

A Warrior Undefeatable

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"Jared-"

Yuliana's voice cracked with fear. Her feet refused to retreat even as the palace trembled beneath the clashing titans.

"That isn't Jared right now," Flaxseed muttered, yanking her arm with unexpected strength. "If you rush in, you'll only trip him up. Run while the path is open. He'll carve his own escape."

Aurelius, Infinides, Artemis, and the others read the unspoken urgency and pivoted toward the shattered gates.

Together they bolted from the palace, hearts pounding in unison, each praying that the demon wearing their friend's skin would somehow survive the storm he had summoned.

"None of you are getting out of here alive!" Soul Devourer's guttural snarl rumbled through Harmony Hall, thick with promise and malice. A thousand echoes chased the words across the vaulted ceiling, as though the palace itself understood the threat.

He surged forward to give chase. Yet, Jared slid in front of him, Dragonslayer Sword raised, cutting off that pursuit with a clang so loud it felt like a bell forged in the underworld.

Vermilion Demon Lord now rode Jared's body like a living chariot. Black mist coiled around Jared's limbs, and crimson light drowned his eyes.

Each breath exuded an ancient cruelty, the weight of massacres long forgotten. That pressure eclipsed even the demonic aura wreathing Soul Devourer, hollowing the air until every torch guttered.

"Vermilion, do you have a death wish?" Soul Devourer barked, the bravado in his tone stretched thin.

A grave look flashed across Soul Devourer's countenance as he gazed at Jared, who stood before him.

He had not forgotten the legends. Vermilion Demon Lord once rampaged on level nine as a supreme Demonic Cultivator. Despite being stripped to a single wisp of soul now, he was still far too dangerous to dismiss. Read full story at [Find~Novel.net](#)

"A death wish?" Jared let a low laugh drag over the marble. "Soul Devourer, we never settled our old account. Tonight feels perfect, doesn't it?"

He vanished, a smear of darkness and gold.

In the next heartbeat, he was behind Soul Devourer, Dragonslayer Sword shrieking through the void toward Soul Devourer's spine.

Black demonic aura intertwined with Jared's golden spiritual energy, forging a bizarre, churning spear of light and shadow.

Soul Devourer's expression faltered. He didn't expect Vermilion Demon Lord to move with such speed. Soul Devourer hastily turned around and released a powerful demonic aura that wrapped around his body, forming a black shield to deflect Jared's attack.

Clang!

A loud sound echoed as Dragonslayer Sword struck the black shield, producing an ear-splitting ring.

The black shield shuddered as cracks appeared on its surface. Nevertheless, it successfully stopped Jared's assault.

Knocked back several paces, Soul Devourer hissed, "Even reduced to a remnant, you still carry far too much strength."

"Did you think I idled inside this

youngster?" Vermilion's voice rasped yougan mended

through Jared's throat. "I've mended more power than your

fathom and borrowed a few novel

tricks from his mortal flesh."

The duel erupted anew. Black demonic aura slashed against gold spiritual energy, weaving lethal ribbons that scorched pillars and shattered mosaics.

Every collision boomed like thunder trapped indoors. Stone trembled, chandeliers swung madly. The palace seemed one breath from collapsing.

Meanwhile, Aurelius and the others sprinted toward the shattered gates. Jared's stand was their only lifeline, and they would not waste it.

"Move!" Onneas shouted, blood streaking her chin as fresh azure energy flared around her boots, urging the fugitives onward.

She thrust her palm forward.

"Golden Armor Guards-cut us a

road! Quartet Celestial Guards hold the rear The palace courtyard blazed with orderly formations as her order thundered into the night.

"Yes!" The three hundred Golden Armor Guards answered in unison and lifted their spears in perfect unison, polished gold catching what little light slipped through the smoke-choked sky.

From every spearhead burst a tide of molten radiance that ripped a glowing corridor straight through the knot of shrieking demonic souls.

