

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Celestia City's south gate fell behind as the escort pressed on toward the distant territory governed by the Third Hall.

Nearly two hours later, jagged cliffs narrowed into the throat of Soulless Valley-leuan's chosen stage.

Stone walls soared on either side, leaving only a ribbon of sky overhead and a single winding path below-a perfect bottleneck.

leuan reined in his horse, catching his deputy's eye with a subtle nod.

The deputy drew a deep breath, then barked, "Caution! Valley passage ahead-possible ambush. Shields up, eyes open!"

Steel hissed free of scabbards. Lances rose. The escort tightened ranks, every soldier scanning the cliffs.

leuan edged toward the carriage and spoke with paternal concern. "Princess Lorraine, Soulless Valley is treacherous. Please remain inside and avoid looking out."

"Your vigilance honors me, Prime Minister," Lorraine answered, voice serene though suspicion rippled beneath. I've heard that Soulless Valley is dangerous but barren of bandits. Why, then, his sudden alarm?

A sharp clatter of wooden clappers exploded from the heights. Black-robed cultivators plunged from the cliffs like a living avalanche, blades gleaming as they descended upon the royal guard.

Their auras struck the air with crushing force-each attacker at least Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight, and the leaders at Level Nine, equal to Yuliana herself-an overwhelming storm aimed straight at the princess's coach.

A panicked cry cut through the clamor. "Bad news-those men belong to the Malevolent Path Hall!"

Feigning alarm, leuan threw back his cloak and bellowed, "Protect the princess! Push the raiders back-now!"

At once, the Guardian Army surged forward. Steel rang against steel while bursts of blinding spirit-light sheared the misty air.

Blades flashed, sigils flared, and the whole valley reverberated with thunderous collisions.

The black-robed cultivators had come prepared, their ferocity overwhelming the disciplined ranks. One by one, crimson splashes darkened the trampled grass.

The deputy general, armor already notched, shouted over the din, "Sir, their power is too great. We can't hold!"

leuan's face hardened. With a subtle glance, he signaled his most trusted aides, then growled, "Guard Princess Lorraine. I'll delay the enemy myself."

As he spoke, spiritual energy roared through his meridians. A brilliant aura-Human Immortal Realm Level One-exploded outward as he hurled himself toward the enemy's captain.

While the melee raged, those confidants slipped to the gilded carriage. Under the cover of chaos, they smashed the lacquered door from its hinges.

Lorraine gasped. Reaching for her communication charm, she felt a rough and clamp over her mouth In the next breath, she was dragged from the litter and spirited toward the shadowed heart of the gorge. s

"The princess has been taken!" a soldier screamed, terror slicing through the ranks.

Hearing the cry, leuan pretended outrage. After a few staged

exchanges, he exposed an opening

took a crushing palm to the

shoulder, and staggered back,

crimson tracing the corner of his

mouth. s

"Curse them!" he roared, clutching his wound. "After them-bring Princess Lorraine back alive!"

However, the black-robed attackers snarled and locked blades with every soldier who tried to break away, sealing the pursuit before it began. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find◆novel.net

Their captain spat a cold laugh. "Mr. Chapman, save your strength. We're taking the princess. If you want her, have King Aurelius ransom her with the Ritual Manual."

With a final feint, the raiders vanished among the trees, their dark silhouettes swallowed by the deeper valley beyond.

A glimmer of secret triumph

flickered in leuan's eyes before he replaced it with frantic concern "Clear the field," he ordered hoarsely "We march for Celestia at once and report to His Majesty." s

The troops obeyed without hesitation-gathering wreckage, lifting the wounded, and forming a battered column behind the prime minister.

All the way back, leuan limped, coughed, and dabbed carefully at imaginary blood, each falter reinforcing the illusion of grievous injury.

Meanwhile, Lorraine was hauled into a narrow, torch-lit cave hidden deep within the mountains.

The hand left her lips. "Who are you?" she demanded, voice shaking yet defiant. "Are you truly from Malevolent Path Hall?"

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Their leader—one of leuan's own strategists—smirked. "Spare us the pretense, Princess Lorraine. You know exactly whose banner we serve." This text is hosted at findnovel.net

A chill slid through her chest. "leuan sent you? What is he planning?"

The adviser faced Lorraine, his voice as placid as moonlit water. "Mr. Chapman's design will emerge in time. For now, you must bear a few days of hardship, Princess Lorraine. Once he secures the Ritual Manual, you will be free to return."

With that, he departed the cave, escort in tow, the echo of boot-heels fading into the tunnels until only two stern cultivators remained to guard the entrance.

Lorraine sat cross-legged on the cold stone floor. Frigid air seeped through her ceremonial gown, yet what truly chilled her was uncertainty-an icy, nameless dread that pooled behind her ribs and refused to let go.

leuan planned this from the start. He abducts me, then demands Father trade the Ritual Manual. That manual details how to strengthen or shatter the demonic soul seal. Could he intend to break it? At the thought, a tremor raced down Lorraine's spine. I have to warn Father before it's too late.

Outside Celestia, leuan rode through the city gates with the remnants of his escort, armor dented, banners torn.

He staggered into Harmony Hall just as Aurelius paced before the throne, waiting for word of the princess. The sight of leuan's blood-spattered cloak made the king's heart plummet.

"Prime Minister, what happened? Why do you look as though you marched through hell itself?" Aurelius demanded, voice tight.

leuan collapsed to his knees with a violent sob. "Your Majesty, forgive me! I failed to protect Princess Lorraine!"

Aurelius lurched to his feet. Blood drained from his face. "What has become of my daughter?"

