

A Warrior Undefeatable

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A colossal, gold dragon illusory shadow—no more than a blazing echo forged from raw sword intent—erupted out of Jared's strike. It loosed a thunderous bellow that seemed to rattle the heavens, then hurled itself headlong into Jayson's spatial rift of sword shadows.

Boom!

The impact that followed dwarfed every clash that had come before. For one breathless instant, fury, heat, and roaring light fused into a single, deafening detonation.

The arena bucked like a ship in a storm. Pillars of light from the surrounding Spiritual Barricade Array guttered, dulled, then cracked apart in a spiderweb of glowing fissures.

A murderous shock wave burst outward. Even with the Spiritual Barricade Array caging most of the force, the watching cultivators felt their blood churn. Many staggered back several dozen paces, faces blanching as they fought to steady their breathing.

When the rolling dust at last drifted away, the arena resolved into grim focus—every shard of wreckage limned in the faint, ghostly glow of dying spiritual light.

Jayson had fallen to one knee. His once-proud Sky Havoc Sword lay scattered around him in pitiful, glittering fragments. Blood slicked his clothes, and his aura flickered like a candle whipped by the wind.

Across his chest gaped a wound so deep the bone itself glimmered beneath torn flesh—an unmistakable mark left by Jared's Dragon Soarer.

Moments earlier, during that earth-shattering collision, Jayson had misjudged a single line of intent—and that solitary mistake had spelled his defeat.

Silence spilled over the scene, heavy as a burial shroud.

Not one spectator dared breathe a word. They simply stared, eyes wide, each face carved with disbelief.

After all, Jared—Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight—had just toppled someone in Level Six of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

However narrow the margin, a victory was still a victory.

Jared leaned on the Dragonslayer Sword, his complexion ghost-pale, his chest heaving from the exertion. Yet his eyes—keen as a hunting hawk—never wavered from the beaten man before him.

He had relied solely on sword techniques—no talismans, no secret techniques. For that, he silently thanked Corin, whose teachings had turned raw talent into razor certainty.

Jayson watched Jared advance, inch by unforgiving inch. Terror warred with smoldering resentment in his gaze.

He understood with aching clarity that he no longer possessed even the strength to lift a blade.

"I... I concede!" he rasped, forcing the words past the iron taste of blood.

That final cry emptied the last scrap of power from his lungs.

He wished for nothing but breath and time—time enough to nurse vengeance in the dark.

Jared halted, studying the broken swordsman the way one might regard a loser. Something unreadable flickered across his eyes.

He lifted his Dragonslayer Sword, intent for a heartbeat on finishing what he had begun. Then, with visible effort, he allowed his murderous intent to fade.

A man who had publicly surrendered was, after all, a foe best left for the judgment of witnesses—lest the victor invite whispers of cruelty.

Jared turned his wrist to sheath the blade.

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A flash of malice sparked in Jayson's eyes. Summoning every last drop of spiritual power, he whipped a dagger—its edge lacquered in virulent poison—from his sleeve and lunged for Jared's unguarded back. The strike struck faster than startled breaths, too swift for reason to catch.

"Watch out!"

Lyra, Corin, and several others shouted in fractured unison, hearts vaulting into their throats.

Jared sensed the murderous wind behind him—but, this time, a fraction of a second too late.

Jared wrenched his torso aside at the last possible heartbeat, but the gleaming dagger still sank into his left shoulder. A white-hot stab of agony, laced with numbing venom, shot through every nerve like forked lightning.

A wet, metallic splatter burst into the air.

Blood flooded his mouth. He hawked it out in a crimson arc—then staggered three unsteady steps before planting his boots, forcing his trembling body to hold upright.

Slowly, he pivoted, eyes finding Jayson with a clarity colder than midwinter steel. The last trace of hesitation had vanished, leaving only murderous intent.

"You crave death. Allow me to oblige," Jared hissed.

The words rumbled from him like a message delivered up from the depths of hell—each syllable rimed in frost.

"Ha! Jared, you never saw it coming. All is fair in war, and your wide-eyed innocence just condemned you!" In his own mind, Jayson thought Jared was doomed.

The victorious grin froze on his face, as though someone had turned him to stone mid-laugh.

A sudden blaze of gold erupted from Jared's torso, flooding the arena with blinding radiance. Rolling beneath

it came the ancient authority of a dragon's power, a tidal pressure that made the arena quake.

Around the dagger wound, that same golden light churned like liquid sun, purging the toxin in a single radiant heartbeat.

Jayson had never learned that Jared's very flesh was immune to all poisons.

"The Power of Dragons..." Jared growled.

His pupils momentarily elongated into illusory shadows of dragons. Every breath he drew lifted his aura higher, edging toward a breakthrough that would tear the ceiling of the Wandering Immortal Realm.

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Terror slammed into Jayson's soul; he spun, thinking only of flight.

It was too late.

Jared blurred—one ghostly step, then he was already before the fleeing man. The Dragonslayer Sword ignited, a column of golden light that seemed cut from the heart of a star, and came whipping down in righteous fury.

"No—!"

His cry echoed off the stone as destiny crashed down.

A sickening, wet rip followed.

The sound of bone parting from bone shrieked through the arena, the kind of noise that makes teeth ache and stomachs revolt.

Before the stunned crowd, Jared's single stroke cleaved Jayson from crown to pelvis. The halves slid apart like pages of a ruined book, spilling their crimson script across the platform.

