

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5141 Here To Annihilate You

Flaxseed had just taken a half-step forward, ready to argue, when Jared raised a hand and silently stopped him.

Jared raised his gaze to the mountain gate that pierced the clouds, the corner of his mouth curling into a blade-thin smile. "Tell whoever runs your Destiny Sect to come out," he said, voice ice-cold. "I'm here to take his head."

The moment those words landed, the air all around them seemed to harden, congealing into something heavy and suffocating.

The two disciples guarding the gate froze for a heartbeat-and then burst into uproarious laughter.

"Hahaha! Where did this lunatic crawl out from? Daring to spout nonsense in front of the Destiny Sect's gate!"

"Your cultivation is only at the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five at best. Did a mule kick your brain? You think you can cause trouble here?"

Impatient, one of the disciples flicked his wrist. A palm-sized azure sword appeared, its tip hovering a hair's breadth from Jared's brow. "Get lost, or don't blame us for showing you exactly how ruthless Destiny Sect's sword technique can be."

Jared could not even be bothered to lift his eyes. He merely allowed the faintest ripple of aura to pulse from his body.

A low hum rolled through the courtyard.

An invisible pressure crashed onto Inquiry Terrace and smothered it in an instant.

The two Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six disciples felt as though a mountain had slammed onto their shoulders.

With two muffled thuds, they dropped to their knees; every bone in their bodies creaked under the strain, blood spewed from their lips, and the little azure sword clanged to the flagstones and crumbled to dust.

"W-who... who are you?" one of the disciples asked, face contorted in terror.

Jared did not answer. He merely glanced at the speaker and the disciple's body detonated like rotten wood, a red rain splattering over his companion.

The surviving disciple went slack with horror, slamming his forehead against the stone floor over and over. "Sir, spare me! Please spare me!"

Jared strode past him without the slightest hesitation. "Noisy," he said, the single word colder than winter steel.

Jared and the others crossed the threshold. Patrol disciples along the path gasped in alarm, and someone immediately struck the bronze warning bell.

Clang... clang... clang...

The sonorous peal reverberated through the mountain, rousing the elders who had been immersed in seclusion.

Moments later, five streaks of light shot from different summits of Destiny Peak and came to the ground before Jared.

At their head stood an old man with snow-white hair yet a child-smooth face. He wore an apricot-yellow robe, and at his belt hung a jade token carved with the words

ef

"Destiny Sect Elder." This was Drake, a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator who oversaw punishment within the sect.

Drake's gaze was sharp as lightning. It swept over Jared's party and finally locked

onto Jared himself. His brows drew together. "Who might you be, sir? Why trespass into our sect and injure our disciples?"

He could sense that Jared's strength was far from what a mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator should possess.

Even so, Drake remained unworried. The Destiny Sect was a big sect, so Level Six and Seven Wandering Immortals were as common as autumn leaves. However strong Jared might be in truth, he would hardly find easy footing here.

"I'm here to wipe out your sect."

Jared's statement was clipped, spoken as casually as if he were commenting on the weather.

"Wipe us out?" A middle-aged elder

behind Drake. Yet out a scornful

chuckle. "Boy, do you even hear

has

yourself? The Destiny Sect h

stood for ten thousand years. Three Earthly Immortals have already ascended to the Fourth Heaven

from our halls. You, a child, think to

act wantonly here?"

"The Destiny Sect has no grievance with you," Drake pressed, baffled. "Why would you slaughter us to the last man?"

Another elder's voice turned icy. "Drake, why waste words on him? Seize him first!"

He flung his wide sleeve, and eighteen crimson flags flew skyward. In a blink they formed the Grand Sky-Obscuring Formation; red mist billowed, and a chorus of shrill, soul-piercing screams erupted from within.

"Hmph. Petty tricks."

Jared snorted. He did not even bother summoning the Dragonslayer Sword. He simply flicked a finger.

A golden ray burst forth, slicing through the red fog like a hot knife through butter and slamming into the eighteen flags with a deafening boom.

In the blink of an eye, the flags shattered, the great formation collapsed with a roar, and the elder who had set it coughed blood, stumbling back several paces.

Chapter 5142 Literal Meaning

Such an effortless destruction of the formation made Drake's expression change on the spot.

He could see that Jared had used almost no spiritual energy at all; the feat was accomplished purely by overwhelming physical strength and the pressure of a divine soul.

"Body Sanctification? Are you from the Barbaric Clan?"

Suspicion and surprise colored Drake's voice.

He recognized the raw, brutal force as the work of the Barbarian Body-Refinement Manual, unique to that clan.

The Barbaric Clan had never borne any grudges against Destiny Sect-in fact, their relations were rather cordial.

Why, then, would a clansman show up to wreak havoc? Drake truly could not fathom it.

"The Barbaric Clan?"

Jared's lips curled into a mocking arc. "In this Third Heaven, the Barbaric Clan exists no more."

"What do you mean by that?" Drake asked, utterly confused.

"Nothing complicated. Take it at the literal meaning, that's all," Jared responded with a faint, almost casual smile.

Drake's brows drew together as he questioned, "Are you claiming you wiped out the entire Barbaric Clan?"

"That's correct," Jared answered with a small nod.

