

A Warrior Undefeatable

chapter 5237

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"What?" Flaxseed's head snapped up, his gaunt cheeks flushing with a feverish

light. "Say that again. Are you telling me my clan's souls are still out there?" Varek nodded once-slow, deliberate. "Everything points that way. The Malevolent Path Hall uses a depraved art that melts stolen spirits into its own strength."

He drew a careful breath. "They harvested too many Flaxseed clan members' souls to consume at one stroke. Some remain in cages of darkness, waiting—and suffering."

At those words, tears rolled down Flaxseed's face, trembling like beads of rain on cracked earth. "Thank Heaven... If their souls survive, rebirth is still possible."

Jared laid a steady hand on Flaxseed's shoulder. "You have my word. We'll pry those spirits free and give your kin the peace they deserve." Varek cleared his throat. "I can help. I'll question my younger brother and track the exact location of the Flaxseed souls. Malevolent Path branches lurk everywhere, hoarding the dead. Without an insider, you'll chase smoke."

As long as they still need me, I stay alive.

Jared's gaze turned to ice. "I'm sparing you for now. Betray us, and I'll shatter your spirit into nothing."

Varek collapsed to his knees, bowing so hard his forehead thudded against the tiles. "I wouldn't dare. I will bring back the truth—nothing less."

Cold sweat soaked his back, yet the tiniest spark of relief flickered behind his lowered eyes.

Flaxseed's jaw tightened. An ocean of blood-debt rose behind his eyes as he stared at Lunaria, the demon princess who quivered beside her father. He advanced one step, then another. Lunaria blanched, shrinking behind Varek's trembling frame.

"Father, help me!" she cried, voice cracking with terror.

Varek's lids fluttered, yet he kept his head bowed. He could not even protect himself, let alone his child. His fingernails dug into his palms, drawing silent blood to hide the taste of disgrace.

Flaxseed seized Lunaria by the wrist

and hauled her toward a side hall. The heavy door closed with a wooden boom, swallowing her cries. Outside, Varek stood motionless, shoulders twitching, each muffled sob behind the wall carving new lines of shame across his face.

Jared watched with cold detachment. Some debts, he thought, must be paid by those who incurred them.

Half an hour later, Flaxseed stepped back into the corridor, breathing hard yet calmer. Lunaria followed, eyes vacant, no longer pleading-only subdued exhaustion clinging to her like ash.

"Jared, let's move," Flaxseed said, voice steadier than before. Jared faced Varek. "You have three days. Bring me the exact place where the imprisoned souls are kept. I'll return then."

"Y-Yes. Three days," Varek whispered, nodding so quickly his collar flapped.

Once they left the Blackshade Demon Palace, Kishor's deep voice rumbled through the night air. "Nine Serpent Mountain shelters factions that aided this slaughter. Why Rot use today's momentum and devel them all?"

A shard of frost glittered in Jared's eyes. "That matches my thinking. Tear the roots out, and weeds never grow back."

Flaxseed cracked his knuckles with grim anticipation. "Long overdue. Let's finish what was started."

Wrapped in Kishor's unstoppable presence, the three swept across Nine Serpent Mountain like wildfire born of thunder. Lesser

factions-once loud, proud, anal ne

snarling-crumbled the instant his hand flicked. By nightfall rivers ran scarlet. Courtyards became charnel pits. Screams that had once pledged loyalty to Blackshade Demon Palace never even formed a plea for mercy before being stamped out forever.