

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5196 Abyss Of Fallen Demons

Agony and disbelief flooded Flaxseed's eyes. He clenched his fists so tight that

his nails carved into his palms, blood seeping through his fingers and dripping to the floor. He had tried to prepare himself, yet hearing the truth spoken aloud still shattered him.

Jared rested a steadying hand on Flaxseed's trembling shoulder, urging him to breathe. Then he turned to the elder and asked, "Do the ancient records mention any distinctive marks or techniques used by those men in black?"

The old man shook his head. "The entry is sparse. It only says the assassins were brutally efficient, monstrously strong, and vanished without a trace. Every major faction in the Fourth Heaven investigated, and every trail went cold."

Jared's brow furrowed as he slipped into silent thought. An unknown force... faceless killers... an entire bloodline erased. What secret could be buried so deep that no one dares name it?

"It appears your story holds water," Lunaria said softly, glancing from Flaxseed's pain-ravaged face to Jared's pensive one. "The mountain must indeed have been your clan's ancestral ground. As promised, we will offer restitution. If you wish to rebuild the Flaxseed clan, I can grant you a portion of land. Should you choose to unearth the truth behind the massacre, I will lend you resources and spies alike."

Flaxseed lifted his head. Bloodshot eyes burned with feral resolve. "I want only one answer-who slaughtered my family. Until that debt is paid in blood, I will not rest!"

His voice was low but carried a chill that echoed through the cavernous hall.

Lunaria smiled. "All I ask in return is a favor."

"What sort of favor?"

"Retrieve an item for me," she said, her gaze turning dark and distant. "Deep within Nine Serpent Mountain lies an ancient ruin called the Abyss of Fallen Demons. A relic crucial to my people rests there, but the wards repel us. Bring it out, and I will restore your lands and grant one further boon of your choosing."

Flaxseed frowned at Jared. Jared

tapped the stone table with a single

finger, eyes fixed on Lunaria's

pleasant smile. "The Abyss of Fallen

Demons," he murmured. "Hardly sounds welcoming."

Lunaria laughed lightly. "Death to most, perhaps. Opportunity to those bold enough."

She speaks like an open book, yet every line is a calculated move. If entry were easy, the demons would have claimed the relic long ago.

Jared let out a soft chuckle. "You do have a talent for choosing your pawns. What makes you so sure we're capable of getting out alive?"

Setting her cup aside, Lunaria's eyes flashed. "I have witnessed your ingenuity, and the Nine Serpent

Mountain remains the Fagnet

clan's ancestral land. The ancestral sigil etched into his blood may bypass the restrictions."

Flaxseed's fists tightened once more. The thought of answers-of justice-burned hotter than any fear. Not even the Abyss of Fallen Demons or a sea of blades could deter him now.

"Jared, I'm going," he said, voice hoarse but unwavering.

Jared gave Flaxseed a measured look. "Fine. Bring us the map and every record your clan keeps. If the danger becomes impossible, we leave immediately-non- negotiable."

Lunaria nodded once. "Naturally."

Lunaria promptly had a servant

present a rot of map made out of beast skin and several journals. She said, "The map outlines only the abyss's outer rim; the inner wards change without warning, so you will have to find your own way. The journals are scattered notes from our forebears-use them if you can."

Jared unrolled the map. The mountain sprawled across it in dark red ink, and deep within lay a black-shrouded region labeled the "Abyss of Fallen Demons."

Chapter 5197 Going On An Adventure

Beside the name, several warped sigils twisted like silent cautions.

The handwriting inside the journals was hurried and bleak-lists of demonic aura levels and the roaming of corrupted beasts. One page noted that ancient spirits lingered at the bottom and excelled at clouding the mind, and Jared's brow tightened.

Flaxseed could not sit still. "When do we leave?"

Jared rolled the map into a tube. "Three days. We need supplies."

Lunaria agreed at once, arranged rooms, and posted two demon cultivators as attendants or guards.

Back in his quarters, Flaxseed locked the door and pored over the journals again and again, desperate for any trace of his family's past.

