

A Warrior Undefeatable

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"No matter," Stebarin muttered, his tone as calm as mist on a pond. "Plenty of harvests await me in the days ahead."

He cinched the bag shut, turned his back on the fleeing mortals, and glided after the wavering shadow host, shadowing Soul Devourer's path like a blood-scented breeze.

Jared's duel with the twin elders raged through another dozen brutal exchanges. Each clash drained more of the primordial fire from his veins. His arms burned, palms numbed, and perspiration rained from his brow. Even Dragonslayer Sword's gilded flare dimmed, as though the blade itself felt fatigue. A quick glance through the haze confirmed it—the last survivors were specks on the far ridge, finally beyond the army's reach. Relief eased the iron band around his chest. "Time to vanish," he hissed, voice too low for anyone but the night to hear.

Feinting left, he whipped Dragonslayer Sword into a blinding downward stroke aimed at Anepan's brow. The elder raised both swords to parry. In that heartbeat, Jared pivoted, kicked off a fragment of boulder, and sprinted into the opposite treeline—away from friend and foe alike—until the forest swallowed every trace of gold light behind him.

Anepan and Spathe lunged to pursue, but Jared had loosed several lingering arcs of sword light. The golden crescents hung in the air like barred gates, forcing the elders to carve through them before they could give chase. By the time the radiant barriers faded, the woods offered only silence.

"Forget him. The Soul Devourer first," Spathe growled. The two elders traded a grim nod and vaulted after their master's fading aura.

Far ahead, the Soul Devourer thundered through the ravine astride a colossal lion, each hoof-fall exploding shale into dust. His feral glare tracked Aurelius, who lurched across scree with blood streaming down one torn shoulder. "Aurelius!" the demon roared, voice shaking birds from hidden nests. "Hand over the Ritual Manual, and I may spare you the agony of soul annihilation!" Aurelius tasted iron

with every breath. Torn meridians shrieked each time his boots struck ground, and the world flickered at the edges of his sight. Still, he kept both arms wrapped around a small golden casket—the last sliver of hope for the level six-and swore he would die before letting it fall into darkness.

Aurelius poured what little spiritual force he had left into his legs. His boots barely skimmed the leaf-strewn ground as the forest blurred around him. Yet the chill of the black miasma behind him clung like frost to bone, and the killing intent rolling off it threatened to lock his very soul in ice.

"So you refuse the easy way? Then drink the penalty instead!"

Soul Devourer rose in his saddle and flicked one gauntleted hand. From the swirling ink of his demonic aura, a claw materialized—long, ebony, and razor-curved screaming through the air toward Aurelius's unprotected back. A single breath later, the nape of the king's neck prickled with cold. He tried to roll away, but the claw was already upon him.

Out of nowhere, a lance of gold carved across the darkness. Metal rang—a bright, defiant "clang"—and the demonic claw shattered into drifting soot.

Jared landed beside the king like lightning given human form, Dragonslayer Sword still humming with leftover sparks. "King Aurelius, I'll hold them off. Go—now!"

"Jared? You came back?" Aurelius's relief cracked into dread in the same heartbeat. "No. There are too many specter soldiers. We'll never break out!"

Even as he spoke, Anepan and Spathe swept in with several dozen elite soul warriors. Jet-black vapor gushed from their robes, knitting an airtight ring around the two fugitives.

Perched atop his war-lion, Soul Devourer looked down with a smile meant for nightmares. "Since you're both here, stay. Tonight you'll die beside the Ritual Manual and sweeten its rites with your blood."

Anepan and Spathe slashed in

unison. Twin blades of white-hot sword energy tangled into a lethal net, rushing for Jared and Aurelius.

Sword into Finto

Jared Spun Dragonslayer

a whirling sun of gold, severing strand after strand, but each impact drove him two steps back. Pain flared in his palms.

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Black-boned warriors lunged through the gaps, bone knives glittering. Jared parried, slashed, and still managed to glance at the man he carried his loyalty for. Aurelius's face had gone sheet-white; his breath flickered like a candle in the wind. At this rate, I can't guard him—can't even save myself. Desperation tightened around Jared's heart.

He drew a deep breath. Gold light flooded from every pore, then dimmed to reveal a softer, ash-gray glow turning in his palms the time. nascence itself. The moment unfurled, the demonic warriors moved as though wading through syrup. The sword net of Anepan and Spathe sagged, robbed of its earlier speed.

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Jared seized the opening, hoisted Aurelius onto his back, and dashed toward the deeper, darker folds of the forest.

"Soul Devourer! If you want us, come chase us yourself!" New novel chapters are published on findnovel.net

Soul Devourer's fury cracked the night. "After them! Tear the level six apart if you must, but bring them back!" He spurred the lion forward. Its iron hooves drummed like thunder, and the Demonic Soul Army flooded behind him, a black tide surging between the trees.

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Jared ran for his life through the wild woods, Aurelius a heavy, bleeding weight across his shoulders. Warm blood soaked Jared's tunic, then his skin. Each crimson drop slowed his stride, and with every falter, the pursuing miasma crawled closer.

