

A Warrior Undefeatable

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A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared rolled the advice around in his mind and, to his surprise, found it reasonable.

In the celestial realm, he had always faced towering rivals, but here, he reigned-king, judge, and executioner.

He could christen himself with any mythical title he pleased, and no one would dare disagree.

"Where is this Immortal Lord Nimbus now?" Jared asked, his gaze sharpening like a blade eager for work.

Maurice hesitated, then shook his head. "I don't know. He appears at Obsidian Stone Sect only occasionally. A month ago, he came, took another mountain of gems, and vanished."

Jared's eyes narrowed; Immortal Lord Nimbus' secrecy hinted at sins Heaven itself might condemn.

"How exactly do you turn spiritual stones into celestial gems?" Jared pressed.

"With a secret method Immortal Lord Nimbus taught us," Maurice replied. "It needs a specific array and specialized equipment."

"Show me," Jared ordered, his voice calm yet uncompromising.

Maurice wavered, then nodded. "Very well-follow me."

He led Jared toward the canyon's far end, where colossal silhouettes loomed against the crimson dusk.

As the towering cauldrons emerged from the shadows, a flicker of genuine intrigue lit Jared's eyes.

"So these hulks are your refining devices?" he asked, brushing warm bronze with his fingertips.

"They are," Maurice confirmed.

He patted the nearest vessel-a Spirit-Conversion Cauldron personally forged by Immortal Lord Nimbus, built solely to transmute spiritual stones into celestial gems.

Jared stepped closer, studying the intricate engravings, each rune shimmering with faint silver light.

A soft breath of celestial energy seeped from the seams, confirming the cauldron's otherworldly origin. I'll give him this-Immortal Lord Nimbus does possess skill.

Without warning, Maurice thrust out a palm; a lance of midnight demon light ripped through the air, arrowing straight for Jared's back.

Quincy's warning ripped through the gloom like a whip crack. "Watch out!"

Jared did not so much as blink. He kept his back turned, hands loose at his sides, while Maurice's jet-black demon light streaked toward things like a wiper uneolling in midai

An instant before the beam could bite, it slammed into something unseen and shattered, sparks skittering across a transparent wall that sang with pale energy.

Maurice's eyes bulged. "Impossible!" he hissed, his voice scraping the back of his throat.

"Did you honestly believe a parlor trick like that could harm me?" Jared asked, letting a brittle laugh ride the words. "You're far too naïve."

He turned at last, the chill in his gaze slicing across the scene like a winter blade. "Since you refuse to behave, I'll abandon restraint," he said, calm as falling snow. With a lazy flick of his wrist, Jared unleashed a tidal force that thundered across the stone.

Maurice hurled every demonic technique he knew into a frantic shield, ink-black sigils blooming, then cracking, under the strain.

The collision sounded like a cannon blast. Maurice careened backward, a ragged puppet on broken strings, before slamming to earth and spitting arcs of bright blood.

Jared had spared him only because corpses make poor conversationalists.

"Grand Elder!" the remaining disciples cried, panic splintering their voices.

"All of you, come at once," Jared said, voice colder than drifting ash. "I'd rather not waste time hunting you one by one."

The disciples exchanged a single terrified glance, then rushed him, blades and talismans flashing.

Jared merely lifted two fingers. Each attacker dissolved into greasy smoke that curled upward and vanished, as though they had never existed at all.

Seeing that effortless annihilation, Maurice went slack with horror, his skin leaching to a corpse-grey hue. Only now did he grasp the abyss he'd provoked.

"Now, will you finally tell me everything you know about Immortal Lord Nimbus?" Jared murmured, eyes narrowing on the trembling elder.

"I-I've already told you all I know," Maurice stammered, shoulders quivering. "Immortal Lord Nimbus power is unfathomable none of us darès pry too deeply into his affairs."

"Then you no longer have any reason to live."

Verdict delivered, Jared turned away, his cloak whispering across the flagstones.

A crushing aura rolled from him.

Beneath its weight, Maurice's eyes bled, ears bled-every orifice wept crimson and he collapsed, dead before a scream could form.

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Quincy and the others stood frozen for a heartbeat, then hurried after Jared as he strode toward the distant Obsidian Stone Sect.

Inside the sect's grand hall, Marius paced beneath towering braziers, an itch of dread tugging at his nerves. His eyelids twitched without cause.

"Activate every restriction at once," Marius barked. "I don't want a single trespasser slipping through!"

Ever cautious, he watched attendants sprint to obey, rune-lamps flaring as the barrier sealed shut around the mountain stronghold.

