

A Warrior Undefeatable

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The idea that Jared-once a hunted cur on level six-could stride into level seven and obliterate a Soul Urn felt impossible. Even a fragment of the Soul Devourer's power was more than most level-six cultivators could fathom, let alone overcome.

That ancient fiend's cruelty was legend, its methods whispered to chill marrow. For Chance to escape such clutches hinted at hidden forces-secrets Drystan could neither explain nor ignore.

"There is no time." Drystan straightened, resolve crystallizing behind storm-dark eyes. "This must reach Enaricus immediately."

He understood the stakes: one wrong decision could topple halls and dynasties alike, and he dared not shoulder that consequence alone.

Drystan's mind raced. Jared had not only shattered the Soul Urn; he had likely uncovered the covert alliance between the Celestial Palace and the Malevolent Path Hall. Should that truth spread, arrows from every faction would converge, drowning the Celestial Palace.

He strode into the silent nave until he stood before the Communications Array, its runes burning like a portal cut from starlight, humming with distant promise.

His fingers flew, weaving seals too quickly for the eye to follow, movements etched into muscle and marrow by a thousand relentless drills.

At the final sign, he poured a lance of urgent aura into the circle; it slithered away like quicksilver, vanishing the instant it touched the incandescent lines.

"Mr. Hexford, what matter drives you to disturb me so urgently?" The question rolled from the array, deep and commanding.

The voice felt as if it had dropped from the vault of heaven itself, heavy with authority that brooked no refusal.

"Mr. Enaricus!" Drystan bowed so deeply his breath scraped the floor. "Jared Chance is alive. He has reached level seven and destroyed the Soul Urn we traded for with Evil Path Hall!"

For a long, ragged moment, no answer came; the silence itself seemed to burn. Follow current novels on Find[N]ovel.net

"Jared Chance... not dead?" The simmer in Enaricus' tone threatened to spill into open fury. "So Onneas truly led his men through level six and plucked those captives from the Soul Devourer's grasp?"

Enaricus had known Onneas had descended with an elite force, yet their fate had been a blank spot in every report. The blank was now filled: Onneas had beaten the Soul Devourer, letting Jared survive to reach level seven.

What Enaricus still did not know was that the Fire Spirit Lord's hidden hand had tilted that battle.

Drystan dared not speak; head lowered, shoulders trembling beneath the weight of his superior's reproof.

He understood that any excuse offered now would only feed the flames.

"Stabilize the situation. No one learns of this-understand?" Enaricus ordered, voice suddenly chilled to iron. "I will negotiate with the Malevolent Path Hall myself. Shadow Jared's every move the instant you see him, do

nothing-inform me at once. I am dispatching Cormac to assist you. This time, Jared Chance leaves level

seven only as a corpse."

"Understood!" Drystan answered, clutching the order like a drowning man grips driftwood.

The array's light winked out, restoring the hall to a deceptive calm that throbbed with unseen currents.

But beneath that stillness, the waters of mutiny already churned.

Across level seven, within the branch stronghold of the Malevolent Path Hall, the air was no less suffocating.

The grand elder of the Malevolent Path Hall, Stebarin Hemato, lounged upon a throne of basalt black as midnight, its surface cold enough to birth frost.

Between his fingers rested the shattered halves of a jet-black token the last signal sent by Scarface before oblivion claimed him.

A token broken meant a life erased, a star that had fallen beyond the reach of dawn.

Below, several disciples who had fled the Soul Convergence Altar knelt, shivering like sparrows in a

winter

Gale. Their stammered report

of the Urn's destruction spilled out in

fits of terror and despair.

"Jared Chance reached level seven this quickly?" Stebarin's voice cut through the hall like ice, eyes blazing with murderous intent.

A Warrior Undefeatable

That killing intent hung so thick it seemed to leech warmth from the very stones beneath their knees.

The Soul Urn had always been the beating black heart of the Malevolent Path Hall. Inside that bone-white vessel drifted nearly a thousand shimmering soul threads each one a captive whisper torn from some unlucky cultivator, each one refined into raw power the hall intended to swallow and wield.

Now the urn lay in smoking shards, and the harvest of souls had scattered like ash on the wind. For Stebarin, the loss struck like a hammer to the ribs; his grand design staggered, and fury rushed in to fill the gap.

Worse still, his people had already paid the Celestial Palace in mountains of celestial gems to keep the urn fed. It had been days—perhaps hours—from reaching capacity, and then, at the very brink of success, everything had gone catastrophically, irreversibly wrong.

Back on level six, the moment Stebarin sensed the Soul Devourer's defeat, he slipped into the shadows and fled up to level seven without a sound. He had consoled himself with the thought that Jared would need weeks-months, even- to breach this higher realm. Yet here the man stood, arriving like a thunderclap far sooner than any calculation should have allowed, turning every one of Stebarin's careful estimates into dust.

