

A Warrior Undefeatable

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A Warrior Undefeatable

That laugh carried unspoken reverence. To Flaxseed, Jared was a storybook hero brought to life—an indomitable shield against every hidden knife this perilous world could raise.

Jared offered no reply. He walked to the spring, folded his legs, and settled beside the luminous pool.

With a casual flick of his wrist, the Black-White Flame blossomed above the springhead, encircling the water in a living corona of shadow and light.

The twin-toned fire danced, alive and hungry, breathing out a power that hummed like distant starlight.

Drawn by that flame, threads of pure celestial energy rose from the pool, slipped past Jared's nose, and streamed into him. Inside, the energy found a home, nourishing meridians with the tenderness of spring rain.

With every pulse, his aura thickened, solidifying the foundations of his Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five cultivation.

His spirit power compacted, reforged-iron hammered into steel.

Even the faint fissures left by the reckless act of absorbing souls smoothed away, melting like frost beneath the new sun.

Flaxseed stood guard, eyes sweeping the ridges, ready to trade his life for Jared's silence if need be.

He was a lone sentry before a sacred rite, spine straight, resolve harder than the crags underfoot.

An hour slipped by. The last breath of celestial energy left the spring, its water losing its radiant sheen until it looked no different from any mountain pool.

The hollow grew quiet again, as though nothing extraordinary had ever happened.

Jared opened his eyes. A razor flash of light cut the dusk, then faded, leaving calm far deeper than before.

His presence settled—an unmoving peak, ancient and sure.

"Well?" Flaxseed hurried closer, concern and anticipation wrestling across his face. Jared's strength was their lifeline, and he needed to hear good news.

"I'm steady now," Jared said, voice even.

He rose and stretched, joints whispering, every muscle answering like a well-tuned bowstring.

"This spring may be small, but it bought us time," he added, gaze already measuring distant horizons "yet the dumb to Earthly immortal Level Six will cost far more than mist and luck."

Resolve hung on Jared's voice like tempered steel, and in that ring of confidence lived the promise of a day when he would tear past his current limits and stand in an even higher realm.

He tipped his head, eyes narrowing on the desolate horizon. The stare was so deep it seemed to tunnel through time itself, fixing on a future only he could glimpse.

"Let's move. We keep hunting for the Sixth Hall. Once the celestial gems are ours, the breakthrough will be right around the corner."

The words were spoken softly, yet they rippled with power—a call to arms that lifted both his own spirit and Flaxseed's in the same breath.

Flaxseed answered with a sharp nod, then fell into step beside him.

The wind on the wasteland lashed their faces raw, but it could not smother the fire in their chests. That fire burned bright enough to light every unseen mile ahead.

Danger lay thick on the road, yet

whenever Jared walked beside him,

Flaxseed felt an unshakable calm.

Tom, Jared was alodestone the

single point of certainty in a world forever tilting toward chaos. Newest update provided by Find-Novel.net

Jared knew it too. If he hoped to expose the scheme linking the Celestial Palace and the Malevolent Path Hall, and if he wished to shield Onneas, he had to grow stronger-fast.

Only by amassing true power could anyone survive on level seven, let alone protect what mattered most.

So he marched on like a lone traveler on a thorn-strangled path, prepared to bleed but never to turn back.

Behind him, he felt invisible

eyes-people waiting, people believing and he promised

everyone of them he would not fail.

He had to climb high enough to

big seize his fate, high enough foredraw the rules of the realm.

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On the wasteland, the sandstorm raged on. Gale-fed grit howled like rabid beasts, careening across the open emptiness. The roar sounded ancient- a primeval monster that commanded awe even before it was seen.

Jared forged the lead, Flaxseed a step behind. Every stride buried their boots, and each new lift felt heavier than the last.

Needles of sand peppered their skin, drawing pinpricks of pain, yet they never slowed.

Days bled together, and still not a whisper of the Sixth Hall surfaced.

Out here they were no bigger than twin grains of sand, tossed whichever way fate fancied.

This wasteland on level seven felt forsaken- the very air starved of celestial energy, the ground a testament to cruelty.

Little wonder rival factions had nearly killed each other for a single trickle of a celestial spring.

Jared could not guess how wide the desert sprawled, or when it would end. He wanted to fly out, but it would drain the spiritual energy he could not spare.

With supplies thin, he saved every drop of strength he could whenever death was not nipping at his heels.

"Jared, we've been walking for days," Flaxseed shouted over the wind. "I haven't even seen another traveler, never mind the Sixth Hall."

He dragged a sleeve across his sand-caked face, frustration etched in every line. The desert had split his already weathered skin, leaving it dry and raw beneath the grit.

