

A Warrior Undefeatable c 5301-5310

Santino blurred into a storm of molten fists and slicing wings of light. From the gaps between his fingers lanced threads of consecrated brilliance. Every strike pressed the full fury and speed of an Eighth-level Earthly Immortal Realm, denying Jared even a heartbeat of calm.

Jared reeled beneath that gale, his movements ragged. Wounds kept appearing on his body.

Each golden beam clung like living fire. It gnawed at flesh, seared blood. Only the marked aura within Jared dulled the burn enough to keep him on his feet.

Yet in the depths of his eyes resolve ignited brighter. Santino's tyranny of holy power offered insight instead of despair. Jared began to taste the rhythm behind that radiance, and the Dragonslayer Sword in his grip answered with lines of ever-sharper retaliation. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [find\(N\)O](#)

A hiss split the air, quick and vicious.

Jared caught a single flaw. The Dragonslayer Sword darted like a viper, slipped between the golden armor, and instilled a marked aura deep into Santino's sacred flesh.

Santino grunted. His breath hitched. The golden armor's glow dimmed, blotched by shadow.

"Courting death!"

Rage and astonishment collided in Santino's face. He did not expect his holy body would be contaminated by the marked aura.

He smashed his palm against Jared's chest. The impact hurled Jared across the hall. At the same instant, Santino drove his spiritual energy to scour the invading marked aura, but the effort left his face darkened.

They drifted apart, both dragging ragged breaths through the charged silence.

Jared's left arm hung twisted, clearly broken. Blood spread across his shirt, trickling from the corner of his mouth in steady threads.

Santino fared better, yet new sword marks scarred the armor, one luminous wing behind him hung in tatters, and his aura wavered.

Outside the Holy Light Palace, every disciple of the Holy Light Sect stood frozen, wide-eyed.

Santino, their sect leader, was bled beneath the blades of a mere cultivator at the Wandering Immortal Realm.

Flaxseed's fingers tightened around the marble rail. He lunged, heart clawing at ribs, but Corin locked an iron grip on his sleeve. "Don't rush! Charge in now and you become a deadweight to Jared!"

"If this drags on," Flaxseed cried, "the fight will kill Jared!"

Corin said nothing. His gaze never left the blood-streaked silhouette within the hall, but a hard, final vow flickered behind his eyes. Should Jared fall, Corin would stake every

breath of his own life to

life to carve open

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one last path of escape. s

Inside the Holy Light Palace, Santino tasted havoc of the spiritual energy in his

body. He could sense the marked aura eating up his meridian. Fear appeared in his gaze.

He leveled his stare at Jared, then split his face with a savage grin. "Excellent! It's been ages since a foe thrilled me so As a reward, ket you witness what real powerlooks like" s

The moment the boast left his tongue, Santino's aura surged sky-high, a storm tide breaking its banks.

Dulled gold flared anew. It was brighter and more powerful. The charm etched across his six radiant wings spun like molten gears awakening from sleep.

Air rippled around him. A pressure far harsher than before rolled out, and every whiff of spiritual energy across the Holy Light Plains funneled toward the palace like wind sucked into a storm's eye. s

Corin's face turned pale. "He... he's about to break through!" Disbelief trembled on his lips.

Santino, trapped at the top level of the eighth-level Earthly Immortal Realm for decades, was now brushing the very threshold of ninth-level in the heat of battle.

Jared's pupils tightened. He felt Santino's strength multiplying by the heartbeat. The holy power grew purer and infinitely more terrifying.

Gritting his teeth, Jared swallowed the pain and poured every remaining drop of spiritual energy and marked aura into the Dragonslayer Sword, bracing for the storm to come.

Buzz!

Santino's golden light crested. Six pairs of wings unfurled, eclipsing half the vaulted ceiling of the Holy Light Palace.

He opened his eyes, now stripped of all humanity, leaving only glacial majesty.

"I'm finally at the ninth level of Earthly Immortal Realm!"

A triumphant howl tore from his throat. "Jared, witnessing my ascension is glory enough for you to die satisfied!"

He stepped once. The figure dissolved into a streak of gold and vanished.

Jared was alert. He whipped the Dragonslayer Sword behind him on sheer instinct.

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A dull, rib-shaking thud split the air.

A mountain-sized force slammed into Jared's spine. He shot through the hall like a severed kite.

He punched a ragged hole through the palace's glazed roof tiles, then tumbled onto the plaza outside, landing in a broken, bleeding heap.

"Jared!"

Flaxseed and Corin cried out together, forgetting everything else as they sprinted toward the fallen warrior.

Santino hovered above the plaza, gazing down at Jared's crumpled form like a hawk over dying prey. "A wandering immortal is weak," he said, lips curling. "Genius or not, you can't defeat me with a realm difference."

