

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Chapter 5401

Stebarin edged close to Soul Devourer and murmured, "My Lord, we still have fighters. One more victory, and the Ritual Manual is ours."

Soul Devourer lifted his chin. "Who among you will challenge next?" The command cracked through the Demonic Cultivators like a whip.

For a heartbeat, the Demonic Cultivators went silent. Later, a figure appeared in the middle of the battlefield.

It was a young man in a black robe, wearing a mask that only showed his cold eyes.

"I volunteer," the young man growled.

Yuliana stiffened the moment she met that stare. A warning fluttered across her heart.

She sensed power coiled inside this stranger. It was far stronger than Atorn. It was a creepy aura that came from hell.

"Who are you?" she asked, voice tight but steady, sword drifting into guard.

"Not a name you need," the black-robed man replied.

The black-robed man said, "Let's begin."

Yuliana did not hesitate. She lunged, sword flashing, shoulders twisting like a whip as she exploded forward.

Her sword hissed through the air like a green serpent driving for the black-robed man's throat.

The black-robed man's silhouette blurred. In a single sway, he slid aside, the strike carving space where his throat had been.

He moved faster than Atorn, each step an eerie dance that made no sound, as though the earth dared not claim his weight.

"Hmm?"

A flicker of surprise crossed Yuliana's face. She reversed the sword, breath sharp, and spun back in to press the attack once more.

Yet every thrust found only wind. The black-robed man wove through her strikes with ease while countering back.

Those attacks carried no formal style, each swing a direct hit to whatever weakness he glimpsed in the heartbeat before.

The duel's rhythm turned against Yuliana. Her breath shortened. Color drained from her face.

Her fight with Atorn had already burned through much of her spiritual energy. Now, facing an opponent whose power felt bottomless, her limbs began to feel carved from lead.

"Yuliana's in trouble!"

Aurelius blurted the words, panic cracking across his face.

Jared's brow knotted. He could taste the unnatural chill radiating from the black-robed man. He was not an average Demonic Cultivator.

The black-robed man's attack mounted. Yuliana yielded step after step, boots scraping backward across the ground.

Wounds appeared on her body, which stained her clothes.

"This ends now."

The black-robed man's tone never lifted, yet the words felt like

judgment. A black dagger

materialized in his hand, oozing

vapor of death energy so thick

seemed to drink the light. With a single thrust, he drove it for the precise center of Yuliana's heart.

Yuliana's eyes slipped from defiance into despair. Every muscle quivered with exhaustion, leaving her too numb to dodge the dagger that lunged toward her heart.

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When the dagger almost hit Yuliana's heart, a gold spiritual energy blocked the attack.

A figure emerged before Yuliana.

Jared's gaze skimmed the wounds on Yuliana. Fury filled his gaze. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"I'm all right. Thank you," Yuliana replied.

Jared nodded and turned to the black-robed man. His tone dropped to glacier-cold. "You lay another finger on her, and I'll kill you!"

The black-robed man tried to match that glare, though a flicker of fear slipped through. "This is a duel between us. Why interfere?" READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT NovelFind.net

"A duel?" Jared snorted.

"When Atorn tried to kill Niall a moment ago, you never mentioned a duel. Now you want to kill Yuliana, and I'm supposed to stand aside?"

The black-robed man's mouth opened, but words refused to come.

Soul Devourer's voice floated down like frost. "So you insist on meddling?"

"Not yet," Jared answered. "When I do, none of you will leave here alive."

With that, he looped an arm beneath Yuliana's shoulders and guided her back toward their line. The black robed man only stared and

limp at his sides, shackled by

Jared's sheer presence.

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Wrapped against Jared's shoulder, Yuliana felt something warm bloom in her chest. No man had ever stepped in front of blades for her like this.

If the crowd vanished right now, she would give herself to Jared.

Jared had helped her countless times. She had nothing to repay him aside from herself.

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Once inside the group, Jared eased Yuliana down. Aurelius barked an order. Seconds later, a pouch of healing pills was pressed into Yuliana's palm.

She swallowed one. Gentle spiritual energy steadied in her veins, yet her eyes never left the battlefield.

The black-robed man was speechless after Jared dissed him. He was furious but did not dare to confront Jared. He vented his anger toward the cultivators. "You are all cowards! You got carried away after one win! Who wants to sacrifice themselves?" the black-robed man roared. Check latest chapters at [find\[N\]](#)

His taunt pierced the assembled cultivators. The brief spark of morale Yuliana's victory had won guttered in the breeze.

Niall's face flushed crimson. He lurched forward, only for comrades to yank him back. His energy was still shredded, another duel would be suicide.

A rich, booming laugh rolled over the hush. "A demon brat mouthing off? Allow me to teach him manners!"

