

# A Warrior Undefeatable

**c 5239**

"Enough chatter," Jared said, his eyes flaring with cold contempt. "Move, unless you want to die for nothing." "Arrogant wretch!" the captain roared, rushing forward with the rest of his men at his heels.

Kishor laughed—a deep, rolling boom that shook dust from the eaves. He met the charge head-on, vanishing and reappearing among the guards like a ghost.

His fists fell like meteors. Bone cracked. Armor buckled.

Thuds rang out in brutal staccato. Screams rose, then died, as bodies hit the flagstones.

When the last man slumped lifeless, Kishor wiped blood from his knuckles and kicked the crimson-lacquered gate wide open. "Pathetic," he muttered. Then, louder, "Mr. Chance, Mr. Flaxseed—after you."

The trio entered shoulder to shoulder. Every disciple who tried to stop them found the gleaming edge of the Dragonslayer Sword instead, Jared's blade carving a silver path through flesh and scale-bound vipers alike. Poison tricks and serpent sorcery meant nothing against raw, overwhelming power. By the time they reached the grand hall, blood pooled in the torchlight, and not a single challenger still drew breath.

At the far end, Seraphina reclined upon a throne, her lips pressed into a thin, poisonous line. Flanking her stood dozens of Earthly Immortal Realm cultivators— every one summoned for this very reckoning. "Jared. Flaxseed," she said, her voice icy. "You dare storm my sect? I should have finished you on Serpentcoil Mountain instead of showing mercy."

"No more excuses," Flaxseed hissed, fury blazing in his eyes. "You helped butcher my clan. Tonight, blood pays for blood." Seraphina laughed, low and scornful. "Look around, old man. I am a fourth-tier Earthly Immortal Realm and command an army. None of you are leaving this mountain alive."

"Is that so?" Kishor stepped forward. A torrent of power ripped from him, heavier than a falling mountain-seventh-tier Earthly Immortal Realm at its razor edge. Air trembled; lantern flames guttered. Seraphina's warriors went pale, gasping as the weight of his aura crushed their chests.

"S-Seventh tier?" Seraphina stammered, terror widening her eyes. She had never dreamed they would bring a titan of such caliber.

"Move," Kishor barked, springing toward the throne while the hall still quaked beneath his might, "and let's finish this."

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Kishor blurred a

courtyard-one heartbeat, he stood

beside Jared, the next his fist exploded against the chest of a third-tier Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator, hurling the man through shattered pillars and into darkness.

Another circle of experts charged, brandishing blades and talismans. Kishor's answer was ruthless and elegant. A single sweeping arc of his arm broke ribs, crushed knuckles, and sent bodies skidding across the blood-slick tiles. Panic rippled through the Crimson Coin Sect as the warlord stalked forward like a living storm.

Jared pivoted toward Seraphina, Dragonslayer Sword flashing gold in his grip. Realizing her disadvantage, the woman in red tried to flee, but the sword's incandescent edge blocked every retreat, hemming her in with lethal light.

"Going somewhere?" Jared's voice dropped to a chill murmur. Gold-lined sword energy crashed down, carving the smoky air into ribbons while it chased Seraphina's scarlet figure.

She parried in desperation, yet each clash drove her backward. Cuts blossomed across her arms, then her ribs-dark blood soaking through silk until her crimson robe was almost black.

Within moments, the famed demoness was staggering, breath ragged, eyes wide with dawning fear.

Off to the side, Flaxseed dealt with the remaining disciples. His fluttering talisman scripts sliced the air like a reaper's scythe; each flick of his wrist snuffed another life. The Flaxseed clan's debt, he vowed, would be repaid in blood.

The clash ended as swiftly as it began. Kishor alone annihilated every Earthly Immortal Realm defender of the Crimson Coil Sect.

Seraphina collapsed beneath Jared's final strike, battered beyond recognition, breath whisper-thin as she slumped onto broken flagstones.

"Seraphina," Flaxseed crooned, stepping through corpses until his shadow fell across her face. "Surprised the day finally came? When you butchered my clan, did you never consider retribution?"

