

A Warrior Undefeatable

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A Warrior Undefeatable

Inside the inner chambers of Celestia Royal Palace, Aurelius listened to Yuliana's report. The jade cup in his hand quivered. "Golden Dragon Bloodline? I took him for a talented wanderer, never one so deeply born."

"Your Highness," Yuliana replied, bowing low, "his lineage is exalted, yet his strength impresses even more. Commander Drake fought in full Dragon Transformation, yet Jared shattered him with chaotic energy. I suspect Jared already skirts Top Level Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine, perhaps brushing the Human Immortal Realm threshold."

Aurelius sprang to his feet and paced beneath the lantern light, excitement flashing across his stern features. "Heaven favors our realm. With Jared beside us, the bell will return, and the demonic soul threat will break."

He halted, solemn once more. "Yuliana, summon Mr. Chance at once. I must speak with him in person. Also, issue an order to seal the news of his Golden Dragon Bloodline. Brief only the highest circle. We sit between foreign threat and inner strife. Loose words might draw predators, especially from the Celestial Palace and the prime minister."

"Your will, Your Highness." Yuliana withdrew with swift, noiseless steps.

Moments later, she returned, Jared at her side, their footfalls echoing along marble corridors toward the throne hall.

Aurelius rose to greet him, respect sharpening his voice. "Mr. Chance, I did not know you carried the golden dragon within you. Forgive any earlier discourtesy."

"Your Majesty is too kind," Jared answered, hands clasped in formal salute. "Bloodline is but a gift at birth. True strength is carved afterward, one hardship at a time."

Aurelius nodded, appreciation clear. "That spirit is why I summoned you. I wish to entrust the search for the Roaring Storm Bell to you. In all Celestia, only you

possess the power and will to bear the task. Should the demonic soul entrenched at Roaring Storm Church break its seal, our realm will surely suffer—and the other cursed souls we suppress may follow." The source of this content is FindNovel.net

He drew a small emerald badge etched with glowing divine markings and placed it in Jared's palm. "This is Celestia's rivestigation Badge With it, you may command secret agents and open classified archives. Yuliana will assist, and the Imperial Guard, including Commander Drake, now answers to you as well." s

The badge felt warm against Jared's skin, its living runes rippling like breath-an unspoken promise of power and responsibility now his to wield.

Jared had never expected such sweeping faith. King Aurelius was willing to place the entire machinery of the realm—its armies, its spies, its coffers-squarely in his hands.

"Your Majesty, rest assured," Jared said, inclining his head with deliberate calm. "I will pour every ounce of strength I have into reclaiming the Roaring Storm Bell. That said, what fragments of evidence do we possess concerning Malevolent Path Hall's dealings with Drystan Hexford of the Sixth Hall?"

"Precious little," Aurelius admitted, the words landing like stone.

Aurelius let out a weary breath, the torchlight painting harsh shadows across his face. "Malevolent Path

Hall drifts like smoke. My secret

agent have chased them for years and returned with nothing but scattered rumors-never the Location of their true fair. As Drystan, whispers say he traffics with them, yet whispers prove nothing. The Sixth Hall wields vast influence among the gods. Move against him without ironclad proof, and we risk open war between the crown and the temple." s

"Understood," Jared replied, voice low but steady.

He paused, weighing the next step. "Our first trail should begin inside Celestia

itself. Only a handful knew the bell was here. Perhaps one of them cracked. You also mentioned the prime minister. What sort of man is he honorable, or merely convenient?"

Aurelius' brow tightened. "The prime minister's name is leuan Chapman. He has followed my father for many years and now commands the Guardian Army-over ten thousand hardened soldiers. Outwardly his

loyalty is flawless, yet I would not stake the throne on it. His hunger for power runs deep. He has woven a dense web of allies throughout the court. During your investigation, if his people cross your path, tread with caution." s

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Jared etched leuan's name into memory. "Thank you, Your Highness. Yuliana and I will start today. The moment we uncover anything, you will hear from us."

"Good." Aurelius rose and clasped Jared's shoulder, his voice suddenly gentle. "The safety of the realm rests with you. Whatever you need, the kingdom will provide."

Outside Celestia's palace, the spring air felt thinner. Yuliana turned, violet eyes sharp. "Jared, where do we dig first?"

"The Intelligence Agency," Jared said. "If Malevolent Path Hall stole the bell, they must have studied Roaring Storm Church beforehand. Old case files may hold a frayed thread we can tug. And while we're there, we study leuan's record. The king's doubt is reason enough for ours."

Yuliana nodded and led him west through winding alleys to a quiet compound that looked like any other townhouse-save for the unseen sigils humming beneath its walls. This was the Intelligence Agency, fortress of whispers.

Its master, Pedalf Cantrell, a stooped elder of formidable Earthly Immortal Realm Level Seven, greeted them the instant he saw Jared's Investigation Badge-and even more quickly when he learned the visitor carried the Golden Dragon Bloodline. Pedalf produced every dossier on Malevolent Path Hall and on leuan Chapman without a breath of hesitation.

Jared and Yuliana bent their heads over scrolls from dawn until the lamps guttered, yet the pages yielded only crumbs.

Files on Malevolent Path Hall amounted to scattered sightings-fleeting silhouettes, rumors of robed strangers-each lead dissolving before a second report could be penned.

The folders on leuan were worse. They consisted merely of pristine accounts of loyal service and meticulous records of ordinary court affairs. There was nothing dark, nothing amiss, almost too clean.

