

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Her smile vanished. Boots grinding against marble, Yuliana halted and threw him a warning glance. "Watch your tongue, Mr. Chance. Celestia stands among the highest powers of level six. You cannot tarnish it with careless words."

"You and I both know whether my words are careless," Jared answered, stopping as well. "Roaring Storm Bell has been stolen, its seal on the demonic souls weakening by the hour, and still, Celestia busies itself with the marriage alliance to Celestial Palace. Rumor even whispers of back-door dealings with Malevolent Path Hall-nest of demon cultivators. Is that your idea of a premier power?"

Yuliana's pupils contracted. She lunged one step forward, lowering her voice until it trembled. "Who told you about Roaring Storm Bell? And who dares accuse Celestia of colluding with Malevolent Path Hall?" Read full story at [find~novel~net](#)

Moments ago, she had assumed Jared was merely an escort for the captive princess. At that moment, his knowledge knifed through her composure.

No ordinary cultivator possessed such secrets unless the force behind him had a hand in Roaring Storm Bell's disappearance.

Jared watched the panic ripple across her face and allowed a thin, cold smile. "I know far more than you imagine. Instead of prying into my origins, ask yourself this-when the demonic souls break free, will Celestia's so-called nobility shield you from their hunger?"

With that, he turned and strode down the torchlit passage, boots echoing like muted drums.

Yuliana remained frozen, turbulent thoughts crashing behind her calm mask. Jared's true purpose clearly reached beyond delivering a princess; it was entwined with the stolen Roaring Storm Bell itself. I must report to King Aurelius at

once.

"Mr. Chance, Celestia's Sacred Plaza lies ahead. King Aurelius is conducting the grand ritual there to ask for blessings from the divine being. If you wish an audience, I will lead you," Yuliana said, quickening her pace to match his, new wariness sharpening her every glance.

Yuliana stopped testing Jared. The game of questions had run its course.

If he already commanded knowledge forbidden to most of the realm, only the king could decide his fate. The king's cultivation and intelligence eclipsed her own.

As they crossed the final rise, Sacred Plaza unfurled before Jared. At its heart towered a massive divine totem. The divine totem was made of gold, and it was emitting waves of celestial power.

In the plaza, hundreds of robed celestial cultivators swayed to the low horns and ritual drums, then bent together, their knees kissing the marble, their palms raised to heaven.

"A grand ritual?" Jared's voice carried an amused lilt. "The demonic souls strain against their seal, and you kneel and beg a statue for mercy. Celestia is devout to a fault."

Color drained from Yuliana's face, yet she held her tongue. She knew his words made sense. However, the ritual pre-dated every crisis, older than the oldest scroll. Even faced with annihilation, no heir of Celestia dared cancel it.

They reached the arched gateway. Two silver-helmed guards lowered pikes, forming an uncompromising cross of steel.

The leader-broad-shouldered, eyes honed by decades of training-studied Jared, then dipped his chin to Yuliana. "Ms. Fiala, who is this man?"

"The cultivator who returned Her Highness safely," Yuliana said. "His name is Jared Chance. I must escort him to King Aurelius at once."

The leader's brow tightened. "King Aurelius is conducting the grand ritual. No outsider may trespass. Besides he's only a cultivator at Earthly Immortal Realm Level One. Such meager talent is unworthy of Sacred Plaza."

"Unworthy?" Jared stepped forward.

Air folded beneath an invisible weight. Stone groaned. The guard's knuckles whitened on his spear as his tendons locked, and his breath caught in his throat.

He didn't expect an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One to exude such overwhelming pressure. s

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"How dare you make a scene at Sacred Plaza?" the guard rasped. "This ground is the holiest in Celestia. No human cultivator will profane it."

"Holiest?" Jared chuckled, raised one finger laced with spiritual energy, and touched the ground. A golden spark leaped.

With a concussion like thunder, the plaza split open, a bottomless fissure veining outward in jagged webs. A terrifying aura seeped through.

The guard stumbled back, face bloodless. His spear clattered away. Terror filled his eyes. No Earthly Immortal Realm Level One cultivator could unleash power!

"Tell me if I'm worthy now," Jared said, voice calm as falling ash.

Shaking, the guards sprang aside. "W-Worthy..... Yes... Please—enter."

Yuliana watched, stunned. Jared was no pawn backed by hidden backers.

The modest cultivation level he displayed was a mask—and she had nearly judged him by it.

They stepped into Sacred Plaza. Chanting halted as every celestial cultivator turned.

