

A Warrior Undefeatable c 5311-5320

"Courting death!" Lester said, contempt twisting his mouth as he stepped forward to strike.

A single palm swept out in a destructive force toward Corin.

"Master Morden, look out!" Jared shouted, lunging, only to be caught in a tangle of enemy cultivators who barred his path with snarling zeal.

Bang!

The blow landed. Corin was no match for Lester. He flew back, slammed into the wall, and coughed up blood.

"Master Morden!" Jared yelled.

"You old fool!" Flaxseed roared, rage cracking in his throat.

Jared and Flaxseed wanted to help Corin, but they were blocked.

Lester strolled toward Corin's crumpled form, a predator's grin dawning. "Corin, once your Sword Sect stood glorious. Now look at you. Hand over the sect's secret scrolls, and perhaps I will let you die quickly."

"Dream on!" Corin's roar cracked across the courtyard like a whip, each word drenched in contempt.

Corin hacked up a mouthful of dark blood. He wiped it away with the back of a shaking hand, yet the defiance blazing in his eyes never wavered.

Rage flared behind Lester's gaze. He hauled one boot high, ready to drive it down on Corin's skull with all the merciless weight of a falling guillotine.

Later, a calm voice sliced through the tension.

"Mr. Lester, picking on someone half your strength? That is hardly a sight befitting the lord of Scared Sword Manor, is it?" Follow current novels on FindN()

Every head snapped toward the sound. Lyra now stood between Corin and the descending boot, her slender frame trembling from fear, yet her sword remained rock-steady, its tip leveled at Lester's heart while unwavering resolve blazed in her eyes.

"A girl dares bar my path?" Lester's lip curled. He didn't pause. His palm swept out in a broad arc toward Lyra.

He never even bothered to consider her a threat. To him, that single blow should have been more than enough to end her.

Jared's eyes bulged with panic. Bound by invisible force, he strained against it until veins stood out on his neck, powerless to do anything but watch death race toward Lyra.

Bang!

Instead of Lyra's body shattering, a golden barrier appeared before her, blocking Lester's strike.

"Who dares interfere?" Lester's expression flickered. He scanned the courtyard.

Ararat had appeared suddenly. One casual sweep of the cane in his hand dissolved the golden barrier into warm motes of light that drifted away on the air.

"Mr. Goizeder?"

Lester's pupils shrank. "This matter concerns you not. I ask that you stand aside."

"Swordmaster City forbids private duels," Ararat said, voice mild yet unyielding. "Have you forgotten the rule, Mr. Lester?"

A storm of conflict crossed Lester's features. He knew Ararat's strength was unfathomable. Forcing the issue could leave him bloodied and empty-handed.

But the memory of his son lying broken rekindled his fury. "Mr. Goizeder, that boy crippled Kael and shamed Scared Sword Manor. I will not let him slide! "

"Kael provoked the fight, then stooped to vile tricks. Jared merely

back in self-defense." Ararat's

ose, yet the authority

authority

seemed to press on every chest.

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"I have looked into the matter. The Sacred Sword Manor is in the wrong. If Mr. Lester insists, don't blame me for doing it the hard way."

The power of a ninth-level Earthly Immortal Realm cultivator crashed over the courtyard like an invisible avalanche. The air that had drifted freely moments ago now congealed, thick as broken glass, sealing every doorway and window in an unspoken command to kneel. s

Lester felt the weight first in his lungs. Each breath caught halfway, turn-thin, then stalled

altogether. His face turned pale. the sect leaders also retreated in fear. s

"Splendid, Ararat!" Lester's voice rattled with fury, every word ground out between clenched teeth. "The Sacred Sword Manor will remember the shame! Let's go!"

He shot Jared a glare sharp enough to draw blood, then wheeled around. With disciples scrambling after him, Lester led the group to retreat.

The sects that had followed Lester for spectacle scattered next, their panic fast and wordless. None of them cared to learn what punishment might follow the next misstep.

Qivius turned pale, lips parting to protest. One frigid look from Ararat silenced him. Qivius retreated three steps, collar damp with sudden sweat.

The threat was gone. The Sword Sect breathed a sigh of relief.

Jared stepped forward. He offered Ararat a deep, formal bow. "Mr. Goizeder, you have saved us again. Thank you."

Ararat answered with a lazy wave. "Don't mention it. Lester held a grudge. You should be careful."

He paused, letting the warning settle. "Pressing matters call me elsewhere. If you face any hardships, you can call me."

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With that promise, Ararat's figure blurred into a white arc, a comet slicing upward.

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Watching Ararat leave, Jared felt a mix of emotions.

Lyra hurried to his side, worry glinting in her dark eyes. "Jared, are you hurt?"

Jared shook his head, then glanced at Corin, who junior disciples were lifting. "Master Morden, how do you fare?"

Though his face stayed pale, Corin managed a weary smile. "I'm fine. However, Lester will not give up easily. We are in big trouble."

Flaxseed scratched at his chin, gaze drifting toward the horizon. "That geezer has woven roots through level five for years. Should he rally every sect he knows, even Mr. Goizeder's shield may bend."

Jared offered no reply. He could sense that danger was lurking. Lester's vengeance would come sooner and far more brutal than any of them dared imagine.

