

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Jared looked down at the trembling Kael. Not a flicker of pity touched his eyes.

When Kael drugged Lyra, did he weigh the notion of mercy?

"You have committed too many sins. You cannot live."

Dragonslayer Sword fell once more, ending Kael in a single, final stroke.

With the execution of Lester and his son, the once-glorious Sacred Sword Manor collapsed overnight.

Smoke still curled over the ruined compound of Sword Sect. Shattered pillars and scorched banners lay everywhere, yet through the wreckage surged the fragile exhilaration of people who knew they had survived. Infinides stepped forward, giving Jared a bottle. "This is the Soul Resurrection Pill from Roaring Storm Church. It will knit the broken meridians inside you."

Jared accepted the bottle with both hands. He bowed deeply. "Thank you, Mr. Infinides."

Had Leonidas and Infinides not arrived in time, the consequences would have been unthinkable. Original content can be found at [Find~N](#)

Leonidas laughed softly. "Between us, thanks are unnecessary. Yet you have revealed both your Draconian blood and the fire unicorn within you. Peace will not come easily now."

"I understand." Jared nodded. He had prepared himself for this long ago.

"The two of us still have pressing matters elsewhere. We bid you farewell for now."

Before leaving, Infinides glanced at Lyra, a playful glint in his eyes. "Miss Snowdon, Jared is worth your trust. Though I fear you will soon have to share him with more than one woman."

Crimson bloomed across Lyra's cheeks. She lowered her gaze and said nothing.

Infinides and Leonidas exchanged a knowing smile, then rose with their disciples in twin streams of golden light that arced into the sky and vanished.

Then Kishor strode over, clapping Jared on the shoulder. "Heal well. If you need anything, you know where to find me." With that, he led the Whispers Tower members away.

Warmth flooded Jared's chest as he watched their silhouettes recede.

He turned to Corin. "Master Morden, please tend their wounds and reinforce the defenses."

Corin nodded, pride and relief softening the lines around his eyes.

Ararat approached, voice low and grave. "Sacred Sword Manor has fallen, but the Celestial Palace and the Malevolent Path Hall will not give up easily. Watch your back."

"I will." Jared paused, then added, "Mr. Goizeder, about Swordmaster City..."

"Leave it to me."

A cold glint flashed in Ararat's eyes. "Qivius and those bastards will be dealt with soon enough."

With that, he turned and left.

Over the next several days, many things happened in Swordmaster City.

Ararat launched a purge. Qivius and his faction were captured in one fell swoop, while every official who had colluded with Lester was stripped of power.

The upheaval shook the city, yet by week's end, order returned beneath Ararat's steady hand.

During that time, Jared remained at Sword Sect, focusing solely on recovery.

The Soul Resurrection Pill lived up to its legend. Torn meridians knitted together before his eyes, and the Power of Dragons and the Power of Three settled into harmonious balance.

Each day, Lyra arrived with fresh tonics. After facing death together, the bond between them grew unmistakably tender. Whenever that intimate night was mentioned, Lyra still flushed scarlet and fell into silence.

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At last, Jared could stand. He walked into the courtyard, watched the Sword Sect disciples practicing, and felt resolve flicker in his gaze.

The fall of Sacred Sword Manor was only the prologue. Greater storms waited on the horizon.

Celestial Palace, Malevolent Path Hall, and enemies still unseen... He would have to grow stronger, or everyone he loved would bleed.

"Jared!"

Lyra smiled while holding a bowl of tonic.

Jared drank the tonic in a gulp. He held Lyra's hand and said, "When I'm fully healed, we'll go to Darkwind Gorge and wipe out the Malevolent Path Hall branch."

Lyra nodded and replied, "All right, I'll follow you."

"My cultivation still lacks. I need to level up soon."

"I'll bring you to Pentacarna Tower. We'll have a dual cultivation," Jared suggested.

He brought Lyra into the Pentacarna Tower.

Lyra blushed. She knew she would not be leaving the bed for a while.

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Jared clasped Lyra's slender hand. Warmth pulsed from his palm, running straight to her heart. A tremor fluttered through her fingers before she could hide the response.

He carried the Pentacarna Tower to a secret grotto cut into the rear mountain of the Sword Sect, certain no sentry would ever find, let alone guard, the place.

A stone door sealed the cavern. Flowing runes curled across its surface, carrying an ancient and heavy aura. Few in any realm could force that door to yield.

"Inside this tower, one day equals a hundred beyond these walls. We can cultivate undisturbed," Jared said, voice low yet steady.

He traced a slow arc across the door. The moment his spiritual energy seeped in, every rune blazed. Stone groaned, revealing a narrow slit just wide enough for two.

"I will follow you, Mr. Chance," Lyra murmured, head bowed, cheeks blossoming rose.

Before the last syllable left her lips, he drew her by the wrist. Together, they stepped into a pearly haze that swallowed every earthly sound.

The world within the tower unfurled-no cramped dungeon, but an endless expanse lit by silent suns that drifted across a violet sky.

