

A Warrior Undefeatable

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He remembered every one of his sins with merciless clarity—colluding with Malevolent Path Hall, kidnapping Lorraine, forcing Aurelius' hand, even plotting to break the seal that held the demonic souls. Now, the debt had come due, and it demanded interest in lives.

"I was wrong... I was so, so wrong," leuan muttered, each syllable bleeding. Panic gnawed behind his eyes, threatening to splinter what was left of his reason.

Suddenly, a single name stabbed through the fog-Lorraine.

Jerking upright, he spun toward the Prime Minister's Office, shoes skidding through ash as he sprinted.

Inside the once-serene estate, the princess sat lashed to a marble pillar. Outside, steel shrieked against steel; inside, her heart hammered with dread.

Just then, the doors burst open and leuan all but crashed across the threshold, lungs blazing.

"Princess Lorraine, come with me now!" he blurted, fingers trembling as they sliced through the ropes. Panic shortened every breath; outside, the massacre edged closer with each heartbeat.

Lorraine stared, ice glinting in her eyes. "Why would you free me, leuan? Weren't you planning to hold me over my father's head?" The rightful source is find.*n

Shame reddened leuan's cheeks. "I'm to blame for all of this, Princess Lorraine. I lost myself to ambition, betrayed Celestia, the king, and every innocent bleeding in these streets. I deserve a thousand deaths, but I refuse to add one more crime to the tally... Go. Break for the outer gate. There's still a sliver of hope for you to make it out here alive!"

Lorraine's posture softened when she saw the immense regret in leuan's eyes, though caution lingered. "Why are you helping me?"

"Because I've ruined enough lives. This is the only restitution I have left."

With that, he pressed a communication charm into her palm. "This is a communication charm from the Intelligence Agency. Crush it, and Tredarin will send someone to find you. Run now before it's too late!" Lorraine hesitated, then closed her fist around the charm. "Take care of yourself, leuan."

Having said that, she pivoted and darted into the burning courtyard, silk slippers skimming puddles of blood.

Watching her vanish into smoke, leuan felt a needle of relief pierce his despair. He stepped into the open courtyard and watched the silhouettes of demonic souls pour over the walls. Resolve crystallized behind his eyes.

"Citizens and soldiers of Celestia City, I, leuan Chapman, have wronged you all. Today, I will trade my life to atone for my sins!" he shouted.

Then, he drew on every shard of spiritual energy left in his veins. Power roared outward, a volcano of blinding light aimed straight at the oncoming tide.

Stebarin burst through the shattered

hallway the instant he heard the roar of gathering energy. His crimson mantle snapped around him as he saw leuan raise both palms, his eyes wild with conviction. "leuan, have you lost your mind? Stop now!" he shouted, voice cracking under the weight of panic. s

leuan never even turned. Instead, he faced Celestia City-its distant spires barely visible above the smoke then bent at the waist in a long, formal bow. As he

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straightened, golden veins of power

raced across his abdomen and he ripped open his elixir field, inviting oblivion. s

Boom!

As the explosion rang out, leuan's body became a single spear of white-gold light. It punched outward, unfurling like a starburst that devoured the walls and tiles of the Prime Minister's Office.

Hundreds of drifting demonic souls were caught first. They sizzled, shrieked, and vanished. Stebarin flew backward, boots carving trenches through marble, his jaw hanging open in mute horror.

When the radiance at last guttered out, nothing remained but smoking rubble where the estate had stood. There was no trace of leuan, only settling dust glittering in the skies.

With that single flare of self-destruction, he paid for his crimes in blood and carved a few precious breaths of freedom for Lorraine.

Far away, in Celestia City's maze of streets, the massacre rolled on without pause.

A hundred thousand demonic souls rampaged through alley and avenue. Soldiers crumpled like reeds, and civilians lay where they had run, the city's proud banners soaked black.

Stebarin surveyed the carpet of bodies and the drifting fragments of spirits. A slow, satisfied smile spread across his face, as though ruin itself were a masterpiece finally complete.

Beyond the shattered gates of Roaring Storm Church, damp coils of smoke still writhed. The once-sacred complex was now a splintered skeleton against a bruised sky.

Black corrosive scars pitted every flagstone. Rot-sweet vapors clung to the air, so thick they burned the throat with each breath.

When Aurelius and the Imperial

Guard finally arrived, they were shocked by the sight that greeted them. Helms fell from sturned hands as the soldiers beheld the devastation and froze, unable to comprehend such sacrilege. s

Rylan forced words past a dry tongue. "W-What on earth happened here?" Each syllable quavered like a child's candle in a gale.

For centuries, the church had pinned the demonic souls beneath the runes. Now, those runes lay cracked, useless—proof that even eternal walls could fail in one terrible night.

Aurelius hurried toward the Dragon Bell, still shrouded by a faint veil of golden light. Through the translucent sheen, he glimpsed Jared, Infinides, and Flaxseed.

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"Mr. Chance! Abbot Infinides! Are you okay?" King Aurelius shouted, voice ringing across the broken courtyard.

The bell peeled open, and Jared staggered out, one arm bracing the weakened Infinides, his own robes torn and singed, but his eyes still fiercely clear.

"We're fine, King Aurelius," he rasped. "But alas, the church's seal has shattered. A legion of one hundred thousand demonic souls is already racing toward Celestia."

