

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Scattered across that plain, mystical herbs towered as tall as a grown man. Their leaves shimmered with spiritual light, and ruby-red fruit hung at their crowns, pulsating with delectable spiritual energy.

Here and there, veins of living jade heaved up from the soil-exposed celestial ley lines. Dim gold spiritual energy rushed through the translucent stone like blood through a giant's heart.

"So this is Celestial Fall Plains," Jared murmured, wonder slipping through his usual composure. On level five, I've seen many spiritual veins, yet never a network of celestial ley lines this dense or this pure.

Just the resources beneath their feet could rival half the power blocs of level five combined.

No wonder Celestia reigned as one of the apex forces of level six. The realization left a cold admiration coiling through Jared's chest.

Bound and silent, Lorraine felt the familiar aura of her homeland rise to meet her. Instead of comfort, the sensation carved fresh bitterness across her face. She turned her head away from the fertile plains, as though the very soil that had once nurtured the celestials sickened her.

"Ahead lies Celestia City," she said at last, her voice cool as a blade. "Three concentric barriers guard it. Only those bearing Celestia's token or bloodline of the celestials may pass. Force your way through, and the barriers set up with celestial power will tear you apart."

Jared offered no reply. His eyes narrowed on the horizon.

There at the far edge of the plain—a colossal silhouette surfaced, a city-wall crown emerging from the haze.

The ramparts were hewn from pale gold celestial stone, soaring three hundred meters high. Intricate divine markings—each line humming with sacred law—crawled across the masonry. Their shifting glow fed a translucent dome that wrapped the entire metropolis, radiating a pressure that made even the clouds hesitate.

At the gate stood several dozen Celestial Guards in silver armor. Every guard's aura burned at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven or higher, and the divine wings markings on their spears flashed like starlight, forbidding as drawn swords.

Jared descended with Lorraine beside the main gate. The instant his boots struck stone, two Celestial Guards strode forward, spears leveled at his chest. "Identify yourself! Dare you trespass upon Celestia City? Release Her Highness at once!"

Lorraine lifted her chin, eyes icy. "I came of my own will. Summon your commander—immediately."

The Celestial Guards exchanged bewildered glances.

Their last orders had been explicit: retrieve Lorraine at any cost. Yet here she was, delivered by a lone human cultivator, claiming voluntary return. No drill manual covered such a twist.

One guard, armor clanking, spun on his heel and sprinted through the towering gate, vanishing into the city's golden gloom to raise the alarm. His comrades lightened their formation uncertain whetherto

salute or strike. The air between lances and intruder trembled with expectation. s

The ring of rifles never quite faded, yet the Celestial Guards held their fire. They circled Jared and Lorraine like wary wolves, eyes fixed on him, shoulders taut, ready to spring the instant he so much as breathed wrong.

Half an hour crawled by. From deep inside the capital drifted a bright shimmer of chimes, crisp as silver water against stone. For original chapters go to find●

A woman appeared, gliding rather than walking. She wore pale lavender court robes embroidered with divine markings of a phoenix, her black hair swept into a soaking bun pinned by a gemstone hairpin. Porcelain skin, sly brows, the calm heat of someone who knew exactly who she was. s

She looked barely twenty, yet the aura coiled around her said otherwise—a Top Level Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight.

"Buddy, my thanks for returning Her Highness to Celestia City." The newcomer's tone was steady, eyes measuring. "I, Yuliana Fiala, serve as the king's adviser. May I ask your name? And do you have any requests for bringing the princess home safe?"

Jared studied Yuliana Fiala, weighing the blade beneath the silk. An adviser this young, this deadly-either born brilliant or carried here by very special cultivation. To stand at a monarch's elbow, most spend centuries clawing upward. She has managed it before thirty. She must be exceptionally gifted.

The cut of her robes was not queenly, yet the fabric sang of treasures far above a mere minister.

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And in those velvet eyes-alongside appraisal-lay a flitting shard of caution, the sort sharpened only in palaces where every smile hides a scale.

She is more than an adviser. Jared quickly figured things out. The king is old. An intelligent girl with high cultivation at his side could well be more than company-perhaps pillow, perhaps puppet master. Handle the errands, whisper over policy, and never stray from the royal bedchamber. A convenient mask. Poor girl, pressed beneath a withered king.

Jared's expression didn't reveal his thoughts. With a measured smile, palms pressed together in courtesy, he said, "I'm Jared Chance, and I seek no reward. I merely found Her Highness alone beyond the walls and worried for her safety. With Celestia soon to wed Celestial Palace, the princess' well-being touches every realm of level six. I could hardly stand by."

He purposely mentioned the marriage alliance, testing how it stirred Yuliana's still surface.