Jared halted, scanning the endless waste with a furrowed brow, weighing paths that existed only in his mind.

Jared stood in flowing white, a lone island of calm amid a wasteland whipped raw by relentless wind.

He had assumed that locating

Celestial Palace's hidden Sixth Hall would be simple-any power that formidable should cast a long shadow. Yet the days crawled by without a trace. It felt as if the sixth Half existed only in bedtime legends, a mirage spoken of by ghosts. NEW novel chapters are published on find[N]ovel.net

"Seems the Sixth Hall really has buried itself well-or everyone out here is too afraid to whisper its name Jared said. His voice rode low under the gale steel-hard and, unquestionable.

During their wandering, they passed a handful of cultivators.

Each traveler hurried past, eyes darting over their shoulders as though something monstrous hunted the dunes behind them.

Whenever Flaxseed dared mention the Sixth Hall, strangers either shook their heads or bolted, terror snapping their remaining words in two.

Once, an elderly man-his smile as gentle as morning tea-paused to chat. The instant Jared asked about the hall, blood drained from the man's face. His lips quivered, hand's flapping in frantic denial before he whirled away, sprinting as if fangs scraped his heels.

"This isn't working. We need a different approach," Flaxseed muttered, frustration cracking the swagger he usually wore like perfume.

He knew Jared required mountains of celestial gems to breach his next realm, yet they could not even find the hall that guarded those riches.

If we keep stumbling blind, Jared's breakthrough will stall—and the souls of my clan will drift further from rescue.

Every lost hour tugged at Flaxseed's chest; delay meant threads unraveling, dangers multiplying in the dark.

Suddenly, a woman's scream cleaved the wasteland-sharp, terrified, urgent.

"Help me! Let go! Who are you?" The voice rang again, thin but unmistakable. Even beneath the roaring wind, the plea carried straight to Jared and Flaxseed, clear as a bell at midnight.

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Flaxseed's eyes sparked the moment he heard the woman. He snapped his gaze toward a distant earthen ridge.

Behind that crumbling slope, several silhouettes wrestled, sand trickling down the ragged face.

"Jared, listen—someone's in trouble!" he shouted, already lunging forward before any reply could form.

The wind staggered him, yet desire and adrenaline drove his feet.

It had been far too long since Flaxseed had tasted female company. A rescue might earn more than gratitude; perhaps grateful arms would soothe the ache that tightened inside him. For a man accustomed to nightly dalliance, this drought had become its own torment-one only he fully understood.

"Flaxseed, slow down!" Jared called after him, yet the older man kept marching through the dunes. Jared sighed, shook his head, and finally trailed along.

The last thing Jared wanted was a fresh problem. Out on this wind-scoured wasteland, he still hadn't straightened out his own mess, much less anyone else's.

But Flaxseed was already barreling toward trouble, and Jared could not, in good conscience, let him go alone. If something ugly hit, Jared would have to wade in anyway.

Besides, Flaxseed lost every shred of restraint the moment a woman entered the picture. Jared had once seen him leave two women unable to walk for an entire night-hardly the rescue this wilderness maiden deserved.

Minutes later, Jared crested a sandy rise. Below, two burly cultivators in tight black fighting gear clamped their fists around a young woman's arms, dragging her across the dust.

Her white dress flared like a fallen petal against endless ochre dunes, so bright it hurt the eye.

She was striking-brows slender as willow leaves, eyes bright as winter stars. Now those eyes blazed with terror and fury while she twisted against iron grips.

The men loomed over her, faces twisted, pupils glimmering with something unclean that seemed to sour the very air.

"Let me go! Do you even know who I am? My master will hunt you to the ends of the earth!" the woman shouted. Her voice quavered from fear yet rode a fierce undercurrent of steel, as though she refused to let panic drown her.

The black-clad captors didn't flinch. Their smiles only grew more vicious.

"Who are you people? Why are you abducting me?" She fought so hard that her slippers carved frantic half-moons into the sand.

"You've been spreading filthy rumors, telling the world our Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall steals souls under the cover of our rituals. Lies like that earn only one reward-death," said one of the black-clad cultivators. .net

"The Sixth Hall?" She froze, disbelief flooding her features. "You... You work for the Celestial Palace?"

"Precisely." The first captor nodded with chilling pride. "We'll deliver you straight to Mr. Drystan Hexford. He'll decide how you beg for mercy."

The second brute licked his lips. "Shame to hand over such a pretty toy too soon. We should have some fun with you first before sending you back."

"Exactly. We should have some fun first-she still looks untouched."