"Drake, don't let him brag his way into your head," the elder who had arranged the formation scoffed, his voice dripping with disdain. "With the meager strength he just showed, is it even possible he could exterminate the Barbaric Clan? Even if our Destiny Sect mobilized its full force, taking that clan down would still cost us considerable time."

Although Jared had unraveled the elder's formation, that alone hardly proved he possessed the power to annihilate the Barbaric Clan.

Jared turned to the elder and asked evenly, "So you don't believe me?"

"Of course I don't! A man like you destroying the Barbaric Clan? You—" The elder never finished his sentence; a flash of golden light exploded before his eyes.

No one had time to react. In the next heartbeat Jared, Dragonslayer Sword already in hand, unleashed a blade of sword energy.

The elder's eyes went round as he watched his own body split cleanly in two, both halves thudding heavily to the ground.

"How dare you! You killed an elder of our Destiny Sect—"

Seeing the scene, the remaining disciples sprang forward, ready to strike Jared down.

Drake hurried to block them, shouting, "Everyone, stand back!"

Jared had just slain a Destiny Sect elder as easily as snapping a twig; clearly, none of them possessed the strength to contend with him.

At least Drake had the sense to restrain the crowd-had he not, most of them would already be corpses.

"Sir, you have repeatedly slain disciples of Destiny Sect. For what reason? As far as I know, we have no grudge between us," Drake pressed, determined to learn why Jared was set on opposing their sect.

"Because of him..."

With an almost lazy flick, Jared tossed something through the air-the severed head of Lefwald, Destiny Sect's own sect leader-letting it roll across the stone floor.

"Mr. Lefwald!" The cry burst from every disciple's throat at once; shock paralyzed them.

Their sect leader had stood at the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine-how could he have fallen so easily?

"Your sect leader joined forces with the Barbaric Clan and Bloodshadow Palace to ambush me, hoping to seize the magical items I took from the ancient ruins. The three of them were outmatched and paid with their lives," Jared stated matter-of-factly. "If they could come after my treasures, am I not entitled to wipe their sects from the map?"

Drake's face turned an ashen gray. The Barbaric Clan, Bloodshadow Palace, and their own Destiny Sect had fielded three Level Nine Wandering immortals, yet Jared had slain them all. The depth of his power was terrifying beyond measure, and Drake knew the people assembled here had no chance of stopping him.

"Mr. Fontane, I humbly request your presence-now!"

Drake thrust out a stream of aura that shot straight into Destiny Peak.

A deafening rumble followed; the entire mountain shook as a jagged fissure split

the peak apart. A moment later, a golden streak tore across the sky and landed before Jared.

The newcomer was an elderly man in a royal-purple robe embroidered with nine coiling dragons, a lustrous purple gold crown

ported his brows!

was the previous sect leader,

nove

Fontane, a cultivator at the

4ring Immortal Realm Top

Level Nine.

Chapter 5143 Let Us See How Mine Does

Fontane had remained in seclusion for solitary training, striving to ascend to the Fourth Heaven and attain the Earthly Immortal Realm.

Fontane's eyes blazed like torches as he surveyed the shattered courtyard, then settled on the pallid Drake. "Why summon me? Do you not know I am in seclusion?" His voice was icy, and every disciple present trembled.

"Mr. Fontane, I had no choice. Our current sect leader has been killed, and the enemy stands at our gate-we cannot hold him back," Drake answered helplessly.

"You mean him?" Fontane's gaze skewered Jared.

Drake gave a single, silent nod.

Fontane let his eyes rest on Jared, annoyance flickering in their depths. "Who are you, and why have you attacked Destiny Sect?"

Confident in the might of his Wandering Immortal Realm Top Level Nine cultivation, Fontane dismissed whatever tricks Jared might have displayed.

Jared lifted his head, met Fontane's stare, and enunciated each word, "I told you I'm here to exterminate your sect."

"Insolence!"

No Destiny Sect clan leader had ever suffered such provocation. Fury inflamed Fontane; with a sweep of his right hand, a radiant longsword appeared-the sect's treasure, the Destiny Divine Sword.

"Today, you will learn that the dignity of a Top Level Wandering Immortal is not to be violated!"

Finishing the declaration, Fontane slashed. Heaven and earth dimmed as countless sword energy rays fused into a colossal golden dragon that roared toward Jared.

That single stroke embodied the sum of Fontane's lifelong cultivation, its power capable of sundering mountains and seas-ordinary Level Six or Seven Wandering Immortals would be unable even to approach its edge.

Flaxseed and the others blanched at the sight and instinctively started forward to lend a hand, yet a single warning glance from Jared froze them on the spot. Jared understood perfectly well that, even if Flaxseed and the rest joined the fray, they would be of no real help and would only force him to divide his attention. After all, it was merely an opponent at the Wandering Immortal Realm Top Level Nine-hardly enough to warrant the slightest concern from him.

Besides, ever since he had practiced the Barbarian Body-Refinement Manual, his physical body had grown several times tougher, and his overall strength had soared in tandem.

Standing his ground, Jared let golden radiance pour from every pore; the Golem Body ran at full capacity, and coupled with the new resilience of his flesh, his body in that moment was no different from a divine weapon.

