

A Warrior Undefeatable

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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\[find\]ovel.net](http://find[find]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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His consciousness brushed the obsidian walls of a distant black palace—and murderous intent snapped shut around him like a steel trap.

"Intruder!" a voice thundered from the depths. Instantly, several titanic energies rocketed skyward, hurtling toward the fold of rock where he and Flaxseed hid.

"We're blown," Jared hissed, yanking Flaxseed by the collar. "Move!"

They leapt just as ebony bolts hammered the hollow they had occupied, pulverizing boulders into dust that blotched the sky.

"Seize them!"

"Spying outside Darkwind Gorge-court death!"

Dozens of cultivators swarmed from the valley mouth. Their leader-a snarling Earthly Immortal demonic cultivator-closed the gap so fast the ground seemed to fold beneath his boots.

Jared and Flaxseed bolted toward Swordmaster City, every muscle burning as they poured speed into desperate flight.

Behind them howled curses, poison talismans, and razor-edged spells that carved furrows through cliff and shale, forcing last-second dives and pivots.

"These jerks sure run fast!" Flaxseed spat, flinging charms over his shoulder; blossoms of flame burst, buying a heartbeat of space.

Jared kept his senses locked on the pursuing auras, weaving through clefts and ridges. Thank the heavens we never charged straight inside. We'd have been swallowed alive.

Familiar ridgelines finally yielded to Swordmaster City's outer bulwark. Battered, scraped, and lightly wounded, the pair tumbled through the open gate. The cultivators skidded to a halt at the threshold, constrained by whatever treaty-or fear-shielded the city. After a few frustrated curses, they turned back into the wasteland's haze.

Jared and Flaxseed slumped against the granite wall, lungs heaving, sweat soaking every thread of cloth.

"D*mn," Flaxseed wheezed, swiping soot from his face. "Another inch and we'd be fertilizer."

Footsteps raced across the courtyard. Lyra was shocked at their bedraggled

state. "Jared, Mr. Flaxseed, what on earth happened to you?" Discover more novels at [Find★Novel.net](#)

Between gulps of air, Jared sketched the chase in quick strokes. Lyra's expression tightened. "At least you're alive. Come-Master wishes to see you right away."

They followed her into Corin's shaded courtyard. The elder sat beside a stone table, fingertips resting on a cooling cup of coffee. His gaze swept over the torn

sleeves and singed boots with measured calm. "You went to Darkwind Gorge, I presume?" he said quietly.

"Yes, sir," Jared answered, straightening despite the ache in his ribs.

"Darkwind Gorge feels wrong-deeply wrong." Jared folded his arms in a respectful salute, then recounted every grim sign he had sensed on that windswept path: the roiling demonic aura unlike anything Malevolent Path Hall used, the moment his presence was noticed, and the blood-chilling pursuit that followed.

Corin listened without interrupting. When Jared finished, he gave a single, knowing nod. "Exactly as I feared. Darkwind Gorge could never be a branch of Malevolent Path Hall."

"Why not?" Jared asked.

Corin's tone turned sober. "The fiends nesting there belong to the Blood Demon lineage. Their art feeds on a victim's blood-brutal, barbaric. Malevolent Path Hall devours souls, not veins. Blood Demons are vicious and vindictive. The fact that you slipped from their talons is pure luck. Had you pressed deeper, Darkwind Gorge might have become your grave."

Jared met Flaxseed's gaze. A shiver of dread passed between them, quickly melting into a flare of anger.

"Then Whispers Tower cheated us?" Flaxseed erupted. "We paid on million celestial gems and got a pack of lies!"

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Corin exhaled, almost weary. "I warned you-Whispers Tower sells rumors, not facts. They saw two strangers in a hurry and fed you the first tale that would fatten

their purse."

"Outrageous!" Flaxseed slammed his palm on the table. "We march back and make them pay. Every coin."

Jared's expression iced over. Losing the gems stung, but being toyed with stung far worse. "Elder, we'll be right back."