Elsewhere, inside a jolting carriage, Lester sat with a stern face. Each bounce of the wheels stoked the fury simmering behind his eyes.

Inside the carriage, Kael-his arms brutally severed, his cultivation shattered-lay sprawled lifelessly. His face had drained of all color, and the only fires left in his eyes were hatred, slowly giving way to a chilling, vacant despair.

"Dad, I'm going to kill him!" Kael snarled, his voice ragged, raw. "I'll tear Jared to pieces!"

The outburst tore open the half-healed scabs on his shoulders. Blood beaded, then trickled, and his strangled scream seemed to shake even the lantern chains above.

Lester slammed a fist against the carriage wall. Wood splintered, the panel buckling inward. "Easy, son. He will beg for death," he growled.

Lester thought he could destroy the Sword Sect by bringing Qivius and other sect leaders. He did not expect Ararat to protect Jared.

If Ararat was present in Swordmaster City, no one could defeat him.

"Jared," Lester hissed through clenched teeth, "you think you can survive in the Swordmaster City forever?"

Lester decided to find help. Sacred Sword Manor was famed for its sword forging. With enough incentive, he was confident they would help him.

He also knew that Jared had a beef with the Celestial Palace. Drystan had visited Jared before.

An enemy's enemy becomes an ally. Lester decided to visit Drystan on level six.

Three days later, a plain black carriage rolled out of Sacred Sword Manor, wheels hissing over frost-stiff turf as it headed northwest. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find•no](#)

Inside, Lester watched the

landscape blur past while his thumb

traced the carved grooves of a short obsidian blade. Its surface was

etched with unnerving charms.

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Sacred Sword Manor's ancestor forged the short blade using mithril. It was carved with charms.

Lester decided to gift Drystan with the short blade, so they could team up to deal with Jared.

Amid clouds coiling around

peaks, a palace of black crystal

hovered in the open sky. Six

blood red orbs crowned its roof each one throbbing with a dread

Lester climbed the steps, lifted the short sword high, and shouted, "Lester Windham of Sacred Sword Manor requests an audience with Mr. Hexford!"

He dared not storm the threshold. Behind the Sixth Hall was the Celestial Palace.

Celestials lived in the Celestial Palace. Even Sacred Sword Manor could not offend the celestials.

Silence swelled, deep and weighty, until even the distant peaks seemed to lean closer, listening for the verdict yet to come.

Nearly a quarter hour had crawled by. A croaking voice appeared. "Mr. Lester, what's the purpose of visiting Sixth Hall?"

Lester's entire body jolted while sweating. "I'm willing to gift this short blade to Mr. Hexford. I want to kill someone!"

"Oh?"

The voice teased, "Who is it?"

"Jared Chance!" Lester's answer cut the air with a chill sharper than steel.

At that name, Drystan rose so fast

his crimson cloak snapped behind

him. He had long hungered to

kill

Jared, but Isabel had threatened him

not to pursue Jared. s

However, Enaricus had ordered Drystan to kill Jared.

It was great timing when Lester visited the Sixth Hall. Drystan could oblige and obtained a new magic sword.

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"Enter." The single word slid beyond the bronze doors.

The doors parted. Lester stepped beneath the vaulted ceiling, the flames in the wall sconces bowing as though greeting their sovereign.

Drystan crooked a finger. Lester tossed the gleaming short blade through the gloom. Drystan caught it, he stared at the short blade, not wanting to let it go.

"Very well, I will aid you. Yet Jared keeps capable fighters close. You would be wise to gather more allies before the strike," Drystan said.

"My thanks, Mr. Hexford. I will find more help at once." Lester bowed so low his hair brushed the ground.

Drystan answered with a single approving hum, then waved his hand.

Moments later, three cultivators wearing crimson armor showed up. The leader's face was expressionless, his aura already pressing at the threshold of the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm-no weaker than Ararat himself.

"Enaricus has sent these celestial Blood Guards to serve you," Drystan declared. "With their help, Jared Chance will not escape death."

Lester's chest swelled. Three warriors at his side meant the specter of Ararat no longer haunted his plans.

With such power behind him, the mere thought of confronting Ararat stirred excitement rather than dread.

The Blood Guard commander's voice rang like iron striking an anvil. "Follow our lead. Act without permission, and you die first."

Lester hurried after him, feeling the boulder that had been grinding against his heart finally slide away into silence.

With the Sixth Hall's assistance, Lester believed that even Ararat could not save Jared from the grave now prepared.

Even so, caution whispered. After posting the three Blood Guards at Sacred Sword Manor, he headed to Darkwind Gorge without delay.

He had discovered the branch of Malevolent Path Hall, which Jared was also searching for, since Jared had caused a scene in Whispers Tower.

The whole of Swordmaster City knew about it.

If Lester could get Malevolent Path Hall's support, he would be invincible.

Deep in a miasma-choked ravine, an altar of interlocked skulls gleamed beneath a dying sun. At its peak sat Dioz Underwood, night-black vapors circling him.

His hollow figure had become more solid. He had used Malevolent Path Hall's secret technique to recover. He had regained his physical body.

"Grand Elder Dioz, Lester Windham of Sacred Sword Manor seeks an audience." A blue-skinned, tusked sentry bowed low.

