

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

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

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Jared made no move to chase them. He wasn't certain his strength would suffice in level two of the celestial realm, or against the full force of the Heavenfall Pavilion.

With the Celestial Palace already against him, had no desire to make more enemies.

He turned slowly toward Nymeria. "Do you want to seize those two coffins, too?"

Nymeria held his gaze for a long moment, then shifted eyes warily to the two samurai standing at Jared's side. At last, quietly retreated, the three black-robed elders following silently behind her.

Now, only Jared and Jemima remained in the ruins.

"Jared, you... You're amazing!" Jemima's eyes sparkled with admiration, cheeks flushed with excitement.

But Jared shook his head, his gaze lingering warily on the two samurai. "The real trouble is only just beginning..."

Suddenly, the samurai turned. Their blood-red eyes locked onto Jared, and one of them slowly raised its weapon, as if making some silent judgment.

The runes across their armor pulsed erratically, emitting an aura that screamed danger. The shift in their behavior instantly put Jared on edge. He stepped forward, pulling Jemima protectively behind him.

"They're more than just puppets..." murmured, his fingers already brushing against his Storage Ring, ready to summon a weapon at the first sign of attack.

Amidst the thick tension, one of the samurai suddenly dropped to one knee.

A raspy, hollow voice echoed from within his armor. "We... Were commanded by our master... To guard the legacy..."

Jared's pupils contracted, his heart pounding with a surge of disbelief and unease.

Uhm... They're sentient?

They've retained consciousness all this time?

Who could their master be?

Was it the old man I absorbed earlier?

Jemima, voice trembling, clutched Jared's sleeve. "Did... Did just speak?"

The kneeling samurai slowly raised his head, blood-red eyes locked onto Jared.

"Master..." said.

Before the word had fully echoed through the ruins, both samurai suddenly burst into streaks of black light and shot straight into Jared's body.

A wave of incomprehensible knowledge surged through him. His vision darkened, his knees buckled, and nearly lost consciousness under the weight of it all.

"Jared!" Jemima rushed forward to support him, eyes widening as a faint blood-red symbol flickered to life on his forehead.

When Jared opened his eyes again, a glint of realization shimmered within them. "I understand now... Those two statues mistook me for their master..."

He had absorbed the essence of that mysterious old man using the Focus Technique, along with his unique aura. That was why the statues recognized him. It also explained the strange sense of familiarity he'd felt upon seeing the runes behind them.

But before Jared could process it further, the ground began to quake violently.

Suddenly, the entire ruin shuddered as deep cracks split across the dome overhead. Chunks of stone rained down from above.

"The ruins are collapsing!" Jared shouted, glancing upward at the crumbling ceiling.

Without hesitation, seized Jemima's hand. "Let's go!"

The two of them sprinted toward the exit at breakneck speed, the deafening roar of collapsing stone echoing behind them like a monstrous hand tearing the world apart.

"Jared, where's the exit?" Jemima cried, panic rising in voice.

"Follow me!" Jared replied sharply, his eyes looking onto a faint glimmer of light in the distance, the Teleportation Array they had used to enter.

But the array was already deteriorating. Its runes were flickering, growing dimmer by the second, teetering on the edge of collapse.

"No time left!" Jared growled, gritting his teeth. He shoved Jemima toward the array. "You go first!"

"And what about you?" Jemima shouted, eyes wide.

"I have my own way out!" Even before his voice faded, Jared slammed his palm against the array.

Spiritual energy surged from him, forcefully igniting the last traces of power within the ancient formation.

Buzz!

A blinding flash of white light streaked past. Jemima's figure vanished in an instant.

At the very moment the teleportation array began to collapse entirely, Jared leapt forward, throwing himself into the rapidly closing spatial rift.

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Meanwhile, on the Floating Island above the Caxton Continent, the mysterious landmass suspended high in the sky suddenly began to tremble violently. Countless cultivators raised their heads in alarm, their faces filled with dread.

"What's happening? Why is the island shaking?"

"Heavens... It's falling!"

