

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5221 Creating A Diversion

Rather than retreat, Jared and Flaxseed melted into the outer shadows of

Crimson Coil Sect's domain, staking out a narrow ledge that overlooked the sect's crimson-tiled walls. They understood that only the master could unveil the truth of the massacre that had wiped out an entire clan years before.

Day after day the sentry lines thickened, traps hummed to life, and the mountain's very air began to taste of iron-as though the sect sharpened itself for war.

Patience became their armor. They watched. They waited.

Then, one dawn, power rippled from the summit like thunder underwater. Serpentcoil Mountain shook.

Flaxseed's eyes ignited. "The sect leader is out! Our moment has arrived."

Jared nodded, though a crease cut across his brow. "He's broken through to the advanced-phase of Divine Transformation Stage. Stronger than before. We tread lightly."

Keeping to gullies and broken stone, they slipped past patrols, following that roaring aura toward the peak.

Atop the mountain loomed a vast red palace, its tiled roof coiled into the likeness of a colossal crimson serpent. Strange whispers rolled off the walls; the very tiles seemed to hiss. Venomous vipers coiled between runic torches, and layers of invisible wards shimmered like heat over steel-any reckless step would promise only poison or fire.

Flaxseed stared at the fortress, jaw clenched. "How do we breach that?" Every guard held a drawn blade; every glyph glowed like bottled lightning.

"We don't break in," Jared answered after a beat of thought. "I'll draw the guards downslope. While they chase me, you ghost through the wards and search the master's hall for records."

"No way." Flaxseed's refusal came fast, fierce, and absolute.

"Jared, the Crimson Coil Sect guards are no joke," Flaxseed blurted, panic sharpening every syllable. "If you rush out alone, they'll cut you down before I even blink. Right now, splitting up is the only card we can play."

Jared's voice dropped to a steady, unflinching murmur. "I'll draw their eyes, then slip away when the moment cracks open. Once you get what we came for, you leave no heroics, no second pass."

Flaxseed's lips parted, another protest trembling there, but Jared's calm, iron gaze pressed the argument flat. At last the older man swallowed hard and nodded. "Fine-but you'd better come back in one piece."

Jared clapped Flaxseed on the shoulder, inhaled until his ribs ached, and flooded his veins with radiant spiritual energy. Then, with the Dragonslayer Sword flashing gold in his fist, he sprinted straight at the ring of sentries encircling the palace walls.

"Intruder!" someone yelled. A siren of steel rang through the night as uniformed guards surged forward. Jared moved like lightning through paper every slash of the

crescent of molten light, hurling soldiers backward as though a hurricane had exploded at ground level.

Dragonslayer Sword unfurled.

He didn't slow to finish them. His one aim was simple: blaze bright enough to lure every pair of hostile eyes away from Flaxseed's path.

Inside the inner hall, Seraphina Crimson lounged upon a jewel-throned seat, crimson robes pooling like fresh blood around her

ankles. When the distant clash rattled the floor, a thin, amused smile bent her flawless lips.

"Someone dares storm my Crimson Coil Sect," she whispered, her voice a silken knife. Rising with unhurried grace, she drifted toward the doorway, eager to greet the fool who thought death negotiable.

The instant Seraphina's shadow slid

across the threshold, Flaxseed

slipped in through a side archway. breath held, heart drumming like a hangings,

caged sparrow. Silk crystablamps

gold leaf screens, and

dazzled the grand chamber, yet he skimmed past each treasure without a glance. His focus locked on

towering bookcases, dusty scroll racks, and carved chests older than memory itself.

Near the rear wall, half-hidden behind a tapestry, he discovered a narrow emerald door veined with softly glowing runes. That must be it-the vault the ancestors spoke of.

Hands shaking, he traced the symbols, whispering the ancestral key-chants that lived only in family legend.

A breath before the final rune yielded, an icy voice kissed the back of his neck. "Looking for something?" Flaxseed whirled. Seraphina stood scarcely a yard away, eyes twin shards of winter glass, every inch of her drenched in lethal poise.

Chapter 5222 Do Not Let Him Escape

"H-how are you back so fast?" Flaxseed stammered, retreating until his spine struck the door. The clan leader token in his fist dug sharply into his palm. Seraphina's laugh cut through the lantern-lit hush. "You thought that pup outside could really detain me?" She stepped closer, gaze drifting to the token. Surprise flickered, then dark delight. "A clan leader token-so you're one of the Flaxseed clan."

Flaxseed's stomach dropped, yet he forced his chin high. "Yes, and I'm here to avenge them."

Seraphina cocked her head, red sleeves swaying like flames. "Avenge them? With what-bravado and that trinket? I helped erase your kin years ago. Tell me, little relic-keeper, exactly how do you plan to balance that ledger?"

