

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

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

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“Father, do you think Jhaelyn really let Jared sleep with her?” asked Thorley.

Braxton fell silent for a moment, then nodded. “It seems it’s true...”

“So, does that mean Jared is my brother-in-law?” Thorley’s train of thought was truly extraordinary.

“Shut up!” Braxton glared, signaling his son to stop talking.

We don’t even know what’s happened yet, but he’s already thinking of Jared as his brother-in-law?!

If Jared had indeed forced himself on Jhaelyn, then Braxton would risk his very life to seek vengeance. However, if Jhaelyn had indeed consented and the two of them were mutually in love, then the situation would be somewhat tricky to handle.

While Braxton was lost in his thoughts, the battle was still ongoing.

“You b\*stard, I want you dead!” The envoy had completely lost his mind, biting his tongue to spurt out a mouthful of blood essence. His bone whip instantly transformed into a three-hundred-meter-long blood dragon!

“Dragon’s Roar!”

The blood dragon roared as it charged toward Jared. it was so corrosive that even the air sizzled in its wake!

“Trivial tricks!”

With a scoff, Jared allowed a surge of spiritual energy to course within him. In the next moment, the Dragonslayer Sword materialized in his hand.

Ding, ding, ding!

The humming sound of countless swords reverberated throughout the heavens and earth. Behind Jared, tens of thousands of golden sword shadows materialized, shooting toward the blood dragon like a torrential downpour.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As deafening explosions rang out, the blood dragon was pierced through the heart by a multitude of swords. It let out a mournful wail, and ultimately, with a resounding bang, it burst into a cloud of blood that filled the sky.

"No... It can't be..." The envoy's face was ashen as he turned to Braxton and said, "What are you still standing around for? Aren't you going to help me?!"

Those words sent a slight tremor through Braxton's body.

"Sir Envoy, even you are no match for Jared, am I right? If I step in to help, won't I just be cannon fodder?" Braxton exclaimed.

"How dare you speak to me like that! I command you to stop Jared immediately!"

After the envoy finished speaking, he turned to make his escape.

"Trying to run?" A murderous glint flared in Jared's eyes.

In a flash, he appeared behind the envoy. With a swift swing of his Dragonslayer Sword, he pierced straight through the envoy's chest.

Blood splattered as the envoy lowered his gaze to the Dragonslayer Sword protruding from his chest, his eyes filled with disbelief.

"Y-You dare to attack the Celestial Palace..."

"You sure do talk a lot!"

With a cold huff, Jared swung his Dragonslayer Sword further.

Squelch!

The body of the envoy was cleaved in two as was utterly annihilated, body and soul!

Meanwhile, the two samurai had eliminated the last few Celestial Palace cultivators, bringing a sudden silence to the entire battlefield.

With great difficulty, Braxton swallowed, his legs trembling uncontrollably. Behind him, Thorley was in an even worse state, with a damp spot at his crotch.

When Jared's gaze swept over to him, Immediately fell to his knees. "B-Brother-in-law, please spare me! I... I won't dare to do it again!"

Upon seeing the situation, Jhaelyn hurriedly rushed to Jared's side. She clutched his arm, pleading, "Jared, for my sake, please spare my father and brother..."

Jared glanced at Jhaelyn, then shifted his gaze to Braxton, whose face was ashen. He said nonchalantly, "Father, can we have a proper discussion now?"

Braxton shuddered, hastily forcing out a smile that looked more like a grimace. "M-My dear son-in-law, we are family. Of course, we can talk..."

Jared's lips curled up slightly as the two ancient samurai transformed into a black light and entered his body. With his arm around Jhaelyn's slender waist, approached Braxton. "If that's the case, from today onward, I will be in charge of Eighth Hall. I hope you don't mind, Father?"

Braxton dared not object and repeatedly nodded. "No objections! Absolutely no objections! You're incredibly capable, so entrusting Eighth Hall to you couldn't be more appropriate!"

Upon seeing the situation, Flaxseed and the others couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Who would have thought that Braxton, who was once so fiercely determined to kill Jared, was now trembling like a frightened bird!

