

## A warrior undefeatable /

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4691** – Even if they could only reach the first level of the Celestial Realm, it was still a far better fate than remaining in the Ethereal Realm. Here, their powers were suppressed, leaving them weakened and miserable.

Octavion chuckled at Jared's words, shaking his head. "If ascending the Celestial Stairway were that easy, the Ethereal Realm would have been empty long ago," he said with a smirk. "With my abilities, I barely made it to the fourth-level test. I couldn't even hold my ground before I was knocked out. Do you have any idea how many cultivators risk their lives just to approach the stairway, only to fail before even setting foot on it? Yet, you make it sound so simple."

"Jared's frown deepened. "Even you couldn't stay in level four?""

Octavion was a Top-Level Ultimate Realm Level Nine cultivator-his strength was undeniable. If even he couldn't hold his ground, just how terrifying was the Celestial Stairway?"

Octavion spoke earnestly, his gaze serious. "Jared, climbing the Celestial Stairway is no simple feat. It's a path to the divine-one that not just anyone can take. It's not just about raw strength; it requires innate talent and the ability to grasp profound insights. Every law of heaven and earth represents a unique path, a world of its own. It's far more complex than you think.

When the stairway opens this time, I can take you there to try your luck. It could help you rapidly enhance your strength and sharpen your intuition. But be warned-it's extremely dangerous. Countless cultivators have perished within the stairway."

Jared listened intently, Octavion's words leaving him profoundly shaken. From what he understood, this wasn't just a test-it was the very laws of heaven and earth at work, selecting rare, unparalleled geniuses from lower planes and ushering them into the Celestial Realm. Those with only average talent might never even dream of ascending in their lifetime.

"So, you're saying that the Immortal's dwelling is within one of the levels of the Celestial Stairway?" Jared asked, his mind racing.

It made sense-Octavion didn't have the strength to enter the Celestial Realm, so there was no way he could possess a treasure map of that place. Based on his words, Jared deduced that the Immortal must be somewhere within the stairway itself. After all, if each level was its own world, then it was entirely possible for a supreme being to have once carved out a domain there.

Much like the Ethereal Realm-created by the Infinitus Celestial Sect-these realms weren't mere illusions. Even their creators couldn't destroy them. They were bound by the very laws of nature and the universe itself.

“Yes, the Immortal’s cave is located on the fourth level of the Celestial Stairway,” Octavion confirmed with a nod. “But I could only remain there briefly, so I haven’t had the chance to explore it yet. That said, I’m confident that when the stairway appears again, I’ll be able to hold my ground on the fourth level!”

Jared’s excitement surged at the revelation. The cave of an Immortal-this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! But he knew all too well that such opportunities came with immense risks.

“Octavion, are you certain this treasure map is reliable?” he asked cautiously.

“Without a doubt,” Octavion declared confidently. “I obtained it from the relics of an ancient cultivator-it even bears the mark of that very Immortal.”

After a moment of contemplation, Jared finally nodded. “All right. If that’s the case, I’ll agree to your request.”

Octavion’s face lit up with delight. “You can take down anyone from the Tenth Hall-except for my father. But be prepared. He will keep sending people to kill you.”

“Understood.” Jared nodded before asking, “What’s the strength of the Tenth Hall’s members? Don’t tell me there are a lot of Immortal Realm cultivators.”

“Of course not. Haven’t you noticed how few Immortal Realm cultivators exist in the Ethereal Realm?” Octavion replied.

“Yeah, it is rare,” Jared admitted with a nod.

Aside from the two governors he had encountered and the mayor of Beast City, Jared had scarcely come across any other Immortal Realm cultivators. Of course, there was also Abbot Infinides, who was most likely at that level as well.

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4692** – “It’s incredibly difficult to advance to the Immortal Realm within the Ethereal Realm,” Octavion explained. “The cultivation resources here are limited, primarily centered around spiritual energy. Once a cultivator reaches the Immortal Realm, they require celestial energy to progress further. That’s why the Tenth Hall demands large quantities of celestial crystals.”