Celestial energy thickened the air until it seemed to crystallize. Rivers of celestial ley lines coursed around them, and they could vaguely hear the sounds of celestial energy.

"I-Is this an immortal realm?" Lyra breathed, wonder turning her eyes bright.

Awe softened every line of her face; she looked like someone seeing dawn for the first time.

She had expected the Pentacarna Tower to be a prison for evil spirits-dark, rank, and narrow. Nothing prepared her for this boundless serenity.

Jared smiled. "The tower seals demons, yes, yet it is also a sanctum for cultivation. Cultivate here in peace. I'll fetch Mr. Flaxseed."

A wink of light, and he vanished between breaths.

Moments later, he reappeared beside the Flaxseed.

Flaxseed was overwhelmed with joy when he sensed the thick celestial energy. Eyes widened, he gasped and exclaimed, "Great heavens! The celestial energy's thicker than before. You've been stockpiling resources again, haven't you?"

"Naturally," Jared replied. "Every resource I scrounged now feeds the tower. That's why the celestial energy brims so high."

"Find a stone dais and recover, Mr. Flaxseed, he added. "The celestial energy will knit your wounds faster than any elixir. Lyra and I will Cultivate nearby Call you need anything." s

Flaxseed nodded hard, raced to an empty platform, and dropped cross-legged. At once, a visible whirlpool of celestial energy spun around him.

Jared guided Lyra deeper until they reached a hollow bathed in a pale-gold Discover more novels at findn

curtain of light-isolated, silent, and rich with celestial energy.

He turned, smiling gently. "The coming days may be demanding. Thank you for facing them with me."

Lyra bit her lower lip and offered the faintest nod, twisting the hem of her sleeve without noticing.

Unbidden, memories of that moonlit night-sheets, whispers, tangled breaths— rose inside her, and her own breathing quickened.

Jared sank into a cross-legged posture and gestured to the space before him, signaling her to sit.

The instant their palms touched, a ribbon of spiritual energy looped through their meridians, knitting them into a single, flawless circuit.

His Power of Dragons roared with dominating manliness; her spiritual energy flowed like spring water. Steel met silk, and the resonance sang.

The surrounding energy tugged at her clothes. Soon, she was naked in front of Jared.

Jared then invaded Lyra's body with something of his that was the most manly.

As they cultivated, time slipped away like fine sand in an hourglass, unnoticed yet relentless.

Beyond the tower, a single sunrise and sunset came and went, while within its wards, one hundred days of sealed cultivation unfurled in silence.

At first, Lyra's brow stayed faintly knit-her body still adjusting to the strange currents Jared wove through her veins. Yet as their energies intertwined again and

again, wonder replaced discomfort, and she surrendered to the artistry of the cultivation. s

Before long, soft cries spilled from her lips, each one louder than the last. Fortunately, the tower's walls drank up every echo, leaving the outside world deaf to her rising abandon.

Jared, fully immersed, let his Power of Dragons wash through her. It tempered Lyra meridians, nudged her stifled spiritual energy toward its next threshold, and—within only a few dozen days—she saw the signs in the changes in her cultivation. s

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Jared, too, seized the opportunity of dual cultivation. While guiding Lyra, he honed the Power of Three and the Power of Dragons.

The wounds on his meridians left by the reckless draw of the Divine Bow mended beneath the tower's rich celestial energy and Lyra's gentle nourishment. Spiritual energy pooled inside his elixir field, dense and luminous, pressing against the distant gate of the Earthly Immortal Realm.

The hush did not last. From a nearby stone platform, Flaxseed shattered the quiet with a startled cry.

That day, Jared threaded a particularly fierce surge of the Power of Dragons into Lyra, helping her storm Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven. Beads of sweat blossomed on her forehead; a muffled moan escaped her throat.

An instant later, a dull thump echoed across the chamber—Flaxseed had toppled clean off his own platform.

"Mr. Flaxseed, are you all right?" Jared withdrew the power at once, hurried from the alcove, and crouched beside Flaxseed.

Flaxseed clutched the back of his head, cheeks puffed with embarrassment. "I'm fine—just sat too long, legs went numb," he muttered, yet his eyes skittered everywhere but at Lyra.

A shy flush crept across Lyra's ears. Only then did Jared realize the obvious: their hiding barrier blocked sight, not sound. Every breathless cry Lyra had loosed those

past days of dual cultivation had rolled over the silent tower like thunder, and Flaxseed had heard every syllable.

Considering Flaxseed's temperament, it was safe to assume that he had been suffering in silence.

Jared cleared his throat, heat prickling his own ears. "If you'd prefer, Mr. Flaxseed, I can weave a second soundproofing formation between us."

"No, no—absolutely unnecessary!" Flaxseed waved both hands, neck stiff with forced dignity. "I am hardly some vulgar busybody. You cultivate, I recover. Mutual respect, no interference."