He reached to caress her cheek. She recoiled, horror widening her eyes.

From behind a cracked boulder, Flaxseed's face darkened, but instead of charging in, he crouched and watched, pupils gleaming with a perverse calculation.

Jared caught up, baffled. "Mr. Flaxseed, weren't you itching to play hero? Why are you hiding?"

"You don't get it," Flaxseed

whispered, eyes never leaving the struggling woman. "They're about to strip her frush in now, she'll still

have clothes on. Rescue her naked-now that's a reward. Nothing like gratitude from a lady with

nothing left to cover."

He gave a giggling, lecherous snort, utterly oblivious to Jared's spreading look of disgust.

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Jared shot Flaxseed a withering side-eye, the kind you give a friend who has gone one joke too far. Heat flickered behind Jared's calm gaze, but he kept silent -for now.

Under the rough hands of the two black-robed cultivators, the young woman's garments were yanked away, falling like wilted petals until her skin shivered in open air.

Flaxseed's eyes bulged. A silver thread of drool slid down his chin before he jerked his head up, wiping it away as if nothing had happened.

"Mr. Flaxseed, is that enough of a demonstration?" Jared asked, his voice cool. Flaxseed managed a brisk nod, throat bobbing.

"Stop right there! Broad daylight, and you're kidnapping a civilian? Have you no respect for the law?" With that roar, Flaxseed sprang forward. Though short and slightly stooped, he landed before the woman like a pocket-sized hero-yet his eyes still flicked, unwilling, toward the curves he claimed to defend.

Relief washed over the woman's face. She scrambled for her torn clothing, clutching shredded fabric against herself, barely hiding the most private places.

The two men in black robes recoiled, then sneered when they sensed only a faint ripple-Human Immortal Realm Level One.

"Where did this rogue cultivator crawl from?" one of them mocked, his tone dripping contempt.

"Listen, old geezer," the other growled, spiritual light crackling around his fist, "walk away before we grind you into the dirt with her."

Flaxseed puffed out his chest. "Not happening. Let the lady go, or I won't be polite."

He whipped out a fan of hand-drawn charms-precious inks, painstaking strokes. Normally, treasures to hoard, now trembling between his fingers as he braced for a fight, counting on Jared's silent presence at his back.

Both captors burst into laughter. "You? A first-level human immortal thinks he can posture before us?" Their mirth echoed like tin bells on cold stone.

The woman's hope dimmed. Realizing Flaxseed's cultivation was even lower than hers, her heartbeat climbed once more.

"Old geezer, thank you, but you can't beat them—please, save yourself," she whispered, voice tight with fear and gratitude.

Her words stung. Flaxseed's brows shot up. "Young lady, I may look seasoned, yet I'm no doddering grandpa."

"For the record," he declared,

sweeping an imaginary cloak behind him, "I am the prized disciple of Zalano of the Guild of

Theurgists-honorably affiliated with the Skywrath Sect!" Even as he boomed, he tightened his grip on those charms, ready to prove the boast with burning paper and righteous fire.

Flaxseed jabbed a crooked finger at the young woman, his voice ringing with wounded pride. "Every stranger I meet bows and calls me Mr. Flaxseed. Where do you get off calling me 'old geezer'?"

Flaxseed's grin faltered, and a vein twitched at the corner of his scarred forehead. The honorific mattered to him; to be demoted to "old geezer" meant the woman found him worthless.

Even if I save her, she still won't let me have any fun afterward, he brooded, the sour thought curdling his mood.

"Mr. Flaxseed, I'm so sorry. I truly didn't know you were so renowned!" the woman blurted, bowing so quickly her hair brushed the dust.

"I'll let it slide. Just stand back and watch-once I cripple these two punks, we'll talk again."

Chest thrust out, Flaxseed delivered the promise with the swagger of a man certain the world would oblige him.

"Old fossil, you must be tired of living!" one of the black-robed cultivators snarled.

The nearer attacker lunged. His fist tore through the air with a shriek, wind

spiraling around the knuckles like a miniature cyclone. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Gravel whipped up in his wake, swirling into a tiny vortex that hissed across the barren ground.

Flaxseed knew better than to meet that blow head-on. He pivoted hard, body angling like a reed in a gale. Despite modest cultivation, his footwork was nimble. He skipped sideways sprang backward, then ducked beneath the howling list a monkey flirting with a tiger.

"Jared! Quit gawking and lend a hand!"

He barked the plea while dodging another punch, beads of cold sweat flying from his bald scalp.

Flaxseed understood all too well that, alone, he was no match for the pair of black-clad bruisers.

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Truth was, his early swagger had rested on a single fact-Jared stood only steps away.