A silhouette clad in blazing crimson vaulted from the rear ranks. He landed at center field with the fury of wildfire, sending a ring of dust spiraling skyward.

The man emerged from the swirling dust in a fitted coat of crimson leather. A massive saber rested against his hip, its ridged back as wide as a man's palm. A reckless grin lit his face. It was Leonel Hackett, third on the Martial Rankings, known everywhere as the Blaze Sword.

"That's Leonel Hackett!"

A wave of cries climbed the slope. "Number Three on the Martial Rankings is finally taking action!"

"He reached the Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine years ago. He's stronger than Yuliana. The black-robed Demonic Cultivator is dead meat!"

"Good! Somebody's about to humble those arrogant Demonic Cultivators!"

Hope flared through the gathered cultivators, their whispers turning to eager anticipation. Even Aurelius's tight jaw loosened. Relief stole across his features.

Within the younger generation of level six, Leonel's savagery was legendary. His Blaze Sword Technique once cleaved a thousand-foot cliff in half—a power Niall could only dream of matching.

The black-robed man felt the weight of Leonel's aura, and his eyes sharpened, yet his mouth stayed brash. "Another fool rushing to die? Perfect! I'll finish you along with the rest."

Leonel barked a laugh. "Enough chatter. Time to wager your life!"

Hunger for battle flashed in his eyes. He ripped the saber free, metal singing as it cleared the scabbard.

Heat slammed forward the instant

steel met air. A translucent film of Heaven Blazing Flame crawled

along the edge, turning the weapon into a torch that roared without smoke. s

The black-robed man dared not slacken. Fingers blurred, weaving seals. A demonic aura boiled around him, hardening into two black scimitars that hovered at his flanks.

"Catch this!"

He whipped his arm. The scimitars shrieked through the sky, twin black streaks aimed straight for Leonel's heart.

Leonel's grin widened. He raised his saber in a lazy arc to intercept.

Clang! Sparks burst. The dark blades spun away, their demonic aura devoured instantly by Heaven Blazing Flame.

The black-robed man's chest tightened. He hadn't expected such raw force. Snapping his wrist, he yanked the scorched blades back into a fresh assault.

This time, the black weapons spiraled, fluttering like night bats as they slashed from every angle at once.

Leonel did not retreat. His Blaze Sword whirled into a flaming wheel, forging a wall of fire that swallowed every incoming edge.

"Is that really all you've got?"

With a booming laugh, he vaulted skyward, both hands gripping the hilt. "Blaze Sword Technique-First Form: Blazing Field!"

The blade crashed downward. A tide of fire erupted from the edge, flooding the mountainside in a rolling, crimson sea.

Soil charred black in an instant. The

very air began to burn. The black-robed man's face drained of color He hurled every ounce of

demonic aura into shaping a black shield before him content belongs to s

Boom!

Flame and darkness collided, the detonation echoing like thunder across the crags.

The black shield that the black-robed

man had conjured only moments earlier sagged under the assault of the incandescent blaze. Blood crept from the corner of the black-robed man's mouth, evidence of internal Wounds his trembling body could no longer hide. s

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"Impossible! How can your spiritual power be this strong?" The black-robed man's voice tore through the smoke, raw disbelief sharpening every syllable.

"Because you are too weak."

After landing, Leonel launched another attack. The Blaze Sword swung faster and faster, leaving behind layers of sword shadows. Each strike carried the scorching power of the Heaven Blazing Flame, forcing the black-robed man to retreat repeatedly.

"Blaze Sword Technique, second form-Heaven Blazing Slash!" Find the newest release on find◆n

With a furious roar, Leonel's blade suddenly expanded to several meters in length, slashing toward the black-robed man with a destructive momentum.

The black-robed man was stunned. He knew he could not withstand the attack but still held the scimitar to guard himself.

Crack!

The scimitar was slashed in half. The flame engulfed the black-robed man's body. He roared in pain, while his body struggled in the fire. Soon, he was burned to ashes.

"Bravo!" An avalanche of cheers rolled down the mountainside. Cultivators raised spears, swords, and staves, their faces lit with wild, unrestrained joy.

"Leonel is incredible! One stroke and that Demonic Cultivator turned to dust!"

"Told you the Martial Rankings' top three don't earn their titles for show. These fiends never stood a chance!"

"Keep pushing! Wipe the rest of the Demonic Cultivators off this ridge!"

Aurelius clapped until his palms stung, laughter spilling from his chest. "Well done, Leonel! That's the skill worthy of third place on the Martial Rankings!"

Yuliana, staring at Leonel in the fringe of the battlefield, allowed a rare glimmer of admiration to soften her eyes. She had traded more than a hundred blows with Atorn earlier before narrowly earning victory. Yet, Leonel had reduced a stronger foe to ash with ease.

The jubilation fractured as a low, glacial chuckle drifted from the Demonic Cultivators, chilling the very wind.