Behind them, the roar of countless specter soldiers swelled. The night itself seemed to breathe cold and hungry, ready to swallow king and protector alike.

"Jared... this can't go on," Aurelius whispered, his breath tremoring against Jared's sweat-soaked neck. "There are too many of those cursed souls-no matter how fast we run, they will swallow us whole."

"Don't you dare lose heart," Jared shot back, jaw clenched so hard the veins on his brow throbbed. "We'll find a way out-we have to."

"Hope won't save us." Aurelius's head moved in a slow, resolute shake. "Listen to me. The Ritual Manual must never end up in a demon's hands, yet we're out of options, Jared, completely out."

With fingers that already felt colder than stone, he wrestled a small gilded coffer from the folds of his robe and pushed it against Jared's chest.

"Absolutely not!" Jared's refusal cracked through the whipping wind. "If Soul Devourer captures that Ritual Manual, level six is doomed."

"There's no time to argue," Aurelius rasped, his words iron-hard despite the trembling in his frame. "My plan buys us life, Jared. Stay alive, steal the Ritual Manual back later, and then we save level six." This text is hosted at findnovel.net

Far behind them, Soul Devourer's shadow burst through the trees. Black miasma condensed into a colossal hand that tore at the sky before arcing straight toward the two fugitives.

"Run-now!" Aurelius roared, fury and desperation colliding in his raw throat.

Even as the last echo of his shout faded, he hurled the golden box in the opposite direction, sending it spinning through the air like a dying sun.

The coffer traced a bright arc, struck bare earth, and snapped open with a brittle clap.

"The Ritual Manual!" Soul Devourer's voice cracked with ravenous delight.

Abandoning all other prey, the demon lord vaulted from his lion-steed and lunged toward the fallen treasure, greed blazing in his eyes.

Drawn to that glow, the twin elders known as Anepan and Spathe, along with the entire Demonic Soul Army, surged after him, tearing a sudden gash in their once-perfect encirclement.

"Now!" Jared's heart slammed against his ribs as the opportunity flashed open.

He hauled Aurelius higher onto his back and sprinted for the eastern ravine, every muscle alight with borrowed strength, every heartbeat counting the yards to freedom.

Wind howled past his ears. Behind him rang Soul Devourer's triumphant laughter as the coffer clicked apart—an arrogant, jagged sound that tightened Jared's fists until his knuckles blanched.

They ran until the forest swallowed every trace of pursuit, and the only thing Jared could hear was his own ragged breathing.

At last, he collapsed beside a towering cedar, easing Aurelius onto a bed of roots before himself sagging to the ground, chest heaving like a forge bellows.

Elsewhere, Soul Devourer remounted his snarling lion, clutching the Ritual Manual to his chest. Holy gold bled between his fingers, yet waves of demonic aura coiled around the light, eager to smother it to night.

Jared and Aurelius were forgotten. With the Ritual Manual secured, Soul Devourer's single thought was to unleash the imprisoned souls that writhed beneath Celestia City's royal capital.

Behind him, the Demonic Soul Army rolled forward like an ink-black tide. Ancient runes carved into Celestia City's streets winked out one by one, palace walls blossomed with violet corruption, and the very air grew sick with blood and rot.

"My Lord," Anepan called, his voice quivering with eagerness, "the mouth of the Netherworld Abyss is just ahead!"

Anepan—the elder of the twin

swords who stood to the

left—hurried past the rest of the

procession. He lifted a trembling net

arm and pointed toward a canyon, whose entrance had long ago been choked by a single, mountain-sized boulder. Heatless excitement glittered in the hollows of his eyes, too fierce to hide. s

That boulder was no ordinary stone. Every inch of its pitted surface carried golden sigils—seals etched by the ancestors of the Celestia.

Their light had faded to a tired ember yet the runes still fought stubbornly against the creeping tide of demonic aura. s

High upon his armored war-lion, Soul Devourer drew the reins tight. The fireless sockets of his skullish helm swept over the boulder, and the corner of his mouth curled into a vicious half-smile. "So this is what they considered unbreakable," he murmured, his tone thick with contempt. Our ancestors called a rock into place, sketched a few charms, and believed the Abyss would stay silent. How laughable. Today, I will set the one hundred thousand imprisoned souls below free to taste daylight once more." s

He swung down from the lion in a single fluid motion, the great beast rumbling low as he passed. Cradling the Ritual Manual against his chest, he strode toward the rune-scarred monolith.

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With a fingertip as black as midnight ink, Soul Devourer traced the archaic grooves embossed on the Ritual Manual's lid. He whispered syllables older than kingdoms, and living shadows spiraled from his hand-coiling around the book, striking its golden glow like snakes against glass.

A sharp hiss-"zzz-zzz"-cut through the air. Pages fluttered on their own, then flared open. Lines of ancient script, each a narrow blade of light, burst forth and assembled in the sky as a single titanic sigil that radiated a suffocating, holy pressure.

"Shatter!"

His roar cracked across the gorge. He slammed the Ritual Manual against the boulder, palm first.

