

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Worse, the Soul Devouring Threads unraveled, fading like smoke before sunlight. "W-What power is this?" Soul Devourer whispered, his bravado collapsing.

Dread poured through him. Only now did he grasp the abyss between them—an insurmountable gulf that crushed whatever hope he had left.

"Do you finally understand?" the Fire Spirit Lord asked, voice calm as falling ash. "Before me, you're nothing more than a clown leaping on a tiny stage."

With a motion as effortless as closing a book, the Fire Spirit Lord curled his right hand.

Bang!

The air cracked. The Soul Devouring Demon Sword, once the pride of the Soul Devourer, disintegrated on the spot. Ragged strands of midnight vapors spiraled upward, then vanished like smoke in a draft.

A furious backlash punched through the void. The Soul Devourer staggered, boots skidding across stone. A scarlet geyser burst from his lips—another sharp report, wet and brutal—as though his very core had been ruptured.

His knees nearly buckled. Ash-gray drained every trace of color from his face, leaving only the wide-eyed shimmer of terror and disbelief.

How could this be? A lord of souls reduced to such ruin—so quickly, so completely.

"No... impossible! I am the Soul Devourer—how could I lose? How could I ever lose?"

He shrieked, the words raw with panic, as if screaming them loud enough might conjure a different reality. Yet beneath that ragged howl lay the brittle knowledge that the fight was already over, and that knowledge gnawed at him worse than the wound.

"Blind stubbornness," the Fire Spirit Lord murmured, a sigh slipping between the words like tired wind through old pines.

He lifted his hand again. A ribbon of gold-white flame-a living comet-surged from his palm, caught the fleeing Soul Devourer, and wrapped him in a blazing cocoon.

"Ah!" The scream curdled in the heat. Black miasma boiled off his flesh. His once-towering frame shrank by the heartbeat, shrinking, crumbling, burning away until even the shadows abandoned him.

"No! I refuse to accept this. Do you hear me? I refuse!" His roar fractured, thinning into a helpless rattle no power could reverse.

At last, the golden inferno collapsed into a single ink-black orb. With casual indifference, the Fire Spirit Lord flicked his wrist, and the orb slipped into an emerald vial that appeared between his fingers, sealing shut with a muted chime.

Across the clearing, Jared, Yuliana, Aurelius, Artemis, and Flaxseed stood frozen minds blank. The invincible Soul Devourer had been unmade as easily as dust brushed from an elder's sleeve.

"That... was unreal," Yuliana whispered, her voice trembling so badly she nearly bit her tongue.

Aurelius gave a stiff nod, still staring at the empty air where the battle had ended. "I've never witnessed power like this. In his presence, the Soul Devourer was an ant, nothing more."

Artemis swallowed hard, awe bright in her eyes. "Who is this elder? His strength feels limitless-terrifying, even."

Flaxseed only shook his head, mustache quivering. "No idea. But judging by that display, we're looking at a figure out of legend itself."

Silence settled over the group, heavy and reverent. Each tried-and failed-to imagine a horizon that could still contain a power of this magnitude.

Jared's own heart hammered against his ribs. I knew he was formidable, but this? This is a height I never even dreamed existed.

So... I really did underestimate the old master after all. His reach is miles deeper than I imagined.

The Fire Spirit Lord capped the
emerald vial with one careless flick,
tucked it into his sleeve, then
pivoted-robles whispering like living flame until his gaze settled on the small
crowd.

He stopped directly before Jared, heat shimmering around him as though the air
itself dared not misbehave.

He asked, "How far along are you with Blazing Stride? Can you cross a hundred
miles in a single step yet?"

Jared's smile faltered. A faint blush worked up his neck. His Blazing Stride was
still crude-nowhere near the legendary hundred-mile stride.

The Fire Spirit Lord read the truth in that one awkward grin, yet the faintest
twitch

of amusement replaced any hint of anger in his eyes.

"Enough," he murmured, voice low and even. "Our crisis is over. My place is
elsewhere I must go."

Onneas was first to dip low, palms crossed over her chest in solemn salute. "We
escort you in spirit, Fire Spirit Lord."

The rest followed at once-knees

striking dirt, foreheads lowered-as

gratitude spilled from trembling lips.

Without the Fire Sprit Lord they

Would already

e corpses claimed Latest content published on [findnovel](#)

by the Soul Devourer.

Jared bowed from the waist. "You saved us all, sir. Words are useless beside a

debt that large."

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The moment the Fire Spirit Lord turned to leave, calm daylight shattered. Wind howled, clouds convulsed, sky and earth traded places.

A thunderclap—raw, explosive—ripped across the heavens, loud enough to make bones ring.

Those black clouds he had banished moments earlier regrouped, thickening into a bruise-dark canopy that flushed the firmament blood-red.

