

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5121

A Warrior Undefeatable

That single slash contained Vermilion Demon Lord's supreme demonic aura, imbued with the will to erase all things. The air ahead of the blade ignited under sheer force, tracing a burning black arc across the sky.

Radmus let out a piercing shriek, summoning every ounce of power to use the blood-red coffin. At the same moment, the blood corpse's energy rampaged inside him, turning his entire form into a gigantic crimson sphere that hurled itself against Jared's descending sword.

Squelch!

The blade sliced through the crimson sphere and bit deep into the coffin. No earth-shaking explosion followed—only a muffled, visceral-sounding tear.

The Vermilion Devil Flame surged, devouring the blood-red coffin. Cracks spider-webbed across the lid until, with a sharp crack, the entire coffin shattered, scattering countless red fragments through the air.

Radmus screamed in terror. Bereft of the coffin's protection, he lay completely exposed beneath Jared's blade.

The devil flame from the Dragonslayer Sword engulfed him at once, ravenously burning the blood corpse energy within him.

"No...! Lord Blood Corpse, save me!"

He howled in despair, trying to summon the blood corpse energy, but the devil flame clung like maggots on bone, ruthlessly suppressing every trace of energy inside him.

Jared's gaze held not a shred of mercy. Remembering Dincelius' sacrifice and the carnage at Bloodbane Palace, he flicked his wrist and drove the sword-wreathed in roaring flame—straight down through the top of Radmus' skull.

"Aaah!"

A shriek of agony split the heavens as Radmus' body burned away within the Vermilion Devil Flame, turning to ash.

Even the soul remnant of the blood corpse was incinerated to nothing, leaving only the faintest tang of blood and char in the air.

The wind gradually fell silent.

Jared withdrew the Dragonslayer Sword, the devil flames receding from his form. He sucked in deep, ragged breaths, his face as pale as paper-the cost of borrowing such power was steep.

He looked over the desolation-the shattered earth, the litter of corpses-and exhaustion mingled with sorrow in his eyes.

Jhaelyn and the others hurried forward, steadying the swaying Jared.

"Jared, are you all right?" Jhaelyn asked, her worry plain.

Jared shook his head and stared toward Bloodbane Palace, his voice hoarse. "I'm fine... It's just-Bloodbane Palace..."

Jemina exhaled a soft sigh. "Let's see if there are any survivors first."

The group searched the rubble and

eventually found only a handful of Bloodbane Palace disciples,

grievously wounded and

unconscious, their breaths as thin as gossamer.

Jared looked at the heartbroken

Nymeria, then at the distant scorch mark where Dincelius had self-destructed, a maelstrom of mixed emotions churning in his chest.

He had slain Radmus, yet Bloodbane Palace lay in ruins, and Dincelius was gone forever.

Nymeria pushed herself up with measured steadiness, then bent at the waist in a profound, almost reverential bow toward Jared.

"Jared, thank you thank you for avenging Bloodbane Palace and my father!"

Though grief weighed heavily on her, gratitude toward Jared still swelled in her chest.

"Ms. Nymeria, had I arrived a little earlier, perhaps Mr. Dincellius would still be alive."

Self-reproach flickered across Jared's face.

"This was fate; it had nothing to do with you," Nymeria said, shaking her head.

"What will you do now?" Jared asked, worry coloring his tone.

Nymeria cast a long look at the shattered ruins of Bloodbane Palace and the mountains of corpses piled within them. For a moment, she felt utterly adrift.

"I want to rebuild Bloodbane Palace..." she murmured after a short silence.

"All by yourself?" Jared's brows drew together.

Given her current strength, rebuilding the sect again would be harder than climbing the very heavens.

"She still has me..."

Just then, a lone figure drifted slowly down from the sky.

As the newcomer drew near, Jared paused in surprise, and Nymeria's eyes widened as well.

"Elder Godric?" she cried, astonished.

"Ms. Nymeria, Bloodbane Palace lies in ruins. It is our duty to restore it. From this day forward, I will stake my life on aiding you in that task!"

When he finished, Godric swept his gaze across the blood-soaked hills of corpses, tears shimmering in his eyes.

Nymeria nodded with fierce determination; with Godric's support, rebuilding Bloodbane Palace no longer felt like a distant dream.

Chapter 5122 Second Heaven In Turmoil

Jared left with Jemina and the others; in truth, there was little more he could do to help with Bloodbane Palace's restoration.

The successive possessions had severely damaged his body, so he still needed to recuperate inside the Pentacarna Tower.

Fortunately, time flowed differently in the tower—an entire year of healing within would amount to only a handful of days outside.

Upon returning to the Eighth Hall, he stepped straight into the Pentacarna Tower and began his convalescence.

Yet while Jared rested, Second Heaven descended into chaos; with Bloodbane Palace destroyed and Radmus dead, the balance of power was completely thrown.

The two titans that once held everything in check had collapsed overnight, and every faction bared its fangs like sharks scenting blood.

The Murray family—and even the Eighth Hall itself—were dragged into the struggle; to survive in Second Heaven now required fierce resistance.