Golden scripture met the older sealing glyphs in an explosive collision. For one heartbeat, the two forces twisted together-then the whole of Celestia City quaked. Fissures ripped through the earth, and stone chips rattled down like hard rain.

The runes on the boulder warped, splintered, and died. Their frail light was devoured piece by piece by roiling black mist.

An instant later, a detonation-deeper than thunder-ripped through the canyon. The monolith disintegrated, revealing the lightless throat of the Netherworld Abyss.

A breath of air colder than grave-ice erupted from the pit. It carried a chorus of distant howls-restless, deranged, and older than memory-the voices of souls that had simmered in darkness for ten millennia.

Soul Devourer leaned forward, peering into the abyss. Suspended at its heart hovered a vast golden barrier, etched with primeval runes. Inside, countless ink-black phantoms slammed against the light, each collision dimming the shield by another shade.

"That is the true seal," he said, voice low, almost reverent.

Spathe the elder standing to Soul Devourer's right-could not contain himself. "The founders of Celestia bled themselves dry to build that ward," he cried. "Break it, and every single demonic soul will be ours to command!"

Soul Devourer's answering chuckle was ice on metal. He lifted the Ritual Manual once more.

This time, he let the artifact off its leash. Blinding gold surged from its covers, spilling over the abyss like a newborn sun.

Hundreds of luminous characters tore free of the pages and streaked downward - each one a spear of written light aimed at the weakening shield.

Every time a character struck, one of the ancient runes on the barrier fizzled out, and a hairline crack crept wider across its surface. Check latest chapters at FindN()v

"In the name of Soul Devourer, by the power of this Ritual Manual, I dissolve the seal and unleash the legion within!"

His proclamation echoed through the abyss, a command no prisoner could ignore.

The final glyph was hammered into the shield. A crisp snap rang out, and fractures webbed across the golden dome before it shattered like brittle glass.

An even fiercer wave of cold and corruption blasted upward. In its wake surged scores—then hundreds—then legions of shadowy spirits, a black tide screaming toward the sky, finally free after an age of night.

Anepan-stooped yet sharp as a hawk-held the Ritual Manual beneath the crook of one arm. With his free hand, he pointed at the dark mist rising from the Netherworld Abyss and began to count, voice cracking with a fevered thrill. "Ten thousand... twenty thousand... fifty thousand!" Each new figure burst from his throat, louder than the last. Then he half-turned, breath hitching in wicked delight. "My Lord, Soul Devourer," he shouted, "we have already summoned fifty thousand demonic souls-and the surge

shows no sign of slowing!" s

The first of those souls crashed onto the shattered rim of the abyss.

Its bulk alone could blot out a campfire. Bone spurs bristled across hide like broken spears, crimson lantern-eyes glared from a skull with fangs that jutted past its lips, and the murderous heat of its aura squeezed the very air. s

The creature landed hard enough to split the stone. A single knee struck the ground, head bowed, and a chorus of gravel-thick voices rasped in unison, "We salute you, My Lord!"

Soul Devourer let the praise wash over him like warm rain. He nodded, slow, pleased, a tyrant savoring the first taste of conquest. "Rise," he commanded. "From this moment, you serve beneath my banner. Together, we will flatten level six until every cultivator kneels at my feet."

"As you command!" the demonic souls roared. The answer rolled through the Netherworld Abyss like thunder, and the chasm itself shivered.

More black figures clawed free of the depths—endless, unstoppable—as though the pit had been opened straight into some infernal ocean.

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Some emerged gripping bone staffs that dripped with curses capable of rotting flesh at a whisper. Others darted through the gloom like wraiths, lean bodies bent for slaughter. A third breed—no larger than a child slipped through cracks: of light, hungry to tunnel inside living hosts and drink their souls bone-dry. s

The torrent thickened until the entire sky above the abyss churned with inky shapes, then spilled outward, a spreading stain racing toward every quarter of Celestia City.

When the one-hundred-thousandth soul burst from the chasm, blackness drowned the capital completely; daylight vanished as though snuffed beneath a

lid.

This last arrival was different. Gold smoke coiled over its skin, vast black wings unfurled from shoulders shaped almost human, and bottomless eyes glimmered midnight. It hovered, then descended.

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The winged soul knelt before Soul Devourer, one knee striking stone. "Caiden McIntyre reports," it rasped, voice edged with vengeance. "The ancestors of your so-called kingdom once chained me within this abyss. That debt is blood-deep. Grant me leave, and I will see their nation burned to dust beside you."

Surprise flickered across Soul Devourer's hollow gaze, quickly replaced by feral glee. "Caiden! My fiercest general lives yet." He spread both arms, cloak snapping in the wind. "With you at my side, I become a blade made sharper still."

He spun, voice booming over the abyss like a war-horn. "All demonic souls- scatter through level six. Hunt down every survivor. Any who resist, kill without mercy. Any who submit may live, but they live as my slaves."

"We obey!" READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT [findonov](#)

The answering cry-hundreds of thousands strong-shook the very clouds.