"When our convoy reached Soulless Valley," leuan choked, "raiders from the Malevolent Path Hall struck without warning. Their power was overwhelming. I fought until the last blade snapped, yet they still seized the princess. Before vanishing, they swore you must hand over the Ritual Manual-or they will kill her." "Malevolent Path Hall again!" Aurelius roared, the words clawing at his throat. His palm slammed the emerald desk. Wood and crystal exploded into powder, shards skittering across marble. Rage shook his shoulders. "First, they stole the Roaring Storm Bell. Now they dare touch my child! They're taking this too far!"

"Your Majesty, stay your wrath," leuan urged, still kneeling. "Rescuing the princess is paramount. Since the Malevolent Path Hall craves the manual, let us

agree for now. We exchange it, recover Princess Lorraine, then join forces with the Celestial Palace to crush them and avenge her."

"Absolutely not!" Aurelius' fist trembled, yet his gaze burned with clarity. "Ritual Manual safeguards the very seal that imprisons the demonic souls. In their hands, the seal will break, and chaos will swallow all of level six. Lorraine is my daughter-my heart but my king. I cannot barter the realm's safety for personal grief." s

"Your Majesty, the princess's life hangs by a thread!" leuan pressed on, hope flickering in his

tear-streaked eyes. "Malevolent Path Hall is ruthless. If we refuse outright, they will harm her. We can feign compliance, set an ambush at the hand-off, reclaim both the princess and the manual, and wipe those brigands from existence in a single stroke." s

Aurelius stood beneath the vaulted ceiling of Harmony Hall, a single furrow carving its way between his brows. Around him, pillars of white jade glimmered, yet his mind moved in swirling dusk. If Malevolent Path Hall truly wanted the Ritual Manual, why bother kidnapping Lorraine at all? Why not slip a shadow into the vault and be done?

The question looped, and with every turn suspicion tightened around leuan's earlier performance.

A guard skidded across the floor, armor clattering like hail against stone. "Your Majesty, a black-robed cultivator waits beyond the gates. He claims to be a courier from Malevolent Path Hall and bears a letter for you."

Without lifting his gaze, Aurelius rumbled, "Show him in."

The doors swung open. A figure draped in midnight followed a servant into the hall, bowed, and placed a sealed parchment into Aurelius' waiting hand. Not a single word escaped the messenger's lips before he vanished back into the corridor.

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Aurelius snapped the crimson seal and unfolded the sheet. "Aurelius, deliver the Ritual Manual to Soulless Valley within three days. Delay us, or set a trap, and you can expect to collect your daughter's corpse. From Malevolent Path Hall."

Each stroke was ragged, arrogant, and despotic, as though the writer had carved threat itself into the paper.

Thunder darkened Aurelius' face. "Malevolent Path Hall... The audacity of that den of vermin!"

leuan stepped closer, his voice a velvet whisper. "King Aurelius, we cannot waste another heartbeat. Let's agree to their terms for now. Within three days, we'll deploy troops in secret, spring the trap at Soulless Valley, save Princess Lorraine, and seize the Ritual Manual back."

Aurelius exhaled, slow and heavy. "I will think on it. Tend to your wounds first."

leuan read the doubt still clouding the throne. He bowed, said nothing more, and slipped from Harmony Hall.

Moonlight caught his smirk as he crossed the palace steps. "Hold out as long as you like, Aurelius. The moment your patience snaps, the Ritual Manual will fall into my hands."

Back at the Prime Minister's Office, leuan wasted no time. Torches flared, and his most trusted subordinates gathered at a nod.

One wiry strategist ventured, "Sir, what is our next move?"

leuan raised a palm for patience. "Hold your horses. Aurelius is stubborn, but his love for the princess is deeper than stone. As long as we continue to stoke the fire, he will eventually bend. For now, I want you to send men to Soulless Valley and make it appear as if it's Malevolent Path Hall's stronghold. Keep an eye on the palace at the same time. The instant Aurelius decides to trade the Ritual Manual, I want to know."

The strategist bowed deeply. "Yes, sir!"

Alone again, leuan sat in his study, lifted a cup of wine, and let its cool fragrance coil across his tongue.

He could already taste the future-Ritual Manual in hand, breaking the demonic soul seal, and all of level six kneeling beneath his command.

Elsewhere, Jared and Yuliana raced toward Celestia City, cloaking their auras so completely that even beasts missed their passage.

Barely a day after departing, they glimpsed the northern gate rising from the horizon like a bronze wall.

Suddenly, the earth trembled under a chorus of hooves. Thousands of Imperial Guards surged outward, silver spears glinting, banners snapping in the wind, and at their head rode King Aurelius himself-armor blazing, eyes set on war.

Yuliana's eyes flew wide. The silk of her cloak snapped in the wind as she clutched Jared's sleeve, breath catching in her chest. "It's King Aurelius!"

Hope flared through Jared like a struck match. Guiding Yuliana forward, he lifted his voice above the drum of hooves. "King Aurelius!"

Aurelius had been bent over a travel-stained map, hunting for a way to free his daughter. The shout snapped his head up, and relief flooded the weary lines of his face Mr. Chance! Yuliana! How in heaven's name have you returned? Where have you guys been all this time?" s

Yuliana dipped a swift curtsy, tension still coiled in her spine. "It's a long story, King Aurelius."

Jared stepped beside her, eyes skimming the corridor for lurking ears. "Let's find somewhere private before we say anything more."

Aurelius nodded once and led them to a nearby waystation. Royal banners snapped above the courtyard while travelers bowed low as the king swept into a secluded guest chamber.