Perched atop a lion, the Soul Devourer swept his hollow gaze across the charred ground to Leonel. "Amusing," he rasped, the word soaked in contempt. "But such trifles hardly impress me."

He turned, voice dropping to a bored murmur. "Your turn."

From the massed phalanx of the Demonic Soul Army, a single figure glided forward.

The figure wore flowing robes. His handsome face was pale, and soul mist surrounded him. The man was a soul.

He slowly approached the battlefield. His pace did not leave footprints on the ground. He must be an expert among a hundred thousand demonic souls.

"A soul?"

Leonel's brows tightened, a faint crease of unease settling between his eyes. Souls did not have physical bodies. Regular attacks would not hurt them. The man's clear soul hinted at his strong prowess.

Halfway up the slope, cultivators who had been cheering seconds before fell silent. Their grins faded.

"It's a soul Demonic Cultivator. This is trouble! Souls are the hardest to kill."

"Leonel's Blaze Sword burns through anything solid, but it might do nothing to souls."

"What now? Are we about to watch him lose?"

The man in soul form stepped into the cleared arena and offered Leonel a polite nod; his tone calm and oddly courteous. "I am Melvin Zaborski one of the Hundred Thousand demonic souls. Your sword

technique is exquisite. I salute you." s

His voice rang clear, unlike the rasping growl common to other Demonic Cultivators.

"I'm Leonel Hackett. Enough nonsense! Fight!"

demonic soul was a

Leonel knew a de

formidable opponent. Power

churned through Leonel's meridians until his skin glowed faintly red. The

Blaze Sword in his hands roared to life tongues of fire licking along blade in hungry waves. s

Melvin merely nodded his head. In the next breath, he blurred, leaving a single after-image that melted away as he reappeared behind Leonel.

Leonel spun, blade howling, yet cut nothing but empty air. Melvin had vanished again.

He's too fast!

Leonel swept his gaze across the clearing, pulse thundering. A normal soul moved quicker than any mortal body. Yet Melvin was faster, which was similar to teleportation. s

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"Heads up!" Melvin's voice came from Leonel's head.

Leonel suddenly looked up, only to see Melvin forming seals with both hands. Dark soul mist churned around him, condensing into countless black Soul Needles that shot toward Leonel like a torrential rain. Read complete version only at FindNovel.net

Not daring to be careless, Leonel swung his sword, unleashing a wall of fire to block the attack.

The Soul Needles struck the wall of fire with a sizzling sound. The flames incinerated most, but a few still managed to pierce through and shoot toward Leonel.

Leonel quickly circulated his spiritual energy to shield his body. The Soul Needles hit the spiritual energy shield. Though they failed to break through, the impact caused Leonel's spiritual energy to become momentarily chaotic.

"Damn it! The soul is a nuisance!"

Snarling, Leonel sprang high. Both hands locked around the Blaze Sword's hilt as he brought it down in a cleaving motion. "Blaze Sword Technique, third form-Fire Dragon!"

A dragon of pure flame erupted from the blade, claws extended, heat distorting the very air as it lunged at Melvin.

Melvin only phased aside, body flickering into a blur. His fingers sealed another sign. "Soul Chain!"

From the swirling soul mist burst countless onyx chains and whipped toward the flaming dragon, coiling, constricting, seeking to choke its fire at the source.

The blazing dragon roared in fury. It thrashed through the Soul Chains, but they constricted it tighter.

The fire dragon stopped to struggle. It eventually got tied up by the Soul Chains and burst into small flames.

"What?"

Leonel's pupils contracted until they were pinpoints of pure disbelief.

Flame Dragon was his ultimate skill. Seeing Melvin counter it as though it were smoke left his lungs empty.

Melvin's calm baritone drifted through the arena. "Leonel, your sword technique is fierce, but it cannot touch me. Yield now, spare yourself the shame."

Leonel roared, voice hoarse. "Surrender? Not a chance!"

He sprang forward again, boots cracking the stone and hurling sparks.

This time, he no longer used a wide-range attack. Instead, he focused his spiritual energy on the blade, unleashing the most refined technique of the Blaze Sword Technique-Blaze Point.

A brilliant flame gathered at the tip of the Blaze Sword, then shot toward Melvin like a falling star.

The attack was swift and its power highly concentrated. So much so that even a soul would struggle to dodge it. A flicker of admiration

he remained calm and composed. With a wave of his right hand, the soulist around him condensed into a Soul Shield. s

flashed in Melvin's eyes, but ne

Puff!

The Blaze Point struck the Soul Shield, causing it to dent inward instantly. Yet, it did not shatter.

Melvin's body swayed slightly, clearly affected by the impact, but he quickly regained his composure.

He exhaled a chuckle. "Impressive, but still far from enough."

The final word had barely faded when Melvin vanished again.

