

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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A flicker of greed, subtle, but unmistakable, glinted in the eyes of the enigmatic old man. He let out a low chuckle. “Good, good...”

With a sweeping motion of his sleeve, reality twisted.

In the blink of an eye, Jared was hurled into the chaos dimension.

The old man followed, grinning, eyes fixed on Jared. “You possess remarkable potential, young man... I can help you ascend to the earthly immortal realm.”

Jared pretended to be excited. “Thank you, sir!”

The elder raised his hand and rested it lightly atop Jared’s head.

Instantly, a gentle glow enveloped Jared’s body, soothing and radiant.

“Now, let me elevate your cultivation...”

But in the very next breath, the old man’s voice turned cold, cruel. His hand contorted, morphing into a swirling black vortex that began draining Jared’s life force with terrifying speed.

He thought had won. Until Jared’s eyes snapped open, blazing with power.

“Focus Technique!”

His spiritual core ignited, and the Focus Technique surged forth, turning the tide. The devouring reversed, siphoning energy from the elder in a sudden, violent backlash.

“W-What?” The elder recoiled, startled.

He tried to pull his hand back, but it was too late. His spiritual form was locked in place, unable to move.

“You old fox!” Jared sneered, eyes cold. “You might fool others, but not me. Offering a power boost just to siphon off their life force? Planning to resurrect yourself by stealing their bodies, aren’t you?”

The elder’s eyes widened in horror. “You... How do you know this ancient celestial technique?” His form began to tremble, the confidence draining from his voice.

Jared’s gaze sharpened, icy and resolute. “What a pity. You picked the wrong prey. Your cultivation is mine now!”

Boom!

Without warning, the Focus Technique surged again, an unstoppable tide of devouring energy. The elder’s spiritual form withered before Jared’s eyes, shrinking and unraveling at a terrifying pace.

“No!” the elder shrieked, his voice echoing in the void.

Then, with a final, chilling cry, his spirit shattered completely, dissolving into pure energy that rushed into Jared’s body like a tidal wave.

Power surged through him. In the blink of an eye, Jared’s cultivation leapt forward to the Wandering Immortal Realm, Level Three.

He was overjoyed, the aura around now sharp and unshakable. There was no longer any need to hold back. If Aziel dared utter even a single word out of line now, Jared would be more than ready to put in his place.

At Level Three of the Wandering Immortal Realm, even a Level Eight opponent was no longer beyond reach.

When Jared emerged alone from the chaos dimension, a tense silence fell over the group. All eyes turned to in disbelief.

“Where’s the old man?” Aziel demanded, anxiety lacing his voice.

Jared shot a cold, disdainful look. “Old man? He was nothing more than a parasitic ghost, feeding off others’ life force just to keep his wretched existence going.”

“What?” Gasps rippled through the group as shock registered on their faces.

“You’re lying!” Aziel snapped. “My cultivation level increased! Yours did too, didn’t it?”

“Sure,” Jared said with a cold chuckle. “But have you checked how much life force you have left?”

Aziel froze. His eyes narrowed in suspicion before quickly turned inward to inspect himself. Moments later, all color drained from his face.

“No... No way...” stammered, horrified. “I... I barely have a decade left...”

The panic spread like wildfire. The white-robed woman, Dexon, and the others hurriedly examined their life force. One by one, their expressions turned pale, dread creeping into their eyes.

“We... We’ve been deceived...” someone whispered.

Jemima clutched Jared’s hand, grip trembling slightly. “Thank goodness you saw through it...”

Jared gave a grim nod, his eyes narrowing as they drifted toward the three ancient coffins.

“These so-called ruins of the Anti-Celestial Sect... They’re nothing but a trap,” said coldly. “That wretched creature survived by siphoning the life force of intruders, preserving its spirit, waiting patiently for the right moment to return.”

Though some remained skeptical, they couldn’t ignore the truth their bodies whispered, life force was indeed slipping away, slowly and surely.

They were still only wandering cultivators, far from achieving true immortality. Once their life force was spent, their realms would stagnate. Decline would follow, then death.

With a roar of frustration, Aziel lashed out, striking the nearest coffin in a blind frenzy.

The central coffin was reduced to shards, but the other two remained intact. Mysterious runes danced across their surfaces, glowing faintly, shifting endlessly like living script.

Jared’s gaze locked onto them. He decided to open them and check.

There might still be something inside. We didn’t come all this way just to leave empty-handed...

Jared crouched beside the coffin, eyes narrowed as studied the swirling, cryptic runes etched into its surface.

Dexton scoffed from behind. “What do you know, anyway?”