"Send him in." Dioz's eyes snapped open, shards of winter light slicing through the gloom.

Lester stepped onto the altar and felt a shiver rip down his spine.

Flayed bones hung like grisly banners, the air thick with metallic rot. Compared with the Holy Light Sect's painted radiance, this was unmasked hell.

"Mr. Underwood, it has been far too long."

Forcing a polite smile, Lester bowed in salute, smothering the revulsion that clawed at his throat.

Dioz rose, testing the newborn body

beneath his robes-each joint popping like kindling. "Your visit hongs this forsaken halt Mrotester.

What brings you to my place?"

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"I come with a partnership in mind," Lester said, voice steady. "There is a man we both detest. Together, we can erase him."

"Name him."

"Jared Chance."

Dioz's fist snapped shut, black energy boiling over his knuckles. "The bastard who shattered my body!"

Footsteps echoed beyond the skulls. Varek Underwood emerged with his daughter Lunaria, their faces carved from equal parts grief and rage.

Since their hasty flight, they had nested beneath Dioz's roof, nursing unhealed wounds.

"Uncle Dioz, Jared razed our sect, and that vile Flaxseed assaulted me!" Lunaria spat, her voice trembling with anger.

For endless nights, she had dreamed of killing Jared and Flaxseed, but Dioz had not recovered his physical body, so she waited.

Varek's calloused palm drifted across his daughter's hair-gentle, aching, protective. He said, "Dioz we have to hunt Jared down and finish him! No matter the cost."

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Dioz dipped his chin once, eyes sharpening. He pivoted toward Lester and asked,

"Mr. Lester, what kind of alliance did you have in mind?"

"The Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall

already offers help. If the Malevolent Path Hall ends its blade as well, è Jared Chance won't escape. When

his corpse cools, your hallet

claim first pick of every treasure he carried." s Updates are released by Find No

Greed flickered across Dioz's face, a hungry spark lighting the darkness in his pupils. "You swear that is true?"

"I do not lie," Lester vowed, the words striking the altar like iron nails.

From the altar's depths, a whisper slithered out. "If Jared is under Ararat's protection, how could I possibly stay away?"

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A robed figure glided from the darkness. Even Dioz felt his heart jolt under the figure's aura pouring from that hood, where only twin blood-red eyes burned.

"Mr. Atkinson!" Dioz and others nearby bowed, their reverence filling the glen.

Quentin Atkinson, the branch leader of Malevolent Path Hall, lifted his head. From beneath the hood, the scarlet gaze swept the crowd. "Jared is intriguing. Every

cultivator of this hall will march with Mr. Lester. Whoever brings me Jared's head earns one high-grade spiritual tool."

A roar exploded across the altar. Black silhouettes poured from cliff ledges and shadowed trails, flooding outward, streaming toward Swordmaster City.

Within Swordmaster City, unease thickened with each breath.

Since Lester's departure, all factions observed the situation, and wandering cultivators prowled the Sword Sect compound like wolves scenting open gates.

Jared knew the hush was only the eye of the hurricane. Lester's revenge would arrive soon.

Ararat appeared in Jared's courtyard as silently as falling ash, a device in his fingers. "Mr. Chance, this is the latest intelligence."

Jared lifted the device. He activated the device with his spiritual sense. Later, his expression changed. "Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall? A branch of the Malevolent Path Hall? Lester has rallied those bastards!"

The message was recorded clearly. Lester had allied with the Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall, Darkwind Gorge's Malevolent Path Hall, and a few reclusive sects in level five. His army was more than a thousand people. There were at least fifty cultivators at the seventh level of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

Ararat's voice grew heavy. "Drystan nursed an old grudge against me. This invasion is about more than you. The Malevolent Path Hall is notorious for their black magic. It's hard to detect them."

The courtyard doors banged open, Flaxseed barreling through in a swirl of dusty robes. "Jared, rumors outside say Lester plans to bathe Swordmaster City in blood. Should we bolt before the tide arrives?"

Leaning on a weathered cane, Corin stepped from the shadows. Deathly pale yet unshakably calm, he met every eye. "The Sword Sect has endured a millennium. Even if one last disciple remains standing, we will not retreat."

Lyra tightened her grip on the longsword that never left her side. Soft but unwavering, she whispered, "I stand with Jared. Rise or fall, together."

Drawing a steadying breath, Jared handed the device around. "This is no time to retreat. Ararat, we need Swordmaster City's defenses."

Ararat managed a rueful smile. "I vanished for centuries. Qivius seized every lever of power. He has been cultivating private forces in secret and, I fear, already shakes hands with Lester."

Flaxseed slammed his palm against the stone table, cups rattling. "That old schemer! I knew there was rot behind his grin!"

Jared's gaze hardened. "Then we rely on ourselves." His words rang like steek drawn from its sheath "Ararat, is there any chance the neutral clans inside Swordmaster City will aid us?" s

Ararat shook his head. "Slim to none. The Celestial Palace and Malevolent Path Hall are too powerful. Few will risk stepping into that darkness for our sake." Official source is nOvelFind.net

Just then, a broad, unrestrained laugh rolled in from the courtyard gate. "Who says no one dares?"

Kishor strode through the archway

with a jaunty swagger, one arm wrapped around a beauty. Behind. them marched several dozen cultivators their auras sharp as drawn sabers. Leading them was the owner of Whispers Tower. s

Jared's surprise cracked into bright relief. "Kishor, what brings you here?"