Though listening to Lyra's... enthusiasm is rather invigorating... Flaxseed spun back onto the stone dais and sat cross-legged, back toward them. His shoulders, however, trembled like reeds in a gale, betraying the turmoil he pretended to tame.

"Jared, c-could you be gentler after this? You act as though my limits don't exist..." Lyra's face burned crimson, her voice no louder than the flutter of moth wings.

"Can't help it," Jared chuckled, eyes sparkling. "You're simply too delicate."

In the days that followed, Flaxseed kept his vow of silence-only the periodic thud of his fist against stone betrayed moments when his composure fractured.

Jared and Lyra tried to muffle their auras, yet whenever cultivation peaked and the spiritual energy surged, Lyra's soft murmurs slipped free.

Each time they did, movement on the opposite platform stalled-then resumed with ragged, fevered breathing that spoke volumes.

Such absurd days dragged on for a long time. The celestial energy inside the tower began to dissipate as Jared, Lyra, and Flaxseed drank it in, much like people starving for air. At the same time, their cultivation surged at a staggering pace. s

With Jared guiding every pulse of energy, Lyra shattered one bottleneck after another. She

jumped from Earthly Immortal

Real Level Faur net

to Earthly

Immortal Realm Level Seven The spiritual energy surrounding her condensed, packing a lethal wave of sword intent. s

During a pivotal moment of dual cultivation, the spiritual energy in Jared's elixir field detonated. The Power of Dragons and the Power of Three fused at last. Golden scales flashed over his body, and a roar-half breath, half dragon cry-shook the tower. He stepped cleanly into Earthly Immortal Realm. s

Yet the greatest surprise belonged to Flaxseed.

Surrounded by near-endless celestial energy and driven by sheer stubborn pride, the damage to his spiritual sense healed. His cultivation rocketed upward until Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine.

That was the peak cultivation level Flaxseed had achieved before his reincarnation. At that moment, he had fully regained it. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find~novel~net](#)

When the three finally ended their cultivation on the same day, the Pentacarna Tower quivered. Three vast auras spiraled upward in woven ribbons of color, lighting the dim stone chamber like sunrise.

"Congratulations, Lyra," Jared said, gratitude and pride glowing behind his eyes.

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Lyra's cheeks flushed pink, but before she could answer, Flaxseed hopped off his seat and paced with his hands clasped behind him, brow furrowed, thoroughly disgruntled.

"Mr. Flaxseed, you just advanced to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine. That's a cause for celebration, so why the troubled expression?" Jared asked in puzzlement.

Flaxseed halted immediately and turned to stare at Jared. "What do you think? You two kept moaning over there every day. How was I supposed to concentrate? I may have broken through, but now I'm simmering with fire, and there's nowhere to put it—that's hardly cause for joy!"

Jared burst into booming laughter. Lyra, mortified, wished the floor would swallow her; both hands flew over her face, and even the tips of her ears turned scarlet.

"My oversight, my oversight entirely," Jared admitted, still chuckling.

"Once we're back outside, I'll find a few female cultivators so you can indulge yourself, Mr. Flaxseed. How's that?" Jared added.

Flaxseed huffed, but the promise softened his scowl. Even so, the look he threw at Jared fairly dripped with envy.

After tidying their belongings, the trio stepped out of the Pentacarna Tower. Jared tucked the tower away and led the others from the cavern.

As the stone door slid shut behind them, sunlight spilled over their shoulders—warm, familiar, achingly welcome.

They realized an entire year had passed inside the tower, yet only three days had slipped by in the outside world.

The door sealed. The final ember of rune-light winked out, leaving only cave-shadow and the echo of their own breathing.

Lyra lingered, fingertips still tingling with remembered celestial energy, while mountain wind rustled the pines overhead.

"Truth be told, the air out here feels fresher than the tower's," Jared said, stretching until his joints popped like castanets.

Newly tempered Earthly Immortal Realm spiritual energy flowed through his meridians—slow, strong, and utterly steady.

He glanced at Lyra. She stood with her head bowed; a blush crept up the pale column of her neck while her fingers twisted her sleeve without thought. Original content can be found at [find\[N\]](#)

"What's wrong?" Jared asked, taking two quiet steps closer.

Jared stepped closer, catching the faint fragrance of a spiritual plant in her hair. It was Dew Herb, which grew by the stone grotto. Legend said its petals, infused with celestial

energy could calm the mind and

Steady the soul He fig

and

Lyra

must have quietly picked it during

her cultivation and tucked it into her

hair.

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"N-Nothing," Lyra whispered, eyes darting away. "The sunlight is... a little bright, that's all."

A breeze swept past, rolling dry leaves along the path and tickling a loose strand of hair across her cheek.

Lyra lifted a hand to smooth the stray hair at her temple, but a warm palm closed gently around her wrist.

Jared's touch still carried the heat of the tower, far warmer than the mountain breeze. His fingertips brushed her pulse, and her heart skipped, startled and pleased all at once.

"When you broke through inside the tower, your spiritual energy was restless." Jared's voice deepened, but it carried a caring tone. "Once we're back, steep some spirit tea with Calming Herb.

