

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Jared wove through the chaos, leaving only fading after-images in his wake.

Every thrust and cut landed with surgeon precision, finding the tiniest seams in defenses too slow to matter.

At times, he did not bother to raise the Dragonslayer Sword; a casual flick of his wrist sent compressed gold spiritual energy slicing open throats as easily as silk.

Moments later, the camp lay silent-scores of bodies cooling in the dirt, and the skeletal altar still pulsing with sickly green light.

Jared stepped to the altar, gaze softening at the divine souls writhing inside.

Fragmented, half-mad from pain, the divine souls clung to tattered spiritual intelligence and primal fear. Discover more novels at [findn](#)

With a gentle wave, he bled pure gold spiritual energy into the stone.

Runes of demonic energy shattered like brittle glass; chains of demonic energy fell away. Freed, the divine souls drifted upward as argent motes, dissolving into the air like a final, grateful exhale.

"Rest now," Jared murmured, compassion tempering the fire still smoldering in his eyes.

He turned from the ruined altar and shot into the trees, racing toward the rendezvous he had set with Flaxseed.

Beneath an ancient tree wide enough to swallow a house, Flaxseed waited, booted feet planted among two dozen fresh corpses. Charred charms still smoked on their robes, and fury etched hard lines into his face.

"How did it go?" Jared asked, glancing at the dead and already guessing the answer.

"Three camps, Flaxseed growled.

"Slaughtered a good hundred of the

b*stards. Hauled a few in

alive-none knew where the Flaxseed clan's divine souls were kept. However, I got my hands on g captain of theirs. He was tough, but I eventually got him to talk? The core of their branch lies deep in the mountains at Bloody Bones Gorge. Dioz and that other old ghoul, Varek, are holed up there."

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"Bloody Bones Gorge?" Jared's eyes narrowed. The Dragonslayer Sword thrummed in agreement, eager for the coming reckoning. "It seems like they're there."

"Then what are we waiting for?" Flaxseed spat, already striding into the dark. "Let's end this at Bloody Bones Gorge!"

Flaxseed could no longer leash the

open

wildfire crackling in his chest. The moment rage burst across his face he slapped half a dozen Wind Charms into the air. They b like emerald sails, carving a screaming wind that lifted him from the ground and hurled him toward the range's shadow-choked heart. s

Jared raced after him, the two streaking through ravines and across ridgelines as though the earth itself were an unraveling scroll beneath their feet. Any cultivator of Malevolent Path Hall who dared step in their path was cut down before a cry could form.

Charm after charm flared between Flaxseed's fingers. One heartbeat, it was an Explosion Charm, the next t was a Binding Charm that locked an entire squad where they stood eyes wide, limbs frozen waiting the blade. A moment later, he flicked a trio of Flame Charms that bloomed into molten flowers, scouring

demonic energy from the air.

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Jared was even starker, almost merciless in his clarity. Wherever the Dragonslayer Sword swept, golden light braided with scarlet flame. Resistance lasted no longer than the sword's passing.

Just a burst of sword energy, and a score of cultivators collapsed into hissing charcoal. There was no pause, no pity, only the clean severing of threat from the world.

The nearer they drew to what locals whispered of as Bloody Bones Gorge, the thicker the reek of hemoglobin became. A rusty blood mist even started to drift low to the ground, staining the very light a dying red.

Soon, dark crimson runnels appeared beneath their boots. They were not streams, but rivers of blood long since congealed; every step on that brittle crust let out a glassy crunch that crawled beneath the skin. Bloody Bones Gorge lived up to its name: the entire canyon was paved with bleached skeletons, a death-road of ivory stretching from the valley floor to either cliff. It was as though some lunatic god had flung a jawbone highway across the earth.

Along the opposing walls, mummified corpses dangled like macabre banners—mouths forever open, sockets forever wide, each posture a final scream etched in sinew.

And at the gorge's black heart stood a palace of obsidian, its surface crawling with runes that pulsed, now and then, with a vein of crimson light.

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A single crimson crystal, as large as a carriage, throbbed from the palace roof, pumping demonic energy into the canyon, much like a heart forces poison through veins.

Hundreds of elite Malevolent Path Hall cultivators in sable robes stalked the courtyard, their murderous auras dwarfing those of the fodder Jared and Flaxseed had just slaughtered.

Yet two figures eclipsed them all—Dioz and Varek. They stood at the vanguard like twin vipers guarding the nest.

Dioz noticed something, and his head jerked toward the mouth of the gorge.

The instant he spotted the intruders, fear flashed across his eyes only to curdle into venom. "Jared? Flaxseed? How dare you crawl this deep into our base?"

Varek's face twisted into a grin as ragged as torn parchment. He leveled his bone-white sword, its edge dripping spectral mist. "Last time, you scuttled away. This time, I'll grind your bodies to chalk and feed your divine souls to my blade."