A cultivator guarding the stability of level six, after all, was far less threatening than a cultivator with hidden knives.

"You are considerate indeed." Once Yuliana heard about the marriage alliance, a faint ripple crossed her eyes, gone before it settled. "Her Highness will rest in the palace. Allow me to show you Celestia City while she recovers, Mr. Chance."

"Sure." Jared nodded.

At a word from Yuliana, the Celestial Guards escorted Lorraine toward the inner gates, and she turned, beckoning Jared into the city proper.

Within Celestia City, streets stretched wide and gleaming, columns built of celestial stones and celestial wood, every beam carved and painted—grandeur hammered into architecture.

Passing celestial cultivators slipped aside at the mere sight of Yuliana, as though her shadow carried writs of execution.

Dawn mist glazed the iolite, casting a pale gold sheen. Branches of celestial trees spilled overhead, sewing tiny shards of light across Jared's shoulders.

Yuliana kept half a step ahead, her phoenix-lark hem swaying. She looked unhurried, yet her peripheral gaze never left his face, questions dropping every few paces like pins testing marble.

"You look new here, Mr. Chance. Arrived on level six only recently, perhaps?" Her fingertips brushed street-stall hairpin studded with spirit jade. The words came soft almost playful. "Power webstun deep here—far more tangled than level five. A wandering cultivator must carry either great luck or great nerve." s

Jared fixed his gaze on the stall keeper—a celestial whose chin jutted forward with condescension—then scratched the back of his head as if the motion might scatter the tension hanging between them. "I have only been up on level, six a handful of days. I was curious, that's all—figured I would wander around and soak up the excitement after growing sick of level five. People kept boasting about the grandeur of Celestia, so I had to look. Never expected to bump into the princess herself, though!" s

He lingered on the word excitement, letting his eyes drift toward a knot of celestial children bickering over a basket of celestial fruit, playing the part of a wandering cultivator who had never tasted true spectacle.

Yuliana slowed, violet feathers braided into her hair flashing in the sun as she studied him even harder. "Is that so? Then what kind of work kept you alive down on level five? Life as a wandering cultivator is brutal. Reaching Earthly Immortal Realm Level One must have cost you some very particular skills, yes?" Chapters first released on Find★

Beneath the polite lilt, she was probing, certain that if Jared served a hidden power, his story about earning a living would crack—perhaps slip a sect emblem or merchant logo she could chase.

Jared only chuckled, as though her unspoken bait had never reached his ears. "What else could I do? I ran errands for anyone who paid, dug up low-grade mystical herbs, and swapped them for celestial gems. Sometimes luck smiled, and I

scavenged scraps of talisman paper the rich folk tossed aside. I copied the markings myself. Never dreamed the scrap that tied up Her Highness would actually work!" s

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From inside his robe, he produced a crumpled yellow charm, its runes crooked as a toddler's scrawl. "Look at this worthless thing—I was sure it would never fire."

Yuliana's gaze swept over the talisman paper. Her fingertip summoned a thread of spiritual energy; the charm was indeed the lowest-tier Immortal Binding Charm, its spiritual energy so ragged it could barely hobble an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One cultivator, let alone imprison a celestial princess. Yet at the gate, his golden spiritual energy had felt solid as iron, nothing like this trash.

"Fortune favors you, it seems," she murmured, masking the chill in her thoughts.

She pointed toward a patrol of silver-armored Celestial Guards at the far end of the street. "Those Celestial Guards watch over West District. Celestia City's been restless-strange cultivators wandering the alleys. If you keep sightseeing, avoid the lonely back lanes."

The warning held a hook. She wanted to see whether talk of the sealed gates rattled him.

Jared's eyes narrowed, dazzled by the sun on polished breastplates. "That armor gleams! Puts every soldier on level five to shame. Give me a suit like that and no one would dare shove me around while I'm running errands."

He even reached out to tap a vambrace, yanking his hand back when the Celestial Guard glared, never once touching her hint about illicit wanderers.

Watching him fawn over metal and ignore her bait intensified Yuliana's unease.

She simply did not believe a cultivator who could bind a princess was that crude—and yet every gesture, every greedy sparkle in his eyes for magical items, every evasive shrug fit the mask of a gutter-born wandering cultivator.

"That tower ahead is Lunar Tower," she said, shifting course toward a cloud-carved structure whose eaves kissed the sky. "One of the few places outsiders may enter. Since you're here to broaden your horizons, care to climb and admire the view of Celestia City?"

She calculated that from the balcony, the palace spires and the distant seal would dominate the horizon. Perhaps the height would pry a crack in his disguise. This chapter is updated by find[N]ovel.net

Jared's face lit like a lantern. "Yes-absolutely! I've never looked out from a place so high."