"And don't stay up too late. You've only just reached Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven-your foundation needs time to settle." He paused gaze ingerig on the faint blush along her ear. "Which means you might have to come looking for me-often-so we can continue with dual cultivation and keep that foundation steady." s

Lyra shot him a quick sideways glance. Of course, she understood exactly what Jared was hinting at.

Even away from the tower-away from cultivation altogether-he would find an excuse for that intimate practice.

The truth was, she had come to enjoy it. She wouldn't say no to pleasure, cultivation, and faster progress all in one.

Only her poor legs suffered for it; every step still ached that day.

"Mm." She nodded but left her hand where it rested inside his.

Another gust slipped through the pass, lifting her skirt hem so it brushed Jared's trouser leg.

The sensation dragged her mind

back to their last night inside the tower, when the surge of spiritual veins had struck and Jared, determined to steady her spiritual energy, had worked with her for three whole hours. s

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She remembered his breath on her brow, tinged with faint celestial energy fragrance—more soothing than any pill or elixir in the world.

"Mr. Chance..." Gathering courage, Lyra tipped her chin up until her eyes met the smile hiding in his. "What does Earthly Immortal Realm feel like to you?"

"It feels like this." He raised his hand toward a boulder half a dozen paces away and closed his fingers in the air. The iolite, waist-high, shattered without a sound into neat, even slabs.

"I used to look at a mountain and see only a single mass. Now I can read the veins inside every rock." Jared's fingertips brushed her cheek. "Just as I can sense the flutter in your spiritual energy right now. Thinking about the tower again, aren't you?"

Heat flooded Lyra's face. She yanked her hand free, stepped back, and gave him a mock-glare. "You're teasing me again, Mr. Chance!" Fresh chapters posted on find{n}

But her protest held no real bite; it drifted over him like spring wind rippling across a lake, leaving only soft rings of warmth.

She turned toward the sect, walking slower than before—deliberately leaving half a step for him to catch up. Jared watched her hurried little retreat, shoulders shaking with a low laugh. He lengthened his stride until he was beside her, gravel crunching beneath their boots in companionable rhythm.

Lyra halted, rummaged in her item pouch, and offered a tiny brocade sachet. "Here. Dried Unity Flower. Keep it on you. Old texts say the flower helps cultivators fight with a single united mind."

She had stitched the sachet with threads drawn from her own primordial spirit yarn. At one corner, she hid a minute sword-shaped motif-the quiet badge of every disciple of Sword Sect.

Jared accepted the embroidered sachet. It weighed no more than a petal, yet its delicate warmth spread through his fingers as if Lyra had pressed a living heartbeat into his palm.

He raised it to his nose. Cool mountain-bloom mingled with the faint trace of her skin, a scent steadier than any warding magical item he had ever had.

He tucked the sachet behind the inner fold of his robe, letting it rest against his chest. "I'll hold on to this," he said, voice low. "When I'm back from Darkwind Gorge, I'll teach you a new sword technique—one I grasped during my last breakthrough. It should fit the flow of your spiritual energy perfectly."

Lyra's eyes flared with light, and she nodded hard. "Deal."

They continued along the forest path without further words. Yet every accidental brush of an elbow, every shared glance while ducking beneath a low branch, rippled like secret stream-water quite constant, impossibly gentle. s

Near the sect gate, Lyra halted, remembering something. She drew a thumb-sized jade vial from her sleeve and offered it, almost shy across the narrowing space
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between them. "Keep this on you as well." s

Inside shimmered a soft pink ointment she had brewed from Snowskin Herb.

"I won't need it," Jared said with a grin, trying to push the vial back.

"Take it." Her voice, usually gentle, carried a sudden steel. Color flooded her cheeks. "Darkwind Gorge crawls with foul spirits. If you're hurt, this salve draws out poison."

Words spent, she spun and hurried through the archway. Her skirts skimmed the stone steps, leaving a dotted trail of dusty footprints that faded almost as soon as they appeared.

Jared lingered, the still-warm vial resting in his palm. He watched until her silhouette vanished among the cloisters, then slipped the vial into his item pouch with exaggerated care and a quiet smile. s

A gust threaded the gate, carrying distant sparring shouts from the practice yard. Jared inhaled the wind, squared his shoulders, and strode toward Sword Sect.

Lyra reached her dormitory walkway, legs trembling. The simple act of walking felt wrong; every step drew a small wince she could not completely hide.

"Ms. Snowdon, are you hurt?" a younger disciple asked, alarm widening his eyes at her unsteady gait.

He hurried to her side, concern outweighing protocol in a single breath.

Lyra's face flushed crimson. Words tangled in her throat. She shot a pleading glance toward Jared, hoping he would help.

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Before Jared could answer, Corin appeared, leaning on his cane. One sharp sweep of his gaze took in Lyra's awkward posture, flicked to Jared, and settled there with an all-too-knowing smile. "Youthful vigor is admirable," he said, beard quivering. "Everything in moderation, though—excess tips into harm."

