

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

## Chapter 5201 The Ancestors Of The Flaxseed Clan

He lifted the token, hands shaking. "T-This is the Flaxseed clan leader's badge," he stammered. "Legend says only the clan leader could possess it, yet here it is!"

Jared unrolled the beast skin. The archaic script fought his eyes, but his studies in dead languages let him scrape together the gist.

It told of the Abyss of Fallen Demons, once a battlefield where humans and fiends butchered each other, the ground so soaked with death that a master rune-smith later caged the fallen horrors deep below, giving the chasm its name. That artificer, the scroll revealed, had been the ancestors of the Flaxseed clan.

"So your ancestor was a charm master from the elder days!" Jared looked up, wonder edging his voice. "The scroll says he poured out his life sealing the Abyss of Fallen Demons, hiding part of his legacy somewhere inside it so his descendants could one day strengthen the barrier and guard the Nine Serpent Mountain."

Suddenly, Jared understood why Flaxseed's charm spells had always felt so deft; the talent ran in his blood.

Eyes burning, Flaxseed stared at the script. "So we were never ordinary," he whispered. "If the Flaxseed clan achieved such greatness, how did we end up wiped out?"

Jared kept reading; the second half of the scroll carried a darker revelation.

The seal, it claimed, weakened every thousand years, and the Flaxseed clan had been charged with descending into the abyss whenever that happened to weave fresh rune formations. Two thousand eight hundred years ago, the barrier faltered early; the clan spent everything holding the monsters down, only to be attacked by an unseen hand while they lay exhausted.

"Their extinction, it seems, was tied to whoever wanted that seal to break." Jared set the strip of beast skin aside. "Whoever is behind this probably hopes the demons will shatter the seal, or else they want the legacy your forefather left here."

Flaxseed clenched his fist so hard that his nails bit through skin. "Whoever they are, I'll uncover the truth."

He slipped the token and the beast skin into his robe as though he had just pocketed every hope his bloodline still possessed.

Jared's gaze drifted toward the cavern's shadowy heart, where a narrow stone door carried the same whorled sigils that adorned the bronze casket.

"That must be the real entrance. Come on."

The moment the token brushed the stone, the runes unraveled without resistance, and the door yawned open, granting them passage.

Beyond lay a long corridor. Both rock walls were crowded with runes that glimmered a gentle gold—clearly etched by human charm masters, not demons.

"These symbols dampen the demonic aura. Your ancestor placed them here," Jared observed.

He rested his palm on one line of

runes

felt a mild current wash

through him. "If we stay inside these runes, most traps should ignore us."

The passage ended in an enormous chamber. At its center rose a monolith ten

stories high, ablaze with dense, blinding script.

Bleached bones lay scattered around the stone, their tattered garb unmistakably those of the Flaxseed clan.

"Those are... my people!" Flaxseed's voice fractured.

Tears welled as he lifted a cracked charm. "They came to strengthen the seal— and never returned."

Jared stepped close to the

monument. The longer he studied the runes, the more profound their pattern became, until awe eclipsed every other thought.

The charms seemed to weave the heaven and earth laws, eclipsing everything he

had learned of runes.

He pushed his divine consciousness into the charm, and a torrent of insight- runes, chants, forgotten tricks-flooded his mind.

## Chapter 5202 The Breakthrough Of Flaxseed

"This is your ancestor's entire legacy!" Jared shut his eyes, drinking in the knowledge. "The charm is a legacy array. Any bearer of Flaxseed blood will trigger it-move, now!"

Flaxseed hurried forward and pressed the token against the shining stone.

Light exploded. Thousands of runes swarmed around him like pale fireflies before melting into his flesh.

In his mind bloomed complete mastery-from crafting simple paper charms to creating grand, realm-spanning arrays.

His spiritual energy grew purer, blocked meridians opened, and his cultivation began a steady, unstoppable climb.

"It's real-every word of it!"

Overwhelmed, he could find no further words.

Jared kept silent watch, absorbing every stray shard of knowledge that leaked from the glowing stone.

Though the true legacy eluded him, even those fragments deepened his understanding and nudged him toward a higher cultivation level.

At last, the radiance faded. Flaxseed opened his eyes; a keen light flashed within them. He had broken through to the Earthly Immortal Realm.

"I've broken through!" He flexed his fists, savoring the flood of power. "If not for your warning, Jared, I'd have missed this chance forever."