Immortal Lord Nimbus had laced the headquarters of Obsidian Stone Sect with a shimmering barrier-runic light flowing over the walls like moonlit water. Everyone thought it was unbreachable.

Yet the instant that barrier was activated, Jared strode onto the forecourt with Quincy and their weary companions at his heels, boots crunching across the black gravel as though the earth itself had summoned them.

Marius spotted Quincy and scowled, the scar running down his cheek twitching. "Quincy Lee, why aren't you breaking rock in Quarry No. 7? You looking to die?" he barked, voice echoing off basalt pillars.

His gaze slid past Quincy and locked onto Jared—a stranger in simple robes whose calm eyes gave away nothing.

Marius tried to probe the young man's cultivation level. Nothing answered. It was like staring into mist that swallowed every shred of spiritual sense.

Quincy's anger flared. He jabbed a shaking finger at Marius. "You animal! For a hundred years, you've chained human and beast race cultivators alike, worked us until our bones cracked. Today, someone has finally come to the end of you!" Marius' smile flattened. "Big words, Quincy. Sounds like a century of pain hasn't broken you enough."

"Broken?" Quincy laughed, voice raw. "Blood ran like rivers when you first arrived. In these hundred years, the quarries have swallowed our kin-dead, crippled, forgotten. Did you really think we'd stay quiet forever?"

Marius snorted. "You're still alive only because you're useful. Strip that away and I'd have fed every last one of you to the furnace."

Quincy trembled. "Devil!"

He turned, voice ringing across the courtyard. "Listen, everyone! This is Jared Chance, our savior—an immortal from the celestial realm He's to punish these Demonic Cultivators and lift us from the abyss!"

For a heartbeat, the Demonic Cultivators blinked—then laughter tore through their ranks like dry branches snapping.

Marius pointed at Jared. "A Celestial

Immortal? That brat? Quincy, the mines have rattled your skull. A when like him?
A Celestial

mortal

"Please!" one Demonic Cultivator sneered. "He probably hasn't even touched the Immortal Realm."

"Where'd you find the actor, Quincy-tavern stage?"

"A Celestial Immortal visiting our little backwater? Funniest thing I've heard all year!"

Marius marched up to Jared, eyes dripping contempt. "Whoever you are, trespassing on Obsidian Stone Sect means only one ending-death."

Jared's smile was faint, almost kind. "Death? From you?"

Marius' face reddened. "Brat, do you even know where you stand? This is our main sanctuary. Immortal Lord Nimbus built the barrier

self-real Celestial Immortals would think twice before forcing entry."

Marius drew himself taller, shadows flaring behind him. "And I just triggered the highest-grade restriction. Step inside, you never leave."

Jared let his gaze wander. Invisible currents pressed against his skin-dense, intricate, proud.

To him, those currents felt no fiercer than a child's paper kite in a spring breeze.

His lips curved. "A barrier? In my eyes, every barrier is mere decoration." "Haha! You sure know how to talk big!"

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Laughter exploded from Marius, echoing through the scene like rolling thunder.

His broad shoulders shook with the force of it, dark armor rattling while night-cold mist curled around his boots. "Brat, do you even know what dying means? That seal standing behind me was laid down by Immortal Lord Nimbus himself—a

true Celestial Immortal whose depth you could never begin to fathom. And you-nothing but a wet-behind-the-ears brat-dare strut around in front of it?"

His swaggering words fanned the demons' confidence.

"Exactly! Immortal Lord Nimbus is our backer!"

"If you know what's good for you, brat, drop to your knees and beg. Maybe our lord will spare you a single breath!"

"Otherwise, you're a corpse before sunset!"

Across the hall, Quincy and the few human allies stiffened, color draining from their faces.

They respected Jared's power, yet Immortal Lord Nimbus was a legend whispered about in terrified awe-a Celestial Immortal whose casual gestures could rewrite the sky. No mortal seal should bend so easily beneath them.

Quincy edged close and murmured, "Benefactor, that barrier is monstrous. Best we tread lightly."

Jared waved him off, a calm smile ghosting across his lips, eyes fixed on Marius as though the demon's threats were distant birdsong.

Marius squinted, confusion flickering before contempt reclaimed his grin. "Still acting serene? We'll see whether you keep that mask once the seal ignites."

He stepped forward, voice cutting through the hush. "Last chance. Who are you, and why meddle in my business?"

Jared recalled Vermilion Demon Lord's earlier advice. Out here, titles are yours to invent. In a backwater like this, an impressive name is armor.

