

A Warrior Undefeatable

c 5261-5270

Alice looked little better. The blood-red current that had swirled around her body was gone, her frame shrunken back to its usual breadth. She stood bruised and caked in gore, breaths ragged—yet she still stood.

"Corin, you've lost," she rasped, pride gleaming through the ruin of her voice. Corin's answer was a silent, bitter stare; he could only accept the verdict etched across the battlefield.

Disciples from the Sword Sect rushed in, steadying Corin with trembling arms. Rage blazed in their eyes, but despair weighed down every gesture—they all knew that if their master had fallen, their blades were nothing more than offerings to death.

Alice's gaze swept past them and locked onto Jared, sprawled amid broken masonry. Murder flashed behind her pupils. "Time to finish the last loose thread."

She took one deliberate step, then another, toward the wounded man.

Lyra stumbled into her path, knees knocking, but spine held straight. "Y-You can't touch him!"

Alice barked a laugh. "Out of my way, child."

With a casual flick of her sleeve, a harsh gust hurled Lyra aside, her cry swallowed by the rushing wind.

Just as her palm arced toward Jared's skull, a strained yet unbroken voice rose from the rubble. "I... I'm not dead... yet."

Jared forced himself upright, bones crunching, limbs quivering. Pain twisted his features, but a crooked smile still found room on his blood-streaked lips. "Killing me... won't be that simple."

Alice's surprise flared into fury. "Stubborn wretch! Die already!"

She raised her hand again, swinging it at Jared.

No one moved to save him-there was no one left who could. Swordsmen shouted in hopeless anguish, Lyra sobbed into her sleeves, and Corin pushed forward an inch only to sag in defeat. Alice's power-laden hand descended, a lethal gale shrieking around it, promising oblivion even to a man with nine lives.

At that final heartbeat, a broad-shouldered silhouette burst from thin air and threw itself between Jared and impending doom, placing a sturdy back against Alice's falling strike. Content originally comes from findnovel.net

"Enough!"

A deep, commanding shout cracked across the courtyard, its bass notes ringing with a finality that brooked no argument.

Alice's heavy palm halted less than an inch from Jared, suspended in the air as though time itself had frozen around her. The murderous blaze in her eyes guttered out, first to bewilderment, then to a dawning, almost childlike joy. All around, cultivators stiffened, necks turning in perfect unison toward the

newcomer.

It was none other than Kishor-the solitary warlord who had been posted outside the city walls for weeks.

Why is he here? Jared's mind raced. Just this morning, he and Flaxseed had found not even a shadow of the man.

Kishor pivoted, planting himself squarely between Jared and Alice. His gaze remained calm, yet his words rang with iron. "If you intend to kill him," he said, voice low but immovable, "you will have to kill me first."

"K-Kishor..." Alice murmured.

She stared at the sharp planes of Kishor's face, and the mask of ferocity she wore melted as though it had never existed. What replaced it was an impossible collage of bashfulness, delight, and long-banked grievance.

Her voice softened to silk, utterly at odds with the butcher's growl from moments earlier. "What are you doing here?"

This sudden change shocked everyone. Jaws dropped, dumbstruck.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Is this really the same woman who pummeled the city lord's son senseless? Look at her-she's acting like a lovesick maiden seeing the love of her life.

"Kishor frowned, clearly uncertain how to handle Alice's adoring gaze.

"I'm here to take my friend back," he said.

"Friend?" Alice repeated, as though the term itself were a sweet wine. Her eyes slid past him to Jared, then hurried back, their brightness intensifying.

Stepping closer, she flung her ample arms toward Kishor's neck. "You finally came to see me! I thought you meant to abandon me for life!"

Kishor froze; instinct begged him to dodge, but the fragile hope shining in Alice's eyes pinned him to the spot.

Smack! On tiptoe, she planted an audible kiss on his cheek, leaving behind a glossy, grease-smeared imprint.

"Ah!" Gasps rippled through the circle of cultivators, the sight striking harder than any sword aura.

Crimson flooded Kishor's face. Humiliation and fury wrestled in his eyes, yet all he could grind out was, "Alice, compose yourself!"

"I won't!" she shot back, suddenly every inch the petulant girl she had never been allowed to be. "I've loved you for years, Kishor. Why won't you let me? Do you know how it hurt-watching you hide from me all this time?"