"You didn't just borrow someone else's legacy," Jared said, his voice calm yet certain. "You woke a strength that was already yours. No inheritance alone could have made you grow this fast."

Jared understood that Flaxseed's power had always run deep. Cycles of death and rebirth had pressed it down, as though some unseen seal held everything in place. Now, the

borrowed legacy had cracked that seal, letting a portion of the man's true force spill free, and that was why he had vaulted so quickly into the Earthly Immortal Realm. Jared had no doubt the floodgates would open wider with each step they took.

His eyes dropped to a fine line of script etched along the base of the stone tablet. "We need to move," he murmured. "It says an ancient demon general is trapped in the core of the Abyss of Fallen Demons, and the seal is thinning. If that thing breaks loose, the price will be more than any of us can pay."

"Then the treasure Lunaria wants must be sitting in that core, right?" Flaxseed asked, a dark cloud crossing his face.

"Looks that way," Jared replied.

"The demons have tried for centuries to set the creature free," he went on. "If Lunaria's people reach the magical item first, they'll use it to command the demon

general. We have to find it before they do, or everything unravels."

Neither man dared waste another

heartbeat. They slipped behind the tablet and followed a narrow and passage that bored deeper into the mountain. The farther they walked, the tighter the walls pressed in and the heavier the demonic aura grew, but the ancestral runes on the stone and the token at Flaxseed's waist kept the demonic aura at bay.

Half an hour later, the tunnel opened onto a molten lake. Dark-red magma rolled and hissed, baking the surrounding rock until it glowed. No bridge spanned the pool—only a few thick iron chains stretched to the far side, each rust-eaten link threatening to snap under its weight.

"How are we supposed to cross that?" Flaxseed stared at the churning lava. "Those chains wouldn't hold a child, let alone the two of us."

Flight was impossible here; whatever power stifled the air pinned them to the stone. One misstep would be deadly.

Jared's gaze swept the cavern walls. Every few yards, a stone block jutted from the rock face, each one carved with cooling runes. "Those are our footholds," he said. "The runes will keep the heat off. Step where I step, and don't look down."

## Chapter 5203 The Core Area

He sprang to the first block. It held firm, the rune-light blooming around his boots and shutting out the furnace wind.

"Stay on my heels-one stone at a time. Whatever you do, don't slip."

Flaxseed drew a steadying breath and followed, inching forward with the care of a man crossing glass.

A low roar drifted up from beneath the magma, something enormous rolling in the fire below and scraping at ancient nerves the way fingernails scrape old wood.

They were three stones from safety when a molten wave exploded upward. A creature clad in night-black scales burst from the lake, jaws yawning wide enough to swallow a cart, and lunged straight for Flaxseed.

"Heads up!"

Jared yanked Flaxseed against his side, drew the Dragonslayer Sword, and chopped at the monster's skull.

Steel rang like a struck bell. The sword energy rebounded; the scales hadn't even scratched.

The beast roared, its tail snapping like an iron whip, shattering the stone beneath their feet and showering sparks into the air.

"A magma lizard-" Flaxseed recognized it in a single heartbeat. "The ancient records say it feeds on lava. Blades and fire do nothing to it!"

"Then we blind it," Jared said, locking on the twin flames burning in the creature's eyes. "Mr. Flaxseed, hold it with your charms—I'll aim for the target that matters."

Flaxseed snatched a handful of talisman paper, poured spiritual energy into each slip, and flicked them into the air. Mid-flight, the slips blossomed into lattices of golden light that wrapped the magma lizard's torso. The beast roared, ignited, and burned the mesh to ash, yet the brief restraint bought them a heartbeat.

Seizing that opening, Jared blurred forward like an arrow loosed from the string. Every drop of his strength gathered inside the Dragonslayer Sword which flashed as a gilded arc and drove straight through the creature's eye. The blade struck true. The lizard screamed and thrashed across the lava pool, hurling molten rock skyward in a stinging red rain.

"Move!" Jared shouted. He yanked Flaxseed upright, vaulted to the far bank, and glanced back just as the lizard convulsed twice, slid beneath the lava, and disappeared. Both men collapsed, gasping, their clothes pasted to their backs with cold sweat.

"Every step in this abyss is a deathtrap. Keep this up and the demons won't need to kill us—we'll die of exhaustion," Flaxseed panted, wiping grime from his face.

"Jared rose and studied the darker tunnel ahead. "Once we cross that pool, we'll reach the heart of the ruin. One last push. "He handed Flaxseed two restorative pills. "Take these. The road ahead will be worse."