Jared stood by the window, watching the Nine Serpent Mountain's outline smolder beneath drifting demonic aura while his divine consciousness fanned outward, cataloging every threat that hemmed them in.

The palace ran far deeper than it appeared. The latent power Jared sensed there belonged to hunters, not hosts. If Lunaria sent them into the abyss, it was likely for more than treasure. Perhaps she meant to use them as bait, to gauge the true terror sleeping below. Yet Flaxseed needed answers, and Jared himself felt the pull of that so-called opportunity Lunaria mentioned.

Three dawns later, Jared and Flaxseed met Lunaria outside the palace gates. She still wore violet robes. Ten disciplined demon cultivators stood behind her, each carrying a black pack.

Lunaria gestured, and the cultivators handed over the bundles. "These supplies and pills are not the finest, but they will hold off the abyss' corrosive aura. The entrance is at the center of the mountain. I will have my men bring you there."

Jared opened one pack. Inside lay two jade pendants etched with cleansing runes and a vial of

dark-green pills that smelled of fresh herbs instead of sulfur. He handed a badge to Flaxseed but slipped the pills away; his Focus Technique could drink in demonic aura without their help.

Guided by two cultivators, they moved through the outer forest of the mountain. With every step, the air thickened, trees twisted into blackened shapes, and bleached bones, big as oxen, glimmered among the roots.

At last, their guide pointed ahead. "That ravine is the entrance."

Gray-black miasma boiled in the chasm, and the echoes of howls drifted up like nightmares clawing for daylight.

Standing at the brink, Flaxseed shuddered. From his coat, he drew a chipped jade pendant; it glowed with thin white light that answered something in the depths below.

Flaxseed's voice shook. "This is an heirloom of our clan. It has never stirred until now."

Jared studied the carving, which matched the sigils on the map. "Your forebear was indeed here," he said. "That piece of jade could unlock the first line of restrictions."

Consulting the map once more, Jared pointed to a narrow ledge on the ravine's left flank. "We descend there. According to the map, a stone stair waits beneath the poison fog."

Flaxseed gripped the pendant, drew a steady breath, and smiled. "Jared, I will scout ahead."

Jared laid a steady hand on

Flaxseed's shoulder. "Stay close," he murmured as his spiritual energy flared, weaving a pale gold shield around them. They sprang into the gorge, demonic aura closing over them like rotting mud, its stench clawing at their ears and noses. Without the shield, they would have been dizzy in a heartbeat.

The jade pendant in Flaxseed's grip blazed brighter with every heartbeat. Ahead, the toxic mist peeled apart of its own accord, revealing a passage so narrow only one person could slip through at a time.

Chapter 5198 Demonic Voices

"It works!" Flaxseed exclaimed, both startled and delighted.

Spurred by the discovery, he quickened his descent, boots skimming the darkness beneath them.

After what felt like an endless plunge, solid rock finally met their soles.

Jared looked up. Above them, the sundered fumes had sealed again, a curtain so thick no sunlight could bleed through. Around them stretched total blackness, broken only by the pallid glow that leaked from Flaxseed's pendant and painted the worn stone steps at their feet. The stairway snaked downward while both walls were veined with dark-red patterns—tiny runes that writhed as if alive. When Jared brushed the rock, an icy sting bit his fingertips, and the moment his divine consciousness reached in, a chill force threw it back.

"Watch yourself," Jared warned in a low voice. "Those runes feed on divine consciousness. Demonic aura might crawl straight into your soul if you stare at it."

Flaxseed lifted the pendant higher and looked away. Its radius of light widened just enough to reveal a crumbling stone gate at the base of the stairs. Ancient words that read "Abyss of Fallen Demons" were carved across the lintel. The gate hung ajar, breathing drafts that carried indistinct whispers, as though a thousand restless souls grieved beyond it.

Flaxseed's fingers tightened around the short blade at his belt; his heartbeat kicked hard against his ribs. "Jared, in there..." he whispered.

"We won't know until we step inside," Jared replied.