He did not bother drawing a weapon-he simply stretched out his right hand, fingers splayed, and clawed straight toward that colossal golden dragon.

If I'm going to make a statement, I certainly can't rely on a weapon. Otherwise, the effect of showing off would be ruined!

An utterly unbelievable scene unfolded before their eyes.

Jared's palm slid through the golden

dragon's torso like a hot knife through butter; his five fingers closed directly around the blade of the Destiny Divine Sword.

"How is that possible?"

Fontane stared, jaw slack, his face the very picture of shock.

The Destiny Divine Sword was an innate spiritual sword, famed for cutting through anything when had anyone ever seized it bare-handed?

Yet the other man's palm remained completely unscathed, not so much as a single scratch marring the skin.

What frightened him even more was that the instant Jared's fingers clamped around the sword, an

overwhelming, irresistible powamet

surged up the weapon's length numbing Fontane's arm and sending his vital energy into violent turmoil.

Pfft! Fontane coughed up a mouthful of fresh blood.

The Destiny Divine Sword trembled madly in Jared's grasp, emitting a resentful hum, as though it wished to wrench itself free of Fontane's control.

"W-What kind of power is this?"

Fontane's face turned as white as paper; the look he cast at Jared brimmed with undisguised terror.

At last, he realized that the seemingly young cultivator before him was far more terrifying than he had ever imagined.

Jared could not be bothered to waste words; with a sudden twist of his wrist-

Crack! A hairline fracture spread across the Destiny Divine Sword.

"No! My Destiny Divine Sword!"

Fontane let out a shrill scream-for that blade was the very foundation of Destiny Sect!

At that precise instant, Jared

stopped suppressing his aura; the

Power of Dragons erupted from

deep within, and behind him the

shim figure of a golden

dragon slowly took shape,

The moment the dragon appeared, all of Destiny Peak began to shake violently.

"Why don't you take a look at my golden dragon?" Jared said with a faint, almost casual smile.

Chapter 5144 Too Late To Beg

Fontane's own dragon was nothing but sword energy condensed into form, whereas the one looming behind Jared was vivid, lifelike, and carried a majestic draconic might that felt undeniably real.

"Form the array-open the Mountain Defense Formation!"

Finally grasping the depth of Jared's power, Fontane roared the order at the top of his lungs and rushed to activate the Mountain Defense Formation.

As Drake and the others thrust beams of light from their palms into Destiny Peak, a pale radiance blossomed around Destiny Sect, announcing that the Mountain Defense Formation had been deployed.

"Pathetic trash."

Jared snorted, and the golden dragon behind him unleashed a thunderous roar.

Under the pressure of that roar, the Mountain Defense Formation groaned and cracked; the light at its focal points dimmed and, in the blink of an eye, the barrier collapsed.

"T-This golden dragon isn't an illusion?"

Feeling the dragon's regal might, Fontane's pupils shrank; blood drained from his face as though every ounce of strength had been sucked from his body. He staggered back several paces, stammering, "Who... who are you? Are you of the Golden Dragon clan?"

Legends of the Golden Dragon clan had long circulated throughout the Celestial Realm.

Among all dragon bloodlines, the Golden Dragon was the most exalted. To meet a clansman here in the Third Heaven?

Fontane could scarcely believe it-yet the dragon behind Jared was right there, undeniable and solid.

With each rise in Jared's cultivation, his bloodline had grown purer, and the golden dragon had become ever more tangible.

"Isn't it a bit late for that realization?"

Jared's smile remained calm and faint.

"Spare me-Sir, please spare me!" Fontane, hearing that unspoken confirmation, could not maintain even a scrap of dignity. With a thud, he dropped to his knees, knocking his head repeatedly against the ground. "I was blind-I, and Destiny Sect, were utterly blind! I beg you, sir, show mercy and overlook our transgressions!"

Drake and the rest of Destiny Sect's higher-ups, seeing what had occurred, fell to their knees in unison, bowing so furiously that their foreheads struck the ground again and again.

Had they known Jared belonged to the exalted Golden Dragon clan, even a gift of ten thousand borrowed courages would not have tempted them to raise a finger against him.

Throughout the Celestial Realm, the Golden Dragon clan was an existence beyond imagining; a single careless sneeze from one of its members could wipe not only Destiny Sect but even the entire Third Heaven from existence. "Please, venerable sir, spare our lives—we failed to recognize your superiority!"

"We beg your mercy, sir! We'll surrender every resource we own—just give us one shred of hope to live!"

"It was all Lefwald's doing! He snatched your treasure of his own accord and angered you. Please, sir, punish him alone and let the rest of us go!"

Moments earlier, these Destiny Sect members had brimmed with

arrogance, now, not a trace of

their

dignity remained, only a field strewn with fear and frantic pleas for mercy.

Jared stood above them, his gaze icy, offering not the faintest glimmer of pity to the mob bowing at his feet.

In a world where the strong devoured the weak, playing the saint amounted to negligence toward oneself.

Had his strength been lacking today, every one of those people would have seized the chance to destroy him without hesitation.

"It's too late to beg."

The softly spoken words drifted from Jared's lips with the finality of a judge's gavel proclaiming death.

With a casual sweep of his right hand, the Golden Dragon plunged downward, its crushing might pressing upon everything beneath it.