Flaxseed answered with a laugh that cracked like dry timber snapping in flame. Dozens of charms whirled before him, runes glittering, spiritual energy rolling out in waves. "Save your breath. Hand over every last divine soul you stole from the Flaxseed clan, or I'll turn Bloody Bones Gorge into powder and let the wind scatter what's left of you!"

"The divine souls?" Dioz spat the words, lips curling. "Those petty divine souls have long since been refined into pills. You're too late. Bow now, and I'll leave enough of your corpse intact."

The taunt dumped oil on a furnace already roaring. Flaxseed roared back, and the charms exploded with light so fierce it painted the cliffs gold. "Then die!"

He shot forward like a thunderbolt, hurling Immense Power Charms and Exorcism Charms. In mid-air, they twisted into colossal golden fists, each big enough to shatter a fortress, both aimed straight at Dioz's brow.

"Paltry tricks." Dioz's gaze hardened. A cyclone of black energy erupted around him, condensing into a spiked bone shield taller than a gatehouse, its surface oozing cold demonic energy.

Clang!

A golden fist hammered into the bone shield with the shriek of steel on steel. Spider web cracks raced across the pale surface in a single heartbeat. Dioz staggered backward, throat tasting iron as a thin thread of pitch-black blood slid past his lip. s

"Your opponent is me!" Jared's voice cracked through the valley like sudden thunder. In a blur, he planted himself before Varek The

Dragonslayer Sword leveled at

ate

Varek's throat, its gold-white flames licking hungrily along the edge. "Last time you slipped away. This time, luck deserts you." s

Varek's face blanched to an ashen green. He remembered all too well how lethal Jared had been

before yet the aura rolling off him at that moment was severalfold stronger, the unmistakable pressure of Earthly Immortal Realm cultivation. S THIS CHAPTER IS
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Terror coiled in his gut, but retreat was no longer an option. Gritting his teeth, he raised his bone sword, the blade sheathed in demonic energy that howled with countless vengeful spirits.

"Kill!" Dioz barked, voice raw with urgency.

At once, several hundred black-robed cultivators surged forward. Black energy flooded from their robes, swallowing the entire gorge until Jared and Flaxseed seemed to stand inside the maw of some colossal beast.

The valley erupted into a pitched blood-soaked war.

Jared engaged Varek head-on. With every sweep, the Dragonslayer Sword flashed golden light, each arc riding on the thunderous strength of the Power of Dragons. The wind it birthed howled, forcing Varek back, step after stumbling step.

Varek's sinister bone sword could use demonic energy to gnaw at a foe's spiritual energy and physical body, yet against Jared's searing, sun-bright fire, it may as well have been paper-a relic fit only for kindling.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Steel screams ricocheted through the gorge. Notches riddled Varek's blade; demonic energy hissed and curled as Jared's flame burned them away.

The sword energy shredded Varek's black robe, exposing skin withered and bark-like. Panic twisted his features, mingling with stubborn rage.

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"Jared, you're taking it too far!" Varek roared, madness flickering in his eyes.

He knew death loomed. Snarling, he ignited his own blood essence. Black energy exploded outward, his aura ballooning until the very air trembled.

The bone sword swelled to over fifteen meters, trailing demonic energy as it scythed toward Jared in a wide, annihilating arc.

Where it passed, the sky itself blackened, as though space were being devoured by demonic energy.

Jared's gaze iced over. "Such petty skills. And you dare play them before me?"

The Power of Dragons surged through his veins; the flames along the Dragonslayer Sword roared until they seemed molten metal made alive.

"Dragon Fire Thrust!" he thundered, lunging.

A fire dragon burst from the blade, maw yawning wide. It devoured Varek's demonic energy, then slammed headlong into the swollen bone sword.

Crack!

The weapon snapped in two, the break charred a deep, death-black. The fire dragon did not stop. It plowed into Varek's chest like a falling star.

A wet, guttural spray-black blood splattered the ground.

Where the droplets landed, bone fragments sizzled and pitted beneath the corrosive gore.

Varek flew like a severed kite, slamming into the cliff wall so hard the stone cradled him before letting him slide to the earth, aura shallow, life ebbing fast.

Jared advanced in measured, echoing steps. The Dragonslayer Sword's point touched the man's throat; his eyes were winter-cold. "Speak. Where are the Flaxseed clan's stolen divine souls?"

Varek doubled over, a wet cough spraying dark blood across the cracked tiles. Yet even as the crimson spatter gleamed against his chin, his lips twisted into a warped, triumphant grin. In a voice scraped raw by madness, he rasped, "They were refined long ago-distilled into the purest of Divine Soul Pills-and I swallowed every last one. Your friends are gone, forever... Haha! You will never ever find them." s

Jared's reply came like a thunderclap. "You want to die? Fine-die!"

The Dragonslayer Sword arced through the air in a single cruel sweep. A sheet of golden light flashed, impossibly bright, and Varek's head spun sky-high, his manic

triumph frozen on a mask of disbelief. The moment the head left, the body, both dissolved into fetid black energy, scattering on the palace wind. s

Jared exhaled once, turned on his heel, and fixed his gaze on the far side of the hall where Flaxseed waged war of his own.