"Either leuan hides very well," Yuliana muttered, frustration tightening her jaw, "or he truly is innocent." This content belongs to find©novel.net

Jared shook his head. "Perfection can be a mask. leuan has ruled his corner of the court for years. If he wished to scrub away stains, he had time. We need fresh angles-eyes outside these walls."

Just then, a junior clerk hurried in, breathless. "Mr. Cantrell, Lady Fiala, Mr. Chance-the Prime Minister's Office has delivered an invitation. Prime Minister Chapman requests Mr. Chance's company at a banquet tomorrow evening."

Yuliana accepted the

crimson-lacquered invitation with both hands, the parchment warm against her gloves. A faint trace of sandalwood drifted out as she unfolded the heavy envelope, revealing calligraphy that invited Jared to lunch at the Prime Minister's Office the next day to discuss matters with regard to assisting Celestia in responding to the crisis. s

Yuliana angled a wary glance at Jared. "leuan Chapman inviting you without warning? That smells of hidden claws," she said, her voice low enough to keep the palace walls from listening.

Jared lifted the card, a cold smile cutting across his features. "Since he was polite enough to ask, I'll be polite enough to show. Besides, I'm curious which cards the Prime Minister thinks are still tucked up his sleeve."

At noon the following day, Jared set out alone for the Prime Minister's Office, his shadow the only companion chasing him down the marble streets of Celestia.

Prime Minister's Office occupied the eastern ridge of the noble district, sprawling like a private city behind ivory walls. Two stone lions—each taller than a war wagon-guarded the gate with frozen roars, their granite manes catching spears of sunlight.

Inside, lacquered beams shimmered with gold leaf. Pavilions and towers stepped around mirror ponds, while the garden bloomed with flowers rare enough to carry

a price in celestial gems. Wisps of celestial energy curled among them like wandering spirits of spring.

Within Lunar Hall, leuan waited

already. Near sixty, he wore a purple court robe that fell in unbroken lines, lending him an almost ethereal height. Though his smile appeared gentle, power had etched itself into the air around him as if the years in office had become a second spine of iron beneath the silk. s

leuan rose at once, folding his hands with affected warmth. "Mr. Chance, what an honor. Forgive me for not greeting you at the gate-I must beg your pardon, truly." "You are too courteous, Sir." Jared returned the gesture, his tone polite yet untouched by warmth.

While their sleeves were still falling, Jared's gaze drifted past the minister. Beyond the latticework, several guards in sleek black stood at silent attention. Each of them gave off an aura that hovered near the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight. Evidently, they were leuan's guards.

On the basalt table lay dishes rare enough to bankrupt a province. Two maids waited beside the spread, their eyes lowered, their breaths trained to silence.

leuan poured a pale-gold wine that glimmered like starlight caught in glass. "Mr. Chance, a man who carries the Golden Dragon Bloodline in his veins and wields such strength, is a blessing to our kingdom. I have long admired you, and today offer only this modest wine in hopes that we might become allies." s

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Jared lifted his cup, sipped, then let the porcelain kiss the table again. "Your

praise flatters me, Sir, but I suspect your invitation is about more than wine and compliments. What do you really want?"

leuan's approving smile deepened. "Very well. I shall be frank. I want you to remain in the kingdom and serve at my side."

"Serve at your side?" Jared echoed, letting the words hover. "The king has already asked me to investigate the stolen Roaring Storm Bell. If I tether myself to you, wouldn't that contradict His Majesty's wishes?"

leuan's tone softened, yet a flick of disdain colored it. "His Majesty is kind—perhaps too kind. The kingdom now throbs with threats inside and out. The Roaring Storm Bell is missing, demonic souls gather, and the Celestial Palace watches like a hungry hawk. Stand beside me, and once I hold the reins of power, I will name you the Great General, grant you ten thousand acres of land, and pile mountains of celestial stones at your door. All the rare resources your Golden Dragon Bloodline craves will be yours."

His gaze slid to the pouch at Jared's waist, greed flickering. "They say you carry the Dragonslayer sword. Allow me a glimpse, and I will even place a portion of the Guardian Army under your command."

Jared's amusement stayed behind his eyes, a curl of frost that never reached his lips. So that is his game—purchase a man, seize a sword, and play experiments with the Golden Dragon Bloodline.

Jared set the cup down with a click. "I appreciate the offer, Sir, but I am a partner to the kingdom, not a subordinate. Dragonslayer is my own blade. It never leaves my hand, and I must ask you not to mention it again."

The smile evaporated from leuan's face, replaced by shadow. "So you refuse me? I invite you in good faith, and you answer with such insolence?"

Jared rose from the stone bench with unhurried grace. Sunlight, filtered through the lattice of the pavilion roof, flashed across the silver filigree on his sleeves as he dusted his palms together, the gesture almost casual. "I appreciate your hospitality, leuan, but we walk different roads. There's nothing more to discuss. I'll be taking my leave."

leuan's voice cracked through the still air like splintering glass. "Leave?" He slammed his palm onto the marble table. A thunder-loud boom rippled outward, shaking teacups and birds alike. In the very next breath, black-clad cultivators poured in from every side of Lunar Hall, their auras locking onto Jared with predatory precision.

leuan's eyes narrowed to icy slits. "I'll grant you one last chance—stay and serve me, or brace yourself for what follows. Make the wrong choice, and I'll show no mercy."

Jared let out a short, scornful laugh. "Show no mercy?" A faint spark of dragon-gold flickered behind his pupils. "Sir, do you truly believe this handful of guards can detain me?"

