

A Warrior Undefeatable

c 5411-5420

A Warrior Undefeatable

Oronin's eyes narrowed. His hands quickly formed a seal, and demonic energy gathered before him into a massive black shield.

Bang!

The tiger claw slammed into the shield, the force so strong that the ground sank several feet. The shield instantly cracked, but it still stopped the attack. Follow current novels on find·

Oronin let out a muffled grunt. Blood appeared at the corner of his mouth, but he did not step back.

He suddenly withdrew the shield. With a wave of his hands, countless black strands of demonic energy surged toward Half-Beast King Imorn, forming a huge demonic net in midair that covered him.

Imorn roared and swung his claws, trying to tear the net apart. But the net was incredibly tough. It did not break. Instead, it tightened, holding his body firmly.

"Break it!" Half-Beast King Imorn unleashed all his spiritual energy.

Golden light burst from his body, stretching the net and forcing it to deform.

A flicker of respect appeared in Oronin's eyes. He formed another seal, and runes appeared on the demonic net, instantly strengthening its defense.

Just as the two were locked in a stalemate, Half-Beast King Imorn suddenly surged with power. Golden spiritual energy erupted like a volcano. Crack! The demonic net was completely torn apart.

He seized the moment and lunged at Oronin, his tiger claws aiming straight for a vital spot.

Oronin shifted in an instant, appearing behind Half-Beast King Imorn. With a single point of his right hand, a black demonic aura shot out like a sharp blade toward Half-Beast King Imorn's back.

Half-Beast King Imorn reacted quickly, spinning to block it. The demonic aura struck his arm, leaving a deep wound, and the black energy began to corrode his flesh.

"This demonic aura is poisonous!" Half-Beast King Imorn's expression changed.

He quickly poured spiritual energy into the wound, forcing the demonic aura back.

Oronin did not give him a chance to recover. He moved around Half-Beast King Imorn like a ghost, continuously attacking.

For a time, the battlefield was a blur of black demonic aura and golden light, fists and claws crossing in

rapid succession. Every collision net

rang with deafening force, shattering the surrounding rocks and sending up clouds of dust. s

"This is intense! Oronin is basically a monster!" Leonel watched from the mountainside, astonished.

He considered himself strong, but in this battle, he felt as small as an ant.

Yuliana gripped her longsword tightly, her palms drenched in sweat. "Half-Beast King Imorn has unleashed his full power, yet Oronin still handles it with ease. How strong is this kid?"

Jared's expression was grave. He could sense a strange force within Oronin's demonic aura, far beyond that of an ordinary Demonic Cultivator.

Flaxseed sighed from the side. "I think Oronin has been famous for ten thousand years. He's just kept his childlike form all this time."

On the battlefield, Half-Beast King Imorn's breathing grew uneven.

He had launched dozens of fierce attacks but still could not hit Oronin's vital points. Meanwhile, Oronin's strange movement technique and poisonous demonic aura had him struggling.

"Brat, all you do is dodge? If you have the guts, fight me head-on!" Half-Beast King Imorn roared.

Oronin smiled faintly. "I don't need a head-on clash to deal with you."

Before Half-Beast King Imorn could react, Oronin vanished. When he reappeared, he was above the Half- Beast King Imorn.

His fingers flashed, making a gesture, and his demonic aura surged, forming a massive demonic hammer that crashed down with the force of lightning.

A glint of ruthless intent appeared in

Half-Beast King Imorn's eyes. He no

longer dodged. Golden spiritual energy swirled around him, forming a massive golden.

which he

swung straight at Oronin's demonic hammer. s

Boom!

The two colossal weapons collided. The shockwave instantly scattered the surrounding dust, and even the cultivators halfway up the mountainside could feel the ground tremble violently beneath their feet.

The force sent both Half-Beast King Imorn and Oronin flying, crashing heavily onto the ground.

met

Half-Beast King Imorn spat a mouthful of blood, and the golden glow around his body dimmed slightly Oronin's face was pale, with a fresh streak of blood at the corner of his mouth, yet his eyes remained sharp and piercing. s

A Warrior Undefeatable

"I didn't expect you to withstand that strike." Oronin slowly stood, his youthful face now marked with serious focus. "Looks like it's time to unleash my true power."

He lifted both hands deliberately, and the space around him suddenly began to twist. A strange, oppressive energy spread outward.

Half-Beast King Imorn's expression changed instantly. He could feel the terrifying force, as if even his soul was being distorted.

Jared's eyes went wide. "That... is space nascence?"

Space nascence was one of the most mysterious and powerful forces in the world, something almost no one could control. Yet here was Oronin, a seemingly childlike figure, wielding it with ease.

Aurelius, Thastrum, and the others all looked on, stunned. They had not expected this seemingly young boy to be a master capable of using space nascence.

Oronin's gaze sharpened. "Space Prison!" In an instant, the space around Half-Beast King Imorn froze as if solidified. His body was trapped, unable to move an inch.