Flaxseed's hands danced through seal after seal, each gesture crisp as flint striking steel. Charms burst from his palms like an endless storm—Needle Rain Charms that whistled down in silver curtains, Vine Charms that writhed into living chains, Thunder Charms that bloomed with raw lightning.

In mid-air, every charm detonated; gold, violet, and emerald radiance intertwined, boxing Dioz into a shrinking cage of light.

Flaxseed murmured an unbroken litany under his breath, his spiritual energy swelling until gusts spiraled off his robes. Behind him, a vast net woven from countless charms unfurled like the wings of some sacred beast, its holy glow bleaching the surrounding demonic energy to nothing.

"Dioz your life ends now!" Flaxseed roared, voice ringing like a bronze bell.

He thrust both palms forward. The net of charms snapped toward Dioz, sealing the space around him. At the same instant, a blood-red charm flared between Flaxseed's fingers, runes leaping like tongues of fire.

"Sky Incinerator Charm!"

The charm became a roaring inferno, merging with the charm-net and closing into a fiery crucible.

Flames gnawed at the surging demonic energy, crackling and spitting while Dioz's screams shrilled from within—a sound that sliced through stone and soul alike.

Though Dioz had rebuilt his physical body and clawed his way to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight, against Flaxseed already at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine and armed with charms that devoured demonic energy—he was a cornered beast. Cuts latticed his body, black energy oozing from every rent, each breath a struggle against the inevitable. s

"Enough! I'll take you with me!" Dioz howled, the roar thick with despair.

Black energy exploded outward, prying a jagged breach in the flaming net. Dioz shot through the gap like an obsidian arrow, a bone dagger-its edge slick with venom-materializing in his hand as he lunged straight for Flaxseed's heart.

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His body was nothing more than a streak of night, hatred distilled to velocity.

But Flaxseed had seen the gambit the instant it sparked. He stepped in rather than back, scoffing, "Still unrepentant." Three golden charms blossomed in golden light before him.

Celestial might radiated from the surface in blinding waves as the charms fused into a towering shield engraved with words suggesting the suppression of evil.

Crack!

The poisoned bone dagger struck the golden shield and vaporized, shards of toxin-laced bone bursting like dust motes in golden light.

A counterforce thundered down the shield; Dioz was flung backward, limbs flailing, before he crashed against the palace gates. He crumpled there, coughing black blood in gouts that stained the marble steps-life ebbing with every ragged breath.

Panting hard, Flaxseed advanced one measured step at a time, charms orbiting him like a constellation of paper stars. His gaze was winter-cold. "Where-are- the divine souls of the Flaxseed clan?"

Dioz forced his eyes open, hatred burning even as life faltered. "Y-You'll never find them... They're... at the headquarters..."

"The headquarters?" Flaxseed's eyes narrowed, his aura snapping like a storm-lash. "Speak clearly! Where is it?"

Dioz's answer seeped out with the last of his strength, black blood threading his teeth. "The branches keep only worthless divine souls. The expert divine souls, such as those from the Flaxseed clan, were sent to the headquarters. Whether they're refined already... I-I can't say..."

His head lolled, aura dissipated.

Rage flared in Flaxseed's eyes. With a savage flick of his wrist, he hurled a cluster of Explosion Charms onto Dioz's corpse. The blast boomed through the ruined palace; when the smoke cleared, not a fragment of the body remained. "B*stard!" Flaxseed spat, the word echoing through the smoldering air like a vow.

A shrill scream fractured the stale air inside the palace. Lunaria staggered through the crimson doorway, bare feet slipping on polished stone as she burst into the courtyard.

One glance at the carpet of

corpses and at Flaxseed and Jared standing amid the ruin-drained the color from her face. Panic slammed into her chest she whirled, desperate to run. s

"Trying to flee?" Flaxseed's eyes iced over. In a blur, he blocked her path, slapped an Immobilization Charm against her shoulder, and froze her where she stood-arms half raised, breath trapped in her throat. s

Fingers coiling in her hair, he slammed her to the ground. Stone bit into her cheek. Stars exploded behind her eyes.

The Immobilization Charm's spell shattered on impact, leaving her limbs loose and trembling, her thoughts scattering like frightened birds.

"Mercy... Mr. Flaxseed, please mercy! I know nothing. Let me go, I beg you!"

Tears glittered on her lashes, yet Flaxseed's gaze held not a drop of pity-only a hatred hammered hard by days of silent rage.

Lunaria's pleading reminded him of nights when she had pretended to submit while secretly plotting his death. The memory fanned his fury.

"Mercy?" His laugh crawled up from someplace cold. "I'm ending you!"

He yanked at her dark cloak, ripping fabric to pin her arms. Lunaria shrieked and kicked, but her strength was no match for his.

