

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5101 The Terrifying Trio

The others were dumbstruck with terror upon witnessing that scene. After all, the man in green was at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six, yet he was killed by Jared in one strike. He didn't even have a chance to fight back.

They then began to back away, every one of them looking at Jared in fear.

However, Jared disregarded them. Instead, he was staring into the void while frowning.

It was because he sensed that several auras had already locked onto him, and they were all exceedingly terrifying

"If a fight breaks out later, I want you to run immediately..." Jared said to Jemina.

"I won't leave you behind!" Jemina asserted, shaking her head.

"I'll be free from worries if you run, but if you stay here, I'll be distracted," Jared explained.

Jemina knew Jared had a point, so she nodded in agreement. "Did you notice something?"

"Someone's coming, and they're really strong!"

No sooner had those words left Jared's lips than the surrounding void began to quiver. Then, three figures gradually emerged.

Along with their appearance, the surrounding air seemed to freeze under an even more terrifying pressure.

Jemina clung tightly to the corner of Jared's clothes, her fingertips icy cold. Meanwhile, the wandering cultivators who had originally surrounded the duo had retreated five hundred kilometers away. They were looking up into the void, their faces etched with pure terror.

Buzz!

Cracks appeared in the space around them, as if a glass had been broken. Accompanied by a blinding golden light, three figures slowly stepped forward.

The elderly man leading the group was dressed in a dark purple robe adorned with eight trigrams. The hem of his robe was embroidered with patterns of shifting constellations. With each step he took, a faint golden rune would appear beneath his feet.

His face was gaunt, and his hair was as white as snow, neatly tied up with a dark green bamboo hairpin.

His eyes were half-open as if he were both asleep and awake. However, the occasional glint that flashed across them made the wandering cultivators below feel as if they were being pierced by icicles.

The elderly man held a dragon walking stick. The eyes of the dragon were made from two dark red gemstones that carried a subtle crimson glow. Every time the walking stick touched the ground, ripples seemed to spread through the void.

The most terrifying aspect about him was the aura he emitted. It was akin to an abyss that had been dormant for centuries. While it appeared calm, it concealed a terrifying power capable of consuming everything.

The burly middle-aged man who followed closely behind him presented a completely different style.

Jagged scars marred his bare chest, each one resembling a hibernating dragon that was ready to strike at any time. His muscles were massive, radiating explosive power.

Even though he was just standing, his immense presence alone was capable of causing the surrounding space to crack.

The middle-aged man was only dressed in a pair of black pants made from beast skin with a broken blade hanging at his waist. The

blade was pitch black and devel.ne

any same, yet it radiated a

of

murderous intent that could make one's soul shudder.

His features were rugged with thick eyebrows slanting downward. At that moment,

he was staring fixedly at Jared with his large eyes. His gaze was filled with undisguised greed and savagery, reminiscent of a vicious beast locking onto its prey.

The last woman to appear possessed an oddly captivating allure.

She was adorned in a striking red gown with red spider lilies stitched into the hem with golden thread. As she moved, a subtle fragrance trailed behind her, captivating and enthralling to all who caught a whiff of it.

Her beauty was breathtaking, her skin fairer than snow. Beneath her delicately arched eyebrows were her alluring, bright eyes. Yet beneath their captivating allure, there lurked a chilling intent, reminiscent of a venomous snake ready to strike. Content

Her hair was a glossy jet black, held up by a crimson hairpin. A few strands of hair hung by her cheeks, lending her an air of seductiveness.

She was toying with a crimson bell in her hand. Every slight sway of the bell produced a sound that could pierce one's soul, causing many of the wandering cultivators with lower cultivation levels to cover their ears and groan in agony.

As soon as the three of them appeared, it seemed as if all the spiritual energy in the realm had been frozen in place. The terrifying pressure of a cultivator at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine descended over the area, making it difficult for all living

creatures below them to even

breathe.

Chapter 5102 Must Be Mistaken

"It... It's them!" From a distance, a white-haired wandering cultivator suddenly let out a piercing scream, his voice filled with fear that stemmed from disbelief. "That's Lefwald from Destiny Sect, Orestes, the Barbaric King from Barbaric Clan, and Mdm. Cordelia from Bloodshadow Palace!"

"Oh my gosh! Why did the three of them appear at the same time? Each of them is at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine, a force to be reckoned with, even on level three!"

"Oh no, Jared is done for! I can't believe the magical items from the ancient ruins have actually attracted these three bringers of doom!"

"I heard Lefwald is the most skilled at divination. He probably divined long ago that Jared had magical items on him. Orestes is bloodthirsty by nature, always eager to rob others of their magical items. As for Mdm. Cordelia, her methods are strange. Countless experts have died under her bell..."

Murmurs spread across the area like a tide, with everyone casting looks of sympathy and fear toward Jared and Jemina, as if the duo were doomed to be the

trio's prey.