Kishor's laugh boomed again. "Word reached me that Sacred Sword Manor wants to kill Mr. Chance. You think I'd sit back and do nothing?"

Alice said, "Every agent and archive under Whispers Tower in level five stands at your command, Mr. Chance."

Warmth spread through Jared's chest as he counted the sudden influx of Earthly Immortal experts filling the yard. The weight on his shoulders eased.

"With allies such as you two," he said, the tension in his breath loosening, "I can rest easier."

Kishor clapped Jared's shoulder, his grin tempered by sober resolve. "Lester's entourage is vicious. The Sixth Hall cultivators are proud beyond bearing The Malevolent Path Hall's demonic cultivators are tough. We need a plan." s

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Ararat's voice dropped to a steely murmur. "If we meet them head-on, we will be crushed. Our only hope is to fortify these walls and pray for rescue. I have already sent word to a few old comrades in Swordmaster City. May fond memories move them to fight alongside us."

Jared shook his head, amber eyes lit by a stubborn flame. "We can't wait. If Lester is bold enough to march here, he has prepared for every delay. Each minute we hesitate tilts the field against us."

He swept his gaze over the anxious faces crowding the hall. "If they appear at dawn, I'll step outside and greet Lester myself."

"Absolutely not!" Corin darted forward. "Lester is at the eighth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm. You are nowhere near his equal."

Jared offered a smile that barely touched his eyes. "Trust me, Master Morden. I have a way." He raised his hand, and the storage ring on his finger gleamed.

A bow slid into the starlight-its frame obsidian black, filigreed with tangled gold sigils. A hush of dragon's power coiled around the weapon.

Ararat's pupils pinpointed. "That... that is the Divine Bow. I thought it lost to legend, yet you hold it in your hands!"

"The bow amplifies my strength," Jared said, palm gliding along the bow. "With it, I might stand toe-to-toe with Lester."

Kishor let out a low whistle, admiration slicing through his usual bravado. "You sly fox! Hiding treasure in plain sight. With that beauty, we might flip the entire board."

Ararat's expression hardened again. "But unless the sky itself is falling, you must not draw it. The Divine Bow is a sacred item. Using it would cause bigger trouble." Jared fell silent, the truth of Ararat's warning pressing on his chest.

Night deepened, yet the Sword Sect was brightly lit.

Everyone was preparing for the battle. The sound of creating charms echoed throughout the sect.

Alone on a tilted rooftop, Jared watched a crescent moon bleed into clouds. Cold wind tugged his robe, but his fingers stayed warm against the Divine Bow, feeling the ancient heartbeat slumbering inside maple-dark wood.

"Mr. Vermilion, what game are you playing?" Jared whispered into the night, hoping the wind might carry the question to whatever shadow listened.

Only silence answered. Since that one brief warning in the Darkwind Gorge, the Vermilion Demon Lord had vanished again, unreachable no matter how loudly Jared's spirit called.

Suddenly, the storage ring pulsed, as though something inside had awakened and was impatient to be freed.

Jared's pulse kicked against his ribs. He slipped the reach of his spiritual sense into the storage ring. The fire unicorn had grown in size, a baze of crimson light breathing through. s

"Is it about to ascend?" Jared breathed, the question tasting of wonder and dread.

Joy flared through him like sparks off flint. If the fire unicorn broke through, it would stand beside him in the coming siege-an ally worth an army. THIS CHAPTER IS
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Jared carefully put some resources into the storage ring to feed the fire unicorn.

Near the fire unicorn, the Celestial Devourer sprawled on its back, snoring loud enough to rattle dust, its round belly rising and falling without the faintest sign of new growth.

"You always eat and sleep. If you can listen to me, Lester would be as good as dead," Jared grumbled.

"Tomorrow, we may end up fighting shoulder to shoulder. Be ready."

Jared's gaze lingered on the fire unicorn.

Plain sword technique will crumble against Lester's ranks. Resolve hardened. Jared would unlock every secret art buried in his blood and bones.

He would use the Divine Bow, fire unicorn, nascence power, the Power of Dragons, the Power of Three, etc.

Survival demanded exposure. Better to stand naked beneath the sun than be buried with his secrets still chained inside him.

Dawn bled pale across the east when Swordmaster City's alarm bells erupted, their metallic shriek ripping the hush from the newborn morning.

Jared tightened his grip on Dragonslayer Sword, eyes narrowing. "They're here."

At the city's east gate, a black tide of warriors poured forward, hemming the Sword Sect compound on every side.

Seated atop a monoceros demon beast, Lester surveyed the outer wall. His purple-gold armor caught the newborn light, and an ornate longsword rested on his waist.

Behind him, ranks stretched

outward: Blood Guards of the Sixth Hall, demonio cultivators from the Malevolent Path Hall, and experts from a dozen sects. The air @self seemed to hiss with killing intent. s

"Jared Chance! Crawl out and die like a man!" Lester's roar cracked against the stone ramparts.

Ararat stepped onto empty air and drifted above the parapet, white robes brighter than fresh snow His

sword leveled at Lester "Lester you dare run wild in Swordmaster City Did you ignore my existence?" s

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One Blood Guard strode forward, crimson runes flickering across his ararat.