"Impossible!" Half-Beast King Imorn roared in panic, desperately channeling his spiritual energy to break free.

But the power of Space Prison was overwhelming. He could not budge.

Oronin slowly stepped forward. He raised his right hand, and a black demonic aura condensed into a slender demonic sword, resting against Half-Beast King Imorn's brow. "You've lost."

Half-Beast King Imorn stared at the sword on his forehead. His eyes burned with unwillingness, but there was nothing he could do.

He knew there was no way left to fight back.

Oronin retracted his demonic sword, and the Space Prison dissolved.

Half-Beast King Imorn staggered back several steps, face pale, breath weak. His fighting spirit had clearly collapsed.

He lowered his head, unable to meet anyone's gaze, filled with shame and frustration. Newest update provided by

The battlefield fell completely silent. Everyone was stunned, unable to speak for a long moment.

The first on Martial Rankings, Half-Beast King Imorn, had been defeated by a Demonic Cultivator who still looked like a kid, and one who had wielded the terrifying power of space nascence. s

The cultivators halfway up the mountainside no longer wore expressions of excitement. Instead, deep fear had taken hold.

If even Half-Beast King Imorn could be defeated, who among them could hope to challenge this Demonic Cultivator?

"It's over... we're completely finished..." someone muttered, their voice heavy with despair.

"Oronin has mastered space nascence. No one can stand against him..."

"Are we really going to hand over the Ritual Manual and let the Demonic Cultivator destroy everything?"

Aurelius's face went pale. He looked at Oronin, standing calmly on the battlefield, then at the silent cultivators around him, and a wave of helplessness rose in his chest.

It's over... we've already lost this fight.

Thastrum clenched his fists so tightly that his nails dug into his palms, blood running down.

He wanted to rush at Oronin, to strike that smug look off his face, but the thought of that terrifying space nascence made his heart skip a beat. There's no way I can beat him... not even close.

Soul Devourer laughed triumphantly. "Ha-ha-ha Now you finally understand my power! Hand over the Ritual Manual and get out of

level six, or I'll slaughter every last one of you!" s

Oronin stepped forward and bowed to Soul Devourer. "My Lord, the mission is complete."

Soul Devourer nodded in satisfaction. "Excellent, excellent. You never disappoint me."

His gaze swept across the cultivators, full of mockery and cruelty. "This is your last chance. Will you hand it over, or die right here?"

The cultivators exchanged glances, but no one spoke. In their eyes was nothing but despair.

Then Jared spoke, his voice calm yet firm. "If you want the Ritual Manual, it's not going to be that easy."

Jared stepped forward from the crowd, facing Soul Devourer head-on.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Jared..." Yuliana breathed his name, the syllables trembling on the edge of a warning.

Yuliana stepped in front of Jared, slim shoulders squared against danger. She understood his power, yet Oronin's mastery of space nascence lurked like a hidden blade. If that fiend sealed them inside his private dimension, rescue would be impossible-entering would mean surrendering their lives.

"Trust me. I've got this." Jared's smile was small, confident, and meant for her alone.

Across the courtyard, Aurelius caught the look passing between the two and instantly pieced together exactly what had transpired. This text is hosted at [find\[N\]ovel.net](http://find[N]ovel.net)

That molten gaze-the one lovers shared after shattering their final restraint-needed no interpreter.

Infinides watched them and sighed. Jared scattered affection like wildflower seeds; the old abbot could no longer shield every disciple from his charm.

Flaxseed shuffled close, voice a conspiratorial rasp. "Jared, if you're set on facing Oronin, want me to sneak you a couple of charms?"

"No need," Jared said, laughter rumbling low. "That punk's not worth dirty tricks."

"All right, suit yourself-but stay alive." Flaxseed's grin turned wicked. "So ... you and Yuliana—are you two, you know, involved? Those eyes of hers say things."

"No. We haven't crossed the last line."

Jared shook his head, though color bloomed at his ears.

"Can't be." Flaxseed's disbelief was absolute. "She looks at you like she already belongs to you-and you to her."

"Seriously, nothing yet," Jared muttered, rubbing his neck. "Well... I might have, uh, kissed her somewhere intimate."

"D*mn." Flaxseed froze, then thrust up a thumb. "You play wild. Respect."

"If you're so eager to die, hurry up," Oronin called, patience fraying. He tapped a boot, spatial energy fizzing like warped glass around him.

Jared strode forward, a cold smile carving his face. "I usually avoid hitting kids, but today, that doesn't apply."

He finished the sentence with his fist, launching it before Oronin could draw breath.

"Sacred Light Fist—"

Gold brilliance detonated. Jared's knuckles swelled to the size of a boulder, the strike roaring down like a newborn sun.

A blast of gold exploded across the battlefield. In that blinding flare, Jared's fist—broad as a boulder—whistled through the haze, carving the air on a direct collision course with Oronin's face.

