

# A Warrior Undefeatable

## Chapter 5246

Lyra's brow tightened the instant Kael's name surfaced, her voice sliding out edged with frost. "Sacred Sword Manor wields considerable sway on the fifth level. They style themselves the orthodox path and dismiss our Sword Sect as mere charlatans."

She continued, "Kael in particular is insufferable. Gifted, yes, and popular among the city's younger blades, but he aims every thrust at disciples who rose from the third level like us. At the gate, he bragged he would show me 'true sword force.' I had no intention of retreating."

Jared nodded to himself. No wonder their sword intent had crackled so fiercely— years of buried resentment had simply erupted in public.

"Between Sacred Sword Manor and your Sword Sect, who truly holds the upper hand inside Swordmaster City?" he asked, curiosity sharpening his tone.

Lyra gave a faint shrug. "Hard to say. Their roots run deep and their roster is long, while we are fewer yet bolstered by seasoned veterans. When push comes to shove, neither side can outright crush the other. Among the younger generation, though, they do dominate the stage."

As they passed a smithy the clash of hammer on steel rang like bell strokes. Lyra pointed toward the open doorway. "Most swordsmen here temper their own blades. The forgers in this district are masters; patrons line up to

commission a weapon." He glimpsed racks of swords gleaming like frost beneath winter moonlight.

"Beyond that," she added, "there's a dueling platform where bouts run daily-an arena to trade techniques and broaden horizons."

"In a few weeks the city will host a grand sword tournament. Many famed blades from the fifth level will gather. You might find it worth your while."

Jared inclined his head, filing each detail away.

Lyra guided them through narrower lanes until the bustle faded behind weather- worn eaves and moss-dark tiles. The air carried the clean scent of cedar and damp herbs.

Halting before a plain courtyard gate she murmured, "My master lives here. His temper is... eccentric. Once inside, say little."

She rapped lightly on the door.

"Who is it?" an aged voice drifted out. "It's me, Lyra, Master," she replied. At the invitation to enter, she slid the gate aside and ushered Jared and Flaxseed across the threshold.

The courtyard brimmed with orderly vegetable beds, and an old man in coarse linen, hoe in hand, worked the soil like any farmer. Not a hint of cultivator's aura stirred the morning calm.

Lyra bowed low, sunlight gilding the raven sheen of her hair. "Master," she said, her voice a soft blend of deference and anticipation, "I have brought two friends who wish to pay their respects."

The elderly man turned, gnarled hands still resting on the worn handle of his hoe. Though his pupils were clouded with age, the gaze he leveled at the newcomers felt as penetrating as moonlight on clear water. He chuckled, a sound like dry leaves brushing stone. "Lyra, child, you spend every waking

hour sparring with phantoms. Since when do you bring visitors back to my humble patch of earth?"

Color touched Lyra's cheeks. "Master, this is Jared. He has learned our Sword Sect's style."

A quick gleam cut through the elder's milky eyes. He tipped his head, appraising Jared as though weighing steel. "Oh? The art of our sect? Show me a stroke, lad just enough to wet my memory."

Jared hesitated, unwilling to boast. Yet the elder's quiet authority hinted at answers only a true swordsman could offer. Perhaps he can tell me what the ruins left unsaid.

Drawing a controlled breath, Jared summoned the Dragonslayer Sword from the shimmer of his aura. Without flourish or fanfare, he released a single cut-clean, unhurried, almost conversational.

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The blade's path seemed unremarkable, yet a hidden cadence rippled out like drifting clouds after summer rain-precisely the first motion of the Flowing Cloud salvaged from the Sword Sect's fallen shrine.

The elder's eyes flared bright, banishing their haze. His breath caught. "Excellent truly the Flowing Cloud form!"

"You have only sampled its surface," he said, awe twining with delight, "but the spirit is faultless better than Lyra has yet managed." Lyra puffed her cheeks in quiet protest yet offered no rebuttal; the verdict rang true.

Setting his hoe aside, the elder stepped close, studying Jared's posture the way a jeweler studies light through crystal. "Where did you learn that stroke? Speak plainly."

Jared knew subterfuge would crumble beneath those eyes. "Within a ruin on level three of the heavens," he confessed. "I didn't realize it once belonged to the Sword Sect."

