

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Jared stood silent for a breath; he understood what Onneas' goodwill signified. With Fourth Hall behind him, hunting the Malevolent Path Hall would unfold far more smoothly. Yet he also knew that the Celestial Palace seethed with factions. Enaricus and Drystan would never simply back down.

"I can agree to the truce. But if anyone else in the Celestial Palace comes at me like Drystan did, I won't sit back and do nothing."

Isabel nodded. "Naturally. Onneas has circulated a decree-should any other lord trouble you, they will be deemed enemies of our hall. We also know you're probing the branch of Malevolent Path Hall hidden in Darkwind Gorge. If you need scouts or soldiers, send one message. Onneas will see you aided."

Jared felt a subtle stir of hope. Alice's intelligence network was broad, yet it could not match the Celestial Palace's deep roots.

"In that case, my thanks to Onneas, and to you, Ms. Yeats."

Isabel's lips curved in a faint smile. "Take time to heal, Mr. Chance. I shall take my leave."

With a swirl, she blurred into cyan smoke, vanishing before Jared could blink. Flaxseed whistled in the direction Isabel disappeared, eyes bright with awe.

"That lady is something else-Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine, I'd wager. Stronger than Drystan himself! Jared, can we really trust Onneas?"

"For now, we gain from their favor."

He turned to Kishor and Alice, regret clouding his gaze. "Sorry for dragging you into this today."

Kishor dismissed the concern with a sweep of his hand, then slipped the final healing pellet between Alice's lips. "Nonsense. You saved us. Guarding you is only right. That branch of Malevolent Path Hall sounds dangerous. Let me go with you."

Alice chimed in with a nod. "Whispers Tower has agents embedded in Darkwind Gorge. I can have them meet you."

Jared's chest warmed at their loyalty, yet he still shook his head. "You two just reconciled. Rest first. I can handle Malevolent Path Hall."

"If you need anything, just say the word," Kishor insisted.

Jared nodded in thanks and left with Flaxseed at his side. Get full chapters from [Find\[N\]ovel.net](#)

They did not march for the branch, as Jared knew his present strength could not yet free the Flaxseed clan's divine souls.

What he required was power-power gained fast. The only place to acquire it was the Pentacarna Tower, where time itself slowed.

However, using the tower inside an inn, with only Flaxseed on watch, felt perilous. Too many hunters stalked him; a single strike during cultivation would be fatal. He therefore brought Flaxseed to see Corin. Now that he was the most senior disciple of the Sword Sect, staying in Corin's mansion raised no eyebrows.

Days spent nursing wounds there were quiet yet fulfilling.

Corin's mansion lay deep in a bamboo grove on the western edge of Swordmaster City. There, a single austere hut forever perfumed by the scent of steel stood.

Before the hut, hundreds of rusted blades were planted upright in the earth, forming a forest of forgotten weapons.

Corin had gathered them during his early wanderings, salvaging them from battlefields and ruined sects. "A sword may break," he often said, "but intent endures. Study these ruins, and you glimpse the paths of those before us."

Dawn bled slowly across the sword-grove, but Jared was already awake. He sat cross-legged between weather-scarred trunks, drawing each breath until cold morning air hissed through his teeth and spilled back out in a ribbon of white mist. The pills Isabel had slipped into his palm days earlier still worked like hidden embers. Scabs sealed the gashes that a taloned beast had raked down his back, and the Warm Jade Charm tucked at his belt coaxed the last veins of negative energy from his marrow.

Even more astonishing was the grove itself. Sword essence hung so thick it felt almost liquid, soaking into him until his spiritual energy flowed smoother than it ever had. The ceiling that had caged him at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven trembled, as if it were giving way.

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"Your foundation is solid, but your sword technique relies too much on explosive eruptions of spiritual energy. A true swordsman needs a touch of gracefulness."

Each afternoon, Corin awaited him inside the narrow bamboo lodge. He never once rose to demonstrate. Instead, he reclined on a low bamboo couch, fingers roaming the length of a pitch-black wooden sword, and pointed out Jared's flaws with a casual nod or a single tap of the wooden blade.

"Look at this old bamboo," Corin remarked, "When the wind comes, it bows; when the wind fades, it straightens. It looks fragile, yet its strength is hidden in its bend. A sword should be the same. Steel breaks if it stays hard too long. Mix hardness with grace and you can slice, coil, deflect-maintain control of the battle."

Jared focused on the bamboo outside the window. Gusts whipped the green trunk until it seemed certain to snap, yet each time the gale peaked, the stalk leaned, shedding most of the force before settling upright again.

Understanding struck him like flint on steel. Dragonslayer Sword hummed in his grip, and the brutal sword technique he had practiced for years melted into something lighter. Sword light fluttered like shadows of bamboo leaves-one instant shooting straight up like a newborn shoot, the next skimming sideways as gently as a leaf riding the wind.

"Mm. Now we are getting somewhere," Corin remarked, "Sword technique is not a set of fixed rules. Follow forms too closely, and you are merely ordinary. Grasp the idea behind the blade, and you become something special. Until today, you've only known to 'sever.' Remember the blade can also coil and circle." This content belongs to FindN()vel.net

With a flick of his finger, Corin sent a bronze practice sword whirling from the floor. The blade drifted toward Jared, slow as falling snow yet closing every angle of retreat. Instinct screamed for a head-on block, but Jared heard Corin's lesson ringing in his ears. He rolled his wrist in response.