The door had barely closed before Aurelius' patience fractured. "You may speak freely now, Mr. Chance. What on earth happened to you guys, and why did you suddenly disappear?"

Jared drew a steadying breath and began. He spoke of leuan's trap NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find~novel~net

inside the Prime Minister net

the attempt to seize the

Dragonslayer Sword and the Golden Dragon bloodline, and the desperate charge that carried him and Yuliana, through walls of steel and flame. He told of their flight into the

Pentacarna Tower, of wounds

healed beneath ancient sigils, and of emerging stronger than they had been before.
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Aurelius turned red with rage. "What? The audacity of leuan! I always thought he only had an appetite for power. I can't believe he man harbors such vicious ambitions!"

"King Aurelius," Jared said softly, "his ambition runs even deeper than that."

Yuliana leaned forward, voice barely above a whisper. "We overheard his confidants, and from what we've learned, he covets the Ritual Manual, plans to join the Malevolent Path Hall, shatter the demonic soul seal, and seize all of level six!" s

Aurelius blanched. "The Ritual Manual? The demonic soul seal?" he said, ice edging his tone. "No wonder he urged me to trade the manual for my daughter. This has been his plan the entire time! The kidnapping-every step-was his design!"

"Your insight is keen, King Aurelius," Jared replied. "By abducting the princess, he hopes to force your hand. Once he gets his hands on the Ritual Manual, the consequences will be dire..."

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Aurelius drew a long, shaking breath, forcing composure over fury. "Your return is a blessing, Mr. Chance. What now? My daughter remains his captive, and Celestia City may already be crawling with his agents."

"Our top priority is to return to Celestia City and seize the reins," Jared explained. "I'm sure leuan has already planted snares in the city, so if we delay our return, he will use the opportunity to take control. As for the princess, we can send covert scouts to track her location before coming up with a rescue plan."

Aurelius gave a sharp nod. "Yes! We'll do as you say, Mr. Chance! Issue the order to turn back and return to Celestia City!"

The Imperial Guard obeyed instantly. Hooves hammered the packed earth as the column wheeled north and surged toward the city's northern gate.

Jared and Yuliana rode beside the king, every sense strung tight for the faintest ripple of danger.

Not long after, the golden battlements of Celestia City rose ahead, ablaze with late-afternoon light. The source of this content is FindNovel.net

But as they drew closer, dread pooled in Jared's gut. The northern gate stood sealed, its iron doors barred. Ranks of Guardian Army soldiers lined the ramparts, and at their head waited leuan's cold-eyed deputy general.

"King Aurelius is back! Open the gate!" Rylan shouted, his voice rolling across the stone ramparts, and the banner of the Imperial Guard snapping above his helmet like thunder in a clear sky.

High on the battlements, the deputy general of the Guardian Army offered a thin, crooked smile. "The king, you say? Celestia City now answers to the Prime Minister. Without his command, no one is allowed to enter!"

Aurelius drew a sharp breath. "What?" The single word scraped from his throat like steel on rock.

His face blanched, then burned. "How dare leuan betray me!"

"King Aurelius, must you cling to delusion so tenaciously?" the deputy general called down, his voice almost indulgent. "The Prime Minister is the chosen one. Soon, he will rule the entire level six. Surrender, and perhaps he will spare your life!"

"Rubbish!" Aurelius roared, the syllable snapping the air. "leuan Chapman is a jackal, and his treason stains the whole of Celestial. Open these gates and submit, or I will tear them down and show no mercy!"

A dry laugh drifted from the parapet. "Show no mercy? Your moment is past, King Aurelius. The Guardian Army has taken control of every city gate and every important

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department in Celestia every city

Your Imperial Guard is outmatched. Surrender. Otherwise, don't blame us for taking the necessary action!" s

Rage shook Aurelius from head to toe; his fist lifted, ready to order an all-out assault.

Just then, Jared caught his wrist. "Don't act rashly, King Aurelius. The Guardian Army holds the advantageous ground. A direct assault will only needlessly increase our casualties. I suggest we pull back to the nearby towns, gather our forces, then retake Celestia City on our terms." s

Aurelius swallowed the fire in his chest. He knew Jared was right. "Very well, we shall withdraw. Just you wait, leuan! I will make you pay for this treachery!" he hurled one final vow before turning his stallion.

High above, the deputy general suddenly issued an order. "Fire the arrows!"

The next second, a black storm of arrows hissed outward, turning daylight into sleet. Imperial Guards quickly raised their shimmering shields, while Jared and Yuliana flanked Aurelius, channeling their spiritual energy to block the arrows aimed at him.

"Retreat!" Aurelius commanded, voice steady now-clear as a captain's bell amid the chaos.

The Imperial Guard folded into disciplined waves, blocking, then yielding, their formation retreating toward the nearest town.

From the wall, soldiers from the Guardian Army watched them vanish, then slammed the gates shut with a resounding thud and layered fresh barricades behind the doors.

Only after the column reached Breeze Town did Aurelius finally call a halt.

His shoulders drooped beneath invisible weight; the anger in his eyes had cooled into something darker, almost liquid.

The fall of Celestia City, the abduction of Lorraine, and leuan's rebellion- disasters striking one after another-had placed him under crushing strain

He turned to Jared, a flicker of hope beneath exhaustion. "What should we do now, Mr. Chance?"