Robes rustled, whispers rose. An ordinary Earthly Immortal Realm Level One human cultivator was walking beside Yuliana. Confusion mixed with scorn in countless staring eyes. The rightful source is Fnd-

Whispers flared across the crowd like sparks on dry straw. "Who in the world is that stranger, matching pace with Yuliana?"

"Word is he escorted the princess home," someone answered, voice thick with doubt. "Ranked only Earthly Immortal Realm Level One—nothing more."

"Earthly Immortal Realm Level One?" Another scoffed. "How dare he set foot here, the holiest ground in Celestia?"

The low chatter rose and fell in waves. The eyes of celestial cultivators narrowed, each gaze dripping with contempt.

Jared stood unfazed, his attention drawn instead to the colossal divine totem that ruled the plaza's heart.

The divine totem bore an austere face, a scepter raised in benediction. Intricate divine markings carved

cross its robes pulsed with tangible celestial power, coloring the@ery air with silver motes. s

From the divine markings, Jared sensed a note of familiarity—a half-remembered scent of thunder and sealed storms.

The divine markings etched upon the divine totem echoed those on the stolen Roaring Storm Bell. They both contained sealing power.

He turned to the woman beside him and asked, “Ms. Fiala, what material did Celestia use for this divine totem?”

Yuliana blinked, then answered, "Godfall Gold from the celestial realm. It brims with celestial power-ideal for divine totems. Why do you ask?"

"Just curious," Jared said, masking the truth behind a mild smile. Godfall Gold with celestial power, it's also used to strengthen seals, and the stolen Roaring Storm Bell... These threads tie tighter than chance. The demonic souls are breaking the seal... Celestia's divine totem seems to have a similar seal aura... Does Celestia have anything to do with Roaring Storm Bell's seal?

A sudden hush rolled outward as an elder in gilded vestments opened his eyes atop the ceremonial dais.

His beard and hair were winter-white, his skin lined like old parchment, yet the aura coiled around him was unfathomable. It was the aura of Human Immortal Realm.

He was Aurelius, sovereign of Celestia.

Human Immortal Realm! Jared's pulse quickened. That places him above Drystan and even Abbot Infinides. No wonder this realm sits unchallenged upon such a vast and fertile land. With Aurelius on the throne, who would dare contest it—even Roaring Storm Church must tread lightly.

The realization settled over Jared like the weight of a drawn blade.

Aurelius let his gaze sweep the plaza before fixing on Jared. Surprise flickered—then vanished behind regal calm. “Yuliana, is this the cultivator who returned the princess?”

Yuliana stepped forward, bowing with practiced grace. “Yes, Your Majesty. This is Jared Chance. He delivered Her Highness safely to Celestia City.”

Aurelius inclined his head and said to Jared, “Mr. Chance, you have our gratitude. Speak your desire, and Celestia shall oblige.”

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Jared met Aurelius' eyes, voice steady as iron. “King Aurelius, I do have a

question. Roaring Storm Bell of Roaring Storm Church was stolen. Might Celestia be connected to that theft?”

Aurelius' cordial mask cracked; caution flashed like lightning behind his stare.

“How could a mere Earthly Immortal Realm Level One know of that bell?” Aurelius demanded, his tone suddenly sharp. “Only the church's higher-ups possess that knowledge!”

Jared met Aurelius' gaze. “To be honest, Abbot Infinides is a close friend—very close.”

Aurelius' brow furrowed. After a beat, he said, “So be it. This plaza is no place for such words. Come—let us speak within the palace.”

With a sweep of his sleeve, he lifted into the sky. Jared followed, the two streaking toward the distant spires of the palace.

“Inside the palace, servants dismissed by a silent gesture, Aurelius turned, face grave. “Do you understand that Roaring Storm Bell is nothing less than life itself to Roaring Storm Church? Beneath Celestia—just like beneath Roaring Storm Church—countless demonic souls writhe in chains. Tomorrow's grand ritual exists solely to strengthen the divine markings that hold them. Now that Roaring Storm Bell has vanished, Celestia is in a precarious position. I have already tripled Celestia City's defenses.”

Alarm pricked through Jared, cold and immediate. "King Aurelius, whom do you suspect of stealing Roaring Storm Bell?"

Aurelius' gaze flashed like winter steel. "I believe Malevolent Path Hall stands behind it their order lives for shadows and unspeakable deeds. My covert scouts report that Drystan, the leader of Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall, may already be in league with them. Imagine a celestial cultivator siding with demons-Celestial Palace is a tattered banner of its former glory."

The bitterness in his voice left no doubt-Aurelius despised what Celestial Palace had become.

Unable to stay silent, Jared asked, "Then why, King Aurelius, would you marry your daughter to Enaricus' son? That is bedding a tiger."