Dragonslayer Sword slithered around the incoming edge like a silver serpent, gliding down the spine of bronze and redirecting its weight into empty air. Steel kissed steel for an instant-long enough for Jared to twist once more and aim his point at the opponent's hilt.

Ding! The bronze sword crashed to the ground, ringing bright and hollow before lying still.

Shock pinned Jared in place. The insight of that single heartbeat tore through the last bottleneck of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven. Power roared out to every muscle and bone-the unmistakable surge of a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight.

"You broke through?" Flaxseed gaped from the doorway. "It has only been four days. Are you even human, Jared?"

Corin rose from the weather-worn stone bench, the loose gray folds of his robe whispering around his boots. He moved toward Jared. For the first time in all their lessons, pride softened Corin's storm-dark eyes and coaxed a rare smile across his stern face. "Not bad. One hint, and you cut straight through the mist. Your instinct is sharper than mine ever was at your age."

A young Sword Sect disciple burst through the cedar gate, breath snagging in his throat and eyes blazing with excitement. Cold dew flew from his boots as he skidded to a halt. "Mr. Chance, Master Morden, the centennial Sword Championship in Swordmaster City is about to begin. Every sect within a thousand miles is rushing to register!"

Jared's curiosity was piqued. He turned around, brows lifting. "Sword Championship? What exactly is that?"

Still panting, the disciple launched into an eager explanation.

Flaxseed rubbed his palms together, eyes sparkling. "Sword Championship, huh? Sounds exciting! Jared, why don't we stroll over and take a look?"

Jared glanced at Corin. Instead of shared excitement, he found the older man frowning, a faint, inexplicable crease cutting between the latter's brows.

Within a few days, news of the Sword Championship spread like wildfire. Disciples from every corner of Swordmaster City and those belonging to big sects and prestigious families situated within five hundred kilometers came to register their names.

Even the usually restrained disciples of the Sword Sect could no longer stay calm. Lyra and several other senior disciples sought out Corin, determination bright in

their eyes. They bowed low, voices overlapping in urgent pleas to join the coming competition.

"Master Morden, this chance arrives only once in a century," Lyra said, her tone earnest, almost trembling. "Even if we win no laurels, seeing other sects' sword technique with our own eyes would sharpen our blades and our hearts alike!" Silence stretched. Corin stared at the courtyard's white-sand floor for a long while before he finally shook his head. "Your cultivation is still shallow. The championship draws many mysterious yet powerful figures. Many sects will stop at nothing to win. Enter that arena unprepared, and you'd be gifting them your lives."

Lyra opened her mouth-feeling the urge to protest-yet Corin raised a hand. The gesture cut her words like a blade through silk, leaving only the hush of falling leaves.

Corin's tone dropped like iron through water, the air itself seeming to recoil. "Most of all, Sacred Sword Manor," he warned, each syllable slow, deliberate. "Their feud with our sect is ancient and bitter. Their disciples strike hard and finish the job. If you meet them on the championship stage, you won't see mercy."

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Standing nearby, Jared remembered the moment he had entered the city—Lyra dueling Kael from that very sect. Sword intent crackling between them, each slash meant to kill. Had Jared not intervened, one of those two would have died that day.

He stepped forward, eyes unwavering. "Corin, I will represent Sword Sect in the championship."

"You?" Corin studied him. "You might have reached Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight, but Sacred Sword Manor's core disciples stand at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Four at least. If you go..."

"I know the risk," Jared replied, voice steady. "That is precisely why we should go. Hide, and the world calls the Sword Sect cowardly. Fight, and we sharpen our sword technique—and our name."

Lyra chimed in, "Master Morden, Jared's progress borders on miraculous. He might give us a miracle of our own. Let us go with him. Even if we cannot compete, we can cheer him on."

Around them, the other disciples nodded, hope flickering in every gaze.

Seeing their passionate faces, Corin sighed. "Very well. If you insist, go. But remember, nothing outweighs staying alive."

He turned back to Jared, voice grave. "I will register you for it. The championship enforces three iron rules. First, sword technique only—no spells, magical items, or outside forces. Second, bring your own weapon, nothing but a sword. Third, once you step up, life and death rest with fate; no one may interfere."

His gaze narrowed. "If you face Sacred Sword Manor, remember their Sky Havoc Sword Art is incredibly lethal. The instant you sense true danger, yield. Pride is worthless compared with life."

Jared nodded in acknowledgment. "I understand."

His calm eased Corin's heart a fraction, yet unease coiled beneath. His gut whispered that the Sword Championship would not stay a simple contest.

Somewhere beyond the horizon, Sacred Sword Manor was already sharpening a blade meant for the heart of the Sword Sect.

Several days later, the Sword Championship began beneath a cloudless dawn.

Swordmaster City's square was brimming with people—an ocean of robes, banners, and restless anticipation.

At the center was an iolite arena, a square of three hundred meters that floated above the flagstones. Its edges were carved with countless sword runes that shimmered under the morning sun.