"I'm well aware of your strength," leuan replied, his smile a shadow. "Commander Rylan himself couldn't best you. He leaned forward, silk sleeves whispering against the tabletop. "But do you imagine I came unprepared? I invited you here for one purpose only the Dragonslayer and the Golden Dragon Bloodline lurking in your blood. Once I claim that power, the whole kingdom will bend beneath my hand." s

His final word had barely settled when runes the color of dying embers blazed to life around the pavilion. Sheets of light curved overhead, sealing Lunar Hall inside a shimmering formation.

Black runes crawled across the barrier like living ink, each symbol jetting a chill that dampened spiritual energy and turned every breath heavy as wet sand.

"The Spiritual Barricade Array-designed to smother an expert's spiritual energy." leuan's grin widened. "Even with Golden

Dragon Bloodline, you

scarcely a third of your strength in here. Hand over the blade and that divine soul, Mr. Chance, and I might leave your corpse intact." s

Lightning crackled as Jared flicked his wrist. Dragonslayer leapt into his grip, silver arcs dancing along its edge te swept the sword in an argent fan forcing three encroaching guards to stumble back. s

Yet, the formation clamped down on his spiritual energy like iron shackles. The blade's thunder dimmed, its roar reduced to a rumble.

"Stop him!" leuan's order rang out, bolstered by a surge of murderous intent. His shout rebounded off the rune-etched walls, spurring the black-clad cultivators forward like hounds unleashed. NEW NOVEL chapters are published on find{n}ovel.net

Dozens of weapons and spells tore through the air at once-arcs of jade fire, orbs of shadow, chains wrought from raw spirit.

A brawny Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator swung a war-axe the size of a door, sending a crescent of gold energy crashing toward Jared's skull.

Another hurled a midnight net that ballooned overhead, its woven threads glistening with curse marks eager to cocoon their prey.

Jared side-stepped the axe's glare, wind screaming past his hair. In the same heartbeat, he slashed Dragonslayer upward, cleaving the cursed net in two before its fangs could close.

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From a shadowed corner, an assassin released a single arrow, its tip black with poison meant to rot spirit and flesh alike. The shaft cut the air in utter silence, aimed straight at Jared's unguarded back.

"Behind you!" a frantic voice cried, echoing through the clash of steel and spellfire.

Jared caught the warning an instant too late. He spun, throwing a veil of spiritual energy across his spine.

The arrow struck the barrier with a wet pop. Though the shaft failed to pierce skin, venom seeped through the wavering shield, threading pain like molten wire along his meridians and setting every nerve ablaze.

"Hahaha, Mr. Chance, this Spiritual Corrosive Poison was brewed for one purpose to gnaw away a cultivator's power. In less than half an hour, you'll be drained dry and ready for the knife!"

The words hit Jared like iron pellets. At once, he sensed a gritty heat oozing through his meridians, each ribbon of energy turning brittle, sparks of pain flashing behind his eyes. I have minutes, not hours. Shatter the array_escape_or be butchered here.

He dragged a breath so deep it hurt, then rammed what was left of his spiritual energy into motion.

The dormant spiritual energy inside him erupted, a sudden tidal surge that rattled bone and sinew and blew the night air sideways.

"Break!"

The Dragonslayer sword tore a silver arc through the dark, forged lightning spilling from its edge and slamming straight at the glowing wall of the light curtain formation.

Boom!

Thunder and barrier collided. The whole curtain shuddered, then groaned, a single jagged crack snaking outward like frost across glass.

leuan's smugness vanished. He pumped his own force into the formation, barking, "Now-kill him! Don't let him slip away!"

Black-clad cultivators swarmed. Blades and spells rained in a savage rhythm, forcing Jared to parry left, dodge right. Crimson streaks opened across his arms and side.

Yet, his physical body-hardened by chaotic energy and Golden Dragon Bloodline - held. With a guttural snarl, he raised the sword again and hammered the fissure.

The barrier screamed. With a sound like splintering ice, it collapsed, shards of light fluttering away. Jared blurred forward, streaking out of Lunar Hall and racing for the gates of the Prime Minister's Office.

"After him! Bring him back alive!" leuan roared, leading the black-clad pursuers himself.

Jared burst onto the avenue, cutting through the lamplit capital and bolting for the forests beyond Celestia's outer walls. The rightful source is find[[N](#)]ovel.net

The Spiritual Corrosive Poison within him crawled faster, dimming his energy with each heartbeat. Footsteps and murderous shouts closed in, the gap shrinking to heart-stopping yards.

He needed sanctuary-somewhere to sit, breathe, and run the Focus Technique before the toxin chewed the last thread of power from his core.

"Jared, you won't get away! Spare yourself the pain and surrender!"

leuan's voice rolled over the rooftops, thick with triumphant malice.

Jared clenched his teeth, eyes fixed ahead, burning his chaotic energy just to keep his legs moving.

He knew if they caught him now-in this weakened state-he would last seconds against leuan.

leuan had attained the Human Immortal Realm, his strength was only second to Aurelius'. Under normal circumstances, Jared might have matched leuan's strength, but poison and the Spiritual Barricade Array had slashed his strength in half.

He shot through the city gate and dived into the thick mountain woods beyond, praying the tangled trunks would swallow him from sight.

The forest was a maze of dark boles and whispering leaves-perfect cover, if he could keep moving.

Darting between roots and boulders, he zig-zagged deeper. The clamor of boots and angry voices thinned, swallowed by the hush of night and the towering pines.

Jared staggered into a narrow,

shadow-choked cavern that clung to the mountain's ribs like a secret,

Only when its darkness's

vallowed

him did he dare to stop. He slumped

against the cold wall, his breath

ragged, every limb drained of strength. s

Forcing his quaking muscles to obey, he folded his legs beneath him. Eyes half-shut in concentration, he channeled the Focus Technique, drawing his consciousness inward to confront the Spiritual Corrosive Poison gnawing at his veins.

