

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Tumor-ridden pythons as thick as tree trunks rose from the mire, only to tremble and sink away when Jared's marked aura washed over them.

By dusk, a dense forest of purple bamboo appeared ahead, each stalk swaying like spears beneath a copper sky.

Lavender mist drifted between the canes, so caustic it sent ripples across Jared's marked aura shield like stones dropped in water.

"We've reached the outer line of Venom Valley. Their venom slaves lurk in this bamboo-cultivators whose hearts are chained by poison," Corin warned, voice low against the sighing wind.

Just as he finished, dozens of shapes burst from the fog, bodies moving with jerky malice.

They were skin and bone, their flesh stained a sickly blue-purple, their eyes laced red, each gripping a bone spear dripping with oily toxin.

"Attack!" the venom slaves howled, the word cracked and hollow as rotten wood.

They lunged, movements stiff yet fearless, as though death itself had been cut from their vocabulary.

Flaxseed flung three Flame Charms. Golden fire rolled out like a breaking tide, reducing the front rank to smoking cinders.

"Mind their blood!" Corin shouted.

Jared blurred forward, his Dragonslayer Sword flashing free with a metallic cry.

A fan of golden light tangled with black energy swept wide. Bodies were cleaved at the waist, and the purple blood that sprayed hissed through solid stone, boring hundreds of tiny holes.

"These venom slaves were once Earthly Immortal Realm cultivators," Corin said, severing a poisoned needle hurled his way. "The Heart Devouring Parasite of Venom Valley sits in their chests and turns them into thoughtless puppets."

"Is there any chance to free them?" Jared asked, brow tightening as he saw the pain still flickering in their ruined eyes.

"Slim to none," Flaxseed answered, snapping a Freeze Charm that sheathed one venom slave in crystal ice. "The parasite coils around the heart. Miss it by an instant and the host explodes on the spot."

Jared's hesitation vanished. Dragonslayer blazed brighter, its edge carving patterns of a sword technique he had comprehended from the tomb of swords.

Every thrust speared a heart, and with each strike, a thread of marked aura raced down the blade, shredding the hidden parasite.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The slaves went rigid, then crumbled to gray ash that drifted away on the mist—no poison left to spill.

Seeing the effect, Corin and Flaxseed shifted tactics at once, driving their blades straight for the heart of every incoming slave.

An hour later, the last venom slave scattered into pale ash on the poisoned wind. Jared lowered his Dragonslayer Sword and felt his marked aura thicken, fed by every parasite he had just devoured.

Corin raised one gloved hand toward the murk where the bamboo grew densest. "The main gate of Venom Valley is right ahead. Push through that gorge and their very heart will come into view."

The trio moved through the purple bamboo until a narrow ravine split the thicket before them. On either cliff, honey-combed caves yawned like wasp nests, and something black writhed deep within.

"That is Centipede Cave," Corin murmured. "A thousand-year venomous centipede lives in each cell; startle them and we are done."

His warning slipped into the gloom like a dagger.

Jared's gaze caught on a flat stone marking the ravine's mouth, its surface etched with twisting runes. Each symbol pulsed a sickly green that mirrored the drifting miasma.

"A warning formation," Jared observed, brushing the stone. "Set foot inside, and every venomous creature here will know."

As he channeled his spiritual energy, his marked aura streamed from his fingertip into the carving.

The green glow flickered, then died as the runes withered under the black energy.

"It's settled. Let's move," Jared said, pulling his hand away.

They stepped into the ravine, and all of a sudden, a dry rasping storm rolled across the cliffs. Countless half-foot centipedes, black-plated and metal-bright, poured from the caves, their stingers glowing cold blue.

"D*mn it, they still spotted us! These are Mithril Centipedes, their shells harder than forged steel!" Corin hissed with a frown.

Flaxseed ducked behind Jared, clutching a fistful of charms that shook harder than he did.

Jared's eyes narrowed; he swung the Dragonslayer Sword in a wide, gleaming arc.

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Golden light slammed into a Mithril Centipede's shell, showering sparks and leaving only a shallow white scar.

They're tough! A muted shock coursed through Jared, and he immediately changed tactics, flooding the blade with marked aura that hissed like imprisoned thunder.

"So hard!" Flaxseed gasped, then added enviously, "Wish my own gear were built the same."

Jared shot him a glare that needed no words.

Corin, oblivious, raised his sword and cut. Black light sliced through the Mithril Centipede's shell as though it were silk.

The severed halves fell apart cleanly, emerald venom splashing outward-only to sizzle harmlessly against the marked aura shield coiling around the group.

"Aim for their bellies—that's where the shell is soft!" Corin's warning rained down from above. Riding a streak of silver light, he skimmed the air, his longsword

splitting into a hundred gleaming sword shadows that hammered the exposed underbellies of every writhing Mithril Centipede below.

On the ground, Flaxseed uncorked a vial and shook out several dozen mustard-colored pills.

They burst like fireworks upon hitting the ground. Yellow smoke billowed outward, swirling around clawed legs and plated torsos.

Where the smoke touched, metal flesh turned liquid. The Mithril Centipedes screeched, the sound sharp enough to scrape bone.

"Corpsify Pills—nothing shrivels venomous parasites faster!" Flaxseed crowed, pride sparkling in his narrowed eyes.