"I am the Celestial Supreme, commander of every cultivator in the celestial realm. Even your so-called Immortal Lord Nimbus kneels to greet me!" he declared, voice ringing like a temple bell.

Silence slammed over the hall. Everyone was stunned.

Then Marius pointed and howled with laughter. "Celestial Supreme? Ruler of the celestial realm? Have you lost your mind, brat?"

The other Demonic Cultivators started laughing as well.

"He's scared witless!"

"Celestial Supreme? Who does he think he is?"

"Mad enough to crave his own funeral!"

Marius wiped a tear

of mirth. "Do

you grasp what the title Celestial Supreme even means? A myth! Immortal Lord Nimbus himself is.. ordinary beside that throne, and you dare claim it? I'll show you what real power feels like."

Crimson light flared around his gauntlets. One step more and he would strike.

"Wait!" Jared's single word cracked through the tension like flint. "Before fists fly, answer one question."

"Last words? Go on," Marius said.

"What makes you so sure that little seal can cage me?"

"Huh?" Marius laugh turned cold. "Immortal Lord Nimbus carved

those sigils with a single breath. Any other immortal would sweat blood to prise them apart. But you still so young-dream of it? Keep

dreaming."

Jared tilted his head, the faintest smirk curling. "Is that so?"

"All right, then," Jared said, a razor-thin smile curving across his mouth. "Let me show you what true power really is."

He lifted his hand as casually as one might brush away a speck of dust.

A lance of gold burst from his palm, and in the blink of an eye, its radiance

blanketed the entire Obsidian Stone Sect Headquarters.

Moments later, every soul present felt the great sealing array unravel crushing force dissolving like mist beneath the morning sun.

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Marius' face drained of color. "N-No... Impossible! How can this be?" he stammered, eyes fixed on the vanishing light.

He hurled his will at the crumbling array, only to find he could no longer touch a single thread of its power.

In moments, every barrier guarding Obsidian Stone Sect Headquarters vanished without a trace.

Marius stood rooted to the spot, shock and raw fear widening his eyes.

The fact that a mere youth had unraveled a formation laid by Immortal Lord Nimbus defied everything he believed possible.

Around him, the other Demonic Cultivators gaped in mute disbelief, mouths hanging open yet voiceless.

Quincy and his companions trembled with exhilaration; never had they imagined Jared's strength could reach such heights.

"Tell me something," Jared said softly, meeting Marius' gaze. "Do you still think your little barrier can hold me?"

Marius finally blinked. "W-Who are you?"

"I already told you," Jared replied. "I am the Celestial Supreme, sovereign of the celestial realm."

"Impossible," Marius muttered, still shaking his head. "You don't look the slightest bit impressive..."

Yet disbelief clung to him like a damp shroud he could not shake free.

Jared answered with a chill smile, summoning the Dragonslayer Sword. The sword bloomed into existence above his palm, its metal humming with ancient hunger.

At the blade's awakening, golden light washed across a hundred-mile radius, turning earth and sky to molten dawn.

The sword energy pressed on every chest, robbing the gathered throng of breath. Human, beast, and demon alike stared wide-eyed, awe eclipsing all rivalry.

Cradling the Dragonslayer Sword, Jared traced a deceptively lazy arc toward the mountain bastion of Obsidian Stone Sect.

A thunder-crack split the air.

A single blade of light tore from the Dragonslayer Sword and vanished into the distant peak.

Silence followed-so complete it seemed the slash had never been.

The onlookers hovered in stunned confusion, unsure what Jared intended.

Then the ground convulsed like a wounded beast.

Earth crumbled underfoot, forcing every cultivator aloft to escape the collapsing terrain.

Far below, the sect's mountain split from crown to root, the entire massif folding in on itself beneath the weight of a single stroke.

Where Obsidian Stone Sect had

once crowned the peak, only a vast, cratered scar remained-loose earth sliding across bare bedrock as if the mountain itself had been bitten of the sky.

Gasp!

ou

A sharp, collective gasp tore through the onlookers. Every chest seized with the same cold realization. had just witnessed the impossible.

One sword stroke had erased a sect and decapitated a mountain. No cultivator in the entire Cardinal Realm could hope to muster such power.

Marius felt the last of his skepticism bleed away.

Jared had unraveled Immortal Lord Nimbus' barrier like a loose thread, then splintered a summit with casualease Legends spoke of such might belonging only to a Celestial Supreme.

Marius' legs shook so violently he could scarcely remain upright, pride battling-and losing to raw terror.