A moment later, the Demonic Soul Army surged outward like a black tide, overtopping the lip of the Netherworld Abyss and pouring toward the distant walls of Celestia City.

Wings beat toward the eastern mountains. Shadows spilled across the western plains. Dark specks peppered the southern seas. In the span of a breath, every corner of level six lay beneath a moving night.

Soul Devourer watched his army vanish into the murk. A cruel curve tugged at the corner of his mouth.

He glanced down at the Ritual Manual, fingers tightening greedily around its spine. "The manual offers far more than the release of spirits," he murmured. "Once this realm is mine, I will unearth every secret it hides. Let higher-dimensional lords come if they dare-I will face them all."

Behind him, Spathe joined Anepan, both elders bowing low, faces painted with flattery. "Brilliant, My Lord. With two hundred thousand demonic souls and countless Demonic Cultivators, level six will soon rest within your palm. You will stand alone absolute ruler of all."

Soul Devourer offered no reply. He only lifted his chin toward the sky.

Above, the sun itself failed. Thick coils of black miasma sealed the heavens, plunging every peak and plain into a darkness unseen since creation.

At its center yawned the Netherworld Abyss-and within that maw, the Ritual Manual glowed in Soul Devourer's hands like an eye that would never blink.

Far off amid Celestia City's shattered ruins, pockets of surviving cultivators lifted frightened eyes to the black swarm overhead. Terror hollowed their faces; despair rooted their feet. Hope, for the first time, felt extinct.

They understood, with a chill that seemed to settle in their bones, that an even crueler calamity had descended upon level six. Jared stared into the suffocating darkness now swallowing that once luminous realm. Beside him, Aurelius stood rigid, both men wearing expressions carved from granite and dread. s

"It's over... level six... all of it-over..." Aurelius rasped, the words breaking apart like dry twigs.

A fountain of blood burst from Aurelius's lips. His knees buckled, and he collapsed. "King Aurelius!" Jared shouted, lunging forward before the monarch's body struck the ground.

Jared caught him and pressed trembling fingers against the monarch's throat. The pulse fluttered so faintly he feared it had vanished altogether. Panic thundered through Jared's chest. He fumbled inside his cloak for a healing pill—only to close on an empty vial, its contents long spent in the earlier mêlée. What now? What

now?

Aurelius's eyelids fluttered open. With fragile resolve, he seized Jared's wrist. "Jared... there is... one place... that can save me..." each syllable scraped free with agonizing effort.

"Where? Tell me now!" Jared urged, leaning in so the dying king did not have to force his voice above a whisper.

"East... to Cloud Valley," Aurelius

breathed. "A hidden pocket of space

lies there, even if the Demonic

Cultivators stand on its t

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they will never see it. Inside dwells the Herb Sect. Its matriarch... was once royal physician to our, realm. Only she... can mend these wounds..." s

Hope flared in Jared's chest. "Then Cloud Valley it is!" He slid beneath Aurelius's limp form, hoisted him onto his back, and set off toward the eastern mountains with grim determination.

He had taken scarcely ten strides when dozens of Demonic Cultivators materialized between the trees. Spying their quarry, they hissed with savage delight.

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"Seize them! The master has promised a rich reward!" the Demonic Cultivator roared, leading the charge through the undergrowth with blades of black sorcery swirling at his flanks.

Jared, burdened by the wounded king, staggered through the forest's tangled roots and descending mist. Warm blood seeped from the gash across Aurelius's ribs, soaking Jared's back until it felt as though hot knives pressed against his skin. He had already burned through most of his spiritual energy in the previous battle. Now, only sheer will kept his legs moving, shielding the unconscious monarch while dodging the lethal shadows pursuing them.

"Stop running! Submit, and I'll grant you a quicker death!" the Demonic Cultivator's voice lashed the night air.

Black miasma slithered after that threat like venomous serpents. Several demonic blades whistled past Jared's shoulders, exploding ancient trunks into splinters. Jared clenched his jaw so hard it ached. He dared not look back. He simply dredged up the last scraps of power within him and forced his battered legs to fly.

Cloud Valley lay somewhere beyond the next ridge, veiled by swirling mist. Yet every heartbeat told Jared the Demonic Cultivators were closing in, their savage footfalls drumming through the forest floor like approaching thunder. He pushed

onward, lungs burning, while a cold realization seeped into his chest with every breath. Will I end here, nameless among the roots and stones?

A thunderous roar shattered the pursuit's cadence—a primal bellow so loud the treetops trembled and birds burst skyward in panic.

From the shadowed undergrowth surged more than a dozen beast race cultivators, their bodies wrapped in rough-stitched pelts, bone-tipped spears, and blades flashing as they fanned out between Jared and the demon horde.

"You skulking spawn of darkness—how dare you rampage on territory claimed by the bear beast cultivators!" the leader barked. His towering frame bristled with brown fur, and the bone spear in his fist gleamed with a murderous chill.

Recognition lit Jared's eyes, hope flaring where despair had lurked only a moment earlier. "Beast allies," he whispered, almost disbelieving, then felt resolve surge again.