Organs thudded to the floorboards, blood pooling around them in dark, steaming lakes. The scene was so brutal it seemed torn from a nightmare that decent people pretend cannot exist.

Silence fell—total, absolute. Even the flags overhead forgot to flap, as though the world itself dared not speak after witnessing such savage finality.

Nobody had imagined Jared would end Jayson so cleanly, so mercilessly. The swiftness of it rattled their bones more deeply than any prolonged torture could have.

On the VIP terrace, Lester shot to his feet, face dark as storm iron. "Jared! How dare you murder a swordsman from Sacred Sword Manor!"

"A back-stabber forfeits his right to breathe," Jared answered, voice icy. "To spare him would disgrace justice itself."

He planted the sword tip on the plank floor for support, gave Lester a glance colder than permafrost, then turned away. One hand clamped over his wounded shoulder, he began stepping off the arena.

Sunlight washed over him, yet it carried no warmth. It only sharpened the edge of the slaughter lingering around his silhouette, making onlookers shudder as though winter had walked away with him.

The duel ended in a blinding instant, yet its echo thundered across the arena. With that strike, Jared displayed not only power that defied heaven itself but a merciless decisiveness that froze every onlooker in place.

From that moment on, Jared's name would be branded into countless hearts, an inkstroke of awe that time itself could never erase. Chapters first released on Find~Novel.net

For three long breaths, the grandstand sank into deathly silence. Then the spell shattered, and the crowd erupted in a roar so loud it rattled the banners overhead.

"H-He killed someone!"

"Jayson... Is he really dead?"

"He was an expert in Earthly Immortal Realm Level Six, cleaved in two by an Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight!"

On the VIP balcony, Lester's pupils shrank to pinpoints. His fingers burrowed into the rosewood armrest until the polished surface cracked, knuckles bleaching paper-white.

Fixated on the mangled corpse sprawled upon the stage, he loosed a caged-beast growl. Spiritual energy surged unchecked around him, ripping fresh seams through his brocade robe.

A primal scream tore from his throat.

The shout cracked like thunder. In the same heartbeat, Lester blurred forward, a streak of wrath hurtling toward the arena, intent on bringing the heavens down with him.

The crushing aura of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight condensed into a mountain-sized weight. Weaker cultivators below buckled at once, their knees slamming against the stone, blood glistening at the corners of their mouths.

"Jared, I'll tear you apart piece by piece!"

Just before Lester's palm could touch Jared, several figures shot onto the stage like arrows loosed from an overdrawn bow, forming a living shield around him.

At their head stood Corin. He leveled his longsword across his chest; the blade quivered as the oppressive aura churned Lester's organs, yet his spine remained ramrod straight.

"Mr. Lester, stand down!"

A dozen Sword Sect disciples rushed in behind him, blades raised. The light from their sword arrays wove a luminous net, sealing Jared safely at its center.

"Jayson surrendered, then struck without warning. His death was well deserved. Are you really going to abuse your rank to avenge such treachery, Mr. Lester?" Lyra looked at Lester angrily.

Lester's gaze was sharp as a poisoned blade. It swept over the Sword Sect disciples blocking his way and finally fixed on Jared. "Abuse my rank? That wretch butchered my disciple. None of you can save him today!"

"Butchered?" Corin let out a grim laugh, pointing his sword toward Jayson's corpse. "Open your eyes, Mr. Lester. Who launched a sneak attack after conceding? Who spat on the very spirit of the blade? Jayson shamed Sacred Sword Manor and paid the price."

"You're courting death!"

Stung to the quick, Lester snapped his palm toward Corin instead, the air slicing open in its wake.

"Quite the display of authority, Mr. Lester!" An aged voice drifted across the arena as Qivius Massey, steward of Swordmaster City, stepped onto the stage. With a casual flick of his cane, he dissolved Lester's incoming palm wind like mist in the morning sun. "This is Swordmaster City," he said, tone mild yet immovable. "You will not run wild here."

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“Qivius, that brat murdered my disciple—are you truly going to shield him?” Lester roared.

“Shield him?” Qivius stroked his beard, sweeping his gaze over the crowd. “Several thousand pairs of eyes witnessed the truth. Jayson conceded, then tried to strike from behind. Jared countered to preserve his own life. In law and in reason, he is blameless. It is you, Mr. Lester, who now seeks public vengeance in defiance of Swordmaster City's rules.”

Around the edge of the dueling stage, every grand master and elder present found his voice at once, their robes snapping in the mountain wind as they rushed to agree with the verdict.

“Mr. Massey is right. Jayson lost the match and still dared to scheme. He deserves far worse than death.” “Sacred Sword Manor prides itself on honor, yet it produced so base a cur!”

“Mr. Lester, if you use force today, you pit yourself against every cultivator under heaven.”

The tide of condemnation washed straight toward Lester. Under the weight of so many scorn-filled eyes—and the invisible fingers pointing at his spine—his aging face flushed a violent crimson, as though someone had dashed fresh blood across his cheeks.

“S-So that is the will of the cultivators of the world, is it?” Lester whirled on Jared, his glare cold and venomous, the way a serpent fixes on its prey. “You wretched b*stard, remember this. For the humiliation you dealt me today, Sacred Sword Manor will repay you a hundredfold. Sword Sect may shield you now, but let us see if they can guard you for life.”

Jared straightened, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and let the Dragonslayer Sword tremble in his fist. The sword's low, iron hum swelled, sounding eerily like a caged dragon itching to break free.