With that, he and Flaxseed strode out, their footsteps clipped and lethal.

Lyra glanced at Corin. "Should I stop him?"

"No," Corin replied, calm as still water. "A burnt hand learns quickest." Read complete version only at [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Moments later, they reentered Whispers Tower. The same attendant waited by the marble counter. Surprise flickered across her practiced smile when she recognized the two men, but she regained her professional poise at once. "Sirs, how may I assist you?"

"A refund," Jared said, each syllable clipped with frost. "Your information was false. Darkwind Gorge has nothing to do with Malevolent Path Hall."

The attendant's smile thinned. She shook her head politely. "Our policy is clear. Once purchased, intelligence is non-refundable."

"Policy?" Flaxseed barked a harsh laugh. "You sell lies, then hide behind fine print? I'll tear this place apart!"

The attendant did not flinch. "Mind your decorum, sir. Whispers Tower has served Swordmaster City for years. We supply information, not guarantees. Your misjudgment is not our liability. A refund is impossible."

Flaxseed lunged, fury blazing, but Jared gripped his arm, holding him back with iron restraint.

Jared's gaze sharpened into something colder than glacier ice while he studied the attendant who blocked his way. He knew violence inside Whispers Tower rarely ended well; an establishment this bold surely relied on formidable backing. "Didn't you promise that if the tip proved false, we'd receive a full refund?" Jared asked, every syllable clipped and ringing like a judge's gavel.

"Did I?" she sneered, the corner of her mouth twisting upward. "Funny, I don't recall ever handing money back. Ask around-Whispers Tower has never issued refunds."

Her head tilted higher, pride dripping from every word.

"D*mn it, she's denying it now?" Flaxseed barked, fists bunching beside his patched robe.

Beside him, Jared's eyes narrowed to razor slits, restrained anger pulsing beneath the polished floor at their feet.

"Last chance—are you refunding us or not?" The words dropped like winter hail.

"Not a chancer." Her answer came sharp as a slap.

Without looking away, Jared murmured, "Flaxseed, deal with her."

Flaxseed sprang forward like a starving tiger.

The attendant tried to summon power, but Jared's palm cut the attempt short, locking her limbs with merciless precision.

She was only a fourth-tier Earthly Immortal; their sudden coordination left her helpless.

Flaxseed descended on her, fists pounding again and again until bones cracked and breath fled. Screams ricocheted along the corridor, yet an unseen ward masked the violence; passers-by heard agony, saw nothing, and shuddered in helpless silence.

Within mere minutes, the cries fell silent. The attendant's body sagged lifeless at their feet—beaten to death by Flaxseed's wild fury.

Inside the tower, the corpse slumped onto the spotless floor, a dark pool of blood spreading outward like a blossoming rose.

Cultivators who had paused to watch recoiled as one, a chorus of sharp inhales rattling through the hall.

"They're insane-murder, right here in the open!" someone whispered, voice shaking.

"That's Whispers Tower staff they just killed. Those two must have a death wish."
"Guards, incoming!" another shouted as footsteps thundered.

Angry orders crackled, and a squad stormed from the tower's depths. At their head strode a middle-aged man in brocade-square-jawed, face dark with rage, eyes glinting like steel dipped in frost. The pressure of his aura thickened the air until every lungful felt like breathing tar.

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A dozen seasoned guards formed a seamless ring around Jared and Flaxseed, spears, sabers, and halberds overlapping like woven thorns.

"Bold, aren't you?" the man growled, each word bitten off. "In broad daylight you dare commit murder inside my tower. What do you take Whispers Tower for?"

The earlier fury drained from Flaxseed, leaving a flicker of unease, yet his tongue remained sharp. "She had it coming," he snapped. "Sell false leads, refuse repayment you call that honest trade?"

The man's lips curved into a chilling smile as his gaze drifted from the corpse back to Jared. "Whispers Tower conducts fair business, prices displayed for all to see. Swindling is beneath us."