The Fire Spirit Lord halted mid-stride. For the first time, gravity etched his brow. He faced the vault of red and, just for a heartbeat, surprise flickered in his ancient eyes.

Everyone craned their necks. Above them, crimson clouds spun like a colossal wheel, carving a whirlpool into the sky. Bolts of red lightning writhed inside that spiral, snarling, each crack louder than the last.

At the eye of the storm yawned a black hole—vast, lightless, hungry enough to inhale the sun itself. A blast of suffocating terror rolled out of that maw, curling around their ribs like icy wire.

"W-What in all realms is that?" Yuliana's voice shook so badly the words scraped her throat.

Aurelius went pale. "That aura... It dwarfs the Soul Devourer!"

Artemis clenched her staff until her knuckles whitened. "Is another demonic creature breaking through? A stronger one?"

Flaxseed gave a grim shake of the head. "I don't know. But whatever is coming, it's the kind of nightmare legends warn us about."

The valley, still trembling from the recent clash, fell into an even deeper silence. It was a hush so complete that every survivor heard the frantic drumming of his own heart.

Out of that hush came a shrill streak of sound—high, metallic, almost gleeful—before a dark-red pillar of light speared down from the churning void overhead. This update is available on find[N]ovel

The beam hung there, molten and alive, and within its fiery column a blurry silhouette struggled into focus, limbs coalescing as though being forged in a furnace.

When the glare thinned, a man stepped forward—a man, yet somehow more. He wore a robe the color of fresh blood. His face was arrestingly handsome, but a wicked curve haunted his lips, and his eyes burned like twin furnaces, casting sickly red reflections across the broken stone.

Ink-black hair fanned around his shoulders, each strand tipped in smoldering crimson. An unearthly fire swirled around him, thin at first, then thick enough to warp the very air. Every breath seemed in danger of catching flame.

Worst of all, a living brand rippled upon his brow—an ever-shifting flame totem that crawled across his skin like something starving and sentient.

"W-Who is... this?" Onneas whispered, the words snagging in her throat before they ever truly formed.

She felt it in her marrow—the newcomer's power rivaled, perhaps even eclipsed, that of the Fire Spirit Lord himself.

Jared and the others had survived terrors a moment ago, yet the presence of this stranger turned their triumph to ash. Compared with him even the Saul Devourer Was

Child playing at nightmares

Across the rubble, the Fire Spirit Lord stood rigid. His calm veneer shattered, fists clenched so hard his knuckles popped Disbelief flashed in his fiery pupils. fo

"F-Fire Demon Lord?" His voice cracked, the title half question, half horror. The mere naming seemed to steal what little breath remained in the valley.

Fire Demon Lord?

The name rippled through every shaken mind, an unfamiliar legend that nonetheless tasted of doom.

If a being who could cow the Fire Spirit Lord truly existed, then the scale of their peril was beyond anything story or scripture had warned them to fear.

The Fire Demon Lord opened his eyes at last. Two ribbons of flame swept the valley, pausing—almost lazily—on the Fire Spirit Lord.

"Well, well... Fire Spirit Lord. It has been far too long," he purred, every syllable a flick of embers across dry tinder.

His smile curved higher-silk over steel, smoke over smoldering coal-drawing every eye with the intoxication of something both beautiful and lethal.

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The Fire Spirit Lord inhaled hard, forcing composure into his trembling frame. "Fire Demon Lord, you were sealed in the Flame Prison of level nine. How can you possibly stand here now?"

A rasping laugh peeled from the Fire Demon Lord's chest-low thunder rolling through a tinder-dry sky. "Sealed? Those withered relics truly believed shackles forged of their fear could bind me?"

He paused, eyes narrowing to burning slits. "I not only broke free, I returned stronger than flame itself. And I have come, Fire Spirit Lord, for one purpose—to collect what you owe."

"Settle a debt?" The Fire Spirit Lord's brow tightened. "We have never been foes, recent or ancient. What grievance do you imagine exists between us?"

"No grievances between us?" He gave a low, icy chuckle. "If you and those withered fossils hadn't blindsided me back then, I'd never have rotted away in the Flame Prison for all these years. That debt will be paid in full today—down to the last ember."

The onlookers traded uneasy glances as realization settled over them. Both men were ancient titans from level nine, bound together by a feud older than recorded history.

"You started that slaughter," the Fire Spirit Lord shot back, color draining from his face. "Your depraved arts butchered countless innocents. We moved against you only to enforce justice for the heavens!"

"To enforce justice for the heavens?" The Fire Demon Lord's laughter cracked like burning rock. "This universe runs on one law—devour or be devoured. The weak perish; their screams mean nothing to me."

