

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

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

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The cultivators of Caxton Continent fought desperately amidst the toxic mist. One by one, their protective artifacts exploded, and screams echoed throughout the battlefield.

Emre's foil sword was snapped in half by a bone sword, and a deep gash opened across his chest, exposing bone.

Aisha's spear had been almost completely corroded. She stumbled and fell to the ground, barely dodging the massive foot of a skeleton giant that nearly crushed her.

Nilou's Grand Lotus Array had shattered. Coughing up blood, was swept away by the black mist, but not before hurled a charm toward Jared with the last of strength.

As soon as Jared caught the charm, a torrent of information surged into his mind.

It was an ancient sword technique passed down through Nilou's sect.

To use it, one had to burn their blood essence, compressing all their spiritual energy into a three-inch blade of pure light, capable of cutting through any demonic force in existence.

But the cost was steep. Any cultivator who used it would have their life force drained to the brink, surviving only as an ordinary person.

"Let's do this!" Jared bit down hard on his tongue, spitting a mouthful of blood onto the Dragonslayer Sword.

The sword let out a humming roar like a dragon's cry. Unbelievably, its original three-foot longsword began to extend, growing until it became a brilliant beam a thousand feet long. Wherever its energy passed, it tore the dimension apart, leaving deep black gashes.

Just as the Bone Devourer Array was about to complete, Jared launched himself forward. The enormous sword in his hands slashed down with a momentum powerful enough to shake the heavens.

Malgor's laughter cut off abruptly. He scrambled to gather his demonic aura for defense, but the moment his aura met the light, his body began disintegrating, piece by piece.

All twelve skeleton giants exploded into clouds of bone dust. But Malgor, anchored at the core of the formation and a Half-Step Transcender demon lord in his own right, still had enough strength left to strike back. His remaining arm suddenly swelled, morphing into a massive black claw aimed directly at Jared's heart.

At that critical moment, a rainbow flash burst from the Dragonslayer Sword.

"How dare you run wild, you mere demon lord!" Jared's voice boomed like thunder.

A golden dragon shadow roared out from the sword, colliding head-on with the claw. The resulting blast flattened everything within a fifty-kilometer radius, carving a vast crater into the earth.

When the dust settled, Malgor had vanished without a trace. Only a black token marked with strange runes remained.

"W-We did it!"

The surviving cultivators erupted into cheers, but the celebration was short-lived.

The real power of Hollow City had finally arrived. A massive wave of demon troops surged forth like a living wall of darkness, blotting out the sky. Even worse, the skeletal soldiers that had been reduced to ash by the fire unicorn were regenerating inside the black mist. Not only were they back, but their numbers had multiplied!

"How is this even possible?" Jemima gasped. Her face had gone ghost-white, and spiritual energy was nearly depleted.

Jared could barely stand, leaning on the Dragonslayer Sword for support. Using that ancient sword technique had almost destroyed his meridians. Every breath came with pain.

The little fire unicorn, having burned through much of its energy, now glowed dimly, its flames reduced to a flicker. The strain was wearing everyone down.

Just as despair threatened to overtake them, the sky darkened again, this time unnaturally so. A black mist covered the sky. The battlefield fell into a dead silence, and even the winds stopped howling.

“That’s...” Flaxseed’s eyes widened as pointed toward the sky.

From above the cloud layer, a massive silhouette began to emerge.

“The Celestial Devourer!” Jared exclaimed, his face lighting up.

He hadn’t realized that the Celestial Devourer, who usually spent its days napping, had snuck out. With the Celestial Devourer now in play, Jared felt a wave of reassurance. This creature could consume almost anything.

“Devour them! Devour all the demons!” Jared ordered.

But the Celestial Devourer merely glanced at him, unmoved.

“Kid,” scoffed a voice in Jared’s head. “That’s my mount. What makes you think it’s going to take orders from you? You need to show it some respect. It’s not your pet dog!”

It was the Vermilion Demon Lord’s voice, unmistakably disapproving.

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Jared froze for a second, then quickly adjusted his tone. He gave the Celestial Devourer a bright smile. “Celestial Devourer, would you be so kind as to lend us a hand and eat all those demons?”

Surprisingly, the Celestial Devourer obeyed. Its massive jaws opened wide, wide enough to swallow a mountain, and it sucked in the sky full of skeleton soldiers like a black hole.

An immense vortex formed, dragging in countless skeletons. They didn’t even have time to scream before being swallowed whole.