"You people drew blades the moment a word displeased you. Unless I get a satisfactory explanation, none of you will leave Whispers Tower tonight-alive or otherwise!"

"An explanation? Certainly. We spent one million celestial gems here for directions to the Malevolent Path Hall's branch. Your attendant pointed us to Darkwind Gorge and swore the lead was airtight. In truth, the gorge belongs to the blood demons, not the Malevolent Path at all. We almost died beneath their blades. When we returned and asked for a refund, your handmaid denied everything, grew arrogant, and tried talking circles around us. Tell me how is any of that our fault?"

Though his voice never rose, the calm indictment rippled across the marble hall, reaching every onlooker. Murmurs spread as cultivators cast sidelong, questioning glances at the middle-aged manager.

"Utter nonsense!" the man barked. "Every scrap of information Whispers Tower sells is verified. You must have misread the map, blundered into Darkwind Gorge, and now wish to shift the blame-after murdering one of our staff. Preposterous!" "Misread?" Jared's gaze sharpened, cold as forged steel. "Your clerk guaranteed a full refund if the lead proved false. Now you refuse the refund and even deny the promise. Is that really how Whispers Tower does business?" The source of this content is Find_Novel(.)net

"Enough!" the man's voice cracked like a whip. "Take a life, pay with a life-law of heaven and earth. I don't care who you are. Name your sect. Surely your elders taught you not to raise chaos inside my tower."

Jared folded his hands behind his back. "Jared Chance, disciple of the Sword Sect."

The man's brow twitched. Sword Sect held some weight in Swordmaster City, just not enough to cow him. He sniffed. "And a Sword Sect badge is supposed to frighten me? In this city, your sect doesn't set the rules."

Flaxseed blurted, "You haven't a clue! Jared isn't some run-of-the-mill disciple-" The man ignored him, eyes fixed on Ethan. "You're this arrogant just because you're from the Sword Sect? Perhaps I should teach you a lesson!"

Jared sighed inwardly. So much for the prestige of the Sword Sect-clearly, their name held no weight here. He didn't want to make an enemy of Whispers Tower either. Then, another face flickered across his mind: that arrogant youth he'd crossed paths with at the city gates.

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Damian Zill had said to Jared earlier that day, "Got problems? Call me."

Now felt like the perfect time to cash in that promise.

"Damian Zill-do you know the name?" Jared asked quietly.

The man's face drained of color. "Damian Zill?"

Fear flickered in his eyes. Everyone in the surrounding provinces had heard of Damian-he fought, drank, and bullied beneath the protective shadow of his father, the lord of Yhuville City. Only fools crossed him.

Jared stepped closer, voice soft as falling snow. "He and I are buddies. Imagine how he'll react when he learns you cheated and threatened me inside his city. Do you truly wish to find out?"

Sweat beaded on the man's brow. Letting Jared walk would bruise Whispers Tower's pride, yet provoking Damian might well raze the whole building. He wavered, caught between ridicule and ruin.

Then, he clenched his jaw, forcing himself to sound braver than he felt as he barked, "So you know Damian Zill-so what? This is Swordmaster City, not his father's playground. Blood must answer for blood, debts must be paid. You killed someone, so you stay put. Either hand over your lives or cough up enough spirit-stones to cover the cost. Otherwise, forget walking out of Whispers Tower alive." He was clearly trying to keep from angering Damian too deeply while still salvaging a shred of authority, so he dangled compensation as a compromise.

Jared looked straight at the man, his voice low and even. "I'll say it again—I'm Damian's buddy. If you have any sense, return the one million you took from us, bow, and apologize. Do that, and maybe we walk away quietly. If you refuse, when

he arrives, he'll level this dump. Damian's temper is wicked, and he'd think nothing of tearing your rickety tower down brick by brick."

"You dare threaten me?" The man's face darkened. He told himself Jared was only using Damian's name as a bluff—if he backed down now, he would look spineless.