"No!"

"Help—!"

Screams echoed across Destiny Peak, only to be drowned an instant later beneath the dragon's suffocating pressure.

Every attempt at resistance collapsed like soggy paper before Jared's power. The pleading Fontane, the once-overbearing Drake, the multitude of ordinary disciples—none lasted a heartbeat; all were erased like ants under an avalanche. Flesh and bone turned to crimson mist, and the once-glorious Destiny Sect became a blood-drenched ruin in the span of a few breaths.

A thick metallic scent mingled with the fading crackle of spiritual energy. Jared withdrew the Golden Dragon, his face expressionless, though he had merely crushed a handful of insects.

as

"Search."

Everett, long since stunned, jolted back to awareness at the command. Thankful that every Azurecloud Sect disciple had arrived, he immediately led them to scour the mountain for spoils.

Chapter 5145 Serves Them Right

Flaxseed and the others no longer needed to lift a finger; they merely waited for the haul to be brought out.

"Jared, you're getting better at grandstanding every day. When we head to Bloodshadow Palace next, how about letting me show off?" Flaxseed called out with a broad grin.

Jared glanced at him, smiling faintly. "Mr. Flaxseed, is it because you know that everyone in Bloodshadow Palace happens to be a woman?"

"I know nothing about that—I just want my turn to show off!" Flaxseed hastily shook his head.

"Fine, you can take point, but I'm worried you'll hesitate when the opponents are all female."

"Relax when have I ever balked at dealing with women? I'll charm them first, and if they still refuse to surrender, I'll finish the job. It'd be a shame to waste the chance!"

Flaxseed ended his words with a lecherous chuckle.

Destiny Sect had stood as a big sect for ten millennia; its hidden foundations ran unimaginably deep.

Before long, the group unearthed the sect's treasure vault inside the mountain's heart.

The vault's massive doors, wrought from ten-thousand-year mithril and layered with intricate arcane wards, shattered like glass when Jared flicked his wrist.

As the heavy doors swung open, everyone froze, awestruck by the spectacle within.

Celestial gems lay in miniature mountains-high-grade, supreme-grade-each heap casting dazzling rays of multicolored light.

Every wall bristled with magical items: flying swords, mystical armor, formation plates, charms-an endless armory of power.

Neatly aligned jade boxes filled shelf after shelf, each cradling rare mystical herbs and pills, several containing ten-thousand-year spiritual medicines already on the verge of gaining sentience.

"Good heavens... how many resources is this?"

Flaxseed swallowed hard, his eyes threatening to pop from their sockets.

Even Jhaelyn and Jemina-accustomed to plenty-had never glimpsed such an ocean of wealth; shock spread across their faces.

Jared strode into the vault. His gaze swept the treasure trove, yet his expression scarcely changed.

To him, these riches, while precious, mattered only insofar as they could hasten his ascent in strength.

With a lazy wave, he opened the Pentacarna Tower, and the vault's contents began streaming inside in a ceaseless torrent.

Celestial gems, pills, mystical herbs-anything in sight vanished into the tower's depths.

Within moments, the once-overflowing treasury stood empty, its smooth stone walls gleaming bare.

Jared did not hoard everything, however. He set aside a cache of magical items and weapons for Azurecloud Sect.

Such items offered him little benefit now-his own arsenal far outclassed these trinkets.

Bestowing those treasures upon Azurecloud Sect would secure their loyalty and ensure they threw themselves wholeheartedly into any task he assigned.

Once every last resource had been swept up, Jared and his companions departed the place that the Destiny Sect had once called home, leaving the mountain in ruined silence.

Behind them, the ruined sweep of Destiny Peak lay desolate beneath the dying sunlight, every broken stone seeming to mourn the tragic downfall of a once- majestic sect.

Hardly had Jared and his companions departed when several shadowy figures melted out of the gloom.

"That kid again—he's already wiped out two sects in a row!"

One of the dark-clad figures spoke, a deep frown creasing his brow.

These figures belonged to the same mysterious organization whose member Jared had wounded before.

The injured man had returned with reinforcements, tracking Jared all the way— though Jared himself remained oblivious to the pursuit.

At that very moment, Jared was heading straight toward Bloodshadow Palace.

"Jared, you promised me-Bloodshadow Palace is mine. Don't you lift a finger. If you start swinging and people get killed, I would die of regret."

Flaxseed issued the reminder as they traveled.

In first;

"Relax. I'm pretty sure they can die without my help. Have your fun we'll finish things afterward," Jared answered, his tone both resigned

and faintly amused.

"Mr. Flaxseed, Bloodshadow Palace has more than ten thousand members. Can

you handle them all on your own?" Everett asked in a guarded whisper.

"How many?" Flaxseed jerked upright. "Over ten thousand female cultivators?"

For a heartbeat he looked utterly perplexed; even if he wore himself out, he could never manage to sleep with that many women.

"That is... quite the crowd." He pressed his brows together. "Perhaps start killing off the less beautiful ones first-they deserve swift justice... I'll leave the prettier

ladies for last; that sounds fair enough."

Chapter 5146 Such Shameless Posturing

No sooner had he spoken than Flaxseed froze, his features turning rigid.

"Jared, do you feel that?"