Oronin's pupils tightened to

pin-pricks, yet the boyish lord did not

panic. He let his body drift backward several yards light as

smoke-slipping past the

hammering blow at the last possible breath. s

Jared's knuckles struck open earth. A deafening boom rolled over the field as the ground caved inward, leaving a crater a full man's height

deep while shards of stone sprayed boiled

Skyward and dun around

them. s

"Interesting." Oronin brushed grit from his linen sleeve, the first hint of gravity clouding his youth-bright features. "No wonder you dared to taunt me. You carry a heavier, punch. than that Half Beast King, morn ever managed." s

A cold grin tugged at Jared's mouth. He shifted his stance and flickered forward, a golden phantom, fists firing one after another with merciless rhythm.

Every strike blazed with searing brilliance, the wind of each punch honed to knife-edges that forced Oronin into constant evasive sweeps.

Jared moved too fast for the naked eye. Golden after-images laced the arena, weaving an airtight net of light that folded in on Oronin from every angle. "How can anyone move so fast?"

Perched halfway up the slope, Leonel blurted, "Jared's footwork isn't a hair slower than Oronin's!"

Yuliana's fingers knotted in the hem of her robe. Worry shimmered in her eyes, yet beneath it lived an unshakable faith—she had witnessed Jared's power and knew recklessness was never his vice.

Aurelius stroked his beard; despair drained from his cheeks, replaced by a cautious spark of hope. "The boy was hiding deeper than we guessed. Perhaps he truly can topple Oronin."

Inside the dust-choked ring, Oronin dodged dozens of blows before one grazing fist clipped his shoulder.

Liquid gold spiritual energy knifed into his flesh. He grunted, staggered two steps, and the struck fabric charred into a smoking hole while the sour scent of burnt cloth curled in the air.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"You have angered me."

Oronin's voice dropped to glacial calm as black miasma roared around him,

congealing into dozens of razor-edged demonic blades that flew toward Jared like midnight rain.

Jared did not flinch. Golden aura flared outward, forging a luminous shield that wrapped him in unbreakable light.

Each demonic blade rang against the barrier-tinny, relentless-then shattered to motes of smoke that hissed away on the wind.

Riding that momentum, Jared vaulted high, his right leg arcing out with mountain-crushing force aimed straight at Oronin's ribs.

Oronin threw up his arms. The kick landed with a thunderous crack, numbing his bones and launching him across the field until his back smashed through a boulder that burst apart in a shower of rock dust.

"Impossible!"

Gasps rippled among the Demonic Cultivators. Never had they imagined the youthful prodigy—capable of felling Half-Beast King Imorn—could be beaten back so decisively.

High on his lion mount, Soul Devourer's hollow sockets flickered with fleeting surprise before freezing over once more. "Do not hurry. The real spectacle is yet to come."

Oronin rose from the rubble, dusting stone chips from his cloak. Blood traced the corner of his mouth, yet his eyes burned with a wildfire hunger for the fight still ahead.

Oronin lifted his chin, a crooked smile stretching beneath eyes that glittered with malice. "Looks like I'll have to show some real skill before I can grind you into the dust."

His hands rose-slow, deliberate and the air itself folded like soft metal around him. Mountain boulders tore free from the slopes, levitating and spinning in widening orbits as heavier, darker ripples of spatial energy bled outward in every direction.

Someone gasped from the ridge, "Space nascence—again!"

Thastrum's face blanched. He cupped his hands and shouted, "Mr. Chance, watch yourself!"

Jared, however, remained motionless. Calm lit his features in a faint, almost playful smile, the sort men wear when the outcome had already been decided.

With both arms resting behind his back, he regarded Oronin with the tranquil focus of a scholar studying a page already familiar. That quiet confidence seeped across the weary cultivator ranks, steadying breaths and spines alike.

"Space Prison!" Oronin barked.

He slammed both palms forward, and the command detonated through the ravine like a judicial hammer.

Instantly, the world crystallized around Jared. The atmosphere iced into glassy strata; his golden shield froze mid-pulse, and every muscle-every eyelash- locked in place as though welded by invisible chains.

"Ha-ha-ha! He's pinned! Let's see him swagger now!" a chorus from the demon camp roared.

Wild cheers thundered across the black-armored ranks, boots drumming the ground in savage approval.

Yuliana's heart surged into her throat. She lunged, but Aurelius caught her wrist with a single word-"Trust him."

Oronin strolled toward the

immobilized Jared, victory already

curling his lips. "Where's that

bravado you flaunted a moment

ago? Now you squat like a mongrel in my cage s

A black demonic sword condensed in his right hand, its edge dripping a violet haze. He leveled the blade at Jared's brow. "Die."

The tip hovered inches away when Jared laughed—rich, confident, utterly unafraid. "That's the best trick you've got? You'd lecture a master mason on bricks?"

Flames poured beneath his boots. In a single, swaying step-light as willow down he traced an

impossible arc, slipping th.ne

the

frozen space as though it were mist. s

"Blazing Stride..." someone breathed, awe hanging on the word.