Alarm bells screamed inside Leonel's mind. He spun, scanning the moonlight, yet the battlefield stood empty.

A breath later, a glacial presence brushed his spine. He whirled, blade half-raised, but it was too late.

Melvin's palm settled between Leonel's shoulder blades. A torrent of icy soul energy surged through Leonel's nerves and meridians.

Leonel froze. His spiritual energy, shattered into chaos, and the Blaze Sword dropped to the ground. Muscles refused his command's while Melvin lifted that same hand again, now aiming for Leonel's skull. s

"Leonel!"

On the slope, cultivators lurched to their feet. Aurelius stood up. He wanted to help Leonel, but Jared stopped him.

Jared's tone was steady. "King Aurelius, this is their duel. We must not intervene." Though measured, his words trembled with concern, a crack beneath the calm. Jared knew Leonel had lost. Any rescue would break their promise with the Soul Devourer, tipping the already precarious balance into outright catastrophe.

Leonel's knees sank into torn turf. Raising his head, he met Melvin's gaze, and a howl of refusal rattled inside his heart.

He had spent a lifetime carving

paths through war, never once reduced to such ruin. Yet every flourish of his Blaze Saygr Technique had been parried every

counter snuffed before it lived.

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"I... lost." The words left Leonel's lips with difficulty. He closed his eyes, waiting for death to come.

But the strike he expected never landed. This chapter is updated by find[N]

Melvin pulled back his hand and said calmly, "I won't kill you. Go back and tell your people. Don't overestimate yourselves."

Leonel's eyes flew open, staring at him in disbelief.

He never thought Melvin would spare him, and for a moment, he just froze on the spot.

"Still not leaving?" Melvin's voice carried a trace of impatience.

That snapped Leonel out of it. He hurried to pick up the fallen Blaze Sword and stumbled back toward his cultivator ranks.

With his head down, he did not dare meet anyone's eyes. His face was full of shame.

Halfway up the mountain, the cultivators fell into silence. The cheers from moments ago had vanished, replaced by heavy fear.

Even Leonel, ranked third on the Martial Rankings, had been utterly defeated by a soul. It made everyone realize that the strength of a demonic soul was far beyond what they had imagined.

"How could this happen? Leonel actually lost..." someone muttered, their voice filled with despair.

"Melvin is too strong. Blades can't even touch a soul. What are we supposed to do?"

"Do we really have to hand over the Ritual Manual and leave level six?"

Aurelius's face grew dark. He looked at Melvin standing calmly in the center of the battlefield, then at the silent crowd beside him, and a wave of helplessness rose in his chest.

He knew sending more people would be useless. Yet he could not accept admitting defeat like this. The people of Celestia City were still waiting for him to avenge them, and the lives of those on level six still needed his protection.

Melvin stood alone on the battlefield, his black robe swaying lightly in the mountain wind, soul mist curling around him. His cold gaze swept across the cultivators on the mountainside.

He said nothing, but his calm, unshaken posture was more humiliating than any mockery.

Waves of low laughter rose from the Demonic Cultivators. The Soul Devourer lounged atop a massive lion, idly stroking its mane, hollow eye sockets glinting with mockery.

"Who else dares to step forward?" Melvin finally spoke, his voice cold yet carrying an undeniable authority "If no one will fight, then hand over the Ritual Manual and get out of level six." s

Faces among the cultivators flushed red, then turned pale, but no one answered.

Even Leonel, ranked third on the Martial Rankings, had been defeated. Who else among the younger generation could possibly challenge Melvin?

Many could not help but think of the one who held first place, the Half-Beast King Imorn. But he was elusive as ever, and at this moment, nowhere to be seen.

A wave of despair swept over the crowd, pressing down until even breathing felt heavy.

Then, a clear and steady voice broke through the silence, "I will fight you!" Everyone turned toward the sound. Yuliana stepped out from the ranks. Her face was still pale, but her eyes blazed with defiance.

She had just taken a healing pill and recovered only a fraction of her strength, but watching Melvin's arrogance, she could not bring herself to stay still.

"Yuliana, no!" Aurelius rushed to block her way, his voice tight with urgency. "Your strength hasn't recovered. You're no match for Melvin!"

"He's right, Lady Fiala," Rylan added quickly. "You've already won once. There's no need to take another risk."

Leonel's face burned with shame. "It's my failure that forces you to fight again. Please, go back. I'll find another way!"

But Yuliana shook her head and slipped free of their grasp, striding step by step toward the battlefield "Thank you for your concern, but as a cultivator of Celestia, how could I just stand by while the Demonic Cultivators run rampant? Even if I fall here, I won't let them took down on us." s

As she spoke, a cyan longsword formed in her hand. Her spiritual energy was weaker than before, but it carried a fierce resolve, one ready to face death without fear.