"Think you can flee? Not that easily!" the nearest demon general roared.

Shadow-black steel whistled as he hurtled forward, his warped blade screaming with an eerie demonic aura on a direct path for Onneas.

"Die, monster!" The left-flank Celestial Guard blurred into motion.

His spear darted like a viper and punched clean through the demon general's chest, halting the latter mid-charge in a spray of ashen blood.

"Move! Don't get dragged into a slog!" Onneas shouted, her voice raw from command.

Aurelius hooked an arm beneath the wounded Artemis and half-carried her across the rubble-strewn street. Yuliana kept pace just behind, while Flaxseed lingered at the rear, hurling sparks of charms to mask their retreat. Above and around them, the

Golden Arm Guards folded into

a protective wedge and drove toward the city gate.

"Block their escape!" Demon Cultivators poured in from every shattered archway, crackling clouds of pitch-black energy rolling ahead of them like a storm front.

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"Holy Judgement!" the guard commander cried, thrusting his spear skyward.

A pillar of blinding gold erupted from the weapon's tip and thundered down the street.

"Ahh!"

Demon Cultivators caught in its path shrieked tragically, then dissolved to drifting gray ash before their screams fully left their throats.

Yet for every soul erased, two more clawed forward, rabid and unthinking, their only purpose to drown the fleeing party beneath sheer numbers.

"Ms. Dusko, this can't hold. We're drowning out here!" Aurelius shouted over the din.

Onneas felt her own power sputtering like a guttering candle. "Hold fast! If we reach the gate, we still have a chance!"

"The gate—there, just ahead!" Yuliana's voice trembled between pain and hope as she pointed to the battered sandstone archway scarcely a hundred yards away.

Hope vanished an instant later. From the roiling sky descended a swarm of jet-black demonic souls that wove themselves into a vast, quivering barrier, sealing the exit with living darkness.

"Hahaha! None of you will leave!" The arrogant voice of Soul Devourer rolled from the distant palace, rich with cruel delight. "Today, every last one of you dies."

Artemis, pale and sweating, whispered, "What now?"-her legs already buckling beneath her.

Onneas drew a shaking breath, eyes burning with resolve. "Golden Armor Guards - full assault! Break that wall or die trying!"

Three hundred gold-armored sentries answered in one thunderous voice, the single syllable cracking like a drumroll across the ruined plaza.

A heartbeat later, each warrior emptied the last reserve of his spiritual energy. Golden light flooded out of their bodies, braided itself into a single radiant spear the length of a city street, and—with a howl that rattled teeth-shot straight toward the onyx barrier ahead.

"Boom!"

The spear collided with the black wall. Concussive pressure ripped through the square, overturning debris, shredding banners, and driving even the strongest fighters a step back.

Veins of silver cracks darted across the obsidian shield. For one hopeful second, it looked ready to shatter-then the fractures froze, quivering, and the wall held.

A cold, playful voice drifted through the smoke. "Futile. Did you truly think such a parlor trick could breach my line?" Soul Devourer sounded almost amused-as though carnage were a game he had already won.

Onneas clenched her jaw until it hurt. If we don't break that shell now, every soul under this sky dies with me.

"Quartet Celestial Guards—stand with me!" she shouted.

"At once!"

Four guardians sprang forward. Their auras spiraled together, then knit seamlessly into the sea-green power rolling off Onneas.

"Holy Light!" Her cry rang like a cathedral bell.

Emerald brilliance fused with gold spiritual energy until the beam burned white-hot, a newborn sun that crashed against the dark barrier with righteous fury.

Boom!

The wall groaned. Shards larger than cartwheels spun away, leaving a jagged breach wide enough for two wagons to ride abreast.

"Through the gap-move!" Onneas was already a blur of motion, racing for daylight beyond the wall.

Aurelius, Yuliana, Artemis, Flaxseed, and Infinides poured after her while the Golden Armor Guards fanned out, shields up, to cover the retreat.