Jared rubbed his chin. "King

Aurelius, leuan may sit on the

throne, but hearts are a fortress he does not yet hold. I'm sure there are many Soldiers in the Guardian Army who despise this treason. Once the people learn that he had kidnapped the princess and covers the Ritual Manual for his own

nefarious motives, citizens and rival factions alike will rise against him. Right now, our first task is to rally the army's spirit, reach out to those still loyal to Celestia, and wait for the right moment to reclaim the city." s

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Inside the provisional command post in Breeze Town, candles wavered in the draft, throwing restless shadows across the canvas walls. Aurelius sat at the head table in rigid control. Original content can be found at findnovel.net

Jared stood at his right, while Yuliana waited a respectful half-step behind them. Between the three lay a detailed relief map of Celestia City and its surrounding passes, the parchment holding more weight than any throne.

Aurelius spoke again, softer this time. "Mr. Chance is right-only unity can break the current deadlock."

He tapped the map with a finger. "To the west, Sunset Pass is held by Brendon Velez-my own protégé. His loyalty is ironclad. In the southeast, Purdina Barracks answers to Rodney Decker, whose family has long prospered under the crown and will never bow to leuan. And though Tredarin, commander of the Intelligence Agency, remains in Celestia City, he has just sent word that he has covertly secured half the secret agents. He awaits only a signal to snap into action."

"All you need to do is write a few orders, King Aurelius. Yuliana will deliver them herself," Jared replied, his tone clipped with purpose. "She's already at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine. Ordinary checkpoints cannot stop her, and her special status makes it unlikely to arouse leuan's suspicion."

"Rest easy, King Aurelius," Yuliana said, bowing deeply. "I will not fail you!"

Without hesitation, Aurelius reached for brush and ink. Three swift strokes, a flourish of the Dragon Royal Seal, and the letters were ready. He placed them in Yuliana's hands as though entrusting the kingdom's heartbeat itself.

Yuliana tucked the missives next to her heart, leapt through the tent flap, and shot into the night, like a comet swallowed by the moonless sky.

Outside, Jared watched the streak fade, lips pressed tight as though in silent prayer.

Soulless Valley nearly took her once, and the Pentacarna Tower scarred her spirit. I will not let harm touch Yuliana again—not after the closeness we have shared...

"King Aurelius, I must return to Roaring Storm Church," Jared said, turning back. "The Dragon Bell is suppressing it for now, but if anything falters, those demonic souls will burst free."

Aurelius rose from his seat. "Travel carefully, my friend. Shall I send a detachment of the Imperial Guard with you?"

"That won't be necessary, King Aurelius. Keep them at your side. Ileana is the greater threat here," Jared answered.

With that, he vaulted into the air. Flames curled beneath his boots as he activated Blazing Stride at full force and, in barely a few hours, the distant spires of Roaring Storm Church pierced the dawn haze.

To Jared's shock, a black tide of demonic aura had already gripped the church. Infinides, along with the disciples of Roaring Storm Church, guarded the Dragon Bell, faces flushed as they channeled their dwindling spiritual energy into its bronze walls.

Sweat streamed from Flaxseed's brow as he slapped charm after charm onto the bell. Alas, each sigil merely burned bright for a heartbeat, then shriveled beneath the demonic aura.

It was clear that the Dragon Bell was losing the battle of suppressing the demonic souls, and the souls were about to break through.

"How did it go, Jared? Did you find the Roaring Storm Bell? Please tell me you brought it!" Flaxseed shouted over the roaring haze.

Infinides turned his weary eyes toward Jared. Strength had deserted the old master, each ragged breath a battle, yet he still clung to fierce vigilance, unwilling to loosen his grip on the fragile barrier holding the darkness at bay.

"No..." Jared murmured, shaking his head.

As the lone syllable left his lips, Jared hurled ribbons of the Power of Dragons into the Dragon Bell. The bronze shell quaked, released a furious draconic roar, then erupted in searing gold light that smashed the demonic aura back toward the abyss.

Still, no one dared relax. Every cultivator on the platform bled the last of their strength into shackling the writhing demonic souls below the bell.

Meanwhile, deep within the Prime Minister's Office in Celestia City, leuan Chapman faced a silhouette woven from shadow.

Viscous black energy draped the stranger from crown to heel, yet twin crimson eyes blazed inside the haze. The man was none other than Stebarin Hemato, grand elder of Malevolent Path Hall.

"Mr. Chapman, did you summon me only to attempt some ridiculous 'forced unsealing' of the demonic soul seal?" he demanded, voice

rasping like rusted iron. "The net

Manual is a divine item and the key to breaking the seal. Without it not even our powers combined can do anything. Stop your wishful thinking!" s

leuan's jaw tightened, though his tone remained silk. "Must you dismiss me so quickly, Mr. Hemato? That stubborn geezer Aurelius will never Surrender the manual, and time is ticking away. Yes, the princess is in my custody, but that leverage cannot last. The Third

Hall's lord has been pounding on my doors for an answer to the marriage alliance. If we don't reply soon, it will only raise his suspicion. Once Celestial Palace and Aurelius join hands, you and I will be ground to dust!" s

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leuan paused, then drew a jet-black token from his pouch. Twisted demonic

markings crawled across its surface, exhaling a chill that pricked the skin. "This is the Demon Summoning Token I found among the late emperor's relics. It is said to be able to communicate with the demonic soul sealed within. That, combined with Malevolent Path Hall's Soul Corrosive Array and the blood essence of three hundred Earthly Immortal Realm cultivators, we might just be able to rip a seam in that ancient seal." NEW NOVEL chapters are published on FindNovel.net

Greed flashed across Stebarin's crimson pupils as they locked on the ominous token.

After a long, tense breath, he nodded. "Very well. I will trust you just this once. Let's meet at Netherworld Abyss tomorrow. If the plan fails, don't blame me for being heartless!"

