

A Warrior Undefeatable

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"For pity's sake, would you quit howling like somebody died? I'm still here—mostly. A sliver of my soul lingers, that's all. Even if I claw my way to level nine, this wisp will never regrow a body."

The words drifted out of Jared's consciousness field, raw and rasping, like embers refusing to dim.

A ripple of crimson light flickered behind Jared's eyes—the unmistakable timbre of the Vermilion Demon Lord, sardonic yet barely alive.

Tears clung to Jared's lashes. He scrubbed them away and blurted, "Mr. Vermilion, if you can't take shape again, just stay inside my consciousness field forever. I don't mind, really."

"Spare me." A dry chuckle echoed, rich with mock disgust. "You chase women every waking hour. I'd be forced to watch your antics in perpetual close-up. I'd sooner fade to dust."

Color flared across Jared's cheeks. He coughed, desperate for escape. "So... uh... why've you been silent all this time? I feared something horrible had happened."

"Blame the Malevolent Path Hall," Vermilion Demon Lord sneered. "Those ghouls smell stray spirits a continent away. If I'd shown myself, they'd hound you night and day—maybe stew my essence into some cursed pill. Don't underestimate them. No one knows where their headquarters are. Even ten thousand years ago, their shadow stretched through every realm of the Heavens."

The warning thudded through Jared's skull, each syllable heavy as falling stone. "Seriously? They're that insane?" Jared muttered, brows knitting.

"Talking tires what little soul I've left. Another sentence and I'll disperse for good." Silence—absolute, chilling—settled in Jared's mind. The crimson glow winked out. He drew a steadying breath, locked his emotions away, and pushed into the wilderness, determined to find Onneas, Violet, and the others.

At Celestia City, far above the jade roofs, the Soul Devourer stood on the palace spire, a dark monarch surveying prey. His flesh was fully knit; power had surged

back to eight-tenths of its ancient peak. A few more days, and even level nine would tremble before him.

"Level six will belong to me soon enough," he whispered, greed gleaming in his eyes. "That boy-and every fugitive who ran-none of them escape my net!"

He turned, long cloak whipping like a black tide, and strode into the palace depths. First, restore perfect strength. Next, conquer all of level six-and then push higher, until new heavens cracked.

Meanwhile, miles away, Jared

slipped through scrub and shattered ridges. He paused only to gulp thin air, then pressed on, scouring every ravine for a sign of his friends. Time, he knew, was his cruelest enemy.

At last, beyond a screen of thorny pines, he found a narrow valley hidden from sky-roads. There-huddled beneath a mossed cliff-waited Onneas, Violet, and the rest.

"Jared!" Yuliana was a violet-blur streaking toward him. Tears shone like dew on her lashes. "You're safe-thank the stars!"

Aurelius, Artemis, Flaxseed, and the others crowded close, relief softening every battle-worn face.

"I'm all right," Jared said, smiling though his voice shook. "The Vermilion Demon Lord shielded me from the Soul Devourer. That break was my only road out."

Flaxseed leaned forward, voice tight with worry. "Mr. Vermilion... what became of him?"

"He saved my life, and the price was steep," Jared answered, his tone dropping like dusk over the valley. "He is not gone, only scattered, and the pieces of his spirit will need ages to find their way back together."

A hush rolled through the gathered survivors, the weight of gratitude and guilt settling on every set of shoulders.

Each of them knew with chilling clarity that, had the Vermilion

Demon Lord not bled himself into

the fight, their

ones would already be whitening inside Celestia City's ruined streets.

Jared drew a breath, steadied his voice, and asked, "How badly are all of you hurt?"

Faces paled; even the bravest among them looked away, as though shame itself were another open wound.

Aurelius managed a crooked smile that never reached his eyes. "Truth is, we're in rough shape-every one of us."

He let the smile fall. "Especially Ms. Dusko. She took the worst of it covering our retreat."

Jared's gaze tracked to Onneas. Her skin, usually moon-bright, had faded to the color of old parchment, and her breath came in tremors she could no longer hide.

"Ms. Dusko, are you sure you're all right?" Jared asked, concern carving new lines across his brow.

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Onneas shook her head, silver hair fluttering against blood-stained armor. "I'll be fine. A little rest-nothing more."

"Rest will have to wait," Artemis cut in, worry snapping at every syllable. "Soul Devourer controls Celestia City now. He'll send killers the moment he regains his strength, and this valley will be the first place they search."

The warning shivered through the crowd; hope, so newly kindled, guttered again.

Onneas straightened, pain flaring behind her eyes. "Then hear my proposal," she said, voice low yet certain. "I can open a gate to level eight-territory ruled by the Celestial King Palace. Even Soul Devourer would think twice about chasing us there."

