

A Warrior Undefeatable c 5341-5342

Jared and Flaxseed exchanged a final look-a shared spark of iron-coated resolve then bowed to those they left behind. "Take care, everyone," they said in unison. "Our journey begins now."

Lyra kept her gaze fixed on Jared. Liquid light pooled against her lashes, and her lips trembled with words she could scarcely breathe. "Mr. Chance, promise me—come back to me alive. Come back whole."

Jared met the shimmer in her eyes, and the iron inside him melted for a heartbeat. He offered the smallest, quietest smile. "Wait for me."

Spiritual energy surged around them in a sudden golden bloom. A single step became a flight as Sky Walk carried them upward. Two streaks of light—one silver, one amber-shot across the vault of morning like twin comets seeking the horizon.

Their silhouettes dwindled against the clouds, and only then did Lyra let the tears fall. She brushed a sleeve across her cheeks, breathing hard against the ache. Train, Lyra. Grow stronger. When Mr. Chance returns, meet him without regret.

Behind her, Corin, Ararat, and Kishor stood shoulder to shoulder, their faces carved from storm-dark stone while the last echoes of flight faded into silence.

Each man knew the truth. The road to level six was a blade's edge, and Malevolent Path Hall and Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall were tricky opponents.

Ararat exhaled, voice barely more than wind. "May fortune shield them."

Corin nodded once. "Jared's spirit is tempered steel, and destiny favors him. With Mr. Flaxseed at his side, I believe he will carve a way through."

Far from Swordmaster City, Jared and Flaxseed raced across empty sky, their robes snapping like banners in a gale as the compass of their hearts pointed unerringly toward the distant level six.

At the border of levels five and six rose Cloud Breca Mountains—a saw-toothed spine of peaks eternally wrapped in churning mist.

That mist was no ordinary fog. It pulsed with raw spatial energy, tearing at weaker cultivators as easily as paper. Only cultivators of Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven or higher could hope to endure its bite.

Flaxseed tipped his straw hat back, an eager grin splitting his weather-worn face. "There it is, Cloud Brecan Mountains."

Jared pointed toward the roiling banks ahead. "Legends say the spatial energy inside is broken, swirling every which way. One careless step and you're dust. Stay sharp."

Flaxseed produced two mustard-yellow charms. "Stabilization Charms," he said, pressing one into Jared's palm. "They'll calm the spatial energy around us- enough to keep our skins attached."

Jared slapped the charm over his heart. Inked lines flashed, melted into light, and wrapped him in a thin amber shell.

Immediately, the air around him eased, the invisible claws of the spatial energy dulling to a distant tug instead of a lethal yank.

Without another word, the pair leaned forward and dove into Cloud Brecan Mountains.

Pressure slammed them from every angle-an invisible tide intent on rending flesh from bone.

Space twisted like warped glass. Spatial rifts yawned open and snapped shut, each one humming with the terrifying aura.

"Watch the spatial rifts!" Flaxseed bellowed, his voice torn ragged by the roaring wind.

He flung charm after charm. Each burst into spears of amber light that stitched the nearest spatial rifts closed for precious seconds.

Jared called up the Power of Dragons nestled in his core. Gold scales coursed down both arms, and a radiant shield erupted around him, turning the spatial energy aside.

At his hip, the Dragonslayer Sword thrummed, lashing out with arcs of sword energy that sheared any rift daring to drift too close. NEW NOVEL chapters are published on findnovel.net

They pushed onward, ears full of shrieking wind and sizzling space. Clouds and spatial rifts morphed, split, and re-formed ahead of every step, forcing them to carve a path inch by stubborn inch.

Time blurred, counted only in heartbeats and broken seals, until a thin shard of brightness gleamed ahead.

"That's level six!" Flaxseed cried, excitement crackling across his words.

He surged forward, feet skimming nothingness with renewed speed.

Together, they burst through the final veil. Light washed over them, and the world changed.

Above stretched an endless vault of deep, sapphire blue. Cotton-white clouds drifted at arm's reach, breathing celestial energy into the air.

Below lay endless mountains wrapped in emerald forests. From the

that living sea of green rose thunderous foams of demon beasts each growl several times fiercer than anything prowling level five.

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"Goodness-feel how thick the celestial energy hangs here!" Flaxseed drew it deep into his lungs. "Triple the density of level five-at least! Cultivate beneath this sky and you'll cut your cultivation time in half." s

Jared felt the spiritual energy in the air. Each particle sparked across his nerves like static, and the sheer volume of energy coiled around his heart in a slow, humming tide. So this is level six-no wonder its practitioners stand leagues above those below.

