

# A Warrior Undefeatable

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Jared lowered his gaze, mind racing. The demons have schemed for ages to shatter this seal. Now, with the centennial tolling so close, Roaring Storm Bell vanishes? That is no coincidence. The fiends are moving.

“Abbot Infinides, I might have a stop-gap,” Jared said, looking up.

He drew Dragon Bell from his Storage Ring. Lightning from distant clouds shimmered across its scales. "This Dragon Bell cannot match Roaring Storm Bell in power, yet if we engrave the proper runes, we might imitate its resonance-just enough to seal the demonic souls."

For the first time, hope flickered in Infinides' eyes. He turned the bell in his hands, feeling its weight. "Fine metal, fine craft," he murmured. "With proper runes, we could try. But that work needs an expert in charm spells."

"Then let the two of us handle it, Abbot Infinides," Jared said, confidence ringing like steel.

Flaxseed slapped his own chest. "Draw runic talismans? Child's play. Give me the right powders and a decent brush-I'll paint powerful runes on Dragon Bell!"

Infinides called for disciples, who soon returned with satchels of thunder-type spiritual energy, spiritual brushes, and stacks of talisman paper.

Jared and Flaxseed sealed themselves inside an empty, solitary training hall. Candlelight quivered against the walls as the door thudded shut.

Hour after hour, night after night, the two men bent over Dragon Bell. Every stroke demanded perfect pressure, every curve an unbroken flow of will, until sweat ran in rivers beneath their collars.

Each rune drank their spiritual energy and paired itself to the embossed dragons, waking ancient scales that gleamed with pale electricity.

After a few days, Dragon Bell lay cloaked in dense, interlocking runes, exuding a mysterious aura.

Right then, Roaring Storm Mountain shook. Black clouds erupted overhead. Between the roiling folds crouched shadowy forms-demon silhouettes clawing at the sky. Their shrieks slashed across the ridges, and the stone underfoot answered with splintered cracks.

"No time left! We ring it now or never!" Jared shouted.

He and Flaxseed hauled the bell onto the summit platform. Lightning skittered along its runes as though the sky itself recognized new iron.

Jared funneled spiritual energy through both arms, seized the iron mallet, and drove it into the bell's side with all the fury of a storm-starved world.

Bang!

Dragon Bell answered with a single, leaden peal that rolled down every slope and into every ravine on Roaring Storm Mountain.

For the space of a heartbeat, that toll became law. The black demonic souls battering the ancient seal froze mid-lunge, as though an invisible hand had closed around their throats.

Then the moment shattered. The unchained energy of the demonic souls surged again, hurling itself at the shimmering seal.

Runes carved into Dragon Bell flared one after another, sparks of gold straining to hold the line, yet ragged streaks of demonic souls still slipped through and clawed their way toward the summit.

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Suddenly, every dragon rune on Dragon Bell went incandescent. The light poured outward, knitting itself into a colossal Azure Dragon.

It threw back its head and roared.

spectra

Mountains trembled. Clouds fled One swipe of those talons smashed the escaping demonic souls like glass figurines, scattering them as harmless ash on the wind. s

The ridge fell quiet again, yet no one dared to breathe easy. Everyone here understood the truth. Dragon Bell was a stopgap, not a prison.

Its strength belonged to another purpose and could not seal demonic souls forever.

"We have to reclaim Roaring Storm Bell-fast!" Jared looked at Infinides solemnly and said, "Abbot Infinides whoever stole that bell wanted these demonic souls loose. That reeks of the demons. Flaxseed and I will head down now and start digging. Keep your disciples on Dragon Bell."

Hold that seal no matter the cost."

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Infinides gave a single, steel-spined nod. "Go, both of you. Roaring Storm Church will bleed before we let a single demonic soul slip free."

With parting bows, Jared and Flaxseed leaped skyward, streaking down the mountain like twin comets.

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Time ran on the edge of a blade. If the remaining demonic souls broke loose, entire realms could fall.

