flaxseed roared, shattering three skulls with a single punch, only to watch the shattered bones float back together and stand again.

Jared's eyes narrowed as slashed with the Dragonslayer Sword, taking down dozens at once. But just like Flaxseed, saw the bones snap right back into place.

“They’ve been cursed with the Undying Curse!” Then it hit him. “The only way to defeat them is to torch them with the internal flame!”

“Fire unicorn, now!” At his command, a brilliant red light erupted from his shoulder.

The fire unicorn leapt from Jared’s Storage Ring, scales blazing like molten lava. It reared back and let out a ground-shaking roar.

Roar!

In the blink of an eye, the fire unicorn grew into a thirty-meter-tall giant beast. Flames erupted wherever its hooves landed.

The skeleton soldiers that touched it shrieked, their runes sizzling and bones turning to ash.

“Good job!” Jemima shouted. She quickly directed nearby cultivators into a battle formation, luring the skeletons into the fire unicorn’s range.

Just when it seemed they were turning the tide, the black mist trembled again.

From deep within it, twelve towering skeleton giants emerged. Each one stood at three hundred meters tall, formed from the remains of thousands of cultivators. Their eyes blazed with ghostfire.

Wherever their feet touched the earth, it decayed. Blood mushrooms sprouted in their wake, dripping with a corrosive slime that melted through the ground.

“It’s Malgor’s elite skeleton army!” someone screamed.

Ashton bellowed and launched a slash with his battle axe, sending a golden arc hurtling toward one of the skeleton giants, only to leave a shallow scar.

More skeleton giants raised their massive bone swords. Dark purple venom shimmered on the edges, and even before the blades hit, cultivators in the front row began to rot and collapse.

The Caxton Continent’s defense lines broke into chaos. Once- organized formations scattered into disarray as fear spread like wildfire.

Jemima slashed with sword, summoning frost to freeze the legs of three skeleton giants. But in seconds, they shattered the ice, sprouting new spikes of bone to take its place.

“This is bad. We can’t keep this up!” Jared’s chest tightened as watched the defense line fall apart. Then something caught his eye, despite their size, the skeleton giants were moving in a coordinated pattern.

He focused for a moment, and his pupils shrank in alarm.

They’re forming an ancient demonic formation!

In the core of the shifting formation, the swirling black mist coalesced into a massive face, grotesque, with pus-filled boils and a leer of pure hatred.

It was Malgor!

“Pathetic Insects of the Caxton Continent, today is your end! Bone Devourer Array, activate!”

The twelve skeleton giants howled in unison, their bone swords locking in the sky, forming a net. Below them, the blood mushrooms exploded, one after another, spewing out a suffocating, toxic mist.