At last, the truth fell into place. Jared and Flaxseed traded rueful looks.

So that's why Kishor refused to set foot inside the city-because waiting here is a love-struck tower owner whose devotion he can neither accept nor escape.

The moment felt absurdly perfect, a coincidence so grand it bordered on the operatic.

"Alice, the dispute between you and me can wait," Kishor said, drawing a deep breath to still the storm of color washing across his face. "Jared saved my life. I owe him everything, and tonight you will grant him safe passage-if you wish to keep me breathing at all."

"He saved your life?"

Alice blinked, curiosity softening her murderous glare as she studied Jared with new interest.

"Without him," Kishor declared, voice low yet unshakable, "I would still be trapped in that cursed stairway. If you intend to lay a hand on him, you'll have to step over my corpse first."

Seeing the unbreakable resolve in Kishor's eyes, Alice understood he was not bluffing.

Her gaze flickered, and the murderous chill evaporated-replaced by a surprising warmth, almost... eagerness.

"Why are you statues still gawking?" she barked at the shell-shocked guards lingering in the ruined Whispers Tower. "Fetch the finest healing pills this instant!"

The guards, rattled by her whiplash transformation, scrambled away in a tumble of metal and panic.

Moments later, she bustled up to Jared, baring a fearsome yet genuine grin. "Young man, forgive my rash temper. I had no idea you were Kishor's savior-please, don't take my earlier rudeness to heart."

The Sword Sect disciples and the gathered cultivators stared, thunderstruck by her one-eighty turn. Official source is findnovel.net

Jared himself looked equally stunned; the script of his day had flipped faster than he could read it.

Kishor exhaled, finally sensing a crack through which peace might slip.

"How are you feeling? Are the wounds severe?" Alice asked, her voice laced with the concern of an elder sister.

Her eyes traced every bruise and gash on Jared's body, worry pooling in their depths.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Before Jared could answer, a guard sprinted back clutching an ornate jade vial.

Alice snatched it, uncorked the lid with reverence, and tipped a perfectly round tonic pill into her palm. A rich aura spilled into the night. "My friend, this is my prized tonic pill-swallow it and your injuries will knit in moments."

Whispers rippled through the onlookers; few had ever glimpsed such a treasure, let alone seen it given away.

Jared glanced at the glowing pill, then toward Kishor.

Kishor offered a firm nod. "Accept it-she means you no harm."

Jared murmured thanks, lifted the pill to his lips, and swallowed.

Warm, surging spiritual energy cascaded through his limbs, dulling pain and stitching torn flesh with startling speed.

"Better?" Alice asked, leaning forward like a mother hen, desperate for his approval.

"Much," Jared replied. "Thank you, Madam Pudge."

"Madam? Spare me the titles!" She waved a meaty hand. "A hero to Kishor is a friend to Alice Pudge."

"From this day onward, anyone who dares trouble you in Swordmaster City will answer to me," she added, thumping her chest with pride.

Turning to Kishor, her expression melted into unexpected softness. "See? Fate introduced us the hard way. Your young friend has backbone-I like that. The three of us are family now."

Color crept into Kishor's cheeks, but he offered no objection.

Corin, Lyra, and the others stared at the absurd tableau in front of them, caught between laughter and disbelief. What seconds ago had looked like a death sentence now spun on a single entrance-Kishor-and the revelation that he and Alice shared some tangled, almost familial history.

Alice bustled over, cheeks flushed with excitement, pressing a vial of healing pills into Corin's palm while bowing with surprising grace. She ordered servants to sweep away the wreckage, then peeled off a fortune in celestial gems to reimburse every damaged stall—a gesture as lavish as it was swift.

Realizing the spectacle was over, the cultivators who had gathered drifted off in restless clusters, already whispering the day's events—tales destined to rattle through Swordmaster City for weeks.

Thus an earth-shaking clash ended in a manner at once ridiculous and strangely perfect, the curtain falling on carnage that somehow became camaraderie.

Jared watched as Alice fussed over Kishor, her girlish giggles completely at odds with her towering frame. Kishor looked like a warrior trapped in a velvet net, unsure how to escape all the attention.