He let out a brittle laugh. "Damian Zill? He's nothing! You think Whispers Tower can be scared that easily? He isn't even here, and even if he were, none of you would leave unscathed today!" Chapters first released on Find_Novel(.)net

A cocky voice boomed in from the street. "Who just called me nothing? Step forward and repeat it to my face!"

Before the echo died, a figure hurtled through the entrance like a gale-Damian himself, flanked by several hard-eyed cronies who radiated menace.

Damian took in the circle of guards, the corpse on the floor, and Jared hemmed in at the center. He let out a cold chuckle. "Really? All this fuss over my buddy flattening a petty servant? Whispers Tower wants trouble with my people, huh?"

He strode to Jared's side, clapped him on the shoulder, and growled, "You all right? Anyone who lays a hand on you, I'll break."

The man's bravado drained away. His skin turned chalk-white. "M-Mr. Zill... What brings you here?"

Damian angled his head, eyes glittering. "If I hadn't shown up, my brother

would've been bullied to death. And remind me—were you the one who called me nothing?"

The man flapped his hands desperately. "N-No, sir. You-You must have misheard. I'd never dare."

"Liar!" one of Damian's followers roared. "We heard every word from outside—came straight from your mouth, old fool!"

Damian stepped in so close the man could feel his breath. "You're denying it? Maybe Whispers Tower shouldn't open its doors tomorrow."

Without warning, Damian's palm flashed forward—lightning fast. A dull thud. The man sailed backward like a severed kite, smashed into the wall, and crumpled, blood pouring from his lips. Life was already leaving his eyes.

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The tower guards blanched. They started forward, then froze beneath Damian's killing aura. He dusted his hands, swagger writ large. "Anyone else dissatisfied? Touch my buddy, and this is your fate. Hell, I might tear this whole shack down today!"

Jared whistled under his breath. This guy can out-brag even me.

"Do it." With a flick of his wrist, Damian signaled his crew, ready to dismantle the tower beam by beam.

An eerie voice slithered from the tower's depths. "Quite the boast. How dare you do as you please here? Think I don't exist?"

Footsteps squelched across the blood-stained floor, and a fat woman waddled into view. Folds of flesh crowded her face, forcing her features into a grotesque knot, yet the aura rolling off her was immense, the unmistakable pressure of a seventh-tier Earthly Immortal. In her presence, the air seemed to thicken, daring anyone to keep breathing.

Damian lifted one imperious brow. "Who do you think you are to interfere with my fun?"

Across the marble floor stood Alice Pudge, the owner of the tower. A slow, frosty laugh rippled from her throat. "Owner of this information hub, that's who. Swordmaster City isn't Yhuville City. Believe it or not, boy, someone here can still break you."

Damian flicked dust from his brocade sleeve. "Ugly hag, shut it. My father is the lord of Yhuville City. Touch a single hair and he'll march his troops over, level this shabby pile, and feed your carcass to the crows."

"City lord?" She uttered the words like a private joke, eyes glinting. "Means nothing to me. If he comes, I'll beat him too."

Her last word had barely faded when she moved.

Flesh blurred into motion. Despite her girth, she became a cannon-ball of muscle and momentum, rocketing straight at Damian.

Shock flickered across the young lord's face. Spiritual energy flared around him in a frantic shield, yet his fifth-tier Earthly Immortal strength paled against hers.

Three dull thuds—each like a drum of war—drove him stumbling backward, ribs shuddering beneath invisible hammers. His screams ricocheted through the hall. NEW NOVEL chapters are published on [find\[N\]ovel.net](http://find[N]ovel.net)

One final kick crashed into his chest. Damian sailed across polished stone, skidded, and lay coughing blood, life ebbing fast.

Alice strode over, grabbed him by the collar like a scruffed kitten, and flung him through the tower doors with casual ease. "Crawl home," she said, her voice colder than winter steel. "Tell your daddy that if you try raising hell here again, it won't end nearly so kindly."