The realm grew ever more disorderly. Alliances of wandering cultivators, dormant for years, surfaced in hopes of carving out their own share of spoils.

Competition for resources intensified; once-prosperous cities became battlefields, and wails of misery echoed through every corner of Second Heaven.

Outside the Pentacarna Tower, Jemina and Jhaelyn kept vigil each day, hearts heavy with worry.

With the entire realm in upheaval, neither woman knew what fate awaited her family—or when Jared would emerge fully healed.

Flaxseed, meanwhile, took advantage of the turmoil, periodically venturing out to “rescue” female cultivators. He called it gallant heroism, though in truth he sought a bit of amusement.

The grateful women he assisted, swept up in relief and gratitude, readily offered their bodies to him.

Three days later, the Pentacarna Tower quaked violently, radiant beams bursting from within.

A dazzling bloom of light unfurled at its summit and coalesced into a pillar that pierced the clouds.

Jemina and the others hastily backed away as a single figure, wrapped in overwhelming pressure, stepped calmly from the tower.

Jared emerged in plain robes, his hair lifting in the breeze while a faint celestial energy wreathed his form.

His gaze had grown deeper, more inscrutable; every subtle motion emanated a breath-stealing power.

He had reached the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five, his strength already eclipsing Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm cultivators.

With a casual wave, the Pentacarna Tower shrank into a streak of light and slipped into his storage ring.

Jared had advanced yet another realm-his cultivation speed was nothing short of rocket-like!

"Jared!"

Jhaelyn reacted first, racing toward him.

Jemina, equally delighted, maintained her customary grace as she followed at a brisk pace.

"I'm all right."

Jared smiled at them, his voice gentle yet resonant with power.

He turned and stared at the smoke-choked sky in the distance. His eyes turned

icy. "What on earth has happened to Second Heaven?"

Jemina quickly explained the situation, and only then did Jared grasp how completely the realm had fallen into chaos.

The simultaneous collapse of Heavenfall Pavilion and Bloodbane Palace had stirred countless factions that had long chafed at restraint.

"Then it's time Second Heaven knew peace again."

Jared spoke in a level, almost detached voice.

At the same time, Braxton had been leading the men and women of the Eighth Hall in a bloody battle that had raged for two straight days around their compound.

Countless factions were circling like vultures, determined to seize the Eighth Hall's resources and lay claim to its territory.

"Braxton, I've long known you

betrayed the Celestial Palace. The

Palace has washed its hands of you now! So be obedient-hand over the land surrender the resources, and get out of our sight!" a

blackolad

elder at the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six addressed Braxton with a self-satisfied smirk.

Behind him stood more than ten thousand cultivators, every one of them gripping a weapon, the collective aura rolling forward like a tidal wave.

Braxton, by contrast, had only a few dozen Eighth Hall disciples at his back; the disparity in strength could not have been clearer.

Yet Braxton knew Jared was still

inside the

tower recuperating; if

these interlopers forced thernet

Jared might suffer a catastrop

deviation in his cultivation.

"Unless you slaughter every last member of the Eighth Hall, we will never concede!" Braxton declared with uncompromising resolve etched across his features.

Chapter 5123 One Sword Cuts Down Ten Thousand



"If that's your answer, don't blame me for what happens next!" the black-clad man snorted coldly and raised his hand to strike.

Before he could act, a terrifyingly violent aura burst from within the Eighth Hall.

Jared stepped out, accompanied by Jemina and Jhaelyn.

"You? You think you can lay a hand on the Eighth Hall?"

Jared regarded the black-clad man with open disdain.

"And who are you supposed to be? A mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator dares to address me that way?"

Confident in his own Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six cultivation, the black-clad man flatly looked down on Jared.

Jared merely smiled and, without even sparing him another glance, turned to Braxton. "Father, leave these people to me."

Braxton nodded; Jared's cultivation realm had risen again, and the elder before them was clearly no threat.

"Jared, kill those b*stards! Let them know what happens when they covet the Eighth Hall!" Thorley shouted, emboldened the moment he saw Jared arrive.

"Watch closely-this is a lesson worth learning," Jared told Thorley.

"Arrogant whelp! If I don't demonstrate my power, you'll never understand how small you really are!" the black-clad elder bellowed when Jared continued to ignore him.

Enraged, he began to chant; the very heavens split open, and countless bolts of violet lightning crashed down.

Each bolt was as thick as a barrel, blanketing the sky and land alike in oppressive might.

Braxton and the Eighth Hall disciples retreated again and again beneath the crushing pressure.

Jared, however, only offered a faint smile, eyes brimming with contempt as he stared at the descending lightning. He didn't so much as lift a finger.

When the violet lightning reached him, it simply vanished—gone as though it had never existed.

The sight left everyone momentarily stunned.

The black-clad elder's brows knitted. "Not bad, kid. You do have some tricks."

Then he roared, "Way of Ten Thousand Arts!"

At his command, the ten thousand cultivators behind him swung their weapons in unison toward the sky.

High above, the weapons fused and melded until they formed an unimaginably huge Divine Sword.