Sorrow lined the elder's face. "So the old gate has become a ruin," he murmured. "Once we stood among the greatest in the third heaven-now reduced to dust and rumor." He exhaled heavily. "Come inside. We will speak there."

They entered a simple cottage: one rough-hewn table, a scattering of chairs, air scented with dried tea leaves still clinging to memory.

Pouring three cups, the elder offered a faint smile. "My name is Corin Morden," he said. "I was once the sect leader of the Sword Sect. When calamity struck, I escaped the third level with a handful of disciples, preserving a thread of our bloodline."

Jared and Flaxseed exchanged startled glances; the old gardener had just revealed himself as a legend.

Jared leaned in. "Mr. Corin, do you know of the Malevolent Path Hall?"

At the name, Corin's expression hardened like frost on iron. "Why chase those devils?"

"They helped butcher the Flaxseed clan," Jared said, his voice low and flint-edged. "They harvested the souls of his kin. We intend to bring them home-and take vengeance."

Flaxseed's usual grin vanished. "Please, Mr. Corin," he pleaded, eyes bright with unshed fury, "help us free those souls. Let us avenge the clan!" This content belongs to findnovel.net

Corin fell silent, weighing purpose against peril. "On the fifth level their power is vast," he said at last. "They traffic in souls, cultivate forbidden arts, and most factions keep their distance. Reprisal will not be easy."

Jared closed his fingers around the steaming cup. "Hard or not, we have to try."

Jared's gaze burned with unshakable resolve. "If I can uncover even a single branch of Malevolent Path Hall, I'll stake my life to drag the Flaxseed clan's lost souls back into the light." Corin studied that fire, then gave a low chuckle and a nod. "Good spine, lad. But their satellite halls hide deep, walls thick with guards. You and Flaxseed alone won't cross that threshold."

"Then do you happen to know where one of those branches is?" Jared asked, hope flickering in his voice. Corin shook his head. "Not precisely. Malevolent Path Hall moves in shadows. Only their inner circle keeps the maps."

"Is there anyone who might know?" Jared pressed, refusing to yield to disappointment.

Corin tapped the air as though arranging memories. "In Swordmaster City stands Whispers Tower. They sell rumors the way smiths sell iron. Pay enough and perhaps a floor clerk will whisper Malevolent Path Hall's location."

"Just remember," he added, voice lowering, "the tower answers to powers even I can't read, and truth is a slippery coin. Step carefully."

Jared rose and bowed. "Thank you, Mr. Corin. We'll head there at once."

"Hold on." Corin's calm voice stopped them at the gate. "Your gift with a blade is rare. Why not pledge it to Sword Sect? Our ranks are thin. Even so, we can feed your training with manuals and ore, and with our sigil on your chest, no one in Swordmaster City would dare lay a hand on you."

Jared blinked, caught off guard by the offer. "I appreciate the kindness, sir, but vengeance is all I can see right now my feet wouldn't stay in a practice hall." Original content can be found at [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Corin stroked his snow-flecked beard; the smile held, but his eyes sharpened. "You fear being dragged into the feud between Sword Sect and Sacred Sword Manor. Yet every cut you make bears our lineage, and I refuse to watch that gift wither unread."

He stepped aside, clearing the courtyard's heart. Somewhere along the way, a plain wooden sword had appeared in his hand—its battered grain spoke of years of battles and lessons whispered in splinters. "Come. Just a light spar. Survive a hundred moves or score a single touch, and I'll never mention recruitment again. The gate will open for you that very moment."

Jared's brow knitted; the last thing he wanted was to cross blades with the former sect leader, yet Corin's stance said the debate was over. He glanced at Flaxseed, found only helpless resignation in the older man's eyes, and sighed. "Sir, my strength is meager; I fear it will disappoint."

"Do your best—nothing more." Corin flicked his wrist, the wooden tip tracing a lazy arc toward the flagstones. "Begin."

Jared drew the Dragonslayer Sword; the blade hummed like a caged dragon, spilling rivulets of gold light across the dusk. No retreat now. Only forward. He centered his breath, then burst forward in a cascade of footwork. The sword energy flowed like spring water, merging strike after strike into an unbroken river aimed at Corin.

Corin's eyes brightened high above his calm smile. "Good." The old master lifted the wooden sword. The motion seemed unhurried, yet every time Jared's

blade darted in, the timber barrier was already there, filling the gap a heartbeat before impact.