With Damian dispatched, Alice pivoted. Her stare settled on Jared and Flaxseed like a serpent studying prey. "One fool down," she hissed. "Now for you two. You murdered my people, then thought help would drop from the sky? Childish."

"Flaxseed's knees wobbled. If Damian fell so easily, what hope had they?

Jared, however, drew a steady breath, fingers tightening around the Dragonslayer Sword. Retreat was gone; only battle remained.

He knew the day's blood-price was unavoidable."

Slice's grin stretched, cruel and hungry. "A moment ago, that tongue of yours never stopped. Sword Sect disciple, Damian's ally—none of it matters here. Ready to die?"

She advanced one heavy step at a time. Her aura pressed outward until the very air congealed. Breath left lungs throughout the hall; spectators froze, unsure whether the two men would leave alive. Then she blurred—ghost-swift, mountain-strong—charging with a pressure so dense the timbers above groaned.

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"Courting death!" Jared's eyes flashed silver. He unleashed every drop of

seventh-tier Wandering Immortal energy he possessed; his aura leaping sky-high.

There was no road back—only forward.

The Dragonslayer Sword sang from its sheath. A white-hot arc cleaved upward

like a meteor cutting night, all of Jared's spirit forged into a single, desperate stroke.

Alice snorted. "An ant shaking an oak." She neither dodged nor flinched, simply

slapped her fan-sized hand straight into the falling sword light.

Boom!

Steel kissed flesh. Thunder detonated. A hurricane of force burst outward, hurling

dust, candlesticks, and terrified onlookers in every direction. Those of weaker cultivation tumbled backward, eyes wide with the horror of power beyond their ken.

The moment the Dragonslayer Sword met Alice's palm, a force like a collapsing

mountain rushed up the blade. His arms went numb, the web of his hand split open, and warm blood spattered the steel.

It felt as if a rampaging demon beast had slammed straight into his chest. He staggered back more than thirty paces before he could dig in his heels. A bitter,

metallic taste rose in his throat. The blood wanted out; he forced it down with a
a
snarl.

Alice drew back her lips in a thin, merciless smile. "Is that truly the extent of
your
skill, boy?"

Before the last syllable faded, her bulk blurred. She re-appeared in front of
Jared,
the other hand sweeping sideways with a cutting wind that promised to crush
him
in one blow.

"That's it—he's finished!"

"A mere seventh-tier Wandering Immortal can't hope to hold out against a
seventh-tier Earthly Immortal!"

"What a stubborn spirit, shame about the gap in power."

A ring of cultivators at the foot of Whispers Tower gasped and muttered,
their Latest content published on findnovel.net
voices tumbling over one another. Flaxseed's eyes burned scarlet. He lunged
forward to help, but Whispers Tower guards blocked the path with crossed
halberds. He could only roar while Alice's massive palm whistled toward
Jared.

In that life-and-death instant, madness flashed behind Jared' eyes. Rather
than
retreat, he twisted his torso, letting the lethal arc skim past his ribs while his

Dragonslayer Sword darted up like a silver serpent and stabbed for the woman's

exposed underarm.

He risked a grave wound for one vicious opening. Alice clearly had not expected

such ferocity. Surprise flickered across her broad face. She tried to yank her palm

back to block, a heartbeat too slow.

Slash!

Cold light streaked by. The sword failed to reach bone, yet still carved a deep gash along her arm, and fresh blood spilled down her sleeve.

"You wretch!" Pain twisted her features into something bestial. A seventh-tier Wandering Immortal had not only survived two of her strikes but drawn her blood

—intolerable humiliation. Her roar shook the tiles.

She launched a storm of palms, each shadowed strike sealing every path of escape. Air cracked, the ground quivered, and the sky itself seemed to sag under

the weight of her fury.