He raised his right hand. In his palm, a sphere as blinding as a newborn sun ignited, its heat warping the very air.

"It ends now."

The searing orb drifted downward. Wherever it passed, stone liquefied and hissed into ghost-white vapor.

At that instant, Flaxseed and Corin slid to Jared's side.

Flaxseed hurled every charm he owned, each slip of paper flaring like a firebrand as they fused in midair and knitted themselves into a bulwark of incandescent runes. At his side, Corin raised his long sword across his chest, the blade already humming, and together they summoned every drop of spiritual energy in their bodies, bracing for the killing blow they knew could not be dodged.

"You overestimate yourselves." Santino sneered, his voice chilled with contempt. The radiant sphere resting in his palm trembled.

Boom!

An impact like thunder slammed through the courtyard, rattling loose roof tiles and sending frightened birds screaming into the dusk sky. Flaxseed and Corin coughed up blood, their bodies hurled backward until they hit the stone paving with a sound that made everyone flinch. They lay crumpled and motionless, life or death uncertain.

Jared forced his head up. Bloodshot eyes fixed on his two unconscious companions, rage and guilt pulsing brighter than the pain that clawed at his chest. He tried to stand, yet nothing answered. His limbs were numb. Inside, his spiritual energy and marked aura tore at each other like animals in a cage, leaving him powerless and shaking.

The orb drifted closer, its heat blistering Jared's skin before it even touched him. He could feel death closing on him. He could not accept the fate of dying here. Across the courtyard, Santino's smile widened, already savoring the vision of Jared's body turning to ash beneath the holy light.

Yet, an instant before the sphere could touch Jared's forehead, a calm voice cut through the air. "Bullying the weak? That is an ugly sight."

A streak of silver-brighter than any comet-ripped down from the clouds its passage slicing the dusk in two. The blade-light struck the golden sphere with surgical precision

Crack!

The orb split cleanly down the center, then fizzled into nothing, its fragments dissolving like soap bubbles in strong wind.

Santino's smugness vanished. He jerked his gaze skyward, disbelief carved into every line of his face. "That sword energy... It's you?"

A lone figure in white stepped through the air. His pace was unhurried yet each footfall radiated authority vast enough to press the

breath from ordinary lungs. In his hand rested an unadorned longsword. His features were striking, his gaze detached as if all

beneath the heavens were mere background noise.

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Jared's pupils contracted. He knew that face. Only days ago, on the Celestial Stairway, he had saved the swordsman, Ararat.

Ararat landed before Jared. With a casual flick of his wrist, a gentle wave of sword energy swept across Jared Flaxseed, and Corin. Torn

flesh knitted. Bones realigned.

Breaths became steady in the space of a heartbeat. s

He turned toward Santino. His tone stayed calm, but death glimmered beneath the words. "You harmed Mr. Chance. For that, you must die."

Santino's swagger collapsed into a tremor. "A-Ararat? You vanished centuries ago! How can you be here? And how did you know Jared?"

Ararat did not answer Santino's question directly. He said, "Mr. Chance is my Master."

Master? The single word detonated in every ear, louder than any thunderclap. Silence followed-shocked, absolute.

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Santino stared in blank confusion. Flaxseed and the newly conscious Corin shared the same stunned expression.

The notion that Ararat, lord of Swordmaster City at the top level of the Earthly Immortal Realm, would call Jared, a cultivator in the ninth level of the Wandering Immortal Realm, as his master was absurd.

Regaining a shred of arrogance, Santino bared his teeth. "Do not think I fear you, Ararat! This is the Holy Light Sect. Even a swordmaster will obey or bleed here, and you-"

He never finished. Ararat moved.

Nobody caught the moment the sword left his scabbard. One instant, the courtyard simmered with tension. Next, a silver streaked across the air so fast it seemed to shear daylight itself.

In the afterglow of that fleeting arc, Santino froze, face twisted in mid-snarl, every vein on his temple bulging like frayed rope. He did not fall. He stopped where he stood.

A hair-thin crimson line blossomed across his throat. Then, in utter silence, man and armor shattered into countless motes of gold and white, glittering like dying stars before the wind carried them away.

The leader of the Holy Light Sect had just been erased in the span of a heartbeat.

The plaza descended into silence. Disciples of the Holy Light Sect went pale as bones. Some collapsed to their knees, yet not one found the courage to run.

Ararat sheathed his sword and halted before Jared. He offered a respectful bow and said, "Mr. Chance, forgive the disturbance."

Jared, only now prying himself free from stunned disbelief, said, "You... you're the leader of Swordmaster City?"

Ararat smiled and nodded. "That is correct. The city is under my guardianship."

Jared's brows climbed, curiosity overtaking shock. "Then who is the man currently in charge?"

"He's my servant. Since my absence, he guarded the Swordmaster City," Ararat replied, voice low and steady.