While Alice busied herself planning a feast, Jared saw his chance. He gave Kishor's sleeve a quick tug and nodded toward a shadowy hallway. Kishor caught on, gave a sheepish smile, and followed. Latest content published on findnovel.net

"Kishor," Jared whispered, curiosity burning in his eyes, "what exactly is going on between you and Madam Pudge? She looks at you like a bride watching her groom."

The big man stiffened as though pricked by a needle. His gaze drifted to the busy, broad-shouldered figure in the distance—guilt, helplessness, and a hidden ache colliding behind his eyes.

After a long silence, he exhaled, voice low and rasping. "It's a long story. She and I... grew up together."

"Childhood sweethearts?" Jared's jaw dropped; the phrase clashed so violently with Alice's current image that his mind struggled to compute it.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Kishor nodded, memories flooding back. "We shared a tiny mountain village. Back then, no one called her Madam Pudge. Her name was Alice, and she was lively, bright—maybe not a great beauty, but charming enough that the elders joked we were born for each other."

His eyes softened, as though he could still see the slim girl with twin braids chasing him through rice fields, laughing, "Wait for me, Kishor!"

"We entered the city together to train. My gifts blossomed; hers... lagged. Fame gathered around me like storm clouds, and I saw new shadows in her eyes—self-doubt, fear that she no longer matched the man I was becoming. I laughed it off,

told her she was enough-but words can't fight a fear that deep." Latest content published on findnovel.net

"I never imagined she'd take such a desperate path." Kishor's voice thickened. "She found an ancient Demonic Cultivation. Power surged overnight, but at a monstrous cost. That art warps the body-flesh swells, bones distort. By the time I learned, the change had begun. She outpaced me in strength, yet her own reflection terrified her. I was shocked and furious. I demanded to know why she did it, but she just cried and said she didn't want to be left behind. She wanted to stay by my side-always-and didn't want others saying she wasn't good enough for me. Watching her exult and suffer in the same breath was like knives carving my heart. My meteoric rise had cornered her into madness, yet I couldn't accept the price she paid, nor could I deny that my ambition helped drive her there."

Kishor drew a ragged breath, fingers twisting together as though they might hide his shame. "Back then, the truth crashed over me too hard, too sudden. I had no idea how to carry it, so... I ran. I convinced myself that time would dull the pain. That one day she would see the sense behind my cowardice. I never imagined a single step of retreat would stretch into all these lonely years. While I hid, she fought. She took the name Madam Pudge, built the Whispers Tower, grew a network vast enough to shake Swordmaster City-all for one purpose: to trace the ghost I became. And I? I behaved like the faint-hearted everyone now calls me-fleeing from city to city, terrified of her ruined body, terrified of the questions in her eyes, and most of all terrified of the guilt inside my own. I knew she was here long before I reached Swordmaster City. That's why I camped beyond the walls, too scared to take a single step closer. Fear, it seems, always finds a way to win."

His voice rasped with a fatigue that bordered on self-loathing.

Jared listened in silence, a storm of conflicting emotions swirling just beneath his calm expression.

Until this moment, he had never guessed that behind Alice's fierce leer and iron-fisted rule lay a story heartbreakingly tender. Watching her now-barking orders at servants yet sneaking timid looks their way-Jared sensed that beneath the layers of flesh beat a heart both fragile and unyielding.

"Kishor," Jared began after a thoughtful pause, "I believe Alice-Madam Pudge-cares for you more than you dare imagine. Her methods may look extreme, but every move she's made was born from loving you too much, not too little."

A Warrior Undefeatable

"I know that," Kishor answered with a crooked, bitter smile. "But so many years have passed. She has become someone I scarcely recognize. Can we really step back into what we once were?"

"The past may be unreachable," Jared said steadily, "but the future is still unwritten. Running won't heal anything, and Madam Pudge's condition might not be as hopeless as it seems."

"What did you just say?" Kishor jerked his head up, a spark of hope igniting in his eyes. "Jared-do you truly have a way?"

"I can't promise miracles," Jared admitted, scratching at his hair in embarrassment. "But I can try. An ancient text I once studied described cases where Demonic Cultivation warped the body. If we locate the technique's core pattern, map its energy path, then balance it with precise medicines and counter-techniques, we might reverse the damage."