The other Demonic Cultivators, faces drained of color, staggered backward in a panicked scramble for escape.

"Leaving so soon? No one departs this place alive today."

With a languid flick of his wrist, Jared brushed invisible dust from the air.

A silent shield blossomed outward, sealing the entire Obsidian Stone Sect

Headquarters beneath a shimmering, featureless dome.

Marius went sheet-white. A true giant now stood before him; survival meant immediate surrender.

"Immortal Lord, mercy!" he cried, crashing to his knees and pounding his forehead against the stone. "I was blind-spare this worthless life!"

Terror rippled outward; Demonic Cultivators dropped like felled trees, each smashing brow to earth in frantic imitation.

"Immortal Lord, forgive us! We were wrong-spare us, spare us!"

Quincy Lee and the other captives felt a fierce, righteous joy ignite in their chests.

Never had they imagined these swaggering tyrants would one day grovel like insects.

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Jared studied the kneeling Demonic Cultivators, his eyes devoid of pity.

For a century, they had painted their hands red with human and beast blood. Now the final reckoning had arrived.

"Forgiveness?" He let the word freeze in the air. "You chained the innocent and butchered the helpless-tell me, what right do you have to keep breathing?"

"W-We repent!" Marius stammered. "Every celestial gem we own is yours-only spare us!"

"Celestial gems?" Jared scoffed. "To me, they are worth less than sand."

"T-Then we will reveal Immortal Lord Nimbus' secret-the truth of those refined stones! Grant us life, I beg you!"

A flicker of interest brightened Jared's gaze when he heard the mention of Immortal Lord Nimbus' secret.

He did, after all, wish to learn why Immortal Lord Nimbus had ordered Demonic Cultivators to smelt spiritual stones into celestial gems.

Jared allowed the last syllable of his question to hang in the air like an unsheathed blade. "Oh? So you claim to know some hidden truth about Immortal Lord Nimbus. Why don't you share it? If what you tell me is worth hearing, I may- just may—let you keep breathing."

"Immortal Lord, Immortal Lord Nimbus commands us to smelt ordinary spiritual stones into celestial gems because the place he calls home is barren-starved for resources. He needs an ocean of celestial gems to survive there. And please,

hear me someone is pulling his strings. That is the only reason he bothered to descend into our small realm at all," Marius Blackstone revealed, sweat already beading along the dark ridges of his brow.

Jared's eyes narrowed, flaring with molten gold. "Someone from above gives the orders? You're telling me he's backed by someone?"

Marius nodded. "Yes! We never learned who. We only watched him sigh, pace, and tighten the screws on us day after day. Every appearance, he demanded more celestial gems-always more. Whatever mission they've set on his shoulders keeps getting heavier, and he dumps the weight onto ours."

Jared fell silent, gaze drifting toward the mist-choked mountains ringing the quarry. Whoever stood behind Immortal Lord Nimbus possessed the craft to refine spiritual stones into pure celestial gems-a technique that could enslave entire low-grade realms. A single scheme. An endless chain of labor camps. Countless cultivators bent beneath the same yoke.

"Where is he now?" Jared asked at last, voice cool as a winter stream.

"I-I can't pinpoint him," Marius

stammered. He appears

without

warning at Obsidian Stone Sect

scoops up cartloads of gems, then vanishes. Last time was one month ago.

"Cardinal Realm holds more than a thousand quarries just like this one. He could surface at any of them, and I-I simply don't know which."

Jared inclined his head, accepting the grim mathematics. Finding Immortal Lord Nimbus would take patience and time.

He then straightened and said, "Very well. You've given me his secret. Now you can die."

Panic split Marius' face. "Immortal Lord, you promised! You said if our secret held value="

"I did." Jared's reply was quiet thunder. "But your secret serves me not at all. Which means you serve me not at all. And that is unforgivable."

He flicked his wrist. A ribbon of molten gold arced outward-then burst. In the next heartbeat, every kneeling Demonic Cultivator, dissolved to gray ash, a low Sigh of dust carried off by the breeze.

Quincy Lee and the other prisoners felt their hearts soar. The shackles on their souls cracked in the same instant the slavers vanished.

They had finally broken free from the Demonic Cultivators' enslavement and reclaimed their freedom.

"Thank you, Immortal Lord! Thank you!" Quincy and a dozen more dropped to their knees, foreheads striking earth in ecstatic gratitude.

Jared waved the gesture aside. "Enough. Stand. I merely did what should have been done long ago."