Aurelius let out a breath that

sounded older than he looked. "I have little choice. I suspect Enaricus is entangled with Malevolent Path Fall. If my daughter gets close, she can uncover proof, giving Celestia time to raise its shields." s

Jared weighed the explanation and sensed no deceit; Aurelius was not in cahoots with the people who stole Roaring Storm Bell.

Decision settling behind his eyes,

Jared rose. "Very well, King Aurelius.

I will depart and hunt for Malevolent

Pat Hall's trail. Perhaps can

reclaim Roaring Storm Bell s

Aurelius reached out, stopping him mid-stride. "Stay, Mr. Chance! Strength and resolve like yours are rare. If those demonic souls regain their freedom the entire level six will be consumed by endless ruin Celestia will pour out every resource. We'll investigate the theft with you. We can't let the demonic souls free." s

The sincerity in Aurelius' eyes struck Jared harder than any spear.

He knew the burden was colossal; alone, he might falter.

With Celestia behind him, the chances of finding Roaring Storm Bell would soar.

After a heartbeat's pause, he clasped his fists. "King Aurelius, your candor moves me. I will stay and face the coming storm at your side."

Relief spread across Aurelius' scarred features; he tapped Jared's shoulder. "Excellent! With you, Celestia—and the celestial realm—may yet survive."

Joy flickered in Aurelius' gaze, yet he understood their power was but a brittle shell hiding fractures within.

Roaring Storm Bell remained missing, whispers of treason linked Celestial Palace to Malevolent Path Hall, and only a figure as unfathomable as Jared could steady the throne. Updates are released by find•

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Moments later, Aurelius regained his formal poise. "Mr. Chance, you possess true talent. The entire Celestia must witness it so their hearts will follow."

After that, Aurelius instructed Yuliana, "Yuliana, escort Mr. Chance to the martial arts arena. Have Commander Drake of Imperial Guard arrange a friendly bout; let Mr. Chance taste our steel."

Yuliana nodded. "This way, Mr. Chance. Celestia's Imperial Guard ranks among level six's finest, and the martial arts arena gathers our most elite cultivators." This text is hosted at findnovel.net

Jared followed; he had wanted a clearer measure of Celestia's strength.

True partnership required parity. If every cultivator resembled Westley—all show and no substance the alliance would crumble.

They left the palace and walked west, toward the martial arts arena in Celestia City.

Along the way, celestial cultivators noted Yuliana's deference and remembered how Jared had severed Westley's arm at the academy. Where once they sneered, reverence then colored their gazes.

The martial arts arena exceeded Jared's imaginings. Paved with midnight mithril, its floor shimmered with array runes circuits. Dozens of pillars with divine

markings ringed the border, each crowned by a floating crystal orb meant to record every victory and defeat.

Hundreds of Imperial Guards trained within-silver armor clashing under a web of golden spiritual energy. Their battle cries thundered so loudly the sky itself seemed to vibrate.

"See the man drilling those cultivators at the center? That is Commander Rylan Drake, head of Imperial Guard," Yuliana said under her breath, as though even the air might carry her words back to him. "His veins carry both Draconian and celestial blood. He stands at the razor edge of Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight. He has unparalleled mastery of his spear. That prowess ranks him tenth on Celestia's martial roll."

"Draconian?" Jared lifted his gaze. Rylan Drake rose a full head above the tallest guardsman-eight feet of coiled muscle. Teal hair, bound tight at the nape, rippled like living flame each time the man turned.

A silver spear-longer than a war-horse-glittered in his grasp. Every casual sweep parted the void, popping pockets of air with a shriek that raised the hairs on Jared's neck.

Rylan felt their eyes. He pivoted, gaze landing on Jared-a crease formed between his brows.

To him, Jared was nothing-an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One, clad in plain robes, his spiritual energy muted to a whisper. Hardly worth notice, let alone Yuliana's personal escort.

"Lady Fiala, who is this?" Rylan

reversed the spear with a flourish, metal ringing like struck crystal, He strode toward them, boots echoing over packed clay, arrogance

radiating from every step. s

In his mind, anyone allowed near Yuliana should at least equal his own cultivation, Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight. A low cultivation level had no place in the martial arts arena.

"Commander Drake, this is Jared Chance-a quest personally invited by King Aurelius." Yuliana's tone was level yet edged with authority that brooked no argument King Aurelius has ordered you to arrange a bout

so Mr. Chance may witness the strength of Imperial Guard." s

Rylan let out a short, contemptuous laugh. "You must be joking, Lady Fiala. Me spar with an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One?

