

A Warrior Undefeatable 5251

"That is already the rock-bottom figure," the attendant replied, her smile never wavering. "The Hall guards its secrets savagely, and we shoulder immense risk retrieving them. The price is fair." This text is hosted at Find~Novel.net

Jared's brow tightened. Damian had given him exactly one million celestial gems, a fortune that still felt painfully finite-and there was no guarantee these words were genuine.

"If the intel proves false?" he asked.

"Whispers Tower trades in trust," she said firmly. "Should the information fail you, we refund every gem."

Jared thought for a moment, then nodded. "Very well. I'll buy." He drew the heavy pouch from his storage satchel and placed the one million gems into her waiting hands.

Lyra stepped quickly in front of Jared, halting him. Her silver gaze swept toward the attendant. "Just a moment. We belong to the Sword Sect. Surely that earns us a courtesy discount?"

"The figure of one million celestial gems still rang inside her skull like a war drum. Ordinary cultivators lived and breathed by those stones; there were no secret vaults, no hidden patrons, only that auric gravel that fueled every sunrise meditation. Hand such a fortune to the Sword Sect, and the strength of every novice on the mountain would surge overnight.

So, Lyra tried to bargain. Anything to soften the blow."

The attendant-chin angled high, pride stitched into every graceful line of her posture-barely spared Lyra a glance. "Apologies. Not even the city lord himself receives a markdown."

Lyra's fingers curled, knuckles whitening. Her next breath came out in a tight hiss as indignation flared behind her eyes.

Before sharp words could fly, Jared laid a calming hand on her shoulder. "Let's finish the tally, Lyra." His tone, low and steady, smothered the sparks before they leaped to flame.

After counting the gems, the attendant passed Jared a narrow slip of paper. "The Malevolent Path Hall keeps its branch in Darkwind Gorge, west of the city. Guards patrol day and night. Proceed carefully."

Flaxseed's brows shot up. "We pay one million for that?"

To him, real intelligence should come from some vaulted chamber buried beneath Whispers Tower-senior archivists poring over dusty scrolls while candles guttered. Instead, they received a scrap of ink-stained parchment.

The attendant rolled her eyes so hard the motion nearly turned full circle. "What else do you want me warming your bed? You asked for information. I delivered."

A vein throbbed along Flaxseed's temple. If they weren't in Swordmaster City, he might have taught the attendant a lesson.

Jared unfolded the slip. Sure enough, neat strokes mapped the route to Darkwind Gorge. He tucked the note into his robe and dipped his head. "Much appreciated."

With that, he guided Flaxseed and Lyra out of Whispers Tower.

"So, Jared-straight to Darkwind Gorge?" Flaxseed asked, hopeful sparks already dancing in his eyes.

"Not yet." Jared shook his head. "Their defenses are tight. March in now, and we die before sunset. We regroup tonight, gather supplies, and scout at dawn."

Lyra exhaled a wistful sigh. "It still feels like throwing coins into a bottomless lake."

"Value's relative," Jared replied, offering a gentle smile. "They named their price, we accepted. No one forced us."

"If you're heading there tomorrow," Lyra said, concern softening her stern features, "I can summon Sword Sect disciples to stand with you."

Jared shook his head. "Best keep the party small. Spies notice crowds."

"Very well. Call on me the moment you need anything," she said before leaving.

Jared and Flaxseed returned to the inn. Beneath the lantern's weak glow Jared smoothed out a crumpled scrap of parchment, the inked arrow stabbing toward Darkwind Gorge.

While he studied every ragged contour, Flaxseed coaxed runes onto talisman paper, preparing charms.

The next morning, they donned plain coats and left quietly for Darkwind Gorge.

Darkwind Gorge lay five hundred miles beyond Swordmaster City, a forsaken scar the maps barely dared name. All year, a charcoal wind howled through its jaws, turning day to dusk and scouring brave intruders down to bone.

They cleared the city gates, determined to locate Kishor first; with him at their side, they wouldn't need to fear anything.

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"Strange-Kishor is nowhere in sight," Flaxseed muttered, scratching his sparse beard. "He didn't leave without us, did he?"

"No," Jared replied, voice quiet yet stone-sure. "If something delays him, so be it. We proceed alone."

He had complete trust in Kishor's loyalty.

With that verdict rendered, they veered straight for the black-mawed entrance of Darkwind Gorge.

Darkwind Gorge looked like a corner the world itself had renounced. Ink-dark gales whipped through the ravine, carrying sand as fine as ground obsidian that crackled against the stone like skeletal applause, a chorus of wronged spirits grieving in secret.

Flanking the entrance rose twin night-black statues-ten-story high, carved as snarling yakshas. Greenish flames smoldered in their hollow eyes, fixing every trespasser with a hunter's patience. Dried blood streaked their torsos, the iron tang still clinging to the wind. Find the newest release on find[[f](#)]ovel.net

Beyond them, sheer basalt walls clawed upward, their fissures exhaling a shrill lament that shifted from a woman's sob to a beast's roar. Above, a ceiling of charcoal clouds crushed the sky, allowing only a bruised, reluctant light to seep through.

The instant Jared's spiritual sense brushed the interior, a syrup-thick stench of blood slammed into him. Demonic aura swirled with the scent, coalescing into a wine-red mist that drifted between the rocks like something half liquid, half nightmare.

No grass survived upon that soil-only sponge-soft loam dark as coals. Every other step revealed a jagged splinter of bone, pale and obscene against the pitch. It felt as though the ground itself remembered every scream it had swallowed. Further in, a silhouette of ruined buildings emerged, erected from black stone and roofed with tiles the color of bruises. Rusted weapons and shredded tunics littered the courtyard, fluttering up whenever the gale passed, exposing a crusted floor of dried gore. The wind carried more than sand now-it carried an almost playful crunching, as if unseen teeth were working on something soft just beyond the next broken wall.

From time to time, a strangled scream leaked out, only to be severed mid-note by the gale. The demonic aura here felt hot, adhesive, greedy; every strand clung to skin like blood-heated tar.

Jared and Flaxseed hunkered behind a jagged outcrop at a neighboring saddle, spying on the mouth of the gorge. A dozen black-armored demonic cultivators paced the threshold, blades gleaming. Even the weakest radiated late-stage Earthly Immortal power; two stood stronger still.

"Sweet heavens," Flaxseed breathed, tongue clicking. "That's tighter than I feared. With just the two of us, we'd be carved open before we took three steps past those statues."

Jared answered with silence; only his narrowed eyes moved as he unfurled his spiritual sense like an invisible net, inching it deeper into the valley's diseased heart.

The valley did brim with a demonic aura, yet it felt nothing like the Malevolent Path Hall's icy brand of soul-melting darkness.

Here the energy beat like a war drum-wild, blood-hungry, and primitive-
straining against the air as though it could not wait to lap at living veins.

Jared stretched his spiritual sense across the ravine, skirting each roving patrol, hunting for the slightest trace of the Malevolent Path's emblematic sigils.

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