

# A Warrior Undefeatable

## Chapter 5236

Varek sighed, the sound thin as dying embers. "Everything traces back to the great figures of level five. They coveted a priceless relic guarded by the Flaxseed

clan. When the clan refused to surrender it, those lords rallied us lesser powers of

level four and launched a war of extermination."

"What relic could compel such butchery?" Jared pressed.

Varek shook his head. "I never learned what the treasure was. We only obeyed

orders. The true masterminds were the giants of level five."

Jared kept his tone level as he asked, "Which factions from level five were involved?" Varek paused, shoulders rigid, then answered, "First and foremost, the

Malevolent Path Hall. The extermination of your clan was masterminded by its master, Elyon Owens."

Jared remembered level three, where he had crushed Dioz Underwood of that hall, shattering the body and letting only a soul escape. So the Malevolent Path

Hall still thrived in level five-and it had slaughtered the Flaxseed clan.

"Were any other factions involved?" Jared asked. Varek nodded. "Venom Valley,

Holy Light Sect, and several other great houses from level five joined the siege."

Jared's face grew ever darker; he had not expected so many banners to stain themselves with the same blood. He realized that avenging the Flaxseed clan would be a journey measured not in battles but in years.

It should have been effortless for level five sects to wipe out a level four family.

Why bother with an alliance?

Varek answered quickly, "Many Flaxseed clan cultivators had surged in strength

and were already in levels five and six," he said. "Once the alarm sounded, they

would all have been recalled, so we bound together first."

"The Flaxseed clan members advanced faster than anyone in level four. Rumor

claimed they possessed a treasure that fueled their rise that rumor invited catastrophe," Varek finished, voice low.

He offered the analysis only to save his own skin; without useful answers he knew

Jared might end him on the spot.

Jared turned to Flaxseed. "Mr. Flaxseed, did you ever use such a treasure to climb the ranks?" Flaxseed scratched his jaw.

"Not me," he said. "I got here through plain hard practice. Maybe the clan found

something after I reincarnated a few times-I've no idea."

Jared faced Varek again, speaking  
each word like a verdict. "Why did  
none of the Flaxseed clan members  
leave even a single soul shard  
behind? Did no one escape?"  
Mid-question he stiffened, memory  
striking him.

Malevolent Path Hall harvests souls. Of course.

"Their souls were likely seized," he  
said. "I've already fought that hall  
once. The overseer-Dioz  
Underwood-died by my hand,  
though his spirit slipped away."

Jared's gaze bored into Varek, demanding confirmation.

The similar surnames chimed in

Jared's mind "Dioz

Underwood-what is he to you?"

Color drained from Varek's face. "My  
younger brother," he admitted. "He  
pledged himself to the Hall. I haven't  
seen him in years."

"No wonder the names match," Jared murmured, understanding dawning like a

blade of light.

Varek forced a hopeful smile. "Sir, Malevolent Path Hall may not have refined those souls. There's a chance they merely keep them caged."