He had not spoken the charge aloud, but the meaning in his eyes was bright as noon.

Lyra heard every syllable. Her neck reddened to the roots of her hair. She fled toward her chambers, skirts flying, never daring a backward look.

Inside, she berated Jared in silence. A whole year and he never once thought to pace himself. Now, even walking is a challenge.

Jared rubbed the bridge of his nose, mortified. Corin moved closer, and the moment he felt the vast, newly forged Earthly Immortal Realm spiritual energy on Jared's body, his eyes widened. "Y-You've stepped into Earthly Immortal Realm already?"

It was important to note that Jared had just broken through to Wandering Immortal Realm a few months prior. Such cultivation speed was unheard of.

Jared chuckled, scratching his ear. "I consider myself lucky. Dual cultivation with Lyra accelerated the process."

Corin nodded again and again, his eyes full of relief. "Excellent-excellent! At last, Sword Sect has an expert who can stand alone on the field."

He then turned to Flaxseed, sensing an unfathomable aura. Eyes widened in shock, he stammered, "M-Mr. Flaxseed... You..."

"Only restored to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine," Flaxseed answered, casual as breathing. Yet the proud tilt of his chin betrayed how pleased he was with himself.

Corin drew a sharp breath. Three days gone, and they've both advanced so far. Jared has broken through to Earthly Immortal Realm, and Flaxseed has regained Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine. The Pentacarna Tower truly is a divine item!

"You have only just shattered your bottlenecks. Give your strength a few quiet days to settle. Swordmaster City is calm for once-stay put and use that peace," Corin said to Jared and Flaxseed.

Truth be told, Corin feared that the two would charge straight to Malevolent Path Hall right after they had broken through.

Fresh breakthroughs looked impressive, but foundations still as soft as clay could crumble at the first reckless skirmish.

Jared tipped his head in grateful assent. "Your warning is noted, Master Morden," he said, the words steady though excitement still pulsed beneath his skin.

For the next several days, Jared, Lyra, and Flaxseed kept to the sect grounds, drawing slow breaths, circulating energy, and tightening each fragile seam left by advancement until their cores felt dense as forged steel.

Yet even after Lyra climbed to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven, Jared sensed a faint hollowness threading her spiritual energy.

Inside the Pentacarna Tower, they

had chased progress too hard during the dual cultivation, spiritual energy entwining at a pace her meridians were never built to endure. Jared's own primal essence had surged into her again and again, raising her cultivation level while leaving hairline cracks along her meridians. s

At first light one morning, Jared ordered the martial arts arena cleared and had disciples lug in several dozen blocks of warm, earth-rich Submerged Jade. He laid

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them out in a rough seven-star

pattern, carving a swift yet READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT Find[N]

meticulous spiritual energy

collection array that would pool

energy like water in a basin.

belongs to s

"Lyra, over here. Give it a try." Jared tapped the flat top of the central jade platform.

The Submerged Jade shimmered under the newborn sun, veins of amber light drifting through each slab filled with spiritual energy.

"Mr. Chance, what's this?" Lyra asked as she approached, longsword cradled against her shoulder, curiosity flickering in her eyes as she looked at that jade arcane array.

"A Submerged Jade spiritual energy collection array," Jared replied, his voice as calm as the stones themselves. "Nothing better for mending strained meridians."

He motioned for her to sit

cross-legged atop the platform. "You've just advanced your cultivation level, and your spiritual energies fierce but uneven. Today, we use the slowest dullest method imaginable press that spiritual energy, grain by grain, into every meridian until it settles like warm clay." s

The instant Lyra closed her eyes and activated her cultivation technique, the Submerged Jade flared a muted ocher. Gentle, weighty spiritual energy rose on every side, folding around her limbs like a hot spring coaxing tension from her tired muscles.

"Steady your mind-follow my lead." Jared kneeled across from her, palms hovering before her elixir field, the distance of a heartbeat away.

Earthly Immortal Realm spiritual energy flowed from him in rivulets, threading into her body and roaming through her meridians with soft, deliberate patience.

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At first, Lyra's own spiritual energy bucked like a wild colt, slamming against the very meridians that had torn open during their cultivation in the tower. Each strike sent a needle of pain along her nerves.

Jared's spiritual energy, by contrast, moved with the seasoned patience of a shepherd guiding restless sheep. He stroked the turbulent streams into tidy order, ushering them along the meridians until their hostility ebbed into calm.

"Here-hold with just a third of your strength," he murmured as the spiritual energy reached her left arm's Elbow Acupoint. "Picture the spiritual energy as a warm jade pestle, gliding across the meridians-press, never pounding."

She obeyed, but a spike of sharp heat shot through the damaged meridian, and cold sweat blossomed across her brow. Discover more novels at nOvelFind.net

That was the very spot where, during the last time in the tower, Lyra had forced herself to contain Jared's Power of Dragons, leaving behind fine cracks.