A pause later, he said, "So, Kishor, would you arrange for me to sit with Madam Pudge? I need to hear every detail of that cultivation before I can chart a cure."

Kishor wavered for a heartbeat, then nodded. "All right... thank you, Jared." He knew this could be Alice's only chance and his own chance to atone.

Not long after, Alice bustled across the courtyard, delight shining from every pore as she dragged Kishor toward the banquet hall she had ordered prepared.

"Kishor, come along! I've laid out fine wine and the best dishes. We need a proper talk-so much to say after all these years!"

Kishor glanced nervously back at Jared, who answered with a subtle nod and a reassuring wink.

"Alice... there's something I need to discuss with you. Also, Jared believes he might just might be able to help you."

Alice stiffened at the forgotten name, her ample frame trembling as tears welled instantly in her eyes.

"Help me? Help me with what?" Her voice wavered like a lantern in wind.

"Madam Pudge." Jared stepped forward, voice gentle yet steady. "Let me study the cultivation that harmed you. There may be a way to undo its effects and give you back the body you once knew."

Alice froze, then burst into laughter so loud it echoed off the courtyard walls; yet beneath the booming sound lay bitterness and rue. For more chapters visit find♦novel.net

"Restore me? Young man, don't jest. I've hunted every healer, tried every remedy. The damage this cultivation left is irreversible—I made peace with that long ago."

Jared met her gaze, voice steady. "I know this feels impossible, yet if we never try we will never know. Tell me, Madam Pudge—don't you long to be Alice again, to face Kishor with the person you truly are?"

The words slid into her heart like a key turning in an ancient lock. Her laughter snapped off. She stared at Kishor in stunned silence, yearning and disbelief warring in her widening eyes.

Of course she wanted it. Over the years, she had dreamed countless nights of becoming the delicate Alice once more, curling against her Kishor beneath the moonlit eaves. But every dawn shattered that sweetness. She would awaken to the bulk of her swollen body, and despair would pour in like icy water.

"Is there... really a chance?" she whispered. The words were faint as a mosquito's hum, yet a fragile hope fluttered within them.

"About seven-tenths, by my reckoning," he said, giving the most cautious estimate his research—and the dust-choked tomes—would allow. "But I'll need everything. Every detail about that Demonic Cultivation—the chants, the energy paths, what you felt, how your body changed."

Alice hesitated, eyes flicking to the silent encouragement in Kishor's gaze. Memories of years spent in pain and self-loathing tightened her throat. Then, with a sharp breath, she nodded. "All right! If there's even a sliver of hope, I will try—failure be damned."

A Warrior Undefeatable

Over the next few days, while nursing his own wounds, Jared spent long hours in quiet chambers with Alice, probing every corner of the Demonic Cultivation she had once embraced.

What he uncovered was ruthlessly efficient. The technique devoured ambient celestial energy—and even its user's life force—converting both into a brutal power

surge. The grotesque swelling of her body was nothing more than cells and meridians warping under that assault.

Jared, drawing on his own knowledge and insights gleaned from ancient texts, began to devote himself wholeheartedly to studying a way to break the technique.

From his cross-referenced notes, Jared identified two malignant cores of the technique: the principles of "devour" and "frenzy." If he could introduce a gentler force to calm the frenzy, then reverse the current, there was a chance the damaged flesh could begin to heal-slowly, piece by piece.

He drafted an extensive list of herbs and treasures-many so rare they existed now only in footnotes-each chosen for its soothing, balancing virtue. Without a word of complaint, Alice unleashed every contact she possessed, scouring markets and hidden vaults. Kishor never left her side; in that shared purpose, the walls between them began to crumble.

Several days later, the last petal and shard were delivered. The impossible inventory was complete. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find-novel.net

Inside a sealed chamber beneath Whispers Tower, Jared traced gleaming sigils across the stone, building an intricate formation that spiraled outward like a constellation.

Jared's expression hardened. Facing Alice at the array's center, he spoke with solemn clarity. "Once we begin, the celestial energy will race backward through your meridians, scouring the Demonic Cultivation's power. We cannot stop midway-failure would be catastrophic. And when it works, the strength you gained these years will fall away, perhaps below where you started. Are you still willing?"