“I live here in Swordmaster City,” he said, his voice quiet yet carried to every corner of the square. “Sacred Sword Manor is welcome any time. But if you try another ambush, I promise—dismemberment will be the least of your worries.”

“You-!”

Lester shook so hard his robes rattled, yet under Qivius' frosted stare, he forced the murderous intent back down his throat.

After one last, lingering glance at Jayson's ruined body, he flung a sleeve and barked at the disciples behind him, "Wrap him up. We're leaving!"

Disciples from Sacred Sword Manor scrambled forward, covering the corpse in white cloth before stumbling away beneath a forest of disgusted eyes.

Just as Lester's silhouette slipped beyond the city gate, his hateful oath drifted back like a ghost on cold air. "Jared, Sword Sect-this is far from over."

Only after the last of Sacred Sword Manor vanished did the tension in the arena ease, like a bowstring finally released.

Qivius studied Jared, respect and worry tangled in his gaze. "Do you realize that killing Jayson is the same as kicking a hornet's nest?"

Jared clasped his fists. "I do. Yet when the way is righteous, even if ten thousand stand against me, I advance. If we tolerate back-stabbers, what sword force are we cultivating at all?"

"Well spoken—righteous indeed!" Qivius laughed, the sound bright as struck steel. "I did not misjudge you. Swordmaster City will stand witness to everything that happened. Should Sacred Sword Manor dare seek open revenge here, they answer to me first."

He paused, then drew an emerald badge carved with sword runes. "This is a Protection Badge of Swordmaster City. With it, you may travel unimpeded through all seven big sword sects of level five. If Sacred Sword Manor causes trouble, raise this badge, and the big sects will aid you."

The emerald badge felt warm in Jared's palm, soft threads of spiritual energy pulsing beneath its surface. "Thank you, Mr. Massey."

"Your wounds are deep. Go and mend them first." Qivius clapped him on the shoulder. "The championship of the Sword Championship is yours to lose."

Corin hurried up and slid an arm under Jared. "Jared, I'll see you to the infirmary."

Lyra and Flaxseed pressed close, eyes shining red at the sight of Jared's torn flesh and drying blood.

A cluster of Sword Sect disciples surrounded them as they left the arena. Cultivators lining the path stepped aside, their gazes filled with wary awe.

A mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight had severed an earthly immortal expert—then slain Sacred Sword Manor's brightest prodigy. With that single, thunderous victory, Jared had shaken all of Swordmaster City to its core. Original content can be found at findovel.net

Back in Sword Sect's courtyard, Corin produced shimmering healing pills and personally bound Jared's wounds.

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Corin eased open Jared's shredded tunic. Light poured across a gash so deep the ivory of bone glimmered beneath torn muscle. His breath caught, and a chill washed over the courtyard. “F*ck Jayson!”

Jared answered with a calm, almost teasing smile, "I've lived through worse. This won't be the one that finishes me."

Lyra shot him a reproachful glare while dabbing the wound with spirit spring water, her hands trembling despite her care. “Lived through worse? Do you have any idea how close you came to dying? If Lester had truly struck, none of us could've stopped him!"

Flaxseed hovered at Jared's side, eyes blazing with admiration. “Jared, you were a beast out there! That Dragon Soarer-absolutely epic! When you split that punk in half, I nearly leaped over the railing!"

As Corin pressed fresh medicine into the open flesh, his voice dropped to a warning hush. "Sacred Sword Manor will not swallow this humiliation. Lester never forgets a slight. Get out of Swordmaster City. Vanish before their shadow falls again."

Jared offered a single, measured nod. "The moment we claim the champion's prize, we disappear."

Truth be told, even without Corin's caution, Jared and Flaxseed had already planned to slip away and find the branch of Malevolent Path Hall.

At the mention of the prize, Lyra's eyes sparked like twin stars. "Word is the champion receives a Sword Heart Clarity Pill—and three full days inside Myriad Swords Cave to study its echoes!"

"Sword Heart Clarity Pill?" Jared lifted a brow. "What does it do exactly?"

"It tempers sword intent itself," Lyra explained, awe softening her voice.

Jared glanced toward Corin, disbelief flickering behind his eyes. He had never heard of a pill capable of sharpening something as intangible as sword intent.

"It's real," Corin said, lips curling into a knowing smile. "With that pill, the sword intent shield could break—unfolding into a true sword domain. And once that happens, your power will surge again—by more than a single realm."

Jared's curiosity flared. "What about Myriad Swords Cave?"

"The cave is—" Corin began, but heavy footsteps cut him short.

A young disciple of Swordmaster City halted respectfully at the threshold. "Mr. Chance, Mr. Massey requests your presence. The rewards of the Sword Championship are ready."

Jared rose, anticipation rippling beneath his composed features. "Then let's not keep him waiting."

The main hall of Swordmaster City fell silent as Jared stepped inside. Every eye—enemy and ally alike—swiveled toward the man who had dared defy Sacred Sword Manor.

High on the VIP deck, elders and sect leaders stood to greet him, goodwill shining in faces usually carved from stone. A prodigy capable of withstanding Sacred Sword Manor was a friend worth having.

Qivius held aloft a lacquered brocade box, his voice echoing off pillar and beam. "The Sword Championship has concluded. This year's champion—Jared!"

Thunder rolled from human palms—an ovation louder, hotter, and more relentless than anything the arena had ever endured.

Qivius stepped forward. With both hands, he raised a brocade box, its lacquered surface breathing a quiet sheen of sunrise gold. "Inside, you'll find a Sword Heart Clarity Pill and the admission token to Myriad Swords Cave. Three days from now, I shall escort you there myself."