"Block them!" howled the Demonic Cultivators as they hurled themselves at the opening.

"Over our dead body!" roared the commander of the Golden Armor Guards. His spear became a cyclone of molten gold, each thrust bursting into loss git of lethal petals that cut invader's down before their feet crossed the threshold.

At last, the survivors spilled beyond Celestia City's walls, the midnight wind whipping smoke and ash from their hair. Still, the Demonic Cultivators refused to yield, flooding out of the city in murderous pursuit.

"We have to vanish before they reform!" Onneas shouted.

No one dared slow. They ran as if chased by judgment itself, footsteps drumming a desperate cadence across the open plain.

Behind them, the capital shook. Echoes of titans colliding rolled across the night-Jared, ridden by the Vermilion Demon Lord, was still locked in brutal combat with Soul Deveurer, Each distant blast dit the Horizon, reminding the fugitives that dawn-and salvation—were a very long way off.

"Jared, he..." Yuliana began, the words snagging in her throat.

She whipped around, violet robes swirling, and cast an anxious glance over her shoulder as though distance alone might let her see what was happening behind them."

Flaxseed laid a calloused hand on her arm. "Easy," he murmured, voice meant to steady them all. "Vermilion Demon Lord doesn't fall that quickly. He'll find a way to slip the noose. He always does."

Onneas kept her eyes fixed on the black-smudged skyline of Celestia City. A complicated light flickered there. "We owe him our lives," she said, the admission soft but iron-clad.

No one argued. They all

remembered the moment Vermilion

Demon Lord had seized Jared's body and hurled himself between

them and the soul Devourer Without that sacrifice, they would already be corpses inside the ruined capital. Newest update provided by find~novel~net

"First we heal," Onneas added, her voice regaining command. "We find shelter, mend our strength, then we go back for him. We don't leave debts like this unpaid."

The others nodded as one. Bruised, bleeding, but unbroken, they turned and fled toward the pale horizon, putting mile after mile between themselves and the city now crawling with demon cultivators.

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Before long, their figures melted into the wavering heat of the plain. Behind them, Celestia City remained-one vast shadow where banners of Demonic Cultivators snapped and stray combatants still clashed among toppled spires.

Deep inside the royal palace, Jared stood alone. Dragonslayer Sword gleamed in his grip, each sweeping arc wide enough to shear pillars. The blade's original tyranny now mingled with a new, sinister elegance born of demon blood.

Every strike cracked the marble floors and split the air itself. One heartbeat, the sword churned like a hurricane, the next it vanished, reappearing from an impossible angle that denied any defense.

Across the shattered hall, Soul Devourer answered, wreathed in living midnight. From his sleeves poured countless threads-black filaments that hissed and writhed like serpents eager for warm flesh.

Each thread carried a brutal pull, dragging at Jared's very essence, as though eager to suck his soul out through his sternum and leave the shell to crumble.

"Soul Devouring Thread!" Jared spat, eyes narrowing. A flicker of unease crossed his gaze. "So you've cultivated that foul art to this level?"

Soul Devouring Thread was Soul Devourer's famed ultimate skill. It could directly attack his opponent's soul. The skill was utterly wicked and ruthless.

In the past, countless cultivators on level nine had perished under the Soul Devouring Thread.

"Did you think progress was yours alone?" Soul Devourer sneered. He gave a low, chilling laugh. "Level six may be a cage, but I've not been idle inside it."

With that, a storm of threads shot forward. Each strand shone with lethal purpose, enough to make stone whimper.

Jared wasted no breath. Demonic aura and spiritual energy slammed together inside him, flooding outward to weave a shimmering shield.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Metal-pure ring after ring echoed as the threads hammered the barrier. The shield quivered, ripples racing over its surface like lightning across glass.

Cracks spidered, threatening to bloom into ruin with every heartbeat.