A spark-small, but unmistakable-lit inside every heart present.

Level eight was more than a refuge; it was a rung on the infinite ladder all cultivators longed to climb.

And with the Celestial King Palace standing watch, even a tyrant like Soul Devourer would tread lightly.

"But, Ms. Dusko, your injuries..." Aurelius began, guilt threading through his protest.

Onneas waved him off, though the gesture wavered. "I'm hurt, yes, but I still command enough spatial energy to tear a passage."

A shadow crossed her face. "Yet the rift would be narrow, only wide enough for a handful at a time. Hundreds wait behind us. Moving everyone will take days-maybe longer."

The fragile flame of optimism dimmed once more, as though a cold wind had slipped between them.

There were indeed hundreds-exhausted, bleeding, terrified. A dozen trips, twenty perhaps, would be required. In that span, Soul Devourer's hunters could arrive, and the slaughter would resume.

"Then what are we supposed to do?" Yuliana cried, the echo of her plea ricocheting off stone walls.

She hugged her cloak tight, violet eyes wide with fear. "We can't just sit here waiting for Soul Devourer to finish what he started."

Silence took the gorge again, thick and suffocating an invisible fog of despair that threatened to smother even the strongest resolve.

A spark erupted behind Jared's eyes-swift, bright, undeniable-like flint striking steel in the darkest night.

An answer had presented itself.

"I have a way!" The words burst from Jared before he could bridle his excitement, his voice cutting clean through the thrum of anxious breathing that hung over the group.

Every face swung toward him at once. Puzzlement chased across their expressions, a single silent question shimmering in a dozen pairs of weary eyes.

Jared responded with a quiet smile,

then tapped his storage ring. A miniature tower-jet-black, intricate,
no larger than his
slow
Swirl of
palm-materialized in a stoves
silver light.

Onneas drew a sharp breath. "T-That's the legendary Pentacarna Tower, isn't it?"
Wonder widened her dark eyes, reflecting the tower's polished facets.

"Exactly," Jared said, turning the tiny spire between his fingers so its runes
glimmered. "It subdues demonic creatures, but it carries a second gift few ever
learn about."

From every corner of the clearing, voices rose, overlapping in urgent curiosity:
"What gift?"

"Time," Jared replied. "A single day outside equals one hundred within. Step
inside, train, and wounds that would linger for months will dosen hours. Strength
will return just as quickly."

Stunned hush rippled outward, then eyes kindled with hope. The promise of
healing-and power regained-felt almost too grand to accept, yet mone could deny
the tremor of pessibility that coursed through their veins.

Onneas' voice wavered. "I-Is it truly so?"

Jared nodded once, steady and sure. "It is."

"That's incredible!" Artemis nearly laughed, fists clenched in giddy relief. "Give us
a handful of days and even the Soul Devourer himself won't frighten us!"

At last the company's tight mouths stretched into genuine smiles-frail sparks of
joy left smoldering too long. Latest content published on Find[N]ovel.net

"Inside, all of you," Jared urged, lifting the tower. "I'll stand guard out here while
you recover."

Under Onneas' guidance, they filed toward the tower, shrinking one by one as the artifact swallowed them in a shimmer of dark light.

When the last figure vanished, Jared exhaled a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. His task now was singular-keep watch, keep them safe, and wait. Days slid by. Three days passed in the outer world.

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Throughout those three days Jared remained rooted beside the tower, muscles taut, senses flaring at every gust. He knew Soul Devourer's assassins could descend without warning.

On the third evening the tower flared-white fire blossoming along its runes, painting the surrounding trees in ghost-bright strokes.

Figures spilled out-Onneas, Aurelius, Artemis, Yuliana, and the others. Their auras pulsed-brighter, steadier. Wounds had vanished, eyes shone clear, and new strength coiled beneath their skins.

"We're whole again!" they cried, triumphant voices echoing through the dusk.

Yuliana's amethyst eyes sparkled as she tightened the ribbon around her sword hilt, unable to contain the bounce in her step. "And my strength has grown so much!"

Beside her, Aurelius' grin widened, pride spreading across his dust-streaked face. "That's right. I've already stepped into Human Immortal Realm Level Three!"

The circle of survivors erupted, each voice tumbling over the next as they compared fresh scars and newfound abilities.

Three hundred hard days inside the Pentacarna Tower had forged them in relentless, otherworldly fire, tempering every vein of power they possessed.

Onneas brushed a palm across her ribs, testing old wounds, then allowed a relieved smile. Her injuries had vanished, and nine-tenths of her peak strength pulsed again within her.

The jubilation shattered when the sky itself detonated—a thunderous boom that seemed to peel the clouds inside out.

From that rupture rolled a pressure so immense the valley floor quaked, stone ridges shivering like frightened animals.