Quincy rose to his feet and looked at

Jared, gratitude filling his eyes. "Immortal Lord, we will never forget your boundless grace. From this day forward, we pledge our allegiance to you and will serve at your

command!"

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Around Quincy, freed cultivators added their voices-first a murmur, then a swelling roar that echoed off the quarry walls.

"We will heed your orders, Immortal Lord!"

"Take us under your protection!"

"Command us, and we will lay down our lives!"

Jared swept his gaze over the bruised, dust-covered cultivators who now crowded the ruined hall. Through the grime and exhaustion, he could still see their hearts-soft embers of kindness refusing to die in all that darkness.

"Very well. If you choose to follow me, I'll take you in—but on one condition. Swear that from this moment on, you will never again lift your power for evil. Devote every breath to mercy and good deeds instead."

"We swear-no more cruelty, only good from this day forward!" Quincy and the others uttered in unison, "From this day on, we will never do evil again. We'll devote ourselves to doing good!"

Jared gave a small, satisfied nod. "Good. Stay here for now; I still have business to settle."

With that, he turned, boots grinding on shattered stone as he started toward the exit.

"Immortal Lord, where are you going?" Quincy called, hurrying after him.

"To find Immortal Lord Nimbus," Jared replied, his voice calm yet edged with iron. "I intend to see exactly what game he's playing."

Quincy's brow tightened. "His strength is formidable. Please be careful!"

Jared offered a faint, almost playful smile. "I'll be fine. Besides, I have a feeling he'll come looking for me soon enough."

Quincy tilted his head. "Why are you so certain?"

"Because I'm about to do something that will force him out of hiding." Jared turned toward Quincy and the rest. "Quincy, will you and the others help me free the rest of the cultivators in the quarries?"

"Wherever you go, we go!" Quincy answered without a heartbeat's pause.

Around him, voices rose-eager, brittle, brave.

"We'll follow you, Immortal Lord!"

"Lead us we will free our people!"

"Command us, and we'll serve!"

Jared's eyes warmed. "Excellent. Then we leave now."

He sprang skyward, robes snapping like banners in a storm. Quincy and the others followed, streaking after him until their figures vanished against the pale horizon.

Their first destination lay close to Obsidian Stone Sect-Quarry No. 8.

They descended beside the pit, and the sight mirrored everything they'd seen at Quarry No. 7.

Human and beast race cultivators toiled under a pitiless sun, backs bent and spirits fraying, while Demonic Cultivators prowled behind them, whips lashing at any slowed movement.

Fury flared in Quincy's chest; he lunged a step forward, fists clenched, ready to strike.

Jared lifted one hand. "Wait."

"Why wait?" Quincy hissed, barely holding his temper. "They're suffering right now!"

"Patience," Jared said, a quiet blaze in his eyes. "I want these Demonic

Cultivators to understand what true power looks like."

He surged upward, leaving a rippling wake of light, and dropped into the quarry's center like a falling star.

"Stop!"

The single thunderous word echoed off the rock walls. Tools fell silent. Every prisoner every demon guard, turbed toward the lone figure now standing at the heart of the pit, cloak billowing in the settling dust.

A solitary figure hovered several yards above the ravaged camp, white robe rippling like moonlit water When the torchlight finally caught his face the prisoner gasped-Jared had arrived.

"Who in blazes are you, and why stick your nose in our affairs?" snarled a Demonic Cultivator in black plate, his voice rattling across the yard like iron chains.

"My name doesn't matter," Jared replied, his tone mild yet unyielding. "What matters is this—every captive beneath your banner walks free today."

"Insolence!" the Demonic Cultivator bellowed, veins pulsing at his temples. "This is Twin Ridge Stronghold. Cause one more stir and you die where you float!"

Hearing their leader roar, other Demonic Cultivators closed in, eager to flaunt their strength before him.

"Last warning, brat-crawl away while you still have a spine!"

"Yes, Twin Ridge Stronghold isn't some roadside tavern you can overturn and stroll out of!"

"We'll show you exactly how unforgiving Twin Ridge Stronghold can be!"

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"Enough!"

The lead Demonic Cultivator's shout detonated like cannon fire, rage contorting every scar across his face.

"Didn't you hear me? This ground belongs to Twin Ridge Stronghold. If you challenge us, you sign your own death warrant!"

He raised a demonic sword etched with wicked runes, the blade exhaling a violet mist that reeked of old blood.

The other Demonic Cultivators formed a tightening ring, each wearing the same hungry grin.

Spiked clubs swung menacingly, their cold points glinting, while demonic hammers hummed with oppressive weight.