Jared gritted his teeth, channeling raw power in a relentless stream, forcing the trembling shell to knit itself whole.

He understood with icy clarity. If the shield shattered, the threads would tear out his soul before he could even scream-and the body he now occupied would fall with him, lifeless on palace stone.

"Vermilion, why keep struggling?" Soul Devourer gave a cold, almost leisurely laugh that shivered through the ruined hall. "You are nowhere near my equal, so bow your head. Surrender, and I might be merciful enough to spare a single thread of your soul."

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"Surrender Jared's lip curled in open contempt. "Do you truly take Vermilion for a coward who clings to life? If deaths the price, I'll gladly drag you into the grave with me."

Fury flared behind Jared's eyes. He poured fresh waves of demonic aura into the crackling shield around him. The barrier thickened, plates of black glass locking into place with a hiss.

Then, he sprang forward,

Dragonslayer Sword raised high.

Dark demonic aura coiled along the blade, swelling until a gigantic ebon arc pure sword energy howled through his wed

h the air toward his enemy.

"Die!" Soul Devourer spat, a guttural growl rumbling from his chest.

Both of his hands flashed through seals. Hundreds of Soul Devouring Threads spun together, twisting into a monstrous onyx claw that lunged across the hall talons eager to tear spirit from flesh

Boom.

Black sword energy and dark claw collided in a savage detonation. A shockwave burst outward like a cannon blast, rattling stone foundations, peeling tiles from the ceiling.

Jagged cracks split the walls, yawning so deep the lamplight could not find their bottoms.

The impact hurled Jared backward. He skidded across fractured tiles, boots leaving sparks, a bright ribbon of blood sliding from the corner of his mouth.

Jared could sense his power depleting fast. After all, he was merely a strand of soul. His ability was limited, and a dragged-out, high-intensity battle was too taxing for him.

Soul Devourer wasn't doing any better. His body was close to solidifying, yet not completely recovered.

Having to face an opponent like Vermilion Demon Lord was no easy task.

"Did you think that pathetic defense could truly stop me, Vermilion?" A razor-thin smile curved across Soul Devourer's lips. "How naïve."

With that, he suddenly bit down, coughing up a mouthful of viscous, tar-black demon blood.

The liquid sprayed outward, atomizing into a crimson-black fog that rolled across the throne room like nightfall made flesh.

From inside the miasma rose a chorus of shrieks-thin, tortured, countless-like an entire graveyard roused in agony.

"Blood Soul Curse," Jared whispered, color draining from his face. Terror flickered in his eyes. "You even stooped to mastering that forbidden technique." Follow current novels on Find_Novel(.)net

Blood Soul Curse was a malicious, forbidden technique. It fed on a caster's own blood essence and countless dead souls to be executed.

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Wielding such a technique would ravage any ordinary cultivator-bones, vessels, even sanity-but its destructive potential was legend, turning the weakest spark of malice into a storm strong enough to topple palaces in the blink of a heartbeat.

Soul Devourer, cornered and desperate, finally chose the unthinkable. He cracked open a forbidden ritual, feeding his own blood and hatred to the spell so that its power would answer him at any cost.

Soul Devourer threw his head back and roared, "Hahaha. To kill you, any price is a bargain!"

Shrouded in blood-red mist, his once-tattered frame hardened into brutal solidity. The aura pouring from him thickened until it felt like a storm of knives grinding across the air. "Today you die-inevitably, absolutely, irreversibly!"

In the blink of an eye, he vanished and reappeared before Jared, fingers hooked like talons ready to rip through steel.

Black demonic aura twined with crimson vapor along his hands, merging into a power so twisted and dense that even space itself seemed to ripple.

Jared tried to retreat, but the speed of that predatory blur outstripped thought itself.

Pfft! A wet crack-then those talons slammed into Jared's chest.

Dark demonic aura and crimson mist surged straight into his body, burrowing toward the very roots of his soul.