A faint golden sheen rippled across those runes—the Spiritual Barricade Array, forged by generations of city lords to cage stray spells and spiritual energy.

Tiered viewing platforms ringed the plaza, each terrace built into the surrounding cliffs. Sect banners snapped like startled falcons in the spring wind.

On the highest dais, the city's governor sat in violet robes, flanked on the left by weathered swordmasters, on the right by sect leaders.

Most striking among them was Lester Windham, head of Sacred Sword Manor. Crimson robe, onyx sword at the hip, and eyes sharp as a hunting hawk—he chatted cheerily with the sect elders, arrogance woven through every gesture. Read full story at Find-Novel.net

Whispers rippled through the crowd. "Sacred Sword Manor brought three core disciples. In the lead is Jayson Morrow, whose Sky Havoc Sword Art has reached sixth level. Few in his generation can rival that."

"Do not forget Hendrix Doherty from Seven-Star Sword Sect," another voice answered. "One stroke of his Seven Shooting Stars Sword Art severed a millennium-old pine."

A third gambler hissed, "The crown is Jayson's to lose. Look at that aura—people avert their eyes without meaning to."

Thousands of cultivators pivoted as one toward the eastern tunnel where the participants from various sects would soon emerge.

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Among the Sword Sect contingent, Jared's faded blue coverall looked almost out of place beside rows of spotless white uniforms. At his waist hung Dragonslayer Sword—plain steel when compared to the fancy swords carried by everyone else. Get full chapters from [find♦novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Lyra nudged Jared's arm, her breath forming pale curls in the brisk mountain air. Her voice dropped to an urgent whisper. "Jared, look-over by the gate."

Across the flagstone square, three young men in polished silver mail escorted a fourth in crimson. That man—tall, sharp-jawed, his brow framed by raven-dark hair—moved with the careless grace of someone who had never known failure. A faint, crooked smile carved itself across his lips—the unmistakable smirk of Jayson Morrow.

Jayson must have felt Lyra's stare. He turned, gaze sweeping past her and settling on Jared as though inspecting a trinket at market—something cheap, barely worth weighing. The smile hardened into a sneer. "So this is what the Sword Sect dredged up? A third-rate Wandering Immortal Realm, to make up the numbers?" He let the words hang, lazily venomous. "Looks like they're truly scraping the bottom of the barrel."

The silver-armored disciples around him broke into muted laughter—soft enough to feign courtesy, loud enough to sting. The sound slid across the square like a cold draught, reaching every Sword Sect disciple. Color drained from Lyra's cheeks. Her fingers tightened around the leather-wrapped hilt at her hip, knuckles

blanching as they trembled. "That's beyond insulting," she hissed, voice quavering with restrained fury.

Jared's expression never shifted. He answered in a tone as calm as a stone at the riverbed. "Their mouths belong to them. Let them say whatever they want."

While the laughter still echoed, Jared's eyes flicked across Divine Blade Manor's entourage. He noted with mild curiosity that Kael, the young man who had a sword intent competition with Lyra earlier, was not standing among the disciples. Instead, Kael lounged in a cushioned seat nearer the elders.

Lyra leaned closer, speaking under her breath. "Kael is Mr. Lester's only son. Because of his identity, he's kept off the stage—can't risk the golden boy getting a bruise, can we?"

Jared merely nodded, filing the detail away. A pampered scion, afraid of getting hurt, will find the world very cruel someday.

A bronze bell tolled from the heart of the square—three long peals, two short. The notes rippled through flesh and stone alike, announcing that the century-awaited Sword Championship was about to begin.

The steward of Swordmaster City rose. Spiritual energy magnified his voice until it rolled across the plaza like distant thunder. "Once every hundred years, swordmasters gather to test their skills. I repeat the three iron rules. First—no spells and no magical items—only the sword decides who's superior. Second—stop at first blood; life or death is the wielder's own burden. Third—on the platform, the winner takes all. Contestants, enter the arena!"

Light blossomed at the square's main archway. One by one, disciples from every sect stepped through the shimmering curtain, boots clicking in measured cadence as they mounted the ring of elevated platforms. Sixty-four names filled the skyward projection above the field, paired into thirty-two brackets—each duel a single doorway to the next round.

Jared spotted his own name glowing beside the tenth bracket. His opponent, Caleb Wilkinson of the Flowing Cloud Sect, was at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Three.

Somewhere behind him, Corin's warm baritone echoed. "Jared, watch for the Flowing Cloud Sect's Thirteen Forms of Flowing Cloud. Speed is their weapon."

Jared inclined his head once. "I will, Master Morden."

He stepped onto the arena. Murmurs swirled immediately from the crowd in the surroundings.

"That's the Sword Sect's pick? He's so young."

"I heard he's only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight—the lowest cultivation level in the roster if the listings are right."

"Flowing Cloud Sect's Caleb is at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Three. This bout's over before it starts." Caleb vaulted onto the opposite edge, landing as light as a thistle down. A confident smile tugged at his lips as he offered a formal salute. "Caleb Wilkinson of the Flowing Cloud Sect. May I have your name, friend?"

"Jared."

Just one word—neither humble nor proud—delivered with an aura that unsettled Caleb more than open arrogance ever could.