Aurelius felt his heart drop, heavy as iron. He opened his mouth to demand news of the city, but frantic footsteps cut the question short.

Lorraine burst from the treeline, gown in rags, hair matted with soot and blood. Behind her pounded several Intelligence Agency cultivators, their blades bare, their faces drawn.

"Father!" she sobbed, the single word tearing loose as she threw herself forward.

Lorraine collapsed into the king's arms and cried without restraint. Her trembling shoulders spoke of cities burning and sacrifices already paid, while above them the night howled on.

Aurelius hugged his daughter tight against him, the tremor in his arms betraying equal parts terror and rage as he felt the sticky blood on her torn robes. "Lorri, how did you end up here? What happened to Celestia City?"

"Father, Celestia City is gone!" Lorraine cried out, voice splintering like glass. "leuan opened our gates to the horde of demonic souls. Soldiers, townsfolk—everyone resisted to the last, but the demons were too strong. They slaughtered everyone. In the end, leuan freed me and blew himself apart as penance....."

The princess tried to stand straight, yet every syllable dragged fresh images—corpses piled like ruined walls, flames chewing through mansions, black wraiths rippling above streets where brave men and women died shouting Celestia's name.

Aurelius' throat burned. "leuan Chapman! Demonic souls!"

His rage erupted. He ripped his sword free, the blade flashing toward the distant city. "I will personally lead the army back to Celestia City and avenge every last citizen! Rylan, relay my order. All troops are to assemble and follow me to war!"

"You must not do that, King

Aurelius!" Jared said as he blocked

the king's path, voice low but unshakable. "There are a hundred thousand demonic souls, and Soul Devourer himself is a Human

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Guards would be butchered. A

charge now is suicide, not salvation!"

s Content originally comes from findn

Aurelius' reddened gaze flared. "And what then? Am I to watch those fiends roam free while Celestia City cries for justice? Do I not avenge my people?"

"Justice will come—but not today," Jared replied, every word steady as hammer beats. "Only if every human and beast race of level six unite can we take on the Demonic Soul Army. If you fall in a reckless assault, that hope dies forever."

Infinides, still catching his breath,

nodded. "Jared is right. You are the pillar of strength of the human race King Aurelius, You must not act rashly Tempers must cool and alliances must form. Only combined strength can shatter this siège." s

Lorraine wiped her cheeks, meeting her father's eyes with quiet steel. "Mr. Chance is right, Father. We cannot bleed for nothing. For the people of Celestia City and for the entire level six, we must stay calm and level-headed."

Aurelius looked from his daughter's resolute stare to the shattered halls of Roaring Storm Church and the exhausted survivors around him. At last, he drew one breath so deep it shook his rib cage and forced the fury down.

He drove the Sword point into the flagstones, knuckles white. "Very well. I shall heed your advice! I shall use my power as king of Celestial City to summon every human and beast race of level six to Roaring Storm Church. Together, we will fight the demonic souls!" s

With that, he seized brush and ink himself, drafting a call to arms that spared no detail—the capital's ruin, the threat of extinction, the need to bury every old feud beneath one banner.

When the last stroke dried, he pressed the Dragon Royal Seal into crimson wax and handed the scroll to an Intelligence Agency cultivator. "Go. Spread this throughout level six. Make sure every force receives the message."

The cultivator saluted, became a smudge of shadows, and vanished into four different horizons.

Across level six, the various forces and races were already feeling uneasy upon learning of the demonic souls' escape.

As such, when Aurelius' call to action reached them, the gravity of the situation finally hit them. It was not only a crisis for Celestia, but a crisis for the entire level six...

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In Northern Frontier's Rose Cloud Sect, the sect leader brandished Aurelius' scroll before the elders.

"Celestia has fallen, and demonic souls are wreaking havoc. If we continue to turn a blind eye, we will be the next to fall. Ready every disciple. We will head toward Roaring Storm Church!"

In Western Frontier's Myriad Beast Valley, Talon, too, was reading the scroll.

The fur along his arms bristled as his amber eyes narrowed. "The demons have always been brutally ambitious. If level six falls into their claws, every beast race will be at their mercy. Inform every tribe leader to bring their elites to Roaring Storm Church. It's time to fight together against the demonic souls!"

Across the shadow-drenched Dark Forest, beast race cultivators who had fled in panic only hours before now raced back together, feet thudding through fallen leaves like distant drums.

One massive bear beast cultivator clenched calloused fists, his breath smoking in the cold air. "Celestial is already done for, and we can't keep running away," he roared. "It'd be better to follow King Aurelius and tear the demonic souls apart!"

A chorus of war cries answered him, and the horde thundered toward Roaring Storm Church, every stride cracking branches like fireworks.

Other human sects and beast tribes—some former rivals of Celestia, others stubbornly neutral—read the summons, weighed survival against pride, and decided to march as well.

Within a single day, various forces and tribes arrived in ragged waves before the weather-scarred steps of Roaring Storm Church.

Where ruins had yawned empty days ago, one hundred thousand bodies now crowded the broken courtyard, armor glinting like scales beneath a storm-gray sky.

Human cultivators wore every shade of robe, each gripping a different shining tool of war. Beside them, beast race cultivators stood in countless forms, their auras rough as mountain wind. Despite the mismatched shapes, one steel certainty burned behind every gaze: fight for home or be erased.

High atop a shattered balcony, Aurelius surveyed the sea of faces, and warmth, unexpected as spring in winter, welled behind his stern breastplate.