"Fools," the Demonic Cultivator snarled, his face twisting beneath a tarnished helm. "Cut them down!"

Obedient as wolves, dozens of Demonic Cultivators wheeled and charged, blades dripping with black force.

The bear-beast chieftain met them head-on. He roared once—an avalanche of sound—then drove his spear straight through a demon's chest.

Metal shrieked against bone. The demon's blade spun away, and before its owner could scream, the bear-beast's kick sent him sprawling. One brutal thrust followed—white bone punched through throat, dark blood spraying the leaves. The link to the origin of this information rests in find—nov

"Kill!"

The remaining beast race cultivators leapt forward as one, their battle cries trembling the canopy.

Wolf beast cultivators darted among the demons like silver phantoms, bone knives flashing, each slash claiming another life before the victim understood he'd been opened.

Fox beast cultivators wove

shimmering fusions, bending

moonlit shadows into mirages that sent demons stumbling into

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comrades' swords. Se

beasts roared, demons

shrieked the forest became a whirl of claws, fangs, and blood-bright metal. s

Jared realized these warriors were buying him precious moments he could never repay in kind.

"Brothers, thank you!" he shouted above the din, voice ragged. "Greater tasks await us. Hold them here—I'll see our mission through!"

"Go, Jared," the bear-beast chieftain

called back a grin splitting his fur-matted face to reveal glittering fangs "While a single breath remains in our chests, these vermin. will not reach you. Live on, rebuild level six, and wipe their filth from the realms-that duty now rests with you!" s

The familiarity in that booming voice told all-this was no chance encounter but a conscious sacrifice.

Jared also understood the cost. In a realm now ruled by demons, revealing themselves meant certain death for every beast warrior standing with him.

Hot moisture glazed his eyes before he could stop it.

He nodded once, hard-hoisted the unconscious Aurelius across his shoulders,

and sprinted toward the mist-laden gap that marked Cloud Valley.

He dared not glance back. Each backward look would carve another line of guilt across his heart-for those

cultivators could have hidden in silence yet chose open battle for his sake.

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Behind him, the clash intensified, punctuated by beastly screams that landed like hammers against his spine, each one a life extinguished in his name.

His fists clenched until nails sliced flesh; droplets of blood streaked the ground beneath his fleeing steps.

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I will never forget this day. For every drop of blood the demons spilled, I will demand a river in return.

Jared had no idea how long he had been running. His lungs burned, calves on fire, yet he kept sprinting until the silhouette of Cloud Valley finally surfaced through the dim haze ahead. At its mouth, veils of mist drifted like living curtains. Every few breaths, the vapor rippled, showing faint tremors in the air-echoes of that forbidden spatial technique Aurelius had once told him about. Relief cut through Jared's exhaustion. He pushed himself faster, shifting Aurelius on his back to a steadier grip and charging for the valley's threshold.

Then, without warning, the clash of steel and roars behind him fell silent. His body locked. Jared turned, each vertebra creaking, and stared into the dark forest they had just escaped. The tar-black miasma had dispersed. In its wake lay more than a dozen beast race cultivators-brothers in arms—sprawled across blood-soaked roots. Their leader, a mighty bear beast cultivator, was pinned upright against an oak, a bone spear punched straight through his chest. His eyes, white and furious even in death, still glared as if cursing the unseen demon who had felled them.

"Ah-!" A strangled roar tore from Jared's throat, raw enough to taste iron. He dropped to one knee, facing the fallen cultivators, and bent in a deep bow that trembled with grief. "Brothers," he rasped, voice sandpapered and steady, "rest easy. I will avenge you. I swear I'll drive every last demon from level six."

Stirred by the tremor in Jared's chest, Aurelius cracked open heavy eyelids and whispered, "Jared... what happened?" His words floated like cobwebs, thin and weightless.

Jared dashed a sleeve across the tears gathering at his lashes and forced calm into his tone. "Nothing to worry about." He managed a half smile. "We've reached Cloud Valley. Hold on a little longer. Someone in the Herb Sect will patch you up soon." Bracing Aurelius against him, he stepped over the valley's threshold.

With every ounce of strength left, Aurelius lifted one hand and traced a labyrinth of sigils in the air, chanting words that flickered like embers. Space rippled. A glassy barrier materialized, invisible until candlelight caught its edges. Jared

guided them through. Behind them, the entrance sealed, erasing the carnage, shutting sorrow and vengeance outside.

Instantly, the world transformed. Warbling birds, sweet flower scents, and the warm tang of medicinal herbs washed over them. It was as though they had stepped from midnight into high noon-blood-spattered nightmares replaced by a garden painted in sunlight.

But Jared's chest felt carved hollow. Again and again, he saw the beast race cultivators falling, heard the snap of bones, the hiss of demonic laughter. Those faces-bright, defiant-branded themselves onto his heart. A new weight settled on his shoulders. He still had to heal Aurelius, recapture the Ritual Updates are released by find—nov

Manual, and rescue the entire level six. Now he also carried the debts of cultivators who had died to buy him this chance. "Demon scum... Soul Devourer..." he

the beast race

muttered, each name a knife edge. Fingers clenched around the hilt of Dragonslayer Sword; the blade quivered, answering the fury that crackled through him.