"Tonight I'll have my revenge on you, and the entire level six will burn for every torment I endured," he threatened.

His gaze slid to the emerald vial clutched in the Fire Spirit Lord's hand, a dark anticipation sparking within the infernal glow of his eyes.

"Fire Spirit Lord, hand me that emerald vial." His voice was razor-cold, each word hissing like oil on flame.

Clutching the vial closer to his chest, the Fire Spirit Lord asked, "What are you plotting?"

"Plotting? I intend to release the Soul Devourer. The creature is the son of a dear friend, long lost to time. I will not stand idle while you keep the boy sealed away."

"You..." The Fire Spirit Lord blanched. "You would unleash him to ravage the realms again?"

"Ravage the realms?" He snorted.

"This world crowns the strong. If the Soul Devourer has the power to rule, then rule he shall. You so-called righteous saints merely envy his strength. I'll ask one last time will you give me the vial?"

The Fire Spirit Lord tightened his grip until his knuckles shone white. "Never. His crimes stain the sky itself. I will not let you set him loose."

"Magnificent-truly the picture of virtue," the Fire Demon Lord cackled. "Since you refuse to comply, you can swallow the blade."

Dark-red flames erupted around him, doubling in height and fury, and the aura he radiated grew so dense that the ground itself seemed to groan. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [findnovel](#)

Boom!

An explosive roar split the air and sent shock waves ripping through the canyon walls.

The gorge trembled as the Fire Demon Lord's power blasted outward. Air ignited; the temperature soared high enough to blister skin with a single breath.

Jared and the others fought for breath, stunned to realize the demon's might clearly matched the Fire Spirit Lord's own.

"Come, Fire Spirit Lord-let us settle our ancient score!"

In a blur of crimson light he vanished, reappearing a heartbeat later as a streak hurtling straight toward his foe.

Another deafening boom cracked across the valley floor.

His speed was so ferocious that, to mortal eyes, he seemed to materialize directly before the Fire Spirit Lord, the flames trailing him like a comet's tail. fo

The Fire Demon Lord flexed his right hand into a hooked talon. A dark-crimson inferno streamed from each fingertip as he raked toward the Fire Spirit Lord's chest.

The sky itself screamed where that claw scythed, the air tearing open with a shrill, metallic howl.

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Shock flashed across the Fire Spirit Lord's features; he had never imagined his rival could close the distance so brutally fast.

He twisted aside, robe flaring, and flicked his wrist. A spear of molten gold—pure star-fire—erupted from his palm and roared back toward the advancing demon.

Gold and crimson collided with a thunderclap that cracked heaven's vault. The explosion sent jagged ripples of pressure racing across the valley.

A circular shockwave blossomed from their clash, rolling outward in rings of scalding light.

Mountains shattered; whole ridgelines crumbled as if struck by invisible hammers. The ground split apart, revealing gorges so deep they swallowed their own echoes.

Above, clouds shredded, exposing a swirling blood-red vortex that roared like a living storm.

Inside that maelstrom, Jared and his companions staggered, vision spinning, as they summoned every ounce of spiritual energy to keep their feet.

Then terror struck again.

The Demonic Cultivators and roaming demonic souls stationed around the valley were caught by the wave and vaporized where they stood; one ragged scream lingered, then even the ashes were gone.

If those two keep fighting, not only are we finished, but the entire level six could be wiped clean.

"Everyone, inside the Dragon Bell. Move, now!" shouted Jared.

He snatched a bronze bell no larger than his fist from his storage ring.

A clear, resonant chime rang out. The artifact ballooned to the height of a watchtower, its dragon engravings flooding the air with gold light and folding the group inside.

Sheltered within, they felt the crushing pressure ease, though distant tremors still hammered the bell's walls.

Yet the battle outside only intensified. The valley heaved like a living beast while detonations boomed without pause. Peaks toppled, the earth yawned wider, and the crimson vortex above twisted into an even more monstrous grin.

Through narrow seams in the bell, they watched.

High overhead, streaks of gold and crimson wove together, forming lethal ribbons that slashed across the darkened sky with every collision.

Each impact boomed like doomsday bells, each pulse of power strong enough to bend the horizon.

The Fire Spirit Lord wielded a sword wrought from living gold flame, every stroke elegant yet apocalyptic.

Under his command the blade morphed-one moment a roaring dragon of fire, the next a soaring phoenix-each incarnation diving at the Fire Demon Lord in a storm of incandescent wrath.

The Fire Demon Lord fought without a single piece of steel in his grasp. Yet every motion of his bare arms felt heavy enough to tilt a world.