He edged closer and dropped his voice. "Someone's on our tail."

A faint smile tugged at Jared's lips, golden light flashing in his eyes. "Five of them, all Level Nine Wandering Immortals. They're from that organization."

Only that shadowy group possessed such strength; Jared could think of no one else.

Here in the Third Heaven, a Level Nine Wandering Immortal was strong enough to lead an entire sect.

Yet every operative of this organization seemed to wield comparable power; according to Everett, their territory lay beyond the reach of the Third Heaven's laws.

"So should we..."

Flaxseed mimed a throat-slitting gesture.

Jared gave a slight shake of his head. "Let them follow. I'm curious what they're planning."

He had noticed their presence long before but had kept silent; if they wished to tail him, he would permit it.

Five Level Nine Wandering Immortals were still within his ability to handle.

Dropping the subject, Flaxseed sidled closer to Everett and began digging for information about Bloodshadow Palace.

After all, Everett hailed from the Third Heaven and surely knew the sect well. "Mr. Cloud, is it true that Bloodshadow Palace really has over ten thousand female cultivators? What are they like?" Flaxseed pressed.

Everett offered a wry smile. "Mr. Flaxseed, they're all renowned beauties. The Saintess herself is hailed as the most stunning woman in the Third Heaven, though she's equally infamous for her ruthless nature. She practices the Bloodshadow Grand Art, which requires absorbing a man's vital essence. Over the years, hundreds-maybe thousands-have perished beneath her charms."

"Hold on-so every woman there advances through that kind of black magic? Then none of them are virgins?"

Flaxseed's disappointment showed in the crease of his brow.

"Mr. Flaxseed, a touch of worldly experience can add its own allure. They say the Saintess' skills in bed are unparalleled-many men

surrender themselves willing/vel.ne

There's even a saying up here: spending one night with the

Saintess is worth more than

attaining true immortality," Everett confided in an almost conspiratorial whisper.

Flaxseed's eyes gleamed. "That tempting, huh? Then I definitely need to meet her!"

Jared could only shake his head in helpless resignation; it seemed nothing short of death could cure Flaxseed of his fascination with the fairer sex.

For five full days, the group sped through the skies before distant mountain ridges finally sharpened on the horizon.

Mist swirled around the peaks, and atop the tallest stood a palace as crimson as fresh blood-Bloodshadow Palace itself.

"We're here."

Jared halted. "Mr. Flaxseed, the stage is yours."

He trusted Flaxseed to manage them; after all, the man had once hailed from the Sixth Heaven.

Flaxseed straightened his robe and spritzed a touch of unfamiliar fragrance across his chest.

"What are you trying to pull...?" Jared muttered, the corner of his eye twitching.

"Pre-battle grooming," Flaxseed replied with grave solemnity. "When you're about to face female cultivators, appearances matter."

Everyone else fell silent, completely at a loss for words.

Just then, shrill whistle split the air in the direction of Bloodshadow Palace Hundreds of crimson-clad figures shot out of the main hall and assembled in midair, locking into a tight battle formation.

Jared narrowed his eyes. "Looks like they already know we're here. Word of Destiny Sect's fall sure travels fast."

Unruffled, Flaxseed reached into his breast and produced a fan folded from charm paper. With a crisp snap, he spread it wide and said, "Watch me."

He tapped the tip of his boot against empty air, and his entire body floated toward Bloodshadow Palace like @drifting feather-graceful, light, utterly unlike his usual shambling self.

That lecherous old goat-what a show-off... Jared could only shake his head in speechless disbelief.

"Jared, do you think Mr. Flaxseed might get eaten alive by those Bloodshadow Palace women? I mean, his body's nothing like yours," Jhaelyn asked, glancing worriedly at him.

Chapter 5147 The Saintess

"Even the strongest physique couldn't withstand ten thousand female cultivators," Jemina snickered. "Even if Jared went over there, they'd suck him dry too."

"Sure, he was rough enough dealing with the two of us," she added with a mischievous grin, "but the moment a crowd of women surrounds him, he's finished."

Jared managed a wry smile. I'm a man, not a breeding bull. Even a bull would collapse under ten thousand females.

Besides, those women cultivate by draining a man's pure positive energy. Forget a legion-handling eight or ten of them would already be a miracle.

Meanwhile, in front of Bloodshadow Palace, several hundred female disciples had formed a defensive phalanx. All wore identical red gossamer robes that revealed tantalizing glimpses of skin, yet every one of them gripped a gleaming blade, murderous intent flashing in their eyes.

"Identify yourselves!" barked the senior woman at their head.

Flaxseed executed a neat midair flip and landed lightly atop a massive boulder before the mountain gate. He snapped his fan shut with a crisp clap, folded his hands in greeting, and announced, "I am Flaxseed. I have come to pay my respects to your Saintess."

"Flaxseed?" The elder frowned. "Never heard of you. Leave at once, or "

"Or what?" Flaxseed's smile turned devilishly charming as he reopened the fan and wafted it with a gentle stroke.

In an instant, pale mist billowed across the sky, carrying a rich, intoxicating fragrance.

Before the Bloodshadow Palace disciples could react, dizziness washed over them; their limbs grew weak.

"What trickery is this? What have you done?" the elder gasped, horror spreading across her features.