Jared pushed the stone slab wider. A wave of denser demonic aura slammed into the shield, its golden surface flickering wildly before it steadied.

A straight corridor stretched beyond, its walls set with faintly glowing crystals that lit the passage like a sickly daybreak. The greenish light carried a chill that settled on their skin. The floor lay carpeted with bones—human, demons, even the massive ribs of beasts neither man had ever seen—proof of a slaughter ages old.

He knelt beside an almost intact demon skull. A neat, smooth hole pierced the bone, its edges scorched. "This one died to a single decisive strike," he muttered.

Flaxseed lifted a human forearm, half a charm carved into the dead white surface. The markings mirrored those on his pendant. "This is my clan's charm imprint," he breathed. "Did my ancestors fight here as well?"

Jared stood, eyes sweeping the dark. "Whatever left these signs planted more than restrictions. Something worse is waiting. Keep moving and stay alert."

They pressed on. The farther they walked, the colder the air grew, and the whispering turned into a chorus at their ears.

The murmur spoke of agony and hatred; anyone with a weaker mind would have shattered already. Flaxseed's scalp prickled. He summoned what little energy remained, yet the voices slithered inside, blotting his vision with whelming black.

"Steady your mind," Jared barked. "Breathe."

A burst of pure energy tore from Jared's palm into Flaxseed. It thundered through his mind, shattering the sinister whispers. Flaxseed reeled, sweat pouring down his face. "D*mn! I was this close to losing myself."

"It's demonic voices," Jared muttered, his gaze darkening. "Fragments of ancient demons lurk at the abyss. They cannot strike us outright, so they gnaw at the mind instead. Keep the pendant tight; its aura holds them back."

Flaxseed clutched the pendant against his chest and felt a wave of steady calm settle over him.

Together, they pressed on. At the corridor's end, a fork appeared: the left passage reeked faintly of blood while the right carried the hush of running water. Jared studied the map everything beyond the stone gate was blank.

Chapter 5199 The Beast Meets Its Doom

"Looks like we're on our own from here." Jared looked toward the left passage. "Too much blood. Something alive is down there. Let's try the right."

The right corridor was dry, littered with loose rubble. After thirty minutes, they emerged into a vast limestone chamber.

At its center lay a pool of murky green water, veiled in white mist that gave off a faint, pleasant fragrance.

"What is this..." Flaxseed leaned over the rim, hand outstretched, but Jared yanked him back.

"Don't touch it. There's something off about that water and its scent." He pointed at the drifting vapor. "One breath and the poison will let the demonic aura burrow through your meridians." He crushed a pill from his satchel and sprinkled the powder across the surface. It hissed, bubbles foamed, and the fog collapsed like snow in a bonfire. "Thought so," he said.

"The pool's here to keep something trapped. We go around." Jared skirted the bank, Flaxseed close behind. Crystals embedded in the walls grew brighter with every step, until they could make out a stone dais on the far shore, something resting atop it.

The water erupted. A tentacle as thick as a barrel cracked from the pool and lashed toward Flaxseed's back.

"Move!" Jared shoved him aside and flashed the Dragonslayer Sword. A sweep of golden light sheared the limb in two. Black blood sprayed, reeking so strongly it burned pits into the rock.

A screech ripped from the depths. Dozens of tentacles burst free, writhing like enraged pythons and crashing toward them.

"It's a demon wyrm!" Flaxseed shouted. "Guardian of the Abyss of Fallen Demons, lives on toxic water-I never thought it would hide here."

Jared narrowed his eyes, the Dragonslayer Sword flickering through the air, slicing tentacles faster than they regrew. Yet the onslaught seemed endless. Each severed limb sprouted anew, driving the pair backward step by step.

"This is pointless," Jared said. "We need its main body-find it, or we die here."

Jared roared, letting every ounce of his spiritual energy detonate at once. A golden shield ballooned from his body and slapped the advancing tendrils aside. "Use the emerald badge, Mr. Flaxseed!"

Flaxseed lifted the emerald badge over his head. Pure white light erupted, bright enough to turn the cave into a private sunrise.