More astonishing still, the Undying Curse that allowed them to reassemble was completely nullified inside the Celestial Devourer’s belly. They simply ceased to exist.

With both the fire unicorn and the Celestial Devourer on the battlefield, the tide turned instantly.

The fire unicorn's flames flared back to life with renewed vigor, forming a natural rhythm with the Celestial Devourer. The fire unicorn incinerated enemies on the ground, while the Celestial Devourer handled the skeleton army in the sky.

"It's time to strike back!" Jared shouted, pushing through the pain as raised the Dragonslayer Sword high. "Everyone, attack!"

Jared's roar reignited the spirits of the cultivators. The cultivators of Caxton Continent reformed their battle formation and clashed headlong into the enemy forces.

In the skies above, sword energy and demonic aura twisted and collided. Light from magical items flashed like lightning, interwoven with sprays of blood.

Jared moved like a storm through the enemy ranks. With each swing of his sword, waves of demon soldiers fell. His clothes were soaked in blood, but his eyes only grew sharper. He looked like a god of war risen from the underworld.

The brutal battle raged for three days and three nights.

Finally, as the last demon soldier crumbled into dust, the morning sun pierced through the gloom. Golden rays lit the ravaged earth, signaling the survival of the Caxton Continent once more.

Nilou felt a deep gratitude toward Jared. Without him, Caxton Continent would have been lost. They would be completely finished if the Eighth Hall attacked.

"Mr. Chance, we can't thank you enough. It's just... Our Caxton Continent doesn't have much left in terms of resources." She looked at Jared's weakened state and couldn't hide embarrassment.

"It's nothing," Jared replied with a small smile. "I just need a few days to recover."

He wasn't worried. The Pentacarna Tower would heal faster than anything else.

After the dust had settled, Jared brought Flaxseed into the tower. Flaxseed had also exerted himself quite a bit.

They spent a single day inside the Pentacarna Tower and emerged fully rejuvenated, their strength completely restored.

When Nilou saw Jared again, was visibly stunned. Jemima, however, showed no surprise. She was already familiar with the tower's power.

"Mr. Chance, you recovered in a single day. That's unbelievable," Nilou said, eyes wide.

Jared only smiled and asked, "Tell me, my Lady, did this Floating Island above the Caxton Continent drift down from the heavens?"

Nilou shook head. "I have no idea. It was already here when I took over the Caxton Continent. It's been there for generations. No one remembers where it came from."

"Are you interested in it? You're welcome to live there if you like," added. "You saved our entire continent. No one would object."

"Oh no, not at all." Jared quickly waved his hands. "I was just curious, that's all."

He was far more interested in exploring the Floating Island. If it turned out to be an ancient ruin, might just strike it rich.

But it seemed no one in Caxton Continent realized the island was anything special. Jared could only speculate for now. Even if Vermilion Demon Lord said it was an ancient ruin, he'd still need to confirm it himself.

Just then, a cultivator rushed in, bowing to Nilou. "My Lady, Jhaelyn is refusing to eat. She's on a hunger strike..."

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"She's a cultivator. Not eating won't kill her, so there's no need to make a fuss," Nilou said.

Cultivators didn't require food the way ordinary people did, so starvation wasn't normally a threat.

But Jared spoke up, "I've sealed meridians. Right now, she's just a regular person. If doesn't eat, won't last long."

"I'll go see what really wants." Jared turned and made his way to the dungeon.

"Jared, maybe I should go instead and feed some oatmeal..." Flaxseed chuckled.

Jared gave a sideways glance, then walked off without another word.

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Jhaelyn, daughter of Braxton, had been Jared's leverage to keep Braxton under control. But now that Jared had the strength to wipe out the Eighth Hall with ease, wasn't all that important anymore.

He passed through several protective formations before arriving at the dungeon where Jhaelyn was held. She was still dressed in the same closefitting outfit, but hair was a mess, and looked noticeably haggard.

The moment saw Jared, fury flared in eyes. If hadn't captured and sealed meridians, wouldn't be in such a pitiful state.

"Either let me go or kill me!" said flatly. "But I suggest you kill me! Because if I ever get free, I'll hunt you down no matter what it takes!"

Her glare burned with rage as spoke.

"Even if I let you go, you can't touch me. Your father has already lost to me. What makes you think you can beat me?" Jared replied with a calm smile.