That sword contained the combined celestial power of more than ten thousand cultivators.

In the same instant, Jared's Dragonslayer Sword erupted in golden light, and he brought it down in a single, fluid arc.

In that split second, every one of the ten thousand cultivators lost their heads, which flew skyward in a perfectly synchronized crimson fountain.

The spectacle was both horrific and awe-inspiring.

The colossal Divine Sword disintegrated into a flash of light and vanished the moment its wielders fell.

Braxton and the others stared, utterly dumbfounded.

"Jared, you're incredible!" Thorley shouted, unable to contain his excitement.

With a casual wave of Jared's hand, ten thousand item pouches rose into the air and then dropped neatly into his grasp.

"Father, take these resources. The Eighth Hall will need them."

Jared kept none of the pouches for himself; he handed every last one to Braxton.

Face alight with joy, Braxton accepted the bounty and praised him repeatedly, "You're the best, Jared..."

When he finished, Braxton turned to Jhaelyn. "Jhaelyn, be sure you take good care of Jared tonight-see that he's properly looked after."

"Dad..." Jhaelyn's face flushed a deep, rosy red.

At that very instant, the black-robed elder stood rooted to the spot like a wooden marionette, his blank eyes fixed on Jared, his mind completely blown.

One swing of the sword had decapitated ten thousand cultivators...

Could a mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator truly be capable of such a thing?

"If you've got any other tricks, feel free to show them off!"

Jared leveled a calm, penetrating gaze at the black-clad elder as he spoke.

"N-no... nothing at all—I surrender!" the black-clad elder stammered, his entire body quivering.

All hope had left him the moment those ten thousand heads flew sky-high; from that second on, despair had consumed him.

There was simply no way he could ever stand against Jared.

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"I have no need for your surrender, Jared shook his head. "Do you understand why I didn't beheady together with those ten thousand a moment ago?"

Chapter 5124 Where Is Your Home

The elder shook his head. "I don't know!"

"Because I intend to uproot the problem entirely-so tell me, where is your home?"

Jared's tone was ice-cold.

Braxton heard this and was momentarily at a loss for words.

Thorley burst into hearty laughter. "Jared, you're awesome! That's exactly how it should be!"

The black-robed elder, meanwhile, simply froze in place, dazed beyond belief.

Kill me if you must, but why drag my family into it?

There isn't even a deep blood feud here-does he really need to wipe out my entire line?

"I... I have no home!" he blurted.

The words had barely left his mouth when his body detonated, flesh and bone scattering as his divine soul was obliterated.

Just then, Jemina's expression changed drastically. "Something's wrong-my father and the others are in danger!"

The jade pendant on her chest pulsed again and again with a furious red glow.

"Let's go!"

No sooner had Jared spoken than he seized Jemina by the wrist, and the two of them vanished into the distant sky.

Within Second Heaven, Jared was already an invincible presence; he no longer had the slightest need for caution.

With the power he wielded now, he could flaunt his strength without restraint.

By the time Jared and Jemina reached the Murray residence, the estate was ringed by an impenetrable wall of cultivators.

Douglas, his face ashen, stood with the disciples of the Murray family, sending what he feared was a final farewell to his daughter.

"Disciples of the Murray family, hear my command! This is our final battle. Remember-better to die with honor than to surrender in disgrace!"

Douglas delivered his last rallying cry.

Every disciple nodded grimly, and just as they braced themselves for a desperate last stand, a terrifying aura hurtled toward them from the heavens.

Boom!

With a single earth-shaking blast, every cultivator besieging the Murray grounds exploded where they stood, their divine souls wiped out in an instant.

Douglas and the entire Murray family stared, slack-jawed, at the scene before them. They had no idea what had just happened.

Nor could they fathom where that devastating aura had come from.

"Mr. Douglas, could this be the blessing of some deity-our ancestors manifesting to protect us?" a stunned disciple gasped.

"Forget the ancestors-it was Jared..."

Jemina's voice drifted over, and the next heartbeat saw her and Jared materialize before the crowd.

"Jemina!" Douglas exclaimed, overjoyed to see his daughter alive and well.

"Father, are you all right?" Jemina hurried forward, worry etched across her face.

"I'm fine. You just said it was Mr. Chance-was that terrifying aura really his doing?"

Douglas could hardly believe his own words.

"Of course it was. Jared saved all of you," Jemina affirmed with a nod.

Douglas regarded Jared in

awestruck silence; though Jared's cultivation had soared to the Wandering Immortal Realm Level

Five, the power he had just displayed seemed to surpass even the peak of that realm.

Amazement quickly turned to elation— with Jared backing them, the Murray

family could walk anywhere in Second Heaven with heads held high.

In the days that followed, Jared-wielding nothing but a single sword-swept through every faction in Second Heaven. Beneath the crushing weight of his dominance, the realm at last returned to hard-won peace.

And because Jared stood firmly behind both the Murray family and the Eighth Hall, those two powers rose overnight to become the greatest forces in the entire Second Heaven.