Annoyance flickered in Caleb's eyes. He drew his blade; moonlight skimmed along its edge as he lunged forward. The steel became a streak of silver light rain aimed straight for Jared's heart. "Take this!"

The opening form of the Thirteen Forms of Flowing Cloud, Sun Cloud, unfolded, sword light swirling and vanishing.

From the stands, it seemed a pale phantom flashed across the platform. In that same heartbeat, Caleb's sword tip hovered a breath away from Jared's chest. In contrast, Jared stood motionless, as though still considering his attack.

A gasp rippled through the spectators. "It's over—Jared didn't even move!"

"He's full of himself, isn't he? Not even bothering to draw his sword."

Lyra felt her pulse roar so loudly it drowned the arena. She squeezed her eyes shut, afraid she might see Jared die in front of her.

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The instant Caleb's blade was about to kiss Jared, Jared moved. He did not unsheathe Dragonslayer Sword. Instead, he swayed his torso a fraction to the side. It was like willow leaves caught in a spring breeze, slow only to the eye, yet somehow fast enough to let steel slip past harmlessly. At the same time, he

pressed his fore- and middle fingers together and flicked the surface of Caleb's blade.

Ding!

The note rang clear as crystal. A strange force hummed along the sword, numbing Caleb's wrist. The weapon kicked upward, no longer his to command.

Panic cracked across Caleb's face. He tried to pull back, but Jared was already there in a flash. His fingertips were haloed in pale gold, driving straight for Caleb's sword hand.

That single touch erased every escape Caleb had rehearsed. Instinct screamed. He let go of the hilt and staggered backward, desperate for distance.

Jared allowed none. He slid in half a step, right foot gliding after the left. His whole body seemed to merge with Caleb's shadow. Then his left hand came to rest, almost tenderly, on Caleb's shoulder.

"Thank you for the lesson." Jared's voice was soft, almost courteous.

A gentle but irresistible force rolled through Caleb's body. He lurched forward three steps, very nearly pitching off the platform before he managed to steady himself. Only then did he realize Dragonslayer Sword still slept in its scabbard at Jared's waist. Color drained from his cheeks at the thought.

He didn't even draw his sword... and I already lost?

For a breathless beat, the arena fell utterly silent. No one believed what their own eyes had reported.

Then, the stands erupted in thunderous roars.

"That movement technique was as fast as lightning!"

"What finger technique can bat away an Earthly Immortal Realm sword technique?"

"Jared-now that's a swordsman!"

Lyra and the others leaped to their feet, shouting until their throats stung. Flaxseed slapped his thigh and cackled. "Told you the kid knows a thing or two!"

Below the platform, Corin's brows lifted in brief surprise that melted quickly into pride.

He had recognized Jared's opening step as Traceless Move, a Sword Sect classic—but Jared's rendition carried the effortless loft of Sky Walk itself.

That flick of the fingers had pushed Sword Intent Transformation to its very limit, the finger containing immeasurable sword energy.

High in the guest gallery, Jayson frowned, then muttered to the junior beside him, "Interesting. The kid's movement technique and finger technique are decent. Pity his cultivation is still shallow."

The junior nodded quickly. "Exactly. They're nothing but parlor tricks. When he faces your Sky Havoc Sword Art, his true level will show."

Jayson's laugh was a single cold breath. He said nothing more, eyes returning to the arena.

The matches that followed were predictable—stronger cultivators beat weaker ones, as the crowd expected—though a handful of duels still flashed bright enough to draw scattered roars from the stands.

Soon, it was Jayson's turn. He stepped onto the elevated dueling platform, the hush of the crowd collapsing into a tension so thick it seemed to press against his skin.

His adversary, an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Three disciple from the Iron Sword Sect, raised a plain steel blade in greeting. Steel rang, sparks flashed, and in the very first clash, Jayson unleashed his Sky Havoc Sword Art.

Each sweeping arc of his longsword howled, shredding the air like ripping canvas. The phantom blades he spun were heavy as falling meteors, and within their shadows, tiny pricks of lightning flickered, strobing across polished steel.

His opponent's technique was all brute force. After only three exchanges, Jayson's blade hammered aside the former's weapon, sending it spinning. A heartbeat later, cold steel touched the disciple's exposed throat.

"I yield!" his opponent shouted, his face a ghostly pale.

With deliberate calm, Jayson withdrew the blade, then let his gaze roam over the sea of spectators before pinning it on Jared—a look that dripped with open

provocation. Jared answered with nothing more than a mild, indifferent stare, as if the challenge had slid off him like rain from oiled cloth.

At the close of round one, only thirty-two contestants remained. Among them, Jared was the only one in the Wandering Immortal Realm.

The feat forced onlookers to recalibrate their opinion of him; luck could never carry someone weak this far. From that battle alone, Jared's name was on every tongue in Swordmaster City. The link to the origin of this information rests in FindNovel.net

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Three days later, round two dawned beneath a cloudless sky.

The field, tempered by the first eliminations, now consisted of the brightest blades each sect could boast— every fighter a full tier stronger than before.