Something thrashed in the net

pond

below. The monster howled in pain, and its ebony tentacles faltered, losing the savage rhythm they had a moment earlier.

Flaxseed's eyes sparked. "It's working!" he cried, striding toward the pool's heart with the pendant

held high. Where the light sweet

black tendrils recoiled beneath the surface. The murky green water churned as though a hulking shape prepared to burst free.

Jared seized the opening and flashed to the water's edge. He directed his divine consciousness downward until it locked on a colossal shadow coiled on the lakebed.

A black wyrm the length of a warship lay there, horned and scale-plated, its red eyes fixed on the shore. "Filthy beast, die!"

Jared swung the Dragonslayer

Sword, carving a golden crescent

through the air that fell on the lake's

with world-shaking force. The blade struck raising a wall of foam. Water split like torn cloth, revealing the monster's armored torso. The wyrm roared and vomited a torrent of oily venom straight at him.

Chapter 5200 Black Token

A toe tap sent Jared flickering aside, the venom missing by inches. His left hand formed a seal, and his Heart-Focusing Mantra ignited; a pale gold beam burst from his palm and smashed into the wyrm's skull.

The cavern shuddered beneath the creature's shriek. Writhing in agony, it thrashed through the pool, sending sheets of water across every rock face.

Flaxseed poured everything into the emerald badge, and the spear-like beam of white light stabbed through the wyrm's eyes. Blinded, the beast lurched and toppled toward the bank.

"Now!" Jared's eyes flashed. The Dragonslayer Sword became a streak of light and pierced the creature's single vital node. Black blood geysered across the stone. The body twitched once, twice, then sagged into stillness. Only then did the two men exhale. They collapsed onto the slick rock, lungs heaving.

"That wyrm was nearly a third-tier Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator," Flaxseed muttered, still staring at the corpse. "The Abyss of Fallen Demons has only opened. If this were the guardian, whatever comes next will be worse."

Jared rose, walked to the carcass, and worked his fingers into the skull until he pried free a fist-sized black core. Dark miasma licked its surface, yet the power within felt startlingly pure.

"This should prove useful," he said, tucking it away. "Its inner core is vicious, but refinement will tame it. "We'll rest a minute, get our strength back, and push on."

Across the lake, a stone dais glimmered more brightly than the cavern walls; whatever treasure lay there was surely what the wyrm had died to defend. Its death, Jared realized, had opened only the first door in their long descent.

"After the demon wyrm died, the underground pool gradually calmed, yet the once jade-green water now carried oily streaks of black and a stench thick enough to make the rock walls groan. Jared sat cross-legged on the shore, breathing in the lingering demonic aura to replenish the power the battle had drained from him, while Flaxseed wandered across the stone bridge toward a low altar on the far side.

Dust lay thick on the altar, and in its center rested a bronze casket etched with the same runes that shimmered on Flaxseed's emerald badge, though here the pattern looked far more intricate."

"Don't touch it! There's a restriction on that box." Jared approached, brow furrowing as he traced the glowing runes.

"These seals belong to the Flaxseed clan," he murmured. "Whoever forged the casket meant it for your people."

"My clanspeople left this here? Then what on earth is inside?"

"Hard to say."

Gathering a thread of spiritual energy at his fingertip, Jared brushed the runes. "They look- simple, yet one wrong move will trigger a backlash. Have you ever seen a rune formation like this?"

Flaxseed knelt, set his emerald badge beside the box, and watched as the white light inside the gem answered the casket's sigils, nudging them into a slow, deliberate spin.

"Those markings... I've only seen them in our clan's oldest sketches. They test blood; only someone of Flaxseed blood can break the seal."

Following the ancient instructions, he pricked a finger and let a drop of blood fall onto the pendant. Light flared, poured into the bronze, and the carved runes came alive, sliding along hidden grooves until the lid parted with a soft click.

The box held no jewels, only a yellowed roll of beast skin and a black token engraved with the character for "Flaxseed," its rim studded with tiny crystals that whispered of dormant power.