"Easy. We have time." Jared softened his spiritual energy further, turning it to balm that seeped into the ragged meridian. "Empty your thoughts. Feel the spiritual energy the way spring meltwater feels slipping over stone-slow, clear, inevitable."

Something in the cadence stilled her racing heart. She inhaled, conjuring the image of the scene Jared had described.

Gradually, the stabbing ache in her meridian dulled. Jared's spiritual energy coaxed the raw edges together, scrubbing impurities from her own spiritual energy until every thread grew finer and brighter.

Sunlight climbed higher, filtering through ancient pines and speckling the jade arcane array with shifting gold. The Submerged Jade haloed them both in a tender swirl of spiritual energy.

Time vanished. Then, without warning, heat blossomed in Lyra's elixir field. New-forged spiritual energy surged along her meridians, completing one majestic

circuit before gathering at her fingertips-where it condensed into a single, glass-clear droplet.

As the bead met the flagstones, it rang—a single, crystalline note, as if a jade chime had been struck in the hush. In the very next heartbeat, the droplet shattered, scattering into flecks of spiritual light.

"We did it."

Jared retracted his hand and released a satisfied breath. A smile of relief unfolded across his face. "Your spiritual energy has already thickened into spiritual water—proof that your foundation is finally sound."

Lyra's eyes fluttered open. A cool, effortless clarity washed through her body, sweeping away the restlessness that had plagued her moments earlier until her mind shone as still and bright as morning ice.

She lifted her sword and gave it an experimental sweep. Spiritual energy clung to the steel in a seamless current, and her sword energy had grown more restrained and weighty.

"Thank you, Mr. Chance." She rose and offered him a deep, formal bow, gratitude gleaming in her eyes.

Jared waved the thanks away. "This

is only the beginning. A steady

foundation is nothing without tempered sword technique. Your Snowfall Sword Art is nimble, but an Earthly mortal Realm cultivator should carry weight as well as grace. Let's go to the back of the mountain. At Training Cliff, I'll teach you

Bedrock Strike." s

Training Cliff was etched with generations of blade marks from Sword Sect's disciples. Gusts knifed along its edge, cold and sharp enough to pare thought down to its core—an ideal place to hone a sword heart.

Standing at the brink, Jared snapped a slender branch from a nearby pine and began to sketch in the cliffside iolite Bedrock Strike looks savage, but beneath the force lies resilience. Think of these rocks-centuries of wind and rain, yet they stand like anchors in an endless sea." s

The branch barely whispered

against the stone, yet a faint groove appeared. At first glance, it seemed ordinary, but a closer look revealed hidden markings coiled inside the line, as though the cliff itself held its breath. s

"Your turn. Feed the sword technique with that newly settled spiritual energy. Picture spiritual energy as the Submerged Jade-heavy, yes, yet always mellow to the touch," he added.

Holding her longsword, Lyra drew in a calming breath and recalled the still pool of energy she had sensed inside the spiritual energy collection array. She then slowly infused the spiritual energy into the sword.

She thrust, sending out sword energy, and when the tip kissed the cliff face, the outward fury folded inward. What remained was a single, tidy bore precisely deep enough, precisely contained-no waste, no tremor.

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"Not bad at all. Now, try Rock Pulverizer," Jared said. "Gather every grain of spiritual energy at the point, let it lie dormant, then let it burst like an earth vein snapping open. It might seem peaceful, but it contains lightning."

With that, demonstrated. The branch drifted forward, unhurried, then met the iolite with a subdued tap that detonated inward power. The stone blew apart—and yet no splinter flew; a velvet force drew the debris into fine powder and laid it gently at their feet.

Lyra stared, mouth parted, then nodded slowly as an idea bloomed behind her eyes.

She practiced again and again with her longsword. At first, the forms wobbled, but with each pass, she gathered steadiness in her spiritual energy. Soon, every stroke of her sword technique carried the quiet strength of bedrock flexing but never breaking.

By the time the sun bled into the western rim, fresh sword scars striped Training Cliff—dozens of them, each whispering heavy, reined-in power. Sweat glittered on Lyra's brow, and excitement colored her cheeks. "Mr. Chance, I think... I'm starting to grasp the basics."

A bright flicker crossed Jared's gaze—half pride, half something softer that he chose not to name.

He stepped close and brushed the sweat from her cheek with his fingertips. Warmth sparked where his skin met hers, and a slight shiver swept through her despite the lingering heat of exertion.

"Your sword heart was pure from the start," he said quietly. "Now that the foundation is firm, your progress will only quicken." He produced a jade box from his item pouch and continued, "This is Azure Marrow. Dissolve a sliver in spirit water and soak your hands each day. It'll bind your spiritual energy to your blade like sinew to bone." Follow current novels on FindNovel.net

Inside the box lay a piece of jade marrow, laced with fine azure markings. Soft spiritual energy pulsed beneath its surface, as if the stone itself were breathing-a magical item rarely seen outside legend.