Jared hadn't expected the eccentric alchemist to carry such lethal toys. Admiration flickered across his face, chased quickly by resolve.

Not to be outdone, Jared drew his power inward. Tendrils of marked aura gathered at his fingertips, weaving into dozens of sinuous black threads that lashed toward the honeycomb caves lining the cliff face.

The moment those threads vanished inside, a chorus of hisses echoed, rose, then faded to an eerie hush. Nothing crawled back out.

"That's it? All settled?" Flaxseed blinked, half awed, half incredulous.

"I sealed their nest with marked aura," Jared replied, withdrawing the black threads. "There won't be new pests for a while."

With the immediate threat smothered, the three quickened their pace. The narrow gorge opened like a curtain pulled aside, revealing a hidden world beyond.

Acres upon acres of valley floor stretched before them, choked with grotesque, toxic flora. Colorful miasma—turquoise, crimson, violet-boiled across the ground, and at the very heart of that poisonous sea loomed a black palace, obsidian walls gleaming like wet stone.

Corin pointed, voice low yet urgent. "That is the core of Venom Valley—the Venom Palace. Toxius, the leader of Venom Valley, should be inside."

Just then, a voice, thin as a blade of ice, slithered from the thickets of poison weed. "Three reckless fools with a death wish, daring to trespass in my valley?"

Dozens of black-robed cultivators parted the toxic undergrowth and stepped into view.

Every face was carved with menace, and each clutched a gourd brimming with phosphorescent venom. Leading them was a one-eyed elder with markings etching his skin like a living snakeskin tattoo.

Corin whispered, "That's Sarpa, chief law-keeper of Venom Valley. He's mastered the Ecdysis Technique to the seventh level-steel and arrows can't break his hide."

Sarpa's single eye swept the trio, pausing on Jared. Greed shimmered there. "Such dense marked aura. Perfect feed for my millesnake." UPDATE FROM find*ovel.net

He unclipped a black burlap sack from his belt. As he unknotted the mouth, rotten musk blasted across the valley. From the sack poured a serpent as thick as a barrel, its skin coal-dark, its body sprouting a forest of barbed legs.

"That's King Millesnake," Corin murmured. "Its strength is at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five."

The monster's bifurcated tongue tasted the air. Blood-red eyes fixed on Jared, drawn by the intoxicating swirl of his marked aura.

Jared tightened his grip on the Dragonslayer Sword, spiritual energy and marked aura roaring through his veins. "Make it quick. We cannot let them alert Toxius."

The last syllable had barely left his tongue when Sarpa barked, "Take them alive! I want them to feel Venom Valley gnaw their hearts!"

The black-robed cultivators upended their gourds. Jets of emerald poison erupted, converging overhead into a single glistening web that dropped toward the three like a falling sky.

Flaxseed was ready. Ten golden charms shot from his sleeves, unfurling into the air.

Charm locked together, forming a radiant Array of Eight Trigrams. Poison splashed across the formation with a furious hiss but failed to seep through.

"Break!" Corin shouted, voice cutting through chaos like lightning.

He flashed forward-pure lightning in human form. Light streaked once, twice, three times from his longsword. Those three cultivators clutched shattered throats before they even understood they had been struck.

They hit the ground, still trying to comprehend how death had arrived faster than sight.

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“You truly have a death wish.” Jared's voice cut through the poison-laden mist, a cold grin crawling across his face.

A mere Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five dares strut before me. The audacity almost amused him.

He faced King Millesnake without blinking. In one casual arc of the Dragonslayer Sword, hundreds of radiant blades burst from the swing, streaking toward the monster like meteors breaking free from a cruel sky.

King Millesnake's body fragmented mid-air-severed into grotesque sections that thudded to the ground. Black, fetid blood splashed over the toxic undergrowth, its vile touch so caustic that even the poison-fed plants sizzled and smoked.

"You b*stard! How dare you slaughter my King Millesnake!" Sarpa's single remaining eye bulged, the hand clutching his burlap sack gone bone-white with fury.

That a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine could erase his painstakingly reared beast—it was an outrage Sarpa's mind fought to process. King Millesnake had stood proudly at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five, a terror few would provoke.

With a furious slap to his own chest, Sarpa spat a thin arc of pale green blood essence onto the soil. The liquid crawled like sentient acid. Instantly, the Mithril Centipedes scorched by Flaxseed's Corpsify Pills regenerated; their bodies swelled to twice their size, shells gleaming with an eerie crimson sheen.

“All poisons as one, tear him apart!” he roared, hands weaving frantic seals that cracked the air.

As though answering a general's trumpet, the Mithril Centipede horde surged, a living tide rushing to drown Jared beneath iron mandibles.

“That blood essence has driven them feral!” Flaxseed blanched, horror whitening his already pale cheeks. Corin's longsword whirled in a silver halo, reducing the few creatures lunging at Flaxseed to metallic dust. "Jared, finish this quickly!"

Instead of alarm, a faint, almost detached smile touched Jared's lips.

He lifted his Dragonslayer Sword with deliberate grace; golden light and marked aura coiled around the blade, weaving into a living spiral that pulsed like a predatory heart.

"A swarm of crawlers dares block my path?"

The last syllable had barely left his tongue before he vanished, a blur too swift for poisoned air to grasp.

An explosion of interlaced gold and black erupted within the Mithril Centipede ranks, a radiant storm shredding their formation from the inside.