He bounded up the steps three at a time, oblivious to Yuliana's frosted stare sinking into his back.

Whether he is a wandering cultivator or not, I will have someone shadow him. An Earthly Immortal Realm Level One who can bind a princess cannot be left to wander free. Yuliana had made up her mind about Jared.

The moment they reached the

second floor, Jared heard two

celestial cultivators at the next table whispering that the seal atop

Roaring Storm Mountain had shuddered again. One slapped hand over the other's mouth, eyes sweeping the room. s

Jared lifted the teacup before him, pretending to sip while his ears stood at attention.

Across the table, Yuliana caught the tiny twitch. A ghost of a smile curved her lips -cold, patient-wondering how long his act could last.

A chorus of morning recitations drifted through the lattice windows. Following the sound, Jared spotted an academy not far from Lunar Tower.

Jared looked over the academy's students. They were dressed in fine robes, faces glowing with health, their every gesture carrying the innate pride of the celestials yet to his eyes that spirit and bearing reeked of nothing but stale arrogance. s

"You see before you the crown jewel of Celestia, uliana said, chin lifted with quiet, almost practiced pride. "Only the most gifted minds are admitted within these walls.

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Celestial cultivators pursue more than cultivation We temper strength with learning, with music with philosophy—everything that polishes the spirit from within. Strip a warrior of that inner grace, leave him to chase brute force alone, and he becomes nothing more than a savage." s

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"How cultured celestial cultivators must be," Jared replied, voice mild. "Odd, though I have heard rumors that many cultivators in Celestial Palace dabble in black magic, and they too claim to be celestials."

Yuliana blinked, lips parting. Then she forced a light laugh. "There are so many celestials, so a few rotten twigs are inevitable. The cultivators of Celestia, however, remain paragons of grace."

A wry curve tugged at the corner of Jared's mouth-there and gone like a ripple across still water-offering no agreement, only amusement.

"Tell me, Ms. Fiala, what tomes do your students study so devoutly? Classics? Histories? Hidden doctrines?" Jared asked the question lightly, yet his gaze drifted over arched colonnades and silent courtyards of the academy, noting how a faint, unseen current of spiritual energy shimmered in the air-so unlike the clamorous streets outside, as though some secret pulse slept beneath the flagstones.

"If you are that curious about the academy, follow me. A proper tour will speak louder than my words."

With that, Yuliana swept out of Lunar Tower, her silk slippers gliding, and Jared fell into step beside her.

As the vast academy rose ahead-marble domes, silver-leaf eaves-Jared's eyes widened in open fascination. Yuliana caught the look, a spark of triumph flickering behind her lashes, and led him beneath the looming gate.

Celestial Guards stood rigid to either side. Each bowed without question as Yuliana passed, proof enough of the authority her name carried in Celestia.

"To understand our academy, you must see the imperial library. Only there will you glimpse the soul of our learning."

Yuliana guided Jared into the imperial library.

Jared had not expected an outsider to be welcomed so deeply. The gesture alone pricked his curiosity sharper than any blade.

"Ms. Fiala, we met scarcely an hour ago, yet you're ushering me straight to your imperial library. Aren't you afraid I might uncover secrets celestials would rather keep veiled?" Jared queried.

"Secrets?" Yuliana laughed, the sound soft and airy beneath the vaulted ceiling. "These are merely chronicles of our ancient glory,. legacies left by the wise. Within these pages, our students meditate on cosmic law, refine their manners, and grasp the very etiquette that separates civilization from barbarity. If you wish to read, by all means. It may help you rise above the crude brawling so common in lesser realms." s

Her gaze drifted across him with casual disdain, a painter's brush leaving an invisible smear.

Jared only smiled-warm, unhurried-then strolled toward a shelf and drew down an ancient record.

The manuscript dripped with exultant praise of celestials, sneering at every other tribe beneath the sun. Jared continued to read. So these celestials began as nothing more than humans, until arrogance split them from their kin and legend fattened the gap.

Over time, the celestials only grew more inflated, for countless cultivators took pride in nothing more than bearing their name.

"Ms. Fiala, in your view, which carries greater weight-study or cultivation?" he asked softly, returning the book.

"Both, of course," she answered without hesitation. "Cultivation shields the celestials' honor, yet

scholarship illuminates the minnet

Without that inner light, Strength alone would leave us no better than beasts. You hail from level five, Mr. Chance. I imagine the warriors there chase might and forget refinement altogether, do they not?" s

Yuliana let her words pour out in a calm, lilting cadence, yet every syllable served

a second purpose. Behind her poised smile, her gaze never left Jared's face, hunting for the smallest flicker of uncertainty.