Celestia

would die of laughter. I refuse to smear Celestia's Imperial Guard's honor that way." s

Around them, practice faltered. Imperial Guards turned, saw Jared's low

cultivation level, and snickered. Their chatter skittered across the yard like dry leaves.

"Commander Drake is right-one strike and the whelp is down!"

"Probably slipped through some back door just to stand here."

"I could crush ten of him with one hand."

Jared's face remained a calm slate. Words weigh nothing here. Only power seals mouths.

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Yuliana's expression darkened. She understood Rylan's pride-being tenth on the martial roll made him nearly untouchable and gave him the authority to look down on other cultivators with lower cultivation levels.

However, she also knew Jared's true depth.

"Commander Drake, King Aurelius' order is clear. If dueling Jared stains your pride, send one of your men instead," she said, voice cold enough to frost steel.

Rylan's jaw flexed. A compromise surfaced. He lifted a hand and barked across the martial arts arena, "Martin-front and center!"

The named captain of Imperial Guard—a mountain of sinew with a scarred face—dropped to one knee. "I'm here, Commander Drake!"

Martin Stone, Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven, was famed for raw ferocity; Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivators sometimes avoided his path.

"You have a task," Rylan said, pointing his spear at Jared as though indicating a training dummy. "Exchange a few friendly moves with our guest. Take care-light blows only. After all, he's at Earthly Immortal Realm Level One. Should anything happen, King Aurelius' wrath will fall on you, not me."

"Understood!" Martin rose. Scorn flickered in his eyes, the kind reserved for insects beneath boots. He rolled his wrists; bones cracked like snapping pine.

"Best surrender now, brat," he growled, lips peeling into a wolfish grin. "It'll spare you the shame of eating dirt in front of everyone."

Jared offered the briefest flick of his eyes toward Martin, a look so mild it bordered on boredom, then strolled to the center of the martial arts arena. He then turned and extended one open palm toward his opponent, inviting the first move.

"You're acting foolish!" Martin roared, each word tumbling from his throat like gravel.

He shot forward, a blur of tawny muscle and rage, fists clenched so hard his knuckles whitened. Golden spiritual energy exploded across his forearms, shaping into claw-like projections that sliced the air with a predator's whistle. That opening punch came down like a battering ram aimed straight at Jared's sternum, the kind of strike that would crumple lesser fighters. Martin thought he didn't need to use his full strength against an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One. The surrounding members of Imperial Guard forgot to breathe; they were certain the blow would shatter bone, if not life itself.

Yuliana remained serene. She had witnessed Jared sever Westley's arm in a single heartbeat and knew that tigerish assault, for all its heat and noise, might never so much as ruffle Jared's collar.

Right before the punch reached its target, Jared simply wasn't there.

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Martin's fist carved through empty air. Confusion flashed across his face a heartbeat before a steel-hard palm struck the nape of his neck. The impact launched him skyward like a kite cut free of its string he slammed onto the iron-laced mithril with a bone-rattling thud that spat dust into the air. s

"What?" Rylan's eyes narrowed, a rare flicker of doubt sliding across his features. Even he had failed to track Jared's movement.

Martin clawed to his knees. Disbelief warped his features as his fingers brushed the tender swell on his neck; a fraction more force and the vertebrae would have snapped.

"Brat-dare you strike from behind!" he bellowed.

He charged again, this time abandoning all restraint.

Golden divine markings erupted across his skin, and a long sword of condensed spiritual energy coalesced in his grasp. He swept it in savage arcs, each swing carving bright crescents through the air.

Jared drifted between those lethal flashes like smoke slipping through latticework-never hurried, never touched. Now and then, he flicked out a list or lifted a lazy foot, each tap landing precisely where Martins defenses split for an instant. s

Thud!

Crack! Follow current novels on Find~

"Argh!" The arena filled with the percussion of torment. Within moments, Martin's torso and limbs were scrawled with darkening bruises the long sword spun away, clanging uselessly across the stones. s

Jared caught Martin's wrist mid-swing. A gentle twist-one almost tender-produced a sharp cracking sound. Bone yielded, and Martin's forearm bent at an angle nature never intended.

"I... yield..."

Breath ragged, strength gone, Martin collapsed, staring up at Jared with eyes wide enough to drown in fear.

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Silence poured over the martial arts arena. Imperial Guards who had been laughing minutes earlier stood frozen, smiles fossilized on their faces.

A mere Earthly Immortal Realm Level One had dismantled an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven captain as though swatting a housefly. Everything they thought they knew about strength lay in shambles.

A faint smile touched Yuliana's lips. She turned to Rylan and asked, "Commander Drake, do you still believe Jared unworthy of a proper match?"