She glanced at Kishor, whose eyes brimmed with fear and faith alike. A determined smile unfurled across her round face. "I am sure. Power can be earned again; reclaiming myself—and being worthy of him—is all that matters."

Kishor stepped forward and clasped her hands. "Alice, whatever form you bear, I will never leave you again."

Tears spilled from Alice's eyes once more, but this time they gleamed with joy.

Drawing a deep breath, she folded her legs and settled into the heart of the gathering array. "Let's begin, Mr. Chance."

Jared nodded and activated the formation. Immediately, dense streams of celestial energy converged from every corner of the chamber, rushing toward the pattern like rivers to the sea. Forming a complex seal with both hands, he guided the luminous current along the route he had mapped, sending it slowly, inexorably into Alice's body.

A raw groan tore from her throat the instant the energy entered, echoing off stone walls.

A river of gentle celestial energy streamed into Alice's ravaged meridians, slamming against the berserk power bred by years of Demonic Cultivation. The instant the currents collided, her body bucked as if the heavens themselves had struck her with lightning. Veins rose like cords beneath translucent skin, pulsing an eerie blue. Each violent shudder looked certain to unravel her flesh.

Kishor could only clench his fists as he watched, helpless and burning with worry.

Jared hovered beside her, every breath measured, his mind narrowed to a single blade of focus.

Minute by minute, he tweaked the volume and direction of the incoming celestial energy, coaxing one thread, damping the next, guiding hostile and gentle forces toward an uneasy harmony. The air inside the sealed chamber thickened with tension. An hour passed. Then a second. Then a third, the silence broken only by Alice's ragged breathing and the slow beat of Jared's heart against his ribs.

At last, dawn slipped through a hairline crack high in the stone ceiling, laying a single golden blade across the array. In that fragile shaft of light, the miracle unfolded.

The storming aura enveloping Alice calmed, replaced by a pure, silken pulse of spiritual power. Before their eyes, her once-bloated frame began to shrink. Folds of flesh melted away, skin drew taut and luminous, and features that time and sorrow had buried emerged-soft, clear, heartbreakingly familiar.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Another hour crawled past before Jared finally severed the last filament of energy and let his arms drop. Exhaustion crashed over him like surf; he nearly sank to his knees, yet the smile that curved his mouth was radiant.

Kishor burst forward. Inside the still-glimmering array a woman of balanced figure and fresh, delicate beauty opened her eyes. Though pallor lingered from the metamorphosis, the years had gifted her expression with a mature, gentle grace-yet Jared could still see the spirited girl named Alice.

"Alice..." Kishor's voice cracked as he reached out, afraid even his breath might scatter the vision.

"Kishor, it's really you," she whispered, her smile shy and sweet, a flawless echo of the girl she had been.

"Yes, it's me, Alice..." Kishor could hold back no longer. He wrapped her in an unbreakable embrace, tears spilling as years of distance, hurt, and silence dissolved between their joined heartbeats. They clung to each other as though the decades themselves might be folded and mended by their arms.

Jared watched the reunited lovers weep against each other's shoulders, then slipped from the chamber quietly. They deserved this moment-and at last, a chance to begin again.

A day later, Alice's energy stabilized completely. Though her strength had fallen to the first tier of the Nascent Soul stage, smiles now lit her face so often that even the dim corridors seemed brighter.

Kishor's long-burdened heart finally lay unshackled. He and Alice were practically inseparable.

They arranged a small feast in Jared's honor. Lanternlight danced over polished wood as Alice lifted a cup of wine, bowed, and said, "Mr. Chance, we don't know what to say. You restored my body and, more importantly, healed two hearts. I will remember this kindness for as long as I live." Original content can be found at FindN()vel.net

Kishor, too, raised his glass. "Mr. Chance, you are our benefactor. Whatever you need in the future-no matter the fire or flood-you may count on me without hesitation."

"Please, there's no need for such ceremony," Jared said, flapping both hands in a quick, earnest wave. "I only lifted a finger. Watching two people who truly belong together finally get their happy ending is reward enough for me."

Alice set her glass down with deliberate care, the sparkle in her eyes shifting to a steely seriousness. "Jared, you once told me you've been hunting for any trace of Malevolent Path Hall. Right?"

Jared answered with a slow, unwavering nod. "Yes."