With that, Stebarin dissolved into a torrent of black mist and seeped through the stone wall, leaving only silence in his wake.

leuan watched the darkness vanish, a knife-edged smile carving his lips. "When the demonic soul rises, its first feast will be you, Stebarin!" he whispered.

Soon, a new day arrived.

Netherworld Abyss was Celestia's most secretive forbidden ground, gaped beneath a sky of ashen clouds. Icy air wafted from the bottomless dark, and suspended at its heart hovered a colossal golden dome engraved with ancient runes. That, of course, was the seal that pinned the demonic soul to the void.

Beyond the shimmering barrier, leuan and Stebarin had etched a vast formation into the frost-bitten rock, its lines humming with grim intent.

Three hundred black-robed cultivators sat cross-legged at the array's core, faces waxen and empty-their wills long broken by leuan's secret technique. They were now nothing more than his death warriors.

Stebarin stood at the center, fingers weaving seals while guttural incantations spilled from his throat. Blood boiled from the captives, spun into scarlet strands, and sank into the core. The Soul Corrosive Array woke, unleashing tides of onyx fog toward the golden seal.

High above, leuan lunged over the seal, Demon Summoning Token clenched in both hands. With a savage cry, he slammed the obsidian token against the glowing dome, daring the abyss to answer his call.

Black demonic markings on the Demon Summoning Token slammed against the array of golden runes. The contact sizzled like acid on ice, and a hairline fissure snaked across the shimmering shield.

Exhilaration flared in leuan's eyes. "It works!" he exclaimed before flooding the token with even more spiritual energy until its surrounding mist thickened into tar- black coils.

"Push harder, Mr. Chapman!" Stebarin barked, eyes gleaming with bloodlust. "Give me one proper breach and the demonic souls will storm out on their own- this seal will never hold once it tastes real darkness."

However, just as the rupture threatened to widen, the ancient runes adorning the barrier burst alive with golden light. Luminous veins raced across the dome and stitched the fracture shut before the next heartbeat.

In addition, a golden shockwave quickly roared outward. leuan and Stebarin were hurled back several paces, coughing blood, while the radiant blast stripped most of the ebony haze from the Soul Corrosive Array.

"Impossible!" leuan clutched his chest, fresh blood smearing his lips. "The token can clearly converse with the demonic souls. Why has the seal grown stronger instead?"

"I told you, this seal holds ancient celestial power," Stebarin growled. "The Sout Corrosive Array can nibble at it, but not devour it outright. We've already depleted the blood essence of three hundred cultivators of we were to try breaking it again, we'd need at least one thousand Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight

cultivators. Can you provide me with that?" s

leuan said nothing. The glow of the token dimmed as his resolve wavered.

Although he commanded the Guardian Army in Celestia City, most forces had to stay on garrison duty. Pulling a thousand Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivators from their posts would most definitely spark mutiny and tremors throughout the city.

Does this mean we really need the Ritual Manual?

leuan gritted his teeth, a flicker of

hesitation rising in his heart, but thinking of the temptation of controlling level six, he forcibly suppressed it. I know the reach of your Malevolent Path Hall, MD. Hemato. Could you dispatch more men? Once we break the seal, we can share the power of the demonic soul equally!" s

Stebarin's laugh was cold iron on stone. "Split it equally? You sure are ambitious, Mr. Chapman. The truth is, you can forget about breaking the seal if you don't have the Ritual Manual. Besides, Malevolent Path Hall's elites aren't on level six.

Our lord will never agree to sacrificing a thousand cultivators just to feed your ambition." s

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For a moment, leuan was at a loss, yet he refused to give in. "I still have the princess. I'll personally drag her to Aurelius. If he still refuses to surrender the Ritual Manual, I will spill his daughter's blood before his eyes."

With that, he stormed out of the cavern, already barking orders for his guards to prepare the royal captive.

Inside the main hall of Roaring Storm Church, the air felt heavy enough to shatter ribs. Every breath tasted of thunder as unseen pressures pressed against the high beams.

Jared stood at the heart of the hall, channeling the last threads of the Power of Dragons. Infinides, Flaxseed, and dozens of disciples ringed him, pouring their own energies into the Dragon Bell. Golden light pulsed from the bronze bell and collided with the swirling black demonic aura outside, each impact humming with a promise of imminent rupture.

"This isn't working! The demonic aura is getting stronger," Flaxseed exclaimed as he wiped sweat from his brow. "Every charm I slap on the bell is reduced to ash the moment it touches the metal. Something is calling these demonic souls back, and they are growing restless."

Infinides turned ashen, his spiritual energy already dangerously low. "Mr. Chance, the Dragon Bell's power is almost depleted... The crack in the seal is spreading. We can't hold on much longer!"

Jared gritted his teeth and forced the last spark of the Power of Dragons. A spectral golden dragon coiled around the bell, its light briefly pushing the darkness back.

Yet deep below the seal, an ancient malice gathered, vast and patient, like a beast waking after endless centuries. Jared sensed its first breath and knew the next assault would dwarf all the rest.

Without warning, the stone floor shuddered so violently it felt as though some colossal heart had begun beating beneath Roaring Storm Church. Tiles cascaded from the vaulted roof, smashing into marble like iron rain.

At the center, the ancient seal groaned; hairline fractures spider-webbed outward, and a torrent of inky demonic aura erupted, devouring every candle of golden light in a single breath.

A thunderclap cracked the heavens-a detonation so fierce it drowned thought itself.

With that, the seal finally exploded, shards of sacred stone spinning like meteors.

From the newborn abyss surged legions of warped black silhouettes, their shrieks and roars weaving a murderous symphony that clawed at the mind.