"Run, brat, before we enjoy ourselves killing you!" one Demonic Cultivator hissed, eyes gleaming like wet copper.

"We warned you," another added, breath hot with bloodlust.

"You'll taste Twin Ridge Stronghold's fury before night falls!"

Voices overlapped, a savage chorus that rattled shackles and sent frightened birds wheeling into the dusk.

Jared merely smiled, a chill, dispassionate curl of the lips that made even the bravest brute falter.

Compared with Obsidian Stone Sect he had crushed earlier, these Demonic Cultivators barely reached Immortal Realm Level Seven.

To him, they were ants fighting a wildfire.

Jared's white robe drifted in the faint breeze, making him seem less a mortal youth and more a wandering immortal descending from night clouds.

"Since you're so eager to perish, I'll oblige."

The verdict in his voice weighed heavier than any hammer the demons could lift. Before the sentence finished echoing, Jared vanished-only a fading shimmer remained where his body had been.

"What?"

"Where did he go?"

Cold pricked each Demonic Cultivator's throat at once, as though an invisible blade had slipped cleanly through flesh and stolen the final breath.

In the very next heartbeat, consciousness drained from the Demonic Cultivators' eyes.

Strings severed, the puppets collapsed-bodies thudding to the ground in a ragged cascade.

Their pupils, still blown wide with terror and disbelief, stared blankly into nothing as though evenime death they hunted for the invisible hand that had struck them down.

"H-How is that even possible?"

"No one should be that fast!"

The enslaved cultivators stood rooted to the spot, stunned into silence.

Moments earlier, they had braced for a lifetime of chains and a pitiful death. Now a single young stranger

had Shattered their nightmare wit orte effortless sweep.

Eyes bulged, mouths gaped wide enough to swallow an egg, every face scribbled with raw, unfiltered awe.

Quincy and the others surged forward, faces blazing with joy, desperate to share the impossible news.

"Do not be afraid! This is Jared Chance, Immortal Lord. He's here to break our chains. From this moment on, we are free!"

Quincy's declaration rang like dawn over a battlefield, flooding the captives' hearts with blazing light.

Tears-hot, unstoppable-filled eyes that had been dry for a hundred grinding years.

Some dropped to their knees, hands clasped, whispering frantic thanks to Jared for the gift of life.

Others wrapped shaking arms around one another, weeping so hard their bodies rocked, letting decades of pain wash away in torrents of salt.

"Thank you, Immortal Lord!"

"Long live Immortal Lord!"

Cheers and gratitude braided together, rolling across Twin Ridge Stronghold like thunder shaking the mountains.

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Jared raised a quiet hand. The jubilant storm fell instantly to a reverent hush.

The simple motion was calm, almost lyrical, as though every heartbeat in the courtyard flowed from a script only he could read.

"There's no need for ceremony," he said, voice soft yet unbreakable. "I merely did what was right."

With that, he turned toward Twin Ridge Stronghold's storehouse.

Each deliberate step thrummed like a plucked string inside the watchers' chests.

He knew-felt it deep in his marrow-that mountains of celestial gems waited beyond those doors, and that he would need every last shard for the trials ahead.

The great doors creaked open to reveal a blinding trove-celestial gems stacked higher than a man could reach, their pure celestial energy brighter than anything he had seen even in the celestial realm.

Each celestial gem shimmered with an inner cosmos, whispering promises of power and horizons yet to be seen.

Jared spoke with excitement, his eyes gleaming. "Perfect-absolutely perfect! These celestial gems are exactly what I need to push my strength to the next threshold!"

He understood with bone-deep clarity that in that realm-where power decided life or death-only relentless growth could shield both himself and those walking beside him, only strength could let him carry the quiet mission he held in his heart.

Without a scrap of hesitation, he swept every last celestial gem into his storage ring.

His hands moved with the speed of muscle memory, as though he had rehearsed the gesture a thousand times beneath far harsher suns.

"We move," Jared said, turning toward Quincy and the others. "Next quarry-now."

Unblinking resolve burned behind his eyes; no wall of stone, steel, or fear could hope to slow that stare.

In the days that followed, Jared led Quincy and the small band like a blade through silk, carving a path across every quarry the demons controlled within Cardinal Realm.

They became a whetted dagger aimed straight at Demonic Cultivators' hearts; wherever they appeared, Demonic Cultivators scattered in blind panic.

Each site they reached ended the same way-every Demonic Cultivator slain, every chain struck from the wrists of the enslaved.