Jared took the box. When he was about to express his gratitude, a disciple sprinted through the side archway, breath hitching. He leaned into Qivius' ear and poured out a string of urgent, whispered syllables.

The color drained from Qivius' cheeks, leaving his features carved from storm-cloud stone.

Qivius lifted his head, voice pitched low and grave. "Jared, I'm afraid you can't remain in Swordmaster City any longer. Before leaving, Lester of Sacred Sword Manor broadcast a message to every sect that still owes him favors. He claims you carry an ancient treasure and indulge in bloodshed, and he wants the whole cultivation world to strike at you together."

Corin's face blanched. "They're smearing Jared, turning him into everyone's target!"

"Despicable!" Lyra's shout cracked across the hall like a drawn blade. Discover more novels at findnovel.net

Qivius exhaled, shoulders heavy. "Sacred Sword Manor dominates the faction of sword force. Many sects will grant Lester this favor. Besides their superb sword techniques, they also possess incredible smithing techniques. They supply spiritual swords to most in the realm. Few will risk offending their armorer over you."

Jared tightened his grip around the box, a shard of frost flashing across his eyes. "They want to swarm me? Let them try..."

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Jared turned toward Qivius. "Mr. Massey, I'll forgo Myriad Swords Cave for now. I'll keep the reward, but I must depart immediately."

"Won't you reconsider?" Qivius' regret bled through his words. "For a swordsman, being able to enter Myriad Swords Cave is a rare opportunity."

"Opportunity means nothing if I'm dead," Jared said with a rueful smile. "Once I settle matters with Sacred Sword Manor, I'll return to seek your guidance."

Qivius nodded slowly. "Very well. I'll have my men guide you out through a hidden corridor. It should spare you most prying eyes. Beyond Swordmaster City lies the tomb of swords. Since you can't enter Myriad Swords Cave, cultivating there might serve as partial compensation."

"My thanks, Mr. Massey." Jared bowed respectfully.

Half an hour later, the Sword Sect entourage slipped through the secret passage and left the roaring city behind.

From a hillside outside the walls, Jared looked back. Under the sinking sun, the silhouette of Swordmaster City blurred, as though already fading into memory.

"Jared, where are we heading next?" Corin asked, his voice low yet oddly calm.

Jared's eyes drifted westward. A faint wind caught the hem of his coat, tilting it behind him the way a sail leans into open water. "I want to look in on the tomb of swords first."

Corin gave a slow, measured nod, then slipped into a tone that carried the weight of an elder brother offering final counsel before a duel. "The tomb of swords is nothing like Myriad Swords Cave. That canyon was carved for tempering steel. This valley was forged for killing. Go in without an iron-clad will, and the place will make you go off the deep end."

He paused only long enough to let the warning sink in, then added, "Everything in the tomb of swords depends on each visitor's own comprehension. Some emerge sharper than the day they were born. Others— well, others stumble out half-wit, their spirits cracked beyond repair."

Corin explained the dangers of the tomb of swords to Jared.

Jared's smile flickered, small and unconcerned. "Fear's just a locked door," he said. "Someone has to turn the key. Might as well be me."

With that, the small company set out, boots crunching over frost-brittle grass toward the rear ridges of Swordmaster City, where the tomb of swords waited like a wound that never healed.

The tomb of swords lay cradled in a vast mountain hollow: an ancient gorge choked with blades. Thousands of weather-blackened swords jutted from the earth at every angle—some as slender as reeds, others broad as tombstones—each humming with a pale sword intent that braided in mid-air and formed an invisible, suffocating sword domain. The source of this content is nOvelFind.net

Every blade marked a life already spent. Beneath that unseen sword domain was the thick pool of marked

aura.

"We've arrived," Corin said, gesturing toward a lonely stone stele at the valley's heart. "On that monument is etched the Swordmaster's Scripture. Whatever you can draw from it—that's your fate talking."

Jared stepped to the stele. Ancient characters clung to the stone like living embers, flowing in slow, molten lines. Their collective sword intent rolled off the slab in silent thunder, pressing against his skin.

The instant he met their glow, an ocean of knowledge burst through his mind. Sword forces older than empires, flashes of razor logic, and whole philosophies bound in a single elegant swing.

Visions followed—countless swordmasters across the ages. One practiced atop a cloud-torn peak, carving arcs through snowfall. Another stood waist-deep in a sea of blood, polishing a blade meant only to end. A third wandered bright marketplaces, drawing wisdom from whispers of everyday life.

Time blurred. Finally, Jared's eyes slid shut. He wove his fingers into precise seals, and his spiritual energy began to circulate along the pathways set within the Swordmaster's Scripture.

A subtle aura rose from him—an echo of the tomb of swords itself. All around, the embedded blades trembled in recognition, chiming like crystal goblets touched by an unseen hand.

Watching from a respectful distance, Corin felt his breath hitch. So quickly? He's already in sync with the valley's will. He's resonating with the sword intent of the tomb of swords..."

The harmony broke. A sudden shriek tore through the gorge as the thin skeins of black marked aura, once drifting lazily among the swords, convulsed. Something unseen dragged the mist into raging torrents— reeking, pitch-dark rivers that crashed together, all snarling toward the stele where Jared stood. They carried the stench of open graves and wet iron, and the ground itself shuddered beneath their charge.

Boom!

The earth jolted with brutal force, as though some giant beast had stirred beneath the skin of the world.