"Mr. Chance, since you saved me from the Celestial Stairway, I returned to level five to cultivate. I never leave the Swordmaster City and show myself."

"Until I heard your name that I knew you are in level five. I never expect your cultivation to progress so fast."

"I need to take responsibility for putting you in danger."

Ararat felt guilty since he had promised to serve Jared for three hundred years. Latest content published on find[N]o

Jared laid a hand on Ararat's arm. "I'm alive, aren't I? Don't blame yourself. Besides, Kishor is somewhere up here as well."

"I am aware," Ararat replied, eyes narrowing with quiet amusement. "He is keeping company with his childhood sweetheart."

Behind them, Flaxseed and Corin listened, jaws slack, as though reality had taken a sharp turn they could not map.

Corin in particular. He accepted Jared as a Sword Sect disciple. However, the swordmaster was Jared's lackey.

The revelation left him teetering on the edge of disbelief.

"Mr. Goizeder..."

Corin stepped forward and bowed with solemn grace, the way an apprentice greets a mentor.

Sword Sect survived on the goodwill of Swordmaster City.

In level five, Ararat's sword technique was legendary, fitting for the leader of Swordmaster City.

Ararat returned the courtesy, brow furrowing. "Forgive me, but your name?"

Jared gestured to introduce them. "This is Corin Morden, leader of the Sword Sect, my Master."

Recognition flashed. Ararat inclined his head more deeply. "An honor, Mr. Morden."

Corin waved both hands as if the titles burned. "Jared, please spare me the honorifics. Compared with Mr. Goizeder's sword technique, anything once taught you is child's play." s

Corin rubbed the back of his neck, embarrassment splashing across his usually placid face.

"If Mr. Chance wishes to learn my

sword technique, I will hold nothing

back, Ararat and his voice

his voice gentle.

yet carrying the weight of iron vows

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"Later," Jared answered, calm but resolute. "First, we clean up the mess right in

front of us."

Ararat nodded once. His gaze swept

the shaking Holy Light Sect disciples, then sharpened into winter steel. "They are a nuisance. They shouldn't exist." s

Jared said nothing. The calm in his eyes granted silent permission.

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Jared was no saint. In this world, the border between good and evil blurred until only friend and foe remained.

A foe must die.

Ararat understood. With a flick of his sleeve, sword energy shrieked through the dusk. The trembling Holy Light Sect disciples managed a single scream before the blades wrote crimson finality across their throats.

Ararat exhaled the lingering edge from his sword aura. "Mr. Chance, this place is no longer safe. Let's return to Swordmaster City."

Jared nodded. Questions thrummed inside him, all of them meant for Ararat.

With a soft gesture, Ararat summoned a cushion of gentle force that lifted Jared, Flaxseed, and Corin into the air. The three became streaking starlight, racing toward the distant eastern skyline.

Behind them, the once-glorious Holy Light Sect no longer dwindled in sunset glow. Only ruins left.

Jared glanced back, a storm of emotions knotting his chest.

From Venom Valley to the Holy Light Sect, danger had stalked every mile. Without Corin, Flaxseed, and Ararat's timely arrival, he would already be dust on the wind.

Vermilion Demon Lord, where are you?

Jared cursed the Vermilion Demon Lord.

If the Vermilion Demon Lord possessed his body, he wouldn't almost die.

Swordmaster City surfaced through twilight haze. Ararat's light set the trio down above the Sword Sect compound, rooftops glowing like burnished steel.

The modest courtyard on the eastern edge of the city basked in evening calm, a peace that mocked the fresh memories of slaughter.

"Rest here for now," Ararat said, dissolving the shield. Soft spiritual energy guided them to solid ground. "I have prepared pills. If you need anything, call." Discover more novels at [Find\[N\]o](#)

Jared forced himself upright. Pain speared his left arm, but inside his meridians, Ararat's sword energy had calmed the chaotic spiritual energy.

Flaxseed and Corin bowed, gratitude bright in their weary eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Goizeder."

"No need for formalities," Ararat replied, then added with a faint smile, "If anything arises, summon me, Mr. Chance."

The words had barely faded before Ararat vanished as though the night itself had swallowed him.

After settling his companions, Jared sat alone on a stone bench beneath the open sky.

Moonlight leaked through the tree leaves, painting mottled silver across his shoulders. He activated the Focus Technique Threads of golden spiritual energy

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shattered meridians. Every inch repaired felt like hot needles

burrowing through flesh.

belongs to s

A hiss escaped him.

The wound across his chest reopened under the surge of spiritual energy, dark blood seeping through torn cloth and glinting black-red in the pale moon.

Jared removed his clothes. Across his chest, the place where Santino's palm had landed was charred ebony. Wisps of marked aura

wrestled with threads of dragon

essepee, twisting and tearing at one another as though each strand were
thoughreach desperate to seize dominion over his flesh.