Where was the pride of the celestials?

What happened to their rule of choosing death over surrender?

When it came down to it, the so-called celestials were self-proclaimed. They were, in essence, human, carrying with them human emotions and desires, even the fear of death.

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Jared never anticipated that Celestial Palace's Eighth Hall, once an adversary, would then become kin. However, that turned out to be the best possible outcome.

Jared's understanding of Celestial Palace and the celestials was somewhat limited. Since Braxton had become his father-in-law, would be able to gain a better understanding of Celestial Palace and the celestials.

He knew that Celestial Palace wouldn't give up easily, and might even have to confront the celestials. It was imperative for Jared to understand his opponent.

For the time being, Jared had allowed Braxton and his team from Celestial Palace's Eighth Hall to stay in Caxton Continent.

Surprisingly, Nilou showed a great deal of enthusiasm toward Celestial Palace's Eighth Hall. After all, having a powerful friend was far better than having a powerful enemy.

Previously, they were sworn enemies, locked in fierce combat. At that moment, however, they had become friends who shared everything without reservation.

Often, change was just that magical. Everything began to change just because Jared had forcefully slept with Jhaelyn.

"Father, could you possibly enlighten me about the matters of Celestial Palace and the celestials?" Jared asked Braxton earnestly. Jared wanted to learn more about Celestial Palace.

Braxton's expression hardened, and said in a low voice, "Jared, you've killed Sir Envoy. Celestial Palace will certainly not let it slide... The celestials pride themselves as the chosen race, with noble bloodlines, they would never tolerate contamination from outsiders. Not only did you kill the people from Celestial Palace, but you also..."

He was halfway through his sentence when glanced at Jhaelyn, who was standing next to Jared. He wanted to continue but was hesitant to speak.

Jhaelyn's face flushed a delicate pink as softly said, "Father, Jared did not mean to offend the celestials, and besides, I'm in this willingly."

Braxton gave a bitter smile and shook his head. "Silly girl, Celestial Palace won't care if you're willing or not. If a celestial's daughter marries someone from another tribe, at the very least, would lose cultivation. At worst, would face the ultimate punishment..."

Jared furrowed his brows. "Why they so domineering?"

Braxton nodded. "The rules of the celestials have always been this way."

"However..." His voice suddenly dropped to a whisper when continued, "Jared, if you wish to confront Celestial Palace, it's not entirely impossible."

"Oh?" Jared's gaze sharpened. "What insights do you have, Father?"

A glint flashed in Braxton's eyes. "The celestials are not as united as they seem! Although Eighth Hall is part of Celestial Palace, in reality, we are merely peripheral forces. The true power lay in the hands of Celestial King Palace..."

"Within Celestial King Palace, there are two factions, and they are the Conservative and the Reformers... The Conservative is adamant about keeping the celestials bloodline pure, with no room for intermarriage with other races. On the other hand, the Reformers believe that if the celestials want to continue to prosper, we must welcome the talents of other races, breaking free from the shackles of our bloodline."

Jared was deep in thought momentarily before saying, "Would It be accurate to say that you're with the Reformers, Father?"

Braxton laughed heartily. "Indeed, you're truly clever, Jared! Although Eighth Hall appears to obey Celestial Palace on the surface, in reality, we have long been dissatisfied with the antiquated rules of the celestials! Had it not been for our last intense encounter where I was severely injured and lost my divine soul, I would have rebelled against them long ago!"

Upon hearing Braxton's words, Jared felt bad. After all, had injured Braxton twice.

"Father, are your injuries healed now?" Jared asked.

Braxton shook his head, letting out a sigh as answered, "Celestial Palace doesn't really care about us peripheral forces nowadays, so the resources they provide are minimal..."

“Without sufficient resources, it’s hard for my injuries to fully heal. if it wasn’t absolutely necessary, I wouldn’t have brought anyone to level one, let alone seize control of Winged Tiger City to plunder its resources.”

“Father, was Eighth Hall previously located in level two?” Jared asked curiously.