This was no ordinary light but Jared's sword domain, driven by the full force of a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine's spiritual energy.

Inside that miniature killing field, insights from the tomb of swords fused with his marked aura, forging a sword domain intent solely on slaughter.

Where the rain of light passed, shells once thought impenetrable crumpled like wet parchment; green ichor mingled with black marked aura before both were crushed into nothingness by the force of the sword domain.

"Impossible..."

Terror constricted Sarpa's pupils; he felt the lives of his pets snuffed out one after another, as if an unseen black hole devoured them.

By the time the final Mithril Centipede disintegrated, Jared stood before Sarpa, their noses scarcely one meter apart.

"Y-You..."

Sarpa tried to channel his venom art, but his limbs refused to budge. Dread dawned as he discovered he could not move a finger.

The marked aura circling Jared had become invisible chains, threading through Sarpa's meridians and locking them without mercy.

"You were there, weren't you, when the Flaxseed clan was hunted down all those years ago?" Jared's voice, though soft, drove into Sarpa's ears like an ice spike. The rightful source is

Sarpa's lone eye widened, the leathery skin around it blanching to an unhealthy gray. His head jerked forward as though the words had struck him between the brows. "H-How could you possibly know..." he stammered, voice cracking under the weight of fear he could no longer disguise.

Jared lifted one corner of his mouth, neither smile nor sneer-merely certainty made flesh. "I guessed," he said, letting the two simple words hang in the poisonous air like a verdict already handed down.

With a casual flick of his wrist, the Dragonslayer Sword sliced a perfect crescent through the sunshine, cold and merciless, as though it were carving open the very day. "Keeping you alive this long," he murmured. "Was more mercy than you deserved."

Sarpa lurched backward, breath rasping. "No! I'm the chief law-keeper of Venom Valley! Kill me and Mr. Ricin will never spare-"

The protest died mid-sentence, severed as cleanly as the warm air between them.

With a flash of steel, his head flew.

Sarpa's severed head traced a slow, almost graceful arc before tumbling earthward. The single eye still glimmered with stunned disbelief as a fountain of dark blood erupted from his neck. Yet the crimson spray never reached the ground; Jared's marked aura burned it into coils of gray-green smoke before the droplets could fall.

The remaining black-cloaked cultivators watched the ash swirl above the elder's headless corpse. Terror shattered their discipline. As one, they spun on their heels, scrambling for any path that did not end beneath Jared's sword.

"No one escapes!" Flaxseed roared. His gravelly voice split the clearing like a whip-crack.

He slapped three yellow charms onto the wind, chanting words that sizzled with ancient power. Paper became flame, flame became dragons-three serpentine torrents of fire that twisted through the air with minds of their own, hunting the fleeing men by scent and fate alike.

Meanwhile, Corin flowed between thorny, toxin-weeping plants as though the deadly grove were nothing more than morning mist. A pinpoint touch of his sword to each enemy's throat, a faint tremor of steel-and every target collapsed

wordlessly. His sword remained spotless; its sword energy had already unraveled toxin and life force.

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Jared did not join the pursuit. Instead, he stood before Sarpa's twitching torso, two fingers glowing with concentrated marked aura. He drove that aura into the corpse's elixir field as delicately as a surgeon slipping a scalpel beneath skin.

A moment later, he withdrew, a faint filament of gold spiraling around his fingertip. "Found it," he said, voice low but unerringly certain.

That glimmer was the unique spiritual aura of the Flaxseed clan-tangible proof that Sarpa had once plundered their magical items.

"Mr. Flaxseed," Jared called without turning. "Your clan members' treasures are almost certainly locked away inside Venom Palace."

Flaxseed's fingers, still clutching a charm, trembled as he closed them into a fist. "My ancestors' items," he whispered hoarsely. "I must retrieve them."

Together, the trio strode across a carpet of cooling bodies toward the bone-white silhouette of Venom Palace.

Every wisp of poisonous miasma recoiled from Jared's marked aura, parting as though some invisible torch were clearing a path. Even the venomous parasites hiding in the darkness burrowed deep into the soil, unwilling to risk his shadow.

The palace gate had been fashioned from the skull of a giant beast. Desiccated human skins, long drained of color, dangled from its fangs and fluttered in the wind like obscene banners.

Eight guards in scaled mail flanked the entrance. Their skin was an eerie blue-violet, and each clutched a spear embedded with glimmering toxin crystals that pulsed like diseased hearts.

The lead guard jabbed his weapon toward Jared. "Turn back!" he barked, voice rasping as broken glass. "Trespassers in Venom Palace die where they stand!" Jared, having no patience for idle talk, gave his Dragonslayer Sword a lazy flick.

A gold-and-black light-ten feet long and sharp as judgment—shone across the threshold. It cleaved the eight guards and their spears in two before slamming into the monstrous skull with a thunderous boom.

Crack!

The sturdy skull shattered like brittle porcelain, shards skittering across a floor already stained by horrors untold, revealing the gloom within.

Inside the main hall, the toxic mist was ten times thicker, swirling in viscous coils that stung the eyes and throat. At the chamber's heart sat an old man in emerald robes, perched atop a stone dais. Before him, a bronze cauldron bubbled with pitch-green liquid, belching fumes so foul they clawed at sanity itself.

He was none other than Toxius Ricin, leader of Venom Valley.