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"That holy light is nothing if not stubborn," Jared muttered, half in admiration,
half in contempt.

Frowning, he fished a crimson pill from his Storage Ring and popped it onto his
tongue. The moment it touched his palate, it melted into a

cool stream that rushed through every vein and meridian. The burning ased
ing like tidewater drawn

back to sea. s

A ragged cough drifted over the courtyard. Jared turned around. He saw Corin
walk over with a disciple supporting him. His pale face had a relieved expression.
"Jared, are you okay?"

"Still breathing, Master, so I'd say I'm fine." Jared flashed a grin. "You and Mr.
Flaxseed should take the time to rest."

Corin waved the concern aside and shuffled closer, lowering his voice. "Tell me,
did Mr. Goizeder swear to serve you?"

Even now, the event at the Holy Light Sect was still unbelievable.

A swordmaster of that caliber bowing to a wandering immortal? The very notion
could snap the jaws of every gossip in the realm.

Jared answered with a wry smile. "We crossed paths on the Celestial Stairway,
nothing more. I'm not his Master. Ararat has its own peculiarities."

He left it there. Some bonds were knotted too deeply for daylight. The fewer
people who knew, the safer they all remained.

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They were still talking when Flaxseed lurched in, his head bandaged, yet his grin entirely unscathed. "Jared! I'm alive! That geezer's holy light looked fierce, but it's got nothing on your Dragonslayer Sword!" For original chapters go to find~novel~net

"Easy, mind the wound," Jared said, helpless and amused in equal measure.

Flaxseed never did recall pain for long.

"Forget the wound. Look what I brought." He produced a black clay jar from his robe. "This is a balm made from the inner core of an Amethyst Toad in Venom Valley. It's specifically used for injuries. Apply it, you will be moving tomorrow!"

Jared's eye twitched at the bubbling green paste. "Are you sure that isn't poison?"

"You doubt me?" Stung, Flaxseed smeared a green paste onto a fist-sized pebble. The stone hissed, green smoke curling upward. "See? It even eats rock. Perfect for cleaning a wound!"

Jared was speechless.

A calm voice floated in from outside the courtyard. "Mr. Chance, healing cannot be rushed."

Ararat stepped through the moonlit gate, carrying a jade box that glimmered like frost. "This is the Focus Agate. It can cure the meridian."

When the lid parted, cool fragrance swept the yard. Inside, a milky half-liquid swirled, threads of spiritual energy coiling above it like morning fog.

Jared's pupils tightened. A treasure like this was rare in level five.

He rose quickly. "Such a gift is too much for me."

Ararat pressed the box into his hands. "You saved my life, Mr. Chance. Trinkets cannot repay that."

His tone sharpened. "The Sacred Sword Manor is ready to take action. You must regain your strength. Should trouble rise, speak my name toward the city lord's mansion and I will come."

With that, he became a streak of white light, vanishing into the night. His departing words drifted back like an echo in a canyon. "Rest easy. The Swordmaster City is safe for now."

Jared stared at the slow-circling agate essence, heart awash with emotions too tangled to name.

For the next three days, the Sword Sect compound lay under an unnatural hush. Not a single leaf dared rustle, as though the very air were holding its breath.

Jared spent every waking moment wrapped in meditation and

medicine. The Focus Agate proved miraculous. Damaged meridians stitched themselves together before his eyes while Ararat's lingering sword energy tamed the dragon essence and marked aura, settling into a fragile truce.

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Flaxseed and Corin had a slow recovery. Santino's holy light burned Corin, while Flaxseed was rebuked due to the excessive use of charms.

Lyra and other Sword Sect disciples guarded the place. Cultivators were lingering outside the sect with malicious intent.

"Jared, there are more unfamiliar faces sneaking around the gate again today," Lyra warned.

Holding a steaming bowl of dark

broth, Lyra stepped into the room, worry clouding her bright features. "Rumor has it that the Sword Sect has offended the Sacred Sword Manor. They want to chase us out of Swordmaster City." s

Jared accepted the bowl and emptied it in one grim swallow, the bitter tang crawling across his tongue. "Let them talk. Mouths belong to other people. Their words can't harm us."

Setting the bowl aside, he noticed the fading bruise circling her wrist and, unable to hide his concern, asked, "How did this happen?"

Lyra pulled her sleeve over the bruise and shook her head. "While you and Master Morden were down, challengers kept coming. Someone had to confront them, so I did."

Jared's expression softened. "You shouldn't have had to," he

murmured. His fingertips brushed the bruised skin. A cool stream of spiritual

flesh, and the discoloration vanished like ink in water. s

energy slipped into her on

Color rose in Lyra's cheeks, yet she met his gaze without flinching. "Standing beside you is never a burden," she said.

The nights of shared peril had already sewn her heart irrevocably to this seemingly ordinary young man. Their quiet moment shattered when angry shouts burst from the courtyard.