Color drained from Rylan's face. He fixed Jared with a hard stare. "It doesn't count," he growled. "Martin went easy-he feared killing you outright. Had he struck in earnest, you'd have had no chance."

Even Martin, sprawled on the ground, nearly spoke in protest-he had poured every drop of fury into those blows and still never brushed Jared's clothes.

However, he couldn't possibly defy Rylan, so he had no choice but to agree.

Jared's mouth curled in thin contempt. "So, according to you, my victory is somehow dishonorable?"

"Of course!" Rylan snapped the words like flint against steel, chin jutting as if sheer defiance might carve the air to his shape.

His throat bobbed once before he yelled, voice raw with bruised pride, "You were nothing but lucky. Had Martin traded honest steel for lives, you'd have fed the dirt beneath his blade by now!"

"Very well." Jared nodded before uttering coldly, "Then let's have a death match. No restraints, no seconds, nothing but the last man standing. But a death match deserves proper stakes. I'll put up one million celestial gems. Should I fall, the celestial gems are yours. Should you fall, you pay one million celestial gems in kind. Agreed?"

One million celestial gems was no pocket change; even a commander of the Imperial Guard, Rylan, would toil decades to hoard such a pile.

Humiliated beyond reason—and spurred on by jeers still ringing in his ears— Rylan flung caution aside. "Done! I accept. I can't wait to watch an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One try to claw his way through me."

The armored circle of Imperial Guards tightened, helmets clanging together as they pressed in, eager for the spectacle-Earthly Immortal Realm Level One challenging Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine in a death match.

Yuliana started forward, but Jared's silent glance pinned her in place. He needed Rylan broken, needed every watcher in Celestia to see why a mere outsider could stand as an equal to Celestia.

Rylan strode into the martial arts arena, silver spear whirling until its point steadied on Jared's chest. "Brat, I won't be accused of bullying. You strike first."

Jared said nothing. He merely turned his wrist. The Dragonslayer Sword flickered into existence, the metal humming like distant thunder. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT find](#)

Lightning rippled down the blade's spine-liquid silver edged in stormlight-its killing aura blooming so fiercely that the Imperial Guards shivered as if winter had arrived in a single breath. s

"So it all comes down to toys," Rylan sneered, rolling his eyes. "For a moment, I mistook you for a real fighter, not some brat hiding behind fine steel."

Jared's figure dissolved-one heartbeat there, the next a smear of motionless air.

Startled, Rylan snapped the silver spear into a spinning wall, every inch of its haft weaving an unbroken shell of metal gleam.

Metal rang. A shrill crack followed. Half the spear arced away, severed clean, clattering across the flagstones like a discarded dream.

"What?" Rylan gasped, eyes flaring wide.

Disbelief warped his features; sweat gathered at his temples like dew on cold glass.

The silver spear had been forged from century tempered mithril-an heirloom said to shrug off Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine strikes. The Dragonslayer Sword scythed through it as if it were rotted bamboo.

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Jared allowed no pause. The bright blade traced a straight, inevitable line toward Rylan's throat.

Terror cracked Rylan's composure. He twisted aside just in time; even so, the passing wind sliced open a red thread across his neck.

"Stop!" he yelped, stumbling backward through dust and broken pride.

"This match is void!" he shouted, clutching the torn edge of his collar.

"You used a divine weapon while held an ordinary mithril spear The

advantage is outrageous-this

proves nothing!" s

Murmurs rippled through the ranks of Imperial Guard—agreement mixed with lingering awe-some insisting Jared's victory rested on steel, not skill.

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Jared's lip curled, disdain rolling off him like drifting frost.

He slid the Dragonslayer Sword back into his item pouch and said, "Fine. No blades. I'll beat you with my bare hands. When I do, what excuse will you cling to then?" This text is hosted at Fnd

Rylan blinked, then a delighted madness lit his eyes. "You're serious-no weapons at all?"

To Rylan, the only reason Jared had defeated Martin and shattered his silver spear was that divine weapon. Strip the weapon away, and an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One-no matter how quick-should never threaten someone of Rylan's might.

"Every word is true," Jared said, rolling his wrist as though loosening a stiff hinge. "The stake stays the same one million celestial gems. If that scares you, concede now. Simply hand me one million celestial gems, and we are done."

"Scared?" Rylan barked. "I fear nothing!"

Golden spiritual energy erupted from Rylan's body like sunfire flooding the martial arts arena. He made no effort to contain it, letting the full fury of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight squeeze the air itself. Clenching both fists, he forged twin orbs of blinding light. "You asked for this, brat. Don't blame me when you're broken."