"No-please... Don't please!"

Deaf to her sobs, Flaxseed hoisted her over his shoulder and strode into the palace's shadowed heart. Her wails echoed through the ravine long after the pair vanished.

Jared watched, expression carved from stone. He knew Flaxseed's agony ran deep; some debts demanded blood, and Lunaria had chosen her side.

Turning away, Jared lifted the Dragonslayer Sword. A golden flame whirled along the blade scything. through the last remaining Demonic Cultivators. Bodies charred to ash before they could scream. s For more chapters visit FindNovel.net

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At times, he needed no swing at all. The halo of molten gold around him dissolved lesser cultivators on contact, as if his very presence were their bane.

One cultivator lunged from behind, a bone dagger dripping with demonic energy aimed at Jared's spine.

Without turning, Jared flicked his wrist. A crescent of golden sword energy screamed backward, cleaving attacker and weapon clean in two.

"Pathetic."

The word fell softly, yet carried a chill indifference.

He threaded through the enemy ranks like wind through wheat. Each measured swing reaped another cluster of lives.

Where the golden light passed, demonic energy shriveled, white bones melted, and even the soil-tainted by years of dark rites—seemed to quake beneath his power.

Half an hour later, silence settled. Every cultivator of Malevolent Path Hall lay dead—save Lunaria, still in Flaxseed's grasp somewhere inside.

Smoke, blood, and scorched marrow mingled in the air, painting the valley with brutal finality.

Jared halted before the palace gate. Crimson light pulsed from the stone walls, bathing his features in a grim glow.

Deep inside, he sensed an aura—vast, coiled, and far stronger than Dioz or Varek. The branch leader of Malevolent Path Hall waited.

"Show yourself—now!"

Jared's voice rolled down the rocky throat of the valley like thunder thick with spiritual energy. Each syllable struck the broken stone walls and came back again, louder than before. "Your followers are ash, every last one. How much longer do you intend to hide?"

For a moment, the ruined palace ahead rested in tomb-like silence. Then a low, rasping laugh oozed

through the cracked doors-comet

enough to crawl beneath the skin. Well done, Jared and Flaxseed. must admit, I am impressed you carved a path this far." s

A shadow drifted out of the inner darkness. It wore a billowing black robe, the hood so large that the face disappeared within it Yet the aura around the figure throbbed with power. It was an aura of Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine. s

"Mr. Atkinson?" Jared lifted the Dragonslayer Sword toward the gloom.

Golden fire blossomed along the blade. Flames licked across Jared's shoulders, coating his armor in molten light while he settled into a silent, lethal stance.

Quentin Atkinson lifted his head. Two crimson eyes gleamed like blood-rubies in a pit. "Indeed... You butchered my branch and smashed my altar. Today, I'll refine your very divine soul and drink what remains."

"Spare me the theatrics."

Jared leveled the sword at Quentin's heart. "Is it true that the divine souls of the Flaxseed clan were sent to the headquarters?"

Quentin chuckled, contempt curling off his tongue. "Of course. Only the grand masters at the headquarters deserve the divine souls of experts. You want them back? Feel free to try if you survive the next heartbeat." s

He swept an arm wide. Black energy poured from his palm, twisting into serpents

as thick as barrels. Each snake shrieked through forked tongues while the air itself sizzled and melted behind their passage. For more chapters visit [Find1N](#)

Jared growled. Golden fire roared up the Dragonslayer Sword, and a fire dragon coiled out of the metal-larger, brighter, alive.

The fiery beast opened its jaws and roared so loud the valley floor jumped. It then hurtled toward the vipers in a storm of molten scales.

The fire dragon met the serpents, and they vanished in bursts of cinder. The golden fire, still hungry, rushed straight for Quentin's head.

"Your opponent is me!"

A column of scarlet light speared the sky. Flaxseed stepped from the palace ruin, charms blazing between his fingers, the heat as fierce as Jared's dragon fire yet pulsing with wild, erratic life.

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"Blood Charm: Sky Havoc!"

Flaxseed hurled the charm. It exploded into a towering crimson beam that howled downward, tearing a ragged seam through space itself.

Quentin's eyes widened. He spun around, frantically weaving black energy into a titanic shield covered in writhing runes of the void.

The shield, carved with sinister runes, groaned under its own weight, exuding a chill that had the aura of burial soil.

Clang!

The crimson beam struck the shield. Quentin staggered back, shattering white bones beneath his boots. "Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine? How did you suddenly achieve such a high cultivation level?"

He had seen Flaxseed back when he was in Swordmaster City. At that time, Flaxseed had just stepped into Earthly Immortal Realm. At this moment, Flaxseed had suddenly advanced to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine.

Quentin could not know the truth-Flaxseed was a soul reincarnated. A single spark of spiritual sense returned, and power surged up to greet it.