When Toxius slowly raised his head, the tendrils of vine-like veins writhing beneath his translucent skin became clear. His eyes were pure, bottomless jade-twin wells devoid of pupils, devoid of mercy.

"Sarpa is dead?" he asked, each syllable dripping like venom from a freshly opened fang.

Toxius' voice was a rasp, like two water-logged boards grinding together in the dark. "Not bad," he sneered, saliva threading from the corner of his warped grin. "No wonder you dare to barge into my Venom Valley."

Jared stepped through the ruined doorway into the main hall. Around him, the marked aura he carried flared outward, forming an invisible barrier that kept the drifting toxic mist at bay. "Centuries ago, the Flaxseed clan was wiped out. You were one of the butchers." There was no question in his voice-only a verdict already delivered.

Toxius let out a croaking cackle, every burst of laughter accompanied by a wet drip that made the teeth ache. "Correct. That old man's so-called 'Poison Immunity' would have been perfect alchemy stock. It's a pity he blew himself apart first. Otherwise, I'd have broken past the Earthly Immortal Realm ceiling long ago and climbed higher still."

Flaxseed shook so violently that the charm in his fingers nearly snapped. "You b*stard! I'll rip you apart!"

"What's the rush?" Toxius licked cracked lips; his tongue was dark emerald and forked like a serpent's tip. "Once I refine the three of you into poison pills, the regret of that day will be gone."

His gaze speared Jared. "A body soaked in marked aura yet untouched by toxin—nothing could suit a Marked Aura Poison Pill better."

"Enough talk." Jared blurred forward. The Dragonslayer Sword screamed through the air, a gold-black streak aimed straight for Toxius' brow.

Toxius did not dodge. He merely extended one finger toward the bronze cauldron beside him. The cauldron's viscous green broth erupted, twisting into a colossal toxic dragon. Needle fangs bristled as it lunged for Jared, the air sizzling and corroding wherever its breath passed.

"Petty tricks." Cold light flashed behind Jared's eyes. His sword energy accelerated, the intertwined gold and obsidian radiance punching clean through the dragon's skull.

The dragon burst with a wet pop. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

Toxic rain fanned across the main hall, but every droplet that drifted within one meter of Jared ignited against his marked aura and vanished to ash.

"Oh?" A sliver of surprise flickered in Toxius' jaundiced eyes. "Your aura actually burns away my venoms. Quite remarkable..."

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With a thunderous slap on the stone armrest, Toxius split the marble dais. The entire floor cracked open, and from the fissures erupted ink-green vines, wriggling like venomous serpents toward the trio.

Corin's longsword rang free. Silver-white arcs of sword energy sliced through the nearest tendrils, severing each before it could touch flesh. "Careful! These are Corrosive Vines. Their tiny hairs burrow under the skin and rot the heart!"

Flaxseed unfurled a golden net etched with runes, casting it wide to form a shimmering wall that held the vines back. "Jared, that old geezer sits at Top Level Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven. Watch his true venom art!"

Jared never glanced at the vines. His stare locked onto Toxius. “Your fight is with me.”

He closed the distance again, but this time, each sword technique blended the ghost-step movement technique he had mastered within the tomb of swords, turning every advance into a feint inside a feint.

In his grip, the Dragonslayer Sword seemed alive. At times, it was a golden serpent lashing wildly, and other times, a black dragon's claw probing. Every cut hunted a fresh gap in Toxius' defenses.

Unprepared for the erratic sword technique, Toxius shuffled backward again and again. Sword energy ripped his emerald robe, exposing skin beneath that looked more like warped tree bark than flesh.

"You wretched brat, did you think I feared you?"

Driven to rage, Toxius tore the shredded robe wide. A black serpentine tattoo coiled across his chest, and at his murmur, it wriggled free—becoming a two-foot shadow snake that slithered up his neck and settled atop his skull.

“Behold my life-bound parasite—the Spiritual Corrosive Snake. It will burrow into your consciousness field, nibbling at your divine soul until living and dying are both denied you.”

With a whisper-thin hiss, the snake became a black streak, darting for the center of Jared's brow faster than sight.

Corin and Flaxseed cried out, but the vines coiled tighter, choking every chance of rescue.

Jared had foreseen the strike. Instead of retreating, he leaned in, and from his forehead erupted golden light —the dragon's power shield forged the day he refined dragon essence.

A razor-edged screech tore through the hall.

The snake slammed into the golden barrier and was hurled back, white smoke curling from its scorched scales as it tumbled through the air. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT FindNovel.net

Toxius' scream tore through the hall. "Impossible!" he howled. The Spiritual Corrosive Snake-his life-bound parasite that he had spent a century honing to prey upon, divine Souls-had never failed, until now. s

In the heartbeat that followed his disbelief, Jared's sword arrived. The tip of the Dragonslayer Sword halted an inch before Toxius' brow.

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Blackand-gold sword energy lanced outward pricking his skin and drawing a single bead of blood.

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"Y-You cannot kill me!" Toxius finally tasted fear. "I am the leader of Venom Valley. Spill my blood, and every Poison Cultivator across level five will hunt you to the ends of creation."

Jared's gaze remained icy. "Did the Flaxseed clan beg you with the same desperation when you slaughtered them?"

The words pierced Toxius' last defenses. Color drained from his face, and he collapsed against the stone dais, strength deserting him.