Jared listened to their chatter, the crease between his brows deepening. He hadn't expected that the news of him possessing magical items from the ancient ruins would attract the top experts on level three here.

Jemina trembled slightly. She could distinctly feel that the trio's auras far surpassed Aelnod's.

Unconsciously, she moved closer behind Jared, her fingertips tightly clutching the hem of his clothes. Her eyes were filled with worry as she uttered, "Jared..."

Jared took a deep breath and moved Jemina behind him before positioning the Dragonslayer Sword horizontally across his chest. The blade shimmered with a chilly glint under the sunlight.

Looking at the trio in front of him, he knew a battle was inevitable.

Lefwald was the first to speak. His voice was raspy, yet it reached everyone's ears clearly. "Hand over the magical items from the ancient ruins, and I can grant you a painless death."

He cast his gaze on Jared, regarding the latter as nothing more than a corpse. His indifferent demeanor seemed to suggest that any resistance from Jared was simply futile.

Orestes growled impatiently, his voice so booming that the air buzzed in response. "Enough with the pointless chatter! Just snatch them from him! I'd like to see what a measly cultivator, like him, who only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Four, can do!"

The scars on his body began to glow red, and his muscles bulged one by one. Clearly, he was ready to spring into action.

Cordelia, on the other hand, gave a coquettish giggle. Her voice was so sweet it could melt bones, but here words carried a chilling undertone. "Why must you be so stubborn? Give me the magical items, and take good care of you..."

As she spoke, she lightly shook the crimson bell in her hand. Invisible sound

waves radiated toward Jared, attempting to discompose him.

Jared's gaze hardened, and he instantly summoned the spiritual energy in his body to shield himself from the sound waves.

With an expressionless face, he looked at the trio and said in a low voice, "You guys must be mistaken. don't have magical items from the ancient ruins. I'm just a wandering cultivator, so why are you going out of your way to make things difficult for me?"

Lefwald snorted coldly, his eyes gleaming maliciously. "Trying to pull tricks before me? Do you think we can't see through your antics? Your picture has long been spread across level three, so do you take me for a blind man?"

Orestes was straightforward. He took a step forward, the impact from his feet causing the entire space to tremble violently. He bellowed, "Enough talk! Hand them over, or I'll smash you into pulp!"

Smiling flirtatiously, Cordelia shook her head. "It seems that you really are stubborn... Well, in that case, I will have to search you myself."

As she spoke, her figure flickered, transforming into a red silhouette. In an instant, she appeared before Jared and made to tap him on the forehead with a finger that carried an overly sweet scent.

Chapter 5103 Attack Him Together

"Watch out!" Jemina cried out in alarm.

Jared's eyes widened. With no time to think, he positioned the Dragonslayer Sword horizontally in front of him almost instantly.

Clang!

With a crisp sound reminiscent of the clashing of metals, Cordelia's fingertip produced a noise akin to tapping on a diamond when it touched the sword.

Jared could only feel a surge of power that was both gentle yet overwhelmingly domineering flowing through the body of the sword. It shook him to the point that his arm went numb, causing his blood to roil and his breath to become erratic.

"Hmm? How interesting."

Cordelia raised her eyebrows in surprise and retracted her finger. Her fingertip was unscathed, but it was tinged with a faint shade of red.

"You're at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Four, yet you possess such a powerful physical body and spiritual energy? No wonder you were able to obtain magical items from the ancient ruins," Cordelia commented in surprise.

At that moment, Orestes charged forward while roaring. His large fist, slicing through the air with a whoosh, was aimed right at Jared's face.

A violent surge of energy distorted the space around Jared before Orestes' fist even neared him.

"I've been waiting for you!"

Instead of backing down, Jared pressed forward. The Focus Technique was working at full tilt, channeling spiritual energy into the Dragonslayer Sword.

With a shout, he swung the Dragonslayer Sword so quickly that it looked like a streak of white light and faced Orestes' incoming fist head-on.

Rumble!

An earth-shattering clash sounded, and a ferocious wave of energy radiated outward from them. At that sight, the wandering cultivators below hurriedly activated their defensive magical items, scrambling helter-skelter backward.

The moment Orestes' fist collided with the Dragonslayer Sword, cracks formed in the space around them, and a terrifying shockwave blasted away the surrounding clouds.

Jared felt an overwhelming force surge through the sword. As if he had been struck by a mountain, he grunted and spat out a mouthful of blood while his body flung backward uncontrollably.

"Jared!" Screaming, Jemina tried to catch Jared, but Lefwald blocked her with a barrier made of runes. It was impossible for her to get close to Jared.

When Orestes saw what had happened to Jared, he burst into wild laughter, the murderous intent in his eyes becoming increasingly palpable. "You're so weak. Prepare to meet your end, you weakling!"

As he spoke, he raised his fist once more, ready to deliver a fatal blow to Jared.