"Friends and allies! The demonic souls have escaped, drowning our land in grief. Celestia City lies in rubble, and countless brothers and sisters are dead. We have gathered here today to guard level six and to avenge our fallen kin with our blades. I, Aurelius, swear to stand beside you until the last demonic soul is suppressed!"

Slaughter the demonic souls and avenge the fallen!

"Guard level six!"

"We'll fight to the death with the demons!"

One hundred thousand throats formed a single thunderclap that shook the clouds; even the greasy black demonic aura in the air peeled back as if afraid of that roar.

Watching the tide of resolve, Jared let his shoulders loosen. At last, they held a power strong enough to meet the coming darkness.

He told Aurelius to rally the troops while he guided the exhausted disciples of Roaring Storm Church into the Pentacarna Tower. Every scrap of their spiritual power had been depleted while trying to suppress the demonic souls, and recovery was now their only weapon. s

Far away, within the ruined capital of Celestia, Soul Devourer stood at the mouth of the underground dungeon, staring at a golden seal that pulsed like a captive sun.

The barrier shared the same ancient origin as the one beneath Roaring Storm Church, binding tens of thousands of demonic souls beneath layers of celestial power.

A Demonic Cultivator in tattered black bowed low. "My Lord, the seal is too strong. We have tried every method we know, yet nothing opens it."

Soul Devourer snorted, the sound like iron scraping stone. "Useless vermin! You can't even break a seal!"

He struck the glowing seal with one clawed palm, causing golden currents to ripple and tremble, but the seal held strong.

Stebarin, who stood nearby,

whispered cautiously, "My Lord, this seal is the same as the one at Roaring Storm Church. The church's seal only loosened because the Roaring Storm Bell was gone, but the statues guarding the seal here remain at Celestia City. Without the Ritual Manual, we cannot prize it open as we did at Roaring Storm Church. Celestia has fallen yet. Aurelius has vanished into thin air. My guess is he has gone into hiding. Why don't we flush him from whatever hole he's cowering in and force him to surrender the Ritual Manual? That way, our victory will be certain." s

"That's a sound proposal. Aurelius is the king of Celestial, so he won't give up that easily," Soul Devourer

murmured, twin specks of scarlonet

kindling inside the hollow pit where His eyes yes once lived the a curdled

with restrained hunger.

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"Relay my orders! Every demonic soul and Demonic Cultivator is to hunt Aurelius down. If he offers up the Ritual Manual, I will spare his life. If he refuses, drown the entire Celestia in blood!"

"Yes, My Lord!" tens of thousands roared, their devotion echoing like iron chains across the broken city.

Moments later, the Demonic Soul Army gathered with scores of Demonic Cultivators, swelling into a black legion—a tide of night poised to erase daylight itself.

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The moment scouts confirmed Aurelius was hiding inside Roaring Storm Church, that vast obsidian army pivoted and rolled toward the distant monastery.

Where the demon army marched, rivers curdled, mountains darkened, and every blade of grass shriveled to powder. Veils of demonic aura blotted out the sun until even the thunderclouds wore mourning black.

Inside Roaring Storm Church, a breathless scout skidded across the flagstones and knelt before Aurelius. Bad news, King Aurelius! The Demonic Soul Army and tens of thousands of Demonic Cultivators are on their way here. They're expected to arrive within a day!

A pall of dread passed over every gathered defender.

Though they, too, numbered one hundred thousand, their odds against an equal host of demonic souls, relentless Demonic Cultivators, and the Human Immortal Realm Soul Devourer were perilous at best.

Aurelius clenched his fist, voice ringing like tempered steel. "Comrades, the enemy stands at our gates. Today's battle decides whether level six lives or crumbles. Those who wish to fight beside me—follow me to meet our foes!"

"We stand with King Aurelius!" everyone thundered, not a single soul retreating even a pace.

Outside the ruin, Soul Devourer now wore the guise of a child, astride a lion taller than a cathedral spire, its mane shuddering with molten darkness.

Two sword-bearing elders followed behind him, their silence sharper than their blades. Flanking them was Stebarin, grand elder of Malevolent Path Hall—whose crimson robes still dripped the promise of fresh slaughter.

Stebarin had intended to slink back to Malevolent Path Hall and leave level six's fate to the winds. Yet the coming carnage, heavy with unclaimed souls, proved too enticing, and it was that greed that ultimately tethered him to Soul Devourer's shadow.

"Tell me, Mr. Hemato, who is currently the strongest in level six?" Soul Devourer tilted, legs swinging over the lion's mane.

The question cracked like a whip. He had been suppressed for ten thousand years, and level six had long since changed dynasties. It was no longer the era he once knew.

"One of the known powers would be Aurelius, king of Celestia," Stebarin answered after a thoughtful pause. "He sits at Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level One."

"And the unknown?" Soul Devourer pressed on, eyes glimmering with childlike mischief and killing intent.

"Rumors speak of Immortal Oras,

the elder of Roaring Storm Church who has disappeared for almost ten thousand years," Stebarin said softly. There is also Adler Mover, a prodigy of the beast race. He has also gone missing for many years, and it's rumored that he has advanced to the celestial realm." s

Soul Devourer nodded, a smile razor-thin across his small mouth. "I know all the people you mentioned. To think that after ten thousand years, level six has achieved nothing—the same old geezers from the past are still the most formidable. Does level six truly have no young prodigies at all?"