Lyra's eyes misted as she looked at the jade marrow. "Mr. Chance, you're always..."

"Between us, there's no need for thanks." Jared closed the lid, pressed the box into her palms, and winked. "Rest now. At dawn-rise, meet me here and we'll practice together."

The jade marrow's cool smoothness seeped into her fingertips, and a gentle warmth uncurled inside her chest.

"Mr. Chance, I don't want to leave. I want you to love me..."

Somewhere deep inside, Lyra understood that the only gift she still possessed- the only way she could thank Jared-was the delicate, trembling sanctuary of her own body.

"Are you sure you can endure it?" Jared asked, his brow creasing. "You're wincing even while you walk-does it still hurt?"

"I'm fine," she breathed, and with steady fingers she unfastened her robe. Silk whispered to the floor like a sigh.

Jared's restraint dissolved. He swept her into his arms, lips tracing the curve of her shoulder as though seeking a hidden promise.

He realized the shy young lady he once protected had become a woman who had tasted rapture fierce enough to send her soul soaring beyond the clouds.

Afterward, Jared and Flaxseed remained within Sword Sect's compound for several quiet days to strengthen their cultivation.

Lifetimes seemed to pass before Jared finally faced Corin. "Master Morden, Mr. Flaxseed and I will

depart for Darkwind Gorge today to deal with Malevolent Path Hall's branch." s

Corin exhaled as if releasing a

burden he could no longer hold, "Go

then and return swiftly. Caution

must be your closest com

Their ways are treacherous

s

He then pushed a lacquered chest forward. "I've prepared pills and resources—take them."

"Thank you, Master Morden," Jared replied with a respectful bow, before turning to Flaxseed. "Mr. Flaxseed, shall we?"

Flaxseed had already been bouncing

on the balls of his feet. "Let's move!

I'm dying to see where those

Demonic Cultivators hid the

Flaxseed clan's stolen divine souls."

s

As they were about to step across the threshold, Lyra hurried from Jared's room, fine sweat still pearling above her brow.

In her hands, she carried a small bundle. "Jared, I gathered some rare mystical herbs for you please take them."

"Stay here and cultivate," Jared said to her gently. "Don't worry about us."

He accepted the bundle; his fingertips brushed the soft heat of her skin, and a flutter of tenderness trembled through him.

Lyra bit her lip, eyes shimmering. "I-I want to go with you," she whispered, longing battling the wisdom of restraint.

However, the dull ache between her thighs reminded her that travel would be impossible. The realization drew a faint wince across her delicate features.

A Warrior Undefeatable

She subconsciously tugged her collar higher, a blush of embarrassment tinting her already flushed cheeks.

Every reckless moment she had shared with Jared then echoed through her body as a lingering, sweet soreness that pulsed at her waist.

Jared, sensing her discomfort, brushed a loose strand from her forehead. "Once I'm done with the affairs at Darkwind Gorge, I'll come straight back. Rest here, clear your mind. When I return, I'll ease every knot left by our enthusiasm." Crimson bloomed across Lyra's cheeks, the color racing to the tips of her ears. She knew her lack of cultivation would only burden them, so she nodded despite the sting in her eyes. "Please, both of you, return safely."

Jared ruffled her hair with a soft smile. The moment he turned away, affection in his gaze froze into razor-sharp determination.

Flaxseed waited in the courtyard, grinning. "Come on every breath we give those old ghosts of Malevolent Path Hall is one breath too many."

The two exchanged a look. Spiritual energy flared around them, and Sky Walk carried their bodies upward, streaking like twin comets toward Darkwind Gorge, situated on the border of level five.

From the corridor, Lyra watched until the twin streaks vanished into the clouds. A hand pressed to her burning cheek, she whispered over and over, "Return safe."

Darkwind Gorge sprawled along the outer rim of level five—a wasteland choked year-round by dark green miasma, its depths crawling with demon beasts few cultivators dared disturb.

Riding Sky Walk at full tilt, Jared and Flaxseed crossed towns and forests in a blur. Three days later, they hovered over the outskirts of Darkwind Gorge, wind howling in their ears.

Even before Jared crossed the

invisible threshold of the range, the air thickened with a stench so vile it felt alive. Blood-old, sticky, and plentiful-mingled with the sour reek of rotting meat and the metallic tang of bruised vegetation. Together they brewed a nauseating aura that Updates are released by find[N]

seemed to claw down his throat and curdle in his gut. s

A gauzy mist smoky gray shot through with sluggish threads of black-hung motionless between the trees inside that mist writhed a faint, Cy demonic energy, the unique aura every cultivator of Malevolent Path Hall carried like a brand. s

Flaxseed's brows knitted. With a flick of his fingers, he traced a Cleaning Spell; pale-gold charms blossomed in his palms, then spread into a softly humming dome that wrapped both of them and locked the demonic energy outside.

"Well, blast it," Flaxseed muttered, his grin tight with worry. "This place is twice as wicked as last time. Looks like Dioz has been busy-probably cooking up something real nasty."