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Jared didn’t respond immediately. He cast Dexton a cold, measured glance. Inwardly, a thought struck like a blade.

If I open this now and there’s treasure inside, they’ll pounce like starving wolves...

Though Jared had reached Level Three of the Wandering Immortal Realm and no longer feared these people individually, wasn’t reckless. If they banded together, things could turn ugly.

His gaze lingered on the two remaining coffins. A glimmer of calculation entered his eyes.

Silently, Jared extended his hands.

A faint red glow bloomed from his palms, growing brighter until it bathed both coffins in a shimmering aura. The blood-colored energy etched onto the coffins responded, pulsing and slowly blending with the glow from his hands, as if resonating.

The others fell silent, eyes locked on Jared. No one dared interrupt. Whatever was doing was beyond their understanding.

“Rise!” Jared bellowed, his voice echoing through the ancient chamber like a thunderclap.

To everyone’s astonishment, hoisted both coffins into the air.

A brilliant flash of white light followed, and in the blink of an eye, the coffins vanished without a trace.

He had sealed them into his storage ring. Whatever was inside those coffins, this wasn’t the place to investigate. Surrounded by uncertain allies and potential enemies, opening the coffins here would be a fool’s move.

If there's anything of value inside, they'd turn on me without hesitation.

The others stood frozen, stunned by what they'd just witnessed. Eyes turned toward Jared, each gaze laced with a different emotion, awe, greed, suspicion, and fear.

"Hey, kid!" Aziel snapped as Jared tucked the coffins into his storage ring. "Those coffins were found in these ruins. Whatever's inside should belong to all of us! Who gave you the right to claim them for yourself?"

Jared turned to calmly. "Do these ruins belong to your family?"

Aziel frowned. "No, of course not!"

"Then why do you care what I take from them?" Jared's tone was cool, unwavering. He no longer feared Aziel. In fact, didn't even see as a threat anymore.

Aziel was momentarily stunned. He hadn't expected Jared, the same guy who had once treated with such caution, to suddenly stand his ground with such boldness.

"You've got some nerve," Aziel growled. "Are you seriously talking to me like that?"

Jared smirked. "No... I'm talking to a dog..."

For a beat, silence hung in the air. Then, Nymeria burst into laughter. Jemima stifled a giggle, covering mouth as shoulders shook with amusement.

Aziel's eyes flared with fury. "You're begging for death, boy!"

Without another word, charged.

In a flash of golden light, Aziel unleashed the full might of a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator.

The ancient ruins trembled beneath the weight of his aura, cracks split the ground like spiderwebs, and the air grew thick with pressure. Each of his steps thundered like hammer blows, the very earth fracturing beneath his feet. His body blazed with radiant energy, glowing like a miniature sun.

"You arrogant brat!" roared. "Let me show you just how ignorant you are!"

He gathered his essence in an instant, golden light coalescing in his palm. From that light, a colossal spear burst forth. It was nine meters long, shimmering with divine brilliance. The spearhead pulsed with lethal intent, its jagged edge aimed squarely at Jared's throat.

It was the Heavenfall Pavilion's ultimate technique, Sky-Breaking Thrust.

As the spear surged forward, the space around it twisted and groaned under the force. Wherever the tip passed, the air was sliced apart with a deafening sonic boom.

The strike descended like a golden dragon, its momentum unstoppable, potent enough to obliterate a typical Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six cultivator on impact.

"Jared, look out!" Jemima cried, voice sharp with panic. Her delicate hand clenched instinctively at the hem of dress, beautiful eyes wide with worry.

Dexton, standing to the side, simply scoffed. Aziel's giving too much credit.

A Sky-breaking Thrust?

For a brat at Level Three?

A single punch would be more than enough...

Nymeria and the three men in black remained silent, their gazes fixed on the battlefield. In their eyes, Jared's fate was already sealed.

But Jared didn't move. Not at first. He stood there calmly, almost lazily, his posture relaxed, lips curved in a faint smirk. In his eyes gleamed a flicker of cold disdain.

And then, just as the golden spear closed the final nine centimeters toward his throat, his figure blurred.

In an instant, Jared ghosted out of its path, his movement so swift it seemed to tear through the air like a shadow slipping through light. At the same time, his right fist ignited with radiant gold.

"Sacred Light Fist!" roared.

Boom!

Aziel's eyes widened in alarm. He tried to summon a barrier of golden light around his chest, twisting his body in a desperate attempt to evade.

But it was too late. Jared's fist struck squarely against Aziel's chest with devastating precision. The force behind it was like the crashing tide, layered, relentless, building with every breath into a tidal wave of power.