At the edge, Yuliana's brows knitted. She had witnessed Jared's strength, yet Rylan was not only an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight-he carried Draconian blood. Without weapons, Jared might find no easy advantage against that strong physical body.

"Take this!"

Rylan streaked forward in a golden flash, fists hammering down for Jared's skull with force enough to tear mountains. He poured all of his spiritual energy into that opening salvo, determined to reclaim his honor with a single, crushing blow.

Around them, members of the Imperial Guard gasped in astonishment. The pressure rolling off that strike could have flattened a hill; flesh and bone would fare far worse.

Jared's face remained untroubled.

He planted his feet, dropped his center of gravity, and let his own spiritual energy flow-slow, deliberate, impossibly dense for a first-tier realm.

His spiritual energy, tempered through countless refinements, felt deeper than Rylan's roaring tide.

The instant Rylan's fist descended, Jared's right hand snapped upward. Knuckle met knuckle in a collision that cracked the silence.

Boom!

A deafening blast rippled outward. Golden shockwaves of spiritual energy rolled across the martial arts arena rattling stone pillars until the crystal globes atop them hummed in protest. s

Imperial Guards staggered back, awe splashed across every face.

They had expected Jared to be hurled away-yet the two combatants stood deadlocked, neither yielding an inch.

Rylan's eyes widened. Power pulsed from Jared's fist, numbing Rylan's arm, spitting skin at the web of his thumb. He skidded three paces

before managing to brace, pain throbbing through the swollen flesh. s

"Impossible!" Rylan blurted. "How can your spiritual energy outmatch mine?" The very notion mocked every rule of cultivation he knew.He's merely an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One cultivator! How is his spiritual energy stronger than mine?

Jared offered no answer. He slid inside Rylan's guard, left fist whipping forward like living thunder.

Rylan threw up an arm, and a cracking sound rang out. The hit slammed him backward, agony blooming in his chest as though he'd been struck with a boulder.

Reeling, he raised a hurried guard and used his spiritual energy to shield his chest before launching a storm of blows.

Jared wove through the frantic barrage, slipping past one shining fist, countering through the next.

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Jared's punches seemed almost languid, yet each one found the tiny gaps in Rylan's defenses. Every deliberate strike churned the commander's blood and rattled the cage of his ribs.

Bang!

Crack!

Thud!

Golden arcs of raw spiritual energy splashed across the martial arts arena. Every time Jared's foot struck the iron-gray paving, the stone buckled, leaving craters that smoked under the pressure of his weight.

The surrounding Imperial Guards stared, transfixed. A cultivator of Earthly Immortal Realm Level One was holding his own against Realm-an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight powerhouse-and was, unbelievably, beginning to press the advantage.

Yuliana let out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding. Jared wasn't only fast and strong; his battlefield poise was surgical, each blow dropping precisely where it ruptured Rylan's rhythm. Check latest chapters at [find\[N\]ovel.net](http://find[N]ovel.net)

The longer they traded, the more Rylan's surprise fermented into rage.

He felt as though every punch sank into cotton; his brute force found no anchor. Jared's speed blurred beyond his reach, and when their bodies collided, the recoil left Rylan's forearms tingling and half-numb.

Worse, Jared seemed to read his intent a heartbeat early, sliding away or countering before the strike had fully formed.

"Enough! I'll bleed you dry!" Rylan roared.

The Draconian bloodline blazed open inside him. His frame ballooned, muscles knotting beneath skin that turned a storm-cloud blue. A pair of vast, leathery wings uncoiled from his back; fingers fused into obsidian talons; his pupils burned a murderous scarlet.

A ripple of elation tore through the ranks of the Imperial Guards. "Dragon Transformation-Commander Drake means business! Look at that nobody survives once he unleashes it. His power doubles, triples!" they shouted, fists pumping against breastplates.

It was true; Dragon Transformation was Rylan's trump card. With the wings out, he could wrestle even Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators to a standstill.

"Mr. Chance, watch out!" Yuliana shouted, worry slicing through her earlier composure. She knew how terrifying Rylan was with Dragon Transformation.

Facing the ascended Rylan, Jared's gaze sharpened. A flicker of gravity crossed his features quickly eclipsed by a spark of exhilaration.

Hovering on beating wings, Rylan gathered twin orbs of molten gold between his claws, each one pulsing with enough destructive intent to raze a fortress.

"Brat, die!" he snarled, hurling the spheres. Mid-flight, the spheres fractured into dozens of smaller comets, a glittering barrage that screamed toward Jared like a golden hailstorm.