Stebarin fell silent and lowered his gaze, as though the stone floor might offer an answer. "My Lord, the truth is I know little of level six. I was dispatched here only recently by the lord of Malevolent Path Hall," he murmured, each word careful, measured.

Before the awkward silence could thicken, a white-bearded elder hurried forward, spine bowed by both age and fear. "My lord, there's a Martial Rankings in level six. The ten names at the top belong to their greatest young talents."

Soul Devourer let his gaze drift toward the trembling speaker. "Names. Give them to me."

"The number one on the Martial

Rankings is Half-Beast King Imorn," the elder stammered. "Barely two centuries old, yet he has ruled the list for years. No one knows his master of the power behind him. The second is Thastrum Sandoval of Célestia. It's said that he and

Imorn are evenly matched. They've dueled once, but never again since." Check latest chapters at findn

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Soul Devourer's brow creased, shadows gathering in the hollows of his eyes. "Among all those young

prodigies, is there no one by the name of Jared Chance?"

The elder blinked, utterly blank. "Jared Chance? I-I fear the name escapes me, My Lord."

Stebarin rushed to fill the void. "My

Lord, that man has crossed

Malevolent Path Hall before. He may be strong, but he's hardly a concern. By our estimates, he's likely at Earthly napaortal Realm Level One of Two. Even if he can punch above his weight, he is still no match for the other prodigies of level six."

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Soul Devourer froze. "Is that so? I was on the verge of breaking through the restriction, but I was stalled for an entire day because of his arrival. Besides, the Power of Dragons coursing through him is exquisitely pure. I have a feeling he's a descendant of the Draconians..."

After hearing that, Stebarin nodded. "He is indeed a descendant of the Draconians, yet his strength fluctuates wildly. He may be formidable one moment, but becomes extremely weak the next. What truly bolsters him are the many divine weapons he has. Those are what increase his combat prowess."

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Soul Devourer's lip curled. "But this guy wields some Dragon Bell that's capable of replacing the Roaring Storm Bell. Thanks to that, I continued to be sealed in for several more days. Tell me, Stebarin, was it Malevolent Path Hall that stole the Roaring Storm Bell from Roaring Storm Church?"

Not daring to lie, Stebarin bowed low. "Yes, My Lord. We knew the seal had to be reinforced with the Roaring Storm Bell every hundred years, so we stole it. That way, it'd be easier for you and the demonic souls to break the seal."

A thin smile touched Soul Devourer's lips. "Then I ought to thank you, huh?"

Stebarin straightened half an inch, missing the menace beneath the courtesy. "There is no need, My Lord. We are all Demonic Cultivators. Helping one another is only natural."

To Stebarin's surprise, Soul Devourer let out a cold snort. "You stole the Roaring Storm Bell and freed us only because you guys wish to harvest my demonic souls for your cultivation. Isn't that right?"

His contemptuous grunt echoed like distant thunder.

Stebarin's mouth went dry. No answer came, for Soul Devourer's accusation struck all too close to the truth.

After all, the demonic souls were all Demonic Cultivators slain in the past. Whenever a demonic soul was suppressed, it would be absorbed by Malevolent Path Hall for cultivation. Whether demon, human, or beast, it made no difference to them. Updates are released by findn

Soul Devourer's voice softened, though it remained edged with iron. "Even so, you guys have been a big help. No matter what motives you had, I still ought to thank Malevolent Path Hall. This time, I will go on a killing spree in level six. You're free to collect every soul that crosses your path."

Thank you, My Lord! Stebarin exclaimed, the promise of fresh souls making him bubble over with excitement. The group continued to advance, with Soul Devourer at the front and his entourage of demonic spirits and cultivators fanning out behind. But just as the jagged silhouette of Roaring Storm Church rose over the mist, a sudden ripple of spiritual energy sliced across the air, causing Soul Devourer to frown.

"There are celestial cultivators nearby," he muttered, voice low and cold. "Find them..."

At the command, every demonic soul and Demonic Cultivator scattered like shards of living shadow, sweeping through ruined courtyards and broken pavilions.

Moments later, they returned, dragging more than a dozen trembling cultivators and forcing them to their knees before Soul Devourer.

Stebarin stepped forward, eyes narrowing behind his crimson mask. "Are you guys celestial cultivators? Have you come to spy on us?"

He studied the captives—robes torn, faces pale—then let the question hang like a blade above their heads.

"No, no," the cultivator at the helm blurted as he shook his head frantically. "We are from the Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall. I am Sixth Hall's overlord, Drystan Hexford."

"Members of the Celestial Palace?" Soul Devourer's eyes flickered with surprise, though the chill in his voice never thawed.

Behind him, an elder clad in ragged

black scoffed. "Those from the Celestial Palace are like those in Celestial City—nothing more than a bunch of arrogant celestials. I'm sure they're here to pry then strike us when we let our guard down. Say we spare ourselves the nuisance and slit their throats now." s

His words drifted forward like a death sentence, and the captives shrank.

Drystan lifted both hands in frantic denial. "No, no, no! W-We may share the same blood, but we are different from Celestia."

He waved even harder, as though shooing away the very idea.

"So you serve the Third Hall instead?" Stebarin quickly asked.

"That's right!" Drystan seized on the lifeline, nodding until his neck ached.

"I am Stebarin Hemato of Malevolent Path Hall," Stebarin announced, letting the captives taste each syllable.