He tried to picture levels nine, nineteen, and thirty-six. The vision swelled into something almost solid, a future realm where celestial energy might thicken until it poured like molten gold.

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Beneath a vaulted sapphire sky, two streaks of light split the clouds and arched toward a wilderness of ancient trunks. They landed without a tremor, soft as dew, among roots the size of town walls.

Jared folded away the golden light around his frame. A faint sting of spatial energy still danced along his fingertips-an echo of the storm he had carved through to

escape Cloud Breca Mountains-while Flaxseed gulped another lungful, eyes shining.

Flaxseed felt the spiritual energy around his body soothe his meridians. "Wow! Jared, this level six celestial energy is richer than the spirit springs back on level five! I've been wedged at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine forever. Give me a few months of this bounty, and I might just achieve Human Immortal Realm!"

Jared was already turning in a slow circle, reading the lay of the land the way a seasoned hunter measures scent and wind before the first arrow ever leaves the bowstring.

There, the forest shared nothing with Darkwind Gorge of level five. Bolts of timber, wide enough to demand ten men's arms to surround them, rose into the light. Pale-gold moss clung to their bark, pulsing with weak spiritual energy.

Fist-sized spirit crystals littered the soil like scattered pearls. Sunlight rolled across their facets, throwing milky rainbows into the shade.

From somewhere deeper came the roar of a demon beast whose aura alone would send beginner-phase Earthly Immortal Realm cultivators from level five running for shelter.

"Stay sharp," Jared murmured.

His palm rested on the Dragonslayer Sword at his hip. The blade answered with a low, quivering hum, as if telling him that the demon beasts on level six might not only be strong, but they could even have skills fused with celestial energy.

A branch snapped to their left. Wind howled in its wake, ripping last season's leaves into a spinning storm.

Something vast lunged from behind the trunks-a reptilian bulk plated in blue-black scales, a head like a crocodile enlarged by nightmare, three crimson eyes, and the ragged stumps of wings twitching on its spine. Slaver dripped from fangs long as daggers, each drop sizzling a smoking pit into the loam.

"Three-Eyed Corrosive Beast!" Flaxseed's face drained. "Ancient records from level five archives said its hide turns aside Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven's blows, its spit is pure poison, and that third eye coughs soul-eating mist-one touch and your divine soul rots."

The Three-Eyed Corrosive Beast fixed on Jared, its third eye blazed red, and a lance of ink-green vapor shot toward him.

Blazing Stride flared beneath his soles. He blurred aside, leaving only heat ripples: The vapor slammed into an ancient tree bark blackened, flesh dissolved, and in barely three breaths, the proud giant collapsed into a puddle of tar. s

"That's more like it!" Flaxseed exclaimed.

He then flicked a charm. "Flame Charm!" Two ribbons of fire twisted into serpents mid-air and lashed the Three-Eyed Corrosive Beast.

The contact hissed, left twin scorch marks-but failed to break through the natural armor.

The Three-Eyed Corrosive Beast bellowed, pain tipping into fury, and snapped at Flaxseed with a maw wide enough to take his head and shoulders in one bite.

He dared not meet it head-on. A Wind Charm flashed between his fingers; the gust carried him over fifteen meters backward. Even as he floated he flung a yellow Binding Charm that exploded into funic cords, lashing around the
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Three-Eyed Corrosive Beast. s

"Jared-finish it!" Flaxseed shouted, voice cracking under strain.

Golden light surged behind Jared's eyes. He channeled the Power of Dragons, raised the Dragonslayer Sword high, and cleaved. "Dragon Fire Thrust!"

The arc of sword energy crashed against the Three-Eyed Corrosive Beast's spine. Scales exploded outward like shards of obsidian. Golden fire flooded the wounds, hungry tongues of heat boring straight into living flesh.

A terrible, mind-splitting roar burst from its three throats, rattling leaves and making the very air shiver.

The Three-Eyed Corrosive Beast

bucked wildly, trying to rip free of the

Binding Charm. Flaxseed, face set

and hands steady, slapped three

fresh Charms onto the first. Glowing charms drew tight, pinning the monstrosity to the blood soaks earth.

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With every heartbeat, the golden blaze devoured more of its life force. Its cries dwindled to a ragged wheeze, then silence. At last, the beast sagged, skin

cracking, body collapsing into a heap of charred carcass. The rightful source is FindNovel.net

Jared stepped forward at an unhurried pace. The Dragonslayer Sword dimmed in his grip, its flame guttering out until only mirror-bright steel remained.