

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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Jared exhaled deeply. His tone was grim. “Looks like we’ve been pulled into an ancient ruin... This might be the real secret behind the Floating Island...”

Jemima swallowed hard. “Does that mean... We can’t get back?”

The idea of being trapped here frightened her. The eerie, oppressive silence of this place sent a chill down spine.

Jared didn’t answer. His eyes were locked on the deeper ruins ahead, where a low rumble echoed from the shadows. It sounded like something was awakening. Then, all of a sudden, a burst of white light appeared, making both Jared and Jemima flinch.

When the light faded, a tall man in green stood before them. A massive blade rested across his back, and radiated an unmistakable, battle-hardened aura.

The newcomer looked surprised to see them. “How’d you two end up here? Your cultivation levels are so weak!”

Jared examined the man carefully. He was clearly at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five. That caught Jared off guard. Experts of that level should’ve long since left the first level. Yet this man, unmistakably at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five, stood right in front of him.

No wonder looked down on them. After all, Jared was only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Three, and Jemima was at the third. To someone like this, they were insignificant.

“Is it against the rules for someone weaker to be here?” Jared asked.

“Not exactly,” the man, Verdin, replied. “I just can’t figure out how a Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator like you ended up in level two.”

“Level two?” Jared was confused. “I haven’t crossed into level two. I’m still in level one.”

“Impossible,” Verdin said flatly. “The only entrance to this ancient ruin is in the Heavenly Cave, located on level two. There’s no way someone from level one could’ve gotten here.”

Jared had no answer. He was as baffled as the stranger.

Just then, the void ahead rippled.

A figure in white appeared, slicing through the sky like a lightning bolt. He held a folding fan, his aura so powerful it caused the very void around to tremble.

Jared stared. The man in white was every bit as formidable as the one in green.

The moment the newcomer arrived, Verdin scowled. “F*ck. Are you done?”

Without another word, Verdin drew the massive sword from his back and launched an attack at Caelis. The blade’s light slashed across the air, radiating a terrifying wave of energy that battered the void itself.

Seeing things escalate, Jared quickly grabbed Jemima’s hand and pulled back to avoid the shockwaves. He still didn’t understand why these two had started fighting on sight, but had no intention of getting Involved.

Jemima’s hand was delicate, smooth, almost weightless in Jared’s grip.

Jared stayed focused on the battle. Jemima, on the other hand, turned red instantly. It was the first time a man had ever held hand. And not just any man, someone quietly admired.

Jared, entirely unaware of Jemima’s thoughts, held his Dragonslayer Sword firmly, blocking every wave of sword intent that came their way.

Jemima stood behind him, watching the way Jared shielded with unwavering strength.

At that moment, Jared’s figure seemed larger than life.

Without thinking, Jemima gently rested head against Jared’s shoulder.

Jared noticed, but only cast a quick glance before looking away. Now wasn't the time to dwell on such things.

The pressure in the air was growing heavier. The two strangers were fighting with such power that even the void felt like it might collapse.

Jared had to use every bit of strength just to keep himself and Jemima safe from the fallout. It was fine if those two wanted to brawl, but the shockwaves could easily destroy the weaker cultivators caught in the middle.

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Jared stood protectively in front of Jemima, watching as the two men, Verdin and Caelis, battled fiercely. Despite their relentless exchange, neither seemed able to gain the upper hand.

Blow after blow, they matched each other evenly.

After exchanging a hundred moves, both cultivators launched powerful palm strikes, separating simultaneously and landing three hundred meters apart.

The resulting shockwaves slammed through the ruins, but Jared noticed something strange.

When the waves hit the malicious spirit statues nearby, they simply vanished halfway through. That kind of force should've obliterated any ordinary stone structure, yet the stone pillar stood firm and untouched, completely immune to the shockwaves.

Boom!

With no sign of slowing down, the two men clashed again, as if nothing short of death would settle their feud. The space around them rippled and warped from the sheer intensity of their battle.

"Guys, do me a favor and quit it already..." Jared couldn't take it anymore. He raised the Dragonslayer Sword and swung it with a sharp, effortless motion.

A light shot out, forcing the two men apart mid-strike.

Startled, they both dodged the attack, disbelief plain on their faces.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator like Jared should've been overwhelmed just being in the vicinity of their battle. He should've been coughing blood by now or dead. Instead, not only held his ground but broke up their fight with a single blow.