He continued, “Many Immortal Realm cultivators choose to isolate themselves, dedicating their lives to cultivation. A significant number of them reside within the Celestial Stairway. As I mentioned before, each level of the stairway is its own unique world. Many cultivators enter and choose to remain in one of these worlds to train. Unlike the Celestial Realm, these worlds are filled with diverse cultivation resources. However, they are also unimaginably dangerous-far more brutal than the Ethereal Realm, a hundred, even a thousand times over.

Even upon reaching the fourth level, a cultivator’s strength is suppressed, making survival extraordinarily difficult. Every time the stairway vanishes, countless cultivators decide to stay behind, hoping to refine their skills within its perilous domain. Of course, many of them end

up trapped, unable to ever leave.” Octavion spoke with intensity, ensuring Jared grasped the true nature of the Celestial Stairway.

“Each level within the Celestial Stairway is a world of its own. Does that mean each level is populated with many people?” Jared asked, his curiosity piqued.

After all, once a world was established, it was inevitable that life would emerge.

“Of course,” Octavion replied. “It’s a real world, so naturally, there are humans. Apart from the abundance of cultivation resources, it’s not much different from the Ethereal Realm. But remember this-every living creature you encounter within the stairway will be your enemy. In those worlds, you won’t have friends or family. The level of brutality there is beyond imagination, and only those with unwavering mental fortitude can survive.”

As he spoke, a subtle shift crossed Octavion’s expression, as if he were recalling something unsettling.

Jared frowned. “Are you saying that all humans within the stairway are nothing more than emotionless killing machines?” he asked, surprised.

Cultivators in the Ethereal Realm were constantly battling for resources, a struggle far more brutal than anything seen in the mundane world. Yet, despite the harshness, Jared had managed to form friendships and even find trusted allies.

“Of course not,” Octavion replied. “The people in those worlds have emotions and desires just like us-they are not mindless killing machines. However, once we step into their world, we become outsiders, intruders. To them, we are a threat, and the only outcome is a fight for survival. This is why many celestial cultivators who remain in those worlds to cultivate are constantly in danger.”

Jared fell into deep thought. He was beginning to grasp the reality of the Celestial Stairway.

“Enough thinking. Once the stairway appears, I’ll take you there, and you’ll see for yourself,” Octavion said, watching Jared’s contemplative expression. Then, after a brief pause, he added, “But there’s something else I need to ask of you...”

Jared frowned. “What now? Just because you’ve shared all this with me doesn’t mean I’ll agree to everything you ask.”

“Relax, I wouldn’t ask for anything unreasonable,” Octavion assured him. To Jared’s surprise, Octavion suddenly pulled out a dagger. It was completely jet black, its surface etched with intricate, cryptic symbols that seemed to pulse with an eerie energy. Then, without hesitation, he extended it toward Jared and said, “Use this dagger... to kill me.”

“What?” Jared almost shot up from his seat.

“Are you out of your mind?”

Has he lost his senses? Why on earth would he ask me to kill him?

Octavion offered a reassuring smile. "Relax. I'm not asking you to actually kill me. I sought you out, but not to fight. It's because I want to live. What I need you to do is use this dagger to sever a strand of my soul. That will extinguish my bodily spirit lamp in the Tenth Hall. Once the lamp goes out, it will be assumed that I'm dead, and I won't have to return there anymore. If my bodily spirit lamp remains lit in the Tenth Hall, but I fail to return, it will be seen as an act of betrayal. When the Celestial Palace's enforcers come to investigate, not even my father will be able to protect me."

**A Man Like None Other Chapter 4693** – Upon hearing this, Jared immediately understood how the Tenth Hall had known about Tavon's death so quickly and why they had sent Octavion after him.

"Severing a strand of your soul without harming your body or cultivation... that's no easy feat," Jared muttered, his brows furrowing slightly.

Octavion let out a chuckle. "Of course it's difficult. If it were simple, I wouldn't be asking for your help. But don't worry-I'm not expecting you to do it for free. I have a special piece of armor-exceptionally durable and capable of enhancing your strength. It was a gift from my father, so precious that I couldn't bring myself to wear it."