Flaxseed's temper ignited the instant the words left Seraphina's lips. He hurled himself at her with a roar, the raw vow of a cornered beast-"I'll kill

you!"—but fury could not make up the gulf between their power. She merely raised a hand. A silent shock wave-cold, invisible, merciless-slammed into him. Bones rattled, blood splashed across his lips, and his body cartwheeled backward before skidding along the marble floor.

Seraphina, now a fourth tier Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator, advanced one heel at a time, the hem of her crimson robe whispering over polished stone. A sliver of cruelty sparkled behind her lashes. "You delivered yourself to my doorstep, Flaxseed. Don't blame me for being ruthless."

Before her next step could fall, an explosion battered the palace doors. Crimson dust and shattered tile rattled from the ceiling.

Through the smoke boomed a familiar voice. "Mr. Flaxseed, hurry!"

Jared burst into view, aura blazing as he tore a path toward the exit. Wiping the blood from his chin, Flaxseed staggered upright and lunged past toppled columns, chasing the sliver of daylight Jared had opened.

Seraphina flinched at the fresh chorus of detonations and steel-on-steel clamors rolling in from outside. Rage flared across her face, yet every blast forced her to parry, trapping her on the palace threshold while her prey slipped farther away.

Beyond the ruined archway Flaxseed spotted Jared sword-locked with half a dozen Crimson Coil Sect elites. Gashes striped Jared's arms; each breath looked costly.

"Jared!" Flaxseed shouted, dragging what strength he had left toward the fray.

"Stay back-go!" Jared barked, shoulders surging with a burst of power that flung his attackers in a ringing circle of steel. "I'll find you once I break loose!"

Heart torn between gratitude and guilt, Flaxseed clenched his jaw, pivoted, and sprinted for the tangled slopes of Serpentcoil

Mountain-knowing if he lingered, both of them would die here.

Seraphina at last shook free of the melee. Spotting her quarry vanishing among the trees, she spat fury into the air.

"After him! Do not let that rat escape!" Dozens of serpent-eyed warriors surged

down the stairway, blades flashing as they gave chase.

From the battlement Jared watched

Flaxseed's dwindling outline and allowed a weary breath to slip out. His diversion had worked. Without hesitation he pivoted west, luring a second wave of pursuers into the opposite ravine.

Thus a new hunt unfurled beneath the twisted ridges of Serpentcoil Mountain—two fugitives, two diverging trails, and an army of snake demons threading through the mist after them.

Flaxseed crashed through knotted undergrowth, lungs rasping. The dagger-stabs Seraphina left in his organs flared hotter with every leap, don't stop, don't you dare stop. Behind him the Crimson Coil Sect warriors—half man, half serpent—glided between trunks, their scaled bodies faster than wind. Each breath tasted of iron, yet terror kept his feet striking earth.

Thud!

A root snagged his boot.

Flaxseed pitched forward, face first into wet loam. The clan leader tumbled spun from his palm, clinking into nearby grass.

Encircling shadows closed in—serpent warriors grinning wide enough to bare fangs.

"Run on, then!" the leading demon sneered, pressing a sword tip to Flaxseed's throat. "Who would have thought a Flaxseed survivor still scuttled about? Fate is on our side."

Flaxseed clawed for the ground, but a scaled boot stamped onto his chest, pinning him helpless beneath its crushing weight.

Chapter 5223 Going Through The Swamp

Is this where it ends? Am I truly going to die in these woods? Despair flickered across Flaxseed's eyes as the ring of blades tightened.

The grass ahead rustled, and the fallen clan leader token erupted in blinding white radiance, its beam flooding the clearing and swallowing every snake demon in ghost-pale light.

The moment the snake demons brushed against the pale radiance, a chorus of shrill, inhuman screams tore through the air. Acrid black smoke curled from their scales as though their very flesh were burning, and even the serpent that had been planted on Flaxseed's chest recoiled, staggering backward in agony.

Gasping, Flaxseed pushed himself upright and scooped the clan leader token from the trampled earth. He stared at the clan leader token, light still leaking from its grooves, wonder widening his eyes. So the token carries power strong enough to shatter a snake demon's hide-why did no one ever tell me?

"What kind of devilry is this thing?" Flaxseed blurted, voice cracking between disbelief and dawning hope.

"All of you-attack together! I refuse to believe we can't tear him apart!" the leading snake demon hissed, unease flashing across its vertical pupils at the token's glow.

Still quivering from the pain, the demons surged forward. Flaxseed planted his heels, clenched the token in both hands, and funneled what little spiritual energy he had left into it. The milky light blazed into a blinding pillar, then fanned out to form a brilliant shield that locked the monsters outside. Yet his strength was almost spent. Within heartbeats the glow began to dim, thin cracks splintering across the luminous barrier like ice on a thawing pond.