Jared gritted his teeth. With flawless footwork and sheer will, he threaded through

that hurricane of power. New cuts opened across his shoulders and thighs; blood

drenched his tunic, clinging dark and heavy. Yet his gaze only grew brighter—an

unyielding gleam that insisted, I will not bow, I will not break.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

"Steel rang against flesh-hard palms again and again. Every impact rattled Charles's organs, but each time, he found an eyelash-wide gap to survive.

One exchange, two, three... ten full rounds. Unbelievably, Jared had weathered

ten of Alice's killing blows."

Silence cracked around the courtyard, then shattered into awe. Even the guards

of Whispers Tower gaped. No one had imagined a seventh-tier Wandering Immortal could last so long beneath the tower lord's hands; it rewrote everything

they thought they knew.

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"How-how is this real?"

"A Wandering Immortal matching an Earthly Immortal for ten volleys—he's a monster!"

"With determination and power like that, his future is limitless!"

The murmurs swelled into a tide of reverence. Every eye followed the battered swordsman now, wide with shock-and grudging respect.

Eleventh strike. Alice's enormous palm finally slipped past Jared's desperate guard and slammed into his chest.

"Ugh-" The sound burst from him with a mouthful of dark blood. He shot backward like a severed kite, smashed into the stone wall, and slid to the floor, limp and silent.

Flaxseed's eyes bulged with panic. "Jared!" he cried, thrashing against the guards who pinned his arms, their armor creaking as they forced him to stay where he was.

Bent over and panting, Alice stared at the crumpled figure she had just crushed. Conflicting emotions flickered across her face-victory soured by the sting on her own arm.

She had needed far too long to subdue a mere seventh-tier Wandering Immortal, and the scratch he left behind only deepened her humiliation. Step by deliberate step, she approached, intent on finishing the job.

"Enough." The single command rolled in from beyond Whispers Tower like distant thunder. A column of Sword Sect disciples marched through the doorway, silver robes flashing. Corin strode at their head, Lyra at his side.

The moment Lyra saw Jared motionless on the tiles, all color drained from her cheeks. Corin swept the wrecked hall-Alice's wound, Jared's blood, shattered furniture-and his gaze went glacial.

"Well, Madam Pudge-such magnificence," Corin said, voice calm yet edged with authority. "A disciple of mine is beaten half to death inside your tower? I assume there is an explanation."

Alice's smirk faltered; she knew the tales of Corin's depthless sword force. Both of them were Earthly Immortals, yet she couldn't guarantee a win. Still, with the momentum on her side, she refused to yield.

"Corin, your boy went on a killing spree in my tower," she answered coldly. "I merely offered some discipline. Is that not allowed?"

"A killing spree?" Corin snorted. "There is always a reason where Jared is concerned. Let us end it here. Whatever damage your tower suffered, the Sword Sect will pay ten thousand celestial gems." Follow current novels on find♦novel.net

He kept his tone even; this was not his territory, and he had no wish for outright

war.

Alice's lips curled. "Ten thousand? Are you tossing coins at beggars? My loss isn't a broken vase and a maid-my reputation lies in tatters."

"Name your price," Corin said, patience fraying.

"One million," she answered sweetly, then pointed at the unconscious man. "And he crawls over to beg for my mercy. Perhaps then I'll spare his life."

Lyra's composure shattered. "You're beyond cruel!" she shouted, fists trembling at her sides. Jared was already drenched in blood, yet Alice demanded further humiliation.

Corin's eyes darkened. "So you choose to stand against the Sword Sect?"

Alice lifted her chin, fearless in the ruin she'd caused. "Against you, against your sect-it makes no difference. Either meet my terms or prepare for consequences."

Corin nodded once, the motion crisp as a drawn blade. "Very well," he said, a lethal spark igniting behind his calm mask. "Allow me to test your skills-with my sword."

Before the last syllable could even fade, Corin moved. His silhouette shuddered. A pressure heavier and fiercer than Alice's rolled across the hall. A plain-looking longsword materialized in his grip, and its first flash drove straight for her chest with murderous precision.