Alice leaned forward, voice dropping to a low, confidential murmur. "Whispers Tower's web of informants stretches across every province. Over the years, we've gathered a trove of rumors and fragments about that cult. No one has yet pinpointed their main sanctuary, but we've uncovered clues to several branch halls."

She paused only long enough to pull a thin scroll from her storage pouch. With a soft crackle she unfurled a weather-stained map across the table and tapped a crimson mark deep inside the Darkwind Range. "This branch sits beneath an abandoned battlefield-ruins from some forgotten war. It's vast, well-armed, and ruled by a demon lord who reportedly guards a hoard of the cult's darkest secrets. I had other matters that kept me from acting. Now I'm giving you the precise location. Use it, and may it tip the scales in your favor."

Jared studied the blood-red ink on the parchment. In his eyes, a flash of purpose - sharp, cold, and bright-slid through like a knife. This was the break he had chased for what felt like a lifetime.

"Thank you, Madam Pudge." He folded the map as if it were made of glass and tucked it close to his chest. "A gift like this is priceless."

Alice's smile returned, softer than before. "Just promise me you'll be careful. That demon lord won't fall easily. If you need allies, Whispers Tower's doors are open."

Kishor gave a single decisive nod. "She's right. If you need me, I'll march beside you."

Jared was moved. "Should the need arise, I'll find you, my friend."

Jared would rather not steal Kishor's time. The man and Alice had only just mended their hearts; they deserved quiet days together. Besides, Jared had never truly intended to treat Kishor like a servant-promises made in desperation should never become chains.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Mid-afternoon sun poured through sword-shaped lattice windows of Swordmaster City, casting slanted shards of light across the blue-gray flagstones.

Jared and Flaxseed sat in the room, bent over a broad map of the Darkwind Gorge. Around them lay fresh talisman papers-Flaxseed's newest scouting charms-still humming with faint spiritual residue. He tapped one sheet with a weathered fingertip. "That place drips with toxic miasma. My charms will carry us for only a short distance before we're choking on the foulness."

Their planning shattered beneath the shriek of splintering metal outside, followed by a chorus of shocked cries from the market yard. Flaxseed shot upright, stuffed his talismans into his tunic, and barked, "D*mn it-sounds like trouble worth watching!"

Jared was already at the threshold when five armored figures skimmed into view on flying swords. The man at the forefront wore a gold cloak stitched with a snarling beast, and the sun glared off the sword-shaped brand at the center of his brow-Drystan Hexford, commander of the Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall. Behind him, four elite guards hefted halberds that dripped golden light. They were the Celestial Palace's Golden Armor Guards.

"Jared!" Drystan's shout cracked the air like thunder. The blast of power riding his voice slammed into the inn's stone archway.

Crack! The arch exploded into powdery debris, sending nearby cultivators scrambling for cover, none daring to intervene. Jared stepped into the courtyard, gaze icy and unblinking. "And who exactly are you supposed to be?"

"I'm the commander of the Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall." The name slipped out in a tremor, brittle as cracked porcelain. At once, every cultivator nearby edged farther from the stone pavilion, unwilling to share in whatever punishment might follow. They all understood what that silver-roofed power meant. Celestials were proud beyond reason; one misplaced breath could cost a life.

"Bloody lapdog of the Palace!" Flaxseed roared, fury rolling off his scar-pitted face. He flicked three strips of talisman paper into the air. They flashed gold, then burst into a trio of flame-winged ravens that shrieked toward Drystan. "Jared, let me test him!"

"Flaxseed, don't-your strength-" Jared began, but the older man was already charging ahead.

A low chuckle rippled through the dusk. Drystan lifted one hand. Five golden claw shadows tore across the sky, shredding the fire-ravens to drifting sparks.

"A wandering charm caster thinks he can show off before me?" Drystan's voice was silk laid over steel.

Drystan's figure blurred-ghostlike, he appeared above the stone pavilion in an instant. His Shackling Claw tore through the air with a piercing shriek, striking straight for Jared's crown. The rightful source is [Find\[N\]ovel.net](#)

Jared refused to meet death standing still. Sparks flared beneath his boots as Blazing Stride carried him backward, light as willow fluff on the wind. The Dragonslayer Sword flashed from his palm.