Jared whispered a single verdict, "Kill!"

The blade flashed-a streak of night and sun-and was gone.

Toxius' head tumbled to the floor. Ink-green blood fountained from the stump, yet the moment the droplets touched Jared's marked aura, they burned away into harmless mist.

With their master slain, the rampaging poison vines shriveled instantly, and the toxic mist began to lift from the main hall.

Flaxseed gazed at the corpse on the

dais, then fell to his knees. Facing the direction of his long-dead Flaxseed clan, he struck his

forehead to the marble three times. Ancestors, I have avenged you." s

Corin rested a hand on Flaxseed's shaking shoulder, eyes shimmering with bittersweet respect.

Meanwhile, Jared approached the bronze cauldron. The liquid within—once a seething green venom—had turned as clear as mountain springwater.

He brushed the bottom of the vessel and fished out an emerald badge carved with the word "Flaxseed." A faint spiritual aura still clung to the stone.

"This belonged to your clan," Jared said, offering the emerald badge to Flaxseed.

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Flaxseed accepted the emerald badge with trembling fingers, and tears he had sworn off years ago slid helplessly down his cheeks. "Y-Yes... It's the ancestral talisman," he choked out.

The three of them scoured Venom Palace, unearthing troves of magical items looted during the massacre. Most pieces bore the Flaxseed clan's seal, and Flaxseed gathered each one as though handling rare treasures.

Jared looked past the dissipating toxic mist outside the broken windows. "Next, we visit the Holy Light Sect," he said, voice sharp as frost. "None who joined that purge will escape."

Holy Light Sect occupied the western edge of level five, where the Holy Light Plains were bathed year-round in golden radiance. Palaces of polished white jade floated among the clouds, shining like something torn from a child's myth.

Yet, only a handful knew how many filthy secrets lay buried beneath that holy façade.

Jared, Flaxseed, and Corin streaked across the sky, descending as three ribbons of light before the sect's main gate.

The sentry, a disciple clad in immaculate white robes and gripping a silver longsword, stepped forward. "State your names and present your invitation," he commanded.

Flaxseed advanced a single step, gaze cold. "Summon your sect leader. Tell him the last heir of the Flaxseed clan has come to collect a blood debt."

The disciple's face blanched. "You reckless fool! How dare you spew such lies before the Holy Light Sect!"

Light exploded along his blade as he lunged, thrusting for Flaxseed's chest.

Before the strike landed, Jared flicked a finger. A hair-thin strand of marked aura shot forth and struck the sword mid-air.

With a clear chime, the silver longsword shattered, fragments spraying like glass. The sentry reeled back, eyes wide in disbelief. "Y-You practice demonic arts!" Jared's laugh was low and cruel. "Demonic? Compared to the rot your Holy Light Sect hides, we are spotless."

Just then, a thunderous shout rolled out from behind the marble gate. "Who dares raise such chaos at the Holy Light Sect?"

A heartbeat later, a man in a flowing robe the color of hammered gold strode into view. He was

middle-aged with an aristocratic jaw and eyes bright as tempered steel yet his every step radiated the softness of candlelight. A gentle corona of gold gathered around his shoulders, haloing him like a portrait of a saint. s

Corin leaned closer to Jared and Flaxseed, his voice a cautious

thread. "That is Elder Seamus

Villegas the Sect's chief law-keeper. His cultivation sits at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven and his Holy Light Sword Art' is rumored to brush true holy sword intent." s

Seamus' gaze swept across them, but paused the instant he sensed the invisible storm of Jared's marked aura. "You-reeking of darkness-dare trespass on sacred ground? Have you grown tired of life?"

Jared stepped forward, marked aura roaring free. The golden haze that wreath-ed the courtyard peeled e away as if a gale had knifed through silk. "The ones sick of life are you lightsworn hypocrites. Centuries. ago, you joined Venom Valley and Malevolent Path Hall to wipe out the Flaxseed clan. I am here to collect that debt-today." s For more chapters visit FundNovel.net

A flicker of discomfort crossed Seamus' face, yet his tone resurfaced calm-sharpened by feigned grief. "You twist history. The Flaxseed clan practiced Demonic Cultivation that butchered innocents. As a righteous order, we acted for heaven's justice."

Flaxseed barked a laugh so raw it scraped the cold stone. "Heaven's justice? My family healed generations, wandering physicians with nothing but remedies and goodwill. You coveted our Encyclopedia of Herbs, spun a lie, and murdered us to the last child. Justice? Rot."

"Utter nonsense!" A feral light flashed behind Seamus' cultured smile. "You are lost to wickedness. I shall cleanse you in heaven's name."

Golden light surged outward, condensing into a longsword etched with runes that flickered like caged lightning. Its pressure alone made the air groan. "Holy Light Sword Art-First Form: Holy Blessing!"

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Seamus swung his sword. Tides of radiant light flooded the gate, crashing over pillars, tiles, and sky alike until the world itself seemed hammered from gold. A scent like incense and thunder mingled in the air, promising to scour every shadow from flesh and soul.

Jared lifted his Dragonslayer Sword. "Petty tricks," he muttered. A black-and-gold arc burst from the blade, meeting the oncoming brilliance head-on.

Boom!

Light and darkness collided in a roar that rocked the mountainside. For an instant, the courtyard vanished behind a blinding sphere.