"Ah!"

Agony exploded behind Jared's eyes as he let out a guttural scream. He felt his own spirit unraveling, strand after strand, while countless phantom screams rose in his mind-like a horde of vengeful ghosts tearing him apart.

Soul Devourer laughed madly. "Vermilion, savor this endless pain! This is the price for ambushing me all those years ago!"

Long ago, on level nine, Vermilion Demon Lord and Soul Devourer had been fellow apprentices under the same mentor.

A grudging feud turned lethal when Vermilion Demon Lord struck from the shadows, wounding the once-invincible Soul Devourer.

Hunted and finally imprisoned on level six, the fallen tyrant had nursed that hatred through endless centuries.

Now, at last, vengeance lay within reach, and mercy was a word he no longer remembered.

Jared clenched his teeth until blood filled his mouth. "Soul Devourer, may you rot in every h*ll!"

Even as he cursed, he could feel the light of his soul guttering like a candle drowning in its own wax.

The Soul Devourer sneered. "Rot in every h*ll? I am still very much alive. You, on the other hand, are moments away from utter extinction."

After saying that, he poured still more darkness into Jared-black demonic aura, crimson mist, running like poison rivers down the talons buried in Jared's chest.

Jared's body began to turn translucent, the black mist that shielded him thinning to pale wisps.

He knew—in the hollow space where hope once lived that only seconds remained.

A weary voice, distant yet intimate, whispered inside the fading corridors of Jared's mind. "Brat, it seems I can no longer help you..."

Inside Jared's battered mind, the

voice of Vermilion Demon Lord floated up like a dying ember, tinged This update is available on findnovel.net

with resignation "I have done all

Can From here on the path is yours alone."

The whisper dissolved, a candle snuffed in the wind, and Jared's body-moments ago convulsing-went suddenly, eerily still.

Soul Devourer watched the stillness

overtake his quarry, a grin slicing across his face. He spread his arms wide, laughter cracking through the ruined hall. "Hahaha! Vermilion at last, you are dust. The debt from years ago is finally paid in full!"

However, right then, Jared's eyes snapped open.

Gone was the earlier crimson haze. In its place burned the steady, unclouded light of his own will.

"What?" Soul Devourer choked on the single word, disbelief rasping in his throat.

He felt it then. The roiling demonic aura inside Jared was evaporating, replaced by a stream of pure, spiritual energy that pulsed with life rather than corruption.

Moments before his essence dispersed, Vermilion Demon Lord had poured every last fragment of strength into Jared, returning control of the body to its rightful owner.

Jared's voice cut the air-calm, cold, resolute. "Soul Devourer, did you truly think it ended here?"

Pain riddled his flesh, yet deep within, a new current-thin but impossibly refined glimmered. It was Vermilion's final gift, and it hummed like a sword freshly drawn.

"Brat," Soul Devourer sneered, his

words rolling together in a single, contemptuous growl, "you really believe a handful of borrowed sparks can save you? Even with Vermilion's crumbs, you're nothing before me!"

He lunged, clawed hand ripping through the smoke toward Jared's chest.

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Jared knew the raw truth. He could not win.

Survival meant only one thing, and that was to flee.

"Blazing Stride!" he barked, summoning every shred of the newborn power.

Golden fire flared beneath his feet, exploding outward in a radiant ring as his spiritual energy burst forth.

His body blurred into a streak of molten light and shot toward the palace gates.

Soul Devourer staggered at the sudden burst of speed. By the time comprehension struck, Jared had already crossed the threshold.

"You won't escape!" Soul Devourer roared.

Black mist coiled around him as he streaked after the fleeing Jared.

Down the avenues of Celestia City they flashed-one a comet of gold, the other a jagged shadow-painting the night with a terrible, hypnotic beauty.

Jared poured everything into Blazing Stride, each heartbeat pushing his battered frame closer to its absolute limit.