Footsteps whisked over the grass. Several women in snow-white gowns hurried toward them, medicine chests swinging at their sides. Their expressions were wary, protective. "Who are you? How did you slip into the Herb Sect?" the one in front demanded.

"We need help!" Jared blurted, pulling Aurelius closer as if shielding him from the very air. "He's gravely wounded, tainted by demonic energy. Please show mercy and let us through!"

The women exchanged a quick

glance. Their leader stepped

forward, fingers gentle yet decisive as she inspected Aurelius's

black veined wounds. Her brows knit. Injuries this severe-corruption

that deep... Follow us. The sect

leader is in the front hall. Whether he lives will be her decision. Jared

bowed in gratitude and hurried after them, cradling Aurelius while the white-robed healers parted the perfumed air ahead.

Along the path, he noticed something striking: every figure he passed—all tending gardens, grinding powders, teaching fledgling healers—was a woman. Concentration shone on their faces like prayer candles, their calm a stark, almost surreal contrast to the chaos still raging beyond Cloud Valley's veil.

Just outside the great entryway of the front hall, the leading disciple halted beneath the carved eaves.

Hervore, sharp with urgency, vent

disciplined by training, rang thro the chamber beyond. "Ms. Lughlin, two visitors seek healing. One bears grave wounds—the taint of demonic energy is eating at his spirit."

"Show them in." The answer drifted out in a tone as gentle as falling snow and as calm as still water, a voice that carried quiet authority without the need to rise above a measured murmur.

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Jared stepped across the threshold with Aurelius cradled against his chest, the monarch's breath barely a whisper. At the center of the hall sat Artemis Lughlin, the sect leader of the Herb Sect and former royal physician. Draped in violet silk, she looked little more than thirty. Refinement clung to her like fragrance to a blossom; the assured poise of a healer lingered in the lift of her brows and the steadiness of her gaze.

Artemis rose, skirts sighing across the polished floor. Her eyes widened as she recognized the battered face against Jared's shoulder. "King Aurelius—what in the heavens has befallen you? And you who are you, that carries a king in your arms?"

"My name is Jared Chance," he replied, words tumbling out on shallow breaths. "His Majesty shielded our retreat and was struck down by Soul Devourer. Level six is overrun—demonic souls everywhere. Only you possess the skill to save him. I beg your help!"

Artemis's expression hardened. She swept a hand toward her waiting disciples. "Bring His Majesty to the meditation room. Fetch a vial of Clarity Pills and an armful of Life Extension Pills. We begin at once—every heartbeat matters."

The disciples answered in unison, then lifted the unconscious king with the care one grants sacred relics, hurrying down a lantern-lit corridor that smelled of crushed mint and drying roots.

Artemis turned back to Jared. "Come with me. I need every detail of his injury if I'm to craft the proper cure."

In a book-lined study, Jared recounted the desperate duel: how Aurelius had clashed against Soul Devourer, how the priceless Ritual Manual was cast aside to slow pursuit, how demonic cultivators hounded them across mountains and ravines. He spoke until his throat ached, and the oil lamp beside them burned low. When his story ended, Artemis pressed a hand to the bridge of her nose and exhaled. "So level six lies in ruin, Soul Devourer holds the Ritual Manual, and ten thousand demonic souls roam free. Reclaiming the realm will not be easy."

"Maybe not," Jared answered, voice low yet unshaken, "but if we can bring the king back to strength, hope still breathes."

Artemis gave a decisive nod. "I will do everything within my art. Still, his injuries are dire. Even under my care, he will sleep for at least half a month. While he mends, do not idle. Your reserves are nearly spent. Rest and train here inside the Herb Sect; you will need every ounce of power for the battles ahead."

Relief unfurled through Jared like early dawn. "Thank you, Artemis. I am grateful."

Days blended into a silent routine. Jared split his time between the king's bedside and the sect's training chambers, inhaling air thick with spiritual fragrance and listening to the rustle of rare herbs steeping in bronze cauldrons. The rightful source is findnov

Within that bounty of energy—and aided by medicinal herbs—his strength returned in surging tides, higher each sunrise than the one before.

One morning, Artemis sought him out, her usually steady gaze ablaze with

curiosity. "Jared, I have sensed a potent draconic bloodline coiled inside you. The purity is remarkable, is it not?"

Jared's heart kicked against his ribs. "Your perception is keen. Yes, I carry the dragon bloodline."

A spark of purpose lit Artemis's

eyes. "Excellent. The women of the Herb Sect possess a unique constitution. If we could meld your draconic blood with theirs, their cultivation would soar, and they would gain weapons against demonic souls. I propose we arrange controlled sessions in which groups of disciples undergo bloodline fusion with you. In return, every herb and pill within the Herb Sect shall be yours to bolster your own ascent. Will you consider it?" s

The request struck him silent. He had never imagined the sect leader would make such an appeal.