Steel rang against wood in an unending rhythm. No matter how fast the Dragonslayer Sword danced, it never slipped past that living shield.

In Corin's grip, the weathered stick became many things: now the gnarled roots of an ancient oak, immovable; now a silver serpent lashing out with startling speed.

After dozens of exchanges, sweat beaded on Jared's brow, and astonishment pounded in his chest like an extra heartbeat.

Jared sensed it at once-Corin was holding back. Every parry from the elder's plain wooden sword arrived in exactly the right place, dissolving Jared's momentum without leaving so much as a scratch. The rhythm felt less like combat and more like a master demonstrating where a student's blade should flow.

"Mr. Corin, if you keep restraining yourself, I may as well admit defeat right here," Jared said after withdrawing the Dragonslayer Sword and taking a measured step back.

Corin let a quiet smile crease his weather-worn face. "Very well. Allow me to show you the true heart of the Sword Sect technique."

He blurred forward. The wooden blade rode a tidal swell of power that swallowed the training ground. The strike looked harmless, almost casual, yet Jared felt the world narrow-there was nowhere to run. He brought the Dragonslayer Sword across his body.

The clash rang out like a cathedral bell. An avalanche of force surged through Jared's arms, nearly ripping the weapon from his fingers. He staggered backward again and again, blood and breath tumbling inside his chest.

Abruptly, Corin lowered his left hand, now wielding the wooden sword with only his right. "One hand," he said lightly. "Try again."

Defiance flashed across Jared's eyes. He leapt forward, threading every note of Floating Cloud Swordplay with the sword intent he had nurtured in lonely hours. Golden light sprayed from his blade like shards of dawn.

Yet even one-handed, Corin's defense felt like iron walls layered behind bronze gates. Each time Jared struck, he found himself slipping into danger created by the elder's effortless ripostes.

After dozens of exchanges, Corin's wooden sword flicked upward and tapped the spine of the Dragonslayer Sword with surgical precision. Jared's wrist went numb; steel spun from his grip and landed point-first in a patch of vegetable beds with a harsh clang.

Jared stood frozen, staring at his empty hands, a storm of humiliation, awe, and reluctant admiration swirling inside. Is this what the summit of swordsmanship truly looks like, that I cannot challenge even one of his hands despite burning through my own spirit?

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"Convinced now?" Corin asked, slipping the wooden sword behind his back, eyes twinkling.

Jared drew a slow breath and bowed. "Your swordplay borders on the divine. I accept my inferiority."

"In that case," Corin replied, "about joining Sword Sect—"

"Corin, I—" Jared began, but Corin flashed forward and pressed a palm to the younger man's shoulder. A warm yet irresistible surge of energy poured into Jared's body. Heat seared his skin.



He glanced down. A faint, gold sword-shaped sigil now shimmered on his shoulder.

"That is the disciple's imprint of Sword Sect," Corin said, voice leaving no room for protest. "From this moment, you are ours. With your talent, you will serve as the leader. Lyra's temper runs hot; guide the sect's affairs in her stead." The source of this content is findnovel.net

Lyra, who had been watching wide-eyed, broke into a radiant smile and offered Jared a graceful bow.

Jared opened his mouth, stared at the indelible mark on his shoulder, then at the hope shining in Corin's gaze, and finally released a helpless sigh. He understood -he had just been recruited by force.

Still, Corin's dominance carried no malice; every gesture brimmed with respect and sincere intent to cultivate him. That, at least, he could feel.

"Very well," he murmured, the sigh slipping from his chest like a reluctant promise.

Jared Chance let out a small, resigned laugh. "Since you insist so firmly, Elder, I have no choice but to do as you ask."

Corin's answering laughter rang like tempered steel. "With you in our Sword Sect, its fame will climb higher than any peak. Lyra, guide our guests to Whispers Tower -you know every shortcut."

"My thanks, sir," Jared said, offering a respectful bow.

Under the rust-red maples, Lyra set off at a brisk pace, Jared and Flaxseed falling in behind her. A hush lay over the courtyard, yet in the distance the city's eastern lanes stirred with morning voices and bells.

They turned a corner and nearly collided with several Sword Sect disciples in emerald uniforms. At their head strode a handsome young man whose gem-inlaid scabbard announced old family privilege.