Jared drew a lot against Kurt Deleon, an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Four disciple from the Blaze Sect. Kurt's Blazing Sword Art was said to smelt wrought iron, and the rippling heat that clung to his crimson blade made that rumor easy to believe. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY findnovel.net

"I'm amazed you made it this far, brat, but your luck ends with me!"

Kurt lifted a scarlet sword wreathed in tongues of fire. Evidently, it was a fire-type mystical weapon.

Unmoved, Jared answered by slowly drawing the Dragonslayer Sword. The blade left its scabbard without a thunderous shriek—only a low, thrumming hum, like a leviathan murmuring in its sleep.

Off to one side, Flaxseed felt a shiver skate down his spine; he alone understood how much violence lurked inside that modest note.

"Aha, so you finally decided to draw your sword," Kurt drawled. "Enjoy the sight while you can—after I'm finished, your precious blade will be nothing but warped scrap."

He lunged forward, the flaming arc of his sword bursting forth like a dragon erupting from the sea. A tide of heat came crashing across the platform toward Jared.

From the stands came a collective gasp as the wave of heat rolled outward; lower-rank cultivators found themselves staggering back, hands reflexively shielding their faces from the sudden furnace wind.

“Such power! The Blazing Sword Art lives up to its legend!”

“Jared is finished. The spiritual energy of a Wandering Immortal Realm cultivator won't survive that flame!” Yet Jared stepped forward instead of retreating, his boots striking the boards with a soundless confidence.

A subtle flick of his wrist sent the Dragonslayer Sword carving an impossible, hook-shaped path—so quick it seemed to vanish between heartbeats.

Blade met fire, and the roaring dragon unraveled like smoke in rain, half of its fury gone in an instant.

"What?"

Kurt's eyes blew wide; never, in all his brutal fights, had anyone shredded his Blazing Sword Art with such deceptive ease.

Before Kurt had time to blink, Jared's blade slipped from its scabbard on a hiss of steel and air—more serpent than sword—striking for the thin bones just above Kurt's wrist.

The angle of the thrust was so wickedly precise it left no room for evasion, so Kurt abandoned his own weapon with a startled grunt. He balled his free hand, kindled raw energy until it shimmered red-hot around his knuckles, and hammered straight for Jared's chest.

Jared's eyes flashed with winter light. In one seamless breath, he spun like a top, the hem of his tunic snapping, Kurt's flaming fist slipping past empty air. The Dragonslayer Sword swept out on the turn, razor edge glimmering.

Swoosh!

A single silver arc—then cloth parted as neatly as paper, and a bright line of blood bloomed across Kurt's forearm.

Had he retreated an instant slower, that single stroke would have severed the arm entirely.

Kurt staggered back, shock and fury wrestling across his face as he clutched the wound. "You-what is that sword technique?"

Jared only grounded the sword and let it whisper still. "Do you still want to continue?"

Kurt's gaze flicked from the ordinary-looking iron blade to the blood soaking his sleeve. Jaw tight, he spat, "I concede."

Snatching up his fallen sword, he limped from the arena, every step a bruised surrender.

The arena answered with a roar big enough to shake banners from their poles.

"Another victory in a single stroke. Jared is unbelievable!"

"A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight defeats an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Four? That's madness!"

"At this rate, I'm starting to believe he might go all the way!"

High in the guests' pavilion, Lester's brow furrowed deeper. He leaned toward Jayson and muttered, "His footwork looks plain, yet his technique is powerful. When you face him, do not underestimate that blade."

Jayson shrugged, unconcerned. "Relax, Mr. Lester. Tricks are still tricks. If we cross swords head-on, he's no match for me."

Lester's voice dropped. "It's more than footwork. His sword intent cuts as sharp as the steel—I've felt it before. Stay cautious, or the gutter will swallow you whole."

Those words pulled Kael's memories back to the city gate, when Jared's unseen sword intent had sliced between Kael and Lyra like a sudden storm, forcing them apart.

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"Understood," Jayson said, nodding. Nevertheless, his shoulders remained arrogantly loose.

In the matches that followed, Jayson plowed through two more Earthly Immortal Realm Level Four opponents. His Sky Havoc Sword Art split the air like a lightning cleaver, earning him a seat among the final eight.

Across the brackets, Hendrix of the Seven-Star Sword Sect dazzled the crowd as well. His Seven Shooting Stars Sword Art blossomed into seven overlapping blades

that turned overhead like the constellation itself, snaring every rival in a net of starlight and steel.

The quarter-final drew Jared against a disciple from the Glacial Sect—an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five fighter whose Glacial Sword Art could freeze an opponent's spiritual energy with a single breath.

At the opening gong, the disciple swept his sword and unfurled a curtain of frost mist that swallowed the platform whole. Inside that shivering cloud, needle-thin icicles rained down on Jared in relentless sheets, each shard alive with killing chill.

To the watchers below, Jared's form slipped in and out of view like a man strolling through a garden. Wherever the Dragonslayer Sword flashed, ice spears splintered, and the frost mist recoiled as though ashamed to touch him, leaving a widening circle of clear air around the calm figure at its heart. “Th-this... is that the legendary sword domain?” the opponent blurted, voice cracking like old wood.

Sword domain was said to belong solely to cultivators who had crossed into the Earthly Immortal stage—masters able to bathe reality itself in their sword intent and sculpt a battlefield as personal as breath.