In the valley known as the tomb of swords, the soil fractured outward from an ancient stone stele. From every new fissure, ghastly bone talons burst skyward, shattering stone and silence alike. Thunder rolled across the valley floor, as if the tomb of swords had found its own malignant heartbeat at last.

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“What on earth is that?” Lyra cried, her voice cracking with terror. Find the newest release on [find•novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

Legions of skeletons clawed their way out, eye sockets ablaze with spectral green ghostfire. Their joints grated together in a nerve-scraping chack-chack-chack.

Rust-pitted long swords and broken antique swords still hung in their bony hands, grim proof that these were the long-dead cultivators who once fell in the tomb of swords.

Driven by the surging marked aura, the skeletal tide moved with predatory speed. Waves of bloodlust rolled off them as they surged toward Jared.

"Jared!" Corin's face drained of color. He raised his sword and sprang forward.

He had barely taken a single step when an invisible shield blazed into being.

The tomb of swords' dormant sword domain detonated, weaving a transparent bulwark that sealed Jared away from the outside world.

Corin's longsword slammed against the shield, producing only a faint ripple. The rebound rattled his organs. Blood traced a bright line across his lip.

“This sword domain.. It's stronger than ever,” he gasped, feeling the domain's hostility multiply, as though the very valley rejected all intruders.

Ten Sword Sect disciples unleashed their strength together, sword energy whipping against the barrier, yet every arc rebounded, scattering sparks in the air like rejected prayers.

Flaxseed hurled a charm with all his might. The impact rang out like a bronze bell. The recoil hurled him backward through the air. He hit the ground, numb-armed and cursing.

"F*ck! We can't get through!" Flaxseed roared, panic flashing in his eyes.

Inside the enclosure, Jared stood alone, the skeletal horde closing in from every direction.

His eyes snapped open, not with fear but with fierce, rising purpose.

The Swordmaster's Scripture, which he had just grasped with his sword intent, raced through his mind. He wrenched the Dragonslayer Sword from the earth, golden light flaring against the surrounding black marked

aura.

"Good-come closer!" he growled, voice low and eager.

Instead of retreating, Jared drove forward, meeting the tide head-on.

The Dragonslayer Sword cleaved the air, sketching a blistering arc of gold-the Dragon Soarer technique he had once devised against Jayson. Yet this time the stroke carried not only the dragon's power but the ancient sword intent of the tomb of swords itself.

A wet, ripping hiss tore through the gloom. The foremost dozen skeletons were caught in the light and exploded into a blizzard of bone shards.

More skeletons trampled the wreckage of their comrades, incapable of pain and immune to fear. Rusted weapons howled toward Jared's vital points with merciless precision.

He danced between them, feet tracing an esoteric pattern that let him slip through the skeletons like wind through reeds.

Abandoning defense, he pushed the Swordmaster's Scripture's technique to its limit, drawing the black marked aura itself into his body.

"Urgh..." The sound escaped him as the marked aura stabbed through his meridians like a thousand iron needles.

Cold sweat beaded across his brow, yet he forced the torment down. Guided by will alone, he herded the marked aura into the calm eye of his elixir field.

Under the steady rhythm of his sword intent, the raw power hidden within the marked aura peeled away, strand by strand, then seeped into Jared's own spiritual energy.

Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight... The barrier is shaking. Jared was thrilled.

Those skeletons had been born of that very marked aura; slaying them only thickened the marked aura they left behind.

Hence, he carved through the flood of skeletons, one hand guiding the sword, the other drawing the freed marked aura into himself.

His movements quickened until the eye could scarcely follow. The golden light from the Dragonslayer Sword intertwined with the black energy surrounding the marked aura, creating a scene that was both haunting and magnificent.

Amid the spray of powdered bone, Jared's aura climbed, visibly stacking upon itself like storm clouds.

Each swing shattered several dozen skeletons. Each breath of marked aura left his spiritual energy more compressed, more lethal.

Soon, the Dragon Soarer was no longer the only sword technique he used. Characters etched on the ancient stele came alive, spilling unseen sword shadows that guided his hands in ever-evolving arcs.

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At times, he thrust with deceptive plainness—yet the blade curled through a thousand subtle turns, piercing the crania of several corpses at once. At other moments, his sword energy dropped like a mountain, cleaving whole skeletons to dust.

The sword intent, tempered by slaughter and marked aura, condensed into something fiercer, hinting at a breakthrough through the sword intent shield.

Outside the shield, Corin and the others stared, lips parted in disbelief.

"Is he cultivating by devouring marked aura?"

Lyra covered her mouth in shock. "That's impossible! Marked aura is pure negative energy. One misstep and he goes off the deep end!"

A flash of realization crossed Corin's eyes, and he murmured, "Oh, right... His sword intent carries the dragon's power—blazing, unyielding. It's also positive energy. It can smother the marked aura and negative energy. And he's deciphering

the Swordmaster's Scripture. Maybe the tomb of swords' malice is exactly the opportunity he needs!"

The earth shook harder. From the deepest crevice, a giant skeleton-nearly thirty feet tall-hauled itself upright.

It wore ragged armor, gripped a rust-eaten greatsword, and the marked aura around it had thickened into visible coils; once, this had been a cultivator of terrifying cultivation.

With a bone-rattling roar, it raised that greatsword and brought it straight down toward Jared.

Jared looked up, a shard of ice flashing in his eyes.

He drew a deep breath; the marked aura and his own spiritual energy were refined completely. The Dragonslayer Sword's golden light then carried delicate threads of black markings along its edge.