Dark-crimson fire wrapped his hands, shifting in a heartbeat from hooked talons to knuckled hammers. Each blazing fist crashed against the golden sword wielded by the Fire Spirit Lord.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sky rang like a cathedral bell

struck past endurance. Sparks

fanned out in starbursts, lighting the dusk brighter than noon. Braids of gold and crimson fire twisted together collided, then flew, apart, hurting shockwaves that galloped across the horizon.

Space warped. The air folded in on itself, groaning as though the seams of the universe were about to split In the far distance, whole

mountains-immovable for

millennia shuddered, crael.ne

collapsed like damp clay under an invisible hammer.

A high, ragged scream knifed through the uproar and was snuffed out almost before the echo could form.

One nearby peak vanished in a

single breath, ground to dust NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON find~novel~net

beneath the roiling blast Every living thing upon cultivator, creature, even crawling insects-was erased, leaving not ash but empty air.

Inside the Dragon Bell, Jared and the others stared, mouths open, unable to decide whether they were witnessing history or the end of it.

"T-That's way too horrifying!" Yuliana gasped, the tremor in her voice betraying the quake inside her chest.

"So this is the strength of the ancient experts," Aurelius whispered, his face chalk-white. "It's terror made visible."

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"If the Dragon Bell weren't shielding us, we'd already be smoke on the wind," Artemis murmured, gripping her staff hard enough to whiten her knuckles.

Flaxseed shook his head, the usual mischief gone from his eyes. "Power like that can drown the entire level six in one tide."

"We can't let this continue," Onneas said, worry carving deep lines beside her eyes. "Their clash will pull level six apart."

No one answered; silence was the only admission of their helplessness.

Boom!

Another detonation rolled through the air like a cannon volley from angry gods.

The Fire Spirit Lord's golden blaze met the Fire Demon Lord's crimson inferno once more. Impact birthed a swelling orb of mixed flame, a miniature sun raging between them.

Cracks spidered through the surrounding sky, black fissures that threatened to peel reality open. Above, the dark-red vortex twisted tighter, and the distant black hole yawned wider, hungrier.

A thousand screams rose together and ended together, cut short by heat no throat could survive.

For dozens of miles in every direction, every soul-spirit, beast, or blade of grass - vaporized, leaving only drifting motes of ash that glowed, then died.

The valley became a wasteland in the time it takes a heartbeat to stutter.

Through narrow gaps in the Dragon Bell, Jared saw a hellscape: earth split into bottomless chasms, mountains toppled, rivers boiled dry.

The stench of scorched stone and cinder-soaked wind seeped through the cracks, promising nothing alive beyond their fragile shell.

In that instant, Jared understood what the chronicles meant by the might of ancient champions. Their very presence bent the fabric of the sky.

Even the stray ripples of power could level kingdoms, tear rivers from their beds, and write new coastlines in fire.

Boom, boom, boom!

The air itself split open, thunder following every heartbeat.

The duel raged on. High above, the Fire Spirit Lord and the Fire Demon Lord flickered through the heavens like twin comets locked on a collision course.

Golden fire and wine-dark flame braided together, streaming behind each combatant in luminous ribbons that were as beautiful as they were lethal.

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With every stroke of his blade, the Fire Spirit Lord sculpted the gold flames into living shapes—now a dragon, now a phoenix, now a mountain tiger springing from the peaks—each form carrying the weight of a cataclysm.

"Blazing Dragon Roar!" the Fire Spirit Lord shouted. He slashed

downward, and a colossal golden flame dragon burst from the sword, its jaws open wide, the promise of annihilation glinting in every molten

scale.

Where the dragon passed, the very air ignited, shrieking as it was consumed.

A flicker of alarm crossed the Fire Demon Lord's face, yet excitement kindled just as quickly.

"Good!" he bellowed, laughter rolling out like falling rocks. "Let me show you what these centuries have given me."

His hands knotted into seals. Dusk-red fire blew outward, whirling into a vast blazing phoenix, feathers crackling with a darkness deeper than midnight.

"Blazing Phoenix!" he roared.

The phoenix screamed—high, mournful, eternal—and dived straight toward the onrushing dragon. For original chapters go to FindNovel

The dragon met the phoenix head-on. A single detonation shattered the clouds, the land, the silence.

A storm of energy rolled across the horizon. Peaks crumbled like sandcastles, whole mountain chains flattened in a heartbeat.

Screams rose from every direction as distant onlookers were tossed to the ground, their cries drowned beneath the roaring wind.

Jared and the others watched, hearts thundering as they felt the two titans grow still more powerful with every exchange.

"H-How is that even possible?" Jared whispered, his voice ragged, lungs burning with scorched air.

"Their strength is still climbing," Aurelius said, awe and terror mingling in each syllable.

"Don't tell me they haven't yet gone all out," Artemis muttered, her face pale beneath the wash of crimson light.