The two forces divided the entire Second Heaven between them, and the relationship linking those families instantly grew extraordinarily close.

After all, both Jemina and Jhaelyn were women beloved by Jared, so it was only natural for their families to move into ever-closer alliance.

Once every matter in Second Heaven had been settled, Jared made up his mind to head for Third Heaven.

When Jemina and Jhaelyn heard the news, an unmistakable look of dilemma flickered across their faces.

They understood all too well that, given their present strength, they simply could not make the journey to Third Heaven.

The celestial energy there was far denser, and the power of law raged with far greater ferocity; without sufficient cultivation, stepping into Third Heaven would be no different from lambs walking into a tiger's den. sônovel

"Don't worry," Jared said, smiling faintly as he caught the worry clouding their expressions.

Light blazed from the Dragonslayer Sword in his hand, golden radiance pulsing along the blade in brilliant waves.

Drawing a deep breath, he summoned every ounce of power within his elixir field and cleaved toward the empty sky.

Chapter 5125 Paying Calls One By One

A gigantic rift split open in the void. A powerful suction roared from its depths, twisting and warping the space all around.

With a thunderous shout, Jared swung again, widening the fissure until it spread into a full-fledged passage leading straight to Third Heaven.

Inside that passage, lights flashed and shimmered, and through the flicker one could faintly glimpse the spectacular scenery beyond.

"T-this... how is this even possible?"

Jemina and Jhaelyn stared wide-eyed, their faces awash with disbelief.

Never had they seen anyone split the void so effortlessly and carve out an entirely new passage.

"Come on," Jared said with a casual grin, then turned toward Flaxseed. "Mr. Flaxseed, care to blaze a trail through Third Heaven with me?"

Flaxseed bared his teeth in a hearty laugh. "Wherever you go, I'm right behind you. When I'm with you, I'm never short of female company, anyway!"

The four stepped into the passage, which slowly sealed shut behind them.

The very instant they emerged on the far side, a tide of celestial energy so thick it almost took physical form surged over them.

Above Third Heaven stretched a sky of uncanny violet, within which enormous floating islands drifted, each island radiating a formidable presence of its own.

"So this is the air of Third Heaven-completely different indeed!"

Gazing at this unfamiliar yet exhilarating world, Jared's eyes blazed with fighting spirit.

The Destiny Sect, the Barbaric Clan, Bloodshadow Palace, and even the Seventh Hall Jared intended to visit them one by one.

With the power he wielded now, he could very well prove invincible throughout Third Heaven.

Barely had the quartet set foot in this realm when word of their arrival reached every corner.

Several ancient families began watching Jared closely; anyone capable of opening a void passage was no ordinary cultivator.

Each family dispatched its spies, eager to uncover Jared's background.

Meanwhile, in a mysterious corner of Third Heaven, an elderly man cloaked in black slowly opened his eyes. A chill glinted within them, "A youngster out of Second Heaven who can carve a passage through the void... intriguing-truly_intriguing."

Jared, Jemina, Jhaelyn, and Flaxseed casually chose an island on which to settle for the moment.

Once they were familiar with their surroundings, Jared planned to pay those various powers a proper visit.

What Jared did not know was that

the island they had selected

called Azurecloud Island-rich in celestial energy, but remote enough to serve as a temporary haven.

They had barely established a foothold, however, when trouble came knocking.

Azurecloud Island was the domain of a minor power known as the Azurecloud Sect. Though not prominent in Third Heaven, the sect was by no means negligible.

When disciples of that sect discovered outsiders occupying their island, they reported the matter to their headquarters at once.

Upon hearing the news, the sect leader, Everett Cloud, personally led a band of strong cultivators to the scene.

"Who are you brats that dare occupy my Azurecloud Island!" Everett

hovered in the sky, looking down

Jared and the others with

an

undisguised arrogance.

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Jared lifted his gaze and answered calmly, "We're only staying temporarily. Once

we find a more suitable place, we'll leave of our own accord."

He spoke exceedingly politely, for he had no wish to clash with the Azurecloud Sect before him.

It was not that Jared was soft-hearted; it was simply that, in his eyes, these

people were no different from ants.

And who has the enthusiasm to brawl with ants?

Eyeing them up and down, Everett realized their strongest member was merely at

the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five.

How had cultivators of such paltry strength reached Third Heaven in the first place?

"You're from Second Heaven, aren't you? Were you swept here by chaotic void currents?" Everett asked with evident curiosity.

Jared had no desire for a lengthy explanation, so he merely nodded.

Seeing that they were indeed Second Heaven cultivators accidentally dragged here by the void, Everett grew even more overbearing.

"Hmph! Azurecloud Sect is no place for a casual stay. Either leave now or die. The choice is yours," he sneered coldly.

Chapter 5126 Both Yes And No

Jared's brows drew together in a faint crease. "And what if I decide you'll die here today?"

Everett froze for half a heartbeat, then a green longsword blossomed into

existence in his right hand. "Brat, you dare mouth off to me? If I don't leave all of you as corpses on the ground, what face will the Azurecloud Sect have left?"