“That’s right. I still have my mansion in level two, but I’ve been injured. Given the strength of Eighth Hall, it’s quite difficult to acquire resources in level two. Level one is my only option.” Braxton nodded.

“Father, I caused your injuries, so I’ll make it up to you,” Jared declared.

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“There’s no need for that. All you need to do is treat Jhaelyn well and love dearly. After all, has just become a wife.” Braxton glanced at Jhaelyn with an adoring look.

“That’s right, Jared. You must be gentle. I noticed Jhaelyn limping when was walking just now, so must be swollen!” Thorley also chimed in.

Jhaelyn’s face flushed instantly, and turned to Thorley and said, “Thorley, I’m going to kill you...”

As spoke, Jhaelyn threw a punch toward Thorley.

Seeing that, Thorley promptly took off running. The two were then engaged in a playful chase.

It was only at that moment that Jared discovered the way Jhaelyn addressed Thorley.

“These two have always been this playful,” Braxton said with a comforting smile.

“Father, let me bring you to a place where we can treat your injuries. I reckon it won’t take more than a day for you to fully recover,” Jared said to Braxton.

“Where is that?” Braxton asked, his face full of curiosity.

“You’ll know once you get there!” Jared said with a smile.

Jared, accompanied by Braxton, directly entered the Pentacarna Tower.

Braxton was taken aback when saw the Pentacarna Tower, felt the flow of time within it, and witnessed the celestial gems.

“Jared, w-what is this?” Braxton asked in shock.

“This is the Pentacarna Tower. Inside this tower, time flows a hundred times faster than the outside world. In other words, a year outside the tower equates to a century within it.”

“A hundred years?” Braxton was immediately taken aback. “Are you saying that if I cultivate a hundred days in here, only a single day has passed in the outside world?”

Jared nodded. “That’s right...”

Braxton’s breathing had become ragged.

No wonder Jared said I could be healed in just a day...

“Where did this Pentacarna Tower come from?” Braxton asked curiously.

Jared, however, gave a faint smile. “Father, you should focus on healing first. We can talk about it later...”

A flicker of complexity passed through Braxton’s eyes, followed by a laugh. “Very well. It seems my daughter has made a good choice.”

At that moment, Braxton was thoroughly pleased with Jared.

A silent laugh echoed In Jared’s heart when heard that.

This old geezer... I defeated him, but now he’s trying to save face for himself...

However, Jared didn’t expose Braxton. instead, urged Braxton to tend to his injuries quickly.

Inside the Pentacarna Tower, Braxton was seated, absorbing the rich aura of celestial energy that was surging into his body. His injuries were visibly healing at a rapid pace.

When Jared emerged from the Pentacarna Tower, noticed Jhaelyn was still playfully chasing after Thorley, who was dodging and ducking in a desperate attempt to avoid blows.

“Jared save me! Jared, save me!” Upon seeing Jared, Thorley quickly hid behind him.

Seeing that Jhaelyn was approaching, Thorley turned to Jared and said, “Jared, put in a bit more effort tonight and try to make Jhaelyn unable to walk tomorrow. By then, won’t be able to hit me...”

“Thorley, if you say another word, I swear I’ll kill you...” Jhaelyn’s face flushed with embarrassment.

With a slight smile, Jared chose to ignore the playful banter between the siblings and entered Flaxseed’s room.

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Flaxseed was having fun with two women when Jared walked in. The moment Jared entered, was stumped.

“F\*ck! Brat, don’t you know how to knock?” grumbled Flaxseed, clearly dissatisfied.

“Mr. Flaxseed, you’re going on like this day after day. Are you really planning to meet your end under a woman’s spell?” Jared was at a loss for words.

“Stay out of this. Aren’t you just like me? Can’t even keep track of how many women you’ve got, can you?” Flaxseed gave Jared a dismissive glance.

Jared was instantly at a loss for words. Even himself had lost count of how many women had at that moment.

“Mr. Flaxseed, I’ve come to show you something,” Jared said.

Upon hearing that, Flaxseed waved his hand, indicating for the two women to get dressed and leave.