"Hehe, merely a little Thousand-Illusion Bewitching Incense I commissioned. Pleasant, isn't it?"

"Thousand-Illusion...?" The woman's face blanched. "Form up! Hold your breath!"

Too late. Dozens of disciples' eyes glazed; weapons clattered from numb fingers to the ground. A feverish flush colored their cheeks, and their bodies began to twist uncontrollably.

"You... vile scoundrel!" the elder snarled, legs buckling until she had to lean on her sword for support.

Flaxseed chuckled. "Just a little something to liven the mood-no lethal harm done. Besides, your cultivation method feeds on

seducing men and siphoning their pure positive energy. I simply do the

opposite-I refine my powe

rby

absorbing a woman's pure negative energy."

His grin, to the women's eyes, was nothing short of chilling. They, who usually toyed with men at will, had now been neatly ensnared by a man's scheme.

Watching from afar, Jared raised an

eyebrow. "So the old codger had this

in his bag of tricks? And here

ede

thought he relied on his personal magnetism to bed women...

Jhaelyn's face twisted into an odd look. "Has he done this sort of thing often?"

Jared shot her a reassuring look. "Relax. Mr. Flaxseed knows his limits. He'd never lay a hand on any woman of mine."

Just as Flaxseed prepared to take things further, a cold snort exploded from within Bloodshadow Palace. "Who dares make a scene in my palace?"

The voice was not loud, yet it pierced the sky like a blade. The bewitched disciples shuddered; a shred of clarity returned to their eyes.

Flaxseed looked up, catching sight of a crimson silhouette drifting down from the palace's highest rooftop.

17.

That figure moved with sinuous grace; each time her foot touched

the air, a blood-red lotus blossomed beneath her sole, bearing her gently toward the flagstones below.

The moment she landed, everyone finally saw her clearly-delicate brows, beautifully shaped eyes, skin as smooth as silk, and lips the hue of vermillion.

A single veil of scarlet gauze clung to her curves, somehow more tantalizing than complete nudity.

"The Saintess..." Everett whispered, instinctively retreating half a step.

The Saintess' gaze swept across Flaxseed, paused on Jared and the others in the distance, then settled once more upon Flaxseed.

"Was it you who used such underhanded tricks against my disciples of Bloodshadow Palace?"

Flaxseed asked, "And who might you be?"

"I am the Saintess of Bloodshadow Palace," she replied.

Chapter 5148 A Little Wager

Flaxseed's eyes lit up at once. He examined the Saintess from head to toe as though he meant to see straight through her; a lascivious glint sparked in his gaze, and drool almost slipped from the corner of his mouth.

He chuckled. "Word is, the Saintess of Bloodshadow Palace possesses remarkable skills in bed. I've long wished to verify those tales. They call me the man who can go ten rounds in a night-perhaps I could win your favor?"

Flaxseed made no attempt to hide the provocation in his tone.

The Saintess snorted coldly. "Shameless."

With a casual lift of her hand, a streak of bloody light shot straight for Flaxseed's face.

He neither dodged nor flinched; his hand fan snapped up to block the attack with a muffled clang, and at the impact, the scarlet beam dispersed.

"Now, now, Saintess-surely there's no need for anger?"

Flaxseed smiled. "I admire you greatly, that's all. I simply had to meet you in person."

A flicker of surprise flashed across her eyes.

That strike just now had been far from her full strength, yet even a Level Eight Wandering Immortal would have struggled to block it so casually.

Who is this unremarkable old man, to deflect me with such ease?

"Just who are you?" she demanded, suddenly alert.

Flaxseed opened his mouth to answer, but Jared's voice rang out first, "Saintess, Destiny Sect lies in ruins. Bloodshadow Palace is next. If you know what's good for you, surrender every resource you possess, then have your disciples take off their clothes and assemble for Mr. Flaxseed's inspection. Do that, and I might consider granting you a painless end."

Her pupils contracted. "Who do you think you are, you nobody?"

As far as she could tell, Jared was only a Level Five Wandering Immortal, yet he dared to voice such outrageous threats?

Yes, the women of Bloodshadow Palace had all slept with men and cultivated arts that borrowed positive energy to nourish negative energy, but ordering them to disrobe before an old man to be humiliated? Absolutely impossible.

Golden light blazed in Jared's eyes. "A nobody, am I? Very well-because of that, Bloodshadow Palace dies today!"

The Saintess suddenly laughed, a melodious sound laced with murderous intent. "You few dream of destroying Bloodshadow Palace? Keep dreaming."

Her fingers raced through a rapid seal. The entire palace shook; dark blood welled from the ground and gathered overhead as countless scarlet arrows.

"Bloodshadow Grand Formation-activate!"

The arrows rained down like a crimson tempest, blotting out the sky as they streaked toward Jared's group.

Jared lifted his hand to strike, but Flaxseed shouted, "We agreed this one's mine!"

Both his hands flung out charms in a blur. A golden barrier unfolded at once, catching every arrow.

Each shaft hissed as it struck against the screen, corrosive energy sizzling, yet not one of them broke through.

"Huh?"

Astonishment crossed the Saintess' face. "You can actually block my Bloodshadow Arrows?"