Jared felt the pressure coil around him like invisible wire, Yuliana's relentless curiosity pressing closer with every breath. She really is advancing one careful step after another, but did she truly expect me to stumble on the first stone she laid? Not going to happen.

"You're absolutely right, Ms. Fiala." Fresh chapters posted on find
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Jared shook his head, letting a thoughtful sigh thread through his voice. "Most cultivators on level five spend their days scrambling for the bare necessities of survival no time for lofty ideals. I was fortunate enough to reach Celestia and witness a civilization thriving beyond imagination. If we hide inside ancient records, deaf to the pulse of change outside, how are we supposed to sharpen our edge and push our power any further?" s

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Yuliana tilted her chin, a confident smile unfurling across her lips. "Mr. Chance, perhaps you are unaware. In Celestia, scholarship is no mere ornament. The very act of reading-of testing reason against scripture-polishes the spirit so finely that heaven's spiritual energy answers twice as readily. Every academy compound houses a training arena. We study, then we cultivate, and our strength should not be belittled."

At that moment, the bronze bell in the academy boomed, its note deep enough to rattle the paving stones. From lecture halls on every side, students poured out in orderly lines and streamed toward the distant training arena.

Jared's eyes sparked with genuine interest—or something very close to it—as he turned to Yuliana. "Ms. Fiala, if that is so, would you allow me a glimpse of these students in action? I would be honored to see the marriage of book and blade."

Yuliana hesitated just long enough for the breeze to tug at the purple tassel in her hair, then inclined her head with gracious composure. "Very well-follow me, Mr. Chance."

They stepped onto the wide stone terrace that ringed the training arena. Inside, several dozen students were showcasing their divine power.

One youth was wreathed in gold divine markings that spun from his skin and hardened the surrounding air into razor-thin blades. Another chanted under his breath until the field buckled, a tunnel of raw spatial energy whipping up a savage wind.

Each movement linked to the next with liquid precision, and where pairs trained together, their timing had the inevitability of rehearsed music-clearly the fruit of long, disciplined hours.

Jared allowed his mouth to part in polite awe, yet behind the mild expression, numbers and patterns tumbled through his mind. These youngsters do rank high among their peers, but their forms are rigid, beautiful, and predictable. Confronted with an opponent of equal power who fights like smoke and shadow, they would have no answer.

While he watched, Jared engaged Yuliana in soft conversation, letting careless-sounding compliments disguise questions as sharp as needles. When she touched on Celestia's governance-or the celebrated Roaring Storm Bell recently stolen-he appeared half-dreaming, yet tucked every fact into a private ledger. She, however, had come prepared; each answer gleamed like a sealed bottle, impossible to pry open.

Suddenly, a young man in a cobalt academic robe noticed them and strode over, boots ringing on the marble. At his waist hung an emerald badge carved with the single character Gale, and his handsome features carried the effortless arrogance of hereditary privilege.

He halted before Yuliana, offered a scholarly salute, and said in a voice warm enough for court yet loud enough for the crowd. "Lady Fiala, what brings you to the training arena today?"

Even as he spoke, his eyes cut toward Jared-edges of steel that measured and dismissed in the blink of an eye.

Yuliana answered with a faint, unreadable smile, "This is Jared Chance, newly arrived from level five. I am showing him the academy." She then turned to Jared and introduced, "This is Westley Gale, son of Lord Gale."

The mention of level five twisted Westley Gale's mouth into a smirk so thin it almost vanished. He inclined his head toward Jared-just enough to satisfy etiquette, no enough to signify respect. "Ah, a visitor from level five. That explains why your face is unfamiliar. Do recall, Mr. Chance, that this academy is sacred ground. Tourists

are generally not invited to roam

where they please."

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To him, Jared was merely a cultivator at Earthly Immortal Realm Level One from a lesser realm-hardly worth a complete sentence. This text is hosted at Find[N]ovel.net

Yuliana watched the exchange with a smile that never quite settled-half amusement, half experiment-content to see Westley apply pressure and chart how Jared would bend.

Sensing her tacit approval, Westley raised his voice so the surrounding students could enjoy the show. "Mr. Chance, your curiosity appears. boundless. Allow me to remind you that our academy teaches ancient inheritance principles woyer frond the very laws of nature compared with the depth of divine souls, the crude techniques of level five barely scratch the surface. Even if you were permitted to stay, the texts would likely read as riddles to you." s

The words glittered with self-satisfaction, but every facet was meant to cut.

The surrounding students, hearing the commotion, paused their cultivation. One by one, they drifted closer, eyes bright with the promise of entertainment.