Just then, a cold glint flashed in Jared's eyes, and a burst of golden light erupted from his right hand. "Sacred Light Fist..."

Boom!

Following a thunderous noise, the two figures separated instantly.

Shockingly, Orestes' entire arm had been ripped apart, and blood gushed out profusely.

"Such immense power..." Orestes looked at Jared with an expression of unprecedented seriousness.

Jared wasn't in a good state either. He had long sustained severe injuries from having consecutively engaged in combat with two cultivators at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine.

Even so, his aura didn't diminish in the slightest.

The Power of Dragons, the Power of

Three, nascent power-Jared had mobilized all the power he could muster. In the face of three cultivators at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine, he dared not be careless or complacent.

"F*ck, this brat's got some skills. Let's all attack him at once..." At that sight, Lefwald joined forces with Orestes and Cordelia, attacking Jared together.

Jared was completely defenseless against the joint attack, and he was sent flying backward from the impact.

A fervent fighting spirit filled his eyes as he wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth.

Buzz!

Two buzzing sounds resonated, and a brilliant light burst forth from the void behind Jared. Two clouds of black mist then emerged from within his body.

The two samurai statues had

appeared, their faces austere. They

held massive battle axes, their bodies adorned with intricate runes. Each one of them radiated a terrifying aura akin to those of

cultivators at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight. Content belongs

"Hmm? Battle puppets? And not just any, but two at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight?" A glint of surprise flashed in Lefwald's eyes. "This is interesting. It looks like he does have some tricks up his sleeve."

Orestes was far from frightened by the two samurai statues. Instead, his excitement only grew. "This is perfect! I can train with them!" he exclaimed.

A Warrior Undefeatable

With a roar, Orestes spun around and charged at one of the samurai statues, his fist coming down hard once again.

At the same time, Cordelia giggled as she pounced forward while shaking the crimson bell in her hand wildly. Countless crimson sound waves intertwined into a large net, falling onto the other samurai statue and Jared.

As for Lefwald, he stood at a distance. With a gentle tap of his dragon walking stick, countless golden runes materialized in the air, forming a massive Array of Eight Trigrams that enveloped Jared and the two samurai statues. Clearly, he intended to trap them inside the arcane array.

The three experts of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine worked together in perfect coordination to subdue Jared and his two samurai statues.

Orestes relentlessly assaulted the samurai statue with his brute force, each collision releasing a thunderous boom.

Cordelia's crimson sound waves were penetrative, and she was attempting to break through the other samurai statue's defenses.

Lefwald's Array of Eight Trigrams kept shrinking, limiting their space to move around.

Jared found himself embroiled in a tough battle. As he fended off the onslaught, he also had to counter the strategic attacks from Lefwald.

His wounds kept increasing, causing his clothes to be stained with blood. Yet, his eyes grew brighter, and he swung the Dragonslayer Sword faster and faster. Every strike carried an unstoppable sword intent.

"Jared!" Trapped outside the barrier, Jemina was so frantic that tears were streaming down her face. She desperately pounded on the runic barrier, but it was useless.

All she could do was watch Jared fight bravely against the joint attacks of the three experts while being bathed in blood. "Hang in there! You must hang in there!"

The wandering cultivators watching from afar were left dumbstruck. They had never witnessed such a fierce battle before.

Jared was only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Four, yet he managed to last for so long under the joint attacks of three cultivators at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine. Not only that, but he also summoned two powerful battle puppets. The wandering cultivators' minds were blown, and they whispered among themselves.

"Just... Just what kind of creature is Jared? He's at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Four! Even an ordinary cultivator at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine would be killed instantly when faced with three opponents of the same cultivation level."

"How terrifying! His sword and those two battle puppets are nothing short of extraordinary! The magical items from the ancient ruins could be even more powerful than we could ever imagine!"

"Look at him. Even though he's injured, there isn't a hint of fear in his eyes. On the contrary, his gaze seems to be getting even fiercer! Could he be hiding a trump card up his sleeve?"

When Lefwald realized they were having the upper hand and numerous cracks had appeared on the bodies of the two samurai statues, his eyes glinted. In a deep voice, he said, "That's enough. Let's end this!"

With a forceful thump of his dragon walking stick, a brilliant golden light erupted from the Array of Eight Trigrams. Countless runes transformed into razor-sharp swords, shooting toward Jared.

Orestes and Cordelia also launched their attacks at the same time. With a single punch, Orestes shattered the shoulder of one of the samurai statues. On the other hand, Cordelia's crimson bell emitted a piercing screech that caused the movements of another samurai statue to falter.

"Shoot!"

Jared's heart sank. At that critical juncture, he gritted his teeth, a glint of determination flashing in his eyes.

He knew he would die here if he didn't play his trump card now.

"Mr. Vermilion, help me!" Jared let out a furious roar in his consciousness field.

