

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5211 Reckless Mission

Greenscale Gorge sits on the fringe of the Nine Serpent Mountain. Its leader is a third-tier Earthly Immortal Realm snake demon. Baldric is sending us as disposable knives.

"No problem. We'll leave at once," Jared said, accepting the test without a flicker of hesitation.

"Wait." Baldric pointed to two burly wolf demon demons at his side. "You two go with them. If they try anything clever, kill them on the spot. "The wolf demons stepped forward and bowed. "Understood, Chief Blackwind."

Jared exchanged a brief nod with Flaxseed, then followed the wolf demons out of the council hall.

Outside, Flaxseed muttered, "Told you the old brute had no good intentions-he hopes we'll tear each other apart with the serpent. "I know," Jared answered. "But we need information on the gorge anyway. Let's go and adapt on the fly."

They left Blackwind Stronghold for the east, the two wolf demon escorts jeering and snapping insults the whole way. Jared ignored them, setting a silent, relentless pace.

After half a day the path plunged into dense bamboo. Pale teal mist drifted between the stalks, carrying the sharp musk of snakes.

One wolf demon jerked a claw toward the haze. "Greenscale Gorge lies ahead. The leader is inside. Go prove yourselves-we'll wait out here."

Jared sensed their plan to collect the spoils afterward, but only told Flaxseed, "Time to head in."

They stepped into the bamboo. The mist thickened, the reptilian stench growing heavier. After the time it took for one incense stick to burn, the forest opened onto a vast valley riddled with caves. Venomous snakes carpeted each entrance, their presence pulsing with danger.

"So this is Greenscale Gorge," Flaxseed said, stopping just short of the shadowed gorge, his rough voice echoing off the mossy walls. He squinted at the carpet of vipers writhing below, every muscle taut. "There must be more than a few snake demons hiding in there."

Jared adjusted the sword at his hip. "Stay sharp. The leader is no lightweight-we prepare, or we die."

"No sooner had they stepped inside than a hiss like tearing silk rose from every crevice. Hundreds of venomous serpents poured out of the caves and surged toward them. "Leave the small fry to me!" Flaxseed flicked several talisman papers into the air, sketched blazing runes, and hurled the newly drawn fireballs into the swarm.

Flames burst like noon suns, charring a wide swath of vipers to ash, yet fresh waves kept slithering forward until the ground itself seemed alive."

voice drifted from the

"A chill, hollow

valley's depths. "Who dares trespass

in my domain?" Out walked a

middle-aged man in a jade

robe-handsome at first glance, though his eyes were sharp enough

to cut glass. He was Victor

Greenscale, the leader of Greenscale Gorge.

His gaze landed on the smoldering reptile corpses. Rage flickered. "Did Baldric send you two?"

"And if he did?" Jared met Victor's stare without flinching. "Either way, this is the day you fall." Victor's laugh was icy. "Two little human cultivators? You overrate yourselves."

He shimmered, skin rippling into

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scales, and a serpent the length of a city street unfurled where the man had been. Wind howled as that. emerald leviathan lunged, stink of blood and venom rolling off its fangs. "Move!" Jared shouted. He smashed the tip of his Dragonslayer Sword against the earth; a curtain of golden energy sprang up just in time. to bar the monster's jaws.

Chapter 5212 A Lowly Grunt

A metallic clang rang out as the colossal green serpent slammed headfirst into Jared's shimmering sword energy shield. The impact rattled the ground; the monster recoiled, hissing.

"Interesting." The leader of Greenscale Gorge chuckled through the snake's maw, surprise threading his voice. "Who knew two human cultivators could possess such strength?"

The serpent's jaws yawned wide, spewing a misty spray of viridian venom. Mid-air, the poison split into hundreds of needle-thin arrows that reeked of death.

Jared's eyes narrowed. He summoned his spiritual energy that flared into a gold shield, wrapping both men just as the toxic rain began to fall.

Venom spat from the serpent sizzled against Jared's shimmering shield. Steam curled upward, filling the air with the stink of rot, but the translucent barrier held firm.

"Your poison is useless against us!" Jared snapped.

In the same instant, the Dragonslayer Sword burst from his palm as a ribbon of golden light, arrowing toward the serpent's narrow heartline just beneath its emerald scales.

The leader of Greenscale Gorge recoiled with surprising agility, coils twisting in a desperate knot that just saved his throat. Even so, the sword energy carved through his tail, exposing bone beneath split green flesh; geysers of acid-green blood sprayed the rocks.

"You court death!" the leader bellowed, rage shredding his voice to raw thunder. He thrashed through the gorge like a living landslide, uprooting trees, smashing boulders, turning peaceful earth into a whirl of debris and echoing terror.