Jhaelyn fell silent. She knew wasn't wrong.

"Then I'll starve to death. As a celestial, I'd rather die than be your prisoner," said with conviction.

"You celestials are masters of self-delusion. You're part of the human race, yet you convince yourselves you're above everyone else, calling yourselves celestials," Jared said, his voice thick with disdain. "Don't you find that ridiculous?"

“How dare you slander the celestials! That’s unforgivable…” Jhaelyn snapped. “How could you lump us in with lowly humans? We’re beings of far greater nobility, ten thousand times above the human race!”

Jared sneered. “Please… If a female celestial had a kid with a human man, would that kid be noble too?”

“Hah! As if a woman of our kind would ever bear a child with a human. Keep dreaming!” Jhaelyn scoffed.

“All right then, let’s see what a humble human man can do,” Jared growled and lunged.

“What are you doing? Let me go, you b\*stard!” Jhaelyn screamed, struggling desperately.

But against Jared’s force, didn’t stand a chance.

By the end of the ordeal, Jhaelyn had been pushed to limits, body and spirit, over the course of an entire day and night.

Jared stood over limp form with a cold grin. “Still feeling proud? You cried just like anyone else. So tell me, what makes you so different?”

Jhaelyn didn’t respond. She just lay there silently, completely numb.

As Jared emerged from the dungeon, saw Flaxseed waiting for him.

“Mr. Flaxseed? What are you doing here?” Jared asked.

“You really let me down, Jared… I stood here all night and listened to that woman cry. You had all that fun, and didn’t even think to invite me? I’m hurt.” Flaxseed tried to act upset.

“Mr. Flaxseed, don’t you already have two women? You’re not exactly young anymore. Don’t go biting off more than you can chew,” Jared said, giving a pat on the shoulder.

“You brat! Just because you’re young doesn’t mean you get to hog all the fun. But seriously, your martial arts is impressive. Mind teaching me a trick or two?” Flaxseed chuckled slyly.

“I’ve got things to do. Maybe some other time,” Jared replied, turning to leave.

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“Fine, don’t teach me then. I’ll go have fun with those two lovely ladies...” Flaxseed muttered as rolled his eyes and walked off.

Meanwhile, Jared had found Jemima and was hoping she’d speak with Nilou to allow them to visit the Floating Island again.

“Mr. Chance, no need to ask her. If you want to visit the Floating Island, I can take you myself. I have some say around here, you know...” Jemima grinned.

She had spent many years on the continent and was more than familiar with the Floating Island.

“All right then.” Jared nodded.

With a single leap, the two soared toward the Floating Island. In less than twenty minutes, they arrived. The island was still breathtaking, but without Nilou’s permission, no one had dared to set foot on it.

“Mr. Chance, if you like it here, you’re more than welcome to stay. The celestial energy here is far more abundant than anywhere else,” Jemima offered.

“Ms. Murray, have you lived here for a long time?” Jared asked.

“I have. Many years. I’ve grown quite fond of the environment,” said with a nod.

“Have you ever noticed anything strange about the island?” Jared’s tone was serious.

Jemima thought for a moment, then shook head. “No, it just seems like an ordinary island. Is there something off about it?”

“The very fact that it’s floating means something’s up,” Jared said.

“It’s probably being suspended by a massive arcane array, not just sitting here naturally.”

“That’s not possible. Think about the size of the arcane array it would take to lift something this massive! And the energy it’d need to stay active for tens of thousands of years? There’s no way.”



Jemima clearly didn't buy it. She didn't believe anyone could create an arcane array so vast, or that it would remain functional for so long.

Seeing was unconvinced, Jared said nothing further. He crouched down and began examining the area, channeling spiritual energy into his fingertips, brushing the surface of the earth, and sensing the energy currents across the land.

Jemima crossed arms, watching skeptically. "You really think an arcane array is keeping this place afloat?"

Jared didn't reply. He suddenly paused in front of a plain-looking stone.

Kneeling down, placed his hand on its surface, closed his eyes, and concentrated.

"Strange..." muttered. "The spiritual energy here is being deliberately directed by something..."

Seeing the serious look on his face, Jemima leaned in. "Did you find something?"

Jared swiped his finger across the stone, brushing off the moss to reveal an ancient rune etched beneath it. Though the rune was dim and inactive, it radiated a powerful, ancient aura.

"Is that... An ancient array rune?" Jemima's eyes widened.