"So, you've finally decided to ask for my help, huh? It's been so long since you let me possess you to unwind Deep within Jared's consciousness field, Vermilion Demon Lord added in a bantering tone, "It's also a good opportunity to see how much of my power your body can handle!"

As soon as he finished speaking, a destructive aura erupted from Jared's consciousness field. As if a volcano was erupting, a black, ink-like energy burst forth from within him, enveloping his entire body in an instant.

"What... What aura is that?"

Lefwald's expression changed, his eyes revealing a trace of panic for the first time. "It's even more terrifying than the aura of a

fovel

cultivator at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine! This brat, he actually has such a scary existence hidden within his body?"

Chapter 5105 Insignificant Bugs

Orestes and Cordelia abruptly halted their actions, casting uncertain and startled glances at Jared, who was shrouded in a black energy. This aura made them feel threatened by the presence of death.

A roar, eerily reminiscent of something from the depths of hell, echoed from the ominous black energy. Soon after, it gradually dissipated, revealing Jared's figure.

But by this point, Jared had already transformed, no longer resembling his former self.

His hair had turned into a blazing shade of red, each strand standing on end. A sinister red glow flickered in his eyes, while his face was covered with intricate black markings, reminiscent of a demonic totem.

His body had bulked up significantly, brimming with explosive strength. His bronze skin took on a metallic sheen.

The most terrifying aspect was the aura he exuded. It was a horrifying blend of destruction, brutality, and power that caused the very heavens and earth to change color. The void continuously shattered and reformed in its presence.

"This... This..."

Jemina looked at Jared, a figure both familiar and foreign to her. Tears blurred her vision, yet she could sense the terrifying power that radiated from within him. At the same time, she could also feel his unwavering determination.

Everyone watched as Jared, who had suddenly transformed, each one of them utterly taken aback.

Lefwald quickly reminded, "Be careful, everyone! This brat is acting like he's possessed by a devil beast!"

Cordelia was utterly confused. "Who would have thought this guy actually harbored a devil beast's soul within him. Doesn't he fear that it would backlash and kill him?"

Even though being possessed could greatly enhance one's abilities, if the physical body couldn't withstand the power of possession, that body was doomed to disintegrate into nothingness.

As everyone was left in shock, Jared slowly lifted his head, his eyes blazing with a fiery red glow.

A cold smirk played at the corner of his mouth, his voice turning hoarse and authoritative, laced with a hint of icy derision. "Three insignificant bugs dare to bully my buddy? Are you courting death?"

As soon as his words fell, his figure flickered, instantly appearing in front of Orestes.

Upon seeing the situation, Orestes roared in fury. Gathering all his strength, he threw a punch and yelled, "I don't care who you are! Go to hell!"

However, Jared merely lifted his hand nonchalantly, meeting it with the punch.

A dull crack echoed, deeper and more terrifying than any previous collision.

The moment Orestes' powerful fist made contact with Jared's, the sound of bones shattering echoed through the air.

He felt as if he'd been hit by a speeding train, screaming as he was flung backward. Blood sprayed from his mouth mid air before he crashed heavily into a distant mountain peak, causing it to collapse under the impact.

on

"What?"

Lefwald and Cordelia both let out startled exclamations at the same time, their eyes filled with an unbelievable fear.

They were well aware of Orestes'

physical strength. Even if they were to confront him head-on, they might not have been able to wound him so effortlessly. However dared after his possession, astonishingly achieved this with just a single punch.

"It's your turn now!"

A glint of red flashed in Jared's eyes as he looked toward Cordelia.

The latter turned deathly pale, her previous allure all but gone. With a shriek, she spun around, intending to flee. In her hand, she frantically shook a crimson bell, attempting to create a sonic disruption.

However, Jared was quicker. He appeared behind her like a shadow, swiftly striking with his palm.

"Ah!"

Cordelia let out a heart-wrenching scream, her body flying through the air like a kite that had lost its string.

The crimson bell she held in her hand shattered. As a massive handprint emerged on her back, her bones were crushed to pieces while blood spurted everywhere.

Seeing the situation unfold, Lefwald was scared out of his wits. He knew he was no match for the opponent. Immediately, he started to activate his hand seals, hoping to detonate the Array of Eight Trigrams to hold off his opponent, while preparing to make a swift escape.

"You're thinking of running away?"

Jared scoffed, his eyes glowing red as they shot out two laser beams. In an

instant, they pierced through the Array of Eight Trigrams.

Immediately after, he took a step forward, appearing before Lefwald. His Dragonslayer Sword flashed, carrying a destructive sword intent, and he swung it toward Lefwald.

Chapter 5106 Do Not Fancy Women

Lefwald's pupils abruptly constricted. Mustering up his last bit of strength, he summoned a tortoiseshell-shaped defensive magical item. The runes on the tortoiseshell flickered, radiating a profound defensive aura.

However, under Jared's sword, the so-called invincible tortoiseshell was like paper mache, instantly torn apart. The momentum of the Dragonslayer Sword did not diminish, directly beheading Lefwald.