"Ararat, years pass, and you remain as hot-blooded as ever. Today's affair is none of your concern. Stand aside!"

Ararat snorted. Sword light wove into a lattice around him. "A lackey from the Celestial Palace thinks to order me? Dream on."

The Blood Guard did not flinch. Sword energy raked his chestplate, leaving only a faint chalk line. "Your blade is still soft."

Ararat's features tightened. The enemy's defense proved monstrously stronger than rumor had dared predict.

Black mist swirling about him, Dioz drifted to the front line. "Mr. Goizeder, a wise man submits to circumstances. Jared is the nemesis of Malevolent Path Hall. Today he must die!"

"And I'm here too!" Lunaria screeched, violet gaze blazing. "I'll rip his eyes out myself!"

Kishor swaggered forward, one arm slung around Alice, laughter booming. "A cluster of bruised gourds dares yap before me? One whisper from Whispers Tower and every dirty secret you own hits daylight."

Alice stepped ahead, showing a device. "Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall allies with demons. The Malevolent Path Hall collects the cultivator's divine soul. Mr. Lester, your son assaulted many women."

Lester's face darkened. "Nonsense!"

"Whether it's nonsense, we'll spread the news," Alice replied, voice cool as morning frost. "Withdraw your troops, and we'll wipe the slate clean."

The Blood Guard snorted, "Whispers Tower? Nothing more than a nest of gossip-mongering rats. Speak one word, and I will cut you down where you stand!"

"Then come try me!" Updates are released by find(N)o

At that, Kishor's men fanned out behind him. They were few, but every breath they drew felt honed and lethal, as if each man were a blade kept forever on a whetstone.

Auras collided invisibly in the dusk, bows drawn without arrows, swords half-raised-one heartbeat from an explosion of carnage.

From deep inside the compound, Jared's voice rolled out. "Enough posturing."

He stepped through the gate at an unhurried pace. Corin, Flaxseed, Lyra, and a lean line of Sword Sect disciples formed up at his back. They numbered barely a few dozen, yet every last one stood tall, faces bright with a fearless, almost reckless pride.

"Lester," Jared called, eyes locked on, "hasn't your only wish been to kill me? Then face me now. We fight one-on-one. Do you dare?"

Lester blinked, then burst into mocking laughter that echoed off tiled roofs. "You? A wandering immortal challenging an eighth-level earthly immortal? Have you lost your mind?"

"Why wouldn't I dare?" Jared's hand closed around the Dragonslayer Sword, the blade humming like some slumbering beast.

"If I fall, my life is yours. If you fall, you and every man leave Swordmaster City tonight and never return."

"Jared, no!" Corin's protest cracked through the air before he could stop himself.

"Mr. Chance, think this through!" Ararat added, urgency tugging hard at every syllable.

Jared waved them off, gaze never shifting from the enemy. Resolve burned in his eyes like coals that had waited years for wind. "This feud is between him and me. It ends today."

A thin, vicious smile curled beneath Lester's helm. He had waited for this moment. "Agreed! But if anyone dares interfere, I will show no mercy."

Slow, deliberate steps carried Lester forward. Each footfall burst with spiritual energy, punching craters into the stone floor that cracked outward like spiderwebs.

With a contemptuous flick of his wrist, Lester leveled his long blade. "Kid, falling beneath my sword is the greatest honor you'll ever know." A storm of sword energy tore open the ground between them, carving a trench deep enough to swallow a man whole. s

Jared drew one long breath. Inside him, the Power of Three roared awake. Three differently colored streams raced through every

meridian, He understood this

fight

would decide not only his life but the fate of the entire Sword Sect. Content belongs to s

"Enough talk! Let's begin!"

Murderous intent flared in Lester's gaze. He exploded forward, his sword crashing down with mountain splitting weight. Before the sword even arrived, shockwaves ripped the earth into rolling ridges.

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"Perfect!" Jared's shout was low and fierce as the Dragonslayer Sword flared gold

and streaked up to meet the descending steel.

Clank!

The ground beneath both men detonated. Shards of rock fountained skyward, spinning in the shrinking space between them.

The impact hurled raw power through Jared's arms. Numbness spiked from fingertips to the shoulder. He staggered back three steps before he steadied himself, blood tracing the corner of his mouth.

Lester barked a savage laugh. "Pathetic!" He continued his victorious pursuit, sword raining down in a relentless gale, intersecting arcs that sealed every avenue of escape.

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Jared unleashed Blazing Stride to its absolute limit. His figure flickered like a phantom through the cage of sword shadows while the Dragonslayer Sword guarded his vitals. Each collision churned his organs until blood threatened to boil.

"Is Jared trying to get himself killed?" Flaxseed stomped the ground, panic twisting his face.

"He's probing Lester's strength," Ararat said, voice gravel-deep. "Lester's style is raw and domineering. There's barely a flaw for Jared to seize."

Inside the arena, Jared's predicament worsened with every breath.

Lester's blade accelerated past human sight. Compressed sword energy forged a tiger's illusory shadow that lunged, crimson jaws yawning wide for Jared's throat. The tiger's illusory shadow roared.

The tiger's illusory shadow wafted through the air.