The final syllable had barely fallen before Everett lunged, striking first without the slightest hesitation.

He swept the sword in a wide arc. Streak after streak of emerald sword energy shot toward Jared and the others.

Each beam carried the power of a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven cultivator-terrifying, brutal, and bristling with killing intent.

Jared's gaze brimmed with scorn. He flicked the Dragonslayer Sword once, loosing rays of glittering light. The moment green met gold, Everett's attacks withered into nothingness.

Everett's eyes widened. His offensive had been erased as though it never existed; shock pounded through his chest.

He had never imagined the young man before him could be this strong. Still, as the sect leader of Azurecloud Sect, surrender was not an option.

Letting out a thunderous roar, he dredged up every ounce of strength in his body and unleashed the sect's ultimate art-the Azure Sword Manual.

High overhead, countless teal lights materialized, forming a vast ocean of blades that crashed down toward Jared and his companions.

Yet Jared, Flaxseed, Jhaelyn, and Jemina all regarded the oncoming sea of swords with utter calm.

Whether it was Flaxseed's wry grin or the relaxed poise of the two young women, each of them understood that, for Jared, crushing the foe before them was no harder than stepping on an ant.

"Parlor tricks," Jared muttered.

With a cold snort, he used the Golem Body. In an instant, lustrous golden scales rippled across his skin.

The falling sword lights clanged against that golden armor like metal on metal, yet not a single spark of harm broke through.

The next heartbeat, Jared vanished.

His speed punched past the limit of sight; Everett had no time even to blink.

Jared's fist crashed into Everett's chest. A brutal force hurled the sect master backward; he slammed into the ground and skidded across the stone.

Disciples of Azurecloud Sect watched their leader's defeat in horror, faces draining of color.

They yearned to rush forward, yet Jared's power pinned their feet like iron stakes.

"--- say this once more-we're only lodging here temporarily. We have no wish to be your enemies." Jared swept an icy gaze across the crowd. "If you still insist on being stupid, don't blame me for slaughtering you. Kitting you is no harder than

crushing an ant."

He delivered the words with deliberate swagger, every syllable dripping contempt.

Flaxseed raised a thumb in admiration. "King of swagger..."

"So cool when he shows off..." Jhaelyn breathed, eyes sparkling.

Beside her, Jemina practically swooned, stars dancing in her gaze.

Groaning, Everett clawed his way upright. Frustration churned inside him, yet fear kept his arms at his sides.

Jared's voice cut the air. "Tell me which of these is closest to Azurecloud Sect: Destiny Sect, the Barbaric Clan, or Bloodshadow Palace?"

He fixed Everett with an implacable stare, awaiting the answer.

Everett blinked, baffled by the question. "W-why are you looking for those three powers?"

"Minor grudge." Jared's tone remained light, almost casual. "I'm planning to wipe them out-thought I'd decide which to erase first."

Everett swallowed hard. All three were top-tier forces of Third Heaven-far beyond anything Azurecloud Sect could provoke.

Yet Jared intended to annihilate them?

"Our sect sits in the most remote corner of Third Heaven," Everett answered truthfully. "All three are a long way off, but the Barbaric Clan is relatively nearer."

He spoke the words with careful clarity.

Jared nodded once. "So, in all of Third Heaven, the strongest faction is the Seventh Hall of the Celestial Palace?"

He pressed for confirmation.

After all, the Seventh Hall's overlord was

Wandto stand at the Top Level

Wandering Immortal Realm, making him the preeminent combatant of Third Heaven.

And with the Celestial Palace itself behind him, that supremacy made perfect sense.

Everett bobbed his head-then hesitated and shook it.

Jared frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean... yes, and no," Everett replied, voice low.

Chapter 5127 Encountering An Old Foe

"Cut the riddles and speak plainly!" Jared snapped.

The outburst sent Everett flinching. He rushed to explain, "On the surface, the Seventh Hall is the most formidable power in Third Heaven. But... there's another place here-mysterious, hidden. The force that rules that place is truly

unmatched."

"A mysterious place?" Jared's brows knitted tighter. "What kind of strength do they have? What are they called?"

Everett shook his head. "I don't know. I don't even know where that place is."

"Damn it, you're playing me..." Jared's patience snapped, and his hands were already rising, ready to strike.

"I'm not! I swear I'm not toying with you-I truly have no idea where that secret place is, and I don't even know the name of the faction that runs it. All I know is that they're extremely mysterious. Every time there's a large-scale battle and heavy casualties here in Third Heaven, that organization shows up. They never help either side; they only collect divine souls. Because of that, many people suspect they're a group of demons that exists solely to refine souls," Everett blurted the explanation in one breath.

After listening, Jared's interest was instantly piqued. A group that specialized in harvesting divine souls? In his mind there was no doubt-they had to be demons.

But Jared had no time right now to investigate them. First on his list was wiping out Destiny Sect, the Barbaric Clan, and Bloodshadow Palace.

Only after that would he turn his blade on the Seventh Hall; once the Seventh Hall fell, Jared would be the unquestioned overlord of the entire Third Heaven.