In the distance, Orestes, who had been dealt a heavy blow, saw that Lefwald's head had been chopped off. His face turned extremely grim. Struggling, he picked himself up, intending to flee.

No sooner had he taken a few steps than a flash of sword light was directed toward him.

Orestes' massive head was cleanly severed by the sword light and fell straight to the ground.

Cordelia spat out blood, her eyes wide with fear as she stared at Jared, who resembled a devil beast. She was shaking all over from fright.

"Please spare my life," she pleaded, "I'm willing to follow you and serve you for the rest of my days. We, the ladies of Bloodshadow Palace, are at your disposal. You can toy with us as you please and as much as you want. As long as you spare my life, I can serve you. No man has ever touched me before!"

Cordelia's eyes were filled with tender affection as she gazed longingly at Jared. She hoped that by using this method, she could find a way to survive.

She didn't want to die. After all, she had been training for so many years and was on the brink of breaking through the Wandering Immortal Realm. Soon, she would leave level three and ascend to level four, becoming a true immortal.

"Hmph, do you think I'm like this fool, fond of toying with women?"

Jared let out a cold huff as Vermilion Demon Lord's voice rang out.

The present Jared was possessed by Vermilion Demon Lord, so such allure held no sway over him at all.

As Jared slashed his sword, Cordelia's head was swiftly severed.

In the span of a few breaths, three powerful beings at the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine fell one by one right in front of Jared, who was possessed by Vermilion Demon Lord.

The world fell into a deathly silence. Everyone stared, dumbstruck, at the unfolding scene, their minds drawing a blank.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Four being has slain three Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine individuals just like that!

Is... Is he even a human?

Jemina watched the figure standing in the void, surrounded by black flames, like a demonic deity. Tears welled up in her eyes once again.

She wasn't sure what price Jared had paid, but she knew one thing for sure. Once again, to protect her, Jared had unleashed a truly terrifying power.

"Jared..." she called out softly, her voice laden with worry and heartache.

Jared slowly turned around, his gaze

landing on demina. The red glow in his eyes gradually faded, and the

black markings on his face

disappeared along with it. His

slowly returned to its normal state, but his complexion was frighteningly pale.

"I'm fine..."

With a forced smile, Jared retrieved the two battered samurai. Sword in hand, he then approached the trio.

After rummaging through the belongings of the three individuals, Jared collected their heads.

"Destiny Sect, Barbaric Clan, Bloodshadow Palace, when I reach level three, you'll be the first ones I obliterated!"

Jared's eyes were filled with a murderous intent.

Onlookers from afar watched this scene unfold, each one silent as a church mouse. Nobody dared to step forward, and nobody dared to covet the ancient magical items anymore.

Upon catching Jared's gaze directed their way, these people wanted to turn tail and run.

"Stop right there..." Jared's icy voice echoed.

Those three words were enough to freeze the dozen or so cultivators in their tracks. They knew all too well that with their current abilities, if Jared wanted them dead, it would only take him the snap of a finger.

"Leave behind the resources you've got on you and scram!" Jared instructed.

The cultivators didn't dare to hesitate for even a moment. They quickly took out their item pouches and threw them in front of Jared, then they swiftly made their escape.

Jared had just put away those item pouches when, all of a sudden, he coughed up a mouthful of fresh blood.

"Jared!" Upon seeing this, Jemina hurried forward to support him.

"Head to the Eighth Hall..."

Jared spoke in a barely audible voice.

This stop had dealt Jared a significant blow, particularly the possession by Vermilion Demon Lord, which had greatly harmed his physical body. Jared knew he had to find a safe place to recover slowly.

Chapter 5107 Insignificant Bunch

Celestial Palace's Eighth Hall.

In the main hall, Braxton, Jhaelyn, and Thorley were present. Their faces wore expressions of deep discomfort.

In fact, Thorley's face was filled with fear and anxiety.

Seated at the head of the Eighth Hall was a cultivator who appeared quite youthful. He was calmly seated there, gently sipping coffee from a cup in his hand.

This person was none other than the level three overlord of Celestial Palace's Seventh Hall, Saleto.

Braxton and the other two were absolutely terrified of Saleto.

"Mr. Haverford, there's no need to fear. I'm just here to check things out. I heard you betrayed Celestial Palace, so the overlord of Celestial Palace's Fourth Hall sent me to take a look! I'm really curious. Who could have possibly made you decide to betray Celestial Palace?" Saleto asked flatly.

Braxton responded to Saleto, "If we didn't betray Celestial Palace, we wouldn't be able to survive either. The resources we receive dwindle with each passing day for forces like us. Moreover, we aren't even allowed to intermarry or practice dual cultivation with other clans. This is self-limiting, and sooner or later, Celestial Palace, even our entire celestial clan, will fall into decline!"

"How audacious..."