Jared's eyes hardened with irrevocable resolve. From deep within, a surge of marked aura tore loose, flooding his veins and draping the Dragonslayer Sword in rolling black mist that seemed to drink the daylight. "Marked Dragon Slash!"

A Black Dragon formed by the marked aura soared through and clashed with the tiger's illusory shadow.

Boom!

Waves of energy spread into directions. The cultivators all retreated.

When the smoke thinned, Jared staggered forward. His face had gone pale, and a palm-sized dent caved in his chest. He was severely injured.

Lester took one step back, surprise tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"Interesting," Lester murmured, licking a bead of blood from his lip. "But it still isn't enough."

Planting both hands on his sword, Lester poured every drop of spiritual energy he possessed into the blade. Flames bloomed along the steel until the sword burned like a fragment of the sun. "Sky Incinerator Sword Art!" Sword shadows multiplied, each one radiating furnace heat that warped the very air.

Jared's pupils shrank. He felt this sword technique struck at least several times harder than the last. If that attack landed clean, he would die.

Only one move left!

He clenched his teeth. The Power of Dragons thundered through his veins, and gold scales pushed up beneath his skin like molten armor.

Within a breath, the Golem Body awoke, covering him head to toe in burnished plate.

Lyra gasped, voice cracking with disbelief. "Are those dragon scales?"

Even the usually unflappable Corin froze. "Could the boy be a Draconian heir?"

"I see," Lester hissed, greed flaring in his eyes. "You have Draconian blood. No wonder you're so tough to kill."

His attack turned rabid, every strike aimed at Jared's vitals.

The Power of Dragons flooded Jared's legs. The earth blurred beneath him as he slipped past blazing edges, then whipped the Dragonslayer Sword in a horizontal arc toward Lester's throat.

"Petty tricks!" Lester spun his wrist, steel screeching as he parried the attack.

In the same heartbeat, Jared's left palm quietly gathered a sphere of gold. The instant Lester's guard shifted, Jared slammed that orb into his chest. "Dragon's Wrath!"

Golden light detonated, spreading the dragon's power through the arena, bester's lungs seized. Blood churned in his body. He stumbled back five full steps before regaining balance. s

"You want death? I'll oblige!"

Fury and shock mingled in Lester's eyes. He had not expected Jared to harbor a killing move still.

Lester raised his sword overhead, channeling spiritual energy until a giant blazing sphere formed above the tip. "Sky Destroyer!"

The orb drifted upward like a newborn sun. Its heat blistered stone. Spectators hastily wrapped themselves in spiritual energy to shield the attack.

Jared stared at the burning sphere and felt the hairs on his arms stand on end. A spark of final resolve lit his gaze.

"Looks like you leave me no choice."

Slowly, Jared lifted his left hand and grasped the void.

A deep hum quivered through the battlefield, as though the void itself answered his grip.

Out of nothing, the Divine Bow materialized in Jared's grasp. Gold markings crawled across the bow, each stroke glimmering with golden light.

"That... that's a sacred item!"

"The Divine Bow! They say it could kill the divine being!"

The watching cultivators erupted, greed twisting their faces.

Lester was also stunned. "Why is the Divine Bow in your hands?" This chapter is updated by Find[N]o

Jared made no reply. He laid two fingers against the bowstring. The marked aura fused into a bright arrow.

"Die!" The single word slid from Jared's throat in a low snarl.

He loosened his fingers. The arrow screamed forth.

In an eyeblink, it crossed the length of the battlefield and hurtled toward the colossal fireball, its passage tearing a ragged fissure through the very sky content belongs to s

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Boom!

Arrowhead met fire. Time itself seemed to hold its breath.

Then the world shattered. A storm of gold devoured the horizon, quake-waves rattling the bones of heaven. Space rippled like a pond struck by a meteor.

Every spectator, helpless before that annihilating glow, clamped their eyes shut by instinct alone.

When the light finally receded, a stunned hiss passed over the field.

Lester knelt on one knee. A fist-sized hole gaped in his breastplate. Blood pumped through shattered armor plates that now lay around him like violet shards of glass.

He stared at the wound in frozen horror, as though only now understanding that death had entered his body.

Jared barely remained standing. The Divine Bow's backlash had ripped every meridian in his frame. Dark blood trickled from the corner of his mouth while his limbs swayed.

"I... I lost?" Lester whispered, disbelief quivering on each syllable.

"No! I've not lost! Never!" Madness flickered in his eyes.

He jerked his head toward the crowd behind him. "What are you staring at? Move! Kill him and seize that bow now!"

The Blood Guard's gaze burned with covetous hunger. He surged forward first, roaring, "The Divine Bow will be mine!"

Dioz, wrapped in writhing black mist, lunged as well. "Jared, I'll claim your flesh for myself!"

Varek, Lunaria, and experts from every sect followed. They had forgotten the promise after seeing the Divine Bow and Jared's Draconian bloodline.

"Shameless bastards!" Ararat roared.

With a cold ring, his longsword left its sheath, meeting the Blood Guard head-on in a shower of sparks.

"Protect Mr. Chance!" Kishor and Alice cried together.

Members of Whispers Tower formed a wall, locking shields as enemies crashed against them.

Behind that wall, Corin and Flaxseed hauled Jared backward while Lyra stepped forward, sword raised, her gaze staring at Lunaria's advancing figure.