"Hahaha... he's running on fumes!" The snake demons, smelling weakness, slammed against the faltering shield with renewed frenzy. Every strike sent fresh fissures racing across the light, each roar louder, more savage, than the last.

Just as the barrier was about to shatter, a streak of golden sword-energy sliced out of the sky like a comet. It ripped through the front ranks, hurling several snake demons backward in ragged spirals of blood and scale.

"Jared!" Flaxseed shouted, relief roughening his voice.

Jared stepped from the fading brilliance, the Dragonslayer Sword gleaming in his grasp, and placed himself squarely between Flaxseed and the demons. "Sorry I'm late."

"You... came back? I thought you'd escaped already," Flaxseed stammered.

Jared offered a small, easy smile. "I told you-if we leave together, we return together. Catch your breath. These pests are mine."

Before the last word had cooled, he lunged. Golden arcs of sword energy rained down like a storm front, each swing a thunderclap. Snake demons toppled, shrieking, their bodies cleaved apart before they could slither clear. The leader spun, panic eclipsing its malice, and tried to flee, but Jared blurred forward and one decisive stroke of the Dragonslayer Sword cut the creature from crown to tail.

When the final corpse hit the dirt, Jared returned to Flaxseed's side and pressed a tonic pill into his palm. "Here, can you still walk?" Flaxseed swallowed the

medicine; a faint flush of strength settled in his cheeks. "Just about."

"Then we leave now. Seraphina will be on us any minute," Jared said, scanning the treeline.

Leaning on each other, they hobbled toward the shadowed slopes beyond Serpentcoil Mountain.

As Jared predicted, Seraphina learned of her slaughtered minions almost at once. Fury ignited her voice, echoing across the crags. "Search every inch-dig them out if you must!"

Deep within the dense forest, Jared and Flaxseed forced their battered bodies onward, branches whipping past while Seraphina's pursuit closed in like a wolf pack on a wounded stag. Panting, Flaxseed rasped, "We can't keep this pace forever. Seraphina's power dwarfs

ours-we'll never beat her head-on."

Jared's brow tightened, every muscle in his jaw flexing with frustration. He knew Flaxseed was right, yet no better escape revealed itself. Then, as if the swamp itself sensed blood, Bone-rot Swamp yawned ahead. Viscous mud belched black bubbles, the reek so sharp it clawed the lungs. Flaxseed blanched. "Bone-rot

Swamp-records say its poison

strips flesh from bone, even

earth-immortals stay clear."

Glancing at the pursuers closing fast behind, Jared's eyes hardened. "We go

through it," he said, voice low and final.

Chapter 5224 Purifying Lotus

"Are you mad? That place will eat us alive!" Flaxseed's voice cracked. Jared shook his head. "Waiting here kills us for sure. Better to gamble." He hauled Flaxseed straight into the roiling swamp.

Underfoot the tar-dark sludge gurgled like something alive. Each step met a suctioning tug, as though icy fingers clutched their ankles. Jared kept one hand locked around Flaxseed's arm; with the other he swept Dragonslayer Sword in ruthless arcs, severing venom-soaked vines that lunged from the murk. Golden arcs of sword energy ripped pale scars through the gloom.

"Watch your footing!" he barked, yanking Flaxseed left. The spot they'd occupied collapsed, razor-bones spearing from the muck-fatal, had they hesitated a heartbeat.

Flaxseed's breath rasped; his reopened chest wound spilled blood that hissed on the mud. Thumb-sized black insects swarmed, devouring red droplets and even the mud beneath. "This place is cursed," he whimpered, wiping sludge from his face. "Seraphina and her killers won't dare follow... will they?"

A shrill curse slashed the fog behind them. "Useless trash! Two wounded fugitives and you still fail? After them-now!" Seraphina's voice, cold as forged steel, rang across the bog. Jared glanced back. At the swamp's rim, dozens of silhouettes gathered, her scarlet robes blazing against the dim light. His stomach dropped- they were willing to brave Bone-rot Swamp.

"Deeper, then," he muttered. He fished the last two detoxification pills from his pouch, pressing one into Flaxseed's hand. "Under your tongue-it'll blunt the fumes."

Jared needed none; his blood had long since learned to laugh at poison.

They slogged on, each stride heavier than the last. The stench thickened into a choking miasma that even the pill could not fully soften. Needles of pain stabbed Jared's consciousness field; his mind-stilling mantra stuttered. Of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six, only eight-tenths of his power answered the call.

Ahead, pale-violet bubbles seethed, releasing an even deadlier vapor.

Flaxseed inhaled, coughed violently, and crumpled, skin turning bruise-purple. "Mr. Flaxseed!" Jared caught him; the alchemist's lips were already weeping sores.

Panic surged then a glint caught Jared's eye, something bright buried in the mire.