Jared pushed off the cracked floor, somersaulting into the air. Spins, rolls, and sharp twists let most of the projectiles hiss past his jacket.

He smashed the last few with naked

fists, shards of light exploding around his knuckles yet before his

boots kissed the ground, Rylan

blinked in front of him, draconic

talons slashing for his skull. s

"Perfect timing!" Jared barked.

Instead of retreating, he drove forward, both fists colliding with the descending claws.

Boom!

Jared skidded backward five full steps, pain crawling from elbow to fingertip.

Rylan fared little better; it felt as if he had tried to claw pure diamond. Numbness crept up his arms, and even his great wings faltered.

"H-How can your physical body be this strong?" Rylan gasped. Once he had activated Dragon

Transformation, few weapons could dent him, yet Jared's bare knuckles had nearly broken his grip. s

Jared offered no answer. He flexed the tingling muscles in his forearms once, then lunged again—a silver streak against a turquoise storm.

This time, there was no sidestepping, only brute collision fists against claws, gold spiritual energy against teal draconic energy. The martial arts arena drowned beneath convulsive waves of power. s

The gathered Imperial Guards watched with open mouths, hearts battering ribs.

That was no friendly spar; it was open war for survival.

Another thunderclap split the arena.

Steel-tipped boots screeched across god-iron tiles as Jared and Rylan crashed together once more, raw force ringing like hammered anvils.

Bang!

Both men staggered back several paces, heels gouging fresh fissures through the supposedly unbreakable floor.

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Rylan's draconic talons were laced with hair-fine cuts. Blood trickled between scales and hissed wickedly when it struck the hot stone.

His aura turned ragged-Dragon Transformation burned energy faster than he could draw it—while Jared's aura remained as steady as before the duel started.

"Impossible! No way are you only Earthly Immortal Realm Level One!" Rylan roared, crimson pupils flaring.

He could not accept that a mixed-blood Draconian at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight was being manhandled in raw combat by an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One cultivator.

Jared brushed a thin ribbon of blood from his lip; the last claw strike had landed, yet the scratch felt as trivial as a paper cut.

"Cultivation level is a measuring stick, not the whole of strength," Jared said, voice cold enough to frost steel. "You parade Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight yet never learned to wield real power. Your defeat is earned, not stolen."

"Bullsh*t!" Rylan spat.

He flung his jaws wide. A column of teal dragon breath burst out, hot enough to boil seas and char skies, hurtling toward Jared. The dragon breath was the nascence power of his Draconian bloodline, far surpassing ordinary divine power. Even an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine struck by it would be reduced to ashes in an instant.

The Imperial Guards recoiled in panic; armor clanged as rows of soldiers scrambled for distance.

Yuliana's gaze flashed-she leaped forward, but the moment had already fled.

Cold determination flickered across Jared's eyes.

He inhaled once. Spiritual energy flooded his meridians, surging into clenched fists while Focus Technique braided a filament of chaotic energy around his knuckles.

A muted gray glow seeped from his skin-subtle to sight, heavy enough to crush mountains.

"Break!" Jared shouted.

His twin fists slammed forward, and a colossal gray imprint materialized in mid-air, colliding head-on with the teal-colored dragon breath.

Detonation followed-an earth-shattering boom rippled across the training ground.

Marble pillars around the martial arts arena toppled, the floor spider-cracking into canyons as dust erupted to blot the sky.

The shockwave hurled armored Imperial Guards through the air before smashing them earthward, crimson arcs of blood splattering across shattered stone.

Yuliana wrapped herself in spiritual energy, weathering the gale while her pulse hammered her eyes stayed fixed on the swirling haze at the center of the martial arts arena.

At last, the dust thinned, revealing two individuals.

Rylan lay crumpled in a widening pool of blood. Wings torn, scales missing, aura a faint rattle his strength was gone.

Jared still stood where the blast began. Aside from shredded sleeves and a wan complexion-the cost of channeling chaotic energy-he looked untouched.

Silence fell across the arena. Every Imperial Guard stared at Jared, reverence and dread wrestling behind widened eyes.

No one dared belittle the cultivator whose cultivation level was Earthly Immortal Realm Level One, yet whose power felt like a calamity given form.

"Impressive display, Mr. Chance," Yuliana said, hurrying to his side, fists clasped in formal salute. "Commander Drake was-"

"A wager is a wager," Jared cut in, eyes flicking to the fallen Rylan. "Commander Drake, I expect one million celestial gems-promptly."

Rylan writhed on the shattered flagstones, lungs burning, every muscle refusing the order to rise. Blood trickled past the corner of his mouth as he propped himself. fon one elbow, glare blazing hotter than the torches ringing the arena. "Fine...