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Flaxseed shook his head, every laugh line on his face pulled tight. "No. They are fighting at full tilt. It's just that fighters of their caliber keep unlocking deeper reserves the longer they clash." The link to the origin of this information rests in findnovel

Jared's brow furrowed. There has to be a way to halt this or the continent will be ash. He sifted through every tactic he knew, none large enough to dam a star.

Another thunderclap rocked the sky, rattling bones and thoughts alike.

Both the Fire Demon Lord and the Fire Spirit Lord were blown backward, skidding through the heavens before they steadied themselves on invisible footholds.

The Fire Spirit Lord's face blanched; a ribbon of blood traced his lower lip, gleaming against golden fire.

Across from him, the Fire Demon Lord fared no better. His dusk-red flames guttered, color dimming as exhaustion finally began to show.

"Hahaha!" the Fire Demon Lord bellowed, his voice cracking like flaming timber. "I see the years have failed to dull your edge, Fire Spirit Lord. Who could have guessed you still burn this bright?"

Despite the boast, his complexion had faded to ashes, yet excitement still blazed in his eyes, savage and childlike all at once.

Fire Spirit Lord wiped the blood from his mouth, eyes narrowing to molten slits. "You're one to talk, Fire Demon Lord. Years apart, and you've climbed higher too."

"Likewise," the Fire Demon Lord answered, lips curving into a wicked grin. "But this is only our opening act. Before the final ember dies, you'll kneel and name me the sole master of flame."

The dark-crimson fire coating his body surged afresh, pillars of heat twisting the air into quivering glass.

Unwilling to yield, Fire Spirit Lord inhaled once. Golden fire blossomed outward, bright enough to peel color from the sky.

Boom!

The heavens shuddered under the detonation.

Their figures blurred and slammed together again, gold and crimson fire clashing mid-air like dueling dragons.

Clang, clang, clang!

Each collision rang like anvils in a forge, spraying molten sparks across the torn firmament.

Blazing fragments hissed through the void, bright as meteor showers.

Crimson and gold wove, crashed, rebounded-a storm of energy ripples that rolled outward in concentric shockwaves.

The surrounding space buckled, walls of reality bending as though moments from tearing. Above, a dark

Cortex widened it's central

void yawning larger.

A scream pierced the gale-raw, hopeless, human.

Far off, an entire mountain range cracked, folded, then vanished

beneath that wandering shock

reduced to drifting dust with heartbeat

All of level six trembled, each realm quaking like glassware on an overworked table.

More terrifying still, the dark vortex began to feed. Clouds, light, even color itself spiraled inward, swallowed by the growing black hole.

Yuliana's voice shook. "Are they going to erase this entire sky?"

Aurelius went pale. "It's just too awful. This isn't a mortal duel. It's a war between a god and a demon!"

White-knuckled around her staff, Artemis whispered, "If they keep this up, they'll break every corner of level six."

Flaxseed shook his head, brow grave. "We have to stop them, or there won't be a level six left to stand on."

Onneas stared at the battle, worry clouding his eyes. "But we're nothing next to monsters like that. How could we intervene?"

Everyone fell silent, knowing Onneas was right-powerless before such titans. Another thunderous blast split the air.

The two lords were hurled apart, skidding dozens of steps through the sky before regaining balance.

Both looked worse. Fire Spirit Lord's face blanched, fresh blood streaking his chin the Fire Demon Lord's flames dimmed, his pallor matching porcelain.

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"Hahaha! Fire Spirit Lord, you're swaying already. Admit it, you're finished!"

Though wounded, the Fire Demon Lord's laughter crackled on, excitement sparking in his widening eyes.

Fire Spirit Lord wiped more blood away, answering coldly, "Don't flatter yourself. You're as broken as I am-neither one of us can finish this."

The Fire Spirit Lord brushed glowing cinders from his scorched breastplate, his gaze narrowing to a razor's edge.

"Oh, really?" the Fire Demon Lord asked, the words dripping with acid disbelief. "Not so fast. I still have one last secret weapon you've never even dreamed of."

He plunged a hand into the swirling pocket of his storage ring and drew out a slab of pitch-black token no larger than his palm.

Etched upon its surface leered a snarling skull, each hollow socket alive with smoldering crimson fire.

The Fire Spirit Lord's voice cracked. "What... is that?"

A tremor raced through his veins. Even from several paces away, the relic's dormant power pressed against his ribs like a collapsing mountain.

The Fire Demon Lord's laugh boomed across the ruined sky. "I found it deep inside the Flame Prison. With this little trinket, my strength multiplies in the blink of an eye!"

He raised the Soul Devouring Token high and chanted guttural words older than ash.

A metallic hum tore through the air. Dark-red light flared from the token, bathing the wasteland in blood-colored dusk. Inside that glow, tortured shrieks erupted—souls clawing, pleading, shredding themselves against unseen bars.