With Jemima at his side, Jared stepped forward toward the now, separated cultivators. "You done fighting? Show a little respect, will you? We're all here to make some money. What's the point in killing each other over it?"

"Who are you, really?" Verdin narrowed his eyes at Jared.

"I already said, just someone chasing fortune," Jared replied with a light smile.

"You're a Wandering immortal Realm Level One cultivator, yet you've got some serious power. Don't tell me you're a reclusive prodigy from Heavenfall Pavilion?" Caelis asked, his tone sharp.

Jared blinked, completely unfamiliar with the name. "I've got no idea what that is. Like I said, I'm just here for some fortune, not part of some pavilion."

"Excuse me..." Jemima suddenly stepped forward. "I'm Jemima Murray, the eldest daughter of the Murray family."

Verdin visibly flinched. "From the Murray family?"

Caelis gave a polite nod. "Ah, Ms. Murray, my apologies for the earlier disrespect!"

"All right, listen," Jared cut in. "If we all ended up in these ancient ruins together, maybe it's fate. Let's keep our focus on figuring out the dangers here. If anything happens, we'll need to stick together. Save your grudges for after we make it out."

Neither Verdin nor Caelis responded. Jared's earlier sword strike had clearly shaken them.

Normally, if a Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator tried to butt into a disagreement between two Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivators, they'd have been silenced violently. But Jared's show of strength gave them reason to pause.

Seeing the two men fall silent, Jared didn't press further. Instead, led Jemima toward the base of the massive malicious spirit statues.

As they approached, the oppressive energy weighed heavily on Jared, sinking deep into his chest. Jemima, on the other hand, showed no signs of discomfort, leaving Jared uncertain if the sensation was just in his own mind.

Fighting off the dread, Jared pushed on until they reached the statues. Beside them, Jared and Jemima looked like ants.

Then Jared noticed it. Beneath one of the malicious spirit statues, there was a stone door covered in strange runes.

At that moment, both Verdin and Caelis joined them, stepping up behind Jared without a word.

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“What weird runes...” Jared muttered, placing a hand gently on the stone door. It didn’t react at all.

Suddenly, Caelis leapt into the air, brandishing his folding fan.

Boom!

A burst of raw force smashed down toward the stone gate. Clearly, none of them knew how to decipher arcane arrays or the runes on the door, so brute strength was their only answer.

But the moment the attack hit, Caelis’ expression changed dramatically. The recoil sent flying back, crashing to the ground with blood trickling from the corner of his mouth. The earth trembled faintly from the impact.

“Serves you right,” Verdin muttered under his breath with a small smirk.

Jared stared at the stone door, stunned. He hadn’t expected the arcane array on it to be that powerful. A single blow from a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator being deflected showed that it was no ordinary rune.

Caelis, now more cautious, approached again, this time without attacking.

“Can you break it?” Jemima turned to Jared, hope in eyes.

“Of course,” Jared replied with a casual grin. “There’s not an arcane array in this world I can’t crack.”

“Show-off,” Caelis muttered, still clearly sore about being knocked down a peg.

The way Jared said it hit a nerve, especially after Caelis had just failed so miserably.

Jared chuckled quietly and turned his attention to the arcane array, preparing to break it. But before could begin, a sudden oppressive force surged through the air.

Following closely, a massive phoenix tore open the void above them.

Everyone turned, stunned.

Atop the enormous phoenix stood a man dressed in lavish, ostentatious robes. His features were so heavily painted that his appearance blurred the line between male and female.

A woman dressed in innerwear knelt by his feet.

Jared’s eyes widened. The phoenix was easily several times larger than his fire unicorn, an overwhelming presence.

“The hidden prodigy from Heavenfall Pavilion... Aziel?” Verdin’s voice was breathless.

Jemima’s expression darkened slightly, and instinctively moved behind Jared. The phoenix descended slowly, its flames twisting the very air around it.

Aziel Aldwych stroked the woman’s hair beside and scanned the group, his gaze settling on Jemima with mild surprise.

“Jemima,” said, his voice soft, “What brings you here? I heard you’d gone to level one. I was planning to visit.”

Verdin quickly bowed low. “Mr. Aldwych, it’s an honor. I’ve long admired your reputation.”

Aziel didn’t even glance at him. With a casual flick of his hand, waved Verdin off. Caelis, on the other hand, stood unmoved. He offered no greeting, and a subtle sneer crept into his expression.