Metal screamed when blade and talon collided. A chill surged up Jared's fingers, numbing his arm; the impact tossed him into a stone pillar, ribs rattling. Blood rose up his throat, yet he forced the blood down.

"Wandering Immortal, seventh tier? You've improved a touch, insect-but you are still an insect." Drystan's smile hinted at leisurely slaughter.

With a casual sweep of his left arm, four golden-armored guards stepped forward. Long halberds crossed, weaving a net of gilded after-images that locked Jared and Flaxseed inside. Each guard stood at Earthly Immortal tier five, yet the battle formation dragged their aura halfway into tier six. That holy energy sizzled against Flaxseed's charms, nullifying many before they formed. No one doubted a branch hall of the Celestial Palace wielded terrifying might-and the Sixth Hall was no minor faction.

Jared's mind raced. They could not win here. He reached for Flaxseed's sleeve, intent on grabbing him and fleeing while any gap remained.

The next claw aura came on their very shadows, blood-red arcs knifing toward their spines.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Look out!"

Jared shoved Flaxseed aside and took the blow himself. Fabric split with a wet rip. Five grooves, bone-deep and oozing black miasma, painted his back crimson.

"Jared!" Flaxseed's howl cracked through the haze of embers.

Desperation filled his eyes. Dozens of talismans spiraled outward-some rose as earthen bulwarks, others speared into ice lances, still more unraveled into binding vines. For a fleeting breath, they stalled the guards' and Drystan's advance.

Yet Flaxseed was only a first-tier Earthly Immortal. Reincarnated strength unfinished, his spirit drained like water through a cracked jar. Sweat the size of pearls glittered on his forehead.

Drystan's smile thinned. The next claw strike blurred, tearing through vines and slamming against Flaxseed's chest. [Read full story at findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Flaxseed spat blood as he cartwheeled across the courtyard, talisman papers scattering like dying leaves before he landed at Jared's side.

"Now then-tell me, who is left to rescue the lot of you?" Drystan drawled, his words scraping across the rubble-strewn street like iron on stone.

He moved in measured strides. Each step rolled out eighth-tier Earthly-Immortal pressure, hammering Jared and Flaxseed so hard their ribs rattled and breath came only in ragged gasps.

Right then, a guttural war cry from the far corner. "Touch my savior and die, you cur!"

Kishor burst into view atop a whirling black-iron battle-axe, scarlet energy twisting around the broad blade like living flame. Skimming his wake came Alice, sapphire-hilted dagger gleaming in her grip. Runes glided over the weapon's edge-a Whispers Tower masterpiece, the Spell-Breaker Dagger, crafted to rip straight through a cultivator's shielding aura.

Flaxseed's face lit with bruised relief. "Kishor!" he croaked, forcing broken ribs to let him rise.

"I am the commander of the Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall," Drystan announced, voice suddenly frigid with authority. "Leave, or face my wrath."

The title boomed like a royal decree, meant to clear the field so he could finish Jared unchallenged.

"Commander or gutter rat-it makes no difference," Kishor spat. "Lay one finger on Mr. Chance and even the gods can't save you."

His axe crashed downward; wind from the swing whipped loose cobbles into a stinging storm. "Your Celestial Palace bullies level five as if wandering cultivators are sheep," he growled, spirits flowing freer than ever. Though still a sliver shy of eighth tier Earthly Immortal, fierce resolve lent his seventh-tier peak the weight of a realm above.

Drystan sneered. "A seventh-tier mongrel dares meddle in Palace affairs?"

His Shackling Claw met the axe with a screech that split the air, then slid snake-swift along the spine to slash for Kishor's wrist. Kishor twisted, but talons grazed his arm, bright beads of blood spattering the stones.

"Kishor!" Alice's cry rang sharp as breaking glass.

She darted in, dagger flashing blue as lightning and driving for Drystan's ribs. Though her power had slipped to fifth tier, her footwork flowed like river water; every rune on the dagger shredded the lord's aura, gifting Kishor a precious heartbeat to draw breath.

The street dissolved into chaos. Kishor's great axe carved wide, sheltering arcs before Jared and Flaxseed. Alice's dagger danced, forever hunting the tiniest seam in Drystan's guard. Behind them, Jared and Flaxseed steadied their breaths, unleashing sudden, surgical strikes whenever a gap appeared.