Yet Jared remained motionless, arms folded, watching Flaxseed's frantic dance with an almost amused curve to his lips.

"Are you still frozen, kid? Fine. After I'm done, you can have your turn!" Flaxseed shouted, skidding through another plume of dust.

Jared's brows knit. Talking about "taking turns" with the terrified girl made Flaxseed no better than the thugs they were facing.

The woman heard the implication too; her knees pressed together, a tremor of dread racing up her spine.

She realized then that Flaxseed's "rescue" might spare her life yet not her dignity; escape from disgrace seemed impossible.

"Stop!" Jared's voice cracked like lightning across the wasteland. In the same breath, he stepped forward, body flowing out of the wind as though he had always been part of it.

His eyes, cold and bright, fixed on the black-robed men-twin blades drawn without steel.

Startled, the two attackers recoiled; Jared's composure carried the weight of someone far above their pay grade. But a heartbeat later, duty reasserted itself, and the smirks returned.

A quick probe of his aura told them he was only an Earthly Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator. Their earlier fear vanished in an instant; a runt at that level, they believed, could be flattened with a flick of the wrist.

The taller of the two black-clad cultivators let out a contemptuous snort. "You don't deserve to know who we are. Walk away and mind your own business, or I will haul you off with the rest of these peasants."

Arrogance soaked every syllable, as though Jared were no more than an insect buzzing at the man's boots.

"Oh? So your background is supposed to impress me?" Jared asked, one eyebrow lifting in lazy contempt.

His lips curved into a thin, mocking smile. The expression carried an unmistakable note of disdain, as though he found their bravado quaint.

Irate at Jared's tone, the shorter man hissed, "Since you crave death, I shall oblige. Listen well. We are cultivators of the Sixth Hall of the Celestial Palace. Leave now, or blame yourself when we get rough."

"The Sixth Hall?"

Flaxseed's expression changed.

He had never imagined a random act of chivalry would drop the true quarry into their laps. For original chapters go to findovel.net

A flicker of surprise crossed Jared's eyes, then vanished behind his customary calm.

I spent months scouring the realm, and now what I'm searching for strolls right up to me.

After weeks of fruitless searching, members of the Sixth Hall now stood only an arm's length away.

Silent joy flared in his chest; at last there was a thread that could lead him straight to their door.

Seeing the change in their expressions, the two men in black assumed fear had taken hold and flashed smug grins.

"Well? Frightened already? Turn around and crawl while you still can. If we have
d and finger regret w

hit you harder than any blow."

His voice carried sharp menace, certain of an easy victory.

"Jared, these guys really are from the Sixth

wall. They might know

where that hall is hidden!" Flaxseed's warning came in an urgent whisper, eyes still wide with shock

Jared gave a slight nod; a glint like frost-stone flashed across his eyes.

He had longed for a reason to

smash the Sixth Hall, and they had obligingly

his doorstep.

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He remembered the price he had already paid searching for them and swore they would bleed double.

"Sixth Hall? Trash. Your lackeys are trash, and your hall master is trash all the same."

His voice dropped to iron. A blade-sharp aura burst from him and sliced through the still night air.

Pebbles skittered, and dry sand whipped into spirals around his boots.

The two men froze, their smug smiles cracking like cheap porcelain.

"How dare you? That mouth of yours just signed a death warrant!"

A hiss of energy coiled in the man's palm and shot toward Jared like a venomous serpent.

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The aura streaked forward like a viper, arrowing straight for Jared's chest.

Jared gave a curt, disdainful snort. With a lazy flick of his sleeve, a torrent of invisible force poured out of him—a tidal wave of power that slammed into the two robed cultivators.

The pressure gathered above their heads like a mountain carved from midnight stone. Every breath they tried to draw collapsed in their lungs, every tendon locked beneath a weight that felt geological.

"What—" The syllable scraped out of their throats, raw and panicked, before either man could think of anything wiser to say.

Color drained from their faces, and muscles twitched. Knees buckled until the pair hung partway to the ground, shivering as though winter had crawled inside their bones.

"Y-You... who are you, really?" one of them managed, the question quavering so hard it was barely a word at all.

Jared did not answer. He simply walked—slow and deliberate, the wind of the wasteland parting around his boots—each step a hammer-blow against the men's pounding hearts.

A single glance told him they sat only at Human Immortal Realm Level Two—children playing at war before a veteran general. They were never meant to survive him.

His footfalls thudded like drums. With every measured pace, their ribs rattled, as though his soles pressed directly on their chests.

"Speak. Where is the Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall?"