"This isn't the only one," Jared said, rising to his feet. "These runes are all around the island, channeling earth vein spiritual energy to form a massive lifting array."

Shocked, Jemima asked, "But where's the energy source that keeps it running after all these years?"

Jared didn't answer. He followed the direction indicated by the runes, moving toward the center of the island. Jemima quickly followed.

They soon arrived at a clear, pristine lake in the heart of the island. The water was so transparent one could see the lakebed, but its true depth remained a mystery.

"The core must be at the bottom of this lake," Jared said solemnly.

"You're going down there?" Jemima asked, hesitating. "The lake looks calm, but who knows what's lurking beneath?"

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Jared chuckled. "If you're feeling nervous, Ms. Murray, you can stay behind."

"W-Who's nervous?" Jemima snapped, gritting teeth. "I'm going with you!"

The two of them dove into the lake. The water was icy, sharp as needles against the skin, but to cultivators like them, it was hardly a challenge.

As they descended dozens of feet, the lakebed slowly revealed itself.

There, nestled beneath the surface, was a massive stone platform, carved all over with complex, ancient array runes. At its center was a glowing blue crystal, about the size of a clenched fist, radiating a soft light.

"Is that... The Skybound Crystal?" Jemima gasped in awe. "The divine item that balances the energy of heaven and earth?"

Jared's eyes sharpened. "That confirms it. This entire arcane array has been running off the power of that Skybound Crystal, channeling energy from the earth vein. That's how it's stayed active for ten thousand years."

He swam closer, carefully examining the carved array runes. Then his expression darkened.

"Something's off... Some of these runes have been altered. Looks like someone tampered with the arcane array. And I think there's another restriction hidden inside!"

Jemima's eyes widened. "What are you saying?"

Before Jared could answer, the stone platform suddenly lit up with intense brilliance. The Skybound Crystal at its center began to vibrate violently.

"This is bad!" Jared grabbed Jemima. "Get back, now!"

But it was already too late. A terrifying suction force erupted from the lakebed, pulling them toward the platform like a whirlpool.

"Jared! What's happening?" Jemima cried out, panic in voice.

“We triggered the arcane array!” Jared shouted, gritting his teeth as he struggled to resist the pull. But the suction force was overwhelming. In an instant, both of them were sucked into a rift in space that had ripped open beneath them.

The world spun around them in a dizzying blur. When their vision cleared, they found themselves lying amid ancient ruins.

Towering stone pillars lay shattered around them, broken palaces crumbled into dust. The air was heavy, filled with the smell of age and decay.

Not far ahead, a colossal stone pillar loomed into the sky, covered in ancient runes. Behind it, a mountain split down the middle had been carved into two malicious spirit statues.

“Who would carve an entire mountain like that?” Jemima breathed, utterly stunned.

Jared didn’t answer. His eyes were fixed on the two malicious spirit statues, and a sudden, crushing pressure gripped his chest. It felt like an invisible hand was strangling him.

His face went pale. He staggered back, shouting, “Get away... Step back now!”

“Mr. Chance, what’s wrong with you?” Jemima asked, baffled by his reaction.

She didn’t understand why Jared seemed so shaken. She wasn’t feeling anything strange at all.

Seeing that Jemima was unaffected, Jared was momentarily confused. At that moment, the oppressive feeling lifted just as suddenly as it had come.

“Was I just overreacting?” muttered to himself.

He took a deep breath, glancing once more at the towering statues. He was certain the ancients hadn’t carved those figures for decoration. They had to serve a purpose.

The pressure returned the moment looked at them again, tightening around his chest like a vice.

“Break!” growled.

Instead of retreating this time, Jared drew the Dragonslayer Sword.

With a flash of determination in his eyes, lunged forward and struck. But even as poured aura into his blade, the fear didn't loosen its grip on him.

He shut his eyes, inhaled deeply, and began to recite a calming spell.

First, had to regain control of himself. Fear clouded judgment, and that could be fatal. What baffled most was that only seemed affected.

Jemima wasn't reacting to the statues at all. He kept repeating the spell until the fear slowly ebbed away. Finally, felt calm again.

Opening his eyes, scanned the area but avoided looking directly at the two malicious spirit statues.

The sky here was a flat, endless gray. There was no sun, no moon, just an oppressive stillness, as if this place were sealed off from the outside world.

Still anxious, Jemima turned to Jared. "Mr. Chance... Where exactly are we?"