The Power of Dragons ancient, molten, and deliberate-began to pulse through his meridians. With each slow circuit, the golden current seared the invading toxins, burning them away flake by stubborn flake.

Yet, the poison clung like burrs to flesh. Every corruption he scoured away revealed another layer beneath, as though the venom itself possessed a will that refused to die.

Two hours crawled past. Sweat soaked his tattered robes. When he finally opened his eyes, a little more than half the poison had been purged, but fatigue pressed on him like a boulder.

Right then, a voice drifted through the stone throat of the entrance-soft, urgent, unmistakably familiar. "Mr. Chance? Are you in there?"

Jared's pulse jumped. He recognized Yuliana's voice at once. Pushing himself upright, he strode toward the light. "Ms. Fiala, why have you come all this way?"

The moment it she saw his wounds,

torn clothes, and pallid face, concern eclipsed her composure. "What happened to you. Did teyan hurt you? The Prime Minister's Office is in chaos-his men claim you attacked him and fled. I feared the worst and followed the trail." s

"leuan covets my Dragonslayer

Sword and the Golden Dragon

Bloodline in my veins," Jared said, voice low yet steady "He laid a trap inside the Prime Ministers

residence. Had I not shattered the Spiritual Barricade Array at the last

heartbeat, I'd be chained in his

dungeon right now."

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Yuliana's lavender eyes blazed. "How dare he! To assault King Aurelius' honored

guest in daylight-he spits on crown and law alike. I'll ride for the palace this instant and place his crimes before the king."

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"No-absolutely not!" Jared caught her wrist, his grip firm despite exhaustion. "He planned this. After years of weaving allies through court and city, leuan can twist any accusation. If you walk into the palace now, he'll claim that we two conspired with foreign powers to murder the prime minister. With his influence, truth will drown beneath his lies."

Yuliana froze, realization darkening her expression. "Then what do we do? We can't simply let him tar us as traitors."

"First we survive," Jared murmured. "We lose the hunters-then we fight the story."

A thunder of boots echoed through the valley, followed by leuan's wrathful roar. "Jared Chance! You cannot escape! Leave the Dragonslayer Sword and the Golden Dragon Divine Soul, and I may let you live!"

Terror and resolve flashed across their faces. They plunged deeper into the passage, palms skimming damp rock, praying for a second exit that did not exist.

The cave ended in blind stone. Behind them, leuan arrived with a squad of black-clad cultivators, sealing the only mouth of the tunnel.

leuan's laugh slithered inside. "Run farther, why don't you, Mr. Chance!"

He stepped into view, eyes glittering like wet obsidian. When he noticed Yuliana, surprise flickered, then curdled to scorn. "Lady Fiala as well? Have you chosen treason over loyalty?"

Yuliana moved before Jared, spine straight as a spear. "You lie through bloodied teeth, leuan! Mr. Chance is King Aurelius' honored guest. You set traps to murder him and now brand him a rebel. Do you place your ambition above crown and law?"

"The law?" leuan let out a short, scorn-filled laugh. The torchlight caught the hard plane of his face as he declared that, here in Celestia's capital, his word was law. Jared Chance carried a priceless artifact and the blood of a golden dragon—two sparks that could grow into a wildfire. Snuffing him out, leuan proclaimed, was a service to the realm. Then, his gaze flicked to Yuliana. "Step aside if you know what's good for you, girl, or I'll sweep you into the gutter with him."

"Touch Mr. Chance, and you'll answer to me!" Yuliana's voice cracked like lightning across stone, slicing through the dank air.

She flung an azure longsword into the open. Pure spiritual energy coursed along the blade, wreathing her slim figure in the fierce aura of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivator. Terror tried to squeeze her heart—she knew she was no match for leuan—but retreat was a luxury she would not allow herself. The rightful source is [Find_Novel\(.\)net](http://Find_Novel(.)net)

"Foolish child," leuan hissed, eyes narrowing to slits.

Murder flashed across his pupils. "Kill her first, then seize Jared!" he barked to the black-clad cultivators at his back.

Two Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivators lunged. One hurled iron chains that whistled through the cavern, while the other swung a curved blade wide enough to sever bone and hope in a single stroke. s

Yuliana met them head-on, her azure sword sketching arcs of cold light. Steel rang on steel, sparks bouncing off rock as the three clashed in a blur of green light and black silhouettes

s

Skill alone could not erase numbers. Hemmed in on both flanks, she began to falter, her sword strokes growing shorter, her breath rough in her throat.

Behind that melee, leuan's gaze locked on Jared. In a blink, he vanished—then reappeared in front of him, predatory as a hawk stooping on a dove.

The aura of a Human Immortal Realm Level One cultivator slammed outward. The cavern shook, dust drifting from the ceiling as Jared's lungs seized beneath the invisible weight.

"Die, Jared!" leuan shouted. His palm, black with spiritual energy, shot forward—cold, damp, and reeking of graves—as he aimed straight for Jared's heart.

Jared gritted his teeth, summoning the last threads of power still moving in his poisoned meridians. Dragonslayer Sword flashed up to meet the blow.

Metal struck flesh with a deafening clang. Numbing force raced up Jared's arm. The sword flew back

with him, spine first, into the cavern

wall Blood speckled the stone

before he even felt the pain. s

The Spiritual Corrosive Poison seized its moment. Agony knifed along Jared's veins, turning every trickle of energy into sludge.

leuan laughed—low, triumphant. He surged in again, each palm strike crafted to kill, carving fresh, crimson lines across Jared's chest and shoulders until his robe clung wet and heavy.