Jared sprinted through the moon-lit thoroughfare, boots slapping stone, heart hammering like a war drum. Behind him, Soul Devourer tore through the night, every stride shrinking the gap until Jared could almost taste the creature's cold breath on his neck.

"Run all you like, brat-there's no escape!"

Soul Devourer's laugh slithered after the words, and twin fists gathered a vortex of black-purple energy, ready to blast through bone and soul alike.

Jared glanced over his shoulder. The horror closing in felt less like an enemy and more like a tidal wave, inevitable and merciless. Panic prickled across his skin.

He knew the ugly truth. Under such circumstances, it was only a matter of time before Soul Devourer caught up to him.

"Brat, looks like my time's up..." Vermilion Demon Lord's voice quivered inside Jared's mind, ragged and faint. "This is the last favor I can grant you..."

A spark blazed in Jared's sea of consciousness. That dying fragment of Vermilion Demon Lord's soul erupted, flooding his veins with raw, furious power that burst outward in a golden shockwave.

"What?" Original content can be found at [find●novel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Soul Devourer's eyes widened. Jared's silhouette blurred, then shot forward so fast the air cracked. For one impossible heartbeat, he outpaced the predator itself.

In Vermilion Demon Lord's final breath, every remaining drop of strength had poured into Jared, spiking the latter's speed beyond mortal reckoning.

Jared became a streak of liquid gold, vanishing beyond the distant archway before street dust had time to settle.

Left staring at the empty road, Soul Devourer's face twisted in raw frustration. "Curse it all-he slipped away again!"

He could already tell pursuit would be pointless now.

That borrowed power was mighty, yet brief.

Once it faded, Jared's speed would drop back to normal.

However, by then, Jared would be nowhere to be found.

"Enjoy your reprieve while you can!" Soul Devourer's roar rattled shuttered windows. "Next time I cross your path, I'll tear your soul to ribbons!"

With that promise hanging in the night, Soul Devourer wheeled toward the palace, intent on regaining a complete body before hunting again.

Vengeance would wait but not forever.

Meanwhile, Jared had already burst beyond the gates of Celestia, racing into the desolate scrublands that framed the capital.

At last, he staggered to a halt, lungs burning, every muscle trembling from the frantic escape.

"Mr. Vermilion, are you still there?"

His call echoed inside. Please don't be gone. I can't face that monster alone. Worry coiled tight around his heart, colder than the night wind that whipped across the barren plain.

Inside Jared's mindscape, not even a whisper stirred. The boundless inner sea that once shimmered with another presence now lay as still as glass at midnight.

Only the faintest, fading ripple—no more than a bruise on water—hinted that the Vermilion Demon Lord had ever been there at all.

A dull certainty settled over Jared like snowfall. Vermilion was gone-gone beyond all calling, beyond every sorcerous art.

To pull Jared back from death, Vermilion Demon Lord had scattered every fragment of his own soul, choosing oblivion so that Jared might yet breathe.

"Mr. Vermilion! Mr. Vermilion!" Jared's voice cracked through the silent chamber, echoing off unseen walls.

He ransacked the reaches of his mind, clawing through memory and essence for a single ember of that Vermilion's aura, but found nothing. Only the emptiness roaring louder than thunder. sto

The realization punched the strength from Jared's legs. He collapsed to the cold floor, fingers digging into stone that offered no comfort.

He had pledged to restore Vermilion Demon Lord's body, to lead him back into daylight and flesh.

Again and again, Vermilion Demon Lord had rescued him, lent him forbidden power, yet Jared had failed to keep his own promise.

"Why did you vanish before I could set things right?" Jared's plea ē wavered raw as an open wound. Jared Chance, have tried to live. without shame-yet toward you I have sinned beyond measure."

Grief seized him. A howl tore loose, and tears spilled unchecked, mourning the mentor who had burned himself to ash so Jared might still rise.

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