Yet Drystan's strength was an ocean. Eighth-tier energy surged through his claw - crashing like thunder one moment, coiling like a venomous serpent the next—gradually bending the duel to his will.

Clang!

The claw smashed against Kishor's axe, carving a jagged notch and hurling him backward. He grunted, boots skidding, blood blossoming across his chest. Alice leapt to cover him, but Drystan struck first—one savage kick to her stomach sent her crashing into Kishor's arms.

"Two gnats dare bar my path?" He laughed, pivoting toward Jared. "Today you learn the cost of provoking the Celestial Palace!"

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared's eyes hardened-he was a breath from igniting his own blood essence when a cool voice drifted from above. "Drystan, bullying the weak-does that title still sound noble in your ears?"

Before Drystan's threat could finish echoing through the square, a flash of white streaked past like a startled swan. Isabel's cane snapped upward, spilling a storm of silver strands that rained down as razors. The seemingly soft filaments sliced through the golden-armored formation, flinging four guards across the flagstones and leaving them sprawled, unconscious and bleeding.

Drystan's pupils contracted. He stared at the unexpected woman in plain robes and blurted, "Isabel? What in heaven's name are you doing here?"

Isabel stepped in front of Jared. The crescent-shaped jade at her waist caught the sun with a gentle gleam. She spared the fallen guards a chilly glance, then fixed her icy eyes on Drystan. "By order of the Fourth Hall's Commander, I am here to safeguard Mr. Chance. You, Drystan, have ignored that order and led Golden Armor Guards to murder him. Are you trying to ignite a civil war?"

Drystan barked a laugh as though she had told a joke. Pointing at Jared, he roared, "He killed our people-shattered our prestige! You must be brainwashed to shield a traitor."

His tone turned venomous. "Remember, Isabel, I'm acting under the Third Hall's command. Ruin my mission today, and not even the Fourth Hall's commander will save you when the third demands your head."

Isabel flicked her cane. Silver threads wove a shimmering barrier before her, and the full force of a level-nine Earthly Immortal surged outward, cracking the cobblestones. "If you can, go ahead and complain to the Celestial King Palace. But touch Mr. Chance, and my Whisk of Purity will answer you first."

She advanced one step. The unseen pressure forced Drystan to retreat. "The Fourth Hall's commander bears the Celestial King's decree; even the king yields three steps. You strut through level six on borrowed power, yet dare storm the fifth as though it were yours-do you think the Fourth Hall doesn't exist?" For more chapters visit Find1Novel.net

Color drained from Drystan's face. Isabel's strength was deeper than rumor, and every strand of that cane carried spatial law sharp enough to tear through his defenses. Yet Enaricus' cruelty loomed behind him, stiffening his spine. "Don't force me, Isabel! If I let Jared go, the Third Hall's commander will destroy me."

"That is your business." A ribbon of silver spiritual energy coiled around Isabel's fingertip, bending space into a lethal arc. "Leave now with your men, or I will wipe out the Fourth Hall. Choose."

Drystan read the murderous light in her eyes, glanced at Jared-whom Kishor was helping upright-and finally ground out, "Very well. For the Fourth Hall Master's sake, I withdraw today." He spun on the groaning guards. "Useless wretches, move!" Flinging Jared a poisonous stare, he led his battered troop into the sky in ragged retreat.

Only when Drystan's aura vanished did Isabel release her power. She produced four jade vials from her storage pouch and handed them to Kishor. "These are Essence-Congeaing Powder and Flesh-Renewing Balm. See to their wounds." Kishor accepted them, gratitude shining in his eyes. "Isabel, without you we'd all be corpses today." He passed the medicine around, then gently fed a pill to Alice, pained by her pallor.

Jared swallowed a pill himself; the stabbing in his chest eased. He clasped his hands to Isabel. "You have my deepest thanks. I don't know how to repay the favor."

Isabel watched him bandage his ribs, then spoke softly. "The Fourth Hall's commander bids me tell you this—there is no mortal enmity between you and the palace. The earlier insults from certain hall commanders were... unfortunate. If you are willing to set blades aside, the Fourth Hall wishes to stand as your ally. Whatever storms come, we will stand beside you."