Overhead, the swirling crimson vortex and the gaping void obeyed the relic's call, pouring rivers of black demonic miasma downward like overturned waterfalls.

Each tendril sank into the token, then erupted outward as roaring scarlet flame that wrapped the Fire Demon Lord from horn to heel.

The blaze blossomed. His aura swelled-doubling, tripling-until the ground itself quaked beneath the sudden gravity of his power.

The Fire Spirit Lord staggered back, eyes wide. "W-What sorcery is this?"

Cold realization slammed into him. In that single heartbeat, the Fire Demon Lord's strength had surged far beyond his own.

Triumphant laughter ripped from the Fire Demon Lord's throat. "Do you understand now, Fire Spirit Lord? Kneel and die!"

In a blur of embers and shadow, the Fire Demon Lord vanished.

He reappeared an instant later, his speed multiplied beyond sight, momentum roaring like a falling star.

His fist crashed into the Fire Spirit Lord's chest with a bone-shattering crack. The older lord shot skyward, a rag doll on invisible strings.

Mid-air, he coughed a sheet of blood-bright droplets that sizzled as they fell.

He slammed to the earth, skidding across fractured stone until his body lay motionless in the dust.

"Fire Spirit Lord!" Jared and the others cried, terror splintering their voices as they watched their champion tumble like broken porcelain.

The Fire Demon Lord drifted to the scorched ground, a predatory smile curling his lips. "Now, hand over the emerald vial."

The wounded lord tried to rise, arms trembling, but the pain chained every muscle. Even his will could not lift him from the dirt.

"Never... I will never yield!" he spat, blood bubbling at the corner of his mouth.

Fire Spirit Lord ground his teeth so hard the bones in his jaw creaked. The words he spat felt less like speech and more like sparks thrown from a dying forge.

"Since you refuse to hand it over," Fire Demon Lord drawled, each syllable edged with molten contempt, "I'll simply help myself."

Before the final echo of his threat died, the demon's silhouette blurred. A single heartbeat later he reformed in front of Fire Spirit Lord, right arm lashing out like a burning hawk.

His fingers closed around the emerald vial clenched in the other lord's numb hand.

A shrill whistle split the air.

With that hiss, the vial tore free, leaving Fire Spirit Lord frozen, powerless, and seething.

"Hahaha... at last!" Fire Demon

Lord

laughed triumphantly.

He cradled the little Content

originally comes from Find-Novel

vessel as though it were a newborn

star, crimson eyes glittering with manic delight.

Fire Spirit Lord lay sprawled on the ground, fury blazing in his gaze. "Fire Demon Lord... you will regret this. Mark my words!"

"Regret?" Fire Demon Lord snorted, a casual flick of disdain. "I've never learned the meaning of the word."

He twisted the stopper.

A low, insectile hum erupted-deep, wrong, alive. Viscid black radiance spewed from the vials mouth

flooding the cavern with a night that swallowed torches whole.

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From that raven light rose countless shrieks, each one a thread of agony. Slowly, the formless shadow of Soul Devourer coalesced-no longer the muscular tyrant of old, but a roiling mass of ink-dark soul flame.

"Hahaha... I am free again!" The voice vibrated like broken bells-exultant, half-mad.

Fire Demon Lord tipped his head, smile twisting wickedly. "Long time no see."

Soul Devourer's void-lit eyes widened. "Fire Demon Lord? How in the nine hells are you here?"

"To save you, of course," Fire Demon Lord crowed. "Had they not chained me in the Flame Prison, you'd never have suffered this indignity."

"Your rescue is a debt beyond words," Soul Devourer answered, voice trembling with zealous devotion. "From this moment on, I will walk through fire and ruin at your command."

Fire Demon Lord nodded, satisfied. "Then together we will rule all nine levels."

"Yes, let every sky tremble beneath our shadow!" Soul Devourer cried, hunger blazing.

The two demons shared a grin-twin crescents of greed and cruelty gleaming in the gloom.

The explosion that followed hurled ash against every wall. From that storm Fire Spirit Lord surged upright, golden flames spiraling off his body like solar flares.

Those gilded fires roared higher, his aura expanding until the very air seemed to buckle beneath the heat and fury now reborn in him.

Fire Demon Lord's grin faltered. He had not expected his fallen foe to rise again-and certainly not burning brighter than before.

He waded through curling embers, his pupils blazing like twin suns. Each heartbeat pumped raw fury into the air. "Fire Demon Lord, you dared unchain the Soul Devourer. You have chosen your own death."

Laughter burst from the Fire Demon Lord-wild, jagged, unstoppable Chosen death?

Fire Spirit Lord, you are no longer r

flames the

my

equal. Get out of my sight or I will burn you where you stand.