Across the cave, Yuliana's footing slipped under the twin assault. Her sword arm slowed. Desperation bled into her eyes.

A chain snapped tight around her wrist. She jerked free, but the second attacker's blade hacked downward, its edge a breath away from her shoulder.

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Yuliana twisted clear of the chain, yet a stray shockwave slammed her ribs. She staggered, vomited blood, and her face drained to sheet-white in a heartbeat.

Unseen, a whisper-thin stream of toxic energy slipped along her abdomen and burrowed inward, coiling like smoke around her core.

"Ms. Fiala!" Jared's shout tore through the echoing cave like a flare cut loose in a storm, his voice raw with alarm and stubborn hope.

Before he could lunge to her aid, leuan's palm crashed against the center of Jared's back. The blow felt like a mountain caving in. Blood splattered across the stone floor, and Jared buckled, knees striking rock as every breath became knives.

leuan stalked forward, the cruel smile of a victor already curling across his lips. "Jared," he growled, grinding his boot between Jared's shoulder blades, "do you finally understand the gulf between us? Hand over the Dragonslayer Sword and your divine soul, and perhaps I'll let your end be swift." Rock dust swirled around them as his weight pressed down, each word dipped in venomous pride.

Face down in the grit, Jared tasted iron. He spat crimson, yet his eyes, dark and unyielding, refused to dim.

His gaze flicked to the wounded Yuliana crumpled not far away, then to leuan's triumphant sneer. Fury and refusal surged together, blooming inside him like a volcano ready to tear its own walls apart.

He jerked his head up. Gold fire flashed in his pupils. The draconic essence over his heart erupted-brighter, hotter, more absolute than it had ever dared before.

A roar-half-human, half ancient dragon-wrenched itself from his throat, shaking loose stalactites overhead.

Golden scales rippled beneath Jared's skin. Behind him, a colossal Golden Dragon unfurled, its wings blotting out the cavern's gloom with pure radiance. In an instant, the cave was drenched in molten light.

The surge in his aura shattered the poison gnawing at his spirit temporarily. Power vaulted through him-raw, near the threshold of the Human Immortal Realm Level One—and the very air quivered under the oncoming storm of his resurgence.

leuan staggered backward, blood draining from his face. "Golden Dragon's True Form? Impossible! You were poisoned how can you wield such strength?"

Jared gave him no answer. In a blur of light and scale, he flashed to Yuliana's side, scooping her weightless body into his arms.

With one sweeping arc of the Dragonslayer Sword, ribbons of gold energy screamed outward, forcing the black-robed attackers into panicked retreat.

"leuan," Jared thundered, "I will remember today's humiliation. When I return, the debt will be paid a hundredfold!"

Gold-forged armor raced across his skin. Flames roared beneath Jared's boots as he activated Blazing Stride. Clutching Yuliana, he shot upward, driving straight for the cave's ceiling.

Stone exploded in a deafening boom.

Jared burst into open sky, trailing comet-tails of molten gold, then banked hard toward the shadowed forest beyond.

Down below, leuan's rage finally found breath. "After them! Bring him to me alive!"

Black-clad cultivators scattered like ravens and poured after the fleeing blaze.

However, Jared's Golden Dragon Bloodline speed outpaced every shadow on the ground. In mere heartbeats, the pursuit dwindled, swallowed by distance and trees.

Cradling Yuliana's fading form, he raced until only wind and pine kept pace. At last, he dropped into a hidden ravine, lungs burning, heart still hammered by battle's drums.

"Ms. Fiala, stay with me how badly are you hurt?" He knelt, lowering her onto a bed of soft moss, hands trembling with urgency. Read full story at findnovel.net

Her robes were torn, skin mottled by poison and bruises. Breath fluttered like the wing of a sparrow shocked by frost. Unconsciousness had already claimed her.

Jared fumbled out a healing pill,

pried her lips open, and eased it past

them. Closing his eyes, he

summoned the Power of Dragons, guiding its warmth into her channels, willing the medicine to broom before time slipped entirely from her grasp. s

He cradled Yuliana against his chest, shaken by how the color had drained from her violet lips. A hard glint rose behind his eyelids, cold as steel "leuan this feud will end only when one of us is dead will rip the veil from your conspiracy and repay every drop of blood you spilled with your own." s

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leuan's riders combed the pine-clad slopes for a full hour. When no sign of Jared appeared, their commander spat a curse and led the weary column back toward the Prime Minister's Office.

Inside the lamplit study, leuan paced like a caged wolf, boots ticking across polished boards. Jared's escape meant exposure. Should the fugitive reach Aurelius with the truth, the Prime Minister's downfall would be bottomless. s

"Sir, what do we do now? Jared has slipped away. If he petitions the king, we are finished!" the black-robed cultivator blurted, voice quivering.

leuan halted. A cruel spark danced in his gaze. "Panic serves no one. The poison in his veins will stifle him, and I still hold a final card."

He wheeled toward his adviser. "Harness the carriage. I ride for the palace this instant."

Meanwhile, inside the palace, Aurelius sat restless, fingers drumming, troubled by Jared's delay. Hearing that Prime Minister leuan requested an audience, he frowned. Why would leuan seek me at such an hour?

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"Show him in," the king ordered, masking unease behind the measured timbre of command.

leuan advanced into the gilded chamber, bowing deeply, features arranged into patriotic anguish. "Your Majesty, rumor says the Roaring Storm Bell remains missing while unrest spreads through Celestia. My heart cannot rest, therefore I come to offer counsel."

Aurelius gestured for him to rise. "Speak plainly."