Flaxseed let out a mischievous chuckle. "Saintess, how about a little bet?"

"What kind of bet?"

"If I win, you spend one night with me. If I lose, my fate is yours to decide." He winked lecherously.

Fury twisted her smile. "Die, then!"

Her figure blurred into a streak of blood and lunged straight for Flaxseed.

Her ten fingertips suddenly lengthened into scarlet blades, all aimed at his throat.

Unhurried, Flaxseed flicked out another charm. A complete Circle of Duality unfurled before him.

Her claws slammed into the swirling pattern and sank as though into mire, their force leeched away.

"Duality Force Dissipation?"

She sneered. "Let's see how much you can dissipate!"

In the blink of an eye, she split into eight clones, attacking from every direction.

Each clone looked so real that telling the original from the copies was impossible.

From a distance, Everett frowned. "The Saintess has fully mastered her Bloodshadow Clones technique-Mr. Flaxseed might be in trouble..."

Jared allowed a faint, knowing smile to tug at the corner of his lips. "Don't underestimate that lecherous old goat-he conceals his true strength frighteningly

well."

Sure enough, when the eight

Bloodshadow Clones lunged at him

from every direction, Flaxseed's

playful grin vanished, and his entire

bearing changed abruptly, becoming

grave and razor-sharp.

He brought both hands together into a series of intricate seals, chanting under his

breath, "Heaven-Earth Invocation, Five-Element Cycle!"

In an instant, five shimmering colors blazed around him. The elemental powers of metal, wood, water, fire, and earth churned in an endless loop, knitting themselves into a flawless protective barrier

The Bloodshadow Clones slammed into that barrier, only to disintegrate on contact; the Saintess' true body alone survived the rebound but was forced back several full paces.

Chapter 5149 Growing More Formidable

"The Five Elements?" The Saintess finally lost her composure. "Who exactly are you?"

Flaxseed offered no explanation; instead, he chuckled softly. "Saintess, it's my turn now."

He pressed his palms together and then spread them apart; a delicate pink lotus had appeared between them, floating above his skin.

The blossom turned slowly, releasing an enticing, almost addictive fragrance.

"Passion Blossom Hex-go!"

The lotus drifted toward the Saintess; though its movement seemed leisurely, it traversed the distance in the blink of an eye.

She flung out a sleeve to block, but the flower burst apart, dissolving into countless glimmering motes that burrowed straight into her body.

"Ah!" A tremor ran through her lithe figure, and a rosy flush flooded her cheeks.

Inside, she felt as though tens of thousands of ants were crawling through her veins-itching, burning, overwhelming.

"You... what did you do to me?" Her breath came in sharp, uneven gasps, and her eyes rippled with involuntary moisture.

Flaxseed grinned from ear to ear. "Just a little novelty that magnifies a person's desire a hundredfold."

"You've practiced allure techniques for years, Saintess. I'll wager you've never actually tasted true desire, have you?"

She clenched her teeth. "Despicable!"

Forcing her cultivation technique to circulate, she tried to smother the rising heat, only to find that the more energy she mustered, the fiercer the sensation grew.

"It's pointless," Flaxseed said, stepping closer. "The Passion Blossom Hex is designed to counter that positive energy harvesting black magic of yours. The harder you fight it, the deeper the toxin digs in."

Her legs went weak; she could barely remain upright.

Watching him draw nearer, she could not hide the brief flash of panic in her eyes.

Just as Flaxseed extended a hand to touch her, the Saintess' lips curved into a strange, unsettling smile.

"You think... you're the only one who knows poison?"

Her crimson lips parted, and an almost invisible thread of blood shot toward the center of Flaxseed's forehead like lightning.

The distance was too short; he had no chance to evade.

"Look out!" Jared shouted, but the warning came a heartbeat too late.

The blood thread drilled into Flaxseed's brow. His body snapped rigid, and the light in his eyes dimmed at once.

"Hahaha!" The Saintess laughed triumphantly. "Struck by my Blood Soul Thread, you'll dissolve into a puddle of blood within three breaths!"

Jared's face darkened; he was about to intervene when Flaxseed suddenly blinked and said, "My, how terrifying."

"What?" The Saintess' laughter froze. "That's impossible-why are you fine?"

Flaxseed patted his chest. "Scared me half to death, but fortunately, I came prepared."

He pulled his collar aside, revealing a tiny bronze mirror strapped to his chest. Your Blood Soul Thread is

powerful, but my Mystic Light Mirror bounced it right back."

Only then did the Saintess notice a tiny red dot blooming on her own chest.

Her complexion drained of color. "No... this can't be..."

"So tell me, who's poisoned now?" Flaxseed asked lazily, as though discussing the weather.

An icy chill spread from her chest

through every limb. She understood

exactly how lethal Blood Soul

Thread could be and forced out,

"Fine-you win."

Reaching for the antidote she kept hidden, she discovered that it was already gone.

"Looking for this?" Flaxseed asked, producing a vial out of nowhere.

"The antidote-give me the antidote!" she cried.

He spread his arms wide. "It's right here on me. Come and take it."

Conflict flickered in her gaze, but at last she staggered toward him.

With each uneven step, the red gauze wrapped around her loosened of its own accord; by the time she reached him, she was all but half-naked.