Jared answered with an easy smile, "Mr. Gale,
you miss the point.

Knowledge is valuable only when it meets the hand and the hour, not when it dazzles from a high shelf. A moment ago, I leafed through several volumes in your library. Page after page sang of the celestials" glory, and the baseness of all others, yet not a single line addressed the true balance between divine soul and spiritual energy. For knowledge so proudly blind, I would prefer ignorance." s

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Color drained from Westley's cheeks, then flooded back wine-red. "Nonsense! The method of resonating divine markings, as recorded in our texts, is the supreme technique for blending divine soul and spiritual energy. You clearly failed to comprehend a single glyph-how dare you judge it?"

"Oh? The method of resonating divine markings?" Jared lifted one brow, curiosity flickering like lamplight in his eyes. "Let me guess... You disturb your own mental energy while inscribing divine markings, then push your spiritual energy to mimic that tremor. If that is the whole secret, the technique is antiquated beyond words."

Jared paused before raising his voice. "A divine marking is nothing more than the laws of nature given shape. True resonance is never forced-your divine soul must dissolve into the pattern itself, the way water parts around a stone without command. Clinging to rigid diagrams only shackles spiritual energy. That is chasing the shadow and discarding the substance."

The insight seemed almost casual, yet it pierced straight to the craft's rotten core. Even Yuliana, watching from the stands, allowed a flicker of surprise to gleam behind her lashes.

Scarlet flushed beneath Westley's cheekbones. "Nonsense!" he barked. "Celestia has guarded this magecraft for millennia. Who are you, an outsider, to slander it? If we are so ignorant, show us your superior wisdom!"

Jared chuckled, turning slowly in a full circle so every student felt his eye upon them. "Depth isn't in memorizing many tomes-it lies in mastering a single truth. A moment ago, I watched a student with divine power tear open space with brute strength, never considering the principle of folding. Set your divine soul as a mirror, reflect the wrinkle of the void, and a whisper of spiritual energy will pry open a massive corridor-far easier than ripping fabric with your fists."

He stooped, snapped a dry twig, and traced a simple crease in the dust-a mark elegant as a moonlit origami fold. "Study this contour," he said, straightening. "Let your divine soul brush it-then try again."

The same student, who had used spatial energy and was still skeptical, mimicked the motion. Moments later, his eyes flew wide. "It's true! The air around me feels soft-moves wherever I wish without any strain!"

A collective gasp rolled through the spectators. Even Westley blinked, stunned; he himself knew no more than rumors of that advanced divine power related to the dimension, yet Jared had exposed it in a single Check latest chapters at find

sentence. s

Westley then recovered, thumping an ancient record against his palm. "So you've gathered a few cultivation techniques. This is Heaven and

by our first ancestor. It holds the ultimate comprehension of the laws of nature—you, wandering cultivator from a lower level, could never fathom it." s

Earth Divine Treatise, penned. no

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One glance told Jared he had already perused the tome in the library earlier. A faint smile curved his lips. Interesting. The book declares that only celestials may rouse the runes; all others are insects. Yet every creature carries spirits have you never seen an ant topple a seedling Bloodline proves nothing. Later, it instructs disciples to sip the spiritual energy of celestial ley lines in measured doses, yet ignores how one survives when the blessed springs run dry. Should

these students ever leave your

sheltered kingdom, what strength

would remain?" s

He spoke neither hastily nor slowly, each remark landing like a hammer on the ancient record's weak joints.

Westley's face burned crimson. He jabbed a trembling finger at Jared. "Twisted sophistry! Dare defame our ancestor and you will pay—unless you can justify every word this instant!"

Yuliana's brows lifted higher. She had seen Jared flip through that ancient record only in passing; now he quoted it verbatim and dismantled its doctrine with ease.

She stepped forward, voice calm as evening wind. "Since Mr. Gale is eager for discourse, why not let Jared speak? I, for one, would welcome a fresh perspective."

Reinvigorated, Westley squared his shoulders. "Very well! Primordial Scripture states that divine markings mark the dawn of creation, and only a pure celestial bloodline can awaken them. Do you deny this?"

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Jared's smile deepened. "Divine markings mirror the laws of nature, yes—but what stirs them is mastery of spiritual energy, not bloodline. Though I'm not one of the celestials, I can still draft charms that suppress divine markings."

A flick of his finger and an Exorcism Charm bloomed in mid-air. Runes glimmered along its edges, emitting a golden pulse that muted divine markings.

Jared, after all, had studied under both Divinus and Hellion. For Westley to parade divine markings before him was like teaching a fish to swim.

Westley's pupils contracted. "Then explain Compendium of Ten Thousand Arts-it says that cultivation must advance step by step; leaping realms courts disaster. Will you call that false as well?"