Then he could flaunt his power however he pleased, unmatched beneath the skies.

"We're already close to the Barbaric Clan's territory. Take me there," Jared ordered.

"I advise you not to go," Everett urged. "The clan's leader, Orestes the Barbaric King, is a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivator. There aren't many in Third Heaven who can stand against him. If you "

Before Everett could finish, Jared tossed a severed head onto the ground with a dull thud.

"Were you talking about him?" Jared asked mildly, the faintest smile curling at his lips.

Everett stared, utterly stupefied at the bloody head of Orestes the Barbaric King.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivator was slain just like that-and beheaded for good measure?

It was beyond belief.

In Everett's eyes, the Barbaric Clan was an untouchable colossus; compared with them, the Azurecloud Sect was nothing but ants.

"Just lead the way. Leave everything else to me."

Jared's tone brooked no refusal.

Everett could only nod, then led Jared and his companions straight toward the Barbaric Clan's domain.

Guiding them through the mountain ranges of Third Heaven, Everett felt the chaotic celestial energy swirling everywhere. Primeval trees pierced the sky, and

a faint metallic scent of blood hung in the damp air.

Flaxseed yawned noisily, while Jhaelyn and Jemina looked around

with wide-eyed curiosity at the bizarre flora. Jared alone walked with hands clasped behind his back, his golden dragon pupils sweeping the horizon with indifference, as though the lurking dangers were no more than garden scenery behind his house.

"How much farther, Everett?"

Jared's voice was calm and flat, yet it sent a chill slithering down the Azurecloud Sect master's spine.

He had just opened his mouth to reply when a chilling laugh drifted out of the dense forest ahead.

"Well, well. If it isn't the old mutt from Azurecloud Sect. What's this-bringing a pack of mongrels to make trouble on my Darkbane Ridge?"

Before the taunt had fully fallen, dozens of shadowy figures sprang down from the treetops. The leader wore a hideous blue-green demon mask and gripped a pitch-black battle-axe. The aura of a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator rippled from him, and everyone behind him was of similar caliber-a clearly elite squad.

Everett's face went ashen; he leaned toward Jared and whispered, "M-Mr. Chance, these men are from Black Fiend Sect. Years ago, they destroyed an entire peak of my sect, so we have a grudge..."

"A grudge?"

The masked man barked with laughter, slamming his axe into the ground hard enough to send pebbles flying. "Everett Cloud! You hid in your precious sect back then, afraid to show your face. Now you dare bring outsiders here to die? Who are these brats-your new backers?"

His gaze swept over Jared. Sensing only the aura of a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator, he snorted

contemptuously. "Ha! You pick

Five weakling as a patronel

Wandering Immortal Realm &

Azurecloud Sect really has fallen.

You can't even choose a leg to cling to."

Chapter 5128 I Never Yield The Path



Jhaelyn's willow eyebrows shot up, but Jared lifted a hand to stop her before she could speak.

He stepped forward, looking at the masked man as though at a speck of dust on the road. "Move."

"Move?"

The masked man acted as if he had heard the greatest joke in the world. "Kid, do you know who I am? I'm Wyler, young sect leader of Black Fiend Sect! Kneel, knock your head on the ground three times, leave those two beauties behind, and maybe I'll let you keep your corpse in one piece!"

The disciples around Wyler erupted in raucous laughter, spitting out vulgarities.

Everett tugged nervously at Jared's sleeve, his face bloodless. "Mr. Chance, perhaps we should go around them. Black Fiend Sect-"

"Around them?" Jared interrupted, the corner of his mouth lifting in an icy arc. "When I walk, I never yield the path."

As the last word left his lips, he didn't even draw a sword. He merely flicked a finger. Twang-

A clear, ethereal sword cry seemed to descend from the skies. Invisible sword intent leapt forth like a bolt of silver lightning-faster than thought, faster than sight.

Wyler's savage grin had not yet faded when he felt a sudden chill at his throat, and the world began to spin.

Looking down, he saw his own body still frozen in mid-laugh while a hair-thin crimson line appeared across his neck.

"You"

His head hit the ground and rolled, eyes bulging with incredulous terror. Even after life drained away, the eyes remained wide open, refusing to close.

Silence fell over the clearing.

The Black Fiend Sect disciples stared at their young sect leader's body, severed in an instant. None of them had even seen how the stranger had struck. A frigid dread shot from the soles of their feet straight to the crowns of their heads.

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven expert, erased with a flick of the man's finger?

What kind of monstrous power was that?

Jared did not even deign to look at the body at his feet; with both hands folded calmly behind his back, he spoke to Everett. "Lead the way."

Everett trembled from head to toe. Almost crawling in his haste, he scrambled forward, terrified that the slightest delay would leave him sharing Wyler's grisly fate.

Flaxseed gave a shrill whistle, bared his teeth in a grin at the remaining disciples of Black Fiend Sect, and drawled, "Well, gentlemen, do any of you still feel like blocking the road?"