His name fell like an iron weight, making several of them flinch.

Recognition swiftly dawned in

Drystan's eyes, followed by

desperate hope. "Third Hall's

overlord has long had close ties with Malevolent Path Hall, Mr. Hemato. I hope you can put in a good word for us" TM Drystan pleaded. "We have absolutely no intention of opposing My Lord. If you wish to kill the people of Celestia, we will not stand in your way either." s

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Stebarin leaned close to Soul Devourer and whispered. Whatever promise he offered coaxed a cold, satisfied smile from the demonic figure I see.... Turns out celestials are not wholly unbending after all he mused, voice dripping with mockery. "Since you aren't allies of Celestia, leave this instant and get out of level six. From this moment on, level six belongs to me."

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Color flooded Drystan's cheeks—shame, fury, and helplessness warring beneath his skin. He bowed anyway, knowing full well that in Soul Devourer's shadow, power alone dictated pride.

Drystan hurriedly nodded, his voice cracking under the weight of panic. "Sure! We'll leave. We'll be gone this

instant!"

With that, he spun on his heel, robes flapping, and shot downhill with his entourage in tow, all of them scattering faster than startled jackrabbits.

Whatever grand promise Drystan had made about slaying Jared evaporated the moment Soul Devourer emerged with that overwhelming display of force. Drystan assumed—quite reasonably—that no matter how formidable Jared was, he would undoubtedly meet a tragic end.

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The Soul Devourer led his people to the foot of Roaring Storm Church. He

stopped, tilting his face toward the sheer peak that pierced the clouds, and a slow breath leaked through the centuries of bitterness locked inside him. For ten thousand suffocating years, he had lain imprisoned beneath this mountain.

Midway up the slope, a dense crowd had already gathered. They were experts from every corner of level six.

Their chatter died the instant they spotted the black tide below.

One hundred thousand demonic souls and tens of thousands of Demonic Cultivators silenced all bravado.

Most suffocating of all was the phalanx of ten thousand demonic souls clustered behind the Soul Devourer, each radiating a crushing, predatory aura.

If demonic souls alone carried such weight, what unimaginable realm of power had each of them commanded before their physical bodies withered?

Every face on the mountainside tightened, dread settling like frost in their veins. These demonic souls were far stronger than any tale had warned.

Even Aurelius and his allies felt their shoulders knot. Their gazes stuck to the Soul Devourer-as though merely remembering that this being had endured millennia of confinement made the air harder to breathe.

Among the onlookers, the sect leader of Rose Cloud Sect narrowed his eyes. When he noticed two sword-bearing elders standing behind the Soul Devourer, his heartbeat stumbled.

The elders were swordsmen. Their powers were unfathomable.

Ten thousand years ago, the famous swordsmen among the demons in level six were two brothers. One was called Anepan, and the other was Spathe.

The sect leader did not know their faces, yet every instinct screamed that the two gray-haired swordsmen before him had to be those legends.

Tens of thousands of cultivators and the Demonic Soul Army faced one another across a few kilometers, neither side advancing, neither side retreating.

At last, Aurelius motioned, and his group began a cautious descent toward the valley floor.

Retreat was no longer an option. The moment had come to stand their ground. "You have broken free of the restriction," Aurelius called out, his voice echoing. "With your legion, you could seek a quiet land, restore your bodies, reclaim a life. A battle here serves no one. Force our hands, and we both bleed. Persist, and you might find yourself in chains yet again."

"Pathetic rabble," the Soul Devourer sneered. "It's not a lose-lose situation. You want to suppress me, yet none of you are fit to cage me, let alone survive."

The insult cracked across the plateau like thunder. Ten thousand cultivators lowered their heads, faces burning with collective shame.

For all their numbers, not one could claim a higher realm than the Soul Devourer.

"Enough talk!" Aurelius growled. "If that is how it stands, let the blades speak!" He sank into the opening stance of an attack.

The other cultivators all drew out their weapons. There was no use in avoiding a fight.

"I will grant you a single mercy," the Soul Devourer said, a thin smile carving its way across his face. "Let the younger generation amuse u first, so no one may claim I bullied you. If you lose, surrender the Ritual Manual and vanish from level six." s

His smile hardened. "Remember, there is only one chance." "What if you lose?" Aurelius asked, his tone flat.

"Then I leave with my people and never set foot in level six again," the Soul Devourer answered, brimming with icy certainty. s

Aurelius glanced behind him. A decision this heavy required the will of all who might die by it.

"No objections. I'll take the first bout," someone called, voice ringing with eagerness.

A man wrapped in a green robe vaulted forward to stand before Aurelius King Aurelius, allow may Iron Fists to educate these demon scum," he declared. s

Aurelius offered a single nod, eyes fixed on the Overlord. "Very well."

The Soul Devourer's grin widened-predatory and triumphant—as though the outcome had already been etched into stone.

"Soul Devourer, I'll fight with him," a white-robed man volunteered from the shadows.

His bearing was so pristine it seemed impossible he belonged to the Demonic Cultivators.

"You?" the Soul Devourer murmured, eyes narrowing to slits. UPDATE FROM Find_Novel(.)net

"I'm Atorn Morales, Young Sect Master of the Celestial Delacroix Sect," the white-robed man introduced himself.

The man in green answered with a low, contemptuous laugh. "Kid, you're signing your own death warrant."