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"Move aside! I am Kael Windham, young master of Sacred Sword Manor. Bring Jared Chance to me!"

Swords clanged and disciples barked orders as the arrogant voice cut through the commotion outside the gate.

Narrowing his eyes, Jared rose in unison with Lyra.

At the entrance stood a silk-robed youth who had just kicked two Sword Sect disciples into the dust. The man was Kael.

A dozen guards in black hovered behind him, their auras sharp and disciplined. They were in the Earthly Immortal Realm.

Word of Jared and Corin's injuries had emboldened Kael, and he had come to challenge the Sword Sect.

"Where's Jared? Hiding in like a coward?" Kael sneered.

His gaze finally landed on the approaching youth. "I thought you were dead," he chuckled. "I heard the beating you took was pretty severe."

Jared stepped in front of Lyra, energy coiling silently within him. "You've broken into our compound. State your business."

He could sense that, though Kael was only a Fourth-level Earth Immortal, the sword intent radiating from him was razor-keen, the mark of countless hours of training.

Kael ignored Jared, eyes settling on Lyra with icy relish. "Lyra, we never settled our score. Care to duel now?"

"She will not duel!" Jared's voice cut across the courtyard.

Kael looked him up and down like inspecting an insect. "You're half-dead and still think you have a say? You killed Jayson. I haven't even avenged him."

"Jayson died by my hand," Jared said. "If you want vengeance, aim at me and see if you're capable of earning it."

"Sharp tongue, aren't you?" Kael laughed, anger burning behind his smile.

"I didn't come for wordplay today," he said, drawing his sword with a hiss that promised violence.

"No one in the Sword Sect will survive today! If you want me to spare you, Lyra can strip off naked and dance before me!" Kael sneered.

A hush snapped into fury. Every Sword Sect disciple snapped the gaze toward Kael, eyes blazing. Corin and Flaxseed hobbled forward in angry uneven strides, backs straight despite their wounds.

Corin's voice quavered with rage, yet it carried like thunder. "Kael, enough! We may be weakened, but the Sword Sect will not be shamed by filth such as you!"

Kael lifted one brow, smirking.

"Be smart. Have Lyra danced naked, or I will wreck the Sword Sect!"

Behind him, his armored guards

stepped forward in unison. Their

combined aura darkened the air like

thunderheads rolling in. Several

disciples turned pale as their

cultivation level was lower

belongs to s

Jared strode one step ahead of his comrades. The marked aura and the

roaring pulse of the Power of Dragon's cracked outward from his chest tearing a visible gap through the oppressive cloud. "You really have a death wish, don't you?" s

Kael chuckled, eyes narrowing to cruel slits. "You?" He let the word hang, mocking and razor-sharp. "You only beat Jayson because he slipped! You thought you were that formidable?"

Slowly, he drew his longsword. Pale-blue light rippled across the blade, a cold flame licking steel. "Allow me to demonstrate the Sacred Sword Manor's sword technique!"

The instant steel cleared its sheath, a needle-thin wave of sword energy shrieked forward, aiming straight for Jared's face.

That wave carried glacial energy so pure the very air froze, birthing a glittering mist of icy motes that drifted like winter ash.

Corin's breath hitched. "Glacial Sword Art?"

He swallowed. "This technique is one of the Sacred Sword Manor's ultimate skills.

If you fully master it, you could freeze a cultivator's spiritual energy!"

Jared's answer was silent. Dragonslayer Sword vibrated in his grip, hungry for blood, its golden edge pulsing like a caged sunrise.

He sensed Kael's sword technique was skilled, but it lacked the killing aura. It was weaker than Jayson and Hendrix's sword technique.

"Enough talk! Fight!" Jared roared. Dragonslayer Sword flashed forward, a sliver of sun stabbing straight for Kael's heart. For more chapters visit

Kael, startled that Jared attacked first, jerked his sword across his chest in a rushed block.

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Clang!

Steel slammed against steel, the collision booming so loud it rattled roof tiles and sent crows screaming into the twilight.

A brutal shockwave numbed Kael's arm. His fingers almost lost their grip as he stumbled three steps back, disbelief widening his eyes.

"How... how did your strength return so fast?"

Only three days earlier, Jared had coughed blood beneath Santino's blows. For him now to wield such crushing force defied every rumor Kael trusted.

It was that very injury that emboldened Kael to strut into the Sword Sect.

But Jared pressed forward without answering.

Dragonslayer Sword carved a golden arc through the dusk. Jared used the Dragonslayer. Each swing burned brighter, as though he wielded a piece of the noon sun.

Kael, sweating, poured every drop of spiritual energy into the Glacial Sword Art. Azure waves of sword energy crashed outward, coating flagstones in a sudden, glass-slick sheet of frozen ground.