Flaxseed accepted them but paused, polishing the dust from the clan leader's token. "With my forefathers' legacy beside me, I feel invincible. No matter the danger, I'm seeing this through."

Jared read the certainty in his friend's eyes and nodded. The shameless rake of old was gone; in his place stood the true heir of the Flaxseed clan's will."

After a short rest, they pressed on, following the tunnel's winding spine.

"The passage ended at a colossal stone gate. A snarling demon head sprawled across the slabs, its eyes glowing red and radiating palpable dread. "This must be the entrance to the core area," Flaxseed whispered.

Jared traced the relief with a frown. "A powerful aura surrounds this area. There must be a restriction guarding it."

"Flaxseed pressed the token against the gate. Light from the token clashed with the demon's crimson glare and hissed in the air. Stone trembled; the carved eyes blazed brighter, as though the head might tear free of the rock.

"No good. Even the token won't open it," Flaxseed said, withdrawing his hand. "The restriction was cast by demons-it repels my ancestors' charms."

#### Chapter 5204 He Did Not Surpass Me

As Jared paced slowly around the massive stone door, he discovered the hair-thin charms hidden inside the seam. They matched the human race charms he had noticed earlier in the corridor.

"Looks like the only way through is with charm arts," he said, glancing over his shoulder. "Your ancestor's legacy-does it mention how to dismantle a demon ward?"

Flaxseed shut his eyes and sifted through the knowledge the stone stele had force-fed into his mind. A heartbeat later, his lids snapped open, bright with

sudden certainty. "Yes! Positive and negative energy charms! Light counters dark, dark tempers light-together they neutralize the demons' corrupt aura."

He pulled two blank talisman papers from his robe. Guiding spiritual energy through his fingertips, he traced one radiant golden charm, then another of deepest black. The gold one pulsed with blazing positive energy, while the black one whispered with negative energy.

"Jared, cover me while I work!"

Flaxseed slapped the gold charm to the left side of the door and the black one to its right. His fingers wove seal after seal while his lips poured out an ancient incantation.

Gold and black flared at once, merging into a slowly turning Circle of Duality that sank into the stone like sunlight into water.

The demonic face carved on the door roared in fury. Scarlet light hammered against the swirling Circle of Duality, and the entire gateway trembled so violently that dust sifted from the ceiling.

Just then, the stone visage split wide, spewing a jet of inky mist straight at Flaxseed.

Jared's eyes narrowed. In a blink, the Dragonslayer Sword sang free, its golden arc of energy forming a shield in front of Flaxseed, shredding the mist into ribbons. "Focus on that ward-I'll hold the line!"

The shredded black mist regrouped into a swarm of miniature bats, each pitch-black with burning crimson eyes, born of a demonic aura. They dived at the two men.

Jared let out a cold huff. Pale-gold energy blossomed from him, wrapping both men in a translucent barrier. The bats struck, hissed, and dissolved to ash against the shield.

Flaxseed dared not spare even a glance. His hands blurred faster, the positive and negative energy charm blazing so bright they painted the corridor white.

Bit by bit, the demonic face dimmed, its red glow fading away, while the spinning Circle of Duality grew sharper. With a thunderous crack, the stone door parted and began to roll aside.

Beyond lay a cavernous chamber like an underground palace. At its heart rose a black altar, jagged as volcanic glass. A longsword thrust upright from the slab-its blade utterly black, its aura colder than moonlit steel.

Bleached bones littered the floor in uneven piles-some demons, some unmistakably human-grim testimony to a battle that had ended in slaughter for both sides.

"Is that the magical item Lunaria wants?" Flaxseed pointed at the longsword, voice hushed. "Looks every inch a demonic sword."

Jared shook his head. "Too simple. Look at those charms circling the altar-this is

a sealing array. That weapon's purpose is to hold something at bay, not to be taken lightly."

He stepped closer, reading the

charms etched into the stone. They

echoed those he had seen on the stele, but here they were layered a dozen deep-a final seal by the Flaxseed ancestors. "Whatever's bound beneath this altar is no

ordinary demon. My guess? A demon general sleeps down there."

Jared pointed to a thumb-sized hollow at the altar's center. "Lunaria isn't after the sword. She wants whatever rests in that niche."



A tiny black bead nestled inside, thick with demonic aura yet strangled tight by the

surrounding charms so the corruption could not spread.