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The protective golden barrier shattered instantly. Aziel was hurled backward like a kite with its string cut, his body slamming into the stone wall with a thunderous crash. The impact carved a deep crater into the ancient stone, debris crumbling around him.

"W-What?" Dexton's pupils shrank to pinpricks. His expression twisted in disbelief.

The hand that had been casually stroking his beard froze in mid-motion, only for to realize, too late, that he'd yanked out several strands.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Three... Overwhelmed a Level Five with a single punch?

From the rubble, Aziel groaned and dragged himself upright. His face was ghostly pale, a trail of blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

He looked down, eyes wide, at the scorched imprint of a fist burned into his chest. Disbelief flickered in his gaze, followed by a hint of dread.

Nymeria, too, was speechless. She knew Aziel's strength. He wasn't just powerful, was Heavenfall Pavilion's prodigy, someone who could fight above his level.

But the sight before them defied logic. Aziel, a cultivator two realms above Jared, had been sent flying by a single punch. He had even wielded a powerful weapon, while Jared fought barehanded, yet it was Aziel who lay battered.

The contrast was staggering. Jared didn't just overpower him, humiliated him!

Watching from the sidelines, Jemima exhaled, the knot of anxiety in chest finally easing. Relief flooded through her, followed quickly by awe. Her heart beat faster.

Strong. Handsome. Fearless. What woman wouldn't feel drawn to such a man?

"You've got some skill," Aziel spat, slowly rising from the rubble. His voice shook with fury.

"But don't get cocky. It's not enough!" He let out a roar of frustration, the sound echoing through the ruins. To him, this wasn't just defeat. It was humiliation.

In the Heavenfall Pavilion, was hailed as a prodigy, revered by his peers, admired by all. But today, had been crushed by someone younger, lower-ranked, and unarmed. And the sting of that truth burned more than any wound.

Suddenly, Aziel coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Golden light burst from his body, surging like a tidal wave. Behind him, a colossal figure emerged, an awe-inspiring deity clad in radiant golden armor, gripping a halberd that shimmered with divine might.

Lightning crackled in its eyes, and its presence exuded oppression.

"The apparition?" Dexon's expression darkened, his brows knitting tightly.

As the apparition fully manifested, the entire ruin trembled violently, cracks webbing across the stone beneath their feet. Aziel's aura surged explosively, pushing to the cusp of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six.

"This guy's gone mad," Nymeria muttered, shaking head. "Calling out his apparition this early... It'll wreck his foundation if pushes too far..."

"Die!" Aziel bellowed.

Clasping his hands together, the golden apparition mirrored his movements. A titanic palm formed in the heavens-blindingly bright, etched with divine lines. At its center blazed the word "suppression".

The palm descended. Its sheer size eclipsed the sky above, blotting out light as it came crashing down with cataclysmic force.

It was the Demon Suppression Palm, Aziel's strongest move!

Even before the strike landed, the ground had already begun to collapse. Stone slabs beneath Jared's feet shattering inch by inch under the immense pressure.

Jared lifted his head. A flicker of solemnity passed through his eyes, but remained calm.

With practiced speed, formed seals with both hands. The energies within roared to life, swirling into a vast black vortex that encircled him. Within its depths, stars seemed to drift faintly, as though capable of devouring all power.

The golden palm crashed down with thunderous might, but the instant it touched the black vortex, it began to disintegrate, slowly consumed by the swirling darkness.

The word "suppression" quivered violently, then burst apart into a cascade of radiant fragments that scattered across the sky like shattered stars.

Boom!

The lingering force of the colossal strike slammed into the ground, carving out a ten-foot-deep palm-shaped crater.

Smoke and dust erupted into the air, blanketing the ruins in haze.

As the smoke and dust settled, Jared remained standing. A thin trail of fresh blood traced down the corner of his mouth, and his shirt hung in tatters, torn by the force of the blow.

"How... How is this possible?" Aziel gasped, face drained of all color. The other party actually withstood his strongest attack.

Jared wiped the blood away with the back of his hand, his gaze sharpening. "Now is... My turn..."

In a flash, the Dragonslayer Sword appeared in his grip. The spiritual energy within surged like a volcanic eruption, flooding the air with raw power.

With a single swing, countless sword shadows burst from his body, weaving together into a net of sword energy.

Whoosh!

In the blink of an eye, the swirling shadows coalesced, forming a colossal sword nearly a hundred feet long. Crimson dragon runes

spiraled along its surface, glowing with ancient might. At the tip, a cold, piercing light flickered like a star in the void.

With overwhelming force, the massive blade came cleaving down toward Aziel.

Aziel hastily summoned a golden shield, but it was sliced cleanly in two by a single blow.