Some resembled human phantoms elongated by nightmares-fangs where smiles should be. Others

prowled like multi-limbed beasts

each limb wreathed in vapor that corroded even pure spiritual energy. Those were without a doubt the hundred thousand demonic souls that Roaring Storm Church had kept suppressed for tens of thousands of years.

"Get into the Dragon Bell! Now!"

Jared's pupils contracted to pinpoints. Summoning the last crumb of strength, he slapped his palm against the bronze. The

Dragon Bell ballooned to a height of over one hundred meters, sweeping Infinites, Flaxseed and every surviving disciple under its bronze ribs.

The tide of demonic souls crashed over the bell. Runes etched along its skin

blazed, holding back the venomous haze by the width of a heartbeat.

Beyond the bell, the world collapsed into hell. Courtyard walls burst like kindling under spectral impact; nearby forests blackened in an instant trunks withering, birds howling before they fell. Within thirty minutes, a hundred-mile ring around the church became a hellish domain.

What was even more terrifying was that amid the cyclone of wraiths, a shadow almost three hundred meters tall began to coalesce, its aura equal to the Human Immortal Realm.

A crown of bone-spikes perched upon a skull-like head; eyes smoldered like wells of blood. It was the leader of the demonic souls-Soul Devourer.

"Hahaha! After ten thousand years, I'm finally free!" Soul Devourer bellowed. For more chapters visit findnovel.net

"Hear my decree! Go all out and head straight for Celestia City. We shall storm the subterranean dungeon, free our kin, then raze the entire level six!"

"Yes, My Lord!" one hundred thousand throats of shadow roared in unison, their war cry bleaching color from sky and earth.

Night swallowed daylight as storm clouds convulsed overhead; lightning danced while black rain laced with demonic aura pounded the ground. In an instant, the spiritual energy of level six curdled into sludge.

Soul Devourer flicked a taloned finger, and a black token spiraled skyward, bursting into a swarm of light that scattered across level six. It was none other than the Demon Gathering Token.

Every Demonic Cultivator in level six felt its summons and erupted in fever. Whether it was Demonic Cultivators hidden within the deep mountains or spies lurking within the cities, each abandoned cover and rode dark currents toward Celestia City.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Their eyes blazed with zeal, as though a dawn of demon rule had already broken.

The escape of demonic souls thundered through level six, and within an hour, everyone had gotten wind of the news.

In the Dark Forest, a circle of beast race cultivators sat roasting meat over an open flame.

The sudden turbulence in the air made their fur bristle; glancing upward, they gaped at black rain coughing from lightning-split clouds. Terror quickly stampeded through the gathering.

A guttural shout broke the dull hush. "What in the world is that?" the voice cracked, raw with a fear it could not hide.

A burly bear beast cultivator—his chest heaving beneath patch-worked armor—thrust a trembling paw toward the horizon. There, black vapors rolled like an ocean of ink. The stench of malice riding that wind felt thick enough to choke on,

far darker than anything stirred during the ancient Demon Rebellion. Each breath the bearman drew sounded like it might be his last. "Such a thick and strong demonic aura... It's even more terrifying than when demons wreaked havoc back in the day!"

Someone gasped as the nightmare gradually took shape. "It's the demonic souls! The hundred thousand demonic souls that legend says Roaring Storm Church had sealed away! They've escaped!" Read complete version only at findnovel.net

A nearby fox beast cultivator went deathly pale. "The Demon Gathering Token has already swept across level six, and all demonic cultivators are racing for Celestia City. If we don't flee now, those demonic souls will devour us whole!"

Her warning struck like a whip. In the space of a heartbeat, the cultivators of Blackwind Stronghold scattered, boots and talons pounding in every direction, leaving only overturned crates and a swirl of dust to mark where they once stood.

Meanwhile, inside Rose Cloud Sect's main hall in the Northern Frontier, lamplight flickered across grim faces.

The sect leader and several elders stared through the open skylight at the twisting shadows staining the firmament.

A messenger knelt below, voice shaking. "News just arrived-Roaring Storm Church's seal has shattered. A hundred thousand demonic souls are storming straight toward Celestia City, and every demonic cultivator is also answering to the call of the Demon Gathering Token."

"If Celestia City's defenses fall and those demonic souls flood the world, the entire human race will bleed for it-ours first among them," the grand elder said, his tone rumbling like distant thunder.

The sect leader's brow tightened. "Relay my order! All disciples of the Rose Cloud Sect are to reinforce the defense formation at once and lock the gates. No one is allowed to leave! At the same time, send scouts to Celestia City to check on the situation. If the city's in danger, we will decide whether to render assistance or not!"

In the Myriad Beast Valley of Western Frontier, the leader, Talon, stood at the valley entrance, his stripes gleaming under a sickly purple sky.

He was a white tiger that had roamed the earth for thousands of years, and even

he was fraught with worry as his golden eyes tracked the distant plume of demonic haze curling above Celestia City.

"The demonic souls have broken free," he growled, every syllable a low quake. "Level six is about to burn."

Claws scoring the earth, he roared orders that rattled the trees, "Warn every beast race. Draw the borders tight and hold them. We are not to meddle in the fight between humans and demons. But if even one stray demonic soul crosses into our realm, rip it apart!"

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With the demonic souls released, panic seeped through humans and beasts alike, spreading faster than wildfire in dry grass.

And in Celestia City itself, order had already collapsed into shrieking chaos.

Ileuan had barely dragged the abducted Lorraine through the gates of the Prime Minister's Office when a shudder rippled through heaven and earth.

He looked up, only to be greeted by black clouds swarming overhead, lightning veining their bellies. Far beyond the city walls, an oncoming sea of translucent wraiths swept forward like a tidal wave, causing him to turn pale.