"Sire, demonic souls gather, and the Malevolent Path Hall watches for weakness. Taking into account the Celestial Palace's hesitation to take action, our realm is beset within and without." leuan sighed before continuing, "First, we must strengthen ties with the Celestial Palace. A royal marriage would secure their banner. With their backing, Malevolent Path Hall will think twice, and the demonic souls can be checked."

Aurelius' brow knit. "I have considered such an alliance, yet Jared still investigates the Roaring Storm Bell. We must weigh every move."

leuan hurriedly uttered, "I beg Your Majesty not to delay. The bell has been gone for days with no clue. If the proposal stalls, Celestial Palace may doubt our sincerity. Enaricus holds considerable sway there. Binding our princess to his son would grant us his strength to probe Malevolent Path Hall and raise our standing among the divine clans. Reports say agents of Malevolent Path Hall linger near Celestia, eyeing the sealed demonic souls beneath our streets. Without the Celestial Palace behind us, should they unite with other factions, our kingdom could not endure."

Aurelius fell silent. leuan might be dramatizing, yet his warning carried truth the king dared not dismiss.

The realm groaned beneath threats at every border. Fresh allies were a necessity, not a luxury.

He had already weighed offering Lorraine's hand to Enaricus' heir, hoping proximity would expose any collusion between Enaricus and Malevolent Path Hall. leuan's suggestion fit the scheme perfectly.

"You make a persuasive case," Aurelius conceded. "Very well. You will oversee the marriage. Three days hence, you will escort Princess Lorraine to the Third Hall and see the ceremony completed."

leuan felt a flicker of triumph flash through his chest, yet his face remained a portrait of humble devotion. "Your Majesty, your will is my command. I shall not fail the trust you have placed in me."

Once the gilded gates of the palace slid shut behind him, leuan hurried back to the Prime Minister's Office. There, beneath the glow of lanterns and towering shelves of scrolls, he summoned his most loyal confidants with a single clipped order.

A bespectacled strategist stepped forward, lowering his voice. "Sir, has His Majesty truly agreed to the marriage alliance?"

leuan let out a low, contemptuous

chuckle that curled in the quiet hall like smoke. "Of course, Aurelius swallowed the bait. A marriage. alliance? A convenient ruse, nothing more His eyes sharpened, the chill of a dagger hiding behind a polite smile. "In three days, not only will we spirit the princess away, we will

force Aurelius to hand over the

Ritual Manual itself."

belongs to s

Gasps rippled through the room. Several advisers paled. "Sir, the Ritual Manual? You truly intend to—"

"Precisely."

A glint of near mad ambition blazed

in leuan's gaze. "That manual details

how to

strengthen or shatter the demonic soul seal. Once it is mine, we will join forces with the Malevolent Path Hall, tear the seal apart, and unleash the demonië souls. Chaos will flood afbof level six. Cloaked in that chaos, I shall eliminate Aurelius and those shriveled elders of Roaring Storm

Church. When the dust finally Content originally comes from FindN()vel.net settles, the entire level six will belong to me."

s

Shock widened every eye, yet behind the fear another emotion stirred—greed. If leuan seized level six, they, the trusted few, would ascend with him.

"Sir, your wisdom is unmatched," they chorused, bowing as one.

leuan flicked his sleeve. "Enough flattery. Go prepare."

He paced before them, words crisp as marching orders. "I will personally command the escort convoy three days from now. You will station your people in the shadows Once we Clear Celestia's gates, abductthe princess at once. Remember-swift and silent. No witnesses s

"Yes, Sir!" The answer thundered through the hall.

Elsewhere beneath the same moon, Jared raised a fingertip shimmering with gentle spiritual light and pressed it to the center of Yuliana's brows. "Hold on. I'm taking you somewhere safe."

Before the final syllable faded, Jared swept his arm. The Pentacarna Tower rippled into existence, its nine luminous tiers humming like a distant choir.

He did not hesitate. One arm steadying Yuliana, he crossed the threshold. A heartbeat later, the world around them shattered and re-formed into an entirely different realm.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Yuliana's poison-blurred mind snapped awake the instant fragrant celestial energy rushed over her. Her eyelids flew open, breath catching at the sight that greeted her.

Instead of a dank prison for demonic creatures, she found herself standing upon boundless spiritual soil, awash in shimmering light.

In the distance, rolling hills rose like waves, each peak carved from flawless celestial gems Jared had hoarded from celestial gem mines and fallen cultivators alike.

Between those jeweled mounds a silver stream meandered, its waters nothing but liquefied celestial energy. Old-growth spiritual plants crowded the banks, including ten-thousand-year reishi mushroom and even a handful of Enlightenment Tea Trees, whose leaves wept spiritual dew that spun into tiny vortices before ever touching the grass.

Farther still, the nine-tier Pentacarna Tower floated in open sky, rune-etched walls blazing like starlight and illuminating the entire inner world with a calm, holy brilliance.

High above them, the void shimmered as if the hours themselves were turning like the pages of a luminous book. Between one heartbeat and the next, Jared watched rare herbs sprout, blossom, and wither, their life cycles racing forward at a pace both uncanny and strangely harmonious.

"W-Where are we?" Yuliana's voice quivered, the question escaping her in a breath that trembled as hard as her fingers.

She had toured royal treasure vaults and legendary mineral seams, yet none of those memories could stand beside this place.

The pile of celestial gems ahead radiated such concentrated power that her meridians throbbed, forcing the venom inside her to retreat inch by inch.

"Inside the Pentacarna Tower," Jared answered, his tone steady but edged with fatigue.