With that, he opened his palm, and a black box materialized seemingly out of thin air. He placed it in front of Jared.

"How generous." Jared eyed the box skeptically, finding it hard to believe that Octavion would part with something so valuable.

Octavion chuckled. "Of course. I'm quite generous when it comes to friends," he said with a confident smile.

Jared shook his head. "I don't want-"

"What? You don't want to help me?" Octavion interrupted, his expression turning surprised.

"I'll help you," Jared clarified, "but I don't want the armor."

Octavion frowned. "Are you afraid of owing me a favor?" He couldn't understand why Jared would refuse such a prized gift.

"It's not that," Jared replied casually. "I just think your armor is... average."

"Average? This is-" Octavion's mouth opened to argue, but before he could say anything, his eyes widened in shock. A shimmering golden glow suddenly radiated from Jared's body, and in the next instant, brilliant golden scales materialized, covering him completely. Within moments, Jared stood before him, transformed into a figure resembling a golden-armored god of war.

Octavion was speechless, utterly dumbfounded by the sight.

“What the...” Octavion gasped, his jaw nearly hitting the ground.

Jared smirked. “Well? Do you still think your armor is better than my Golem Body?”

Without waiting for a response, he suddenly plunged the dagger straight into his own chest.

Clang!

A sharp, metallic ring echoed through the air as the dagger rebounded off his body, sent flying several feet away. Not even the faintest scratch remained on Jared’s gleaming golden scales.

“Hey! Stop that! Don’t ruin my dagger!” Octavion yelled, scrambling to retrieve it. He was still reeling from the shock-his sword had already been broken by Jared, and if this dagger was damaged too, he’d be left weaponless.

Picking up the dagger, Octavion muttered with a hint of embarrassment, “Fine, fine... your armor is indeed superior. I didn’t expect you to possess so many magical artifacts.”

Then, with a dramatic sigh, he added, “If only I were strong enough to defeat you... I would’ve ended you right here and now, and all those treasures would be mine!”

After Octavion finished speaking, he once again extended the dagger toward Jared.

Jared took it with a faint smile, his gaze sharpening. “You’ve got guts, saying something like that. Aren’t you afraid I might actually kill you right here and now?”

“You won’t,” Octavion replied with unwavering confidence.

Almost immediately, a faint mist began to rise from the top of his head-his soul slowly separating from his body.

Jared wasted no time. With a swift motion, he brandished the dagger, its runes flaring to life with a radiant glow. The blade sliced cleanly through the mist, severing Octavion’s spirit. The remnants of his soul gradually dissipated, fading into nothingness.

Octavion staggered slightly, his face turning noticeably pale, his aura weakened. Yet, a satisfied smile lingered on his lips.

“Thank you,” he murmured, his voice carrying both relief and gratitude.

“Octavion! Octavion!” Lorelei suddenly burst into the room, her expression tense as she hurried toward him.

She had sensed the sudden weakening of Octavion’s soul. The moment her eyes landed on his pale face and feeble state, she turned sharply to Jared, hostility flashing in her gaze.

Jared, unfazed, stood up to leave. "I'll leave you two to talk."

Lorelei instinctively moved to stop him, intending to demand an explanation, but Octavion reached out and held her back.

"I was the one who asked Jared to sever a strand of my soul," he said with a faint smile.

"Now that my bodily spirit lamp is extinguished, we don't have to return to the Tenth Hall. And more importantly, the Celestial Palace won't send their enforcers after us."

Lorelei crossed her arms, her brows knitting together. "You're unbelievably reckless," she scolded. "Entrusting your life to a stranger like that? What if he had harbored ill intentions? You could've been killed!"

"Don't worry," Octavion reassured her with a soft smile. "If he had any intention of killing me, I wouldn't be standing here right now. Now, we can finally be together. No one will ever tear us apart again." With that, he pulled Lorelei into his embrace, and lowered her onto the bed.