Saleto furrowed his brows, giving a slight wave of his hand. Immediately, Braxton was sent flying, crashing heavily onto the ground.

In that moment, Braxton felt his blood rushing to his head, nearly fainting on the spot.

Saleto had reached the Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm; he was not someone Braxton could handle.

"Father!"

Hastily, Jhaelyn and Thorley rushed forward, helping Braxton to his feet.

Jhaelyn watched as her father coughed up fresh blood, her eyes immediately flaring with fiery anger.

With a swift motion, she yanked her sword from its sheath. The blade trembled, brimming with a powerful surge of spiritual energy, and she pointed it at the man seated high above - Saleto. Her voice quivered with rage. "Mr. Saleto! You dare harm my father! Disciples of the Eighth Hall, heed my command. Today, we will risk everything, even our lives, to make him pay for his actions!"

No sooner had her words been spoken than dozens of cultivators inside the Eighth Hall responded with a resounding uproar. Spiritual blades and magical items were all summoned forth, their spiritual energies merging into a searing wave of power, which then surged toward Saleto.

Thorley's face turned deathly pale, yet he gritted his teeth, gripping his weapon tightly, positioning himself protectively in front of Braxton.

Saleto put down his cup, a cold sneer playing at the corners of his mouth.

He didn't even bother to get up. With a casual flick of his finger, a tangible golden aura suddenly erupted, striking toward the oncoming crowd like a force capable of crushing anything in its path.

"What a foolish bunch."

He let out a soft chuckle, his aura sweeping across the room like a gust of wind. The Eighth Hall cultivators were sent flying in all directions, their magical items shattered into pieces. Blood splattered, and in an instant, they were scattered haphazardly across the floor of the hall.

"Jhaelyn! Stop!"

Struggling to his feet, Braxton reached out and gripped his daughter's arm. "He's at the Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm. We... We simply stand no chance against him!"

Jhaelyn pulled away from her father's grip, her hair in disarray, and defiance filled her eyes. "Are we just going to stand by and let him insult us?"

Saleto slowly rose to his feet, his gaze cutting through the crowd like a blade. His voice dripped with biting sarcasm. A bunch of insignificant being dare to speak of betrayal? Mr. Haverford, is this Jared you speak of the reason you dare to stand against Celestial Palace?"

He paused, his voice suddenly escalating, reverberating throughout the main hall. "Jared! If you don't show yourself now, I swear I'll expel unqualified members of Celestial Palace today, and Eighth Hall will be eradicated!"

"Mr. Saleto, I've told you Jared isn't here. Even if you were to wipe us all out, there's no way he would appear!"

Braxton spoke.

"Really? Since Jared isn't here, I might as well deal with you guys first." Saleto chuckled coldly. "After I've handled you, I'll go find him. I'm curious to see who he really is!"

As soon as his words fell, the urgent sound of two pairs of footsteps echoed from outside the hall.

Supporting Jared by the shoulder, Jemina gently guided him into the hall.

Jared's complexion was slightly

pale, with a trace of blood still

lingering at the corner of his lips. It

was clear that his injuries were not

yet healed, and the fluctuation of aura within him was somewhat disordered. His previous confrontation with the level-three experts had significantly depleted his strength.

Chapter 5108 Scared Away

Jemina's gaze was darkened and sharp, as she was set on protecting Jared, standing guard in front of him. However, he gently pushed her away.

Saleto's gaze fell upon Jared, showing a hint of surprise. He hadn't expected Jared to be so young.

"Are you Jared?" Saleto asked.

"That's right!" Jared nodded. "And who might you be?"

"The overlord of Celestial Palace's Seventh Hall, Saleto. I've come to meet you today," Saleto responded.

Jared glanced up at Saleto, showing no signs of fear. Instead, a hint of an elusive smirk played on his lips. "What an honor it is to have the overlord of Celestial Palace's Seventh Hall come to see me."

His tone was casual, even teasing, which caused Saleto's pupils to slightly contract.

Although Jared's aura seemed weak, he had an undeniable aura of someone who had been through life-and-death situations. His calm and composed demeanor was something not commonly found in ordinary cultivators.

"Are you hurt?" Saleto asked.

Jared casually nodded, not bothering to hide anything. "I just took out a few level three cultivators. They were asking for it, rubbing me the wrong way!"

Saleto was taken aback. He then scoffed. "Are you bragging? Every practitioner in level three is at least a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven. How could you take them down?"

In Saleto's eyes, Jared was merely a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Four. How could he possibly have killed several level three cultivators?

It's clear that he's just bragging, wanting to intimidate me! "Bragging?"

With a light chuckle, Jared took two steps forward. The residual spiritual energy within him suddenly erupted. Although it was not at its peak, it carried a sharp, murderous intent. "All I know is anyone who stands in my way deserves to die. Did you come here today to test my sword skills or to hear me reason, Mr. Saleto?"