The Fire Spirit Lord's reply slid out, icily precise. "Drive me away? Only over my dead body."

He inhaled once, fingertips racing through intricate seals while forgotten syllables rolled from his tongue.

A solemn hum boomed across the void. Golden fire burst from his flesh and speared toward the sky, his presence swelling with every pulse.

From the heavens rained hundreds of gilded beams-pure dawn-light pouring straight into his frame, each strand thrumming with sacred might. UPDATE FROM (n) ovelFind

The Fire Demon Lord's grin stuttered. He tasted holiness on that glow and felt his own flames recoil.

A voice rang out, ceremonial and vast. "Watch, Fire Demon Lord. Witness the true sovereignty of flame."

His aura detonated. The fire shed its warm hue, turning into an imperial gold that brooked no blasphemy. In

e crossed into

a single breath, an entirely new realm of strength.

The Fire Demon Lord rocked backward. "What... This is impossible! Your power now eclipses mine. How can you still harbor such strength?"

"I awakened the Flame Truth long ago," the Fire Spirit Lord said, voice colder than space. "Its purity scours filth like you from creation."

He vanished, reappearing as a golden comet that punched clean through his foe's breastplate.

A detonation slammed through the battlefield; the Fire Demon Lord coughed a scarlet spray while careening across shattered earth.

He hit the ground like fallen

masonry skin ghost pale and eyes wide with disbelief. He had never imagined the Fire Spirit Lord could still hide a trump card so terrifying.

A Warrior Undefeatable

The Soul Devourer's mask of calm shattered. "My Lord!" it cried, voice quivering as the Fire Demon Lord crumpled.

Struggling upright, the Fire Demon Lord's gaze crackled with storm-dark rage, black flames flickering in his pupils.

"You have driven me past mercy," he hissed, each syllable ringing like steel on stone.

Midnight fire erupted from his core, swirling around him in devouring vortices. The Fire Spirit Lord answered by releasing every ounce of golden power, refusing to yield an inch.

Space itself twisted; ripples of chaotic void currents tore at the sky, shredding clouds into dust. Their next collision would not merely decide the victor-it threatened to erase the whole of level seven from existence.

Jared's knuckles whitened around the rim of the Dragon Bell. Every soul beside him held the same breathless dread. If even the level six above them broke apart,

the bell's bronze skin would mean nothing—and none of them would leave this sky alive.

Boom!

An earth-splitting crash that seemed to tear the heavens echoed..

A lance of blinding gold fire shot from beyond the ninth vault, racing downward so fast the air screamed and curled in its wake.

The blaze was unlike any flame known to men or gods, carrying a sovereign majesty as though the very ancestor of fire had decided to walk the mortal world.

Midair, the torrent burst outward, feathering into the colossal shape of a phoenix wrought entirely of molten gold. It spread incandescent wings and loosed a cry that shook mountain roots and cloud crowns alike.

A resonant note rolled through the battlefield, deeper than thunder, purer than a bell.

The instant that radiant cry rang out, the black inferno cloaking the Fire Demon Lord and the sacred golden flames shrouding the Fire Spirit Lord bowed beneath an unseen command.

Where those fires had roared violently moments before, they now knelt like subjects before their monarch, guttered, and died in silence.

"What?" Fire Spirit Lord and Fire Demon Lord gasped in the same heartbeat, terror carving raw lines across their faces.

They felt it clearly now. This golden conflagration did not merely burn; it ruled the very origin of flame, a supremacy far beyond anything their minds had ever dared to grasp.

"T-This... is impossible!" the Fire Demon Lord choked, fear strangling the thunder in his voice. He had studied fire his entire life, believed himself is undisputed master, yet before this phoenix, he felt no stronger than a candle in a storm.
Cóntent

Beside him, the Fire Spirit Lord's complexion drained. The lofty Flame Truth he had only just comprehended shrank to a child's spark beneath that golden crown of fire.

"Who are you?" he demanded, sweeping a guarded stare across the trembling horizon.

From the far edge of the sky drifted an elderly voice-slow, amused, yet iron-clad with authority.

"Hahaha... two little fools playing with matches, and you dare proclaim yourselves lords of flame before me?"

Though old, the voice carried such unquestioned power that even the clouds quivered, as though the world itself feared to interrupt.

"Name yourself!" the Fire Demon Lord shouted, forcing steadiness he no longer possessed.

"Whelps like you aren't worthy of my name. You strut about boasting of mastery while I was shaping fire before you finished your first sip of mother's milk. Play with fire? With those paltry tricks? Utterly laughable!"

Each contempt-laced word landed like a blacksmith's hammer against their hearts. In that crushing cadence, they recognized an ancient being, a creature who had lived through ages uncounted and bent every color of flame to his whim. Chapters first released on [findnovel](#)

"W-What... do you intend to do with us?"