The Dragonslayer Sword flashed in Jared's grip, cold light rippling down the steel. Every swing reaped lives with practiced, economical beauty, each form honed until raw power and perfect precision were one and the same.

Quincy and the others refused to lag behind. They unleashed their own arts, turning each skirmish into thunder and flame.

Along the way, they shattered slave seals and cut shackles.

Freed cultivators, eyes once dulled by despair, now glowed with hope and hurried to join Jared's ranks.

All liberated celestial gems vanished into Jared's keeping-fuel for his ascent and poison to the enemy's cause.

His name stormed across Cardinal Realm.

Whispers grew into campfire legends of an Immortal Lord who had descended from the celestial realm to break their chains.

Every rescued soul retold the tale until the story itself marched ahead of him like a banner of light.

Demonic Cultivators who heard the name Jared felt their spirits fray.

Once swaggering tyrants in Cardinal Realm, they slunk into forests and backwater caves, praying the avenging sword would pass them by.

Within weeks, more than a thousand quarries in Cardinal Realm stood abandoned. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

Freed workers flocked to Jared's banner until a handful became an army of several thousand—the kind of tide that could roff straight stone.

Just as the Demonic Cultivators' morale shattered, a lone silhouette

materialized above the realm, radiating pressure like a mountain that had decided to float.

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The newcomer's aura boomed across the sky-unyielding, immeasurable.

"That is Immortal Lord Nimbus!"

"Immortal Lord Nimbus has finally appeared!"

"We are saved!"

Hidden among the shattered stone and choking dust, the Demonic Cultivators lifted their eyes. When that lone figure cleaved through the smoky horizon, tears - hot and unbelieving-gathered behind lids that had forgotten how to hope.

In the radiant silhouette, they saw not merely a man but the final thread between breath and oblivion. Desperation fastened itself to him the way drowning hands seize driftwood.

They understood-down in bone and spirit—that only Immortal Lord Nimbus possessed strength fierce enough to wrench them from this nightmare.

Immortal Lord Nimbus hovered in absolute stillness above the void, his robes whispering in a wind that answered only to him. His gaze swept the entire Cardinal Realm like a cold comet gliding over a fragile world.

When his eyes found the derelict quarries-vast, gaping scars in the land-his expression soured, the chill of violated sovereignty settling across his features.

Anger and disbelief flared behind the silver of his pupils, the look of a monarch returning to discover barbarians seated on his throne.

"Who dares rampage across my domain?"

The challenge detonated like an iron bell struck inside a vaulted cathedral, its resonance tumbling through every canyon and cloud in the realm.

Both fists locked tight, and raw aura rolled off him in brazen waves, a promise that the intruder would soon be little more than ash and memory.

In that charged silence, Jared walked forward, Quincy and the others fanning out behind him.

Their footsteps were steady, unhurried-each heelfall a quiet refusal to be intimidated.

"And you must be Immortal Lord Nimbus?"

Jared's tone was almost casual, yet calm confidence shimmered in his eyes, as though the towering force before him were nothing more than morning mist.

Immortal Lord Nimbus pivoted, and the instant his gaze locked on Jared, the air thickened.

Within that slender frame, he sensed a depth of power that split his imagination wide open.

A flicker of wariness slid into his stare, forcing him to reassess this uninvited opponent.

"Identify yourself-why sabotage my plans?" Immortal Lord Nimbus' words dripped with chill restraint, a veiled threat meant to crush resistance before it could draw breath.

"My name matters less than your crime," Jared replied, a faint smile ghosting across his lips. You enslave cultivators, turning spiritual stones into celestial gems-tell me, to what end?"

His gaze knifed into Immortal Lord Nimbus, intent on carving out whatever secrets lay hidden behind that immortal façade.

"None of this concerns you. Leave now, or suffer consequences beyond your reckoning!" Immortal Lord Nimbus scoffed.

Power gathered around him like a living storm, ready to strike with the next heartbeat.

"Consequences? With a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight cultivation, you believe you impress me?"

Jared's words were delivered so lightly that the vaunted ranking sounded like nothing more than a child's wooden sword.

Color drained from Immortal Lord Nimbus' face.

Never had he imagined this youth could pierce the veil of his cultivation so effortlessly.

A chill of doubt slithered up his spine, whispering that he might already have lost.

"W-Who in the heavens are you?" Immortal Lord Nimbus stammered, shoulders trembling despite the vast power coiled within him.

"My name is Jared Chance," Jared said, as though that solitary name were explanation enough.

The instant Immortal Lord Nimbus heard Jared's name, every hint of color bled from his face. His pallor looked almost luminous against the swirling gloom, as if someone had driven a spike often straight through his chest.

