

A WARRIOR UNDEFEAT ABLE

Chapter 5231 Seek Justice

Ursan landed with a shattering thud. Blood sprayed across the shale, and a wet gasp tore from his throat. Terror overwhelmed instinct, and he crawled, claws scrabbling for purchase in a desperate attempt to flee.

"Run?" Kishor's contemptuous chuckle cut the night air. He flickered again-then one boot crashed onto Ursan's chest, nailing him to the earth.

"K-Kishor, mercy!" Ursan's bravado dissolved into pitiful sobs. "I failed to recognize your benefactor. Spare me, I beg you!"

"Spare you?" Kishor leaned harder. Ribs splintered with a sharp crack. "Did you pause to spare him?"

A final kick slammed Ursan into a granite boulder. The impact silenced him forever.

The instant the threat lay still, Kishor turned, warmth returning to his features. "I hope that did not alarm you, Jared. You saved our lives," Jared replied, gratitude thick in his voice. "Had you not arrived, Flaxseed and I would be corpses by now."

Kishor waved the praise aside. "You once pulled me out of the Celestial Stairway's jaws. I vowed then to serve you. Compared to that debt, tonight was nothing."

His gaze shifted to the lean, sun-weathered man beside Jared. "And this friend is?" Flaxseed, a master of charms and an ally I trust with my life," Jared said.

Flaxseed offered a respectful bow. "My thanks for the timely rescue, friend."

Kishor's laugh boomed again. "Any comrade of Jared's is a comrade of mine. Consider Darkwind Ridge open to you both."

Then his brows knit. "But why venture into level five so soon? With your present cultivation, these skies can be merciless."

Jared laid out everything-how level four had turned into a battlefield, how the Flaxseed clan had been massacred, how Blackshade Demon Palace joined forces with the Crimson Coil Sect. He spared no detail, and each sentence drove Kishor's fists tighter.

When the tale ended, Kishor

slammed a palm against his thigh, the sound like a thunderclap. "Outrageous! Those vermin dare run rampant at level four? Do not worry, Jared. With me at your side, we will see justice done and every debt repaid in blood."

"Thank you, friend," Flaxseed exclaimed, his hoarse voice trembling with long-suppressed fury. "I've been itching to settle scores with Blackshade Demon Palace and that serpent Seraphina, but with you at my side, fear no longer shackles us."

The thought of Kishor-an Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator whose

power stood just shy of

legend sent a hot rush of

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confidence through him. In Flaxseed's mind, compared with Kishor's might, Blackshade Demon Palace and the Crimson Coil Sect were little more than dust on the wind.

"Those paltry sects are beneath mention," Kishor replied, a lazy grin tugging at his scarred lips. "Jared, whenever you decide it's time to collect the debt they owe, I'll walk with you and watch them crumble."

A sharp light flared behind Jared's calm eyes. "No point waiting let's go now."

Kishor's laughter cracked across the sky like rolling thunder. "That's the spirit. Come-let's pay those maggots in level four a visit and end their miserable tale."

With a casual sweep of his broad

palm, Kishor tore open the fabric of

space itself: A rift yawned before them, shimmering violet at the edges Together the three men stepped through and re-emerged beneath the fractured heavens of level four, where lesser cultivators still dreamed of gates and tunnels.

Power-raw, undeniable power-clung to Kishor like a second skin, making the empty air quiver. No barrier at level four, five, or even six could halt a man such as him.

They wasted no time. A single thought carried them across jagged cloud peaks toward Nine Serpent Mountain-home of Blackshade Demon Palace. Flaxseed, barely able to contain his wrath, clenched and unclenched his fists with every mile.

He would finally vent the humiliation that had chased him like a shadow, see who still dared to raise a hand against them, who still fancied forcing them to flee.

With Kishor present-an apex wandering immortal-the combined might of the entire mountain would buckle in a heartbeat.

Flaxseed almost chuckled, picturing Lunaria's face when she beheld their unexpected guest.

He didn't simply want victory; he wanted her shock and her pleading to wash away the bitterness lodged in his chest.

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A Warrior Undefeatable

Inside the grand hall of Blackshade Demon Palace, Lunaria-her silver eyes rimmed with impatience-paced before a throne of obsidian bone. She had dispatched countless search parties to hunt Jared and Flaxseed, yet every team returned empty-handed, their silence gnawing at her composure.

"Useless, every last one of you!"

The word cracked like a whip. Lunaria's palm slammed onto the stone table; delicate porcelain shattered, tea spraying across the marble floor. "So many soldiers, and none of you can find two men. Tell me why should I keep feeding you?"

Not long ago, she and her retinue had ventured up to level five, only to discover that their strength counted for little there. Lunaria herself had barely escaped an ambush. Humbled, they scurried back to level four, convinced that Jared and Flaxseed must have done the same through some hidden rift.

She scattered scouts across every ravine and pass, yet the hills remained silent.

Her subordinates now knelt beneath the throne's shadow, trembling hard enough to rattle their armor.

"My lady-Jared and Flaxseed have arrived," a guard burst in, voice raw with panic. "They've brought another man with them, and they are killing their way toward our gates!"

"What?" Lunaria's violet lips parted in surprise, then curled into a wicked smile. "I was about to hunt them down, and instead they gift-wrap themselves?"

"They're already outside the palace walls," the guard stammered.

"Sound the call," Lunaria ordered, her voice cold as moonlight. "Every disciple assemble at once. We meet them head-on."

Moments later, ranks of Blackshade Guards lined the courtyard, crimson banners snapping above their heads.

Three silhouettes dropped from the clouds like falling stars and landed before the assembled defenders-the calm Jared, the broad-shouldered Kishor, and the ever-grinning Flaxseed.