Drawing on Blazing Stride's built-in spatial surge, Jared slipped past every invisible shackle.

A burst of gold-then he re-materialized several yards away. The empty Space Prison snapped shut on nothing but wind.

"What-"

Oronin's eyes bulged, his earlier grin shattering. "How can you break a Space Prison?"

Halfway up the slope, onlookers sucked in a collective breath so cold it frosted the evening air.

"What did we just see? An interspatial travel?" Leonel muttered, wonder softening his usually gruff tone.

Leonel blinked as though he feared the scene might vanish if he stared too long. Flaxseed slapped his thigh and cackled. "Knew the kid had a hidden ace!"

Jared rolled his wrists, joints snapping softly like firecrackers beneath the distant rumble of combat. "Space nascence? Child's play. Everyone here can do that."

He lunged one step, then

another vanishing, reappearing,

carving the battlefield with streaking

mirages. Each ghost image,

blossomed precisely outside

Oronin's narrowing field of vision.

s This chapter is updated by FindNovel.net

Color drained from Oronin's face. He flooded his senses with space nascence, yet every coordinate came back empty.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Can't find me now?"

The taunt drifted from directly behind him, smooth as a needle sliding under skin.

Oronin whirled. The demonic sword stabbed backward-striking nothing but wind. A bar of golden light slammed side-on into his back with skull-rattling force.

Blood burst from his lips; he staggered forward, boots scraping shattered stone.

Jared was already there. Fists sheathed in molten gold hammered toward every vital point, a tide no shield could stem.

Driven back step by step, Oronin poured demonic aura into a ragged, failing guard.

His uncanny spatial sense could no longer tag Jared's location. Blow after blow landed unchecked.

"I refuse to believe this!"

Roaring, Oronin slammed both palms against the earth. "Space Collapse!" A sphere dozens of yards wide twisted and shrank, grinding cliffs and boulders to powder in its tightening maw.

Gasps rippled through the cultivator ranks; Infinides already tensed to intervene.

Yet Jared stood at the epicenter like a man beneath gentle snowfall, utterly unruffled. He raised his right hand; a thin gray sheen unfurled across his palm.

"What power is that?"

Aurelius frowned; even his vast experience held no match for that ghost-colored aura.

An instant before the crushing space touched Jared, the gray glow erupted, spreading outward-silent, cold, inexorable.

The buckling battlefield slowed, as though time itself drew a ponderous breath. Shattered rock reversed its ruin, shards re-seating into whole slabs before stunned eyes.

"Time-time nascence!" Infinides cried out, disbelief blazing in his eyes. "He commands both time and space nascence at once!"

The declaration thundered across the field. Every cultivator stared at the lone figure, awe and dread mingling on their faces.

Never-throughout the recorded annals of level six-had anyone mastered two nascence powers in tandem.

Oronin's face drained to a sickly white. He staggered backward and, with eyes that suddenly understood fear, hissed, "Impossible... That's impossible... How could you possibly wield time nascence?"

Jared let the glow in his palm fade, fingers curling until the last mote of radiance winked out. Then he started forward-one deliberate step after another. Each footfall sent a muted shudder through the

scorched battlefield, as though the earth itself felt his resolve. s

"I told you," he said, voice steady yet heavy with unquestionable weight, "someone like you never required my full strength. Now this ends." The source of this content is FundNovel.net

The words were still hanging in the air when Jared blurred. A breath later, he re-formed in front of Oronin, right arm cocking back, knuckles wrapped in golden spiritual force threaded with a faint, smoky array. The fist hammered forward, aimed straight at Oronin's chest? s

Oronin tried to slip aside, but every muscle locked. Time itself-bent by Jared's will-froze him in place.

"No!" Oronin's scream tore out, hoarse and hopeless.

The punch landed with a dull, thunderous crack.

Golden power ripped through Oronin's meridians, shattering channels that once funneled demonic strength. The gray tide of time nascence seeped deeper, gnawing at his very soul.

A fan of blood sprayed from his lips.

His body arced like a severed kite,
crashed and skidded to a halt. The
There had always
dark miasma that had always
cloaked him scattered, leaving a spent shell that could not rise again. s
For one heartbeat, the battlefield held its breath. Then the cultivators' ranks
erupted—an avalanche of cheers, louder and fiercer than any earlier roar.
"We've won-he did it!"
"Mr. Chance felled Oronin, the man who mastered space nascence!"
"Time and space together-Mr. Chance is unmatched beneath the heavens!"
Unable to contain her joy, Yuliana sprinted across the churned ground, eyes
shining with unfiltered delight and devotion.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Aurelius, Thastrum, and several others approached in a loose semicircle, bowing
with hands folded in respect, admiration clear on every face.
Aurelius's voice trembled with elation. "Mr. Chance, thank you for pulling us back
from the cliff's edge!"
Thastrum reined in his earlier pride and offered a frank nod. "Your strength
eclipses mine by more than a step. I concede utterly."
Jared waved them off, then lifted his gaze to the demon host. His words rang out,
bold and cutting. "Soul Devourer, is this the champion you bragged about? If
you've anyone stronger, send them. Don't bother hiding behind empty boasts."
A hush swept through the demon ranks. The ones who had bellowed threats now
stared at their boots, not one daring to answer.
Oronin had been the sharpest spear of their youth. If even he lay broken, who
among them could hope to stand?