He eased her beneath an Enlightenment Tea Tree whose leaves glimmered like jade in moonlight. Resting one hand on the trunk for balance, he guided her down, then pressed a cool detoxification pill into her palm. "One day outside equals a hundred in here," he explained. "And the purity of these celestial gem mines will help us heal faster than anywhere else."

Yuliana swallowed the pill. Cool relief slid down her throat, mingling with the tower's abundant spiritual energy until a silvery sheath formed inside her, isolating the poison and beginning to pry it loose.

She lifted her gaze to the distant pile of celestial gems, then to Jared's face-pale, resolute, and unwilling to yield. An unspoken certainty bloomed in her chest. With this sanctuary and with him, they just might wrest back their fate.

"Ah-" A sudden spasm twisted through her. She clutched her robes, color draining as discomfort flared.

"What's wrong?" Jared asked, stepping closer, alarm sharpening his voice.

"I-I—" Yuliana's knees drew inward, her expression awkward and pained.

"Is it the poison? Has it anchored somewhere we missed?" Jared's questions tumbled out, each more urgent than the last.

She gave a helpless nod. "It entered through my lower abdomen. Now that place —" her cheeks flamed—"burns and itches unbearably."

The words stunned him. His glance flicked, unbidden, toward the region she indicated before he forced his gaze upward again.

Crimson with embarrassment, she whispered, "I can handle it. If I rest, maybe I can drive it out slowly myself."

"You're too weak," Jared countered, voice low yet firm. "If you permit it, I can draw the toxin away for you... by mouth."

"What?" Her eyes rounded, the blush deepening until it matched the petals overhead.

"Will you trust me?" he asked, meeting her gaze without flinching.

Hesitation lingered only a heartbeat before she nodded, surrendering pride to necessity. This content belongs to FindNovel.net

Jared moved with gentle urgency, loosening the fabric at her waist. Lowering his head, he used the oldest, simplest method-drawing

out the tainted energy with steady, breaths each pulsed

measure

with healing aura rather than desire.

The effort drained her. Waves of lightness rolled through her body, as though the poison were being siphoned away along with her strength, leaving her floating between exhaustion and relief.

Time became a blur. When the task was finally done, Yuliana slipped into unconsciousness, a faint murmur of both pain and release escaping her lips while the tower's tranquil light closed around them like dawn.

Jared ran the tip of his tongue across parched lips, stole one last glance at the unconscious Yuliana then laid her gently on a blanket of moss. Only when she breathed steadily did Jared turn away. He crossed to a waist-high pile of celestial gems that shimmered like frozen waterfalls, lowered himself into a lotus posture, and let the hush of the tower settle around him.

Drawing a breath as deep as a bellows, he summoned the Focus Technique. At once, spiritual energy ripped from the pile of celestial gems, flooding his meridians and plunging unrefined straight into his elixir field.

Inside this tower, the energy required no purification, and with time flowing a hundred times faster, every second of training multiplied into entire afternoons.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Within the swirling elixir field, a cyclone of blue-green light spun faster and faster, each revolution squeezing the essence tighter until the hue deepened from pale jade to storm-dark emerald.

Again and again, that condensed tide hammered the invisible shell lining the elixir field wall. Hairline cracks spidered across the stubborn barrier with every strike.

Days passed by inside the tower. Beyond its door, only two dawns passed, yet two hundred days burned away beneath the accelerated clock within.

During that borrowed season, Yuliana's wounds mended completely—Detoxification Pills and rich spiritual energy weaving flesh and spirit back together until not a scar remained. Riding the same current, she climbed to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine, one breath away from the Human Immortal Realm threshold.

Often she sat beneath the Enlightenment Tea Tree, gaze drifting to Jared nearby. Whenever memory replayed the moment his lips drew poison from her, her thighs

pressed involuntarily together, an aftershock of heat flickering through her composure.

Around Jared's frame hovered a corona of deep turquoise light, tiny arcs of lightning skittering across its surface and echoing the runes carved into the tower walls. Before him, the pile of celestial gems had already sunk by half a man's height, its brilliance drained to feed his relentless cultivation.

On the final day, as another torrent of energy surged through him, Jared's eyes snapped open, shards of silver light spearing from his pupils.

"Break!" he growled, molding every drop of force into a spectral spear and driving it straight at the fractured shell inside his core.

A crystalline crack rang out within him.

At last, the barrier that had caged him for so long collapsed like glass against a hammer.

Unfettered spiritual energy roared inward, ballooning the inner vortex until its color shifted to ink-dark jade. When the storm settled, a solid core of power floated at his center, its aura several times stronger than before.

He had stepped into the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two.

Jared drew his cultivation to a close, the lightning-type current humming pleasantly through his meridians. For the first time in days, a quiet, satisfied smile crept across his face.

He rose, flexed hands and shoulders, and found every latent injury-poison, overexertion, hidden fractures-washed clean. The pure energy from the celestial gem mine had even tempered his foundations, leaving them steadier than ever.

"Mr. Chance, congratulations on the breakthrough!" Yuliana called, hurrying toward him, happiness bright on her face.

Even from a few paces away, she felt the change. His aura now lay dense and unshakable, entirely unlike the man who had first carried her into the tower.

"And congratulations to you as well, Ms. Fiala-you advanced, too," Jared replied with a small, approving nod.

"Without your Pentacarna Tower, I could never have broken through so fast. I am more grateful than I can say. And thank you for removing the poison before-it was..., indispensable." s

Yuliana blushed deeply after saying that. Find the newest release on find◆novel.net

"Think nothing of it. If any trace of toxin remains, I'll be happy to draw it out again,"

Jared answered, utterly at ease.