Then, to everyone's astonishment, Jared's sword glow tore through the gilded wave, shredding it into drifting sparks that rained like dying fireflies.

Seamus staggered three paces, eyes wide for the first time. "Your sword technique... How can it suppress my holy light?"

"Because your 'holy' light is a lie." Jared advanced, his Dragonslayer Sword pulsing with ever denser marked aura. "That so-called holy sword intent is forged from the resentment energy of souls you slaughtered. You dare call it sacred?"

Seamus' face blanched. "Nonsense-preposterous!" Yet his pupils trembled, betraying the secret Jared had ripped into daylight.

"You know the truth," Jared said, voice low as a grave wind. "The magical items you stole from the Flaxseed clan-where are they? Locked away in the secret room of Holy Light Palace, I bet."

Vicious resolve flashed across Seamus' eyes. "Looks like you won't be leaving here alive."

A piercing whistle burst from his lungs. Golden light flared again, now laced with faint threads of black energy.

"Holy Light Sword Art-Third Form: Spear of Judgment!" he bellowed.

From the radiance, countless golden spears coalesced, tips glittering with an arctic gleam. They screamed toward Jared and the others in a ruthless barrage.

Corin's longsword streaked into a silver comet, severing spear after spear. Beside him, Flaxseed flung out a yellow shield etched in runes; every spear that met it shattered into harmless dust of light.

Yet, the majority of those spectral lances hunted Jared alone, their murderous glare fixed on the man who had dared to expose false sanctity.

Jared's gaze hardened, and he channeled both spiritual energy and marked aura. The Dragonslayer Sword roared awake. Gold and midnight swirled together around its blade, a miniature cyclone of light and shadow that devoured the air itself.

"Dragon Soarer!"

A phantom black dragon-forged

from Jared's sword intent and

marked aura inside him-burst free with a roar. Pitch-black scales

shimmered with veins of gold as the

beast swallowed every spea

screaming toward him.

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Not sated, the spectral monster hurtled on, its molten eyes fixed on Seamus.

Horror washed across Seamus'

face. In panicked reflex, he lifted his gleaming longsword, hoping a thin wall of holy light could counter the storm barreling down. s

A wet crack echoed. Content originally comes from FindNovel.net

The phantom dragon shredded that radiant guard as though it were parchment, then crashed into Seamus' chest with bone-splintering force.

He spat blood, his body flung backward until he slammed against the white-jade gateway of the sect. Marble shattered around him like brittle ice.

Struggling to rise, he tasted iron and terror. Marked aura had already wormed into his elixir field, choking the flow of his spiritual energy.

"W-Who in the world are you?" Seamus gasped, voice trembling more than his limbs.

Jared strode forward one measured step at a time, eyes colder than moonlit steel.

"A debt-collector," he answered, leveling the Dragonslayer Sword at Seamus' throat. "Where is your sect leader?"

Blood on his lips, Seamus let resolve flicker behind fear. "You want him? You pass through me first!"

He struck his own chest, coughed a glob of golden blood essence, and flung it to the ground. Runes blossomed, weaving into a complex runic array.

"Holy Light Sacrificial!"

Blinding brilliance erupted. Chains of liquid gold shot from the runic array, snapping toward Jared like serpents hungry to bind his limbs and soul. s

Each link pulsed with sacred runes-a forbidden technique meant to cage anything it touched.

"You're courting death," Jared muttered, disdain sharp as frost.

He swung. The Dragonslayer Sword's arc carved a crescent of interwoven gold and black that severed every radiant chain in a single breath.

That lethal light kept moving, a reaper's blade destined for Seamus' neck.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Despair flickered in Seamus' eyes. His mouth opened, but no words emerged. A dull thud, and his head tumbled from his shoulders.

Inside the Holy Light Sect's grounds, panic ignited. Scores of disciples in spotless robes poured out, instantly surrounding Jared and his two companions.

"Defend the sect!"

"Slay these demonic sc*ms!"

Their silver longswords flared gold, merging into a sweeping sea of light that charged the trio.

A fleeting sadness crossed Jared's gaze for those blinded disciples, then ice reclaimed his stare.

"Stand in my way and die."

He let out a long, piercing howl. The Dragonslayer Sword erupted, its gold-black radiance spiraling skyward like an enraged serpent and tearing a ragged wound straight through that golden sea.

Light uncoiled like a bronze-scaled dragon. The marked aura it carried felt as cold and inescapable as a prison yard at midnight.

With one downward sweep, Jared's blade vomited a tide of golden light laced with black energy. That roaring current split the ocean of Holy Light Sect swords as if tearing silk. Official source is find●novel.net

Dozens of disciples in the front ranks had no time to scream. The air itself

mulched them into crimson dust; scraps of white robes and glittering blood mist rained together in a ghastly, shimmering shower.

"He's insane completely insane!"

The survivors trembled so hard their longswords rattled like loose shutters in a storm. Courage bled from their eyes, and none dared step forward again.

Jared did not bother to chase them. His gaze slid above their bowed heads and locked on the grandest structure buried deeper inside the mountain stronghold—the radiant Holy Light Palace.

"Mr. Flaxseed, Master Morden, sweeping up their foot soldiers is your job now. I'm going to meet their sect leader."

Before the last syllable fell from his lips, his figure blurred into a streak of molten gold and shot toward the palace gate.

"Jared, be careful!" Corin and Flaxseed shouted in ragged unison, the words chasing after the fading line of light.