Soul Devourer's face darkened to the color of storm clouds. Murderous intent swirled in his hollow sockets, yet-for the moment-he could do nothing at all.

Aurelius sensed the ugly truth long before anyone voiced it. Sending another challenger now would not be bravery-it would be volunteering for public disgrace, a fresh offering to the slaughter that Jared had prepared.

Jared's mouth curved into a cold, razor-thin grin, as though he took genuine pleasure in their silence. "What's wrong? No one left with a bit of backbone? Where's all that swagger you were spraying around a moment ago?"

He stepped forward, boots cracking the stone like distant thunder. Twin halos- one gold, one the color of ghost-ash—burst from his skin and rolled outward in a crushing tide, blanketing the demon cultists in a weight that sucked the breath from their lungs. "If none of you dares answer, pack up what's left of your pride and crawl out of level six. I'm tired of watching you make fools of yourselves." Panicked, the demon ranks recoiled, their faces drained of both color and courage. "You've lost. Leave-while you still can."

Aurelius turned, his eyes locking on the black-armored figure who ruled those demons like a living plague-Soul Devourer.

"Leave?" Soul Devourer echoed, the single word dripping with contempt. A vicious half-smile carved across his face. "You think you can dismiss me that easily? Not a chance."

His sleeve snapped through the air like a whip. Demonic Soul Army-kill Tear the Ritual Manual from their corpses!" Ten thousand demonic souls shrieked in unison. Black mist exploded around them, surging forward like a tidal bore let loose from hell itself. Some swung bone-white sabers that dripped rancid blood-fog. Others gnashed charcoal fangs while hate-soaked soul-threads coiled around their torsos Sull more flattened into half seen shadows, shipping through ranks with predatory grace. So dense were they that daylight

vanished; the vault of heaven sank into ink. s This update is available on FindNovel.net

"Soul Devourer, you gave your word!" Aurelius roared, every muscle trembling with fury. "A lord of demons who spits on his own promises-do you crave the mockery of every cultivator under the sky?"

Soul Devourer barked a laugh, harsh as steel on state. "Promises? Trinkets for fools. The Ritual Manual is worth more than any reputation. I want dominion over

level six, not a pretty legend." He slapped the mane of the colossal lion beneath him. The beast answered with a canyon-splitting roar and bolted

forward, claws shredding earth as it

charged the defenders.

belongs to s

"Rylan!" Aurelius shouted, voice raw. "Form the line! Even if we die here, level six does not fall!"

"By your command!" Rylan dropped to one knee; iron plates rang like bells. A heartbeat later, he sprang upright, sword of black steel flashing. "Imperial Guard—form ranks! Advance! Kill!"

"Kill!" The cry of ten thousand warriors hammered the cliffs, shaking boulders from their perches.

Encased in mithril armor, spear and blade in hand, the Imperial Guard

snapped into a flawless

phalanx shields braced up front spears bristling behind, sabers guarding the flanks—an ironwall surging toward the oncoming night. s

"For level six—charge!"

Human cultivators and beastfolk alike raised their weapons, roared their oaths, and flooded in behind the Imperial Guard, a living wave racing to meet the storm.

A Warrior Undefeatable

A thousand violent notes—war cries, clashing steel, shrieks, and inhuman roars—rose together, a deafening storm that swallowed the whole of level six. In that uproar, a brutal free-for-all cracked open its jaws. Check latest chapters at findnovel.net

The very first collision came when the tight phalanx of the Imperial Guard smashed into the ghostly vanguard of the Demonic Soul Army. Spears stabbed straight through the vaporous wraiths, meeting only chill fog that felt like mockery. Bone blades, however, pierced breastplates as though the metal were paper. One young guardsman thrust, missed, then felt a blade kiss his throat. He

fell, clutching crimson, eyes wide with disbelief, and the wraiths fed on him before the blood cooled.

"Channel your power into the steel-souls hate soul-fire!" Rylan bellowed, his voice ripping through the chaos. Golden energy flared along his saber. One sweeping arc struck a wraith; the specter screamed, curled into smoke, and vanished. Soldiers copied him at once, sheathing every spear and sword in trembling light. Dark mist burned away, yet the wraiths kept coming an endless tide slamming again and again against the staggering line.

Leonel swung his Blaze Sword, flames roaring from the crimson edge. Each broad strike birthed a rolling firestorm that swallowed dozens of souls at a time. Within the inferno, the wraiths writhed, then crumbled to drifting ash. "Now that's more like it!" Leonel laughed, heat and smoke curling around his grin. He vaulted high, bringing the burning blade down on a twin-axe soul general. Axes crossed, the general blocked, but the fire scorched its smoky body, drawing curls of black vapor. Leonel barely landed before fresh wraiths surged behind him, bone daggers stabbing for his unguarded back.