"You'll be the stepping-stone for my breakthrough."

He sprang, man and blade merging into a streak of interwoven gold and black that shot straight for the skeleton's greatsword.

A thunderous boom tore through the tomb.

The golden-black streak of light crashed against the rusted sword of the giant skeleton. Within the sword domain shield, the clash was deafening.

The Dragonslayer Sword's golden light slammed against the rusted blade's black energy, sparks erupting in every direction.

A torrent of force rammed back through the sword; Jared's arms went numb. Without the fusion of the spiritual energy and marked aura inside him, that single hit would have torn the weapon from his hands.

Such brutal strength! Jared was surprised.

Though nothing more than a skeleton, the giant moved with the martial arts imprint of a Top Level Earthly Immortal Realm.

It pressed the rusted blade downward; the black energy coiled like adders, seeking to gnaw away the Dragonslayer Sword's golden light.

Jared stamped down, shattering the skull of a skeleton beneath his boot. The force launched him into a mid-air twist, silk robes snapping as he slipped past the giant skeleton's rust-pitted sword before the blade could grind him into the stone.

Spinning his wrist, he slashed with the Dragonslayer Sword in a vicious arc that flickered like liquid sun. The tip punched straight between two ribs where the marked aura swirled thinnest—Jared had already marked that gap as the skeleton's single soft spot.

A thin hiss tore the air.

Golden light speared through bone, dragging a ribbon of black energy in its wake.

Howling in pain, the towering skeleton swept its corroded sword sideways. Jared's toes kissed the ground, and he drifted back like dandelion fluff on a breeze, the blow missing him by inches.

Steel met empty space and carved a trench several yards long, flinging shards of rock in every direction. Can't trade power for power with this one. Jared judged the situation in an instant.

The giant skeleton's brute strength dwarfed that of the regular skeletons, and the marked aura armoring its bones rendered ordinary strikes ineffective.

Yet Jared noticed the giant skeleton moved ponderously. Each swing tugged at the marked aura inside, making the green ghostfire in its eye sockets flare and gutter—there lay its rhythm, and its weakness.

Decision made in a heartbeat, he refused any more straight-on clashes.

His silhouette flickered through the tomb of swords, a ghost weaving between gravestones while the rusty blade chopped vainly at his heels. In passing, the sword sliced through lesser skeletons, scattering ribs and femurs like dry leaves.

With every strike, the Dragonslayer Sword's golden light made the bone dust fan outward, and the freed marked aura flowed toward Jared, sinking into him as though the darkness recognized a new master.

A deep hum vibrated in his chest.

The more he refined the marked aura, the heavier and steadier his own aura became.

The dam holding him at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight began to splinter, hairline cracks spreading under the tide of fresh power. This content belongs to novelFind.net

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Deep within his elixir field, his spiritual energy thickened, edging toward the threshold of Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine.

The giant skeleton bellowed again, frustration sharpening its cry to a storm-blast.

Abandoning pursuit, it stabbed the rusted sword into the floor. Both skeletal hands formed eldritch seals, and the surrounding marked aura boiled like water in a cauldron.

From the black energy, the shattered remains of earlier foes re-knit themselves into dozens of skeleton soldiers, each hefting a bone spear that launched toward Jared in a white barrage.

"Perfect," Jared muttered, eyes gleaming.

Instead of retreating, he surged forward, driving the movement technique from the Swordmaster's Scripture to its limit, sliding between incoming spears as if the world itself slowed around him.

The Dragonslayer Sword rose above his head. Golden light tangled with black energy, knitting into a blade of radiance taller than a man—an attack forged from the tomb of swords' sword intent and the fury of newly refined marked aura.

"Break!"

The light fell, a lightning bolt cleaving night.

Spears turned to powder on contact, and the charging skeleton soldiers dissolved into drifting ash.

The light did not slow—it streaked on, aimed squarely at the giant skeleton's skull.

Roaring, the giant skeleton crossed both arms to block. Black energy slicked over its forearms, turning bare bone the color of wet ink.

Metallic thunder rang out when light met bone. For more chapters visit find.novel.net

The impact from the light hurled the colossus backward. Spiderweb cracks crawled across its arm-bone armor, and the green ghostfire in its eyes fluttered wildly, signaling a wound that finally mattered.

Using the recoil from that single clash, Jared whirled like a top. In his palm, the Dragonslayer Sword blurred into a spiraling bolt of gold that carved a luminous vortex through the stale, death-stained air.

Shattered threads of marked aura, once scattered by the light, suddenly curved back toward him. They raced along his spinning path and burrowed into his body—not as unwanted invaders but as warriors he marshaled to batter the final wall of his cultivation.

A raw cry tore from Jared's throat.

The cry became a triumphant howl as, deep inside, a brittle crack rang out—like an iron shackle giving way.

The barrier of the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight collapsed. Pure spiritual energy, braided with the refined marked aura, flooded every vein, lifting him cleanly into the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine. "Now!"

Jared's newly tempered gaze sharpened into naked steel, every mote of light reflecting the edge of a sword poised to strike.

With the breakthrough, his command of sword intent felt exquisite, each nuance answering his will like silk threads tugged by an unseen loom.

In that clarity, he sensed the towering skeleton's aura falter; the blast moments earlier had thrown its marked aura into brief, quivering chaos.

"Dragon Soarer!"

But this time, the Dragon Soarer carried more than the dragon's power. It drank in the murderous intent of the tomb of swords, and the storming malice of the marked aura welded to his own power.