The command rang out like a bell forged from thunder—deep, resonant, and utterly unquestionable.

Terror rippled through the pair. Whatever scraps of courage they had evaporated beneath that single sentence.

"Mercy, please!" the first man babbled, voice cracking into a sob. "We... we're nothing but ordinary cultivators of the Sixth Hall. We scarcely know its true location ourselves!"

"He speaks truth!" the second added, shaking so hard his teeth clacked. "Only the upper echelons know its location. We're only grunts, nothing more!"

Irritation flickered behind Jared's eyes—a brief, sharp spark of disappointment.

He had hoped the chase might end here, yet these two were barely worth the breath it took to question them. Must I really keep scouring this endless plain?

Before the thought settled, the captive woman—still half-kneeling beside Flaxseed—lifted her chin. "Sir, I know where the Sixth Hall is located!"

Jared and Flaxseed turned as one, surprise sharpening their gazes. The howl of wind filled the brief silence.

"My name is Luna Linford of the Linford family in Eastshire District," she explained, voice clear and bell-like despite the gale. "Many from our district were shipped to the Sixth Hall by our lord. Question him, and you will have your path."
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"Oh? Your district lord knows?" Jared asked, interest kindling in his eyes.

A thin smile curved across his mouth—sharp and expectant—while the storm-lit wasteland seemed, for one charged heartbeat, to hold its breath.

Hope rekindled inside Jared, bright and crackling like dry pine catching flame. The prospect of finally tracing the hidden trail to the Sixth Hall of the Celestial Palace sent his pulse hammering.

Luna gave a small, definitive nod, loose strands of hair brushing her

cheeks. "Yes. But the entrance to the

Halls

Sixth Hall is buried so deep that

ordinary folk could search a lifetime. This chapter is updated by Find~Novel.net
and never glimpse its doors."

Flaxseed leaned forward, eyes gleaming through the dust always clinging to his lashes. "Can you take us to Eastshire District?"

Behind the playful grin he wore, Flaxseed's mind raced. If we find the hall, we could rake in a mountain of celestial gems, and with them, push Jared through his next breakthrough.

Luna hesitated, worry clouding her bright eyes. "I can take you, yes... but our district lord forbids outsiders beyond the gates. I'm afraid you might run into trouble."

Jared let his lips curl into a cool, almost lazy smile. "Is your district lord truly that powerful-powerful enough to bar strangers from setting foot in Eastshire?"

In Jared's view, only overwhelming strength could justify such an edict; without it, the decree was nothing but a joke.

Luna shook her head. "Not exactly. But he keeps friendly ties with the Celestial Palace. With the Sixth Hall backing him, few dare provoke him."

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Jared chuckled softly, piecing the pattern together. So the lord of Eastshire was funneling cultivators to the Sixth Hall—offering them up at so-called lectures, and in return pocketing favors he could only guess at.

He waved the notion aside like trivial smoke. "Take us anyway. If your lord slams the gates in our faces, we won't force the issue."

"Very well—if that's your choice, I'll guide you," Luna said, steeling herself.

She bit her lower lip, voice dropping to a tense whisper. "But we must tread lightly. Our lord trusts no one. I suspect he's trading with the Sixth Hall—shipping off our cultivators to them. Some vanish completely. Those who return stare into nothing, their minds and strength broken. I secretly investigated the matter as my father was taken away this time, but before I could find him, I ran into these two cultivators." THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY find•novel.net

Jared offered a gentle, almost pitying smile. "Your suspicions are dead on. Those so-called public lectures are a sham. They drain the soul itself into clay jars. After that, the victim turns dull, their cultivation frozen forever." Luna gasped, eyes widening. "How could you possibly know that?"

A quiet laugh slid from Jared's throat. "Because only days ago I smashed one of their altars—shattered the Soul Urn they were filling."

Astonishment washed over Luna; she had never imagined anyone daring to destroy the Sixth Hall's property. Throughout level seven, the Sixth Hall was a branch of the Celestial Palace—powerful enough that most cultivators would rather swallow humiliation than cross it.

Fury blazed across Luna's face; she ground her teeth so hard they nearly cracked. "Our district lord is despicable! That means my father may already be in danger. I'm taking you to him—right now."

Jared's gaze slid toward the two black-clad cultivators standing nearby. Now that they had overheard the entire plan, he could not allow them to live.

Cold intent flashed in his eyes—twin blades of ice.

The men sensed the shift; terror bled into their faces, their breaths turning ragged as prey cornered by a silent predator.

"Please—spare our lives! We know nothing, nothing at all. Have mercy on us, we beg you let us go!"