Yet visions flooded his mind-the beast race cultivators who had fallen to protect their escape, level six drowning in darkness. Refusal would mean wasting power that might save them all.

"Very well," he said at last, drawing a resolute breath. "I consent."

Artemis could scarcely contain her joy. She summoned every disciple of Herb Sect and, her voice

shimmering with hope, explained the promise of fusing Jared's dragon bloodline with their own. A flash of embarrassment swept through the young women-this was after all, an intimate ritual-but the thought of strengthening the sect against the encroaching demon clans steadied... their nerves. One after the other they

noded their consent. Dawn broke, pale and expectant. When the first light spilled across the mountain compound, the ceremony began. s

The first disciple stepped into the union room. She wore a snow-white gown that fluttered behind her like a startled egret, and though her posture tried for serenity, a tremor at the corner of her mouth betrayed her unease. s

"Relax," Jared murmured, pitching his tone somewhere between reassurance and playful challenge. "In a moment, you'll feel like you're touching the very edge of paradise."

"Ms. Lughlin said I should trust you completely, Mr. Chance. So I will," she whispered, breath hitching on the last word.

With that fragile promise hanging in the charged air, she reclined upon the emerald-lined platform, lashes falling closed as if surrendering to a dream.

A Warrior Undefeatable

A seasoned guide through this mystical rite, Jared moved with practiced grace. A series of gentle touches-part mantra, part caress-loosened the girl's tension until soft, involuntary gasps slipped past her lips.

"Enough preliminaries," she breathed, voice trembling like a plucked string. "Please... let the fusion begin."

Her plea carried a desperate edge, as if the building tide of spiritual current had already proven almost too wondrous to bear.

Jared answered with silence, sinking into focused stillness as he guided his essence to meet hers. A ribbon of gold-pure dragon power-poured from his core, threading into her meridians like sunlit water seeping into thirsty earth. The disciple shuddered. Eyes fluttered shut, and the line of her mouth softened into unguarded bliss. The draconic energy fortified her vessels even as it swept her into heights of euphoria no solitary meditation could ever reach. Content originally comes from [NovelFind.net](#)

Thirty minutes later, the glow around her subsided. When she opened her eyes, her cultivation had leapt a boundary she had battled for years, advancing from Earthly Immortal Level Six to Level Seven. Bewildered joy spilled across her face.

"Incredible! Mr. Chance, you've broken the barrier I've been pounding at forever," she laughed, disbelief sparkling in every syllable.

Her delight rang through the corridor, a clear bell summoning fresh courage in the hearts of those waiting outside.

With proof so radiant, hesitation vanished. A line formed instantly--each disciple eager for her own turn beneath the golden current.

Jared's body, tempered far beyond mortal limits, endured marathon days and silver-blue nights of fusion with little more than a sigh of fatigue. Artemis spared no effort in sustaining him. Every sunrise, she placed restorative pills and rare immortal herbs in his hands, the way a commander might pass fresh arrows to her finest archer.

And so the ritual became their rhythm. Day after day, woman after woman stepped into the union room and emerged stronger; Jared's own dragon bloodline, tempered by continual exchange, grew ever purer, and his cultivation climbed in steady, unshakable increments.

Two weeks passed. All ordinary disciples had completed the rite-only Artemis herself remained.

By then, Jared stood at the very summit of Top Level Earthly Immortal Realm Level One, a single breath away from the next great threshold.

That night, Artemis crossed the threshold of the union room. A violet dress clung to her with regal elegance, the amethyst hue catching torchlight and haloing her like dusk around a new moon. Every step radiated calm authority, worlds apart from the shy girls who had come before.

"Now," she said, voice soft yet utterly steady, "it is my turn."

od in the muted glow of

Artemis stood in

the union room's lanterns. With a steady breath, she slipped free of her robes, every movement measured, ceremonial, as though she were shedding more than cloth-casting aside fear itself while gold-flecked shadows rippled across her bare shoulders. s

Jared offered one solemn nod. No flirtatious prelude, no lingering hesitation. He simply reached out, pressed his palm to her sternum, and let their life forces crash together like two rivers that had finally found the same gorge.

A torrent of golden spiritual power surged from his arm into Artemis's core. She trembled-not from pain but from the sheer volume of energy ripping through her already formidable Earthly Immortal Realm Level Nine. Twin currents his and hers twined and coiled and the union room ignited in mottled light bright enough to erase every corner's darkness. s

The fusion dragged on, slower and deeper than any prior attempt. One day rolled into the next, then another. Three days and three nights ticked by until even the stones beneath them seemed to hum with exhaustion before the final spark at last faded.

When the golden radiance withdrew, Artemis's aura soared clean past its former ceiling-settling at Human Immortal Realm Level One. Inside Jared's veins an even greater tide gathered, sending him leaping to Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two with a roar that echoed only in his chest.

"This is wonderful!" Artemis breathed, joy splashing across her cheeks. "You advanced faster than I dared hope. With you beside us, our odds against the Demonic Cultivators just climbed another notch."