The Fire Spirit Lord's voice dropped into a rumble as he called out to the unseen stranger. Although he could sense no malice in that distant presence, the sheer gulf between their strengths pressed on his

like a mountain of molten stone.

A soft laugh floated across the scorched sky-a lazy, effortless sound that curled through the furnace-hot air like a teasing breeze.

"Nothing so dramatic. I was merely

passing by when I heard a few youngsters. boasting that their flames were already unrivaled. Remember this-there is always another peak beyond the one you've scaled always another master beyond the self you think invincible. The true path of flame runs deeper and wider than any of you can presently fathom."

A Warrior Undefeatable

With a piercing cry, the golden flame phoenix unfurled its wings, then streaked into the horizon as a blinding ribbon of light-leaving only shimmering heat-waves in its wake.

Fire Demon Lord and Fire Spirit Lord were left staring blankly at each other, faces awash with shock-and, worse, with shame.

"W-Who in the realm was that?" Fire Demon Lord whispered, his voice nothing but ash-thin disbelief.

Terror shimmered in his eyes; whatever had spoken could have snuffed him out as easily as extinguishing a candle.

He knew-felt it in his marrow-that the mysterious voice could have ended his existence with a lazy flick of thought.

The Fire Spirit Lord drew a long, steadying breath, then spoke, every word grave and measured.

"I do not know. Yet I am certain that we just met an elder who has survived countless ages. His command of flame stands at a height our imaginations have yet to glimpse."

Another tremor of fear crossed Fire Demon Lord's gaze. He looked from the grim Soul Devourer at his side to the distant Fire Spirit Lord—and made a decision in the space of a heartbeat.

"Soul Devourer, we leave now," he said, voice stripped clean of its earlier swagger.

Soul Devourer blinked. "My Lord, do we depart... just like that?"

"Would you rather stay?" Fire Demon Lord's reply was cold iron. "Did you not hear that elder? Before him, we are mere kindling. If his mood changes, we would be ashes before we could raise a hand."

He spun without another word, cloak snapping through scorched air, and Soul Devourer hurried after him.

Two streaks of crimson radiance tore skyward, vanished beyond the cloud-line in a single breath.

Fire Spirit Lord watched those scarlet trails fade and made no move to follow.

He understood all too well that, as he was now, he could not hope to pin them down.

More pressing was the lesson seared into him by that unfathomable visitor: a reminder of how small he still was beneath the heavens.

He needed solitude-time to digest the revelations that still smoldered in his spirit and to rebuild his understanding of the way of flame.

Drawing one last deep breath, the Fire Spirit Lord closed his weary eyes, sparks of fatigue glittering within.

Not far away, Jared's brow furrowed. Something about that dazzling blaze had felt hauntingly familiar, as though an old memory had flared to life within the heat.

A sudden jolt shot through him. That was the Inferno Devil's internal flame!

At that realization, Jared slid the

Dragon Bell back into his robes, launched himself skyward, and raced after the fading light-determined to glimpse the stranger's true identity. Follow current novels on find{n}ovel

But the heavens ahead lay empty, silent, and bare.

All that remained were three faint, intertwining threads of residual aura-drifting like ghost-flames across the endless sky.

The instant Jared sensed three

distinct auras weaving through the charred air his whole body shook

although every tendon were

harder,

plucked at once. Then dread washed over him-two of those auras belonged to Josephine and Skylar.

"Josephine. Josephine!" Jared cried, the name ripping out of him in a raw,

helpless roar that echoed against the ruined stone.

Confusion rippled through the survivors. One by one they closed in around Jared, searching his taut face for answers.

Flaxseed alone understood the name he had shouted. Blinking, he ventured, "Jared, did you actually see Josephine just now?"

Jared shook his head. "No. I only caught her aura—faint, but unmistakable."

The Fire Spirit Lord's ember-bright eyes widened. "You recognize the master of that flame?"

Jared nodded once. "If I'm right, that wildfire is none other than the internal flame of the Inferno Devil."

"The Inferno Devil?" A wary crease formed between the Fire Spirit Lord's brows. The name rang somewhere in his memory, like an ember refusing to die.

Jared added, "I told you before—the demonic fire sealed inside me already contains a sliver of the Inferno Devil's internal flame."

A shiver crawled over the Fire Spirit Lord's shoulders. He remembered boasting long ago that the Fire Demon Lord's demonic fire outclassed that so called interno

Devil's internal flame.

Now, witnessing its true power, he realized the Inferno Devil's internal flame dwarfed them all.

He swallowed hard. Thank the heavens the Inferno Devil had not been present when he mouthed off, or his own ashes would be drifting on the wind.