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Atorn spared the green-robed man the briefest glance, offered no reply, and vanished.

Swish!

Before anyone's eyes could follow, the green-robed man was cleaved clean in two, blood and viscera spilling across the ground like toppled buckets of paint. Newest update provided by FindN()vel.net

A hush rippled outward. Every spectator's shoulders tightened, faces paling as the stench of blood announced the fight was no longer an exhibition but an execution.

Atorn was in the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine. Power of that caliber could have crowned him head of a major sect even within level six.

Atorn stepped from the fading blood-mist, white robes unstained, expression flat. "Send someone who can actually fight," he said, "stop wasting my time with trash."

"I will fight you," a new voice called. A figure plummeted from the vaulted sky, landing in a gust that tossed dust into spinning halos around his boots.

"He's Niall Fuarthan, ranked fifth on the Martial Rankings!" people whispered among the crowd.

The Martial Rankings only included human and beast race cultivators. Demons were neither counted nor invited.

Even in the celestial realm, Demonic Cultivators were looked down upon.

Niall bowed and said, "Please enlighten me."

"The Martial Rankings? It's trash!"

Atorn's calm tone echoed through the crowd, humiliating the cultivators in level six.

Niall's eyes chilled. Spiritual force roared from him at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Eight, whipping the stones. His Wintry Sword hummed, its blade frosting over until it looked carved from ice.

"Enough chatter! Let our strength tell the truth!" Niall shouted.

He sprang forward, toe barely kissing stone, body launching like a loosed arrow. The sword's arc cut a white, frozen scar through the air, driving straight for Atorn's heart.

Even Aurelius, watching from the side, nodded and exclaimed, "That sword strike is fast!"

Yet Atorn's face remained unruffled. A faint, almost pitying smile toyed with the edge of his mouth.

The instant the sword tip reached Atorn, he slid sideways, letting the sword glide past harmlessly. His right hand curled into a claw,

demonic aura'swirling as it seized Niall's wrist. "You're too slow!"

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Niall's pulse slammed. He jerked his sword back into a desperate guard, eyes wide with disbelief.

Clang! The blade met the claw. A torrent of force numbed Niall's arm and drove him three staggering steps before he could steady his footing.

Niall lowered his gaze. The Wintry Sword had a small crack on it. His pupils contracted. A sharp breath escaped him. "That demonic aura is monstrous!"

Atorn's chuckle curled through the frozen air. "Good, you finally understand. Beg now before it's too late."

Atorn slowly approached Niall, the demonic aura condensed into a black spear in his palm. "I'm not interested in sparing you, though." Then, he lunged with the spear.

The moment the spear ripped through the air, it screamed a shrill, tearing note. Where it passed, the very wind corroded, sizzling away in ribbons of gray steam.

Niall dared not hold back. He poured every last drop of spiritual energy into the sword, invoking the ultimate skill, the Wintry Sword Technique.

"First Form-Frozen Land!"

The sword whirled. Hundreds of sword shadows fanned out, each turning into ice crystals, and swept toward Atorn. In the blink of an eye, a thick sheet of blue-white ice deivered the ground the au itself turning brittle, ready to shatter. s

Atorn snorted. One savage sweep of his spear unleashed a tidal wave of demonic aura. The aura collided with the ice crystals and shattered them into glittering dust.

"Petty skills!" He sprang high, spear descending like a thunderbolt. Demonic aura at the tip contorted into a snarling ghostly face that shrieked so sharply it rattled stone.

"Second Form—Avalanche!" Niall hurled his sword skyward. Dazzling white light burst from the steel, birthing countless snowflakes of sword energy that slammed into the ghost face.

Explosions echoed one after another. The energy swept dust from the ground.

The cultivators stared at the duel, holding their breath.

The sect leader of Rose Cloud Sect

clenched both fists so hard his

knuckles blanched. "Niall is burning the last of his strength, yet Atorn still moves withrease. His powers Overwhelming!" " s

A Warrior Undefeatable

Talon said, "A Demonic Cultivator at the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine tops the younger generation. Niall lags a level behind. Victory is nearly impossible."

Back on the duel, Niall's complexion drained to the color of paper.

Each movement of the Wintry Sword Technique consumed oceans of spiritual energy, and he had only puddles left. Atorn's demonic aura, however, surged on without end, growing fiercer by the heartbeat.

"Ninth Form-Snowstorm!"

With a hoarse roar, Niall channeled the final spark of spiritual energy into his sword. The sword erupted into a colossal ice dragon-claws spread, fangs bared, every scale carved from frozen starlight. It dived at Atorn with a roar that shook the peaks. This was Niall's strongest strike, his trump card.

For the first time, a glimmer of caution flashed across Atorn's eyes, only to be chased away by a carnivore's grin. Cruelty curved his lips.

He slammed the spear butt into the ground. Both hands blurred through sinister seals. "Demonic Engulfer!"

From within Atorn's body, a tide of demonic aura burst forth that slithered into the open air and then knit itself into a legion of writhing silhouettes. Each shadow clawed at the heavens, met head-on by the soaring ice dragon Niall had called forth.

Although the ice dragon was formidable, the shadows devoured it. Soon, the ice dragon was gone.

Niall staggered, blood spilling from his lips, knees buckling beneath the weight of sudden hollow fatigue.

After the ice dragon vanished, he had used up his spiritual energy.