"Sir, Jared Chance didn't just smash the Soul Urn. He absorbed every last soul thread inside it to fuel his own cultivation!" The kneeling cultivator's voice shook so violently that it scraped the air. Terror hollowed out his face, as though Jared were already at his back, blade raised for the kill.

"What?" Stebarin's single word crashed through the hall like a falling mountain.

He surged to his feet. Oily black mist poured from his pores, twisting into tendrils that clawed across the vaulted ceiling like the arms of some waking demon.

The notion of siphoning souls for personal ascension was a secret art even most Demonic Cultivators dared not attempt—an abomination whispered about in night-hushed corridors. That Jared could wield it proved the man hid more forbidden mysteries than Stebarin could count.

A tremor of unease slid beneath his rage. How many other secrets does that man carry under his skin?

"Spread my command! Turn level seven upside down if you must, but bring me Jared Chance. Alive if possible—dead if necessary, but I will lay eyes on him either way!"

The command boomed through the chamber, thunder echoing off stone.

"Yes, sir!" the gathered cultivators roared, eyes flaring with ruthless resolve, every one of them suddenly a soldier marching toward war.

Boots hammered the marble floor as they whirled and vanished into the outer corridors, their retreating footsteps a volley of urgent drumbeats that faded into silence.

Stebarin drew his cloak around his shoulders and strode after them. He had a visit to pay to Drystan of the Sixth Hall. Jared was a shared thorn in both their sides, and with the Soul Urn destroyed, every term of their clandestine bargain would have to be written anew—this time in sterner ink.

"Jared, where do we head next? I'd wager the Celestial Palace and the Malevolent Path Hall are combing every inch of this realm for us right about now."

A barren plain stretched beneath a slate-gray sky. Wind hissed across cracked earth as Flaxseed hurried to keep pace with Jared Chance, dusty robes snapping at his ankles.

They had slipped out of Blackwind City before dawn. By now, the streets they'd left behind would be a tangle of panic and rumor, every alley echoing with their names.

"First, we find the Sixth Hall's stronghold," Jared said, eyes fixed on the horizon. "We burn it to the ground, and only then do we pay Sinister Path Hall a visit."

His voice carried the calm certainty of a man announcing the weather.

At Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five, Jared considered Drystan little more than an inconvenience, a candle to be snuffed with a breath.

Across all of level seven, few cultivators nudged past Human Immortal Realm Level Three, and those who did would still flinch before the Dragonslayer Sword, the Divine Bow, or the fire unicorn that answered Jared's call.

But treasure, not merely conquest, lured him toward the Sixth Hall. If the Malevolent Path Hall traded the art of refining spiritual stones into, celestial gems, then Drystan's Vaults had to be brimming with finished gems ready for barter-wealth that could shorten years of cultivation to mere days. Updates are released by Find_Novel(.)net

That trade had flourished, hidden in the dark, for a full century. Who could guess how many lower worlds lay shackled, their people forced to mine and refine so the Celestial Palace and the Malevolent Path Hall might grow fat on stolen brilliance?

Jared's jaw tightened at the thought. I'll see those chains broken—or melted down into blades.

Jared had long since realized that power alone would never be enough. Every new plateau he reached inside the Pentacarna Tower devoured resources the way a raging furnace swallows coal.

For an ordinary cultivator, a pouch of spiritual stones might last months. Jared burned through entire hoards in one sitting, each advance multiplying his appetite a thousandfold. So he had made

himself a single, unshakable

promise: whatever the price, he

would keep the furnace fed.

Here on level seven, few could challenge him. That made gathering supplies almost easy-almost.

But once he stepped into level eight, maybe even nine, danger would chew at his heels day and night. There, scavenging would mean gambling with his life—and wasting precious time he did not have.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Let's move," Flaxseed murmured, voice thin against the wind.

Jared answered with a curt nod. Together, they leaned into the gale that ruled the wastes and set off.

Across the open flats, the storm howled like a pride of starving beasts.

Sand-sharp as needle-thin silver-slapped their faces until the skin throbbed and their lips tasted iron.

They had hardly left Blackwind City by five hundred kilometers when the wind carried a new sound-steel ringing, men cursing, throats roaring for blood.

"Someone's fighting up ahead." Flaxseed squinted into the blur, pupils narrowing like a predator scenting fresh kill.

Following the racket, his gaze settled on a shallow bowl-shaped hollow just beyond a ragged rise.

Two rival bands of cultivators tore at one another in that natural arena, their skirmish so fierce the air quivered.

On one side, warriors in slate-blue jackets swung long blades that hissed through the gloom-every stroke born to kill.

Opposite them, men in rough black tunics answered with iron fists that cracked like battering rams.

Both groups circled a small spring shrouded in drifting white mist, eyes glittering with the hunger of wolves.

The spring was scarcely a few feet across, yet a pearly glow pulsed beneath the surface, bright as starlight caught in liquid glass. Threads of pure, thin celestial energy curled through the air—a fragrance no cultivator could mistake.

"Perfect," Jared said, almost to himself. "I happen to need celestial energy."