Every head snapped upward.

Overhead, storm-colored clouds swirled into a living vortex. Legions of ink-black souls and demon cultivators poured forth, countless as locusts, sealing off the sky and hemming the valley in darkness.

At their spearhead floated a single figure in midnight robes-Soul Devourer, restored to unholy perfection and savoring his return.

"Hahaha... Did you really think crouching in this forgotten ravine would spare you from my gaze? Today, let us see where you plan to run."

Hope drained from the gathered faces as they watched the swarm blot out the heavens.

Yes, wounds had mended and strength had risen, yet before Soul Devourer and his hundreds of thousands, their odds were smoke.

Aurelius exhaled a dry laugh. "Looks like this really is where we die."

Artemis nodded, serenity settling over her sharp features. "If the last breath I take is with all of you in battle, I'll leave no regrets behind."

Yuliana's knuckles whitened around her longsword. "Even if it kills me, I'm cutting through them first!"

Onneas met the descending darkness with fierce calm. "Do not surrender yet. There is still a sliver of light."

Yet every soul felt the hollowness beneath those words, a gentle lie offered for courage. Against power of that magnitude, hope itself seemed a fairy tale.

They formed a ring, backs pressed together, weapons lifted in

unanimous resolve. The aft between.

them congealed into a silence so

heavy it threatened to crush thought itself.

Someone muttered through clenched teeth, "If death is certain, we'll take him with us."

Infinides, sleeves flaring, started forward to trade life for life.

He froze mid-stride.

An invisible

force hammered down, locking

every joint as though chains of air

had solidified around him. The same Chapters first released on findnovel.net

crushing aura pinned the rest,

moving even a fingertip became impossible, let alone raising a blade.

Above them Soul Devourer hovered, black robes rippling despite the still air, exuding a suffocating nightmare heat.

"In the end, ants remain ants. I gave you time to grow, yet you still cannot touch me."

They fought the unseen shackles, muscles straining until veins bulged, but the bonds would not yield side each body, spiritual energy lay frozen, a river turned to ice,

"Hahaha, can you taste the despair yet?"

Soul Devourer's laughter rolled across the ravine like thunder, raw and merciless.

The jet-black mist coiling around his frame writhed with every cackle.

"That, whelps, is the gulf between absolute power and your pitiful scraps of strength. Before me, you're not even worthy of struggling."

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He drifted downward, robes whispering against the poisoned wind, until his boots hovered a breath above the rock. One crimson eye swept the crowd, then locked on

Jared. "You, boy. I sense talent-and a streak of Draconian blood. Kneel to me. Serve at my heel, and I'll grant you luxuries the Celestial King Palace never dreamed of. Follow, and one day you'll claw past level seven, perhaps even higher."

Jared squared his shoulders, every vein humming with refusal. "Serve you? You presume too much." His stare cut like flint. "Monsters who bathe in souls end up under the same lightning they unleash. I'd sooner die on my feet than wallow in your filth."

"Insolence!"

A chill slid into the canyon as Soul Devourer's smile died. "You refuse the toast- so drink the punishment." His voice plunged into a growl. "If you ache for death, I'll oblige."

He raised one clawed hand. Night-colored radiance condensed in his palm, a sphere of demon light so dense it swallowed every glimmer around it, ready to erase Jared and anyone foolish enough to stand near him.

Then—just as that midnight orb reached critical mass-the heavens convulsed. A sheet of searing scarlet bled across the clouds, igniting the whole sky in living flame. Heat roared over the valley, so intense that even the demonic miasma shuddered, fractured, and recoiled like smoke against a furnace.

Soul Devourer's brow furrowed. The killing light in his palm flickered. He tilted his head back, wary now, and stared into the reddened vault overhead. Read complete version only at Find~Novel.net

From the horizon, a comet of pure fire tore through the gloom, a blazing spear splitting the heavens. Its tail carved molten rivers through the clouds, and in a heartbeat, the inferno hung above the valley, humming with ruinous might.

Deep inside the flames, a silhouette stood motionless. The blaze peeled away to reveal a white-haired elder clad in a robe the color of fresh embers. Though age marked his hair, his face retained the serene vigor of youth. Twin pupils burned like twin suns-kind, yet carrying the warning heat of a forge.

Haloed of gentle fire danced along his sleeves, and beneath his sandaled feet floated a lotus sculpted entirely of flame. The very air bowed, reverent, to the sacred heat he exuded.

For a heartbeat, no one spoke. None in the ravine had ever witnessed a presence so strange or so mighty.

Jared's eyes flew wide.

That's him—the old man who taught me the Blazing Stride and vanished without a word, Fire Spirit Lord. What is he doing here in level six?

Wonder crashed through him, followed by a fierce surge of hope.