Across the arena, Atorn advanced in unhurried steps, the spear leveled at Niall's throat. "I warned you," he said, "the Martial Rankings is utter trash."

"Enough!" Lorraine cried, her voice cracking as she lurched forward, only to be yanked back mid-stride.

Aurelius tightened his grip on her forearm, his jaw set hard. "It's a fair duel," he muttered, eyes never leaving the battlefield. "We cannot intervene."

Niall ground his teeth, struggling to rise, but his limbs felt carved from wet sand. He met Atorn's frosty stare, resentment flaring behind his eyes.

"Die!" Atorn thrust. The spear whistled forward, its tip carrying an executioner's certainty as it lunged for Niall's heart.

A golden light ripped through the air from the direction of Roaring Storm Church, colliding with the spear and hurling the weapon sideways in a shower of sparks.

Startled, Atorn snapped his gaze toward the Roaring Storm Church gates. Jared stood at the gates, staring coldly at Atorn.

"Jared!" Stebarin hissed, his gaze was wary.

Atorn's brows knotted. "And who are you supposed to be, meddling in my victory?"

Jared blurred forward. One

heartbeat, he was at the gate. Next, he knelt beside Niall. The Power of Dragons streamed from Jared's palm into Niall's core Warmth flooded Niall's body. Strength crept back into numb muscles. s

"Thank you," Niall whispered, wonder and relief mingling in his breath.

Jared nodded, then faced Atorn. "It's just a duel. You don't have to kill him."

Atorn snorted. "Failure forfeits the right to breathe."

Jared's eyes chilled to steel. "Is that so? Then try taking my breath as well, and let's see which of us remains standing. "A low thunder of aura rolled from his frame, rattling loose stones across the floor. s

A prickle of dread skittered across Atorn's spine. He could feel Jared's aura eclipsing his own, vast and unyielding, like a mountain casting a shadow over.

Atorn had reached the top of the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine. Fear had never been his concern. He tightened his spear and fixed his gaze on Jared. You want to stand up for that weakling?" s

"I'm not here to protect him. I'm here to stop needless blood from being spilled in front of me," Jared said, voice even. "If you still crave a duel, I'm free to entertain you."

Atorn started to answer, but Soul Devourer lifted one hand and stopped him before a word escaped.

Soul Devourer studied Jared, doubt flickering in his eyes. "Tell me, are you a Draconian?" Follow current novels on Find1N

"That is none of your concern," Jared replied, his tone as cold as shaded ice.

Soul Devourer chuckled. "Intriguing. It has been ten thousand years since a Draconian existed in level six. Yet the duel is not over. Wait for my men to finish, then you and I can play."

Jared glanced at Aurelius. The latter answered with a firm nod, and Jared stepped to the edge of the field. Niall read the cue, withdrew and folded his arms in silence.

Atorn cast a smug look toward Jared, then shouted toward the half-slope crowd, "Who else wishes to die for my amusement?" The cultivators traded uneasy glances. None dared take a step.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Even Niall, ranked fifth on the Martial Rankings, had been crushed. Anyone else would be walking straight to the grave. Watching the scene, Aurelius felt desperation roil inside his chest.

If no one could defeat Atorn, they would surrender the Ritual Manual and leave level six as promised. He swept his gaze across the crowd until it settled on Yuliana.

Yuliana stood among the crowd, her face calm, a steadfast light sparkling in her eyes. Sensing Aurelius's stare, she lifted her gaze, met his, and answered with a confident nod.

"Yuliana, I'm counting on you," Aurelius murmured.

A blur flickered. Yuliana landed at the center of the arena.

Facing Atorn, she said, "Allow me to keep you company for a while."

Surprise flashed across Atorn's eyes before melting into scorn. "A woman. It seems you truly have no one left."

"Whether we have anyone left will become clear once we fight," Yuliana replied calmly.

"Fine. Let me show you real power."

Atorn tightened his grip on the spear and charged, each stride cracking the stone beneath his feet.

Yuliana shifted a single step, and Atorn's sweeping spear sliced only empty air.

Without anyone seeing when she had drawn it, a green longsword now rested in her grasp. As the blade cut the air, a fresh spiritual energy flowed off its edge like

mountain mist at dawn, so clean that it made Atorn's brooding, demonic aura look foul by comparison.

"Hmm?" Atorn's eyes narrowed. "You're at the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine as well?"

Yuliana offered no answer. Instead, she launched an attack.

The green sword lunged like a green viper, striking for the throat. Atorn jerked his black spear across his body to parry, and steel met steel.

Their first collision rang through the mountains, a shrill clang that bounced from cliff to cliff until even the stones seemed to vibrate.

Yuliana's swordwork danced, forever changing direction like swallows weaving among branches. Each thrust aimed precisely at the weakness in Atorn's guard. His spear work countered with raw ferocity, every sweep heavy with demonic aura and the promise of instant death.

"Her sword is lightning fast!" A collective gasp rose from the cultivators scattered halfway up the mountain slope.

The observers had watched Niall before, yet Yuliana moved even quicker, her refinements honed a thousand times over.

Aurelius let out a breath he had not realized he was holding. "Her strength really has leapt forward," he murmured. "There's a chance she can win this duel."

Beside him, Talon nodded and said, "Her sword technique is fierce yet pure. No trace of impurity in the spiritual energy. Atorn's demonic aura may be brutal, but defeating her won't be easy." 's

Sword and spear had already traded dozens of exchanges, sparks and black motes swirling together. Yet neither fighter had stolen even half a step of advantage.