Seizing the opportunity, Flaxseed flicked several sheets of talisman paper out of his sleeve and swiftly drew lightning charms before hurling them at the colossal serpent.

Mid-air, they erupted into blinding spheres that rained lightning onto the serpent's scales. The monster convulsed, shrieking, muscles spasming beneath the electric storm.

Jared timed the serpent's agony, then drove the Dragonslayer Sword straight into that vulnerable node.

A keening howl tore from the leader of Greenscale Gorge's lips. The colossal body shuddered twice, the light dying from its slit pupils, and finally collapsed-an unmoving mountain of emerald flesh.

Breathless, Jared and Flaxseed dropped to the ground, backs against shattered stone, drawing long, ragged gulps of air.

"At last... It's over," Flaxseed muttered, swiping sweat from his brow. "I never thought the Greenscale Gorge leader would be this formidable."

"It's natural," Jared said, voice still uneven. "At equal cultivation levels, the beast race outranks us

humans and demons top the lot as well. That's why our kind remains at the bottom of the three races

ladder."

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Just then, two jubilant howls rang out. "Hurray! They killed the Greenscale Gorge leader!"

Two wolf demons strode into the clearing, greedy smiles spreading as they stared at the fallen colossus.

"I didn't expect you two to have real skills," one

of them said. "But the

Greenscale Gorge leader's corpse and his magical items belong to Blackwind Stronghold."

"What do you want?" Flaxseed asked, eyes narrowing at the duo.

"Want?" the second wolf demon laughed. "To kill you and steal the credit, of course."

Without further warning, the two wolves lunged together, claws flashing toward Jared and Flaxseed.

Cold fury flickered in Jared's eyes; betrayal still stung. He unleashed the Dragonslayer Sword in a blinding arc that cut one wolf demon@leanly in half.

The surviving wolf demon froze, terror eclipsing savagery, and pivoted to flee.

Flaxseed sketched a charm and hurled it; the Body Locking Charm slapped against the creature's back, rooting the wolf demon to the earth like a statue.

"Spare me—please, spare me!" the wolf demon babbled, voice cracking with raw panic.

"You can live for now," Jared said. "Tell me does Baldric Blackwind have anything to do with the annihilation of the Flaxseed clan years ago?"

The wolf demon blinked, clearly blindsided by the question. "I... I've never heard

of that incident. I'm just a lowly grunt."

"Still lying?" Flaxseed growled, producing a fireball charm that glowed like molten coal. "Speak, or I'll scatter you to ashes."

Chapter 5213 Gathering Intel

Staring at the burning sigil, the wolf demon went ghost-pale. "I'll talk! I overheard our chief say he joined the siege on the Flaxseed clan—that's all I know. "You swear?" Jared asked.

"Swear it!" the demon cried. "The chief and his deputy were bragging—I just happened to hear."

Jared and Flaxseed exchanged a long look; anger simmered behind their exhausted eyes."

So even the infamous Baldric had joined the slaughter of the Flaxseed clan. If that was true, every faction around Nine Serpent Mountain must have dipped its hands in its blood.

"Time for you to die," Jared said, and with a single clean arc of Dragonslayer Sword, he severed the wolf demon's head from its shoulders.

"What now?" Flaxseed asked. "First, we dispose of Victor's body, then return to Blackwind Stronghold and report, acting as though we saw nothing." Jared's voice stayed level. "While we play the loyal recruits, we keep our eyes open for cracks in their walls."

They burned the carcasses of both Victor and the wolf demon, kept only the serpent's head, and started down-valley toward Blackwind Stronghold.

At the fortress gate they offered the grisly trophy to Baldric himself.

Baldric turned the head in his hands, delight flickering across his weathered face. "Well done—well done! I never thought the two of you could bring down Lord Greene. From today on you belong to my hold."

"We're grateful for the shelter, Chief Blackwind," Jared replied.

"No need for thanks," Baldric said. "Rest tonight. Tomorrow I'll find proper work for men of your talent."

He motioned a guard to show them away, then carried the head through the council hall and into a hidden chamber beyond.

Inside, an elder in a gray robe sat with eyes closed, so gaunt he looked carved from driftwood. Yet the power that seeped from him did not bow to Baldric's.

Baldric bowed. "Master, Chief Greenscale is dead by my hand."

"Good," the elder murmured, a spark of cunning flaring in his sunken eyes. "Those two human

cultivators can they be trustedet

"They seem harmless," Baldric said, "but know nothing of their past. I will watch them. If they prove loyal, I'll raise them up. If not, I silence them."

"See that you do," the elder answered. "Nine Serpent Mountain stirs, and word from Blackshade Demon Palace grows restless. Guard your tongue about the Flaxseed clan's fall; no one must learn the truth."