"Behind you!" Yuliana's warning cut through the air. She arrived in a blur, her sword trailing teal wind. A vortex of that light battered the daggers aside, shattering them to dust. Back to back, sword and flaming blade moved as one, carving a bloody ring amid the shadows. "Thanks," Leonel panted, wiping sweat and soot from his brow. "There are too many-we can't hold forever."

"Hold on," Yuliana answered through clenched teeth, her sword darting forward to impale another wraith. "A way out always shows itself if we last long enough."

Beyond the wraiths, tens of thousands of Demonic Cultivators surged into the melee as well. Long scorned beneath humans beasts and especially the aloof sky born clan, they now tasted a chance to rise and they fought like beings starved of pride. s

Not far off, Thastrum burst into golden radiance. Each hammering Gold Cloud Fist scattered clusters of wraiths like smoke before a gale, his strikes landing one after another, relentless as a war-drum.

Thastrum burst through the hazy

black tide like a tiger loosed from an iron cage. Every blow of his golden fists shattered the formless shades, their howls snuffed out the instant they met his aura. A towering soul-giant lurched forward, iron hammer whistling downward. Thastrum sprang into the stroke instead of away from it, knuckles blazing. Metal

met flesh. The clash cracked the air. The hammer spun end over end into the storming darkness, and the giant staggered. Before the phantom could steady itself, Thastrum's next punch crushed its chest. The creature's body of mist exploded into drifting sparks. s

Spearman fashioned of shadow poured in from every direction, points darting like a nest of vipers. Thastrum whirled parrying shaft - after shaft, but feel tongues still scraped his skin. Golden light guttered across his arms, dimming with each fresh cut.

to s

Farther back, Half-Beast King Imorn - still bleeding from Oronin's earlier strike - forced himself upright. Gold markings crawled across his striped hide again, and the claw on his right paw flashed as sharp as tempered glass.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Imorn roared and pounced. One sweep of his claw ripped three shadow-soldiers apart, their remnants dissolving like smoke in the wind. A chanting mage hurled lines of jet-black curse runes. Imorn could not dodge. Symbols burned into his fur, searing flesh and drawing a hiss of pain.

"Cowardly trick!"

He lunged through the burning agony, tore the spell-caster in half, then dropped to one knee as the last of his strength threatened to abandon him.

Across the mountain pass, limbs-human and beast alike-littered the dirt. Bones rose in grotesque cairns. Blood soaked the ground until it pooled in crimson runnels that raced downhill. Cliffs split under constant impact. Boulders thundered down, crushing friend and foe without distinction. Even the river ran red, fish floating belly-up beneath a sky that looked ready to collapse.

At the rear lines, Aurelius watched his people fall. Each death felt like a blade drawn slowly across his ribs. Something had to break.

"Take the head and the body dies!"

Resolve hardened in his eyes. He faced Infinides and Jared. "Kill Soul Devourer, and the Demonic Soul Army crumbles. We strike now-together."

"Agreed."

Infinides flicked his horsetail whisk. White light shot forth like a fan of blades, clearing a corridor through the snarling wraiths. "Stay on me!"

Jared tightened both hands around Dragonslayer. Gold radiance pulsed along the edge, wrapping him in a halo of sacred heat.

He ran behind Aurelius and Infinides, sword sweeping wide. Each stroke parted half a dozen shadows, carving a blood-bright passage toward the distant throne of darkness.

A lurking soul darted for Aurelius's flank. Jared pivoted, cut once, and the attacker fell in two smoking halves that vanished before they struck ground.

"You dream of killing me?" Soul Devourer's voice reverberated like chains dragged across stone. "Keep dreaming."

Soul Devourer's crimson eyes narrowed as he caught the sudden shift in his enemies' stance. A low, serrated laugh escaped his throat. "Anepan and Spathe-stop them."

Even before the echo of that order faded, two shadows peeled away from the Demonic Soul Army and drifted forward like ghosts. When the moonlight struck them, they became men-ancient, silver-haired, and wrapped in ash-gray robes. Wrinkles carved their faces, yet hawk-sharp eyes glimmered

beneath their brows. Each gripped a

longsword that hummed with

murderous wind. These were Soul

Devourer's deadliest

lieutenants-the legendary twin

blades, Anepan and Spathe.

belongs to s

"Your fight is with us." The elder on the left lifted his sword, his words falling like brittle winter ice.

He flicked his wrist. A white-hot crescent of sword energy tore toward Aurelius, splitting the very air.

"Good!" Infinides exclaimed, entirely unruffled. He snapped his horsetail whisk; pearly power thickened into a broad shield that slid between Aurelius and the oncoming blade. Steel struck light with a thunderous crash. Shockwaves rippled, cracks veined the shield, and Infinides skidded two steps back. s

On the right, Spathe answered in silence, his sword swirling. A rain of razor-thin blades cascaded toward Jared, each thread of energy heavy enough to shatter stone.