"H-How can this be? Why have the demonic souls broken out early?"

His entire frame quivered. He had planned to use Lorraine as leverage to force Aurelius to surrender the Ritual Manual. But with Celestia City itself on the brink of annihilation, every scheme he had so carefully spun unraveled in an instant.

A breathless advisor skidded across polished stone. "Sir, what do we do now? The Demonic Soul Army is almost at the gates! The Guardian Army is panicking. Many are already deserting their posts!"

Ileuan clenched his teeth. "Quit

panicking! Seal all four city gates. Order the Guardian Army to the ramparts. There will be no retreat and no excuses! It's just a handful of demonic souls, so they won't be that

strong. When the time comes, I will meet them myself, along with Mr. Hemato from Malevolent Path Hall. Perhaps we can persuade them to join our cause!" s

Even now, as the sky itself seemed to scream, leuan's mind clung to its twisted fantasy—command the Demonic Soul Army, conquer level six, and crown himself master of all he surveyed.

Somewhere else, news of the Demonic Soul Army's emergence had just reached Aurelius, and the weight of it hammered across his features until every line of his face looked carved from stone.

"King Aurelius, the Demonic Soul

Army is heading straight for Celestia City. Demonic cultivators are also flooding in behind them by the minute celestia city is on the brink of danger," a breathless patrol officer reported, voice cracking with dread.

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"King Aurelius, reinforcements from Sunset Pass and Purdina Barracks are still on their way. They will need several more hours at least," Rylan added.

Aurelius drew a slow lungful of air, forcing the knot of anxiety back into its cage. "Relay my orders immediately. Every regiment is to proceed to Roaring Storm Church. Find Mr. Chance. I need to know the church's condition this instant."

Meanwhile, Celestia City was already in full panic mode.

Streets once brimming with vendors now churned with panicked citizens hauling children and elders toward any promise of safety. Wails mingled with frantic screams, echoing through alleys like wind through broken chimes.

Desperate clusters tried to reach the city gates, only to be driven back by ranks of the Guardian Army. Shields locked and spears leveled, the soldiers forced the tide inward, yet fear bled through the city with every heartbeat.

A Warrior Undefeatable

On the ramparts of Celestia City, clouds as black as spilled ink pressed low, squeezing out a rain so dark it looked like liquid night. Each droplet hissed with demonic aura, cracking against the battlements.

leuan braced both hands on the slick stone, his pulse hammering. In the distance, a moving shadow swallowed mountains and rivers alike.

It was the Demonic Soul Army, one hundred thousand strong. Wherever that tide rolled, valleys split, forests died, and daylight simply ceased to exist.

"Sir, the Demonic Soul Army is at the walls!" his most trusted adviser squeaked, nearly sobbing as he pointed at the advancing darkness. Find the newest release on Find★Novel.net

leuan swallowed his terror and turned to Stebarin. "Mr. Hemato, when their leader arrives, I'll need you to negotiate for me. As long as he agrees to submit to me, I'll give him half of level six."

Stebarin answered with a cold, amused snort. He believed none of leuan's grand promises; instead, he settled in place to watch the ambitious statesman humiliate himself.

Moments later, the Demonic Soul Army halted beneath the city like a living abyss.

High above them hovered Soul Devourer—a phantom tower of darkness whose towering silhouette blotted out every torch. Pressure from his Human Immortal Realm aura struck the Guardian Army like a physical weight, crushing soldiers to their knees before many even realized they had bowed.

"Insignificant beings," Soul Devourer thundered, the words cracking the air. "Open the gates and swear fealty, and perhaps you will be spared!"

The very wall shivered beneath the volume of that command, dust drifting from ancient mortar.

Summoning every shred of courage, leuan rose into the air until he faced that towering shade. Hands clasped, he called, "My Lord, I am leuan Chapman, prime minister of Celestia. Bend your army to my rule, and we shall govern level six together. Wealth and glory beyond measure await you!"

A flare of mockery flickered in the hollow pits where Soul Devourer's eyes should have been. He lifted one vast hand—and the sky itself seemed to fall.

The blow struck leuan before he could even raise a defense. He pin-wheeled backward like a severed kite, slammed into the wall, and vomited blood. Several ribs snapped with an audible crack.

"Submit to you? Know your place, you pathetic clown," Soul Devourer rasped, contempt dripping from every syllable. "Do you really think you're fit to negotiate with me?"

leuan lay sprawled across the battlement, every breath a wave of agony. He had never imagined that he the power of the Soul Devourer

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could be so terrifying. Before him, he couldn't even defend against a single strike. Terror quickly surged through him, drowning every fragment of earlier ambition. s

Stebarin shot into the bruised sky like a streak of crimson smoke, cloak snapping behind him. Halfway between the battlements and the roiling clouds, he halted, folded his arms, then dropped into a deep, reverent bow. "My Lord, I am Stebarin Hemato, grand elder of Malevolent Path Hall," he said, voice echoing like a funeral bell across the field. Team a Demonic Cultivator, which means I'm on your side. leuan is ignorant, so if he has offended you, please forgive him!" s

Soul Devourer drifted forward, hollow eyes gleaming with violet flame. His tone cut like winter steel. "Since you're a Demonic Cultivator, submit to me. As for Celestia City, they can either open the gates and surrender or let every living thing inside be ground to dust."

Stebarin's swiftly nodded. "As you wish, My Lord."