"I understand," Baldric said, bowing once more before slipping out."

The hidden door thudded shut, sealing the elder inside his dim sanctuary.

Elsewhere, a guard settled Jared and Flaxseed in a spartan guest room-bare floorboards, a single lantern, but at least it was clean.

"Who was that old man?" Flaxseed asked. "His aura felt stronger than Baldric's. "I don't know," Jared said, "but whoever he is, he's the true puppet-master of this hold. We tread softly until we are certain."

"What's the plan now?" Flaxseed

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whispered. "We rest until nightfall," Jared said. "Then we slip out and search the chambers behind the council hall. The guards here are tight fisted; one wrong step and we're finished, so stay sharp."

Night draped the hold in silence as the two men eased the door open and

vanished into the shadows, moving toward the hidden room where secrets waited like coiled snakes.

Jared and Flaxseed guessed that Baldric and his aged mentor were inside the sealed chamber, discussing secrets of the massacre that had wiped out the Flaxseed clan. Careful to avoid patrolling beast cultivators, they crept to the chamber door.

The secret room's entrance rose before them like a slab torn from night itself— black stone veined with faint silver, every inch etched in interlocking charms. They pulsed with a muted glow, the hush of a living ward breathing beneath the rock. Flaxseed whispered, "The restriction is still active-how do we crack it?"

"Let me try," Jared murmured. He slid a restriction-breaking charm from his coat, pressed it to the door, and backed away. Its script shimmered, strobing brighter each heartbeat until the charms on the stone guttered out, surrendering their light like dying embers.

The two eased the heavy door inward. Silence flooded past them as they slipped into the secret room.

Inside, Baldric leaned close to the stooped elder as they conversed. Flickering lantern fire carved hollows across their faces.

"Master," Baldric muttered. "Do you think the Blackshade Demon Palace has learned we were part of the massacre against the Flaxseed clan all those years ago?"

"Unlikely," the elder replied, tone brittle yet assured. "We acted in deep shadow, and their people also had blood on their blades that night. They will not expose themselves."

Baldric released a ragged sigh. "Good. I fear they'd seize any excuse to storm Blackwind Stronghold."

"Ease your mind," his mentor said, voice hardening. "Blackshade Demon Palace is caught up in their troubles. Still, keep our blades ready."

"Understood, Master," Baldric responded.

Hidden just beyond the threshold, Jared and Flaxseed caught every word. A hot spark of fury ignited behind Jared's eyes. So Blackshade Demon Palace

and Blackwind Stronghold participated in the massacre together-They all deserve death!

Just then, the elder's lids snapped open, pupils narrowing toward the doorway. "Who lurks there?" he barked.

The game was up. Jared and Flaxseed burst into the room, no longer shadows but righteous storm.

Baldric's face twisted from shock to rage. "You two! How dare you eavesdrop on us!"

Flaxseed spat the words like venom. "Baldric Blackwind-you treacherous cur! You helped slaughter my Flaxseed clan. I've come to settle the debt in blood!"

Baldric sneered. "Revenge? With just the pair of you? Since you've heard what you shouldn't, you leave here as corpses."

Steel hissed and spirit power howled as Baldric and the elder struck in unison, lunging for Jared and Flaxseed.

Prepared for battle, Jared's

Dragonslayer Sword blazed into his grip, meeting Baldric's cyclone of dark energy in a clash that rattled the chamber's bones. Meanwhile, Flaxseed unfurled glowing tatismans, hurling charms toward the elder.

The secret room became a tempest of fury-tables pulverized to splinters, chairs shattered into raining shards.

Baldric fought with the strength of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Three Peak cultivator, driving Jared back step by grinding step. Though Jared held his ground, he struggled to turn the tide.

Across the debris, the elder's power proved unfathomable still. Flaxseed reeled beneath swirling strikes, danger licking at his throat.

"Mr. Flaxseed-watch out!" Jared shouted, desperate to help, yet Baldric's relentless assault chained him in place, every breath a race against ruin.

At that critical moment, Flaxseed's fingertips trembled, then steadied. A forgotten charm from his ancestors' legacy blazed across his mind. He snatched several sheets of talisman paper, moving in a blur as he drew a formidable charm.

Raising the paper high, he roared, "Might of the ancestors, shatter this foe!" With that, he flung the charm. Mid-air, it erupted into radiant light that fused into a colossal golden hand, crashing toward the elder.

The elder's eyes widened; he had never imagined Flaxseed capable of creating such a potent charm. Panic slicing through his calm, he hurled his spiritual energy outward, knitting a swirling black shield that dropped before him like a midnight wall. Cóntent

The impact was thunder itself-one deafening boom shook the sky as gold met obsidian. As the shield shattered into dust, the giant palm hammered the elder, hurling him backward. Blood sprayed in a dark arc before his body tumbled across the cracked earth.