The courtyard floor flashed white. Frost bloomed ankle-deep, trying to lock Jared's feet in place.

Jared snorted. "Child's play."

In the next instant, Blazing Stride ignited under his feet. He skimmed across the slick ice like a ghost, every landing flaring into a golden ripple that drove the frigid mist back.

"Glacial Sword Art-Frozen Land!" Kael roared and, with both hands, rammed his longsword into the frozen ground. Steel rang, ice cracked, and power spilled outward in a brutal wave.

Spikes of ice speared up from below, as sudden and numerous. In a heartbeat, they arched overhead and knit together, forming a colossal cage around Jared. Its inner walls glittered with blue-white spikes.

"Hahaha! Jared, let's see you slip away this time! This ice prison is created from my spiritual energy. The harder you fight, the tighter it freezes. Do yourself a favor and surrender while you still can!"

Corin and Flaxseed cried out in unison and lunged to help, only to be walled off by Kael's armored guards.

"Let us through!" voices snapped, frustration ringing off the ice.

Lyra, eyes blazing with worry, whirled past the guards. Her sword blazed with searing light as she forced two men back and sprinted toward the cage of ice.

"Take her!" Kael barked. A sly gleam slid across his eyes as he signaled the guards with a tilt of his chin.

Two guards-both fifth-level Earth Immortals-abandoned their current foes and pounced on Lyra like starved wolves.

Their strikes were ruthless and precise, built not to kill but to capture.

Lyra, a fourth-level Earth Immortal, managed only three exchanges before their combined assault drove her backward.

One palm slammed into her spine. Blood sprayed from her lips as she staggered, feet carving ragged tracks across the ice.

"Lyra!" Jared's shout tore from the center of the prison.

Golden sword light hammered the icy wall again and again. Each clash carved only shallow scars, white and thin.

"A wounded beauty is such a heartbreaking sight," Kael murmured, strolling toward Lyra

with a techerous smile. "Jared, if you drop to your knees right now and

beg, I may spare her life." s

"You're courting death!" Jared snarled.

The fire nascence within him roared free. Dragonslayer Sword blazed brighter than it ever had, red-gold flames licking its edge.

Boom! For original chapters go to findno

A single detonation rocked the lake Fire erupted outward, and the ice prison flashed to stearn, collapsing in molten shards around Jared's feet. s

Kael's smug grin twitched. He had not expected such raw force.

Recovering, he snapped a jade vial from his robe and flicked it toward Lyra. "Since you refuse to comply, I'll enjoy your woman first!"

The vial burst mid-air. A fine, colorless dust rained over Lyra and clung to her skin.

She inhaled only a breath before heat flooded her veins. Clarity drained from her gaze, and an unnatural flush warmed her cheeks.

"That's aphrodisiac powder!"

Flaxseed gasped, trembling Water

rage. "Kael, you're the heir of Sacred Sword Manor! Yet you stoop to filth like this s

Kael licked his lips, desire darkening his eyes. "Against pests like you, why waste time on honor?"

Kael stared at Lyra's collapsing figure and walked toward her. "Lyra, since we tied in the duel, we'll fight again in bed!"

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"Get away from me!" For original chapters go to findno

Lyra summoned the last flicker of will and shoved at him, only for Kael to catch her wrist. The fiery contact ripped a shiver through her body, proof that whatever drug he had slipped her was seizing control.

Kael's laughter rang, low and triumphant. "Haha, the powder took effect! Relax, my dear, I promise I will treat you with the utmost care."

When he wanted to hold Lyra in his arms, a gold sword light split the courtyard like lightning.

Slash!

Blood spurled. One of Kael's arm was severed.

"Argh!"

His howling tore through the sky. Kael stared at his severed arm in disbelief.

Jared stood behind him soaked in blood like a Bloodbane God from depths of hell.

He had spent most of his energy on the previous attack. His murderous intent did not decrease.

"I told you. If you touch her, you die!"

Shaking, Kael stared at the stump where his arm had been, terror and hatred warring in his eyes. "I'll kill you!"

Clamping his remaining hand around his sword hilt, he unleashed glacial sword energy that froze the courtyard in a shell of rime.

Jared no longer cared about dying. He stepped through the killing frost, each footfall leaving a charred print as the internal flame inside him slipped its leash.

Kael snarled, "Did you think I was the same man you faced three days ago? My father has gifted me the Glacial Adamite Technique! Tonight I will carve you into pieces!" He drove the Glacial Sword Art to its peak, a storm of ice arrows pelting Jared like a winter hurricane.

Jared did not dodge. Dragonslayer Sword flickered, sketching a shield of interwoven scarlet and cobalt flames. The internal flame fused into a powerful shield. Every ice arrow that struck hissed once, then vanished as harmless vapor. Kael's voice cracked. "Impossible!"