Atorn's brows tightened. He had taken Yuliana to be an average cultivator at the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine After discovering the depth behind her blade, achill

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ran down his spine.

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"Seems I underestimated you." His voice was a low snarl. He hurled his spear skyward, hands flashing through seals. "Demonic Sea of Flames!"

Pitch-black demonic aura surged from his core. An ocean of shadowy flame billowed behind him. Within its waves, countless wailing phantoms clawed for escape, their cries shriveling the air.

That spectral inferno rolled toward Yuliana. Wherever it passed, earth and grass charred to lifeless ash. Fresh chapters posted on find•n

Yuliana's expression sharpened. She swept her longsword up. "Azure Shield!" Green spiritual energy burst outward, congealing before her into a towering shield etched with fine, interlocking runes each line pulsing a cool green light.

The inferno crashed against the shield. Black sparks sprayed in all directions like embers in a gale.

"Break!" Atorn roared, forcing more demonic aura into the blaze.

The flame swelled higher, hotter. Runes on the Azure Shield began to blur, edges distorting beneath the heat.

Sweat pearled across Yuliana's brow. She could feel Atorn's demonic aura laced with a corrosive venom that kept gnawing at every thread of her spiritual energy.

No more cowering behind a shield. Time to seize the initiative.

With that silent resolve, Yuliana dismissed the shimmering Azure Shield. Her figure blurred, then streaked forward like an arrow cut loose from a bow, closing the gap between her and Atorn in a single breath. s

A Warrior Undefeatable

The sword in Yuliana's hand flashed. A pure vein of green lightning drove straight for Atorn's heart.

Atorn had not expected the sudden shift from defense to lethal assault. Panic flared in his eyes. He tried to slip aside.

However, Yuliana was too fast. A heartbeat later, the sword was thrusting toward his heart.

Splurt!

Yuliana's sword stabbed into Atorn's shoulder. Blood flowing out.

With a ragged cry, Atorn staggered back, forcing space between them while his wounded arm hung useless at his side. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [find\(N\)](#)

"How dare you wound me?" he rasped, clutching the bleeding shoulder.

Murderous intent filled his eyes.

Yuliana withdrew the sword with icy calm. "You brought this on yourself," she answered.

"I will kill you for that!" Atorn roared.

He lunged once more. This time, his fury fed the darkness inside him. Black demonic aura surged like a breaking tide, seeking to swallow Yuliana whole. She did not retreat. Her sword danced faster still, weaving arcs of green light that met the demonic aura head-on.

Green sword light clashed with the demonic aura, carving a razor-sharp boundary through the battleground. They traded strike for strike until the earth around them was a cratered ruin strewn with broken stone.

"They've crossed a hundred exchanges already!" someone breathed, awestruck.

No spectator dared blink. Even the act of breathing seemed a risk.

A duel between cultivators at the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine carried the weight of life and death.

Atorn's aura faltered, rhythm ragged. Blood still seeped from the wound in his shoulder. The protracted fight had drained the demonic aura that cloaked him.

Yuliana fared little better. Her lips were pale, breath thin and quick. Carving through that endless darkness had consumed vast stores of spiritual energy.

This will kill us both. I need to make it quick.

Yuliana slammed her sword into the ruined ground, hands flashing through a final, intricate seal. "Azure Sword Technique Final Form!" her voice rang, fierce and clear.

The air convulsed. Every mote of free spiritual energy within the battlefield raced toward her call, coalescing before her into an array of countless green blades that hovered, trembling, hungry for release.

Dozens of green blades spiraled around Yuliana in widening orbits, each one blurred by speed, each exhaling a pressure so sharp it made the air crackle.

Atorn's heart lurched. "No!" he gasped. He could sense the immense power from the green blades. He quickly performed a seal. "Demonic Protection!"

Demonic aura formed into a huge demon illusory shadow before him. The demonic soul bared its mouth and let out a deafening roar.

"Attack!" Yuliana spoke the single word like a verdict. Her orbiting green blades streaked forward, meant to erase whatever stood beneath it.

Steel met shadow with a roar that drowned thought. The illusory shadow trembled under the attack from the green blades. Fractures webbed across the illusory shadow until, with a cracking gsound, collapsed into black dust. s

The remaining green blades kept coming. Atorn swung his spear frantically, sparks strobing, but the tide was too thick. A fistful of blades Punched through his guard, sank into flesh, and the spear slipped as blood sprayed scarlet arcs across the ground. s

Reeling, Atorn stared at Yuliana, eyes blazing with defiance that was already fading to despair. "I... have lost," he whispered. Strength fled. He crumpled, knees first, then face-first into the dust.

Yuliana lowered her sword and drew a long, heavy breath. Her gaze on Atorn's fallen form held not even a shadow of mercy. In this duel, one rule existed: win or die.

Halfway up the mountain, the watching cultivators erupted. Rocks echoed with their jubilation. "We won! She did it!"

"Yuliana is unstoppable!"

Aurelius allowed himself a smile. "She carried every ounce of our hope and did not falter." His voice trembled with relieved pride.

Across the field, Soul Devourer's expression curdled to storm-cloud black, Murderous intent flashed behind his eyes, yet he had.

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promised that if his man lost, he would withdraw. He wrestled his fury into silence. s