Dust spiraled outward from their boots as silence rippled across the courtyard- the first heartbeat in a storm about to break.

"So, Lunaria... still alive, are you?" Jared met the demon princess's stare with an icy calm. Cold murderous intent shimmered in his pupils, a silent storm promising blood the moment he chose to strike.

"Jared, you are either brave or hopelessly foolish." Lunaria's laugh dripped with venom. "Did you really think hiring a single tall brute would let you stroll into Blackshade Demon Palace and walk away unscathed?"

Flaxseed gave a mocking snort. "Enough chatter, Lunaria. We're here to settle old scores. Surrender now, and perhaps I'll consider leaving you with a shred of dignity. Refuse, and your regrets will last a lifetime."

"Kill them! Rich rewards for every head!" Lunaria's shriek cracked across the courtyard. At once the Blackshade Guards surged forward like a dark tide, blades flashing in murderous unity.

Kishor stepped in laughing, his aura

bursting outward like a collapsing

star. In an instant the courtyard

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became a gravity well. Every guard slammed facedown, pinned beneath invisible mountains. Even Lunaria staggered, knees buckling as though the earth itself sought to swallow her.

"Kishor, leave Lunaria to me," Jared said, voice as flat and final as a judge's gavel.

He drew the Dragonslayer Sword. Golden light carved the air into jagged ribbons while Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven power flooded the battlefield in roaring waves.

Flaxseed lounged at the edge of the chaos, eyes narrowed, fingers flexing around hidden talismans. He would intervene the instant Lunaria tried to flee-her fate, he had already decided, belonged to him.

My palace will fall today if this continues. Panic flickered through Lunaria's gaze, yet pride crushed her fear. With a sharp breath she hurled herself toward Jared, determination burning hotter than terror.

"Show me what passes for skill!" she cried. Her whip cracked like a living serpent. Jared met it head-on, steel ringing against braided leather..

and crimson sparks sprayed Gold

screeching louder than shattered glass while the two blurred through parry and riposte.

Lunaria had ascended to fourth tier of the Earthly Immortal Realm, stronger than before. Yet Jared, strengthened by the Purifying Lotus, now stood at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven and wielded experience honed by endless

battles. For a breathless stretch they fought as equals, neither giving nor gaining ground.

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A Warrior Undefeatable

"Time you tasted the Demon Flogger," Jared murmured. He sheathed the sword and snapped the ebony whip into existence. Thunder cracked; Lunaria felt her very soul peel away from flesh. Terror flooded her chest. The palace is finished.

With a desperate cry she spun and sprinted toward the palace depths. "Father, help me!" Jared frowned and flew after her, gold aura streaking behind him. Flaxseed's voice echoed after them, "Scream for every ancestor you have, girl— nothing will save you today!"

Kishor darted forward, slicing through the drifting ash like a thrown spear. Flaxseed, his patched robe flapping behind him, pounded after him without a moment's hesitation.

Deep within Blackshade Demon Palace—where the torches burned with ghost- blue flame and every corridor echoed like a crypt-a cavernous hall sat shrouded in dank shadow. In the center, an elderly man in midnight robes opened his eyes with glacial deliberation.

He was Varek Underwood, lord of Blackshade Demon Palace and father to the demon princess Lunaria. His aura pulsed with the strength of a fifth-grade earthly immortal, the sort of power that made lesser warriors bow without being asked.

On level four, that rank stood among the very greatest. He had long been capable of ascending to level five, but Varek remained here, convinced Lunaria could not yet command the palace elders, so he secluded himself in endless cultivation.

"Who dares trespass in my palace?" The question boomed like cathedral bells, each word pressed down with suffocating force.

Lunaria stumbled into the grand hall, tears streaking her moon-pale cheeks. "Father, you must take charge! Jared and his people have forced their way inside, and our followers are dying by the dozen."

Varek Underwood's expression iced over. "Jared? Such brazen courage. What master shelters you, boy?" He could not believe anyone below an elder would storm Blackshade Demon Palace without powerful backing.

At that instant, Jared burst through the shattered doorway, Kishor and Flaxseed flanking him. A crooked smile curbed across Jared's lips, The black robed lord was only fifth tier; Kishor's seventh-tier aura already dwarfed him, and Jared felt no trace of fear.

Demon Flogger quivered in Jared's grasp, still humming with lingering demonic haze.

"Fifth tier of Earthly Immortal

Realm?" Jared laughed softly, each

chuckle a fresh insult. "I expected a monster fit to shake the heavens yet I find an old tortoise hiding behind his daughter. When she screamed a moment ago, where was her mighty father? Is your age so advanced you can't even crawl from your chamber?"

Color drained from Varek's face until it resembled weathered bronze. He had lived millennia, carving his reputation across level four, and never once endured such open contempt-especially from a mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven cultivator.

"Impudent whelp, enough chatter!" Varek roared, unleashing a cyclone of black fog that swallowed every torchlight. "Today you will learn that between an earthly immortal and a wandering immortal yawns an unbridgeable abyss."

"An abyss?" Jared squared his shoulders, mocking eyes bright as flint. "You couldn't even shield your only child, yet you lecture me on chasms. I'd wager your fifth tier was bought with pills, not earned with blood."

"Die!" Varek's fury peaked. His robe

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ballooned like a storm sail; five ink-black claw shadows ripped through the air, each dripping corrosive mist-the infamous Netherworld Ghost Claw, a move that shredded ordinary third tier Earthly Immortal Realms without pause.

Seeing the claws descend, Kishor shifted forward, but Jared lifted a hand. The gesture froze the brute where he stood.

"Leave him to me," Jared said, eyes gleaming with wildfire. "My strength rose too quickly lately, and I've had no one worth testing it on. This relic is perfect to get me all warmed up."

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