Jared, however, still wore the mantle of a mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight. By every rational measure, comprehending the sword domain should have been impossible.

A ragged cry split the swirling mist. When the icy veil dissolved, the Glacial Sect disciple stumbled backward, clutching a blood-slick chest. Crimson salted the snow at his boots, and the sword he prized lay sheared into two pathetic lengths.

Jared stood motionless at the center of the arena. His blade gleamed, unmarred, as though it had tasted no violence at all.

“I... I concede,” his opponent rasped, shame clouding his eyes. He pivoted and half-fell from the platform, defeat dripping from every step.

A hush engulfed the arena—a silence so complete it thundered louder than any cheer. This text is hosted at Find-Novel.net

A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator, comprehending sword domain, had defeated an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five—every mind found it absurd.

“He hasn't merely defied nature,” someone whispered. “He's changed it course.”

At the foot of the dais, Corin trembled so hard the hems of his robe shivered.

He sensed that Jared's display was not a true sword domain but a wall of sword intent compressed to a razor edge-less vast, yet exponentially deadlier than anything equal peers could muster.

For all his studies, even Corin felt humbled.

The silver-haired steward of Swordmaster City lurched to his feet, palms slamming together in rapturous applause. “Magnificent! Jared, magnificent!” he roared, laughter booming across the rafters. “To witness such genius before I return to dust—what outrageous fortune!”

On the VIP terrace, sect leaders and elders nodded in reverent agreement, every gaze upon Jared blazing with newfound respect.

Only Jayson sat stone-faced, the darkness in his expression pooling like oil. He had dismissed Jared as a lucky wandering cultivator; now unease slithered through his chest, whispering that this upstart might become the sharpest thorn on his path to the crown. A quiet dread took root and would not loosen its grip.

Jayson leaned toward Lester, voice pitched low enough to hide the quiver beneath it. “Mr. Lester, this Jared...” The unfinished plea trembled in the air.

Lester's reply came ice-cold. “Childish tricks,” he said, eyes narrowing to slits. “In the quarterfinals, he meets Hendrix. We shall see whether his circus wall can withstand real starlight.”

Hendrix's Seven Shooting Stars Sword Art had long since entered mastery. As an Earthly Immortal Realm Fifth Level on the very brink of the next realm, he ranked an entire league above the wounded Glacial Sect disciple. To most observers, Jared's earlier miracle would end against this prodigy.

And so, the final quarterfinal was set—Jared against Hendrix. Anticipation crackled through the arena like static before a storm; every spectator's attention converged upon the looming duel.

On one side stood the tournament's ultimate dark horse, a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator whose sword intent had already felled giants.

Opposite waited the Seven-Star Sect's famed disciple, his cultivation polished to a near-perfect shine. Though neither man had yet moved, an invisible pressure rolled across the platform, bending the torches and squeezing breath from onlookers' lungs.

Hendrix stepped forward in a flowing sapphire robe, lifting a silver sword studded with seven cerulean gems— the sect treasure known as the Seven-Star Sword.

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“Jared,” Hendrix said, solemn now, the earlier arrogance erased. "Your sword technique commands my respect. But this match bears the honor of my entire sect. I will not-cannot-hold back."

Jared bowed with measured courtesy, his voice calm yet edged with anticipation. "Please, Hendrix-show me what the Seven-Star Sword can truly do."

Hendrix answered with no more than a flick of his wrist. The Seven-Star Sword thrummed like tempered thunder, its seven embedded gems lighting in unison with a cold blue shimmer.

"Seven Shooting Stars-first form, Starry Chess!"

The shout cracked the air. A galaxy of blue swordlights burst from the blade, each sliver a pin of starlight that sealed every exit around Jared, hemming him inside a tightening constellation.

Though scattered to the eye, every single light resonated with the other, an invisible array craft covering Jared in a net woven from pure strategy.

Spectators leaned forward until the arena blurred, jaws slack as the intricate storm unfolded.

“That's Starry Chess! Hendrix has sharpened it again!”

"Its light is so dense. There's no gap to dodge! Jared may be in real trouble this time!"

Yet Jared stood utterly composed, not a ripple disturbing the surface of his focus.

He drew Dragonslayer Sword into a slow spin. Metal sang in widening circles until a sword wheel of gold- edged light formed before him. This text is hosted at find~novel~net

The sword wheel brightened. The sword intent was compressed to a razor's edge, gold against the incoming blue.

Clang after clang hammered the arena as every blue shard struck the wheel, ringing off harmlessly and falling away like sparks from an anvil. Not one ray pierced the golden barrier.

Hendrix's brow tightened. He had not expected a defense that stout.

He called out, "Seven Shooting Stars-second form, Starry Rebound!"

His left hand traced a rapid hand seal, and the longsword in his right hand swept up. The scattered blue lights reversed mid-flight, boomeranging from every angle toward Jared with twice the cunning of the first strike.

The shift came so fast it felt like lightning changing its mind.

However, Jared was already moving, Traceless Move flowing beneath his boots. His outline blurred—a phantom threading needles of light.

Dragonslayer Sword flicked in quick silver arcs, each parry shaving danger by a hair and forcing Hendrix to parry in turn.