His eyes lit up the instant he saw Lyra. "Lyra, perfect timing! I just acquired a slab of cold-iron. Walk with me to the Forge Hall? We might coax a first-rate blade from it."

He paused, frowning as he noticed Jared and Flaxseed. "And these two would be -?"

Lyra shifted aside and pointed to Jared, her voice calm yet unarguable. "This is Jared Chance. From today, he is our sect's leader. And this is Flaxseed, a close friend of Jared's."

The younger disciples traded bewildered glances, disbelief etched on every face.

Julian Leigh-the gallant youth-let out a short laugh, openly sizing Jared up. "You're joking, Lyra. A mere Wandering Immortal as our leader? Our sect may have dimmed, but not that far."

He stepped close, releasing the oppressive aura of a third-tier Earthly-Immortal. "Boy, whatever back door you slipped through, it still has to pass us. Take three moves from me, and I'll call you my leader. Dare you try?"

The other disciples chimed in as well. "Exactly! Julian is one of the best among our generation—if even he isn't qualified to be the head disciple, how can some outsider be given the position?"

Flaxseed rolled his shoulders, ready to speak, but Jared's raised hand settled him with effortless quiet.

"Challenge me? You're not even qualified," Jared said, without so much as lifting an eyelid.

Rage flashed across Julian's face. "Arrogant fool-die!" He reached for his sword.

A single flash of silver-too fast to follow-split the air. A soft hiss. One black strand of Julian's hair drifted down and landed in his open palm.

Time seemed to freeze. Julian remained locked in mid-draw, anger still stamped on his features, eyes now wide with raw fear. His friends stood gaping; none had seen Jared move.

Jared stood where he was. He merely flicked imaginary dust from his sleeve, as though nothing of interest had occurred.

Lyra's mouth curved in a barely visible smile. "Master appointed Jared as the head disciple for a reason, Julian. It might be wise to learn from him."

Without waiting for a reply, she gestured to Jared and Flaxseed. "Come-we've wasted enough daylight." The three of them strode on, leaving the stunned disciples to piece their pride back together.

Jared inclined his head, a quiet signal of assent, and strode after Lyra with Flaxseed hurrying at his side. Behind them, the Sword Sect novices finally snapped out of their trance, only to discover their legs trembling beneath them.

Julian stared at the single strand of hair resting in his palm. Icy sweat burst across his back as the truth hit him-death had brushed past and chosen to spare him. If Jared's target had been his throat instead of that lock of hair, Julian would already lie cold and limp upon the stones.

"J-Julian," one of the juniors stammered. "W-what on earth did he just do?"

Julian drew a slow, quivering breath. "I don't know," he admitted, the words shaking free of a tight chest. "But with speed and accuracy like that, the lot of us together wouldn't last a heartbeat against him." This chapter is updated by find\*\*novel.net

They stared blankly at one another, unable to muster even a word. The whole situation was strange.

"Lyra," Flaxseed muttered while they walked, his curiosity gnawing louder than his hunger, "can we trust this place they call Whispers Tower? Could be a swindle, couldn't it?"

"Hard to say." Lyra shook her head, raven hair brushing her shoulders. "I've never set foot inside, so truth and rumor wear the same mask to me. We'll only know once we try."

Guided by Lyra's sure stride, they soon arrived at Whispers Tower. The structure rose like an obsidian spear against the sky-sheer, silent, and vaguely menacing. Two black-clad guards flanked the entrance, their hawk-sharp eyes tracking every passer-by.

Jared took a deep breath and led Flaxseed beneath the shadowed lintel.

A breath of sandalwood greeted them inside, gentle yet insistent, and the gloom

of the exterior dissolved into extravagant splendor. Thick carpets swallowed their footfalls. A giant jade table commanded the central hall, encircled by elegant attendants in silk gowns, each as poised as a swan mid-glide.

One attendant stepped forward, her smile polished to a mirror shine. "Honored guests, what knowledge do you seek?"

"The location of Malevolent Path Hall's branch," Jared answered without preamble. The smile on the woman's face faltered-only for a heartbeat-before

she regained her flawless composure.

She let her gaze sweep over Jared and Flaxseed, weighing their courage.

"Information on Malevolent Path Hall is costly and perilous. Are you certain you wish to proceed?"

"We are," Jared said. "Name your price."

"The exact coordinates will be one million celestial gems."

"One million?" Flaxseed yelped. "Are you trying to rob us blind?"