She lifted her head with painful effort. Terror and bitterness pooled in her gaze. "Flaxseed... you can't kill me. I serve Venom Valley on level five. Touch me and they will hunt you forever!"

"Venom Valley?" Flaxseed laughed short, cruel, resolute. "After I finish avenging my people, I'll settle accounts with them as well. Worry about yourself first, Seraphina."

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Jared remembered Varek's warning-Venom Valley had aided the slaughter of the Flaxseed clan. Now, to his grim satisfaction, the dying woman before them proved the rumor true.

Flaxseed seized Seraphina by the hair and dragged her across shattered masonry as though hauling a carcass. He disappeared into a side hall.

For several hours, the palace echoed with her screams, then pleas, then faint whimpers—until silence reigned.

Flaxseed finally emerged, clothes drenched crimson yet smiling with savage peace. "It's done," he announced. "The demoness has paid in full for my kin."

Jared inclined his head. "The Crimson Coil Sect lies in ashes. Now we wait for Varek's next message."

The trio quit Serpentcoil Mountain and found a secluded ravine. Inside the Pentacarna Tower, they mended their wounds.

Days of relentless combat had drained their spiritual energy reserves. Kishor joined Flaxseed in celebratory drinking, mugs clashing beneath starlight.

Jared, however, sat cross-legged apart, channeling quiet streams of power through his meridians. Beyond level five awaited trials far harsher; his strength had to rise before he faced them.

Three days slipped by like mist at dawn.

Rejuvenated, Jared, Flaxseed, and Kishor descended upon Blackshade Demon Palace once more. Yet the massive iron gates yawned unattended, torches guttered out, and not a

single guard patrolled the courtyard. An unsettling hush pressed against their ears, as though the fortress itself were holding its breath.

Jared paused at the foot of the palace steps, a deep crease cutting across his brow. "Something's wrong," he muttered. "Hear that silence?" Flaxseed felt it too. He strode forward and kicked the massive doors.

The impact boomed, then rolled away into an eerie stillness. "Varek Underwood!" he bellowed. "I'm here; show your face!"

The echo died without an answer. Inside, the throne hall lay hollow.

Dried blood stained the marble, and cobwebs draped the corners like funeral veils, as though no living breath had stirred here for ages.

"Where is everybody?" Flaxseed scratched his scalp. "Did the rat bolt while we were on the road?" Calvin drifted deeper, fingertips grazing an altar stripped bare. Scrolls were gone, jewels vanished-every trace of value had been carried off with methodical care.

"We've been played!" The realization drained the color from Calvin's face. "Varek never planned to gather intelligence for us he ran days ago."

"What?" Flaxseed's roar shook dust from the rafters. "That treacherous coffin-dodger! I'll flay him when catch him!" He stormed around the hall, cursing until his whole body trembled.

Kishor's expression darkened to iron. "So the elusive Varek thinks he can toy with us."

Calvin drew a slow breath. "Rage helps no one. He's gone, and the intel's gone with him. That means we march into level five on our own."

"Exactly!" Flaxseed growled, jaw tight. "We head for level five,

Malevolent Path Hall's outfinde

pry the souls of my kin from their cages." His teeth clicked with fury.

Kishor nodded once. "Level five is richer than level four-better resources, better chances to strengthen ourselves en route."

The decision crystallized between them in an instant.

Kishor raked open the fabric of the sky, and the three plunged into the silver fissure.

One heartbeat later they spilled out above level five.

Here, the air was dense with energy, several times richer than level four, sharp enough to sharpen every sense.

Mountains rose like titans, and the heavens painted a faint violet haze.

Calvin inclined his head. "First, shelter. Then we sniff out Malevolent Path Hall."

While they searched for lodging in level five, deep within Celestial King Palace, the leader of the Fourth Hall stood motionless at an open window.

She wore a plain white gown; black hair poured down her back like midnight water. Her face was quietly radiant, yet her gaze carried a gravity far older than her years.