Melvin watched her approach,

impatience flashing in his eyes. "So you got lucky against Atorn, and now you think you're unbeatable? advise you to turn back before ou end up with your soul scattered to nothing." s

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"Enough talk. Fight me!" Yuliana shouted.

She gripped her longsword, ready to strike.

Just as the clash was about to begin, Infinides turned to Jared. "Jared, do you have the confidence to defeat Melvin?"

In an instant, all eyes shifted to Jared.

He was the only one whose strength no one could measure. The last hope they had.

Yuliana also paused, turning to him, a trace of expectation in her gaze.

But Jared only smiled faintly and shook his head. "There's no need for me. Someone else will take care of him."

As he spoke, he lifted his head toward the sky, a knowing smile tugging at his lips.

The crowd followed his gaze, just in time to see a golden streak cut across the heavens, falling toward the battlefield like a meteor.

The impact shook the ground, throwing up clouds of dust. From within the haze stepped a tall, commanding figure.

He wore a golden brocade robe, his features sharp and handsome, his presence radiating powerful spiritual energy. It was none other than Thastrum, the Celestia prodigy ranked second on the Martial Rankings!

He had spent years roaming level six, his whereabouts unpredictable. No one expected him to return at such a time.

"Thastrum!" Aurelius called out, his voice filled with both shock and joy. He hurried forward, eyes shining. "You're finally back!"

Thastrum bowed deeply. "King Aurelius, forgive me. I wandered too long outside and failed to return in time. Because of me, Celestia City fell, and the people suffered. I deserve death for my failure."

"It's enough that you're back!" Aurelius gripped his shoulder with emotion. "Right now, we need every man we can get. Your return is truly heaven's blessing!"

Thastrum straightened, his gaze locking on Melvin. A flash of cold light flickered in his eyes. "Rest assured, King Aurelius. I will cut him down and avenge the people of Celestia City."

With that, he leapt into the air and landed beside Yuliana. "Lady Fiala, you've fought hard. Leave the rest to me," he said softly. This content belongs to Find~N

Sensing the overwhelming spiritual energy radiating from him, far beyond her own, Yuliana nodded and stepped back to their side of the field.

Melvin eyed Thastrum with growing caution. "And who are you?"

"Thastrum from Celestia." His voice was calm, his spiritual energy slowly stirring as golden light blazed around him like the sun itself. "I've heard you're strong. I came to see for myself."

"Second on the Martial Rankings?" Melvin frowned. Though sealed away for ten thousand years, he had still heard whispers of the rankings in leve six since his return. "Good. Let me see how strong the one ranked second really is." s

Before the words finished leaving his

lips, Melvin's figure blurred,

vanishing in an instant. A breath later he reappeared behind

Thastrum palm shrouded heavy soul mist, striking toward his back.

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The move was exactly the same one that had overwhelmed Leonel moments earlier. Its speed pushed to the limit.

"Watch out!" Yuliana could not stop herself from shouting.

But Thastrum moved as if he had eyes in the back of his head. He slipped aside with calm precision, his fist glowing with golden spiritual energy as he slammed it toward Melvin.

The strike tore through the air with a sharp whistle, a sound like the sky itself splitting.

Melvin's heart lurched. He stumbled back just in time to avoid the blow, shock flashing across his face.

He had not expected Thastrum to react so quickly. His speed was on a whole other level compared to Leonel's.

"Interesting." A spark of battle intent

lit Melvin's eyes. He formed a ritual gesture with both hands, stirring the soul mist around him until it surged and solidified into countless black Soul blades. s

They tore through the air like a rainstorm, all aimed straight at Thastrum.

Thastrum answered with a cold snort. Golden spiritual energy burst forth, swelling around him until it formed a massive shield of light.

The soul blades clashed against it with a sharp ding-ding-dang-dang, but not a single one broke through.

"Is that all you've got?" Thastrum mocked, his tone echoing the very words Melvin had used earlier.

Then, with a powerful leap, he made a precise hand gesture as he shouted, "Gold Cloud Fist, First Form. Gold Array Breaker!"

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Golden spiritual energy condensed in Thastrum's hand, forming a massive fist that came crashing down with world-shaking force.

Even before it landed, the overwhelming pressure made it hard for Melvin to breathe. Follow current novels on find◆n

His face twisted in alarm as he hurriedly gathered all his soul mist into a giant Soul Shield.

Boom!

The fist slammed into the shield with a deafening crash.

Cracks spread across it instantly, and Melvin was shaken back step after step, black soul mist spilling from the corner of his mouth.

"Impossible! How can your spiritual energy be this strong?" he shouted in disbelief.

He could feel that Thastrum's energy was not just powerful. It carried a sacred aura that suppressed souls, making his defenses crumble.

"Because you're too weak!" Thastrum replied.