His words were as sharp as a blade, leaving Saleto momentarily stunned by his imposing aura. Saleto was puzzled. Jared's aura is clearly waning, so why are his eyes so fierce? Could he be hiding something up his sleeve?

"I was simply following the overlord of Celestial Palace's Fourth Hall's orders to come and see what kind of person could possibly make the Eighth Hall betray us," Saleto said.

"Have you seen enough? Can you leave now?" Jared asked.

"Leave?" Saleto quirked a smile. "And what if I don't? What will you do? Are you going to kill me?"

Saleto's eyes were filled with mockery and disdain.

Even if Jared has any tricks up his sleeve, being just a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Four, he's hardly a concern!

"Is killing you that difficult?"

Jared chuckled. Suddenly, he lifted his hand, and from the Storage Ring, he flung out three bloody heads. They rolled on the ground, stopping right at Saleto's feet.

Their eyes were wide open in shock, faces frozen in terror. Astonishingly, they were the three renowned Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine experts from level three.

As Saleto lowered his gaze, his

pupils abruptly contracted, his whole body violently shuddering. Even his

voice was trembling as he

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exclaimed, "They... They are Lefwald from Destiny Sect, Orestes, the Barbaric King, from Barbaric Clan, and Cordelia from Bloodshadow Palace! How... How could they have died at your hands?"

These three were notorious in level three, each possessing the formidable strength of a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine. Even he was no match for their combined forces. Yet, their heads had been chopped off by Jared.

Jared wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his tone casual yet powerful.

"They wanted to kill me, so I killed them. Mr. Saleto, how do you think you

compare to them?"

Upon witnessing the undisguised murderous intent in Jared's eyes and recalling the fate of those three, Saleto felt a chill down his spine.

Though he was at the Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm, facing Jared, who had the power to slay three Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine experts, he had long since lost his confidence.

"You..."

He stumbled back a step, forcing a calm demeanor as he declared, "Well, well, Jared! I'll be sure to report today's events truthfully to Celestial Palace!"

Having said that, he didn't dare to linger any longer. He turned into a streak of light and hastily fled from the Eighth Hall.

When Jared saw that he had successfully misled Saleto, a wave of relief washed over him; however, all of a sudden, he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

"Jared!"

Both Jhaelyn and Jemina stepped forward to support him simultaneously.

"Jared..."

"Jared..."

Braxton and Thorley were also visibly tense.

Jared wiped off the blood and responded, "No worries. I'll be fine after a bit of rest.

Dealing with three Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine experts was indeed a tough task!"

"Did you really kill these three?" Braxton asked, struggling to believe it.

Jared gave a firm nod.

Braxton looked at Jared in disbelief, suddenly realizing how wise his decision had

been. Betraying Celestial Palace and letting Jhaelyn stay with Jared seemed like

the right choice, after all.

"Jhaelyn, take Jared for some rest immediately!" Braxton ordered.

Jhaelyn gave a nod, but before they could leave, a sudden, ominous aura loomed

over the Eighth Hall.

Everyone looked up, only to see an elderly man dressed in a dark robe, his face

solemn, walking in. He was surrounded by dozens of cultivators in black attire.

"The leader of Heavenfall Pavilion?" When Jared saw the newcomer, his brows

instantly furrowed.

Braxton narrowed his eyes, stepped forward, and greeted, "Mr. Gallegos, why did

you come here?"

Since they were both from level two, Braxton had come to know the leader of Heavenfall Pavilion, Radmus.

However, they usually didn't cross paths. Heavenfall Pavilion wouldn't dare to provoke Eighth Hall. After all, Eighth Hall was backed by the entire Celestial Palace, or even the whole celestial clan. Heavenfall Pavilion simply couldn't afford

to mess with them.

"I came for him..."

Radmus then pointed at Jared.

"Mr. Gallegos, this man is my son-in-law, who is now a member of my Eighth Hall.

How did he manage to upset you?"

Braxton was unaware that Jared had killed Aziel and Dexton from Heavenfall Pavilion.

"He killed someone from Heavenfall Pavilion, so I'm here to take him away today!"

Radmus declared.

Braxton was taken aback for a moment. He then glanced at Jared. Seeing that

Jared offered no rebuttal, he knew this must be true.

"Mr. Gallegos, we can compensate

for the loss inflicted upon your

Heavenfall Pavilion, but you cannot

take him away. He's now one of us

in Eighth Hall. If you intend to take

Jared away, you'll have to deal with

Celestial Palace first!"

Braxton used Celestial Palace to intimidate Radmus.

"Haha! You really know how to scare someone. You've long since become a traitor

to Celestial Palace, and you're still trying to intimidate me with it?"

Radmus burst into hearty laughter.

At that moment, Braxton suddenly found himself in an awkward situation, unsure

of what to do next.

Jared gently pushed Jhaelyn and Jemina aside, giving Radmus a frosty look.