He wheeled on the wall, scarlet gaze spearing the prime minister. "leuan Chapman, open the gates and surrender this instant. Or are you going to stand by and let the city turn to ash?"

leuan staggered upright, knees buckling beneath brocade armor. The Demonic Soul Army seethed below him; behind, the Guardian Army quivered, knuckles white on spears. One truth hammered his ribs—resist, and they would be wiped out.

His voice cracked, yet the words escaped. "Relay my command! Open the gates. Pledge fealty to our lord, Soul Devourer!"

"What? The prime minister wants us to kneel to demons?" a young guardsman exclaimed, disbelief ringing off the stone.

Another shouted, "Never! We are soldiers of Celestia. We will never bow to demons!"

A third bared his blade, spit flying. "If we must die, we'll die fighting the demons!"

The parapet erupted. Armor clanged, oaths collided with prayer.

Most of the soldiers were native-born citizens of Celestia,

nurtured by its blessings for

generations. Moreover, they weret

the high and mighty celestials. How could they yield to demons? Their city already held a low status among the celestials, and if they were to submit to the demons, their entire kingdom would be branded with eternal disgrace. s

A Warrior Undefeatable

One fresh-faced soldier slammed his silver spear against the rampart. "Brothers, the demons butcher our kin and burn our homes. Better to fall today than crawl tomorrow! We can't surrender! We have to fight back!"

"Fight!" voices roared in unison, weapons raised, resolve blazing bright as dawn.

Below the wall, citizens heard the decree and answered with a tidal howl, fury drowning fear.

"We will not surrender! Even if it means death, we will stand with Celestia City!" someone screeched from the crowd.

"leuan Chapman is a traitor! Kill him and fight the demons!"

"Children of the celestials, arm yourselves and defend Celestia City!"

Within seconds, citizens of Celestial City surged forward. Side by side with the Guardian Army, they forged a living bulwark of shields, staves, and raw determination. They might be citizens of Celestial City, but they were also cultivators in their own right. From a young age, they carried the pride of being celestials, and that meant no bowing to any other forces.

Surrendering was not an option.

Watching rebellion bloom on the stones beneath his feet, leuan felt a mix of emotions.

All he had ever craved was power. Never, not even in his darkest ambitions, had leuan imagined betraying the Celestia, much less handing the citizens of Celestia City to the Demonic Soul Army. Yet now, he was already in too deep to back out.

"You... You are all courting death!"

leuan's raw scream tore across the parapet, but his hands stayed frozen at his sides. He could not bring himself to give the order that would turn spears on his own civilians.

Soul Devourer's patience snapped like dry tinder. "So you refuse to comply. You are determined to take the hard way, huh? Very well. All forces advance. Level Celestia City!" he thundered.

"Kill!"

One hundred thousand demonic souls roared in unison, a black tide that rolled toward the city gates with a sound like thunder underwater.

The iron doors held fast, but each pounding wave of claws and dark steel carved fresh cracks through the ancient wood and stone.

"Hold the gate!" The commander of the Guardian Army swung a sword in a burning arc, cleaving the first demon that clambered over the wall.

Soldiers followed his lead, thrusting spears, sabers, and arrows into the swarm. Beside them, untrained townsfolk seized whatever they could—axes, bricks, even bare fists—and dove into the melee. Some wrapped their arms around a demon and detonated their own bodies in fiery bursts of soul energy. Find the newest release on find~novel~net

An elderly woman wrestled a shrieking demon to her chest, spat blood, and hissed, "Rot in the abyss, you filthy demon. If I die, you die with me!"

The next second, white light flared. She had self-destructed and both vanished, leaving only a spray of ash that drifted on the wind.

Reaching the Earthly Immortal Realm had cost each citizen years of back-breaking cultivation, yet many hurled their lives away without a pause, unwilling to surrender.

A young mother wedged her baby into a crack between stones, pressed a trembling kiss to its brow, then charged with a spiritual sword flashing in her grip. "Forgive me, little one. Mama cannot watch you grow."

Blood soaked the crenellations until the bricks shone crimson; bodies piled higher than the merlons.

Guardian Army soldiers and commoners alike fell, rose, and fell again, but no one stepped back even half a pace.

With every dying breath, they carved their definition of loyalty into the stones of Celestia.

High on the tower, leuan watched carnage unfold below. Shame crushed the air from his lungs.

He covered his face, tears leaking through trembling fingers. "It is my fault. All of this is my fault."

Stebarin stood nearby, lips curled in delight. He produced a black gourd, tipped it toward the battlefield, and inhaled. Newly freed souls from

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soldiers, civilians, and even children

children

spiraled like silver smoke into the vessel. s

Each soul dripped with bitter resentment, a perfect catalyst for cultivating his demonic techniques.

"Hahaha! This is magnificent! So many at once. This will vault me to the next realm!" Stebarin exclaimed, his voice quivering with hunger.

His laughter rang across the ramparts-shrill, manic, utterly devoid of mercy. Half an hour later, the gate collapsed with a groan like a dying giant.

With the barrier gone, the Demonic Soul Army poured into Celestia City, drowning streets and squares in blade and shadow, hacking down every living thing they found.

Flames clawed at rooftops. Cries for help tangled with screams of agony and the clash of steel. Between the burning houses, corpses lay where hope had stood only moments before.

Celestia City the crown jewel of level six-shattered without warning. Pearl-white, spires toppled, cobblestones split like dry bones, and flames licked the heavens. In their glare, the Demonic Soul Army, carved through alleys that once rang with laughter. s

leuan staggered along a boulevard he had walked since boyhood. Where happiness and music had lived, only smoke, blood, and ruptured masonry remained. The sight crashed into him. Guilt boiled, around his ribs, fierce as barbed wire, until breathing felt like

penance. s