The same question, the same answer, spoken from both Melvin and Thastrum.

As soon as Thastrum landed, he attacked again. The Gold Cloud Fist came one move after another, each strike aiming to kill.

Golden fist shadows surged toward Melvin like a rising tide, forcing him to retreat step by step.

A fear he had never known before rose in Melvin's heart.

He had thought Leonel was already the peak of the younger generation, but Thastrum was even stronger.

He tried to use the same trick again, relying on the speed of his soul to launch a sneak attack, but Thastrum's perception far surpassed Leonel's. No matter which direction Melvin came from, Thastrum noticed him in advance.

"Gold Cloud Fist, Third Form. Gold Thunder Crusher!" Thastrum roared.

Golden spiritual energy suddenly mixed with lightning, condensing into a massive thunder fist that smashed toward Melvin.

This punch carried not only overwhelming power but also lightning, which was deadly to the soul.

Melvin knew he could not block it. He could only use all his remaining strength to form his final Soul Shield.

Crack!

The Soul Shield shattered instantly, and the thunderous fist landed squarely on Melvin.

He let out a shrill scream as his soul burned away like paper, scattering into black mist that was quickly consumed by the lightning.

"Yes!" Cheers erupted halfway up the mountain.

Cultivators waved their weapons, the despair on their faces replaced by wild joy.

"Thastrum is incredible! He destroyed Melvin with a single punch!"

"Second on the Martial Rankings! No wonder his name is so well known!"

"Kill every Demonic Cultivator and take back Celestia City!"

Aurelius looked at Thastrum standing calmly on the battlefield, tears of excitement welling in his

Feyes.

Thastrum, well done! Celestia

owes you everything."

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Yuliana also revealed a relieved smile, finally able to set her worries down.

Leonel's face brimmed with respect. He clasped his hands together in a respectful bow "Thastrum's strength is unmatched. I'm not even close to your level." s

The Demonic Cultivators' laughter died at once. Soul Devourer's expression darkened, murderous intent flickering in his hollow sockets.

He had not expected someone this powerful to appear among the younger generation of the level six, and it made his plans much harder to carry out.

Thastrum lifted his gaze to the Soul Devourer, a cold glint flashing in his eyes. "It's your turn now, Soul Devourer."

The battlefield fell silent.

Every eye turned toward the Soul Devourer, waiting for the clash to begin.

But instead, Soul Devourer let out a sneer, his laugh grating and sharp like broken metal. "A kid dares act so boldly before me?"

Seated high on the massive lion's head, he looked down on Thastrum with open scorn. "You're not worthy of my hand. I'll let my man keep you busy instead."

As his words faded, a figure slowly stepped out from the Demonic Cultivators' ranks.

She wore a flowing violet dress, her beauty breathtaking yet tinged with something eerie. In her hand rested a pitch-black flute. She was Lifith, the Soul Devourer's most trusted lieutenant s

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Thastrum frowned in obvious disdain. "Real men don't fight women. Send a man out to face me!"

"Thastrum, don't underestimate her!" Leonel warned quickly. "That female demonic cultivator doesn't look ordinary."

The cultivators watching midway up the mountain erupted in shouts. "Thastrum, don't chicken out! Kill that female demonic cultivator!"

"Doesn't matter if it's a man or woman. If she's a demonic cultivator, she must die!"

"Hurry up! Don't make level six look weak!"

Lilith heard the crowd's jeers but did not get angry. Instead, a strange smile curved her lips. "Since everyone's so impatient, I'll play with Mr. Sandoval."

She lifted the black flute in her hand. Her voice was soft and seductive, but cold at the edge. "I'm Lilith. I'll test Mr. Sandoval's strength."

Thastrum scowled. "If you won't behave, don't blame me for being ruthless!" Golden spiritual energy swirled around him as he prepared for battle.

Lilith, however, did not move to attack. She brought the black flute to her lips and began to play. The melody floated softly at first, then twisted with a strange demonic power, reaching the crowd and making many cultivators dizzy and disoriented.

"Something's wrong with that music!" Infinides shouted, his face paling.

"Everyone, circulate your spiritual energy to protect your minds!" The cultivators quickly responded, forming protective shields around themselves.

Thastrum, standing in the center of the battlefield, felt the flute's power hit him first. His mind swirled, and his spiritual energy became sluggish and unsteady.

"Cowardly trick!" he roared, forcing his focus back and leaping toward Lilith.
"Gold Cloud Fist. Second form. Gold Sweeper!" he shouted.

Golden fist shadows surged forward like a violent wind, aiming straight for Lilith.

She remained calm, moving as lightly as drifting leaves, letting every strike miss her by a hair.

The flute's melody suddenly quickened. Countless black soundwaves burst forth like razor-sharp blades aimed at Thastrum.

He swung his fist shadows to block them, but the soundwaves passed right through, striking him directly.