Golden light roared along the Dragonslayer Sword's edge. From that blaze, a Black Dragon's illusory shadow uncoiled, forged of sword intent and marked aura, tearing skyward before lunging at the colossal skeleton with world-rending aura.

The giant skeleton lurched backward, instinct screaming, yet every inch of surrounding space froze beneath an unseen sword domain; it found itself trapped inside a cage of invisible edges.

It could only stare while the Black Dragon's illusory shadow spread its jaws wide and plunged for the brittle crown of its skull.

Pfft!

The Black Dragon's illusory shadow speared through the cranium, devouring the eerie green ghostfire that had burned within and extinguishing it as effortlessly as a gale snuffs out a candle.

Without that ghostfire to animate it, the giant skeleton stopped mid-motion. Cracks webbed across bone, and in a chorus of brittle snaps, the skeleton crumbled, scattering into pale shards the tomb of swords' wind soon whisked away.

As the giant skeleton fell, every lesser skeleton around it went slack, toppled, and ground to bonedust like puppets whose strings had been cut.

The once-rampant marked aura quieted, no longer a storm but a gentle brook circling Jared's body. He inhaled it slowly, refining each wisp into yet more tempered strength.

Beyond the sword domain shield, Corin and the others gaped, speechless.

They had watched Jared claw his way from certain death, explode into Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine, then cleave apart a giant skeleton that rivaled a Top Level Earthly Immortal Realm. After that, he even used the marked aura for Body Cultivation, twisting the tomb of swords' malice into an unimaginable opportunity.

"T-This brat..." Flaxseed stood with his mouth open, unable to speak for a long while.

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"He not only survived the marked aura—he used it to break through. Such perception and will are terrifying," Lyra murmured, bright wonder gleaming in her eyes.

"The Sword Sect just found itself a treasure," Corin exhaled, a pleased smile softening his stern features. Stillness returned as Jared lowered the sword and stood upright, breath steady, shoulders loose.

At that moment, his aura felt several times greater, black energy curling around him, yet his eyes stayed bright and lucid—no hint of the madness that often stalked those who had gone off the deep end.

He flexed his fingers, marveling at how spiritual energy and marked aura fused as one, each casual movement edged with cutting intent.

Nearby, the ancient stone stele ignited again; archaic characters rippled across its face, faster and brighter, as though the monument itself applauded his insight.

As the marked aura settled, the sword domain shield that sealed the grave began to thin, its edges fraying like frost under sunrise.

Jared tightened the leather strap around the scabbard slung across his back, then lifted his gaze to Corin. "Master Morden, the hour has come. We ought to leave for Darkwind Gorge now."

Corin answered with a slow, deliberate nod, the gray at his temples gleaming in the lamplight. "Okay. You now stand at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine. With the swordmaster's legacy coursing through you, even an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight should fall beneath your blade."

Flaxseed rubbed his palms together, unable to mask the thrill shivering through his wiry frame. "Jared, you've broken through at last! At long last, we can make Malevolent Path Hall pay. This time, we will drag the Flaxseed clan's divine souls!"

Flaxseed understood one simple truth—the stronger Jared became, the brighter the hope that the Flaxseed clan's divine souls would one day know freedom.

Corin lifted a hand, urging caution. "Your power is impressive, yes, but I still believe you should shut yourself away for a time and cultivate it further. Although you're at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine, against Malevolent Path Hall, it's still like kicking against the pricks."

Jared opened his mouth, voice hesitant. "Master Morden, I—"

Corin waved the protest aside before it formed. "Stop calling me that. In raw strength, you've already surpassed me. Titles matter less than the path you now walk."

It was not that Corin lacked the desire to accept Jared as a disciple. Rather, Jared's meteoric rise felt closer to a comet hurtling skyward-far beyond the reach of any earthly mentor.

In the span of mere months, Jared's cultivation had soared as though strapped to a rocket.

"My sword intent owes much to your teaching," Jared said, voice steady despite the reverence in his eyes. "Calling you Master Morden will always feel right. Besides, we go to Darkwind Gorge only to scout. I expect no real danger."

Corin considered the words, teeth worrying his lower lip. At last, he exhaled and nodded once. "Very well. I'll accompany you."

He turned to Lyra, the snow-robed disciple hovering nearby. "Lyra, lead your fellow apprentices back to Swordmaster City. Stay inside its walls. The people of Sacred Sword Manor will not give up easily."

With that, Corin fell in beside Jared and Flaxseed, and the three figures slipped beyond the city gates, traveling west toward Darkwind Gorge.

Darkwind Gorge was a branch stronghold of Malevolent Path Hall.

Inside a cavernous, ice-cold hall, a black-robed elderly man sat cross-legged before an altar. Dozens of onyx urns lined the slab, each brimming with a murky light in which condemned souls writhed and clawed in endless torment.

The black-robed elderly man's crimson eyes snapped open, a razor-thin smile curving across his gaunt face. "So, Jared—you finally approach. I have waited a very, very long time."

All year round, Darkwind Gorge lay smothered beneath a veil of marked aura. Demon beasts ran wild among its cliffs, and sinister formations lay hidden beneath every root and stone-enough to turn most cultivators aside before they dared the inner peaks.

Moving with painstaking care, Jared, Corin, and Flaxseed threaded through twisted pines. At each abrupt bend, Flaxseed released a Navigation Charm or a

Purification Charm, the slips of paper burning blue as they pushed the marked aura back a few vital yards.