Chapter 5215 Have A Death Wish

Flaxseed's aura guttered like a wind-blown candle. His skin had gone the color of old parchment, and his knees buckled so hard he stumbled three steps backward, every ounce of spiritual energy drained from his veins.

Sensing that single breath of vulnerability, Jared pivoted on his heel. The Dragonslayer Sword flashed from its scabbard, a silver comet arcing beneath the torchlight, and he drove the point straight toward Baldric's exposed chest.

Baldric's attention had still been snagged on the elder; the blade punched through flesh and bone before he could weave a defense. Blood fountained from his lips as the impact hurled him across the chamber like a broken doll.

"Move!" Jared roared, his voice cracking through the smoke like a whip. He seized Flaxseed by the forearm, hauled the exhausted charm master to his feet, and sprinted for the hidden corridor that led out of the secret room.

Behind them Baldric and the elder struggled to rise, but injuries left the pair nailed to the floor. They could do nothing except watch their prey vanish into the gloom.

Jared and Flaxseed burst from Blackwind Stronghold and pounded westward, hearts hammering in sync with each desperate footfall. Their only hope was to reach the ravines skirting Nine Serpent Mountain before the bandits rallied and gave chase.

After running several dozen miles, they found a narrow grotto veiled by thorny brush. Inside, the air tasted of damp stone and old moss—a perfect hiding place. They collapsed onto the ground, lungs heaving, limbs trembling from exertion.

Flaxseed looked ghost-pale; forcing that ancestral talisman moments earlier had wrung him dry. Even lifting his hand felt like pushing against lead.

"Focus on your breathing," Jared murmured, pressing a single tonic pill into Flaxseed's palm. While the older man settled into meditation, Jared stationed himself at the cave mouth, spiritual awareness unfurling across the forest like an invisible net.

Tonight's skirmish delivered a cruel lesson—they had vastly underestimated their foes. Baldric was fearsome, but the hooded elder behind him radiated strength perilously near the fifth tier of Earthly Immortal Realm—more power than Jared had imagined lurking on the frontier.

"Jared, that jerk was something else," Flaxseed said, voice thin but defiant as he guided the pill's energy through his starved meridians. "If I hadn't sprung my ancestor's talisman—and if my own strength weren't crawling back—I'd be a corpse right now."

Baldric's master. His

"That must be B

depth is impossible to read," Jared

answered, brow furrowed. "If a

stronghold on Nine Serpent Mountain's edge shelters monsters like them, the waters ahead are far darker than we guessed."

Memory flashed. The wolf demon had warned him that Baldric had joined the raid on the Flaxseed clan.

If the master was involved as well-and if Blackshade Demon Palace had lent its hand—then the massacre had been a conspiracy woven by far too many hungry forces.

Flaxseed's eyes steadied into flint. "Give me a little time to refill the tank, and we move on to the next nest. No matter how many names sit behind this, I will drag every truth into the light."

Jared was about to reply when every hair on his arms lifted. "Incoming," he hissed.

A rush of wind cracked outside the cave, and three silhouettes landed with predatory grace, sealing the exit. The leader wore a sable cloak and deep cowl; beneath it, eyes burned crimson—emissaries of Blackshade Demon Palace

"Mr. Chance, Mr. Flaxseed-how wonderful to see you both alive," the cloaked speaker rasped, each word scraping like steel on stone.

"My lady, the demon princess bids your return with us," he continued, laughter dry and corroded. "Do cooperate."

Jared's grip tightened on the Dragonslayer Sword. "So Lunaria finally shows her hand," he muttered, spiritual energy surging in silence. "Tell me how many hounds did she leash for this errand?"

"Just the three of us," the envoy said as his two comrades stepped forward, their auras matching Lunaria's own murderous chill. "More than enough to escort the pair of you."

Flaxseed forced himself upright, his knees wobbling yet unbowed. He clutched the clan leader token so tightly it dug into his palm. A clean

threads of spiritual ener

white radiance spilled from token and resonated with the last still swirling inside him, clearing the fog in his mind. "You want to drag us back into chains? Then first ask this talisman if it agrees!" His roar rang across the cavern like a bell. A sneer drifted from the left. One of the black-robed figures blurred forward, palm already curling into a hooked claw. Demonic aura rolled off his fingertips, sickly and foul, and the cavern air turned viscous long before the strike arrived.

Flaxseed dared not falter. He poured every scrap of energy he still possessed into

the clan leader token. A blinding white shield blossomed in front of his chest,

meeting the claw head-on.