Finding Roaring Storm Bell was only half their task. They also had to rip the unseen puppeteer from the shadows and sever the demon plot at its root.

The pair left Roaring Storm Mountain behind and arrowed straight toward Breeze Town.

Tucked in Jared's robe lay the token Alice had gifted him—a master key to Whispers Tower, one of the few information houses on level six willing to traffic in every faction's secrets—for the right price.

They touched down at the eastern alley of town, before a weather-worn wooden shack whose lintel bore a tiny gear marking, the discreet charm of Whispers Tower.

Flaxseed reached for the door, but Jared lifted his hand to stop him. He then gathered spiritual energy on his fingertips and etched Alice's token into the iron knocker.

The hinges answered with a long, weary creak. Ink-scented air drifted out. Inside, a woman in teal leathers and a silken veil sorted scrolls beneath lamplight.

Her gaze flicked to the token in Jared's palm, then back to their faces. "Whispers Tower honors tokens, not persons," she said, voice flat. "State your quarry. Anything tied to secrets regarding Celestia or core Celestial Palace strategy costs high-grade celestial gems, and even then, we guarantee nothing."

"Three nights ago, Roaring Storm Bell vanished from Roaring Storm Mountain," Jared replied, laying the token on her desk. "We want every trail. Factions prowling the mountain that night, anomalous spiritual energy signatures, and any trade records mentioning demonic souls or seals."

She weighed the token between slim fingers, then touched it to a crystal orb. Blue light bloomed, revealing lines that read: Token of the leader of level five's Whispers Tower. Clearance: Alpha. Access to eastern level six intel, ninety-day span.

Nodding once, she shelved the orb, fetched three yellowed dossiers, and set them before the men. "Our scouts logged three distinct auras outside Roaring Storm Mountain the night Roaring Storm Bell was stolen. First, a bone-erosion black aura from Célestial Palace's Sixth Hall. Black-robed figures on the northern slope seemed to be distracting patrol disciples. Second Celestia's holy runic celestial power residue in the southern stream is identical to the markings on the Celestial Guards' armor. Third..." s The source of this content is [findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

She paused, voice becoming solemn. "Heart-corrosion demonic energy from Malevolent Path Hall. Near the bell pavilion, we found half a charm corner etched with a skull—same paper stock Malevolent Path Hall uses on level five."

Flaxseed brought his palm down on the wooden desk with a loud crack that rattled the oil lamp and sent every dossier fluttering like startled birds. F\*ck! Those three mongrels have hated each other for ages. Celestia despises Celestial Palace's Sixth Haft for its Black magic and loathes Malevolent Path Hall for stealing their alchemy resources, and yet they somehow team up to steal Roaring Storm Bell?" s

Jared, unhurried, lifted the torn corner of a charm and held it close to the lamplight, letting its frayed edge brush his thumb as he studied every charcoal stroke.

A faint demonic energy still clung to the charm-identical to what he had felt in Malevolent Path Hall's branch on level five-yet on the reverse side, a ghost-pale divine rune glimmered. The divine markings echoed, almost perfectly, the gold filigree he had once noticed along the princess' gown.

Jared focused his spiritual energy on his fingertips and pressed on the charm. "Something is off with this charm. Malevolent Path Hall never engraves divine markings. Someone grafted Celestia's aura onto their charm or the three factions have been conspiring from the start."

The woman inclined her head and slid another dossier across the table. "If you doubt it, read the trade ledger. Half a month ago, a man in a bronz@mask posted a bounty through Whispers Tower-top price for Roaring Storm Mountain sealing charm. The broker who took the job funnels funds through the Sixth Hall, Celestia's covert wing, and Malevolent Path Hall. We still don't know who the mask belongs to." s

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Flaxseed leaned in, whistled at the figure on the page, then sucked a sharp breath. "Ten thousand high-grade celestial gems at that! What kind of lunatic throws around that stack of stones?"