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The sword energy didn't falter. It carved a deep gash across his chest, exposing bone beneath torn flesh. Blood gushed forth in torrents.

He was defeated!

Silence fell over the ruins like a shroud.

Jemima's beautiful eyes widened in disbelief, lips parting slightly as stared at the scene before her, stunned.

Nymeria and the three black-robed elders also recoiled in shock, instinctively stepping back.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Three had defeated Aziel, someone two entire levels above him. It defied everything they thought they knew.

"You dare harm the pride of the Heavenfall Pavilion?!" Dexton finally lost all composure, his voice thunderous with fury. "Die where you stand!"

He launched forward, hands sweeping through the air. Dozens of golden array runes burst into existence, weaving rapidly into a massive net overhead, descending swiftly to ensnare Jared.

Each node of the web shimmered with an ancient rune, radiating an oppressive power of confinement.

A vast formation unfolded, encasing Jared in a brilliant lattice of golden light. Though Dexton's cultivation level wasn't exceptionally high, his command over arcane arrays was unparalleled.

It was precisely this mastery that had earned a revered seat as an elder of the Heavenfall Pavilion.

"This pathetic trap? You dare show it off before me?" Jared scoffed coldly, his eyes glinting with golden light. In an instant, pierced through the formation's structure, spotting its flaws.

With a casual flick of his fingers, a sharp surge of spiritual energy struck the core of the array.

A split second later, the golden web shattered like a soap bubble under sunlight.

"W-What?" Dexton's face drained of color as he stumbled back two steps. "You... You understand arcane arrays?"

Jared offered a faint smile. "Well... Somewhat."

Dexton's face had gone pale, his expression twisted with disbelief.

Just moments ago, had ridiculed Jared for knowing nothing about arcane arrays, yet now, had been humiliated.

"Mr. Draycott, we must kill today. Together!" Aziel growled through clenched teeth, his voice hoarse with fury.

Battered and bloodied, now resembled a cornered beast. Never before had suffered such a crushing defeat, and even if it cost his life, was determined to drag Jared down with him.

Dexton gave a solemn nod. He understood all too well. If they were both defeated here, especially in front of witnesses from the Bloodbane Palace, the Heavenfall Pavilion would become a joke, its prestige utterly shattered.

Steeling themselves, the two men began gathering their remaining strength, preparing to unleash a final, deadly strike against Jared.

Nymeria watched from the sidelines, clearly entertained and showing no intention of intervening.

She had every intention of playing the vulture, waiting for the two sides to tear each other apart, then swooping in to claim the spoils.

Once Jared, Aziel, and Dexton were all spent from their life-and-death struggle, could easily seize the coffins and perhaps even everything else they possessed.

But Jared had already seen through plan. Still, with Aziel and Dexton determined to kill him, had no choice but to focus all his strength on surviving their onslaught.

Nymeria would be a problem, but one for later.

As Jared narrowed his eyes, searching for a way to turn the tide, his gaze fell upon the runes behind the two samurai statues. They were pulsing with light, faint but rhythmic. And in that moment, a strange sense of familiarity stirred within him.

Ah, I see! Yes, I see!

He sprang into action, pressing his palms firmly against the runes carved into the backs of the statues. His spiritual energy surged, flowing precisely along a hidden path, and channeled straight into the ancient inscriptions.

The runes flared to life in a crimson blaze, writhing like living things.

Snap!

A deep grinding sound echoed through the ruins as the two statues abruptly opened their eyes, releasing piercing beams of red light.

Their stone shells cracked and crumbled, revealing armor as dark as midnight, etched with ancient, arcane symbols that radiated a chilling, oppressive aura.

“Attack!” Jared commanded.

At once, the two samurai moved, blindingly fast, their movements sharper than lightning.

One brandished a massive black greatsword, three meters long and wreathed in crimson lightning. The other wielded a slender white longsword, its tip exhaling a cold, ghostly blue flame.

Aziel and Dexton scrambled to respond, but they were utterly overwhelmed.

The black sword came crashing down, and Aziel's golden spear snapped like dry wood. The white blade slashed through Dexton's spiritual light as if it were mere paper, tearing apart his defenses in a single stroke.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Each strike from the samurai landed with immense force, forcing Aziel and Dexton into a relentless retreat.

Aziel's left arm was slashed open, blood gushing from the wound, while Dexton's right leg was torn, his movements faltering. The ground beneath them was stained crimson with fresh blood.

"Jared! The Heavenfall Pavilion will make you pay for this!" Aziel snarled through clenched teeth.

He crushed a golden escape talisman in his hand, and together with Dexton, the two vanished in streaks of golden light, fleeing the scene in disgrace.