Those disciples dared not tarry for even a heartbeat. Screaming, they scattered like startled birds, too frightened to even bother with Wyler's corpse.

Jhaelyn and Jemina gazed at Jared with open adoration; to their eyes, the elegant flick of his finger that had ended a life moments ago looked more effortless and majestic than the handiwork of any god in the heavens.

"Jared, your talent for grandstanding is getting more incredible by the day!" Flaxseed raised a hearty thumbs-up.

Jared answered with a faint smile. "Still room for improvement."

The party continued onward. The coppery reek of blood in the air grew a shade thicker, yet no other short-sighted faction dared step out to hinder them again.

Three days later, they entered the boundary of the Barbaric Clan.

The landscape here was utterly alien to the outside world. The sky glowed with a sinister, dark-red hue, and countless towering black monoliths jutted from the earth, every stone slab carved with ferocious totems. A Savage, violent aura drenched the very air.

In the distance, a colossal city clung to the mountainside. Its ramparts, hewn from black rock, were scarred by the rakes of talons and the hacking of weapons, radiating raw ferocity of some primordial behemoth.

Suspended above the city gate hung a huge plaque fashioned from the bleached bones of a beast, on which two ancient characters, written as though in fresh blood, spelled out: "Barbarian City."

Yet something about Barbarian City felt distinctly amiss.

Every guard at the gate wore a grave expression. Fresh blood still stained the beast-hide armor at their waists, and the eyes with which they surveyed the land beyond the walls were filled with wariness and unease.

Their Barbaric King had been missing for several days with no word at all. The Grand Elder had already declared martial law throughout the city!

The moment Everett approached the gate, he was blocked by several hulking barbarian warriors brandishing massive axes.

The leader, a burly giant with blue war-paint streaked across his face, barked, "Members of Azurecloud Sect? What business have you in the territory of our Barbaric Clan?"

Everett had just opened his mouth to reply when a rapid pealing of bells burst from within the city. At once, a troupe of elders in long robes of beast hide hurried out, surrounded by scores of barbarian warriors.

Chapter 5129 I Killed Him

At their head strode a snow-haired elder. A single, enormous white feather jutted from the crown of his head, and deep furrows of age etched his face. This was none other than Troynar, Grand Elder of the Barbaric Clan, an elite in the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight.

"Everett Cloud?"

Troynar's gaze, sharp as a hawk's, fixed on Everett with blazing fury. "How dare you! Our clan has never trafficked with Azurecloud Sect. You bring outsiders to trespass on our lands-have you grown tired of living?"

Everett's knees nearly buckled. Stammering, he managed, "G-Grand Elder Troynar, I...I brought this Mr. Chance..."

"Mr. Chance?"

Troynar let out a cold laugh. His eyes swept over Jared's youthful, unremarkable appearance, and he snorted in contempt. "This wet-behind-the-ears cub? And you call him 'Mister'? Has Azurecloud Sect stooped to acting like a lapdog?"

Mocked so openly, Everett dared not utter a single word in protest; compared to the Barbaric Clan, his own sect scarcely merited mention.

"Your Barbaric King is missing, isn't he?"

Jared arched a brow, the corner of his mouth curling with amused interest.

Troynar frowned. "How would you know that?"

"Can I say I guessed?" Jared answered with a light chuckle.

"Guessed? Do you take me for a fool?" Troynar's anger surged. Jabbing a finger

at Everett's nose, he roared, "Everett, you dare bring troublemakers here? Believe me, I'll twist your head off this instant!"

Everett turned deathly pale and waved his hands frantically. "N-no, Grand Elder Troynar, this Mr. Chance, he "

"Enough!"

Jared cut him off, impatient with the drawn-out exchange.

With a flick of his wrist, he produced a freshly severed, blood-soaked head, holding it aloft for a heartbeat before tossing it casually to land at Troynar's feet.

"You-who are you, to behave so outrageously in the Barbaric Clan-" Troynar began, but the words froze on his tongue as his gaze locked onto the head. His pupils constricted violently.

The face was twisted in a death grimace, yet unmistakable-it was Orestes the Barbaric King, the leader of the Barbaric Clan!

"B-Barbaric... Barbaric King?"

"W-what is the meaning of this?"

"Is that the Barbaric King's head?"

Shock rippled through the gathered warriors and elders. Eyes bulged, mouths hung open, and terror mingled with disbelief on every face.

Troynar looked as though thunderstruck. Staggering back a few steps, he pointed a trembling finger at Jared. "W-who slew our king?"

Troynar could not accept that Jared had done it. Jared, after all, was merely at the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five, whereas Orestes had stood at Level Nine a chasm of strength that could not be bridged!

Even if Orestes had offered his neck, Jared ought not have been able to harm him.

Dusting off his hands as though he had tossed down nothing more consequential than a stone, Jared replied in a voice utterly flat, "Naturally, I killed him."

"Impossible utterly impossible..."

Troynar shook his head wildly. "You, a mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator, killed our king? Absurd!"

Everett hurried to add, "Grand Elder Troynar, Mr. Chance means exactly what he says. Don't let his cultivation level fool you—if he wished, he could finish you off just as easily!"