"Someone hoping to set 100 thousand demon souls loose across level six," Jared answered, shutting the folder with a soft clap. "Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall wants those demonic souls to bleed strength from Roaring Storm Church and Celestia so they can seize new turf. Inside Celestia, a traitor aims to plunge the capital into chaos—maybe even dethrone the current monarch. The princess' escape already proved the court is split. As for Malevolent Path Hall, they crave strong souls for their Soul Fiend Pills. A cache of 100 thousand souls is raw gold to them."

The veiled woman nodded. "Your analysis is sound, Mr. Chance. One more thread - last night, Celestia's Celestial Guards sealed the west gate of Celestia City. Officially, they were hunting a thief who stole a national sacred relic. Our spies say they are truly searching for a cultivator who commands a demonic aura—someone tied to Malevolent Path Hall."

Jared and Flaxseed exchanged a glance; the same thought flashed in both sets of eyes.

If the Celestial Guards had slammed the gates of Celestia City shut, the missing relic had to be Roaring Storm Bell—and the cultivator with a demonic aura must be the courier assigned by Malevolent Path Hall.

Once they stepped out of Whispers Tower's shadowed arches, Jared said to Flaxseed, "Mr. Flaxseed, I'm heading to Celestia. With three factions wrapped around that bell, something feels wrong—deeply wrong. Those celestials are proud

as peacocks. They never cultivate black magic-well, most of them. Drystan of Celestial Palace, though? Spineless. Plenty of celestials within Celestial Palace will embrace any power that fattens their seat. I need to see Celestia with my own eyes. If Celestia, Celestial Palace, and Malevolent Path Hall have truly joined hands, reclaiming Roaring Storm Bell won't be easy."

"Marching in alone is suicide, Jared. Celestia swarms with celestial cultivators, each one puffed up on birthright. You'd be exposed the moment you crossed the border-and that's assuming they even let you through the outer gates in the first place," Flaxseed responded.

"Relax. They're hunting their runaway princess, aren't they? I'll do them a favor-bring her back. With that bargaining chip, I'll walk straight into the capital."

Flaxseed's brows knotted. "You plan to kidnap their princess? Even if her hidden guards don't skewer you, how will you smuggle a furious royal past walls thick with security in Celestia City? Besides, we've no idea where she vanished to."

"Whispers Tower will know," Jared said, eyes already reflecting new fire. "And when they tell me, the hunt begins."

Jared let his final word hang in the air. He rolled the smooth token Alice had slipped him between thumb and forefinger. A silver prickle shot through his consciousness field, painting the princess' exact coordinates inside Celestia.

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"Whispers Tower just chimed in. The princess is holed up in Twilight Valley, south of Breeze Town. No Celestial Guards, no attendants—just her, adonely candle in all that dusk. Once she's in my hands, Celestia won't dare strike. They need a pristine bride for their marriage altrance, they'll wrap us both silk before they risk a single scratch on her," Jared said. s

"Take these." Flaxseed dug up a stack of Invisibility Charms from his item pouch. Twilight Valley has a natural shield made of spiritual energy. These charms will blur your aura. If things sour, don't play the hero—we'll find another angle." Content belongs to s

"I need you anchored in Breeze Town," Jared said, sealing one charm to his jacket as his figure faded into the shifting light. "Keep an eye on Whispers Tower. The

moment Roaring Storm Bello

surfaces, send word. Ten days, no

more—I'll smuggle news out of Original content can be found at [find{n}ovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Celestia myself."

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Without another word, he stepped onto the wind. A rush of pale clouds gathered beneath his boots, carrying him like a phantom arrow toward the smoldering horizon where Twilight Valley slept.