"Little wretch!" Lunaria hissed, her voice slick with malice, "Die for me!"

A bone whip appeared in Lunaria's hand, and she whipped Lyra.

Lyra shouted, "Back off!" Her longsword darted forward with swan-like grace, a silver blur that forced Lunaria to recoil before the point could kiss flesh.

Chaos burst wide open. In the blink of an eye, the courtyard became a furnace of clashing steel and sorcery.

Ararat traded blows with a Blood Guard. Both were at the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm. Sword energy crashed against a crimson aura, and each collision warped the sky.

Kishor swung his Sky Breaker in brutal arcs, standing alone against several earthly immortals and refusing to yield an inch.

Beside him, Alice wove through

shadows Silver needles slipped

from fier fingers, finding throats and

joints with surgical cruelty her

rhythm meshing perfectly with

Kishor's raw force. s

Disciples of the Sword

Sect-outmatched yet

fearless-threw themselves at the demonic cultivators of the

Malevolent Path Hall Screams,

metal clanks, and the wet rasp of bodies falling wove a nightmarish chorus. s

Jared sagged against a shattered wall, watching the battle with growing panic.

He longed to rejoin the fray, yet his arms felt filled with sand. The Divine Bow's backlash had hollowed him out more savagely than he had feared.

That single arrow had nearly drained every thread of the marked aura that once thundered through his meridians.

Flaxseed parried a rushing blade with a charm, then called over his shoulder, "Jared, are you okay?" The rightful source is findno

"I'm fine." Blood splattered from Jared's lips, giving the lie to the words.

He tasted despair. Am I truly going to die here?

Flaxseed shouted again, "Let me help you escape! The line won't hold much longer."

Determination flashed in Flaxseed's eyes. He was ready to grab Jared and make a run for it.

Jared shook his head. Everyone out there was bleeding for his sake. He could not leave them behind.

"Fire unicorn!" Jared roared.

A crimson beam burst from his storage ring and slammed into the flagstones, flaring like a newborn star.

There stood the fire unicorn covered with red fur. It let out a roar.

Even though the fire unicorn had grown a lot, it was still a young beast.

Corin gasped, "A fire unicorn?" His voice cracked with awe.

Sensing Jared's peril, the fire unicorn's eyes blazed. It inhaled sharply, chest swelling like a furnace about to erupt.

Its roar boomed like a volcano cracking open.

Flames raced across its body. In

heartbeats, it ballooned into a

towering beast several stories high

Wildfire wreathed its frame, and the

courtyard quaked beneath the

pressure of a true divine aura.

s

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Fire unicorn!"

"We're rich! Capturing it to make a pill could skyrocket our cultivation!"

The crowd was attracted to the fire unicorn. They all swarmed toward it.

With a thunderous, sky-splitting roar, the fire unicorn threw back its maned head and exhaled a river of living flame. The inferno coiled into the shape of a dragon, rushing forward and reducing the foremost attackers to ash.

Finished, the beast lowered its blazing muzzle and brushed its massive head against Jared's shoulder, amber eyes glowing with an almost childlike affection.

"Hold them off!" Jared rasped.

As though it understood, the fire unicorn wheeled around, hooves biting into the churned earth. Its jaws yawned wide, and a volley of fist-sized fireballs burst forth, streaking skyward before arcing down like a storm of burning meteors.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Discover more novels at [findno](#)

Shockwaves rippled across the courtyard, hurling enemy cultivators into the air. Yet even through the thinning smoke, Jared knew it was but a pause.

The Sixth Hall and Malevolent Path Hall had not taken action. If the Sword Sect revealed everything, they would perish.

The Blood Guard was fighting with Ararat. When he saw the fire unicorn, his eyes filled with greed. "Ararat, I'll spare you for now!"

He turned toward the fire unicorn. "The celestial beast is mine!"

Ararat darted after him, but a group of Celestial Palace's cultivators blocked him, forcing him into a desperate skirmish while the Blood Guard streaked toward Jared.

"Jared Chance, die!" the Blood Guard roared.

He slammed a destructive crimson palm strike toward Jared.

Jared felt despair. He could no longer fight back.

At that breathless instant, two voices rang out from opposite corners of the sky.

"Please stop!"

"Ganging up on someone is a pathetic move!"

Twin spears of gold light hurtled downward, striking the Blood Guard's palm strike with unerring precision.

Boom!

The Blood Guard stumbled back three steps, uncertainty clouding the murderous glow in his eyes.

Two elderly men now stood before Jared. One was holding a cane, while the other was wearing a robe.

Behind them filed several dozen priests, each radiating an aura that bent the very air.

Jared's voice cracked with a mix of shock and relief. "Mr. Infinides? Mr. Leonidas? How did you come here?" He did not expect them to be here.

After removing the seal in Ethereal Realm, Infinides brought Leonidas' divine soul and left.

Infinides smiled and said, "Jared, we have heard your name in level five. We know someone is targeting you, so we come here to annihilate them."

Leonidas' lips curved into the

faintest smile as he turned toward Jared. "Jared, the Celestial Palace has conspired with demons and butchered the innocent. The Roaring Storm Church wouldn't let turn a blind eye to this." s

The Blood Guard's face tightened. "You intend to interfere?"