The two black-clad cultivators collapsed onto the coarse earth in unison, foreheads grinding into dust. Their shoulders shook violently, the way a lamb shivers beneath the butcher's shadow.

Jared stood motionless. A sliver of

cold purpose flashed behind his half-lidded eyes. He had never shown the Celestial Palace's Sixth Hall a fragment of mercy-and he would not start now. Every rumor of their cruelty flared in his memory, sealing an iron vow to settle the score.

Only the master of the Fourth Hall remained an exception to that rule.

"Since you serve that hall, you die here." Jared's voice fell like a verdict-quiet, final, and unarguable.

Twin tongues of Black-White Flame leaped from his fingertips, lashing forward like wrathful dragons intent on erasure. The fire swallowed the kneeling men before a scream could form, in a blink, they were ash, then dust, then nothing.

A wandering gust stirred the powder into the wide, barren sky, and the world looked exactly as though those men had never drawn breath.

Luna could only stare, lips parted. The sudden ferocity left her frozen. She had never seen Jared hesitate. He chose and he struck. Life and death bent to his will.

"S-Sir... y-you—" Her voice cracked, the words breaking apart like fragile glass.

Jared offered her a brief glance, eyes already cooling. The Sixth Hall is steeped in sin. Their deaths were overdue. Now, we head for Eastshire District. What has this man lived through to wield such power-and such resolve? Luna wondered to herself.

"We leave—Eastshire waits." Jared turned, ending the matter as though it weighed no more than dust on his boot.

Luna pivoted toward the eastern horizon. Flaxseed and Jared fell in behind her, three silhouettes swallowed quickly by drifting sand and restless wind.

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The wind still whipped dust across the open wastes as the trio pressed on. Luna led, steps light yet sure, moving as though the desert were mapped upon her heartbeat.

Flaxseed huffed, "How much farther to Eastshire's walls? My legs are singing their own funeral hymn."

Days of relentless travel had drained him, and the promise of finding the Sixth Hall drove an impatient spark through every weary muscle.

"Almost there," Luna replied, pointing to a rise of dunes ahead. "Cross that ridge and the city comes into view."

Moments later, the ridge broke, revealing colossal blue-stone ramparts spearing upward, sunlit faces gleaming like tempered steel.

Soldiers lined the parapets shoulder to shoulder. Every spear-tip tracked the horizon, as though the city itself awaited an unseen storm.

Dust swirled at the battlements' feet, yet not a single guard allowed the haze to dull his vigilance. Flaxseed scratched his beard. "All right, guys, how do we get inside that fortress?"

Flaxseed shifted the burlap sack on his shoulder and asked the question that had been troubling him since they first spotted the walls. He knew ordinary towns enforced strict entry rules. Eastshire District, rumored to plot with the Sixth Hall of the Celestial Palace, would be far harsher.

"I carry the Linford name," Luna explained, steady but cautious. "The gate wardens will open for me. The two of you, though, ought to disguise yourselves."

"Disguise?" Flaxseed echoed, bewilderment creasing his tattooed face.

"Exactly. If they spot strangers, we invite trouble we don't need," Luna said, lowering her voice.

"No need for costumes." Jared's tone was effortless. "We'll walk straight in."

Without waiting for agreement, Jared set off toward the iron-bound gates, boots ringing against the flagstones. Luna and Flaxseed traded a helpless glance, then hurried after him.

The sentries atop the archway snapped to attention the moment the trio approached, spears crossing to bar the road.

"Hold it! Identify yourselves," the lead guard barked.

His hawklike gaze raked over Jared and Flaxseed, suspicion sharpening every line of his face.

"I am Luna of the Linford family," Luna said, stepping forward with practiced grace. "These two are my companions. We seek entry."

The guard looked Luna up and

down recognized the family crest on

hepcloak and softened but only a little 'Ms. Linford, of course. But these two..."

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Before he could finish, Jared moved. An unseen force unfurled from him, as heavy as a mountain storm. Air bent, and every soldier felt their lungs seize under the invisible weight. Armor clinked as they threatened to buckle.

"Step aside," Jared said, voice low and immovable.

Compelled by raw instinct, the guards stumbled back, clearing the path.

Jared and Flaxseed strode through the gate as if the street already belonged to them, Luna hurrying to keep pace.

"Jared, why flash your power like that? Now every spy in the district will sniff us out," Flaxseed whispered once they were beyond earshot.

He smiled. "Precisely. The sooner they know we're here, the sooner the one we're looking for steps into the open."

"But that means the district lord will hear of us, too," Luna warned, fingers tightening around her cloak. "It would become dangerous."