Flaxseed's brow knitted as the marked aura thickened. "This marked aura is heavier than I feared," he muttered. "My Purification Charms can shelter a circle no wider than ten feet. Any deeper, and we'll be walking blind."

Corin's tone grew grave. "The branch of Malevolent Path Hall must lie at the range's heart, where the marked aura is strongest. Every step nearer will demand perfect caution—one error, and we drown in poison or runes alike." Latest content published on [find{n}ovel.net](#)

Jared nodded and used his Focus Technique, drawing faint tendrils of marked aura into his pores. Each breath thinned the air around them, while Flaxseed's Purification Charms formed a second, flickering shield. Jared could not hope to cleanse the entire range—such refinement needed time, something he didn't have.

Somewhere ahead, the divine souls of Flaxseed's family members awaited either salvation or oblivion, and no one could say how long those divine souls might last.

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A voice Jared had not heard in months boomed inside his mind, low as thunder rolling beneath the sea. "Go no farther..."

The warning belonged to Vermilion Demon Lord, echoing through Jared's consciousness field with a force that made his heart jolt against his ribs.

Jared halted as though an unseen chain had snapped taut around his chest. He pivoted toward Vermilion Demon Lord. "Mr. Vermilion... Mr. Vermilion..."

The name left his throat in a pleading rasp, half-hope, half-command.

Only silence answered. It felt as if Vermilion Demon Lord had melted out of existence again, leaving the air unnaturally still.

Flaxseed skidded in beside him, the bells on his hemp robe jangling in alarm. "Jared, what's the matter?" His eyes, always merry, were pinched with concern.

Jared didn't speak. A single line creased his brow, the same look a strategist would wear when a carefully drawn map suddenly grew blank. Original content can be found at [find\[N\]ovel.net](#)

Corin's sword hovered at his side as he slowed. "Jared, what is it?" The older man's tone held more steel than worry.

"Master Morden, maybe we shouldn't charge straight into Malevolent Path Hall just yet. My strength still feels insufficient. I need it tempered-hardened before we pick that fight." Jared's admission slipped out in a low,

steady breath that surprised even him.

"Makes no difference to me. I follow your lead." Corin nodded once, then flicked a glance toward Flaxseed, inviting comment without a word.

After all, they were going to Malevolent Path Hall for the Flaxseed clan's divine souls.

"Jared, what are you saying? You're backing out on me now?" Flaxseed's voice cracked, equal parts disbelief and dawning fear.

He had traveled with Jared long enough to know the younger man never blinked at danger.

To see him hesitate then felt like watching a mountain tremble.

"Of course I'll help you," Jared said. "But we need caution. Back then, it wasn't only Malevolent Path Hall that butchered your people. Venom Valley, Holy Light Sect-others joined the hunt. We'll squeeze those softer sects first, strip their resources, grow stronger, and then settle the real score."

In his mind, the plan unfolded like a game of stones: start with the weak corners, gather territory, tighten the noose then strike the center with irresistible force.

Vermilion Demon Lord's sudden warning hadn't been tossed out for sport. Jared trusted Vermilion Demon Lord's instinct more than his own. He chose to believe, and to live.

"All right, we hit the others first." Flaxseed tapped a knotted knuckle against his palm, agreement flashing like flint on steel.

"I know Venom Valley-about three thousand miles west," Corin said, pointing with two fingers as his sword angled into the wind. "Year-round toxic energy, nests of poisonous creatures-I can guide us in."

Jared gave one curt nod. The trio wheeled around and shot across the scarred landscape, leaving Malevolent Path Hall.

They streaked toward Venom Valley, afternoon sun glinting off blades and talismans alike.

Corin knew every ridge there. He called out shortcuts, veering them away from demon beasts driven mad by the suffocating marked aura that still haunted these mountains.

High above, balanced on his sword, Corin explained, "Venom Valley's fog comes in three cultivation levels. Green along the rim—it numbs your spiritual energy. Violet farther in—it chews through meridians. At the heart, black energy. One touch and even an Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator would die choking on regret."

Flaxseed crushed a Purification Charm. A soft gold shield blossomed around them. He grinned, flashing missing teeth. "Good thing I packed my family's Detoxification Powder. Otherwise, we'd be corpses before we even reached their gate."

Black energy, distilled from the tomb of swords' marked aura, curled around Jared's fingertips.

He noticed the drifting poisonous creatures bending toward that marked aura, being devoured grain by grain, though painfully slow.

"Maybe we won't need charms at all," Jared said, eyes narrowing. "Let me see if my marked aura can carve us a road."

He pushed his spiritual energy outward. The marked aura ballooned, forming a black wall that rolled ahead of them.

Green-marked aura touched that black energy and melted like frost under a summer torch, opening a clean corridor straight into the valley's poisoned throat.

Corin's eyes flew wide, the pupils sparking like flint struck in the dark. "Your marked aura counters poisonous creatures!"

Jared almost blurted that he was immune to all poisons—his Focus Technique refined any toxin the moment it touched him. That trick works only on me. If I want my friends unharmed, I'll have to let the marked aura do the shielding.

"Maybe it's because poison and marked aura are both made of negative energy," Jared said after a breath. "Marked energy is simply stronger, so it devours the poisonous creatures before it can breathe."

Flaxseed slapped his thigh with a bark of laughter. "That'll save me a fortune in charms!"

The three quickened their pace as they crossed the endless, reeking swamp, violet bubbles bursting around their ankles.