

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5226 Kill Order

"Jared, move it!" Flaxseed's shout bounced between the trunks. "Coming!" Jared answered. He turned from the swamp, stepped beneath the forest canopy, and felt the path ahead narrow into something far harsher than the bog they had just escaped.

They camped for several days, letting the Purifying Lotus' final motes weave through bone and marrow. Jared's Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven settled like tempered steel. Flaxseed's wounds knit shut, leaving only faint scars as souvenirs of the chase.

On the morning they finally broke camp, trouble awaited. A broad-shouldered cultivator with one blind, scar-slashed eye blocked the trail, the gleam of Earthly Immortal Realm third tier swirling around him. A dozen hardened elites fanned out behind, uniforms matching like teeth on a blade.

"You two must be Jared Chance and Flaxseed," the one-eyed warrior said, voice sharp with greed.

Jared narrowed his eyes, a cold gleam sliding across his gaze. "We have never even exchanged names. What gives you the right to stand in our way?"

The one-eyed cultivator let out a harsh, rasping laugh. "Strangers? Everyone on Nine Serpent Mountain knows a double bounty waits for whoever drags you two back to Blackshade Demon Palace and the Crimson Coil Sect. Especially you, Jared. They say you carry more treasure than a king's vault, and I intend to claim every last piece."

Damn. News travels faster than wildfire. He realized that Seraphina and Blackshade Demon Palace must have issued a joint kill order. Their enemies would now hunt them to the ends of the land.

Jared's lips curved into a razor-thin smile as the Dragonslayer Sword at his side began to tremble, already thirsty for blood. "Just the lot of you?"

"Arrogant whelp. Kill them. I want his head-dead or alive." The one-eyed man's snarl ripped through the clearing.

More than a dozen cultivators surged forward, magical weapons blazing with rune-light bright enough to blot out the afternoon sun.

Jared swept Flaxseed behind him and drew Dragonslayer in a smooth silver arc. Golden sword energy fanned out like a storm front, cleaving the two foremost attackers clean in half before they could even scream.

"Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven? Impossible!" the one-eyed cultivator gasped.

Panic rippled across his scarred face. His spies had sworn Jared was only sixth tier.

That was why he had dared to mount this ambush. In a matter of days the man had grown too strong, able to smash opponents a realm above him.

Flaxseed flicked a handful of

talisman slips into the air. The

papers burst into emerald flame and tangled several weaker cultivators in ropes of light, buying time.

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He was only first-tier Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator, yet decades of battlefield savvy kept him toe-to-toe with them.

And Jared could feel the old rogue's power creeping back, ember by ember. Once Flaxseed fully awakened, he would crush such rabble with a single slap.

Jared now faced the one-eyed leader and three third tier Earthly Immortal Realm cultivators. He danced among them, Dragonslayer flashing like sheets of golden rain, stroke roaring so hard the four

were driven back step after trembling step.

"He's too tough. Fall back!" the one-eyed cultivator barked.

He had finally accepted the truth. Not even four Earthly Immortal Realm cultivators could cage Jared. If they lingered, this clearing would become their grave.

"Jared would not grant them that mercy. He flickered forward like a phantom, the Dragonslayer Sword arcing toward the leader's flank.

A scream split the woods. The one-eyed man's arm spun away in a red fan of blood.

The others paled, souls scattering faster than their feet. They fled in every direction, desperate to outpace the terror nipping at their backs.

Jared let them run. He knew better than to forge too many new enemies in a single day.

Flaxseed sighed. "A pity they slipped the net," he murmured.

Jared's gaze stayed icy. "They can outrun a blade, but not their own hideouts. Once they report back, our road will grow even harder."

Just as Jared had feared, less than half a day after they left the foothills, three separate ambushes tore out of the shifting mist.

Each wave came from a different

faction hungry for the bounty on their heads, and each time Jared and Flaxseed had to fight, fall back, and burn precious spiritual energy simply to stay alive.

Chapter 5227 Fallen Immortal Valley

Flaxseed sucked air through his teeth and growled, "This pace will kill us. Nine Serpent Mountain commands too many blades, keep bleeding power like this, and they'll grind us into dust before nightfall."

Jared wiped a smear of ash from his cheek, mind racing. They needed a place to vanish, replenish their strength, and resume the search for the Flaxseed clan's killers before the mountain's hunters boxed them in.

Through the ragged vapor ahead, a yawning canyon mouth emerged, its entrance wreathed in cloud like a gateway to myth. Shattered pavilions and toppled columns clung to the cliffs, hinting at an empire swallowed by time and silence.