"Dangerous?" Jared let out a mirthless laugh. "In Eastshire, nothing alive has the weight to threaten me." His words sounded arrogant, yet the iron certainty behind them left no room for doubt.

Luna and Flaxseed exchanged a silent agreement and fell in behind him.

Broad, spotless avenues cut through Eastshire District, flanked by elegant timber-and-stone buildings that whispered of old money. Merchants shouted prices, silk banners rippled overhead, and the scent of spiced pork mingled with

incense-prosperity painted in bold strokes.

Anyone unaware of the lord's alliance with the Celestial Palace would mistake the city for a haven of peace. NEW NOVEL chapters are published on findnovel.net

"So, where to first?" Flaxseed asked, adjusting the charm beads at his belt.

"Home." Luna decided after a beat. "I need to know whether Father has returned to the Linford residence."

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Jared gave a slow, deliberate nod, the gold flecks in his eyes catching the lantern-light. "All right," he murmured, each word tight with intent. "First stop-the Linford residence. We need to see the situation for ourselves."

Moments later, the trio slipped back into the night-dark streets, their footfalls quick yet unhurried, as though drawn forward by the same unspoken urgency. The Linford residence spread across an entire city block, its slate roofs and cedar pillars lit by muted lanterns that whispered of centuries gone. Every arch, every courtyard doorway, carried the hush of aristocratic history.

As Luna crossed the threshold with Jared and Flaxseed close behind, rows of liveried servants bowed deeply, their voices blending into a gentle chorus of welcomes that rustled like silk in the quiet halls.

Zachary hurried forward, his silver hair still perfectly parted. "Ms. Linfrod, you have returned!"

Luna tipped her chin in greeting. "Zachary, has my father come home yet?"

"Mr. Linford arrived only moments ago," Zachary answered, lowering his voice. "He is waiting for you in the study."

Luna's eyes brightened in an instant. "My father is really back?"

Zachary nodded once. "Yes, he returned only a short while ago."

Before another heartbeat passed, Luna was already racing toward the study, her skirts swirling like pale clouds. Jared and Flaxseed exchanged a glance and followed at a quieter pace.

Inside, a middle-aged man sat alone beneath a hanging oil lamp, his robe hanging loose around his thin shoulders. Shadows bit into the hollows of his cheeks, and exhaustion clouded the once-keen intellect behind his eyes. But even diminished, the lines of his face left no doubt this was Luna's father, Marvin Linford. Luna burst through the doorway. "Father!" Her voice quivered with relief and admiration.

Marvin looked up, a weary smile unfolding like dawn. "Luna, you're back."

But when his gaze drifted past her to Jared and the bespectacled Flaxseed, the smile froze, brittle as winter frost.

"And these two are?" Marvin asked, confusion furrowing his brow.

Luna stepped aside so her companions were clearly visible. "Marvin, these are my friends. They've come to help us."

Marvin considered that, a crease of puzzlement still etched between his eyes. "Help us? What trouble could possibly face the Linford family?"

Luna's color drained. "Father, don't you remember attending the Sixth Hall's public lecture?"

Marvin's eyes flickered with emptiness. "Sixth Hall... lecture?" He rubbed his temples. "I... remember going to some important gathering, but the details are gone."

The Sixth Hall harvested his soul. That must be why his memories are missing.

Marvin shook his head slowly. "Truly, Luna, it is all a haze. I recall the journey, yet nothing of what was discussed once I arrived."

The realization sliced through Luna like cold steel-Marvin's soul had indeed been taken. She pressed a trembling hand to her chest, fighting the swell of dread.

She lifted her chin with new resolve. "Don't worry, Father. We will find a way to restore your memories."

Marvin nodded, but the bewilderment in his gaze lingered like fog that refused to lift.

Jared and Flaxseed watched the exchange in wordless discomfort, neither eager to speak the grim truth.

Jared remembered seeing Marvin

back in Blackwind City, the night souls had swirled around, the plaza like startled birds before plunging into Jared's waiting palm. He had converted them into a cultivation resource without a second thought.

Those souls were gone forever; retrieving them was as impossible as coaxing smoke back into a burned-out candle.

Yet he could not bring himself to voice this to Luna. An uneasy silence wrapped around him, heavy and unspoken. Get full chapters from [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

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Marvin's soul what little remained after the carnage-had flowed into Jared like smoke drawn into a bellows. During that moment of panic the assembled cultivators, duped by shadowed effusion aurred their weapons on Jared. After such betrayal, he couldn't care less about them.

Flaxseed toyed with the tassel of his gourd and whispered, "So... what do we do now?"