"Not exactly." Infinides inclined his head toward Jared. "We are here to lend Jared a hand."

"Jared happens to be the man my disciple has chosen," he added, eyes narrowing with playful menace. "I have no wish for my disciple to become a widow."

Lyra blinked, bewilderment swirling across her delicate features.

She had never heard of Jared having a lover.

Jared lifted one apologetic hand. "I

explain later," he promised, an embarrassed smile tugging at this

mouth. "Truth is, I have quite a few women in my life." s

"As a cultivator, having a few women is normal!" Corin said.

A faint flush crept across Jared's cheekbones. He said nothing more. After all, his situation was far messier.

He had more than ten women acquainted with him.

Some women were strictly

business for example, Miya and et

Livya from the Seizon family. Ozrell had forced Jared to sleep with them so they could inherit his bloodline. s

He did not have feelings for them.

A Warrior Undefeatable

A flicker of apprehension darted through the Blood Guard's eyes. Roaring Storm Church carried a ten- thousand-year lineage. Its strength should not be belittled.

Yet, greed filled his mind when he saw the Divine Bow and the fire unicorn. "I won't show mercy! Celestial Palace, kill them!"

"Kill!" This content belongs to find•no

Hundreds of Celestial Palace cultivators surged forward at once. Crimson light flared as their individual shields fused into a single tidal barrier, washing across the field like a blood-red sea.

"Roaring Storm Church disciples, form up!" Leonidas barked.

Dozens of priests stood shoulder to shoulder at the rim of the battlefield. Their lips moved in perfect unison, chanting an ancient technique that vibrated in the very marrow of the air. Divine light gathered above them, folding and refolding until it shaped itself into a colossal palm. With a thunder-crack, it descended, smashing toward the crimson barrier.

"Sword Sect, form the array!" Corin barked the order.

At his command, the disciples of the Sword Sect leapt into position, feet landing on the invisible points of a celestial pattern. Streams of spiritual energy poured from their bodies, weaving together until a single immortal blade reared up and hurtled toward the charging foe.

Ararat and Kishor seized the opening. With a roar, they plunged back into the fray. In a heartbeat, the tables had turned.

Amid the chaos, Jared found himself frozen, his breath caught halfway to his lungs.

In the moment he had felt most abandoned, all these people had raised their weapons for him.

He knew this was only the beginning.

The Divine Bow, Draconian bloodline, and the fire unicorn would bring him more trouble after their revelation. The arcane array of Roaring Storm Church meshed seamlessly with the Seven-Star Sword. Divine light and sword energy crossed and re-crossed, forming a net that shredded the crimson barrier of the Celestial Palace's cultivators into drifting tatters.

The fire unicorn rampaged like a living inferno, its mane a crown of white-hot embers. Everywhere it galloped, members of Malevolent Path Hall charred to brittle husks, their screams flaring and dying as fast as sparks in rain.

“Fall back now! Fall back!” The panicked command tore across the field.

An elder from a minor sect brought his disciples to a retreat.

They had only joined this siege for the reward Lester had promised. Seeing both Celestial Palace and Malevolent Path Hall falter, they wanted no part of the butcher's bill to come.

A tide of cultivators broke and rolled away, and within seconds, more than half the invading force had vanished.

Dioz watched his disciples collapse. Fear filled his gaze.

Roaring Storm Church's technique was their nemesis. They would be wiped out if this continued.

"Withdraw Dioz did not hesitate.

Clutching Lunaria and Varek by their wrists he dissolved into a rushing smear of shadow, abandoning even the half-finished altar in his desperate flight. s

The Blood Guard stared at the rout. His face turned pale.

He wanted to snatch the Divine Bow and fire unicorn, but Roaring Storm Church showed up.

If he did not retreat, he would die.

"Retreat!"

Without sparing Jared a single glance, the Blood Guard gathered the Celestial Palace disciples into a streak of light and vanished.

They had answered only the Sixth Hall's command. Now that the mission failed, none intended to die with Lester.

Moments later, the once-black tide was gone. Only Lester, his wounded son Kael, and a handful of death warriors from Sacred Sword Manor remained.

Lester turned in a slow circle, seeing nothing but emptiness where allies had stood. Ahead, Jared's party closed in step by deliberate step. Color drained from Lester's cheek feaving the gray of utter despair. s

"N-no... this can't be! Sacred Sword Manor has stood for millennia. How could everything my forefathers built crumble in the hands of a boy?"

Jared moved close. The

Dragonslayer Sword was still

dripping with blood. "Lester, you

teamed up with demons and

butchered your peers. Today you diet

s

will

“Father, help me! I don't want to die!” Kael shrieked, sprawled upon the stained earth.

Blood pulsed from the stump where Kael's arm had been, turning the broken ground into a dark, glistening

pool.

Lester's eyes blazed. “Jared, if my son dies, I will haunt you past the veil of death itself!”

With a roar of desperation, Lester hurled himself forward, intent to perish together.

"Stubborn fool!"

Jared's gaze chilled to winter steel. The Dragonslayer Sword flashed a cold glint.

Splech!

Lester's head tumbled across the stones, eyes locked wide.

Kael stared at his father's corpse. He trembled in fear. "Please... please spare me..."