"Thanks to you!" Flaxseed laughed. "My recovery is coming along beautifully." He pressed forward. Charms flew like summer rain-Freeze Charm froze the very air, another called Lightning Tribulation Charm, a third hurled boulders from nothingness, Boulder Charm. Quentin reeled beneath the relentless storm.

Jared joined the dance. The Dragonslayer Sword and charms moved as if born of the same rhythm, hemming Quentin in from opposite flanks until every escape line shrank to a finger's breadth.

Jared's blade flashed faster than thought, each thrust aimed for a fatal seam, flames searing Quentin's demonic energy. Flaxseed's charms shifted-now a hammer blow, now a chain-forcing Quentin to guard left, right, above, never breathing.

Quentin, an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine, felt the battlefield tilting, inch by inch, toward inevitable defeat beneath the twin assault.

Golden fire washed over his black energy like a tidal wave, and crimson charm lights followed in its wake. Under that two-fold assault, the black energy wrapped around Quentin peeled away in smoky strips. His robes shredded next, baring skin so withered it clung to bone. Black markings writhed across the pallid flesh, etching a face of horror no living man should wear.

"Curse you both!" Quentin bellowed, his voice cracking with something that sounded very much like fear. "Brats think you can toy with me? Fine-then we all perish together!"

The black energy around him

swelled in a sudden, violent surge. His body puffed outward like an overfilled wineskin and every black marking king on his flesh flared crimson In that heartbeat, Jared realized what came next-a cultivator of Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine about to self-destruct. Such a blast could flatten all of Bloody Bones Gorge. s

"Move!" Jared and Flaxseed shouted in the same breath.

They threw themselves backward, feet skimming the fractured ground as movement techniques leaped into being.

A dome of pure golden light roared around Jared, bright as a newborn sun, while Flaxseed hurled sheet after sheet of Defense Charms until they stacked into a wall as thick as castle stone.

A thunderclap split the gorge.

The world turned white, then red,

then black. Shockwaves hurled splintered bone through the air. Corpses pinned to the cliff walls disintegrated into dust. Even the ancient palace at the gorge's heart rocked on its foundations; the great crimson crystar in its crow gave a single, mournful cry and dulled to a sickly ember. s

When the ash finally settled, Jared and Flaxseed dragged themselves upright, coats torn, faces streaked with grit.

Their barriers had spared them the worst of it, yet shallow cuts bled at elbows and brows, and both men were coated in soot and stray flecks of their own blood.

Their cultivation, thankfully, remained steady and whole. Newest update provided by find~novel~net

Flaxseed spat a mouthful of dirt. "That lunatic actually blew himself apart. Talk about playing for keeps."

He wiped his sleeve across split lips and sneered at the blackened crater.

Jared's gaze shifted to the palace-half its roof gone, pillars leaning like drunkards. "We can't linger. That blast from the

self-destruct was loud enough

summon every cultivator nearby. leave-now." s

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Flaxseed nodded, frustration flickering in his eyes. "All this trouble, and I still didn't

find my family's divine souls."

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"We will," Jared said, laying a firm hand on his friend's shoulder. "One day we'll reach the headquarters of Malevolent Path Hall, and on that day the ledger gets balanced every line, every drop of blood."

Flaxseed answered with a wordless grunt that carried promise enough.

They scoured the ruined branch for resources, then turned their backs on the shattered stronghold and started toward the gorge's exit.

Passing the palace wreck, Jared allowed himself one glance into its gutted heart. Heap of broken stone, streak of drying crimson-and the faint, lingering aura of Lunaria, snuffed in Flaxseed's earlier fury. He said nothing, only walked on.

After exiting Bloody Bones Gorge, Flaxseed stopped, whirled, and flung a handful of Explosion Charms and Fire Charms high into the air. "Burn!"

Charms burst like crimson fireworks, igniting the dregs of demonic energy and spiritual energy that still clung to the canyon. Detonations rolled one atop another. Firestorms climbed the cliffs, and Bloody Bones Gorge began to cave in on itself. White bones charred, then crumbled to charcoal. In minutes, the once-dreaded valley was nothing but a smoking scar.

"Let's go!" Flaxseed turned on his heel and strode toward the distant peaks where Sword Sect kept its sky-piercing spires. He did not look back.

Fatigue bowed his shoulders, yet an unbroken steel ran through the line of his spine.

Jared lingered a breath longer, eyes fixed on the ruin he had helped create. Malevolent Path Hall's branch lay dead, but the headquarters still loomed-a blade forever hanging.

And beyond even that, the mysterious force watched them with cold, hungry eyes.

The road ahead still bristled with danger, every step steeped in uncertainty.

Yet Jared felt no room to shrink back; the only direction left was forward.

He drove Sky Walk past its limits, and two white-hot ribbons of light-one his own, one Flaxseed's—tore through level five, racing toward the distant outline of Swordmaster City.

Jared stole a glance at Flaxseed. The latter's fists were locked so tight the knuckles shone bone-white, and the bawdy grin that usually lived on his wind-burned face had been chased off by a storm of grief.