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"Splendid just what I wanted!" Alice barked a laugh that shook the rafters. She surged forward, her dinner-plate hand swinging down like an avalanche to meet the descending sword.

Steel and flesh collided with a metallic scream. Clang!

The shock wave blossomed outward, splintering windows, toppling tables, and hurling weaker disciples against the fractured walls of Whispers Tower. Within that maelstrom, the two masters fused into a single blur, neither yielding an inch.

Corin's sword art unfolded like living calligraphy. One moment, the blade danced light as sunlight on water, darting away before an eye could track it. The next it struck with thunderous finality, raw power crashing through the air in

unstoppable surges. Every stroke dripped with ages of sword force insight, and the gathered disciples of Sword Sect felt blood roar hot through their veins.

Alice answered with brute grandeur. Her style was an open gate-sweeping, battering, magnificent. Backed by the durability of an Earthly Immortal, she met the sword head-on, each palm strike packed with enough force to make the very air tremble.

Blade light and palm shadows intertwined, turning day to storm-tossed night. Roars echoed without pause; tables exploded to sawdust, pillars split, and the ancient tower shuddered on its groaning beams. Spectators scrambled into the courtyard, forced back by the violence, and wonder stamped across every face.

"Good heavens, so this is what a duel between Earthly Immortals looks like it's terrifying!"

"Corin lives up to every rumor. That swordplay is unbelievable!"

"And Madam Pudge? Her flesh is absurd. She's catching those blades bare-handed!"

The contest raged on and on; by the time someone bothered to count, the pair had already crossed three hundred exchanges without a clear victor.

At last, fatigue bled through their poise. Corin's tunic hung in ribbons where her palm wind had sliced him, and fresh blood traced a stubborn line from the corner of his mouth.

Alice fared no better; crimson welts, some cut to bone, wept across her barrel chest, and her breath came ragged. Both warriors had spent oceans of strength for the right to still stand.

Gasping, Alice grinned through blood-streaked teeth. "So this is the extent of your power, Corin?"

Her eyes burned with savage delight. "Then allow me to show the Sword Sect what real strength feels like!"

Power exploded from her frame once more, a tide of raw energy pulled from some hidden reserve.

Corin's expression hardened; every muscle screamed that the edge of his limit loomed.

Her body is iron. My technique alone won't finish this fight. He gathered the last of his strength around the sword hilt, knuckles whitening.

With a roar, Alice cried, "Blood Demon Dance!" The wounds across her bulk boiled; her own blood whirled free, orbiting her like scarlet comets.

Her body swelled, muscle plates stacking until she seemed more beast than woman.

"Sword Sect secret technique-Assembly of the Swords!" Corin could feel the terrifying power aimed straight at him and knew he was in danger. He fused every droplet of energy into the blade, white light trembling along its edge.

A thousand razor streams burst from his body, weaving overhead into a single titanic sword shadow. It swung downward with the fury of a world ending, cleaving straight for the blood-drenched titan that was Alice. This update is available on FindNovel.net

The crimson whirlwind slammed into the titanic sword shadow, and the impact cracked the heavens with a blast that sounded like worlds colliding.

Boom!

Beneath that single detonation, Swordmaster City lurched on its foundations. Whispers Tower collapsed into rubble, surrounding blocks sagged, and a dark shroud of dust rolled outward like a tidal wave. Every cultivator lining the streets froze, lungs locked, eyes pinned to that swirling curtain. Only after what felt like a lifetime did the haze begin to thin, surrendering the battlefield to sight once more.

As the last wisps drifted skyward, two figures emerged. Corin wavered on his feet, one hand gripping his longsword like a crutch. His face had blanched to the color of bone, fresh blood slipping from the corner of his mouth with every shallow breath. His aura—once sharp enough to carve granite—now flickered so faintly it seemed a candle about to die.