"What on earth is that?" Flaxseed whispered, curiosity wrestling unease.

Jared studied the bead but had no clue what it was.

"That's a demon core!" Vermilion Demon Lord's voice rang out. "Not just any core-an ancient demon general's. Gain it, and the monster still shackled beneath this altar obeys your every whim."

"A demon general?" Jared blinked, struggling to process. "Mr. Vermilion, was this brute stronger than you?"

Vermilion Demon Lord let out a low, contemptuous laugh. "If he were, he wouldn't be rotting under stone. He didn't surpass me..."

## Chapter 5205 Playing Dead

Without warning, the altar convulsed beneath their boots. From the black demon core burst a blinding jet of light, and every charm carved around the platform melted like frost under dawn. A pressure as vast as a mountain rolled up from deep below, shaking the entire subterranean palace as though something colossal were clawing its way toward daylight.

Jared's breath caught. "Sh\*t! The seal is breaking!" His expression shifted drastically. "Lunaria must've foreseen this. She sent us for the demon core precisely so we'd shatter the seal for her."

A deafening roar erupted from beneath the altar. The ground split open in vast jagged seams. Black demonic aura geysered out, knitting itself into a demon shadow over one hundred meters tall. In its clawed fists lay a monstrous axe; its snarling visage belonged to the ancient demon general they had hoped would never wake.

"Hahaha! At last, I'm free!" The general's voice thundered like a storm cannon, making their eardrums throb. "Two thousand eight hundred years I waited-yet some fool still dared break my seal!"

Flaxseed went ghost-white, the clan leader token trembling between his fingers. "So this... this is an ancient demon general. Its aura is overwhelming."

Jared shoved Flaxseed behind him. Every drop of spiritual energy he owned blazed outward, and the Dragonslayer Sword vibrated with a hungry hum, rippling with sword energy. "It's fresh from the seal. Its strength hasn't fully returned. We still have a chance."

The demon general sneered, eyes flicking over Jared with contempt. "A mere human cultivator dares strut before me? Die!" He heaved the colossal axe; a black arc of force carved through the underground air, promising ruin to everything it touched.

He heaved the colossal axe; a black arc of light carved through the underground air, promising ruin to everything it touched.

Jared yanked Flaxseed sideways and vaulted clear, the cleave missing them by inches.

The blow landed with a detonation. Flagstones exploded as a bottomless chasm tore across the chamber.

"Mr. Vermilion, he's loose!" Jared shouted. "Take my body-finish him! He's nothing compared to you!"

He called again and again, but Vermilion Demon Lord remained eerily silent. "What the heck? Playing dead right now?" Jared swore under his breath.

"Mr. Flaxseed, find a way to reinforce

the seal!" he barked, sprinting forward with the Dragonslayer Sword. "keep it busy." He knew the two of them could never defeat the general outright; only a renewed seal offered any hope of survival.

Realizing the same, Flaxseed produced fresh talisman paper and, following ancestral legacy, began sketching new sealing charms at frantic speed.

Irritated that Jared charged first, the demon general swung horizontally, aiming the axe at Jared's waist.

Jared's body flickered like a phantom; golden sword energy from the Dragonslayer Sword rained on the demon general in a glittering storm.

However, the demon's armor-like flesh drank in the sword energy, leaving only faint white scars.

"It's useless. My demon body knows no blade nor arrow. Such petty tricks cannot scratch me!"

The demon general tilted back his head and let loose a savage laugh that shook dust from the ceiling. His giant axe blurred through another murderous arc, and Jared stumbled back across the cratered floor, boots sliding over fractured shale.

Tension coiled in Jared's chest. With every heartbeat, he could feel the demon general's strength threading itself whole again. If this dragged on, the seal would stay broken-and both he and Flaxseed would die before another charm could be cast.

Just then, he suddenly remembered the demon wyrm's inner core, and he pulled

it out of his tunic. This orb thrums with a thick demonic aura. Perhaps I could use it to hold him at bay briefly.

Hope sparking, he pressed a hand to the inner core and flooded it with spiritual energy. Black light blazed like midnight lightning, then it shot from his palm and streaked toward the demon general.

Seeing it, greed flared in the general's eyes. A clawed hand darted forward to snatch the core.

"Now!" Jared's shout, seizing the opportunity.

His Dragonslayer Sword turned into a streak of golden light, cleaving straight for the demon's outstretched arm.