Corin's longsword flashed in a broad arc, weaving a lattice of gleaming force that herded the pursuers backward. "Mr. Flaxseed, end this fast so we can back Jared up!"

"Understood!"

A feral glint fired in Flaxseed's eyes. He slapped several charms into the wind and chanted under his breath. The slips burst into serpents of fire that dove, hissing, into the mob.

Flames billowed sky-high. Steel clanged, men screamed, and the gates of Holy Light Sect burned like an anvil in a forge.

Higher up the path, disciples

crumbled before Jared as though they were wheat beneath a reaper's scythe. With each casual swing of the Dragonslayer Sword, whole clusters fell. Their holy light barriers tore like paper under the blade's marked aura. s

Moments later, he arrived at the front door. The Holy Light Palace was carved entirely from milk-white jade, its roof sheathed in golden tiles that flared painfully bright under the sun.

Two colossal angel statues flanked

the door. Each sculpted guardian held a broadsword of stone, stone wings half-unfurled, visages stern and unyielding, as if sworn to bar the unworthy from some inviolate secret. s

Jared did not bother with courtesy. He pivoted and drove one boot forward.

Boom!

The heavy door exploded inward, shards of cedar spinning through the air like shrapnel.

Seated on the dais was an elderly man. His violet robes pooled like twilight silk, snow-white hair and beard framing a kindly face. Yet a tranquil, crushing aura flowed from him, warm and radiant.

He was none other than Santino Kadosh, leader of the Holy Light Sect, an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator.

At his feet, several elders knelt trembling, having clearly just received the grim news.

As the broken door skidded across the marble, Santino lifted his eyes-calm, fathomless, utterly unsurprised.

"So, you have finally come," he said, voice gentle yet commanding. "I have waited for this moment for centuries."

"You expected me?" Jared asked, brow furrowing.

"Of course," Santino replied with a small smile. "A descendant of the Flaxseed clan was bound to seek revenge eventually, though I did not think the avenger would be a prodigy so young."

He rose; violet robes billowed

though no wind stirred. Golden light welled around him. "Your marked aura is peculiar-it dampens my holy light. And though you stand only at Wandering Immortal Realm, you swatted Earthly, Immortal Realm cultivators as though they were flies." s

After a pause, Santino continued, "If I am not mistaken, you are the Jared Chance who distinguished himself in Swordmaster City."

A Warrior Undefeatable

"You seem well informed," Jared said, eyes narrowing.

"Nothing significant happens at level five without the Holy Light Sect learning of it."

The smile upon Santino's lips chilled. "You cut down Jayson Morrow in

Swordmaster City and erased Venom Valley-such uproar cannot be hidden. But of all your mistakes, the greatest was walking into my sect."

"Oh?" Jared's mouth curved in a thin, frosty grin. "You think you can cage me?"

"Test me and learn," Santino murmured, his eyes flaring with a savage hunger for battle.

"If I could harness your Power of Dragons and marked aura, I might break through Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine and reach the legendary Human Immortal Realm!"

He drove his palm into the low marble dais before him. The slab burst apart, collapsing into a puff of pale dust.

"Holy Light Technique-Assembly of the Swords!" he bellowed, the words cracking through the hall like thunder.

At once, every ornament inside the Holy Light Palace-from silk banners to the twin angel statues-shivered, melted, and stretched into gleaming golden blades.

Tens of thousands of longswords drifted up to the rafters. Runes of pure sanctity flickered across each edge, and their combined presence crushed the air with sacred weight.

Santino's lips curled into a cruel smile. "Behold the Holy Sword Domain, heirloom of the Holy Light Sect. The leader of the Flaxseed clan perished beneath it back then. Now, you will share that fate. Stream of Swords!"

With one flick of his fingers, the golden swarm shrieked awake. Blades tilted in perfect unison, then dove toward Jared like a living storm of razors. The Holy Light Palace dimmed beneath the torrent. The air itself tasted of sanctity and ruin.

Jared's expression hardened. He felt the holy power woven through every blade-several tiers above Seamus' Holy Light Sword Art.

Yet, no fear stirred inside him. On the contrary, a bright thrill danced behind his eyes.

"Come at me!" Jared shouted, his voice ringing like iron on still water.

He threw back his head and let out a

long cry. Within his veins, spiritual

marked aura churned

energy and r

together, whipping along his meridians like twin storms is Dragonslayer Sword answered, erupting in unprecedented gold-and-black light. s

The rain of longswords crashed down like a midsummer torrent. Sacred runes hissed through the air, branding the very atmosphere. Even the the wake, thin ce rippled in

folds of reality fluttering like fabric. s

Beyond the radiant downpour, Santino sat in perfect poise, violet robes snapping about him. Unshakable confidence glittered in his eyes. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT find\(N\)ovel.net](#)

This Holy Sword Domain is a forbidden technique that has served the Holy Light Sect for millennia and slain the leader of the Flaxseed clan. No Wandering Immortal Realm cultivator can overturn that legacy.

Just before the blades reached him, Jared smiled. There was no terror in that expression-only the fierce delight of a chess master finally granted a worthy opponent.

He stepped forward. Dragon essence and marked aura burst from him like erupting magma. Around the Dragonslayer Sword, gold and black light spun into a whirling vortex, wrapping his frame in a spiraling storm.