Back and forth they danced, blades conversing in sparks—dozens of exchanges passing in the space of a heartbeat.

Hendrix's Seven Shooting Stars hunted with lethal variety, every thrust aimed to finish the duel.

Jared's style remained deceptively gentle, its gracefulness negating the oncoming brutality.

The crowd watched, spellbound. This was no mere contest but a master class in sword technique.

"Brilliant! Keep going!"

"Hold strong, Jared!"

"Hendrix, go!"

Cheers rolled like rolling thunder, shaking the stands.

On the VIP dais, the steward of Swordmaster City stroked his beard and nodded again and again. "Soft defies hard, change begets change—either youth could be the city's future."

Farther down the platform, Lester's expression soured. He had gambled on Hendrix to defeat Jared, yet the duel refused to yield a victor.

Hendrix exhaled sharply, gems flaring brighter. "Seven Shooting Stars-third form, Moon Destruction!" Hendrix had been dueling so long that the taste of metal clung to every breath. Frustration flashed through him. He threw back his head and released a raw, defiant howl. In that instant, his entire reserve of spiritual energy flooded outward, no longer restrained by caution or pride.

The seven gemstones set along the Seven-Star Sword ignited at once, each sapphire-blue facet erupting into blinding fire. Seven twisting rivers of azure light-dragon-thick and dragon-fierce-spiraled through the air, wove into a single colossal blade-shadow, and crashed downward toward Jared with world-ending aura.

It was the fiercest strike within the Seven Shooting Stars Sword Art, a fusion of all seven lights. Veterans whispered the move rivaled an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Six full-powered blow.

Around the arena, a collective gasp hissed through the crowd. Even their breathing stopped, afraid to disturb the violence gathering overhead.

"It's over! No one could block that cut. Jared's finished!" someone choked, voice cracking under the weight of dread.

"What a shame. He fought so well," another murmured, regret mixing with awe.

On the platform, Lyra's palms were slicked with sweat. Flaxseed shut his eyes altogether, unwilling to witness whatever dreadful thing might follow.

Jared, facing that sky-splitting sword shadow, felt a spark of wild delight flicker across his gaze.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Deep inside him, spiritual energy boiled like water at a rolling boil. The Dragonslayer Sword in his grip answered with a hungry thrumming, eager for ruin.

"Come on now!" he shouted, each syllable tearing clean through the roar of rushing power.

He abandoned his defensive stance and gathered all of his sword intent, pouring it into the waiting edge of Dragonslayer Sword.

A radiant burst of gold blazed along the blade, as though a newborn sun had chosen that steel as its cradle. "Dragonslayer!" he cried, the word ringing like a verdict.

A simple roar, yet it carried a majesty that looked ready to humble mountains.

From the sword's tip, a narrow beam of golden light shot forth. It was not broad, yet within it lay an absolute, cleaving might—an edge forged for the dawn of worlds. It arrowed straight for the towering blue sword shadow.

Boom! The collision rattled every rib and stone.

Gold met sapphire in a clash that seemed to split the heavens. Light sheared outward, sound thundered behind it.

A violent shockwave rippled from the platform, but the waiting Spiritual Barricade Array drank it in, sparing the spectators from the storm.

When the glare finally dimmed, the scene on the stage froze every witness in speechless disbelief.

Hendrix's Moon Destruction sword shadow lay in tatters. Three of the Seven-Star Sword's gemstones had shattered outright. He staggered backward dozens of steps, face bloodless, and a thin line of red slipping past his lip.

Jared still stood where he had begun, Dragonslayer Sword held steady. He was a lone pine after a raging tempest—upright, though his breath was visibly heavy.

Silence fell—complete and absolute.

Then, as if the hush had merely been a coiling spring, the arena erupted in thunderous cheers, louder than at any earlier moment.

"He did it! Jared won!" voices howled in joyful disbelief.

"A Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator has defeated an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator. It's a miracle!" somebody bellowed above the din.

"Crown him champion of the Sword Championship!" another demanded, fists raised to the darkening sky. On the supporters' terrace, Lyra and the others clung to one another, tears streaking their smiles. Flaxseed leaped high, screaming, "Jared, that's how you do it!"

Down below, Corin's eyes shimmered. He whispered to himself, "The Sword Sect still has hope."

High on the VIP dais, the steward of Swordmaster City lurched to his feet. "Excellent! What an amazing move Dragonslayer is!" he shouted. "By my authority, this bout goes to Jared!"

Hendrix turned toward Jared, a pale, resigned smile etching his face. "I have lost... And I have no excuses."

Still pressing a trembling hand to his chest, he staggered down from the platform, each footfall leaving a faint smear of blood across the pale stone.

Jared watched Hendrix's retreating silhouette. Strangely, victory tasted flat; in its place swelled a flicker of respect. Hendrix's sword technique had been exquisite. Without the Dragonslayer Sword and the newly awakened sword intent shield, Jared doubted he could have prevailed.

From the VIP balcony, Jayson vaulted onto the arena in a blur of silver light. His gaze slashed toward Jared. "Brat, luck carried you this far. But now, it has run dry."

Impatience crackled around him; he refused to wait for the official bracket to bring them together.