Perched on a shard of black stone, rising just above the muck, bloomed a lotus- snow-white, immaculate, its petals glowing through the fetid vapor.

A halo of soft, milky light clung to the lotus, pushing the rank poison back and making the flesh-eating beetles skitter away in terror.

"Is that... a Purifying Lotus?"

A line from an ancient scroll blazed across Jared's memory-this legendary bloom could cleanse every toxin under heaven and smash the walls that trapped a cultivator's breakthrough.

Without a second thought, Jared hoisted Flaxseed onto his back, slogged through the reeking muck, and plucked the glowing lotus with near-reverent care.

Warmth like polished jade spread through his palms, and the surrounding toxic energy recoiled as though it had met the one force it could not endure.

He split the lotus in two-pressing one half past Flaxseed's lips, chewing the other himself, and swallowing the bitter petals whole.

A ribbon of icy clarity slid down his throat, burst inside the elixir field and the once-sluggish spiritual energy flared to life like sparks in dry tinder.

The stabbing ache in his
consciousness field vanished; every
pore in his body opened greedily,
drinking in the lotus's pristine energy

until his skin sang with power.

To his amazement, the long-standing barrier at Wandering Immortal Realm Level

Six began to crack.

Thunder rumbled overhead.

Chapter 5225 A Breakthrough

Inside Jared's body, muffled thunder answered—the wall of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six splintered like a levee smashed by floodwater.

He sank cross-legged, steering the surging energy straight at the weakening barrier.

"Y-You're about to break through?"

Just then, Seraphina swept in with her pursuers; spotting Jared mid-breakthrough, a feral grin twisted her lips. "Fate smiles on me-Bone-rot Swamp will be your grave."

Scarlet whip-shadows lashed out like venomous snakes. Flaxseed threw himself in front of Jared, offering his own body as a shield.

Jared's eyes snapped open an instant before impact; the force of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven erupted from him like a tidal wave.

"Out of my sight!"

Golden sword energy exploded into a circular wall, shattering every crimson lash.

Jared blinked forward; the Dragonslayer Sword screamed toward Seraphina's heart.

Terror flooded her features—never had she imagined he could advance in this accursed swamp, let alone gain such power so quickly.

She flung up her primordial magical item Crimson Serpent Shield, but the blade's impact drove her stumbling back, blood streaking the corner of her mouth.

"How can your cultivation level rise this fast?"

No one shattered a boundary in the blink of an eye; even a minor advance demanded time and safety.

Yet Jared had done it amid poison fog and ravenous beasts, a feat that clawed at her sanity.

The impossibility of it left her trembling.

Jared offered no reply, his gaze colder than the swamp's stagnant water.

Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven power coursed smoothly through him, and the Purifying Lotus still poured gentle strength along every meridian.

He sensed it clearly—he could now contend with an tier four Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator.

"This one's too strong-retreat!"

Seraphina knew the battle had

turned irreversibly against her. With

a single, crisp command she

wheeled her crimson cloak and

ordered a full retreat. Yet even as her followers melted into the mist, she

allowed herself one last, smoldering glance at Jared before vanishing into the ragged depths of the

Bone-rot Swamp.

The moment their pursuers disappeared, Jared's shoulders sagged. He dropped onto a slab of slick black rock and exhaled like a man who had been underwater too long.

Flaxseed hurried forward and steadied him. “You all right?” he asked, voice rough with worry.

"I'm fine," Jared said, shaking his head and managing a tired smile. Energized heat still churned inside him— raw, untamed power unlocked by the Purifying Lotus. "That blossom did more than purge the poison. It shoved me straight through the next level."

He pushed himself upright, eyes narrowing toward the swamp's darker heart. "We can't linger. We cross Bone-rot Swamp tonight."

After a brief rest they pressed on. Purifying Lotus energy pulsed through their limbs, turning every treacherous step into a swift stride over mud that had slowed them hours before.

Venomous vines snapped, sinkholes yawned, and spectral reptiles hissed from stagnant pools, but each threat shattered beneath Jared's newly forged strength, leaving the swamp's dangers to wither behind them like shadows at dawn.

Several hours later an amber glow spread through the fog. Ahead lay the swamp's edge—and freedom.

Beyond the muck rose a

sun-drenched forest, alive with

birdsong and gold-flecked leaves. Flaxseed whooped, "We're out!" and sprinted toward the trees. Jared followed, relief loosening the tension in his chest-until something bright winked at the swamp's rim. He slowed, drawn by the glitter

half-buried in black sludge.

Kneeling, he pried free a palm-sized ebony token etched with a leering skull. A cold tremor rippled through him. "Matevolent Path Hall," he muttered. He had seen such

symbols back on level four. If their assassins had wandered this far, the web surrounding the Flaxseed clan-and himself-was wider than he feared.

He slipped the token into his cloak, an uneasy weight settling beside his heart.