Jared's eyes hardened.

Dragonslayer Sword blurred, golden arcs knitting into a glowing mesh. Every black shard hissed against holy power and vanished like sparks in deep water. s

Spathe's gaze glittered with greed. "A splendid sword," he breathed. "Hand it over, boy, and I may spare your life." UPDATE FROM findnovel.net

"Come and take it if you can." Jared's laugh was low and sharp.

He vaulted skyward. Dragonslayer Sword roared, sheathed in gold, and descended like a thunderbolt toward the elder's skull.

Spathe jolted, meeting the stroke with hurried steel.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Blades collided-clang!—gold light tangled with midnight haze. Spathe's arms numbed; the jolt drove him back two paces, and pain blossomed across his palms.

Anepan slid in beside his brother, twin swords darting like fanged vipers toward Jared's flanks.

Their synchronized art wove black lines into a suffocating lattice, a cage of wind and steel that closed around him.

Yet Dragonslayer Sword seemed alive in his grip-slashing crosswise, stabbing upward, spinning in flashes so bright they seared the eyes.

He flowed through the net's gaps, footwork light as flame, hunting for the single strand whose break would unravel it all.

Jared twisted at the final heartbeat. The old man on the enemy's right drove his longsword straight for Jared's heart, but steel met air as Jared slipped sideways. In the same fluid beat, he chopped at the attacker's wrist, forcing the blade off-line. Before the elder could recover, Jared's boot hammered into the man's chest. Armor rang. The elder staggered back several paces, ribs shuddering under the impact, disbelief widening the folds around his eyes.

Across the churned earth, Aurelius seized the opening Jared had carved. He sprinted at the mounted Soul Devourer, golden soul energy flooding his sword until it reared into a towering arc of light. The phantom blade cracked the air, descending with the weight of a falling sky.

High upon a snarling lion-steed, the Soul Devourer merely smiled. One careless flick of his gloved hand birthed a thick obsidian shield-pure demonic vapor hardened into stone-black armor. The collision shook the plain. Golden sword shadow exploded like shattered glass. A cannon blast of recoil slammed Aurelius backward; boots skidded, blood surged, a metallic taste bloomed in his tongue.

"Is that truly all you've learned?" Soul Devourer taunted, sweeping his own blade. A ribbon of night-black sword energy hissed away from the tip, sinuous as a viper, hungry for Aurelius's unprotected gut.

Aurelius threw himself aside. The black lash licked across his battle robe, ripping a long scar down the cloth and revealing the dull gleam of the breastplate beneath.

Infinides tried to rush to Aurelius's aid. The elder on the left hounded

him instead, sword strokes sharp as fangs, each thrust aimed at throat, heart, or belly infinides parried wheeled, but found no seam through which to break free. He watched Aurelius's peril mount, frustration boiling in his chest, yet no path opened. s

Farther off, Stebarin had chosen a different battlefield. He stood upon a rise, a plain, black pouch dangling from one hand. The bag looked ordinary-until one felt the eerie suction oozing from its mouth. Every time a human or beast cultivator crashed feless to the dirt, Stebarin murmured an ancient chant and raised the pouch. Released souls jerked as if on hooked lines, then streamed toward the

opening, vanishing inside. With every capture, the pouch swelled, black vapor seeping through the fabric like oil through gauze. s

"Stebarin, what are you waiting for? Get down here and fight!" Soul Devourer's roar rolled over the din like thunder across broken walls.

The demon lord spared no further glance at his subordinate, funneling all ferocity back toward Aurelius.

"A moment more, My Lord!" Stebarin called, voice light, practiced, never slowing the graceful motion of his soul-snaring hand.

His chant continued, each syllable tightening the unseen tether, drawing another wandering soul into the swelling sack.

Soul Devourer snorted-ice on iron-and let the matter drop. Updates are released by Find_Novel(.)net

Aurelius fought hard, but against an enemy who had tasted ten millennia, the gap was chasm-wide. Within only a handful of exchanges, fresh cuts scored his arms, thighs, and flank Blood soaked the red of his robe a deeper crimson, and most of his spiritual reserves lay spent Minute by minute, the free for all descended into carnage, screams,

and steel, weaving a ragged tapestry

of ruin.

s

Human and beast cultivators collapsed in heaps. The disciplined formations of the Imperial Guard shattered, soldiers fighting alone or dying alone while waves of demonic souls flooded the field.

Leonel and Yuliana, skin coated in grime and gore, swung weapons now powered more by stubborn instinct than remaining energy. Gashes striped their bodies; blood dripped from blade and spear in slow, steady rhythm, pooling at their feet.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Thastrum stood amid a tightening ring of demonic souls. The golden glow of his primordial spiritual energy-once a blazing beacon-now sputtered like a candle in a

gale. Each punch he threw felt as if the very air had turned to lead, every motion dragging through invisible shackles that bled his strength.