The Glacial Adamite Technique was said to freeze an earthly immortal's spiritual energy. Yet, it was harmless to Jared.

The answer was simple. Jared's fire nascence burned with a positive energy so absolute that glacial energy could not survive its touch.

"Die!" Jared roared.

He vanished, reappearing beneath Kael's guard. Dragonslayer Sword ripped upward in a fiery arc.

Slash!

Steel rang again. With a crisp, merciless snap, Kael's second arm spun away in an arc of dark blood.

"No!" His howl splintered the Sword Sect courtyard, the sound rising like a wounded beast denied mercy. He stared at the bare, twitching stump of his shoulder. Only then did terror crawl through him. So to's

He tried to run, yet his legs buckled beneath that fear. All he could do was watch Jared's blade inch toward his throat.

"Jared, spare his life!" Corin yelled.

"If you kill him, Lester will retaliate with a fury we can't survive."

Jared's eyes stayed glacial. "Master, he humiliated the Sword Sect. I can't let him slide!"

"I understand your rage," Corin said. "Lester has gathered dozens of sects to attack the Sword Sect. If you kill Kael, they will have a reason to start a fight." So

As sect leader, Corin bore every disciple's future on his shoulders. One impulsive execution, and the Sword Sect could be erased from the map.

Jared clenched the Dragonslayer Sword. His knuckles blanched, the metal vibrating with his suppressed wrath.

He glanced at the unconscious Lyra and then at Kael's hate-contorted face. Murder bloomed inside him like weeds after rain.

"Leave him to me." Corin sighed, flicking sword energy that slammed Kael into darkness. "I'll strip his cultivation and let him taste a living death."

Disciples hurried off to carry Kael. Corin knelt by Lyra, brows knitting. "That aphrodisiac powder is vicious. Without swift treatment, her foundation could be destroyed." So

A Warrior Undefeatable

"How do I purge it?" Jared asked.

Corin's gaze slid from Jared to the feverish Lyra. "Only intense masculine energy can neutralize it. Pills are useless. You can only have sex with her and remove the aphrodisiac with your spiritual energy."

The words struck Jared dumb, freezing him in the center of the room like a statue of disbelief.

Flaxseed's eyes flashed. He wanted to volunteer.

Corin rose. "I must handle the sect's defenses. Jared, do what you must."

He seized Flaxseed by the collar and strode out, as though one more second would scorch them both with embarrassment.

Flaxseed looked back, clearly unwilling, yet Corin's grip allowed no argument.

Silence fell. Only two people remained in the courtyard.

Lyra lay gasping, each breath shorter than the last. Scarlet bloomed across her cheeks. Trembling hands tore at her collar, baring a throat white as new snow.

Heat spiraled from Jared's elixir field. He swallowed hard, forcing the pulse of desire down.

He kept remembering Ararat's words.

He scooped Lyra up and carried her into the nearest room, whispering, "I'll save you, whatever it costs."

He set her on the bed, turned to find Flaxseed, then stopped. Lyra's burning fingers clamped around his wrist with desperate strength.

"Jared... don't leave..." she murmured, eyes half-open, clouded with fevered longing.

Her touch seared him. Every muscle locked, as though her hand had become a chain of living fire.

"Hold on, Lyra. I'll get the cure, I swear."

Lyra's voice trembled, yet her words were unyielding. "It's useless to resist..." She drew closer, one hand slipping behind Jared's neck. The other pressed flat against his chest. Her breath brushed his ear. "I know only you can pull me back from the edge."

That whisper struck like lightning through Jared's composure. Heat flooded his veins. Reason shattered, falling away in soundless shards.

He met her eyes that held his reflected silhouette. In their depths, he saw both his hesitation and her faith in him.

Jared's throat rasped. "Will you... accept me?"

Lyra did not answer with words. She rose, letting her lips find his.

Like a single spark in a dry field, the kiss ignited everything they had suppressed. Long-buried hunger blazed free, consuming air and thought alike.

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Candle flames quivered against the walls, throwing their entwined shadows into restless motion. This text is hosted at find(N)o

Beyond the lattice, moonlight turned gauzy, wrapping the storm tossed
lovers in a veil. s

It was a passionate night.

At dawn, a single sunbeam slipped between wooden slats and spilled across the chamber.

Jared's eyes opened. Lyra lay cradled against him, cheeks still flushed.

Their frenzy felt distant. Jared felt guilty. He slipped the blanket on Lyra and walked toward the window.

The courtyard had been scrubbed clean. Last night's skirmish erased. Yet a faint iron tang lingered in the morning air a ghostly reminder of spilled blood. Content
Belongs s

"Jared?" Lyra's voice floated from behind-drowsy, bashful. She already wore her clothes, though crimson still burned beneath her skin, and Hier gaze wavered shyly away from his. s

Jared stepped close, two fingers resting lightly against her wrist. Spiritual energy flowed into her meridians. "How do you feel?"