Jared's gaze turned blade-cold. His right hand twitched, and his Dragonslayer Sword answered with a bright, ringing hum. The sword slipped from its sheath by its own will and hovered at his side, scales of golden light rippling along the steel like a dragon. Contént belongs to s

"The fouler the tricks, the more frightened they are," Jared said, voice level yet iron-hard.

"Mr. Flaxseed, we split up. Take the left ravine. I'll comb the right-hand forest. Meet back here in an hour," Jared uttered resolutely.

"All right!"

Flaxseed whipped three saffron charms from his sleeve. Each bore a labyrinth of vermilion runes that glimmered like spiritual light.

He tossed them skyward, chanting under his breath. The charms ignited into yellow streaks that tore into the miasma, trailing comet-tails of light. Flaxseed darted after them, his silhouette swallowed almost at once by the mist.

Jared inhaled slowly. Deep inside, his Power of Dragons stirred; lustrous golden scales spread from his wrists to his elbows, and a faint halo pushed the toxic vapor one meter from his skin.

A Warrior Undefeatable

He did not rush. First, he fanned his spiritual soul outward, casting an invisible net of awareness that sifted every whisper of movement. Only then did he step forward-one blur of golden light into the depths of Darkwind Gorge.

Visibility plunged to barely nine meters; beyond that, the forest dissolved into formless shadow and crooked outlines of trees.

From every direction came the howls of demon beasts-some low as thunder, others shrill as razors-laced with half-heard murmurs, as though a legion of vengeful spirits watched from the darkness.

Jared slid through the timber on Blazing Stride. When a dry branch cracked beneath him, the sound was lost in the greater cacophony a heartbeat later.

His eyes, sharp as a hunting hawk's, missed nothing-not the twitch of a leaf, nor the quiver of shadow where no wind blew.

A tremor of spiritual energy brushed his senses. He vaulted into the crown of an ancient tree and peered through the leaves. Below, a rough encampment sat wedged in a narrow valley.

Scores of black-robed Malevolent Path Hall cultivators drilled in tight ranks, swinging bone-white blades carved from demon beast remains. Every slash hissed with black energy.

Their faces were masks of feral delight; bloodthirsty eyes glittered under the hoods while coils of demonic energy wrapped their bodies like living smoke. Obviously, they had Malevolent Path Hall's Demonic Cultivation.

At the center rose a crude altar-a pyramid of skeletons nine meters high. Emerald flames burned in every empty socket, and above the apex swirled a dense green fog.

Within that fog writhed countless broken illusory shadows, wailing and tearing at invisible bars-divine souls, torn from murdered cultivators, imprisoned for some obscene rite.

Jared's lips pulled into a soundless snarl.

The golden aura around him blazed hotter, bright enough to sting the gloom. At the same time, the murderous intent in his eyes surged. The link to the origin of this information rests in find—n

Those trapped divine souls included the auras of fellow cultivators. The cultivators from Malevolent Path Hall had butchered them and ripped their divine souls to cultivate black magic. That was unforgivable.

Jared moved. One heartbeat, he was hidden among leaves; the next, he was a streak of sunlight, the Dragonslayer Sword carving the air.

Swoosh!

The first arc of sword energy hit before any warning cry. Three cultivators, backs helpfully turned, had their throats ruined in a single flash.

They never finished turning. Their bodies stiffened, then unraveled into whorls of black energy, collapsing into mummified husks that struck the earth with hollow thuds.

"Intruders!" The lookout's voice tore across the air, thin and panicked, shattering the uneasy hush that clung to the camp.

Dozens of black-robed cultivators snapped to attention, heads swiveling like wolves scenting blood.

When they caught sight of the traveler wrapped in a pulse of molten gold-light so clean it banished every wisp of their own. demonic energy terror flashed first across their faces, swiftly drowned by naked greed. s

"A righteous cultivator! Take him alive," their captain barked, his tone a rusted blade. "His divine soul is pure enough to feed the altar for days!"

The cultivators in black fanned outward in a ragged charge. Bone knives, reeking of demonic energy carved jagged arcs toward Jared's throat and heart, their reckless formation held together only by the suffocating demonic energy that blanketed the camp. s

Jared's answering snort was colder than deep-winter steel. The Power of Dragons surged through his veins, and the Dragonslayer Sword bloomed with roaring gold fire.

"You all have a death wish," he said, the word frosted with contempt. In a blur too fast for mortal sight, he slipped into their midst—more phantom than man.

The Dragonslayer Sword swept outward. Golden flames flooded the air in a tidal rush, and screams rose, scattered and shrill, as cloth, flesh, and arrogance burned together.

Their once-menacing demonic energy melted like frost beneath the sun, undone in the heartbeat it took Jared's fire to pass.

One attacker swung his bone blade; the weapon hissed, cracked, then shattered in glowing fragments. Fire raced up his sleeve, devouring him between breaths until all that remained was a smoking husk that hit the dirt with a hollow thud. s