Beside him, Half-Beast King Imorn wheezed and swayed. Deep gashes cut across the titan's fur-clad flesh, his pupils glassy with fatigue. Only a single, stubborn will kept the monarch upright—a vow not to fall until no breath remained to draw.

"We can't hold them any longer!" the beast race cultivator screamed, voice cracking under terror.

He hurled his battle-axe to the blood-soaked ground, spun, and bolted toward the rear lines, armor clattering like brittle tin.

His retreat lit a fuse of panic. The lone deserter became the match that ignited a wildfire of dread across the ranks.

One after another, cultivators broke formation. The battlefield transformed into a stampede of the desperate, each mind ruled not by honor but by the frantic need to live another moment.

"Hold your ground-d*mn it, hold! We still have a chance!" Rylan's throat strained raw as he bellowed, yet even he was tangled by a swarm of demonic souls, his spear strokes slower with every heartbeat.

Bound by the spectral tide, Rylan could only watch helplessly while men he had sworn to command scattered like birds before a storm.

The defense shattered. The Demonic Soul Army surged forward, black tide meeting broken levy. Screams split the smoke as more bodies fell, turning the earth into a slick crimson mire.

Aurelius stood amid the carnage, despair clawing at his chest. If this rout continued, everyone here would die, and level six itself would drown beneath the Scourge of the demons.

The Ritual Manual... maybe that's the last light left to us.

Resolve hardened behind his eyes. From the folds of his tattered robe, he drew a small golden casket etched with intricate runes. A faint, sacred radiance seeped from its seams—the resting place of the Ritual Manual.

"Soul Devourer! Isn't this what you crave? Then come and claim it!" Aurelius lifted the casket high, his roar cutting clean through the bedlam.

The words rang like a bell. For an instant, the battlefield stilled, every gaze skewering the golden box in his grasp.

"Throw it here, mortal, or I tear the life from you now!" Soul Devourer hissed, greed flickering in those hollow, lightless sockets.

"If you want it," Aurelius snarled, backing toward the distant mountain shadows, "then chase me. Catch me, and the Ritual Manual is yours. But unleash so much as a single blast, and I grind it into dust!"

"You dare!" Soul Devourer's roar rippled with murderous hunger.

Yet he did not strike. The Manual meant everything—he could not risk its destruction.

Every nerve in the lich-lord's body burned with restraint as he watched Aurelius retreat, precious prize dangling just out of reach.

"Run all you like—you won't escape me!" Soul Devourer bellowed, fury echoing across the charred plain.

Mounting his spectral lion, the lich gave chase—close enough to stalk his prey, far enough to avoid the trap he sensed simmering behind Aurelius's eyes. This chapter is updated by [find•novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

Seeing the pursuit, Anepan and Spathe angled to follow, only to have their path barred by Jared, who slid between them and the chase like a sudden, gleaming wall.

"Your fight is with me. Leaving isn't on today's program," Jared said, voice low, almost conversational, yet thrumming with lethal promise.

He raised the Dragonslayer Sword, and golden light exploded around him, a holy tide that made even the battle-hardened twins feel their hearts thump with primal dread.

"Block him!" the elder on Jared's left—Anepan—let the command crack from his lungs like a thunderclap. The order rattled across the broken hillside, snapping the Demonic Soul Army to attention.

Dual blades wheeled in Anepan and Spathe's hands, scissoring through the dusk. Silver arcs became a storm of sword energy, each strand screaming toward Jared. Jared met it head-on. Dragonslayer Sword spun so fast it blurred, a whirling wall

of molten gold that shattered every incoming edge before they could kiss his skin. He fought with a single, brutal calculation Aureljus needs

single more. If

buy him those minutes, the others live. Determination welded itself to his muscles, and he refused to yield an inch. s

"Run-now! While Soul Devourer is gone, get clear of this valley!" Infinides shouted, his voice rough as gravel yet somehow carrying like a temple bell.

He swept his horsetail whisk in a white arc. Spectral threads of light cracked outward, driving back the closest shadow wraiths and carving a narrow path to safety.

Leonel, Yuliana, Thastrum, and the

other wounded cultivators jerked to

attention at the shout. Blood soaking

nat

their robes, they still managed to shoulder one another and stagger down the slope. Each step tore fresh pain from their bodies, yet they pressed on, fleeing the crimson horizon where steel and darkness.

kept colliding: Behind them, the

remainder of the frightened fighters broke ranks altogether, feet slapping rock and mud in blind panic as they raced to outpace the wraiths. s

Without the Soul Devourer's will to guide them and with Jared pinning Anepan and Spathe in place-the Demonic Soul Army faltered. The tide of souls rippled in confusion, shrieking but unsure whom to follow Stebarin watched the mortal Soldiers scatter Regret flickered behind his dark lashes. The cloth bag at his hip bulged with captured souls, yet he knew it still weighed too light for the breakthrough he craved. s