"Please... please give me the antidote..." she begged pitifully, eyes shining with tears.

Flaxseed swallowed audibly and reached to stroke her cheek. "If you'd been this cooperative from the start..."

In the instant his attention drifted, a glacial glint flashed in the Saintess' eyes; a dagger hidden within her sleeve streaked toward Flaxseed's heart.

"Die!"

The dagger plunged into Flaxseed's torso, yet not a single drop of blood seeped out.

His figure burst like a soap bubble—an illusion all along!

Jared chuckled under his breath. "Mr. Flaxseed just keeps getting more astounding."

Ever since they had ascended to the

Celestial Realm, it was as though Flaxseed had pried open something within him-his cultivation and combat prowess had been climbing at breakneck speed.

The range of techniques he unveiled seemed inexhaustible, each more dazzling than the last.

Chapter 5150 You Fools

"Trying the same trick twice? Saintess, you really underestimate me." Flaxseed's voice drifted over from behind her.

The Saintess spun around; three paces behind her stood Flaxseed, a vial balanced casually in his hand.

He gave the vial a lazy shake. "This is the real antidote. Do you want it?"

The backlash of the Blood Soul Thread was already eroding her strength; she could barely remain upright, and agony etched itself across her features.

At last, her composure shattered. She dropped to her knees, pleading, "Please... please give me the antidote... I will agree to anything..."

Flaxseed released a rueful sigh. "If you had known it would come to this, why play your games in the first place?"

As his fingertips traced the cool ridges of the vial, the Saintess' partially veiled body gleamed with a subtle, bewitching radiance.

A blood emerald hairpin slipped loose and swayed beside her dark locks, catching the light; in its shimmer, her eyes stirred with irresistible allure.

Moments ago, she had been the murderous Saintess of Bloodshadow Palace; now, like a crimson butterfly with shattered wings, she curled upon the floor, slender fingers trembling as they reached for the hem of Flaxseed's robe. "Sir... give me the antidote... I will bring all my disciples to serve you..."

Flaxseed swallowed, flashes of the pleasure houses in the Sixth Heaven flickering through his mind; his gaze fell upon the faint flush along her neck-the Passion Blossom Hex's burning brand.

Though he was keenly aware of the venom coiled within this woman's heart, instinctive temptation still gnawed at his defenses.

"Fine, have it then." He exhaled a long breath and tossed the vial toward her. "If you'd realized sooner, you wouldn't have tried to outsmart this old man."

The instant the Saintess caught the vial, a glacial glint flared within her eyes.

Rather than swallow it, she whipped the mouth of the vial toward Flaxseed; scarlet threads snapped from her fingertips, sealing the acupoints across his body.

"You lecherous fool-did you really think I would yield?" she hissed, laughter edged with cruelty as blood-red light roared in her palm. "Women of Bloodshadow Palace die standing; we do not live on our knees!"

Realization struck Flaxseed a heartbeat too late; a talon of blood-colored energy ripped straight through his chest.

Disbelief flooded his gaze as blood welled between his lips. "You..."

"Mr. Flaxseed!" Jared streaked forward like a bolt of lightning, a palm wreathed in blinding gold light slamming toward the Saintess' back.

But she had anticipated the strike; blood shadows erupted around her, transmuting into thousands of scarlet arrows that rained toward Jared At the same time, she barked, "Disciples of Bloodshadow Palace, activate the Myriad Enchantress Bewitching Array!"

her

Even before her words had faded, hundreds of female

cultivators already drugged by the Thousand-Illusion Bewitching Incense-tore away what remained of their garments and surged) unclothed, toward Everett and the disciples of the Azurecloud Sect.

Their pupils shimmered with an uncanny rosy hue, lips murmuring a languid, hypnotic chant; the fragrance wafting from their bodies was even more intoxicating than Flaxseed's own Bewitching Incense.

"Mr. Cloud, save us..." One of the women knelt before Everett, alabaster arms looping about his waist. "So long as you protect us, we will do anything..."

Everett's expression hardened to iron; channeling his aura, he forced the woman back and thundered, "Beguiling black magic! Cease this at once!"

While he managed to shield his own mind, the Azurecloud disciples behind him were already succumbing one by one.

Their young eyes glazed, and they stepped protectively before the women, unsheathing their swords to ward off Jared. "You must not harm them!"

"They are innocent..." another disciple stammered, shaking yet steadfast as he shielded the woman behind him. "If you wish to kill her, you'll have to kill me first!"

Jared's eyes blazed brighter with golden light as he surveyed the disciples ensnared by the enchantment.

He understood all too well that Bloodshadow Palace's seduction arts targeted more than the senses-they warped the very mind.

"Fools!" he growled, and the golden light in his palm blossomed into a ring that rippled outward like a stone striking water.

Hum!

The invisible soundwave shattered the languid melodies hanging in the air; the rosy halos encircling the women dimmed in an instant.

The Azurecloud disciples jolted awake, recoiling in shock from the unclothed women they had been shielding; their faces burned with a mixture of shame and lingering dread.

"You're courting death!"

Jared showed no further mercy; he summoned the Dragonslayer Sword, golden sword energy coalescing along its edge before sweeping out like a gale through autumn leaves toward the Bloodshadow Palace cultivators.