A sharp pain shot through his body, and his spiritual energy faltered, forcing him to take several steps back.

"How is this possible?" Thastrum's face filled with shock.

He had never imagined that a seemingly delicate female cultivator could wield such strange and powerful techniques.

Lilith paused, a faint, eerie smile playing on her lips. "Mr. Sandoval, this is only the beginning."

She raised the flute once more. This time, the melody was even stranger, seeming to pierce directly into the mind and dragging anyone who heard it into illusions.

Thastrum felt darkness cloud his vision, as if countless vengeful spirits were rushing toward him, making him stumble back in fear.

He knew he was caught in an

illusion and tried to force his spiritual energy to break free but Lilith's demonic power was too strong, His mind grew hazy, and his awareness started to fade. s

"Thastrum! Wake up!" Aurelius shouted urgently from the ranks. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [FindN\(\)vel.net](http://FindN()vel.net)

Yuliana clenched her fists tightly, her eyes full of worry.

The cultivators halfway up the mountain tensed as well, holding their breath as they focused on Thastrum in the middle of the battlefield.

Just as Thastrum was about to be completely swallowed by the illusion, a loud, booming laugh rang out. "Ha! Thastrum, you're useless! You're defeated by a female cultivator?"

At the same moment, a figure struck the battlefield like a bolt of thunder.

Tall and imposing, his upper body human but his lower body that of a tiger, with two golden horns

sprouting from his head. He was the top-ranked beast race genius in the Marial Rankings, Hair Beast King Imorn! s

Thastrum's vision cleared instantly upon hearing the laugh and seeing Half-Beast King morn, a flash of irritation crossing his face.

"Half Beast King Imorn? What are you doing here?" s

Half-Beast King Imorn patted Thastrum's shoulder, teasing. "Of course, I came to save you. Otherwise, you'd be done for today. Step back now. Don't embarrass yourself here."

A Warrior Undefeatable

Thastrum's face flushed red, then drained pale, a mix of shame and frustration. He let out a cold snort and retreated back toward his ranks.

Lilith's eyes narrowed as they landed on the newly arrived Half-Beast King Imorn. "Who are you?" she asked, her tone laced with caution.

"First on the Martial Rankings," Half-Beast King Imorn said calmly.

Power radiated from him like a gathering storm, pressing on the air so heavily that even Lilith struggled to breathe. "You bullied Thastrum long enough. Now it's my turn to play."

A shiver ran down Lilith's spine. She had not expected the top-ranked Martial Rankings fighter to show up now.

But there was no turning back. "Then let me see just how strong the number one is!" She lifted the black flute to her lips again, letting eerie notes spill into the air.

The melody twisted toward Half-Beast King Imorn, but his divine soul power far surpassed that of ordinary cultivators. The sound could not touch his mind.

"Such petty tricks," Half-Beast King Imorn sneered, then leapt forward.

In an instant, he was before Lilith. His right hand formed a claw, brimming with strength, aimed straight for the flute in her hand.

Lilith panicked and tried to dodge, but Half-Beast King Imorn's grip locked her wrist tightly.

"Ah!" Pain shot through her arm as the flute clattered to the ground with a sharp metallic clang.

Half-Beast King Imorn did not pause. His left fist slammed into Lilith's chest.

Blood spurted from her mouth as she flew backward like a severed kite, crashing hard into the ground, barely clinging to life.

"Good!"

From halfway up the mountain, deafening cheers erupted. Cultivators raised their weapons, faces glowing with excitement.

"Half-Beast King Imorn is amazing! One strike, and that female demonic cultivator is badly hurt!"

"No wonder he's first on the Martial Rankings! Those demonic cultivators better behave now!"

"Kill all the demonic cultivators! Take Celestia City back!"

Aurelius exhaled, finally feeling a sense of relief as he watched Half-Beast King Imorn stand confidently on the battlefield. New novel chapters are published on findn

With both Half-Beast King Imorn and Thastrum there, they finally had the power to face the Soul Devourer.

Soul Devourer's expression darkened. A murderous gleam flickered in his hollow eye sockets.

He had not expected the Martial Rankings top-ranked, Half-Beast King Imorn, to be this powerful

Lilith who under his command was not even a match. for

"Now... it's your turn," Half-Beast King Imorn said, turning his gaze toward Soul Devourer.

Soul Devourer let out a cold, faint smile, then pointed at a lone mountain peak a hundred miles away.

Everyone followed his gesture, unsure what he intended.

In the next moment, Soul Devourer drew his sword, and a streak of light flashed across the sky.

Boom!

Before anyone could react, the entire

mountain

shattered instantly. With

just a single swing of his sword, the peak crumbled completely, despite

being a hundred miles away despite

s

Silence fell over the battlefield, as if the air itself had frozen.