Across the way, Soul Devourer's expression tightened into wary calculation. Power-equal to, perhaps greater than, his own-now hovered a dozen yards away.

"Who are you?" he demanded, demonic aura flooding his limbs, ready to detonate at the faintest threat.

The white-haired elder opened his eyes fully. Two funnels of living fire swept the ravine, finally anchoring on Soul Devourer.

"I am Fire Spirit Lord." His declaration tolled like an iron bell, brooking no objection.

"You dare flood this land with slaughter and terror," he intoned, voice rumbling with ancient, righteous flame, Child of darkness, do you comprehend the weight of your crimes?"

"Fire Spirit Lord?"

The name darted through the crowd like a rogue spark in tinder-dry scrub; bewilderment flickered across every face because none of them had ever heard of such a title.

Yet the elder's presence alone—robes sighing heat, aura bending the air—announced a being hammered into existence by living flame.

"Fire Spirit Lord?" Soul Devourer rasped, his eyes narrowing to burning coals. "You're the guardian of Flame Mountain, legend of level ninē? you vanished millennia ago, said to have climbed beyond those skies. What are you doing back in ours?"

The elder answered with a patient, almost indulgent smile. "I'm impressed you remember my name, child. Since you do, why not lay down your arms and spare yourself the trouble?"

"Ha! Fire Spirit Lord of level nine?

This is level six. Your reach ends up

there, not here. Even in level nine,

you're an antique myth. Once k réturn, you'll be dûst beneath my stride. Stop calling me 'child Do you think I fear you?"

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Fire Spirit Lord's eyes twinkled like embers stirred by wind. "Confidence flatters you. While the cat's away, the mice will play. Your old trick of blotting out the sky with one hand only proves level nine has grown pitifully weak."

Soul Devourer stopped laughing. With a snarl, he hurled himself forward, dark essence swirling around him like a cyclone of soot.

Both hands flew through sinister seals. From the maelstrom erupted a colossal black claw, edges jagged as shattered glass, rushing down to rend reality. The air shrieked as it tore open.

Jared and the others went bloodless; the attack radiated such dread that they knew they would have been pulped before they could even raise a defense. Find the newest release on

Facing that nightmare talon, Fire Spirit Lord merely kept smiling, as though a child had thrown a pinecone at him.

"Parlor tricks," he said, voice light as drifting ash.

He lifted one finger. At its tip blossomed a pinhead of golden fire-frail in size, yet dense with a terror no word could contain.

Boom.

Golden flame met black claw in a thundercrack that rattled mountains. The monstrous talon melted like frost beneath sunrise, vanishing in a hiss of vapor.

"What?" Soul Devourer's roar fractured into stunned silence. His full-force strike had been erased as though it never existed.

"Impossible!" he screamed, voice ragged. "That can't be... This can't be!"

Refusing the truth, he dredged up deeper darkness, weaving even harsher seals. Black mist erupted from him like a volcanic plume.

"Demonic Sea of Flames!" he bellowed. A tidal furnace of ink-black fire surged across the battlefield, racing to swallow the smiling elder.

A hellish ocean of black fire rolled across the battlefield, so corrosive that the very fabric of space buckled and warped in its passage.

Jared and the others gaped in speechless terror. Never had they witnessed devastation on this scale.

Yet the white-haired Fire Spirit Lord merely stood there, utterly unmoved by the approaching cataclysm.

"Ah," he breathed, his tone closer to pity than anger, "you really have no idea how small you are."

He lifted his right hand. Golden

flame

fused outward, instantly

a towering wall of fire

that met the black tide head-on:

Against that radiant barrier, the Demonic Sea of Flames hissed, shrank and then evaporated

altogether, as though it had met its natural predator.

"H-How is that possible?" someone gasped, their voice cracking with fear.

Soul Devourer stared, stupefied. The Demonic Sea of Flames was one of his signature techniques, limitless and proud yet it had been erased as easily as morning mist.

"That little trick of yours," the Fire Spirit Lord said, smiling almost kindly, "is child's play before me."

"Lies!" Soul Devourer howled. "I am Soul Devourer, an expert in level nine! I will not lose to you!"

Snarling, he lunged once more.

Dark demonic aura boiled around him, condensing into a colossal obsidian blade.

"Soul Devouring Demon Sword!" he roared.

He swung, sending the sword screaming toward the Fire Spirit Lord.

Every inch of the blade writhed with Soul Devouring Threads, each strand shrieking like a tortured spirit.

Jared's group felt their souls quail. One hit from that strike would devour body and spirit alike.

The Fire Spirit Lord merely kept smiling.

Unhurried, he raised a single finger.

A soft pop split the air.

The enormous demon sword froze against that fingertip, unable to advance so much as an inch.