"Steady progress is the foundation, not an iron shackle." Jared shook his head. "When the first human patriarch faced annihilation, he pierced two cultivation levels overnight and rose from earthly immortal to heavenly immortal. Was that textbook protocol? Cultivation is rowing upstream; sometimes you must burn the boat to find the hidden current."

Quoting ancient records and history alike, he peeled apart every argument Westley hurled, until each page lay metaphorically in tatters at their feet.

Students drifted closer, heads nodding, eyes alight with new possibilities as Jared's words unsettled beliefs they had never dared question.

A vein throbbed at Westley's temple. Out-argued on every front, he could only snarl, "Words are wind-strength decides all!"

Westley thrust a finger at Jared, his voice sharp enough to slice stone. "You're an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One-a good-for-nothing. Wrap your cowardice in pretty speeches all you want. It won't change how pathetically weak you are. If you've got a spine, step up and fight me. I'll show everyone how a true son of the Celestials disciplines a human who's forgotten his place!"

As he spoke, golden divine markings blazed to life across his skin. The oppressive aura of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven roared from his body, rolling over the courtyard like thunder-proof he was done playing games. Yuliana's brow tightened. "Westley, that's enough. Show some respect!" Her command cracked through the tension like a whip, yet it barely slowed him.

Westley's glare never left Jared. "What's wrong-tongue tied already? A moment ago, you wouldn't shut up. Now you'll learn that in the face of absolute power, your cheap philosophy isn't worth dust."

Jared studied the raging Westley, a cold curve lifting one corner of his mouth. "Fine-let's fight. But I have one condition."

Westley, certain a plea for mercy was coming, let a triumphant smile spread. "Name it."

"If I win, you admit Celestia's academy doesn't hold every truth, and you concede that celestial cultivators are no more noble than human cultivators," Jared said letting his eyes sweep the cove of students. s

Without a thought, Westley barked, "Done! If you lose, you'll kneel, knock your head to the ground, slap your own face, and crawl out of Celestia City."

Jared's smile sharpened. "No problem, Mr. Gale. Just remember when I hit, I don't pull back. If you end up broken, don't go crying to Lord Gale for justice."

"Arrogant wretch!" Westley exploded forward. Gold-laced spiritual energy coiled around his fist, the blow howling through the air toward Jared's face.

A wet, tearing hiss split the courtyard.

Jared's eyes stayed flat with disdain. In his hand appeared the Dragonslayer Sword—a slate-gray blade whose simple lines hid a

hunger for blood. He swung once lazily, almost casually. s

Blood sprayed, shockingly bright against the quiet paving stones the academy's courtyard house pattered onto the foliate Slabs and blossomed into crimson flowers. s

Westley, an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven, froze mid-stride, pupils

contracting to pinpoints as he stared at the space where his right arm should have been.

A clean stump remained, arteries and meridians pumping both spiritual energy

and hot blood into the air, a tide of pain that drowned coherent thought. Find the newest release on findnovel.net

"My arm! Argh!" His scream shattered the hush.

He stumbled back, clutching the wound with his remaining arm. Pride and swagger peeled off his face, replaced by raw terror.

"You dared maim me? I'm the son of Lord Gale! You lowborn human cultivator actually severed my arm!" Westley's gaze was filled with rage and disbelief.

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A shadow crossed Yuliana's features; Jared's sword had moved so fast even she couldn't intervene.

Around them, the celestial students went deathly pale. They had grown up watching friendly duels, never this kind of merciless strike-no warning, no hesitation, one cut, and an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven's arm lay on the stones.

None of them had even seen the swing, only a silver flash followed by the spray of blood.

That Dragonslayer Sword looked plain, almost crude, yet in that instant it blurred beyond sight.

An Earthly Immortal Realm Level One had just removed the limb of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven. Had they not witnessed it themselves, they would have called it impossible.

Yuliana's pupils shrank. She had believed Jared a mere pawn propped up by unseen powers, his low cultivation cushioned by allies. What she had just witnessed crushed that illusion. Earthly Immortal Realm Level One, but that strike-the control, the timing, the absolute command of the field-no ordinary novice could accomplish that, no matter what weapons are used.

Every shiver in the courtyard told the same truth.

"We agreed-no running to your father afterward. Do all celestial cultivators' promises dissolve into hot air the moment they're spoken?" Jared's tone was light, almost bored.

He slid his Dragonslayer Sword back into its sheath. The sword runes on the sword's surface drank the blood streaks, leaving the metal gleaming as though fresh from the forge. This content belongs to find

The words left every spectator flushing scarlet, a silent confession that none could refute.