Aurelius, Infinides, and the others stared in stunned disbelief, faces graver than ever.

None of them could hope to withstand a strike like that.

And the opponent had swung it almost casually. How terrifyingly strong must he be?

Jared's expression turned serious.

Even using all his strength with the Dragonslayer Sword, he knew he could not smash a mountain a hundred miles away.

He felt lost, unsure of what to do.

Until now, I thought Soul Devourer was just a soul, nothing special. How powerful could he really be? And I had so many ways to counter souls.

But now, Jared did not dare think that way.

Flaxseed glanced at him with a faint smile. "So... feeling a bit shaken?"

"Shaken?" Jared snorted. "That old guy has lived for thousands of years. I'm still young Give me ten thousand years, and a single breath from me could turn him to dust." s

Jared rolled his eyes and said.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Yet in front of the Soul Devourer, Half-Beast King Imorn fell silent, all the arrogance that had just shown on his face disappearing.

That sword strike just now had not been aimed at him. Otherwise, his head would already have been severed.

"Still want to try me?" the Soul Devourer asked Half-Beast King Imorn.

Half-Beast King Imorn's face was awkward, and he did not say a word.

Seeing Half-Beast King Imorn remain silent, the Soul Devourer smiled coldly. "Oronin, show these little trash what a demon can really do..."

From the Demonic Soul Army behind the Soul Devourer, a boy stepped forward, looking no older than a teenager.

His youthful face made it hard to believe he was a Demonic Cultivator.

"I'm Oronin, I look forward to this match..."

The boy said to Half-Beast King Imorn, bowing slightly.

"You... want to fight me?" Half-Beast King Imorn's brows knitted. He had not expected the other side to send a kid.

"And why not?" Oronin smiled faintly, calm and fearless.

Half-Beast King Imorn stared at the slim, youthful figure before him. He had fought countless strong opponents over his years at level six, but now the Soul Devourer had sent what seemed to be a kid. Clearly, he had not been taken seriously.

"Soul Devourer, what is the meaning of this?" Half-Beast King Imorn glared at the Soul Devourer who rode on the lion. "Sending a kid... is this meant to insult me, or yourself?"

A cold smile curved the Soul Devourer's lips, and a chilling aura seemed to seep from his hollow eyes. "Winning isn't about age. If you dare not fight, then surrender the Ritual Manual and leave."

"Who says I don't dare?" Half-Beast King Imorn's anger flared.

He turned to Oronin, his voice laced with impatience. "Little one, for your own sake, step back and send out someone worth my time!"

"You'll know whether I'm worthy after we fight," Oronin said calmly, his youthful voice free of any hint of fear.

Before the words even finished, he blurred, suddenly appearing right in front of Half-Beast King Imorn. His small fist cut through the air with sharp force, aiming straight at Half-Beast King Imorn's face.

s

Half-Beast King Imorn's heart skipped a beat. He had not expected the kid to move so fast, and he barely twisted aside in time to avoid the strike.

But Oronin's attacks came in a relentless wave. Shadowed fists flew like a woven storm, each punch carrying far more power than his small frame should allow forcing Half-Beast King Imorn to retreat step by step. s

"Not bad, kid. You've got some skill!" Half-Beast King Imorn's disdain vanished.

His spiritual energy surged, golden light enveloping his body. "If you don't know your place, don't blame me for being merciless!"

He roared, his body suddenly swelling to nine meters in height. Tiger-like claws tore through the air as he swung at Oronin.

Oronin, however, remained

unshaken. He moved with the Original content can be found at FindN()vel.net

lightness of drifting willow fluff, dodging gracefully. His right hand formed a seal, and dark demonic

energy swirled

round him shaping into a massive black blade that met

the tiger's claws head-on

belongs to s

Clang!

Metal struck with a deafening roar, sparks flying in all directions. Half-Beast King Imorn's arm tingled from the impact, and even he was forced to step back two paces.

The force threw Oronin off balance for a moment, but he quickly steadied himself, planting his feet like iron stakes.

"What...?" The cultivators on the mountainside cried out in unison.

They had expected Oronin to be no match at all, yet he had taken the Half-Beast King Imorn's full strength head-on and still stood firm.

Aurelius clenched his fists, his face serious. "Who is this kid? How can he be this powerful?"

Thastrum frowned. "His demonic aura is several times denser than Lilith's. There's no way he's an ordinary Demonic Cultivator."

On the battlefield, Half-Beast King Imorn's fury reached its peak.

He threw his head back and howled, the sound shaking the surrounding boulders. Golden patterns appeared along his body, the manifestation of his beast race's primordial divine power, Tiger Transformation.

"Kid, take this. Tiger Pounce!" Half-Beast King Imorn leapt into the air, his tiger claws forming a massive golden phantom, striking toward Oronin with the force to crush everything in its path.