Relief loosened his shoulders. The aphrodisiac was gone. Since Lyra had absorbed his bloodline, she was on the verge of breaking through.

"Much better. Thank you," she whispered, head lowered.

The door banged wide. Flaxseed tumbled in, hair askew, panic pitching his words.

"Jared! Lester's marching this way with a small army!"

Jared's expression cooled to steel. "Perfect timing."

He traded a single glance with Lyra, and together they headed out.

Outside the Sword Sect compound, many cultivators had gathered.

Lester led the group. His gaze was blazing with fury. A terrifying aura emanated from him. He knew about Kael's incident.

Behind him stood a dozen elders with a strong aura. They were the sect leaders.

A Warrior Undefeatable

At the very front, the Swordmaster City delegation, Qivius, stood close to Lester. His chin lifted a fraction higher than courtesy allowed, a triumph tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Jared! Drag yourself out here now!" Lester roared.

"If anything bad happens to Kael, the Sword Sect will be doomed!"

The massive gate groaned open. Jared stepped through at an unhurried pace, Corin, Flaxseed, and Lyra fanning out behind him. A slim rank of Sword Sect disciples followed, heads high, eyes blazing with the eerie calm of people who had already promised their lives to a cause.

They were hopelessly outnumbered, yet they wore the same expression—unyielding, fearless, prepared to die before surrendering so much as a breath. "Where is Kael?" Lester demanded, each word bitten off like steel striking flint. His glare locked on Jared, murderous intent gathering so thick in his eyes it seemed to darken the sunlight itself.

"His cultivation is gone. I tossed him outside the city." Jared's answer was delivered in a level tone, the words dropping into the silence like cold iron.

Lester exploded, his roar splitting the air. "You've got a death wish, boy!"

Rage convulsed through Lester's broad frame. Power from an eighth-tier Earthly Immortal surged out of him like a tidal wave, making the flagstones moan underfoot. "My son's arms were severed. His cultivation is ruined! And you dare stand here swaggering in front of me!"

"He deserved it." Jared met Lester's murderous glare without the slightest tremor.

"Had Master Morden not spoken, your precious son would be a corpse. Remember this, Lester. This is Swordmaster City, Ararat's domain. Sacred Sword Manor holds no authority here, and neither do you."

With Ararat supporting him, Jared felt no need to retreat. He was not afraid even if Lester had gathered many sects.

Lester's face twitched, uncertainty flashing before fury reclaimed it. "Don't think throwing Mr. Goizeder's name around will frighten me! Even if he arrived this very moment, you would still pay in blood." He pivoted toward Qivius. "Mr. Massey! Jared has maimed people inside Swordmaster City's walls. Are we not bound to punish him according to City law?"

Qivius cleared his throat and stepped forward, robes swishing. "Jared, you have provoked multiple clashes within the city and gravely injured Sacred Sword Manor's young master. That alone violates the laws. If you acknowledge your first offense, destroy your cultivation, and surrender the Sword Sect, I may plead for leniency and spare your life."

The words sounded righteous, but the bias bled through every word.

Jared's brows knit in momentary confusion. He had not expected Qivius' stance to flip so quickly.

During the earlier fight, Qivius had used his status to restrain Lester from attacking. Now, he was siding with Lester.

It took no sage to guess the reason. Whatever bribe the Windham family offered must have been large enough to smother any hint of conscience.

Flaxseed burst into wheezing laughter. "Qivius, did the Windham family bribe you? Kael marched in here snoring for a fight, we even tried to drug Ms. Lyra with aphrodisiac powder, and somehow you twist that into Jared's fault?" s

Qivius' expression darkened. "Mind your tongue! I have always acted fairly."

Jared snorted. "Fair?"

"Scared Sword Manor slipped you a trinket, didn't they?" Jared drawled, a cold, disbelieving laugh curling off his tongue.

His eyes swept over Qivius, as if to see through him.

A faint tremor crossed Qivius's face. He had indeed accepted Sacred Sword Manor's gift. It was a valuable magic sword.

He would not side with Lester without the gift.

Other sect leaders had likewise tasted Scared Sword Manor's generosity, their ready swords bought and paid for with favors etched in steel.

This is the survival of the fittest. People would not do something without any benefit.

The sect leaders were not close to Jared. Since the Sacred Sword Manor bribed them, they were willing to accept.

"Utter nonsense!" Qivius barked, trying to harden a wobbling spine. "Seize this arrogant wretch at once!"

At his order, cultivators surged in like For original chapters go to nOvelFind.net

dark tidewater, weapons flashing with restless spiritual light, the alt, suddenly thick with the reek of intent to kill. . s

Corin slid into place before Jared, cloak snapping back as his sword

yedits sheath. "If you'v step over my corpse dht him,"

s