He had needed the promise shouted across the training arena so no one could pretend they had missed it—no vendettas, no visiting fathers, no settling of scores, no matter how vicious the spar turned.

And yet Westley was already stripping that promise for parts, waving his prestigious surname like a tarnished badge meant to chill common blood.

Jared let his eyes glide over the semicircle of celestial students. Wherever that cold gaze landed, proud chins collapsed. Young men, who, moments ago, had worn sneers as easily as silk, now stared at their boots certain one more glance would earn them the fate lying at Westley's feet. s

"We cultivators of Celestia claim to persuade with reason, not violence-how dare you cripple one of us over a simple match?"

Out stepped a tutor in blue robes, aura anchored at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight. He was a tutor at the academy. His face had gone slate-gray as he leveled a furious glare at Jared.

"Mr. Chance, this is Celestia's academy, not some frontier tavern. Apologize at once, then accompany me to Lord Gale so we can clarify matters!"

Jared scoffed, eyes filled with mockery. "Persuade with reason? A moment ago, your student leaned on his higher cultivation level to spit insults calling me an uneducated savage and declaring an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One unworthy or entering the academy You stayed silent then. Now that his strike has backfired and he lies broken, suddenly you remember the rules?" s

Jared advanced a single step. An invisible wave of pressure exploded outward. The tutor felt the hit like a battering ram, retreating half a pace, eyes flaring with private terror.

The aura was nominally Earthly Immortal Realm Level One-yet it carried the oppressive weight of an expert long accustomed to thrones and tribute, not the meek presence of a beginner.

Jared raised his voice. "Doesn't

Celestia preach cultivation of both

body and character? Do the books

you revere never mention not to impose on others what you yourself would not endure? Or is your vaunted etiquette reserved solely for those weaker than you?" s

Words snagged in the tutor's throat. He had watched Westley provoke Jared, a human cultivator, and had quietly believed the arrogance justified. Now the same

creed he quoted to students was flung back like a blade, and he had no shield to raise.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Yuliana drew a deliberate breath, stepped forward, and slid herself between Jared and the tutor. Her voice remained calm, yet ripples of unease twitched beneath her eyes.

"Mr. Chance, our student was indeed at fault first, yet severing an arm in public is... extreme. Lord Gale holds considerable influence in Celestia. If this gets magnified, you will gain nothing. Allow the academy physicians to treat the student now. I shall report the matter to the king and see it handled properly—will that suffice?" she asked.

Gone was any notion of seeing Jared as a pawn.

An Earthly Immortal Realm Level One cultivator who crushed an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven opponent while debating philosophy was clearly no one's expendable piece. Even if he served a faction, he himself was surely a centerpiece.

Such a man must not be provoked—not until she discovered what, exactly, he wanted there.

Jared spared Yuliana a brief glance, then fixed on Westley, who was clutching his mangled arm. "You called me worthless. Looking at you now, I see the true waste of talent. You were never worth my full strength."

"Y-You!" Westley trembled from skull to heel, yet he couldn't step forward. Teeth grinding, he hissed, "My father will never forgive this. You'll regret it—just wait!"

"I'll wait," Jared replied, voice flat as winter stone. "But the next time you flaunt empty bravado, I won't stop at one arm."

With nothing more to say, he turned and walked toward the academy gates, dismissing the crowd as if they were autumn leaves on an already-swept path.

His back remained straight, almost regal. Though everyone knew he stood at Earthly Immortal Realm Level One in terms of cultivation, every celestial cultivator present felt, with sudden certainty, that the heavens themselves would part rather than block his stride.

Yuliana's gaze followed Jared's retreating silhouette until the crowd swallowed him. A tangle of emotions-frustration, admiration, grudging awe-churned in her chest like storm clouds circling a single, stubborn ray of sun.

She had planned to use their casual tour of Celestia City as cover, hoping to trace whatever hidden power propped him up. At that moment, however, she possessed nothing but blank pages where clues should have been.

First, he crushed their scholars with effortless erudition, then cowed their warriors with one stroke of his blade, and finally—almost lazily—he ripped the gilded mask off Celestia's so-called noble etiquette.

"Why are you standing there? Move-get Westley to the infirmary, now!"

Yuliana spun, eyes hard as flint, and hissed at the wide-eyed tutors and students crowding the courtyard. "Not one word of this leaves the academy. If King Aurelius learns what happened here, none of you will escape the fallout."

Startled into motion, they stumbled over one another, hoisting the moaning Westley and rushing him toward the healers' wing.

"Jared, wait." Yuliana quickened her

steps until she matched his stride.