Jared paused, brow knitted. "We go to the Eastshire Lord's Residence. Perhaps Lord Eastshire knows a solution."

"Yes—the lord sent my father. We must find him!" Fury burned across Luna's freckles, turning her usually gentle eyes into storm clouds.

The trio set off, boots ringing

against Eastshire's cobblestones as

dusk slid toward night. The Eastshare Lord's Residence loomed at the district's heart larger than the Linford residence and dripping with opulence.

Two rows of armored guards flanked the gate, gazes sweeping every passerby like whetted blades.

One guard thrust his spear across their path. "Halt! State your business."

"I am Luna of the Linford family," she said, stepping forward. "I demand audience with Lord Eastshire."

The guard's eyes flicked over her silk sleeves. "The lord is occupied with state affairs. No visitors."

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Outsider? I am Linford blood—hardly an outsider!"

Unmoved, the guard repeated, "Orders are orders. No exceptions."

Jared lifted a hand, gently but firmly stilling Luna before anger drowned reason.

He faced the guard and let a single word fall, cold as winter steel. "Move."

The unseen weight in that word crushed the guard's courage; he stumbled aside without thinking.

Jared and Flaxseed strode through the gate as if it belonged to them. Luna hurried after, skirts snapping against marble.

Gleaming pavilions and painted corridors surrounded them, yet none paused to admire. A storm was gathering, and each of them felt the first electric sting.

Inside the grand hall, the Lord of Eastshire, Marcus Eastshire, sat enthroned, draped in brocade, jade coronet catching torchlight.

A flicker of displeasure crossed her face when Luna entered with two strangers, but it vanished behind courtly calm.

Marcus's voice cut through the hush. "Luna, why have you brought these outsiders before me?"

"My lord, you personally dispatched my father and countless cultivators of Eastshire to the Sixth Hall. Many never returned. Those who did came back empty-eyed, their minds shattered. Why? What is truly happening there?"

A muscle jumped in the lord's jaw, yet his composure resettled like frost on stone.

"You dare interrogate me?" Marcus replied with a brittle laugh. "I send them so they may train under superior masters and bring honor to Eastshire. If some failed to return-or returned witless-that is merely misfortune, or proof their talent was lacking."

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Luna let a ragged laugh slip from the corner of her mouth. The sound cut across the vast reception hall like the scrape of steel on slate. Eastshire," she said, her voice suddenly sharp, "you can still pretend all you want. The so-called public lectures held by the Sixth Hall are nothing but soul-harvesting rituals in disguise. The cultivators whose souls you siphon are left witless-frozen in their own shells, their progress forever stalled. You have stood side by side with that hall, staining your hands with something no heaven could pardon, yet you dare speak of innocence?"

A flicker of panic crossed Marcus' eyes, there and gone as fast as candlelight in a draft. He drew a

steadying breath smoothed bet

Silken sleeve and answered with practiced calm. "I have no idea what fables you have swallowed, child. Someone has filled your head with venomous lies."

"Venomous" Luna began, but Jared lifted one hand. The simple gesture was quiet, decisive, and it sealed the rest of her words behind her teeth.

Jared spoke then, every syllable flat and cold as snowmelt. "Lord Eastshire, we did not come to trade barbs. We want one thing Tell where the Sixt Half keeps itself hidden. Comply, and you walk away untouched. Refuse, and-"He left the threat hanging, yet the weight of it pressed on every wall.

Color drained from Marcus' face. He shot to his feet so fast the chair legs shrieked across marble. One rigid finger leveled at Jared. "Who do you think you are, storming into my residence with such slander? Guards, seize them!"

At his cry, armored men poured in from every corridor until the three intruders stood on an island of tile amid a sea of drawn blades. Muscled shoulders bristled beneath chain vests, and hard eyes glittered with the promise of violence.

Flaxseed's laugh boomed like a drum. "These pups? You expect them to shackle us?" He produced a fistful of charms from his robe, crackling gold script already waking on the paper.

Jared lifted two fingers, and Flaxseed tucked the charms back with a reluctant shrug and stepped aside.

Jared's gaze swept the circle of soldiers, icy and unhurried. "Lord Eastshire, steel cannot cage us. Spare yourself needless suffering-reveal the Sixth Hall's location."

A brittle laugh escaped Marcus. "You? A reckless nobody? Enough. Whoever subdues them will be richly rewarded-go!"

The guards howled their answer and surged forward, blades catching torchlight in murderous flashes.

Jared exhaled. Power erupted from him like a silent quake. The oncoming soldiers slammed to a halt, chests heaving against an invisible avalanche. Air itself felt heavy, as though the hall had sunk beneath deep water.

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