Power thundered under Jared's ribs like a newborn star. Confidence-solid and iron-bright-took root where doubt had once lived. He sensed, beyond question, that he could now meet a demon lord on open ground and hold.

He turned toward the closed meditation room, whispering within his mind. Rest easy, King Aurelius. When you wake, we'll reclaim level six and avenge every soul we lost.

As though answering the vow, a single finger inside the chamber twitched. Aurelius opened his eyes to the world once more.

News of the monarch's awakening streaked through Herb Sect like summer lightning, and before the sun climbed an hour higher, the entire mountain was ringing with jubilant shouts.

Supported by Jared's steady arm, Aurelius stepped into daylight. He inhaled the disciples' freshly tempered auras, then chuckled, eyes gleaming with mischievous admiration. "Mr. Chance, your constitution is extraordinary-so many women, and you still stand tall!"

"Your Majesty," Jared said, flushing despite himself, "you rule a kingdom. I imagine your palace holds thousands of beauties. My little contribution hardly compares."

Aurelius laughed until his shoulders shook. "Hardly? Those thousands have waited a century and I've not managed half their names. Yet you, my friend, have elevated hundreds of Herb Sect, sisters mere days—ah, enviable indeed His eyes sparkled, half teasing, half sincere delight. s

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A Warrior Undefeatable

They followed a road shattered by battle, each step revealing new atrocities committed by roaming demons. The link to the origin of this information rests in find(N)ov

In the shell of a market town, two dozen Demonic Cultivators circled a huddle of unarmed civilians, brandishing blades washed in shadow and laughing as though slaughter were a children's game.

A single kick sent a pregnant woman sprawling. Blood darkened the dust, and amid that crimson bloom slid the half-formed life she had carried. Demon laughter rose like broken bells.

"Enough!" Jared's voice cracked the air.

Dragonslayer Sword flashed from its sheath, the golden arc of its aura cleaving the poisoned gloom as Jared launched forward, fury embodied in steel and light.

The demons whirled, greed flaring in their eyes. "More playthings for our lord," one snarled. "Seize them alive!"

Their leader surged first, a jagged demonic sword wrapped in black fumes, screaming toward Jared as the battlefield jolted into motion.

He didn't flinch. Jared stepped into the sweeping strike, Dragonslayer Sword singing a golden note. The collision cracked through the night; the demonic sword burst apart, and the lingering arc of light drilled toward the demon's chest.

The demon's eyes widened in blind panic. He tried to twist away, but the sword-light was already inside him, burning a hole through bone and lung. Dark blood fountained across the cobblestones.

At once, the other Demonic Cultivators shrieked and closed in. Artemis and the Herb Sect women sprang to Jared's side, white healing light crashing against coils of black miasma. Steel and screams ricocheted through the wounded town.

Months of blood-fusion had strengthened the young healers. Moving as one, they spun their jade staff heads, weaving circles of emerald mist that stitched allies together even as sizzling bolts lashed into enemy ranks.

Artemis was a storm unto herself. At Human Immortal Realm Level One, she floated above the melee, violet ribbons spiraling from her palms; every lazy flick of her wrist snatched a demon's breath away.

In less than half an hour, the street fell silent. Dozens of demon corpses cooled in the dust, their black smoke leaking into the cracked sky.

Jared knelt beside the fallen pregnant woman. Guilt rippled across his face. He eased her eyelids shut, whispering, "Rest now. Your killers will answer for every breath they stole."

Shaken survivors gathered, falling to their knees before the small band. Tears mixed with the dust on their foreheads.

Jared lifted them gently, pressing several bright pills into trembling palms. This place is lost," he said. "Hide somewhere deep, When the. demon plague is ended, return and build again." s

With hushed gratitude, the townsfolk scattered, vanishing down the broken road like leaves before a storm.

The companions traveled on, and the same nightmare replayed in village after village—a grim refrain of fire, chains, and pleading eyes.

Some hamlets were nothing but smoking skeletons of wood; some cities still stood, yet their ramparts were decorated with severed heads to frighten any who still dreamed of resisting.

Toward dusk, they reached the outskirts of a once-bustling city. From afar, they could already see the wall crowded with numerous heads, charred blood trickled down the stone, pooling into a black, stinking marsh at the gate. s

At the gateway, several Demonic Cultivators prodded a chain of captives toward the city's heart. Shackles bit into wrists, curved demonic blades pressed against spines, and every step of hesitation earned a savage blow. s

"It's the Malevolent Path Hall," someone hissed, the name dripping with dread.

"They've thrown in with Soul Devourer," Aurelius muttered, hatred flashing behind his eyes. "They're harvesting these souls to feed their own power."

"Then we rescue them," Jared said, jaw tight. "We refuse to let that scheme succeed."

Artemis nodded. "The defenses are thick. No frontal assault. We slip inside, then open the gates from within."

They agreed quickly. Jared, Aurelius, and Artemis would infiltrate, while the Herb Sect disciples hid outside, waiting for the signal.