Their raid on Bloody Bones Gorge had razed the Malevolent Path Hall branch, and they had cut down Dioz, Varek, and even Quentin himself Yet the most precious prize the Flaxseed clan's captive divine souls-was already gone, ferried off to Malevolent Path Hall's

headquarters. s

Whether those souls had been refined, no one could say.

"Flaxseed," Jared called, slowing just enough for his voice to reach. "If the headquarters dared accept the Flaxseed clan's divine souls, it means the refining isn't finished. So long as they still exist, we will find them."

"I know," Flaxseed rasped, drawing two shaky breaths that scraped his throat raw "But the thought of people screaming inside some.

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fire Jared If I hadn't stepped into reincarnation back then, none of this would've happened." s

"The past is a locked door-stop beating yourself against it." Jared clapped the man's shoulder. The Dragonslayer Sword thrummed at his hip echoing the vow in his voice. "We hunt together now. Malevolent Path Hall's headquarters, Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall-every last debt will be paid." s

Flaxseed met Jared's eyes, found not a trace of hesitation there, and the knot in his chest loosened. He answered with a single, granite-firm nod.

Both men flared their spiritual energy and became twin comets once more, streaking even faster toward the blade-toothed skyline of Swordmaster City.

As the city walls loomed, Jared spotted several dozen figures standing sentinel at the gate.

Corin led them-gray-green robe snapping in the wind, hands folded behind his back, gaze pinned to the heavens. Only when he saw Jared and Flaxseed did his iron-tight brow ease.

"You're back," Corin said, striding forward. His eyes flicked over the flecks of blood and lingering demonic energy on them. "How went the branch assault?"

"Mission accomplished," Jared answered with a respectful bow. "The branch of Malevolent Path Hall lies in ashes, and its master and core cultivators are buried beneath them. But..."

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"But we found none of the Flaxseed clan's divine souls. Under interrogation, Dioz and the others confessed they'd already shipped them off to Malevolent Path Hall's headquarters."

Comprehension flashed in Corin's eyes. He turned to Flaxseed, voice bearing quiet regret. "I'm sorry, Mr. Flaxseed. This can't be easy."

Flaxseed waved off the sympathy, swallowing the fresh stab of disappointment. "Easy or not, at least we know they're still somewhere. As long as the headquarters stands, I'll tear it apart until I find my family members' divine souls."

"Well said," Corin replied, a spark of admiration in his gaze. "Sword Sect may be small, but whenever you have need of us, every blade we own is yours."

At his words, the surrounding Sword Sect disciples pressed in, staring at Jared with open awe.

He had taught Lyra on Training Cliff, then marched with Flaxseed to crush the branch of Malevolent Path Hall. To those young disciples of Sword Sect, he was already a legend.

"Mr. Chance, you're incredible!" someone yelled. The gate rang with a chorus of enthusiastic agreement.

Jared dipped his head in a modest smile. His gaze swept the crowd until it found Lyra standing near the back, white robe bright against the stone, a plain cloth bundle clutched tight in both hands.

The moment their eyes met, her own lit like new-struck stars; yet nerves tugged at her feet-one small step forward, a sudden halt, as if courage and shyness were locked in gentle duel.

A subtle flicker crossed Jared's mind. He pivoted toward Lyra, boots whispering over the flagstones as though drawn by an invisible thread.

"Mr. Chance..." Lyra hurried up to him, her voice bright with relief yet snagged by a tremor of worry when her gaze snagged on the drying blood that streaked his tunic. "You're hurt-aren't you?"

"It's nothing-just a scrape." He lifted one hand and let the tip of his finger smooth the tiny frown from her brow, his tone coaxing and low. "I'm sorry to have made you worry."

A blush warmed Lyra's pale cheeks. She shook her head fast, words tumbling. "I'm not worried-well, maybe a little, but I knew you'd come back in one piece." She thrust a neatly-wrapped bundle into his palm. "I gathered fresh salves and mystical herbs for you these last few days. Use them the moment you get back." The cloth was still warm-she must've kept it pressed to her chest the entire journey.

Jared's fingertips brushed the back of her hand, absorbing her steady warmth. A quiet tide of tenderness rose inside him. "All right. I'll do exactly as you say."

Flaxseed watched the gentle exchange, mouth stretching into a grin. He clapped Corin on the shoulder. "Corin, let's grab a breather. I'll fill you in on that branch once we've rested."

Corin inclined his head. "Good idea. You've both been on the road long enough—catch your breath first."

Together, they headed for Sword Sect's quarters. Sunlight poured across the slate-gray streets of Swordmaster City, casting long twin

shadows. Soft currents of spirit in

energy mingled with the scent of grass and white blossoms worlds apart from the coppery stench and demonic energy that had choked Darkwind Gorge. For dared, contrast felt almost dreamlike, as though he had stepped out of one lifetime and into another. s

Back at the quarters, Jared made for his room. Lyra ghosted after him, determined to tend the wound herself.