A brief, confident smile played across his face, as though fate itself had booked this meeting on his behalf.

Without another word, he strode toward the hollow, each step steady, claiming the ground as if it belonged to him and always had.

Flaxseed hurried to match his pace; he knew exactly what that quiet smile meant.

The celestial spring's energy was gentler than what flowed from celestial gems, yet far cleaner-ideal for mending the power Jared had burned in Blackwind City.

They had barely reached the mouth of the hollow when half a dozen combatants wheeled to face them.

A blue-jacketed fighter, blade raised high, barked, "Where do you strays think you're going? This spring is ours! Turn around or die!" This chapter is updated by FindNovel.net

His shout cracked through the bowl like thunderclap after thunderclap. Opposite him, a broad-shouldered man in soot-black garb lowered his fists and ran a slow, contemptuous gaze over the newcomers.

Sensing Jared hovered only at Human Immortal Realm Level Five-while Flaxseed lingered barely at Level One-he sneered, certain they were insects beneath his boots.

"With toys like your cultivation, you really want a seat at this table?" he jeered. "Walk away now before our blood splashes over those nice clothes of yours."

The burly man in black let his words drip with lazy contempt, as though Jared and Flaxseed were no more than two insects he might crush beneath a wandering boot heel.

Jared stopped where the path narrowed, his gaze sliding toward the spring that shimmered at the hollow's heart.

The spring itself was little more than

a fist-sized eye in the stone, yet curls of silver mist drifted upward like weightless ribbons, dancing across the air in slow, hypnotic swirls.

One draft of that essence will anchor Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five so completely that not even a storm of voidfire could shake me. As he calculated, the thought was cool and precise behind steady eyes.

"Two whole squads slaughtering each other over one celestial spring feels tragically small-minded. Yield it to me instead. No need for more broken bones—agreed?"

His tone was water-still, yet an iron gravity rolled beneath each syllable, as if the words themselves were royal decree.

A Warrior Undefeatable

The two factions burst into jeering laughter, the sound sharp and ugly, like stones rattling down sheet metal.

"Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five? Please—you should borrow a mirror before you boast. We found the spring first. Why would we ever hand it over to you?" the teal-robed cultivator cackled, clutching his belly until he nearly doubled over.

The burly man in black spat at the ground. "You're tired of living, aren't you? I'll pound you back into the womb with one swing." The source of this content is FindN()vel.net

He lifted a fist the size of a boulder, letting the threat hang in the air.

Beside Jared, Flaxseed's fingers darted toward the talismans hidden in his robe,

but Jared raised one calm hand, halting him. No flicker of emotion crossed Jared's face; the scene unfolded exactly as he had foreseen.

Jared turned his palm downward and pressed gently at the empty air.

A low hum-deep as a temple bell-rolled outward.

Invisible pressure flooded the hollow, a storm cloud made of pure force settling over the valley.

It felt like some primeval beast had opened its eyes after a thousand-year sleep, promising to tear sky from earth with a lazy breath.

The mockers' grins froze. Color drained, knees buckled, and every man sank as if a mountain had been set across his shoulders.

"W-What kind of force is this?" the teal-robed cultivator gasped. His sword clattered from numb fingers, and each breath scraped his lungs like broken glass while his legs trembled toward collapse.

Terror swam in his widening eyes-terror that the world itself might be ending.

The burly man fared no better. He

clenched his teeth until blood beaded at the gums, trying to muster even a spark of spiritual energy but the weight smashed every channel flat. He stared at Jared-disbelief curdling into raw dread. No Earthly Immortal should command power like this; only devils from the deepest hells could.

"Now," Jared asked softly, "does anyone still think I'm unqualified to claim the spring?"

The words were quiet, but they cracked through the hollow like thunder striking stone. Every cultivator went snow-pale, shaking so hard their armor rattled, and not a single voice dared rise in reply.

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A breath ago, they had plotted to drive Jared and Flaxseed from the mountain hollow. Now the truth struck them like winter thunder. Jared was no ordinary Earthly Immortal but a predator who had kept his claws sheathed and they were lambs penned for slaughter under the weight of his aura.

"P-Please... spare us!"

The man in the teal robe was the first to break. With a dull thud, he dropped to his knees, scrambled forward, then bolted downslope, limbs flailing as if some unseen beast tore at his heels.

"T-Take the celestial spring, all of it—it's yours!" he screamed while running, terror shredding his voice.

Panic rippled through the rest. Weapons were abandoned where they fell. One after another, they crawled and tumbled out of the hollow, desperate to escape before Jared's silence turned lethal.

Moments later, only Jared, Flaxseed, and the mist-wreathed celestial spring remained. A breeze teased the white vapor above the water, the drifting wisps whispering of the frenzy that had just torn through the clearing.

Flaxseed chuckled, low and pleased. "These people are really stubborn. They forced you to do things the

hard way. If they had known younet

were this strong, they wouldn't have been so arrogant," he said, admiration gleaming in his eyes. Content