Terror slammed into him with the force of a falling sky. That name... No... Not here -not him!

Spinning on his heel, Immortal Lord Nimbus bolted, robe tails snapping like torn flags, desperate to outrun a devil beast he clearly believed no one could defeat.

"What-?"

"Is Immortal Lord Nimbus fleeing?"

"Wasn't he supposed to punish that punk?"

The Demonic Cultivators froze

mid-stride, slack-jawed. In their long, blood-stained careers, they had never seen the all-powerful immortal Lord Nimbus retreat, let alone flee in

panic from a single young man. Dread seeped into their eyes, thick and heavy, until despair was all that remained.

Jared gave a low, contemptuous snort. "Run, will you? Not that easy."

A Warrior Undefeatable

He blurred forward-one heartbeat, then the next-becoming a streak of living lightning.

Invoking Blazing Stride, Jared's soles burst with scarlet flame, doubling his speed in a single pulse. Two steps were all he needed to close the gap; by the third, he was already at Immortal Lord Nimbus' back, heat ripping through the air in his wake.

With effortless strength, he seized the fleeing Immortal Lord Nimbus by the collar, hauling him off the ground like a squirming chick snatched by a hawk.

Jared pivoted and drifted back to the battlefield, one-handed, as though the captured Immortal Lord Nimbus weighed no more than a feather.

"What?"

"T-That's impossible!"

The remaining Demonic Cultivators went corpse-pale. If even Immortal Lord Nimbus crumpled in Jared's grasp, then that day's outcome was carved in stone; they could almost taste the cold edge of death descending upon them.

Jared tossed Immortal Lord Nimbus onto the cracked earth. Stones shattered under Immortal Lord Nimbus' body, dust blooming around them. "Talk! Why did you run?"

His stare bore the weight of judgment itself.

Immortal Lord Nimbus quivered, arms wrapping around his own ribs as though that might steady the shaking. "I-I know who you are," he whispered, the words rattling with fear.

Jared's brow lifted a fraction. "You know me?"

The curiosity in his gaze was quiet, dangerous—like a blade contemplating whether to strike again.

Immortal Lord Nimbus nodded in short, frantic jerks. "Yes. While I served in the Celestial Palace, the commander of the Sixth Hall-Mr. Hexford-spoke of you. He warned us you were unimaginably dangerous and ordered us to treat you with the utmost caution."

Awe-or was it abject dread-quavered in every syllable, as though merely repeating Drystan's warning might stay Jared's hand.

Jared's voice cracked like a whip through the half-ruined courtyard. "So that's it—you answer to the Celestial Palace!"

A razor-bright glint flashed behind his eyes, as though he had already peeled back every veil shielding Immortal Lord Nimbus' true allegiance.

"Yes, it's true! I serve Mr. Hexford! My sole task here is to refine these spiritual stones into celestial gems and deliver the tribute upward!"

The confession bled out of Immortal Lord Nimbus in a tone edged with helplessness, as if each word were pried loose by unseen pincers.

Jared's reply rode on frost. "And how, exactly, did the Sixth Hall learn the secret of turning spiritual stones into celestial gems?"

Suspicion rippled across his features, a silent demand to expose the darker machinery moving behind the Celestial Palace's curtain.

Just as Immortal Lord Nimbus was about to speak, dark clouds suddenly gathered in the distant A surge of power-stronger and far more sinister-came sweeping in.

The aura was like that of a vicious beast, roaring with world-ending fury as it surged forward, engulfing the entire Cardinal Realm in the blink of an eye.

The once-still air felt as if an invisible giant hand had gripped it tight, making every breath a struggle.

Down on the shattered plain, Demonic Cultivators who had been drowning in despair suddenly lifted their heads.

Hope—wild, blazing-ignited in every crimson pupil, banishing terror like torches hurled into the night.

"I-It's an even higher-ranked Immortal Lord!" one of them stammered, voice trembling with messianic fervor.

"We're saved! That aura eclipses Immortal Lord Nimbus a hundredfold!" another cried, his face alight with post-cataclysm joy.

"Must be the power behind Immortal

Lord Nimbus himself. Only such an

expert could carry that kind of

dread"" a third declared reverence

and expectation twisting together in his gaze.

On the opposite side, Quincy and the rescued cultivators went sheet-white, as though frost had laid a sudden hand on their hearts.

Knuckles whitened. Bodies shook like leaves caught in a gale.

Every pulse of the incoming aura drummed raw malice against their souls.