Her earlier hauteur had drained

earlier

away, replaced by a sobering concern. "Wasn't your strike a little too severe? Ford Gale serves beside the king and commands Celestia City's defenses. If he presses charges, even I may not be able to shield you." s

"Shield me?" Jared angled his head, offering her a faint, almost playful smile. "Ms. Fiala, do you truly believe I need someone to stand between me and danger?"

The answer lodged in her throat. No syllable felt adequate or believable-after the killing aura she had sensed moments earlier.

She could

still feel that aura clinging to the memory of his sword: a chill forged in countless life-and-death. battles, nothing like the tame energy cultivated by Celestia's

greenhouse raised cultivators. His lethality was a storm front compared with their spring breeze.

s

They walked side by side through the streets of Celestia City. Every passing cultivator felt that hint of storm about Jared and instinctively gave way, bowing their heads as though fearful of meeting the tempest's eye. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON findnovel.net

"Tell me, Ms.

Fiala, does the

academy of Celestia always produce such 'well-rounded'

students arrogant when winning,

and when beaten, hiding behind family crests and bloodlines is that the nobility' you boast of? Jared said at last, voice calm yet edged. s

"An individual lapse does not stain the entire Celestia," Yuliana answered, color rising in her cheeks. "For millennia, Celestia has honored courtesy, wisdom, loyalty, and faith. Some youngsters simply grow proud too soon."

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared chuckled coldly. "Pride? No-what I saw was blind conceit. Up here,

strength rules all. Yet Celestia waves books and etiquette like medals, convinced that reading a few scrolls makes you superior. The reality? Your students lose in cultivation, lose in knowledge, and when cornered, they brandish their so-called 'celestial bloodline' like a shield. That is the mindset of ignorant people."

His words struck true. Yuliana wanted a rebuttal; none came.

Back in the academy, Jared had quoted heaven and earth laws and cultivation theory with such clarity that even she—an advisor to the king had felt enlightened.

In contrast, a student of the academy could only recite scripture by rote, then resort to raw cultivation level when their arguments collapsed, and still lost an arm for the effort.

"Ahead lies Myriad Treasures Pavilion," she said, shifting the subject like turning a page. "Treasures from every corner of the celestial realm rest inside. Your ability is impressive, Mr. Chance, but your cultivation level is still a touch low. You might find some magical items suited to you in there to increase your cultivation level." The invitation dripped with courtesy, yet inside she watched keenly.

If powerful patrons backed him, he would show no hunger for magical items. If he were a wandering cultivator, Myriad Treasures Pavilion's trove might light greed in

his eyes.

Jared's gaze swept over the white-jade tower in the distance. Luminous Pearls set into the eaves glimmered even in daylight, and two Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight guards flanked the gate, their aura as steady as anchored mountains.

Plainly, only treasures of the highest order warranted such defense.

"No need. I'm not especially fond of magical items," Jared said, his tone so mild it bordered on boredom.

Inside his item pouch lay priceless artifacts, and slung across his back rested the Divine Bow-a true divine weapon. This weapon rendered everything inside Myriad Treasures Pavilion a child's plaything by comparison.

Yuliana's violet eyes flickered in surprise, the lamplight of the corridor catching the smallest hitch in her breath.

Even cultivators from Celestia

clawed and scraped to own a single magical item from Myriad Treasures Pavilion Yet Jared merely Earthly Immortal Realm Level

over? NEW NOVEL chapters are published on Find[N]ovel.net

One dismissed the trove without so much as a quickened pulse. s

"Do you truly feel no need to increase your cultivation level?"

Yuliana asked, stepping closer so the scent of snow-orchids in her hair drifted between them. "In the celestial team, the ones at Earthly Immortal Realm Level One sit on the bottom rung. Something from Myriad Treasures Pavilion could hurl you straight to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Three." s

"Cultivation level?" Jared echoed softly, as though tasting a foreign word. "To me, cultivation level is window dressing. Some parade around with high cultivation levels, yet cannot best an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One in open combat. Some others with lower cultivation levels can take down opponents several levels above. Tell me, Ms. Fiala, which matters more, cultivation level or strength?" s

Yuliana fell silent.

She remembered Westley-Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven-reeling and screaming as Jared's single stroke severed his arm.

She felt again the tremble of her own Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight core beneath the weight of Jared's aura, fear rising unbidden like frost on winter glass.

"Your point is... persuasive," she admitted, pride bleeding from her voice. "But within Celestia, cultivation level dictates one's station. Strength without sufficient cultivation level rarely earns respect."

"That is why Celestia wanes," Jared replied, voice cool as distant thunder. "You worship facades-bloodline, cultivation level-until you're left with peacocks strutting in borrowed feathers."