"Are you that desperate to die?"

Troynar clenched his jaw so hard the tendons in his neck stood out, his entire face contorted with murderous intent.

"Avenge our king!"

"Kill him!"

The moment their initial shock passed, everyone of the Barbaric Clan erupted in a tidal wave of fury that seemed to shake the very air.

Dozens of experts at the Level Six and Seven of the Wandering Immortal Realm roared in unison and charged straight at Jared.

The elders at the front went even

further, brandishing the clan's secret treasures Blacksteel Spiked Clubs Bloodthirst Bone Spears, and Skyshatter Beasthide Shields-unleashing a storm of

savage and domineering strikes that rained down upon Jared like a

collapsing sky.

"Cheap tricks," Jared snorted. He did not even bother drawing the Dragonslayer Sword; instead, a blinding golden radiance flared from his body as the Golem Body activated of its own accord.

Chapter 5130 Let Me Show Off For A While

Clang! Clang! Clang...

The dense barrage pounded against Jared's figure, each impact ringing like a hammer striking solid bronze and sending showers of sparks in every direction.

Yet Jared remained rooted to the spot, utterly unmoved. Not a single scratch marred the golden scales that covered him; every ferocious blow was swallowed as though it had fallen into the sea, completely neutralized by the Golem Body.

"How... how can this be!"

Troynar's pupils shrank to pinpoints, disbelief twisting his features. "So many Level Six and Seven Wandering Immortal Realm cultivators unleashed their full power at once, and they still... still can't even hurt him?"

In that instant Troynar could no longer dismiss the possibility. Perhaps our Barbaric King really was slain by this young man!

Jared had no intention of wasting time on these insects. His gaze turned icy, and he flicked his fingers in rapid succession.

Zing! Zing! Zing!

Several formless blades of sword intent shot forth like bolts of lightning, even sharper than the strike that had dispatched Wyler earlier.

Those Barbarian warriors charging at the very front never even managed a scream. Heads separated from necks in an instant, rolling across the ground while savage expressions still froze their faces.

"Is... is that sword intent?"

The Second Elder, his beard and hair bristling in panic, gasped, "Such terrifying sword intent... even a cultivator at the Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm might fall short of this!"

Troynar's face turned ashen. At last, he realized that the seemingly youthful man before them was a terrifying existence far beyond their reach.

He had slain Orestes, and in the blink of an eye, had annihilated several Wandering Immortal Realm experts. Such strength had clearly surpassed the Wandering Immortal Realm and stepped into the Earthly Immortal Realm!

And to reach that realm at such a young age-this was simply absurd! "Retreat! Fall back, quickly!" Troynar screamed, desperate to order his clansmen away.

But Jared had no intention of giving them that chance.

His figure blurred, ghost-like, and in the very next heartbeat, he appeared directly in front of Troynar.

Troynar's eyes contracted; he reflexively summoned the Barbaric Clan's treasure —a black shield etched with ancient totems and exuding a weighty, time-worn aura. It was the famed Barbarian Guardian Shield, said to be capable of withstanding a full-force blow from a Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm cultivator.

Boom!

Jared still did not draw the Dragonslayer Sword; he simply threw a casual punch.

A golden fist imprint, overflowing with world-shattering power, slammed into the Barbarian Guardian Shield.

Crack! In an instant, the so-called indestructible shield spread with spider-web fractures, and a heartbeat later, it exploded into countless fragments with a thunderous bang!

Troynar was struck with horror. He let loose his vital energy in a frantic bid to block the punch.

But Jared's fist tore through that vital energy like a spear through paper and smashed straight into Troynar's chest.

Pfft...

Troynar flew backward like a kite with its string cut, crashing through half a city wall. Blood sprayed from his mouth in a crimson arc, his organs were shattered beyond repair, and it was clear he would not live long.

"Grand Elder Troynar!"

Seeing this, the members of the Barbaric Clan plunged into utter panic. If even Troynar could be slain in a single strike, what chance did they have?

"Run!"

Someone shouted the order, and the remaining warriors abandoned all thoughts of vengeance, spinning around to flee in every direction.

"Leaving so soon?"

Jared's eyes were cold as ice; he swept his arm through the air.

Buzzz...

An invisible domain unfolded in an instant, engulfing the entire Barbarian City.

Every fleeing Barbarian felt a crushing weight descend upon their bodies, as though ten thousand tons of stone pinned them in place; they could not move a muscle.

In terror, they realized their cultivation was being suppressed to the extreme within this domain—lifting even a single hand had become an arduous task.

This was the time nascence that Jared had comprehended. Though still imperfect, it was more than

enough to smother these ant

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beneath the Wandering Immortal Realm.

Inside the domain Jared forged, everything-time, space, and life itself—was his to command.

"Jared, let us show off for a moment as well!"

Flaxseed briskly rubbed his hands together, an eager gleam dancing in his eyes.

Jhaelyn and Jemina, acting entirely on instinct by now, each drew out an item pouch and prepared to receive the loot.