I yield!" he spat the words tasting of

ron and humiliation One million celestial gems. I'll have them

delivered to your door." s

Pride still clawed at his heart, but even pride had its limits. Weapon in hand or bare-knuckled, he finally understood the truth against Jared Chance, he was utterly, irreversibly outmatched. s

"Yet I can't help thinking you're still not satisfied," Jared said to Rylan, voice low and almost curious.

Rylan offered no reply, jaw clenched until it creaked. He must have concealed his real power, lured me in, then caught me off guard. He beat me with shadows I never saw coming—and I will not forget. Discover more novels at

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Since you dared strike at me, I'll see to it you accept the outcome-mind, body, and soul."

As soon as Jared finished speaking, the draconic essence embedded in his chest pulsed to life. Lances of gold burst outward, painting the training ground in blinding light. Behind him, that light knitted itself into the towering silhouette of a golden dragon, each translucent scale glinting like freshly poured molten metal.

A reverberating roar-deep, ancient, endless-ripped through the clouds.

The shockwave made every spectator stagger, and the weaker Imperial Guards collapsed where they stood.

Rylan stared, dumbstruck.

The dragon bloodline he once flaunted now felt like a cheap trinket displayed beside a living crown jewel.

Jared was not merely of a dragon bloodline. He carried the most exalted blood of all-the lineage of the golden dragon.

"I yield!" Rylan prostrated himself, voice shaking. "From this moment on, I will follow you wherever you lead, Mr. Chance."

For the first time, the pledge rang true.

Even Yuliana-usually a study in poise-stood open-mouthed before the illusory shadow of the gold dragon, words denied by sheer awe. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find**

The golden dragon hovered over the martial arts arena, coiling through the air while its roar rolled across the sky.

Those from the Imperial Guard who had mocked Jared earlier now lay facedown, limbs quivering, reverence eclipsing every last trace of scorn.

Flat against the god-steel tiles, Rylan's emerald scales dulled to ash. His tattered wings hung useless at his sides. At the sight of the dazzling illusory shadow of the golden dragon, the final bit of grievances in his chest dissipated entirely.

As someone with part dragon bloodline, he knew better than anyone how supreme the Golden Dragon Bloodline was. That instinctive suppression left him too afraid even to lift his head.

"Mr. Chance, it was blind arrogance that made me offend your honor. Please, forgive me." His hoarse words muffled against stone, devotion trembling in every syllable.

Jared lifted a hand. The draconic essence dimmed, the illusory shadow dissolved, and the crushing aura ebbed like an evening tide.

He walked up to Rylan and said nonchalantly, Celestia and I stand as partners, not conqueror and conquered. But if you keep underestimating me, how w

face the coming demonic soul threat together?" s

"I understand!" Rylan's eyes burned with new purpose. "Order me as you will. I will die before I disobey. So will every Imperial Guard under my command."

Around them, the Imperial Guards echoed, "We await your command, Mr. Chance!" Their unified shout thundered above the arena.

"Mr. Chance, you hid this well," Yuliana whispered, wonder softening her violet eyes. "A Golden Dragon Bloodline. No wonder your power feels limitless."

Jared answered with an easy smile, offering no elaboration.

He understood that revealing the Golden Dragon Bloodline within him would reverberate through Celestia far louder than any victory.

In a world that worshiped strength of blood and blade, such lineage promised deep foundations and limitless potential.

It would steady his alliance with Celestia and clear obstacles from the coming hunt for the Roaring Storm Bell.

News from the martial arts arena sprouted wings. By midday, it had swept through every square and alley of Celestia, leaving bankers, beggars, and palace clerks alike buzzing with the same electric rumor. s

"Did you hear? Some ruthless newcomer, who was only an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One, flattened Commander Drake, then raised an illusory shadow of a golden dragon!"

"Golden Dragon Bloodline!" another voice gasped. "That is the stuff of ancient legends. If I were Drake, I doubt I would have found the courage even to lift a hand."

"They call him Jared Chance. King Aurelius invited him personally. Word is he will help our kingdom track down the stolen Roaring Storm Bell."

"With an expert with Golden Dragon Bloodline at our side," someone whispered, "perhaps we can reclaim the bell and choke the demonic soul before ever sees daylight. s

Teahouses, taverns, and curbside stalls all hummed with Jared's name, each retelling painted brighter than the last.

The shadow that had settled over Celestia since the bell's theft loosened its grip. Hope-slender yet stubborn-took root in the crowd's imagination.

Even nobles behind jade screens sent servants scurrying for details, eager to befriend the man who carried Golden Dragon Bloodline in his veins.