"Maybe you didn't get every drop,"

Yuliana murmured, shaking her head as her lips brushed together. Lately my skin tingles-little sparks crawling under it like insects. Feels as if the poison is ready to burst." s

Jared flashed a reassuring grin. "Then I'll draw out whatever's left," he said, leaning close without another word.

Ms. Fiala let her eyelids drift shut. Supported by soft cushions of starlight inside the tower, she

surrendered to Jared's touch, her body slack with trust, her breath weaving threads of expectation through the hushed air. s

After a long, silent while, Jared lifted his head. "How do you feel now, Ms. Fiala?"

"Far better," she answered, rolling one shoulder to test it. "We need to hurry back to Celestia. I fear leuan might already be moving against King Aurelius."

"Understood." Jared nodded once, decision snapping into place.

He raised a hand, and the bronze door of the tower yawned open at his will. Supporting Yuliana by the waist, he guided her into the dawn.

The moment their boots kissed open ground, the tower shrank to a thumb-sized relic and dropped, gleaming, into Jared's palm.

Outside, first light stained the horizon. Jared stared toward the royal capital, resolve flickering in his eyes like steel catching the sunrise.

Masking their auras, the two figures blurred eastward-mere ripples of wind racing for Celestia.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Meanwhile, within Harmony Hall of Celestia Royal Palace, incense curled in pale ribbons beneath the soaring eaves, draping the throne room in a hush that felt almost funerary.

The third dawn had arrived. Lorraine stood at the foot of the emerald steps, wrapped in a labyrinth of scarlet silk. A seven-tailed phoenix tiara crowned her hair, jewels glittering, yet her youthful face showed no bridal glee-only a composure far older than her years.

High on the dragon throne, Aurelius regarded his daughter, conflicting currents churning behind his steady gaze.

"Lorri, this journey to the Third Hall is a marriage in name only," the king said, smoothing the tassels of her tiara with hands that suddenly seemed old. "Your true task is to uncover proof that its master has sided with Malevolent Path Hall. I know the burden is cruel, but the safety of the realm rests on your shoulders."

"Father, I understand," Lorraine cut in, her voice calm and unwavering. "I once tried to flee this betrothal, blind to your purpose. Now I see it. Malevolent Path Hall has stolen the Roaring Storm Bell and covets the demonic soul seal. If the Third Hall truly conspires with them, the entire level six is imperiled. I will proceed with caution and not fail you."

Aurelius' eyes softened. "Prime Minister leuan will escort you. The man is as deep as winter ice-never trust the surface. If anything feels wrong, crush this communication charm, and my armies will ride before your heartbeat ends."

With that, he pressed a charm with dragon runes into her palm. Follow current novels on findnovel.net

Lorraine curled her fingers around the talisman and nodded once, firm. "I'll bear that in mind."

Right then, someone outside shouted, "Prime Minister leuan, with escort, awaits your command."

Aurelius exhaled slowly and patted her shoulder. "Go. Your safety first-evidence second."

Lorraine bowed low, then turned on disciplined steps to follow the guards beyond Harmony Hall.

Beyond the threshold, a thousand soldiers of the Guardian Army waited in perfect ranks, banners snapping, polished armor catching the newborn sun.

leuan stepped forward in a robe of deep imperial violet. Sunlight winked off the embroidered sigils on his sleeves as he lowered himself in a courtly bow, a warm, practiced smile already in place. "Princess Lorraine, the escort is assembled and awaits only your word," he said, voice genial enough to soothe porcelain.

Lorraine inclined her head-no more than the smallest dip of her chin-then let a handmaid steady her slender wrist while she ascended the gilded steps of the waiting state coach.

Eight snow-white spiritual horses stamped impatiently before the phoenix-carved carriage. Gossamer curtains drifted around the

lacquered frame, veiling the inte

in a soft summer hinting at secret the curious could only imagine. s

leuan turned, bowing once

more—this time to Aurelius, who watched from the palace gateway "Your Majesty, rest easy. I shall see the princess safely delivered and the affiance sealed, he promised every syllable laced with reverence. s

Aurelius' gaze sharpened, searching the prime minister's smile for cracks. "I leave her in your care, Prime Minister," he replied, letting the words hang like a warning.

Something about leuan's easy cheer pricked the king's instincts. He signaled a waiting officer from the Intelligence Agency, ordering silent shadows to trail the cortege and report every heartbeat of its progress.

Behind the bland façade, leuan's thoughts curled like smoke. He bowed once more, voice smooth as velvet. "I serve only the throne. Move out!"

Trumpets sounded. The ceremonial escort rolled forward in measured rhythm, banners flashing royal gold as it swept toward the southern gate of Celestia City.

Citizens crowded the avenues, whispering speculation-about politics, about war, about a future that felt suddenly fragile as the royal procession glided past.

Inside, Lorraine lifted one corner of the silk curtain. The city blurred by in muted color, and an anxious flicker crossed her dark eyes before she let the veil fall again.

This journey will be anything but peaceful. Between leuan's ambitions and Enaricus's schemes, every mile is a hazard. Father trusts me to navigate them all—and I must.

leuan rode close beside the coach, reins loose in one hand. To the escort, he appeared the model commander, yet his restless gaze swept cliff tops, tree lines, and every possible ambush point.

Beyond those walls lay Soulless

Valley, where his loyal agents already waited. Once the convoy entered the narrow pass, a staged "abduction" by Enaricus's men would unfold, painting the Third Hall as the villain while leuan seized the Ritual Manual for himself.

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The prospect of unsealing the demonic souls sent a feverish gleam through his eyes-equal parts greed and delirious triumph.