"Sit there, Mr. Chance," she ordered, voice firm but gentle. "I'll fetch a basin of spirit water."

Without waiting for an answer, she turned and wanted to slip out the door.

He caught her wrist for an instant, murmuring, "No need for all that trouble. A pulse of spiritual energy will mend it." Follow current novels on find●n

"Absolutely not." She freed herself with unexpected strength. "Spiritual energy only seals the surface. The cut still needs proper cleaning. Wait here—I'll be right back."

Watching her quick retreat, Jared could only laugh under his breath. Warmth pooled in his chest, spreading wider than any salve.

In the months they'd traveled, Lyra

had outgrown the timid girl she'd been—an Earthly Immortal Realm Level four with an untested blade. Her sword heart now shone like distilled starlight, her cultivation rising step by measured step. Yet around him, she still guarded that raw, unfiltered concern.

Minutes later, she returned, arms balanced around a steaming basin of spirit water. Several sprigs of fragrant mystical herbs floated on the surface, releasing sweet vapor that curled through the room.

Lyra set the basin on a low table, drew fresh cloth strips and ointments from her bundle, then straightened before him. "Mr. Chance, off with the cloak. Let me get medicine on that cut."

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared shrugged out of his outer robe. A shallow slash scored the muscle of his left arm—flung there by shrapnel when Quentin had self-destructed. Though not deep, a ghost of demonic energy still pulsed along the edges.

Lyra's eyes shimmered, soft with hurt on his behalf. Kneeling, she cautiously dabbed a cloth in the hot spirit water and dabbed away the dried blood with feather-light strokes, as though one careless move might cause him pain.

The warmth of the spirit water and the crisp scent of the mystical herbs seeped into the wound; the lurking demonic energy began to fade like frost under the sunlight.

"Next time—please—be more careful." Her words quavered, the salve jar trembling slightly between her fingers. "I know you're strong, but I still worry. I worry something might happen and I'll never see you again..."

He traced a calming line through her silvery hair. "Silly girl, I promise I'll watch myself from now on."

She looked up, lashes damp. "Mr. Chance, Master Morden told me that you and Mr. Flaxseed plan to march on Malevolent Path Hall's headquarters. Is that true?"

The question struck him squarely. He exhaled, then nodded once. "It is. Mr. Flaxseed's clan's divine souls are trapped in the headquarters. I won't let him face it alone. Besides, the leader of Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall has made me his favorite target. I must make a trip to Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall on level six."

Lyra pressed her teeth to her lower lip. A long, trembling breath slipped past before she finally spoke, her voice steady but soft. "I know I can't hold you back. You have your own path to walk, your own battles to fight. I won't be the weight that drags you down."

She drew in another breath, and a quiet spark flared behind her eyes. "I'll stay here in Swordmaster City and cultivate with everything I have. When you return-and I will be stronger by then-if danger finds us again, I'll fight at your side, not behind you."

That fierce resolve shining in her gaze struck Jared harder than any blade. It reminded him how much the shy girl he once guarded had already grown-how fiercely her spirit now matched his own.

He understood then that Lyra no longer needed constant protection. She carried a pride and strength that were entirely hers. Read full story at NovelFind.net

"All right," Jared said at last.

A smile softened the sharp angles of his face. "I'll wait for that day, when the two of us stand shoulder to shoulder on whatever battlefield awaits."

Night deepened. Sword Sect's compound fell into a hush broken only by the hum of distant crickets and the faint ripple of spiritual energy from disciples cultivating through the dark.

Lyra did not leave. Instead, she settled at Jared's side, quietly arranging the belongings he would carry at dawn-vials of healing salve, Woven pouches of mystical herbs she had picked by moonlight and a small bundle of fresh garments folded with meticulous care. s

"Mr. Chance, level six's celestial energy is richer than what we breathe here on level five," she murmured while she packed. "When you cultivate there, control your spiritual energy. Don't chase more power than your core can handle. If you come across a demon beast you don't recognize, watch it first-dont rush in

swinging. And keep this bottle of mind-purifying pills on you at all times. Should demonic energy seep into your heart, it'll steady your thoughts long enough for help to reach you-"

s

Jared listened in patient silence, nodding now and then, knowing that each word of warning was merely another thread in the tapestry of her concern.

Behind every practical instruction lay a sorrowful truth: she already missed him.

He interrupted gently, his tone low

and warm, saying, "Lyra, once I finish what must be done on level six and once trage Malevolent Path Hall's headquarters ll return for you." s

Her hands stilled. She lifted her face, devotion shining through unshed tears. "T'I wait, Mr. Chance. For as long as it takes, I'll wait."

She rose and slipped into his embrace, arms tightening around his waist. Her cheek pressed against his chest, and the steady rhythm of his heartbeat calmed the storm inside her.

Jared held her close, letting the faint fragrance of alpine blossoms in her hair fill his lungs and soften the iron in his soul.