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True to its name, Twilight Valley lay ablaze. Evening blanketed the valley, and trailing banners of peach and crimson light kissed every blossom on the countless flower-trees until the whole ravine shimmered like poured gold. Original content can be found at [Find★Novel.net](http://Find★Novel.net)

At the heart of that glow, beside a silver stream, the celestial princess, Lorraine, sat alone on a block of iolite. Her white gown ghosted over the rock as her fingertip skimmed the water, rippling golden divine markings across the surface—the very woman Jared and Flaxseed had rescued days before.

Hidden behind the petal-heavy trees, Jared watched the clouded sorrow knotting her brow and chose, for the moment, to stay silent.

Only when the sun slid completely beneath the rim of the world and twilight swallowed the gorge did he strike. Lorraine rose to leave—then gold chains of spiritual energy lashed her wrist, freezing her divine power mid-breath.

"You again! What do you want?" Her eyes, bright with divine gold, narrowed to wary slits.

"I'm bringing you back to Celestia," Jared answered, voice flat, aura tightening around her wrist. "Your Celestial Guards scour every province for you. Better you walk beside me than be dragged home in irons. I don't grope captives the way they will."

"Stop wasting strength. You're a notch below my realm. Keep thrashing and all you'll earn is pain." Lorraine struggled to break free, but Jared's spiritual energy clamped down like iron tongs. She summoned the celestial power within her,

golden divine markings flaring across her body, yet they were instantly suppressed by the Exorcism Charm from Jared's other hand.

"Impossible! You're barely at Earthly Immortal Realm Level One. How could you bind me?" Lorraine continued to struggle.

Yet no matter how fiercely she twisted, the golden coils held fast, clamping around her aura like iron jaws.

"Earthly Immortal Realm Level One or not, you're still outmatched. Quit the dramatics and walk." A faint, wintry smile ghosted across Jared's lips.

"I will die before I set foot in Celestia again!"

Defiance flashed; celestial power surged as she tried to turn it inward, intent on shattering her own meridians.

"Try and I'll tear that pristine gown off your body right here and now," Jared said, stepping closer. "Consider it. A defiled princess is useless for a marriage alliance. They'll toss you aside and punish everyone you ever swore to protect."

All color drained from her face; resolve curdled into sheer terror.

As a celestial princess, her chastity was more valued than her life. If a mere human cultivator tainted her, she would be laughed out of the realm, and her father-obsessed with pride-might vent his shame on those she cherished. "Y-You wouldn't dare!"

Lorraine's voice quivered, yet she no longer dared to struggle. Her wrists smarted inside Jared's iron grip, and her dark eyes flashed with fury. "What is it you really want? I'll go with you, but if you so much as lay a disrespectful hand on me, will drag you to the grave right alongside me!" s

Jared released her arm, let the gathered spiritual energy at his fingertips fade, and drew an

Immortal Binding Rope from his net

item pouch. With deliberate care, he looped the enchanted restraint around her wrists tight enough to look secure, loose enough not to bruise. The gesture felt almost courteous, at odds with the hard light still burning in his eyes. s

"Relax," he said. "Escort me into the palace in Celestia and, once I have what I came for, you walk free. But until then, do exactly as I say—or I promise I will strip every last shred of dignity from you."

The threat came out blunt and brutal, the way a brawler might speak in a tavern yard rather than a courier of destiny addressing a princess.

Color rushed

to Lorraine's cheeks.

Her knees pressed together of their own accord, mortified by his crudity. She bit down on her lower lip,

glancing at the Immortal Binding Rope on her wrists an insult as much as a restraint yet she swallowed the protest that trembled at the edge of her tongue. s

Jared offered no further explanation. He took her slender waist, stepped onto a current of light, and the two of them rose into the open sky, carving a silent arc toward the distant Celestia City.

They flew for eight long hours. Somewhere beyond the horizon, the world changed.

Wisps of cloud thickened into billows the color of milk and fire, glowing faintly gold from within. Celestial energy soaked the air so densely it almost condensed into droplets; each breath made Jared's meridians hum and burn.

The jagged ridges below melted away, replaced by an endless plain rolling out like a sea of green velvet.