Aziel raised an eyebrow. “What, don’t recognize me?”

Caelis answered flatly, “Even if I did, what difference would it make?”

“Hen...” Aziel chuckled lightly.

Without warning, lifted his hand. A shimmer of cold light flashed from his fingertip.

Pfft!

Blood spurted as Caelis was struck directly between the brows. He collapsed without even the chance to defend himself.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator, killed in an instant by someone two levels lower.

Jared’s eyes widened. His heart dropped.

This guy... He’s way more dangerous than I thought.

Verdin broke out in a cold sweat, thankful he’d shown respect earlier.

Aziel calmly lowered his hand, as though he’d done nothing more than swat a bug. “Trying to act tough in front of me...” said, “Is just asking to die...”

Then, his gaze slid to Jared. “And you? Don’t tell me you don’t recognize me either?”

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Jared quickly cupped his fists in respect, his tone respectful. “Your name is known far and wide, Mr. Aldwych. How could I not recognize someone so well-regarded? I’m just new here, so it took me a second to place the name...”

As the saying goes, a smart man knows when to back off...

When you’re unsure how strong your opponent truly is, it’s best to lie low and strengthen yourself quietly.

From what Jared just witnessed, Aziel's strength was clearly beyond the ordinary, with the power to fight above his level. Jared knew had to tread carefully.

Aziel nodded with satisfaction, then turned his attention to Jemima.

His smile was faintly unsettling. "Jemima, you came back from level one and didn't even let me know. How'd you end up in a place like this?"

Jemima was still reeling from Aziel's earlier display. This guy was completely unpredictable, he'd kill someone just for being mildly displeased.

She bit lip and mumbled, "I... I came from level one..."

"Level one?" Aziel chuckled. "Jemima, you sure like to tease. How could there be an entrance to these ruins on level one?"

"We..."

Jemima tried to explain, wanting to insist they had come from there, but Jared cut in. "Mr. Aldwych, we were just curious. We wanted to look around and maybe find some magical items. That's all..."

Jared didn't want anyone to realize there was another entrance to the ancient ruins from level one. If that got out, the Caxton Continent would be at risk.

Sooner or later, swarms of cultivators from level two would pour into level one territory like that.

"And who are you? How did you end up with Jemima?" Aziel's gaze darkened as turned back to Jared.

"I..." Jared hesitated, caught off guard by the direct question about his relationship with Jemima.

"Aziel, who's the woman at your side?" Jemima quickly interrupted, steering the conversation in a different direction. She was afraid Aziel might bring trouble to Jared.

"Oh, just a servant I brought with me. If you don't like her, I'll have removed." Aziel smiled, then lightly reached out toward the woman at his feet.

With just a casual flick, the woman dropped dead on the spot, skull shattered in an instant.

The shock made Jemima's body flinch slightly, face going pale.

Jared's expression tightened. He hadn't expected Aziel to be so casually brutal.

Facing a powerful enemy was one thing, but dealing with a lunatic was a whole different problem.

At that moment, Verdin was scared out of his mind, his face drenched in cold sweat.

"Who exactly are you to Jemima?" Even after killing the woman beside him, Aziel wasn't done questioning Jared.

"He's just a servant of mine," Jemima said quickly. "He's from humble origins and a low-level cultivator, so I brought along to help carry some things."

Aziel gave Jared a quick look, then let out a light chuckle. "Wandering Immortal Realm Level One, and you still managed to make it to level two? Not bad, kid... Got any background?"

Jared quickly shook his head. "I come from a poor family. I was living on level one when out of nowhere, a black hole swallowed me up, and I landed here on level two. Compared to you, Mr. Aldwych, I'm just a servant..."

Hearing that, Aziel seemed pleased. He nodded slightly. "That adds up. Space-time between the first and second levels distorts all the time. Black holes pop up now and then. You're lucky my kind-hearted Jemima took you in. Otherwise, you'd already be a corpse..."

"A Wandering Immortal Realm Level One cultivator trying to survive on level two... That's just wishful thinking," added with a smirk.

Verdin, standing off to the side, stayed quiet. He didn't know Jared's true background, but one thing was clear, Jared was far from weak.

He had seen the devastating power of Jared's sword swing firsthand. And that was while Jared was still just at Wandering Immortal Realm Level One. If made it to level three, his strength could very well surpass even Aziel's.