"Watch me!" he roared.

Suddenly, the vortex ruptured. From

its whirling heart, countless

filaments of sword energy burst forth-no straight lances, but living ribbons that writhed and coiled braiding mid-air into a vast web of black-gold. s

Columns of the first golden blades crashed against the mesh, the clash ringing like hammer on anvil. Runic flares blossomed outward, fireworks of light, yet the net held firm and denied every inch.

"Now, this is interesting."

The arch of Santino's brow sharpened, and a subtle twitch of his fingers redirected the storm. The rain of swords, once scattered like shattered starlight, bent as one and rushed toward a single blazing point.

In a heartbeat, the converging radiance forged a greatsword dozens of yards long. Golden light streamed along its edge, and the weapon seemed eager to split heaven from earth.

"Holy Light Verdict!" Santino bellowed.

The greatsword fell with heavenly wrath. Air tore apart, leaving a visible black scar of vacuum in its wake.

Beneath Jared's boots, white-jade tiles spider-webbed. Cracks raced outward, and the entire Holy Light Palace quaked under the descending pressure.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared drew a steady breath, then drove the Dragonslayer Sword straight into the floor.

At once, black-gold marked aura poured down the blade and roared into the stone beneath his feet.

The ground bulged, and dragon-shaped shockwaves-dozens of them-burst upward. Midair, they braided into a single five-clawed black dragon, savage and ferocious.

"Dragon's power, subdue!"

The dragon reared back and roared. The blast rattled glazed roof tiles loose, sending them clattering like lethal hail.

With a whip of its tail, the beast hurled its entire body against the golden greatsword.

Boom!

Holy power in radiant gold tangled with black-gold Power of Dragons, twisting into a storm of raw force that everyone could see.

At the eye of the storm, space warped. The shockwave slammed into the Holy Light Sect elders, who couldn't dodge in time. They spat blood and crashed unconscious against marble pillars.

Outside the threshold, Flaxseed and Corin felt their hearts leap. Each collision, they realized, carried enough might to erase a beginner-phase Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator without effort.

Yet Jared-only at Wandering Immortal Realm Level Nine-had met an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight's full strike head-on.

"That kid is an absolute monster!" Flaxseed exclaimed.

Having dealt with the disciples, Flaxseed and Corin burst inside. The charm in Flaxseed's fist had been crushed out of shape.

Corin's expression was grave. "Santino hasn't even gone all out. He's still testing Jared's hand."

His sentence was still hanging when a sharp crack split the air within the palace.

Within the swirling maelstrom, a fracture traced across the golden greatsword, while the black dragon's body flickered, edges starting to unravel like smoke in the wind.

Jared spat a mouthful of blood, his face sheet-white. Forcing dragon's power through his meridians had overloaded them; his spiritual energy now churned in chaotic eddies.

Santino fared little better. The hem of his purple robe now sported black holes where the marked aura had eaten through, and a thin ribbon of blood clung to his lip.

Although Santino had gained the

upper hand in that last clash, Jared's unleashed dragon's power still shook through him. The impact ripple inside his chest like thunder in a metal drum, churning his blood and forcing a bitter copper taste to the back of his tongue. s

"For someone who has yet to break beyond the Wandering Immortal Realm, reaching this height is—admittedly—a reason for pride."

Santino wiped the flecks of blood from the corner of his mouth, and a fever-bright hunger sparked in his eyes. "But the game ends now."

He raised both hands, fingers painting a series of seals through the air. The light around him thickened, turn to molten gold that ran over his skin like metal.

All the scattered slivers of his broken golden blades quivered, then flocked back toward him. Shards fused into dagger-sized weapons that stopped attacking and began to orbit, layer upon layer until they forged a full suit of lustrous armor.

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Runes crawled across the cuirass, each one pulsing. Behind the armor, six pairs of radiant wings unfurled-plumes carved from the purest crystal, refracting light into blinding prisms.

In that moment, Santino stood like a legend come to life, a holy war angel whose very presence made the stone halls of the Holy Light Palace tremble. "Holy Body, descend!"

One stride from Santino, and he blurred through over one hundred meters of empty air, reappearing a breath later directly before Jared.

His fist, sheathed in searing gold, drew back. Holy light coiled around the knuckles, promising to incinerate anything it touched.

The punch traveled slowly—almost lazily—yet every avenue of escape collapsed behind its advance. Long before the blow arrived, the heat alone singed Jared's skin.

Jared's pupils contracted to pinpoints. He swallowed the surge of blood rampaging inside his veins and lifted the Dragonslayer Sword across his chest, willing the surrounding marked aura into a half-formed shield.

Clang!

Fist met sword and spectral shield with the toll of a bell. A tidal force slammed through Jared's arms, numbing them to the elbows. The Dragonslayer Sword nearly flew from his grasp.

His boots plowed twin trenches across the cracked floor until his back smashed into a crumbling pillar. Only then did he stop, coughing up another bright scarlet arc that splattered the broken tiles.

Santino showed no mercy. The six crystalline wings beat once, and his figure flickered through the shattered hall like a vengeful ghost. Each reappearance came with a storm of blow golden fists razor-edged wing strokes, and thin spears of sanctified light fired

between his fingers.

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Speed and power worthy of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator

pressed in from every side, denying Jared even a heartbeat to breathe. Content originally comes from FindNovel.net