"Mr. Chance," she whispered into the cloth of his tunic, her voice muffled. "Promise you'll remember me."

He lowered his chin, resting it atop her hair. "I could never forget you."

Lanternlight quivered across the room, painting two entwined silhouettes onto the wooden wall-figures caught between the ache of parting and the comfort of shared warmth.

Jared's gaze swept over her, worry flickering behind his tenderness. "Does that spot still hurt?"

A Warrior Undefeatable

"A little," Lyra admitted, nodding once.

"Then let me ease it." Jared's hand settled with careful pressure, kneading away the lingering ache with slow, steady circles.

Lyra had meant to protest, but the gentle warmth of his touch sent a soothing tremor through her limbs. Her eyes fluttered shut, surrendering to the quiet comfort they shared.

After some time, Jared found his hand dripping wet. There and then, he knew it was time to take things to the next level.

Accompanied by Lyra's soft moan, Jared thrust inside.

At first light, a pale silver washed over Sword Sect's square. Disciples gathered in orderly rows, their breath fogging the chill dawn.

Corin, Ararat, and Kishor stood at the fore. Dozens of Sword Sect disciples formed ranks behind them. Lyra waited at Corin's side, fingers white around a small cloth bundle. Though her eyes brimmed with longing, she refused to let a single tear fall.

Jared and Flaxseed stepped into the square's center clad in fresh robes, travel packs slung across their backs-each pouch heavy with potions and resources.

Jared stepped forward, cloak stirring around his boots like a dark plume of smoke, and offered Corin a deep, formal bow. When he straightened, his voice carried the weight of the oath he was about to take. "Master Morden, Flaxseed and I are setting out for level six, and there is no telling when we might return. All of Sword Sect's affairs will rest on your shoulders until that day comes," he said with careful reverence.

Corin answered with a quiet nod. Then, moving with the calm precision of an elder who had weathered centuries of storms, he drew a jade vial from his item pouch and pressed it into Jared's hand. "Inside are thirty Focus Pill," he said, his tone low yet firm. "During battle, they will steady your spirit and shield you from demonic energy. Level six seethes with hidden blades. Keep yourself alive."

Jared accepted the vial as though it were a crystal cradling starlight, both hands closing around it with solemn gratitude. "My thanks, Master Morden," he said, each syllable weighted with respect.

Turning next to Flaxseed, Corin produced an item pouch, its drawstring embroidered with silver runes. "Mr. Flaxseed, these are prime materials for

charms. You're an expert in charm spells, so these might come in handy." Discover more novels at [FindN](#)

Flaxseed's grin flashed like a torch in mist. "Much obliged, Corin! Once I've recovered my family members' divine souls, I'll be back to drain a few flasks with you-count on it."

Stepping forward with a time-worn map spread across both hands, Ararat said, "Mr. Chance, the chessboard of level six is nothing like the simpler games we play on level five. Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall has a strong foundation there. When you arrive, seek Abbot Infinides at Roaring Storm Church. You two share history- he will not refuse you. Beyond that lies a place called Celestia, populated entirely by celestial cultivators. Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall draws its strength from the same lineage. Should you strike at the hall, be prepared. Celestia may well extend its hand."

Jared's brows knit in cautious surprise. "Celestia?"

Ararat nodded. "So the stories tell. Past level six, the number of celestial cultivators increases. Tread lightly."

Jared inclined his head. "I understand."

He rolled the brittle map shut, eyes briefly scanning the inked constellations of sects and empires that waited on level six.

"Jared, I pledged three centuries of

service

at your side, and I meant every breath of it... But..." Kishor said. He glanced down at Alice he ingersresting on her still-slender belly. His voice was roughened by reluctance when he continued, "Alice is expecting. I can't trave far and wide while she carries our child." s

Jared's astonishment flickered to life. "Already? That's remarkable."

Among ordinary folk, a single night could kindle new life. Cultivators, however, lived by defying the heavens, their altered bodies

resisted creation even as there net

cheated death, Many who shared dual cultivation partners across a hundred cities never welcomed a child into their lives. That Kishor and Alice had conceived so swiftly was nothing short of a miracle. s

Kishor shrugged, bashful and proud in equal measure. "Don't ask me how. It just happened."

Jared's smile softened. "Then my congratulations. When the child is born, I'll be there to toast the two of you."

Alice's eyes shone. "We owe that joy to you, Mr. Chance. Had you not purged the Demonic Cultivation techniques from my body, I would never have conceived."

She then slipped a finely carved token into his palm. "Whispers Tower keeps a branch on level six. Present may token, and every sectet they hold becomes yours."

belongs to s

The token-lacquered midnight wood ringed by delicate moons-rested against

Jared's skin, cool and full of promise.

"Thank you, Alice," he said, closing his fingers over the gift.

Corin exhaled, as though sealing the moment in amber. "All has been said. The road ahead is razor-thin, yet I have faith you will return to us."