"That's... the Fallen Immortal Valley?" Flaxseed breathed, awe cutting through his fear. "Perfect," Jared replied, eyes bright with hard resolve. "A maze of ancient wards, no sane hunter will follow us in."

In a heartbeat they shared a look and plunged into the silver mist. Behind them the bounty hunters skidded to a nervous halt, none daring to tread past the valley's invisible boundary.

The moment they crossed, the air thickened, humid and heavy, as though the valley itself wished to crush intruders.

Ruined halls ghosted in and out of the fog, rust-stained weapons and sun-bleached bones strewn across the moss like offerings to some forgotten god.

"This place is anything but simple," Jared murmured. "Step softly; one wrong move and the valley will eat us alive." Flaxseed gave a terse nod, knuckles whitening around his blade as an unseen pressure crawled across his skin.

They crept on, tracing a path between shimmering sigils and sinkholes masked by lingering illusion. Scattered skeletons in fractured armor told of a cataclysmic war that had once burned through this vale.

Flaxseed whispered, "Jared, what's that slab say?" Kneeling beside the stone, dared brushed away lichen until faded runes emerged. After a tense silence he breathed, "Level Five... passage... opening."

A passage to the fifth level, hidden here all along?

A violent pulse of energy rippled from deeper inside, shuddering through the fog.

Jared's face tightened; he dragged Flaxseed behind a fallen boulder just as new footsteps crunched over the gravel.

A cautious squad of cultivators emerged, led by Lunaria of the Blackshade Demon Palace, with Seraphina at her side, eyes gleaming like fresh blood.

Behind Lunaria and Seraphina marched nearly thirty cultivators, every robe heavy with the quiet pressure of the Earthly Immortal Realm The sight alone announced a grim fact: two rival powers had set aside old grudges and closed ranks for the kill.

"Lunaria, are you certain they've already stepped into the valley?" Seraphina's usually lilting voice carried a tremor, as though the very mist pressing against her skin threatened to devour her.

The combined retinue pushed deeper, their silhouettes dissolving into the churning vapors until even the echo of their footsteps was eaten by silence.

Jared and Flaxseed slipped from behind a split boulder. Moon-pale mist painted their faces with a seriousness rarely seen on either man.

Chapter 5228 Going Through The Passage

Jared nodded once, slow and grave. "All the more reason to dig out the truth before the rot spreads past us and infects every realm below level four."

The farther they traveled, the thicker the vapor grew, twisting into ghostly tendrils that throttled sight and strangled spiritual sense.

A sudden scuff of boots on damp stone drifted through the fog ahead.

Shapes emerged—first a hulking figure whose aura pulsed at the fourth tier of the Earthly Immortal Realm, then a squad of hardened fighters bristling with identical ferocity.

Behind the tree, Jared and Flaxseed scarcely dared exhale.

Just then the giant halted, nostrils flaring. He pivoted toward the cedar. "Who's there? Show yourself!"

Jared's and Flaxseed's hearts lurched—they had been found.

Jared's gaze sharpened into steel. He had been moments from staking his life on one desperate blow when the ground convulsed beneath his boots. In the distance a serrated peak ripped free and toppled with a scream of stone.

The whole of Fallen Immortal Valley shuddered like a living beast. Dormant runes—older than any scripture—flared awake, sending spears of light raking into the storm-black sky.

"Fall back—now! We've tripped the valley's restriction!" the burly cultivator shouted, color draining from his face.

His words barely left his mouth before the air tore apart, and jagged rifts gulped down several of his comrades without even granting them a cry.

Farther off, Lunaria's shadow-clad disciples and Seraphina's crimson retinue fared no better; many died where they stood, erased by raw spatial fury.

Jared and Flaxseed stood rooted,
their hearts hammering. Neither had
imagined that Fallen Immortale).

Valley's defenses could manifest with such ruthless grandeur.

"Move!" Jared snapped, seizing Flaxseed's sleeve and sprinting
toward the valley's darkened d

He knew the chaos behind them was also their lone path to survival.

Amid collapsing ruins and fissures that yawned like hungry maws, the two men fought forward. More than once a ripping vortex opened at their heels, but Jared's reflexes dragged them clear by little more than a breath.

At last the trembling subsided. Jared and Flaxseed collapsed onto the debris-strewn ground, drawing ragged lungfuls of dusty air.

"W-We're still alive?" Flaxseed whispered, disbelief trembling in his voice.

Jared gave a single nod, then let his gaze roam the unfamiliar surroundings.

There was no mist, no crumbling architecture—only a monumental altar carved with runes that pulsed like embers in the dark.

Flaxseed circled the platform, wonder eclipsing fear. “What is this place?”

Jared stepped to the center, where a solitary stone tablet stood. Its ancient script outlined a method—a path to level five.

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