Gasps rippled through the crowd, swelling into a storm of urgent whispers.

"What's Jayson doing? It's not even their turn yet!"

"He's scared the newcomer will keep winning and steal the championship!" Latest content published on find ♦ novel.net

"Shameless bully-throwing rank at a rookie!"

On the judges' dais, the Swordmaster City's steward frowned, ready to intervene. "This is good," Jared said, stepping forward. "Sooner or later, we'll fight. Might as well be now."

He had always known a clash with Jayson was inevitable-now the hour had simply arrived sooner.

A savage grin split Jayson's face. "Bold words! Today, I'll teach you what real swordmanship means."

He raised his longsword, and power billowed out—Earthly Immortal Realm Level Six-enough to make the air itself wail.

"Dying beneath my Sky Havoc Sword Art will be the highest honor of your short life!"

He slashed once, and the sky itself seemed to tear.

The stroke arrived fiercer than Hendrix's Moon Destruction, a tyrant of steel and wind. Spatial rifts split the very air, thin black scars threatening to unzip the heavens and the arena alike.

"Sky Havoc Sword Art-first form, Rock Explosion!"

Lightning-bright sword light reached Jared's chest before the echoes of that name had died.

Every spectator cried out; neither speed nor force like this had yet graced the tournament sands.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared's expression hardened; not a shard of complacency remained.

He felt the strike packed with savage spatial energy; one misstep meant instant annihilation.

He inhaled, flooded every vessel with spiritual energy, and drew the Dragonslayer Sword into a flawless golden crescent.

"Dragon Rider!"

Golden radiance coiled into a colossal dragon, spiraling upward to smash against the approaching sword shadow.

Boom!

Shock waves rattled the arena; even the mighty Spiritual Barricade Array spider-webbed with fragile cracks.

Both men skidded back three steps, crimson fire churning behind their ribs.

Surprise flashed across Jayson's eyes; Jared had intercepted Rock Explosion unscathed.

"Interesting," he snarled, tightening his grip. "Again!"

Jayson loosed a long, primal howl. His blade carved through the air ever faster, the arc of silver light multiplying until the dueling platform seemed crazed with moon-bright whirls.

"Sky Havoc Sword Art, second form—Sky Piercing!"

"Sky Havoc Sword Art, third form-Earthquake!"

He released the two cuts a moment apart. Each slash was fiercer than the last, and every shimmering stroke tore a new spatial rift in the very fabric of space. Cracks spider-webbed in midair until the arena itself looked ready to rip wide open.

Jared met the attacks without blinking. He flowed between Dragonslayer and Dragon Rider, one moment brutal as a thunderclap, the next light as drifting silk. Gold-bright sword lights slammed against Jayson's sword shadows, each collision detonating with a roar that rattled bones.

Spectators below the stage gaped in mute astonishment. This was no friendly exhibition—it was a duel to the death.

"Incredible! Now, this is the pinnacle of swordsmanship!"

"Jayson's Sky Havoc Sword Art really earns its legend, but Jared just refuses to break!"

"Who's going to fall first?" Original content can be found at

Up in the VIP gallery, Kael leaned so far forward his knuckles whitened around the rail. He knew Jayson was already fighting at nearly full strength, yet Jared still stood. Unease coiled tight in his gut.

Meanwhile, Corin wore a look of worry. Jared was only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight; his reserves had to be dwindling far faster than Jayson's. If the

clash dragged on, Jared might simply tire out. Steel rang again. Both fighters skidded back more than ten steps before they could steady their footing.

Jared's face blanched; a thin trail of blood glossed one corner of his mouth. Even so, his eyes stayed clear, and his grip on Dragonslayer Sword was rock-solid.

Jayson hardly looked better. His breathing hitched, sweat beading beneath his hairline. He had not imagined such tenacity—throwing eight-tenths of his might had still not crushed his opponent.

"You're courting death, brat!"

Fury burst through Jayson. He shrieked, unleashing every last drop of spiritual energy. His hair whipped in an invisible gale, and a wild light flared behind his pupils.

"Sky Havoc Sword Art, fourth form-Doomsday!"

This strike was the art's nightmare climax. Sword shadows split to reveal spatial rifts. Like a newborn black hole, the attack threatened to devour everything within reach.

A collective chill seized the audience. The force Jayson called forth already clawed into Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven territory—far beyond what a Level Six could muster.

"He's lost his mind—bringing out that technique here!"

"Jared, yield! One more clash and you'll die!"

Lyra and the rest went pale. They lunged toward the arena, only for Corin to throw an arm wide, blocking their path. Rushing in now would only break Jared's focus.

Amid the ruinous pressure, Jared's gaze remained strangely calm.

He felt the last threads of energy inside him guttering, yet the sword intent burning in his heart blazed higher than ever.

“Dragonslayer, fight with me one more time!”

With that cry, he poured his final shred of spiritual energy into his sword.

Golden radiance exploded outward. Within it, the illusory shadow of a colossal dragon coiled to life, scales flashing in the light.

"Dragon Soarer!"

The move-born in battle against Hendrix-fused the savagery of Dragonslayer with the dancing grace of Dragon Rider, forging a strike of even greater might.