“What is it?” asked Flaxseed

Jared reached directly into his Storage Ring and pulled out a coffin. The coffin was blood-red, adorned with runes.

Jared was eager to find out just what was inside that coffin.



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Initially, Jared wanted to forcibly open the coffin, but was afraid of damaging whatever was inside. The runes on that coffin were quite unusual. They weren't the typical glyphs of array runes. Instead, they looked like seal runes.

Flaxseed was highly skilled in dealing with those seal runes, which was why Jared sought out for advice.

"What the heck? You're such a jinx. Why have you brought a coffin here?!" Upon seeing the situation, Flaxseed instantly furrowed his brow.

"Mr. Flaxseed, this coffin is a magical item..." Jared relayed the events at the ancient ruins to Flaxseed.

Upon hearing Jared's words, Flaxseed was immediately intrigued. He then scrutinized the coffin, his eyes tracing the runes etched on its surface.

After giving it a thorough look, Flaxseed said, "Someone sealed the coffin, and it might not be out of fear that someone might open it, but rather fear of what might come out from within. These seal runes are meant to suppress whatever is inside the coffin."

"Are you implying that there's someone inside this coffin, Mr. Flaxseed?" Jared asked, somewhat taken aback.

"I'm merely speculating. Let's open it and see!" Flaxseed said and gently placed his right hand on the coffin.

As began to chant, the runes on the coffin started to tremble.

Suddenly, they disintegrated on their own.

Upon witnessing that scene, Jared started to feel a bit anxious. At the same time, found himself holding his Dragonslayer Sword. If there were to be any danger lurking within the coffin, could take action immediately.

As the runes began to deconstruct, the coffin started to tremble.

Jared swiftly pulled Flaxseed back, and the two of them silently observed.

Before long, the coffin lid slowly creaked open, revealing a sliver of darkness. Following this, a hand, surprisingly pale, extended from within the coffin.

With the exposed palm, it was clear that there was a person inside.

Jared, clutching the Dragonslayer Sword, was prepared for battle. Flaxseed quickly drew out charm with his blood essence, ready to seal It at any moment.

Just as the two were tensely watching the coffin, ready to react at any moment, a sudden burst of black mist erupted from within Jared.

Two ancient samurai then emerged unexpectedly.

After the appearance of the two samurai, the ghastly pale hand suddenly halted in its movements. Following that, it swiftly retracted, carefully closing the lid of the coffin.

Jared was quite puzzled.

How did these two ancient samurai appear without being summoned?

Could it be because of this coffin?

Jared was left with no choice but to recall the two samurai back into his body. He then turned toward the coffin and said, "Come out. It's safe now!"

Knowing that there was someone inside, thought could communicate with that person. However, even after Jared had spoken for quite a while, there was still no response from the coffin.

Jared subsequently made his way over, intending to pry open the coffin. However, despite several attempts, it seemed as if the coffin had been secured from the inside, making it impossible to open.

"F\*ck! I refuse to believe this..." Jared hoisted the Dragonslayer Sword, intending to cleave open the coffin with a single strike.

"Brat, seal the coffin back up. If whatever's inside comes out, you'll be in deep trouble." Suddenly, Vermilion Demon Lord began to speak within Jared's consciousness field.

Jared paused before asked, “Mr. Vermilion, do you know what’s inside?”

“I’m not sure, but what I do know is that you’re in for some bad luck if you open it,” Vermilion Demon Lord said.

Hearing that, Jared abandoned his idea of forcibly opening the coffin. He instructed Flaxseed to affix the charm, resealing it once more.

He then stowed the coffin back into his Storage Ring, deciding to wait until his strength was sufficient before dared to open it. Jared knew would have to be patient.

Once Jared realized that it was a person inside, not some kind of magical item or resource, his interest significantly waned.

Just as Jared had finished packing away the coffin, someone sought out.

“Mr. Chance, my Lady is calling you over!” the person said to Jared.

Jared was puzzled, unsure of why Nilou was seeking out.

When Jared arrived at the main hall, Nilou and Jemima were already there.

“My Lady, what brings you to seek me out?” Jared asked.