"You're a defeated soldier, yet you

dare to seek me out. Aren't you

afraid I might kill you? One just got

away. He's a Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm, yet he was scared off. See those bodies on the ground? They were all level three experts, yet they still fell under my blade. What do you amount to, as the leader of Heavenfall Pavilion?"

Jared put on an intimidating demeanor as he spoke.

Seeing Jared in such a state,

Radmus was far from scared. On

the contrary, he burst into hearty

laughter Jared, keep up your act

You might fool others, but you can't

fool me at all! The information about

the ancient magical item you carry

was leaked by me. Also, it was I who

gave your location to the people

from level three. I know exactly how

you took out those three. You're at

the end of your rope now. Don't even

mention me dealing with you, even a

Wandering Immortal Realm Level

Five could easily take you down right now."

Radmus had long been scheming against Jared. All these affairs were orchestrated by him alone.

Jared's face turned sour; he had never imagined that all of this was Radmus' doing.

It seemed like he had been played, and he didn't have a clue.

This old geezer is incredibly cunning.

Jared glared furiously at Radmus, yet he seemed utterly helpless.

He simply didn't have the strength to fight Radmus at that time.

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"It seems you've got everything figured out!" Jared let out a bitter laugh.

"Of course. Would I have come to find you blindly if I hadn't planned properly?" Radmus chuckled.

"However, in all your careful calculations, you overlooked one crucial detail!"

Jared was intently gazing at Radmus.

"Oh? What did I miss?" Radmus asked in confusion.

"You didn't include the possibility of whether I would self-destruct..."

Soon, a surge of energy began to wildly expand within Jared, making him seem as if he were inflating like a balloon.

"Jared, don't be rash!"

Upon seeing the situation, Jhaelyn and Jemina hurriedly stepped in to mediate.

Braxton was also taken aback, unable to comprehend why Jared was ready to self-destruct just like that.

Radmus was also taken aback; he hadn't expected Jared to be so valiant.

"If I were to self-destruct, do you think you could escape?" Jared questioned Radmus.

Jhaelyn and Jemina had also begun to channel their internal auras, both of them intending to self-destruct.

If Jared were to meet his end through self-destruction, they would go all out, too.

At that moment, Radmus was taken aback. As those three were threatening to self-destruct, how could he possibly withstand that?

"Don't be rash. I'm not necessarily out to kill you..."

Radmus spoke to Jared.

"Do you desire those two coffins from the ancient ruins?" Jared asked.

Radmus nodded. "That's right. Just hand over the two coffins you obtained from the ancient ruins to me, and I'll leave immediately! As for you taking out Aziel and Dexton, I'm not going to fuss over it. After all, they weren't the only ones in Heavenfall Pavilion!"

Upon hearing Radmus speak in such a manner, Jared finally reined in his aura. "If you had said so earlier, things would have been much simpler!"

Without the slightest hesitation, Jared immediately presented the two coffins and placed them right in front of Radmus.

As Radmus gazed at the coffins before him, swirling with intricate runes, his eyes shone brightly.

However, when Jared so readily handed over those two coffins to him, it made Radmus somewhat wary, suspecting that there might be a catch.

"I've never opened these two coffins, nor do I have the means to. So, they're of no use to me! Trading my life for two useless coffins feels like a fair deal to me!"

Jared understood Radmus' concerns. Hence, he explained.

Upon hearing Jared's explanation, Radmus gave a faint smile, casually putting away the two coffins.

"Let's call it even between us..."

Once Radmus finished speaking, he waved his hand. In an instant, he and his subordinates vanished.

Upon seeing Radmus leave, Jared let out a long sigh of relief. However, a sudden wave of dizziness almost made him faint.

His body was pushed to its limits, and he urgently needed rest and recuperation. "Guard the place for me. I need to retreat to the tower for some rest..."

After giving his instructions, Jared immediately left.

Atop the main peak of Heavenfall Pavilion, a perpetual mist lingered, shrouding the area in an ethereal veil. The pavilion's structures were built along the mountain's contours,

exuding an aura of age-old contours,

solemnity.

When Radmus returned with dozens of black-robed cultivators, the core disciples

of Heavenfall Pavilion had already been waiting solemnly at the mountain gate.

However, Radmus' face did not hold

its usual solemnity. Instead, he wore an excitement that he could hardly conceal. The two coffins in his sleeves, adorned with ancient runes, seemed to hold a secret treasure powerful enough to overthrow the balance of level two.

"Mr. Gallegos, you're back!"

An elderly man with silver hair approached, his gaze involuntarily falling on the coffins in Radmus' hands. "The matters regarding Azriel and Dexon..."

"Let's discuss that later."

Radmus waved his hand, his voice tinged with a hint of suppressed excitement. "Issue my command," he ordered, "Seal off the core area of Heavenfall Pavilion. No one is to approach!"

He hurried along, heading straight for his solitary training spot, Abyss Cave.