

A Warrior Undefeatable

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"What-what kind of force is this?" one guard rasped, terror whitening his knuckles around his spear.

Even Marcus' practiced poise was shattered. His eyes went wide, pupils shrinking to pinpoints of disbelief.

All his rigorous drills and all the coin spent forging an elite retinue were undone by

a single breath from the stranger who now owned the room.

Jared advanced. Each step was a hammerblow. The marble beneath him shivered, fine cracks blooming in his wake.

Marcus staggered backward, palms flying up as though to hold his approach at bay.

"D-Don't come any closer!" he stammered, voice quaking. "The Celestial Palace protects me. Harm me and they will hunt you to the ends of the sky!"

Jared's answering smile was thin and grim. "The Celestial Palace? Good. I intend to settle accounts with them soon enough. You and that Sixth Hall have spilled more innocent blood than I care to count. Today, your ledger closes."

Marcus' throat worked. "Who... who are you?"

Never-never in all of level seven had anyone spoken so openly against the Celestial Palace. The question echoed inside his skull-what sort of man dared?

"Names are scraps of wind," Jared said, voice low. "The only thing that matters is whether you intend to guide us to the Sixth Hall."

Trembling, Marcus hesitated—then whispered, "I... I know nothing of their sanctuary. I merely obeyed the orders they sent."

Jared's eyes glinted with a blade-thin chill. "You don't know?" The words dripped like acid, each syllable a quiet promise of violence. A beat later, his voice dropped even lower, almost tender in its menace. "Then you've chosen the hard way."

He started forward, boots echoing against the marble floor of the council chamber, every step deliberate, like a judge crossing the courtroom to pass sentence.

"Wait, wait! I'll talk! I'll talk!" Marcus blurted, panic cracking his composure before it could fully form. The plea broke across the chamber, brittle and desperate.

He knew-down to marrow and spirit-that another heartbeat of silence would invite death. Jared halted, the temperature of the room seeming to plunge the instant he turned his stare on the trembling man.

Marcus sucked in a ragged breath. "Sixth Hall lies somewhere deep in the badlands, buried inside a solitary mountain peak. I swear, I only know the direction, not the exact location."

"Only a direction?" Jared repeated, the phrase rolling off his tongue like grinding stone. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON findnovel.net

Ice flashed behind his eyes. "Think carefully before you speak again, or suffer the consequences."

Words tumbled out of Marcus' mouth in a rush. "Northwest across the wastes. A giant peak, impossible to miss. Sixth Hallies in its heart. That's all I know-by the heavens, that's all!"

Jared gave a single nod, small as a knife tip. "For now, I'll accept that."

He pivoted toward the massive

doors. The dim torches lining the walls threw restless shadows over his shoulders. Luna blinked, momentarily stunned that Jared had spared the traitor. Still, she matched his stride. With her current strength, she could not attempt the execution herself.

Just as they reached the door, a spear of silver light shot from behind swift, vicious, hissing through the air like a desert viper.

"Jared-behind you!" Luna cried, her voice cracking the hush.

Jared didn't even turn. One casual sweep of his hand shredded the attack into harmless motes that fizzled out before touching his cloak.

He exhaled a thin, frost-cold breath. "You still dare to strike at me?"

Slowly, he faced Marcus and began walking back, each footfall now a tolling bell.

Color drained from Marcus' face, knees buckling. He collapsed, palms slapping the floor as he lowered his head to the polished stone. "Mercy-please, show mercy!"

Jared stopped one pace away. "You bartered your own people's blood to the Celestial Palace. Parasites like you have forfeited the right to breathe."

His palm descended-swift and final. Marcus' body crumpled without a sound. Life fled before his corpse struck the floor.

Luna's brows knitted. Her father's soul was still adrift-she had hoped this man might hold a shred of useful knowledge. We may have lost our last chance. She feared, bitterness prickling behind her eyes.

Sensing her worry, Jared spoke softly. "Only Sixth Hall will know whether your father's soul can be reclaimed. This puppet knew nothing but the strings that moved him."

Luna nodded once, resolve replacing doubt. "Wherever you go next, I'm coming with you-Sixth Hall included."

"We'll head there soon," Jared said. "But first, we stay in Eastshire District for two days. Food, rest, and basic human needs. After that, we move."

Flaxseed lurched forward, words tumbling out of him before anyone could draw a proper breath.

A Warrior Undefeatable

At the phrase "human needs," Luna's cheeks blazed scarlet. A single memory struck her like a hammer-the mortifying instant when she had stood totally bare, every inch of her exposed to both Flaxseed and Jared.

"Since the two of you... need some help with, well, men's matters," she whispered so softly the syllables almost died in her throat, "I can help you..."

Flaxseed's pupils glittered like coins in lamplight. "Really? Marvelous!" His excitement ballooned at once. "Jared, which of us goes first? Rock-paper- scissors? Winner takes the lead, loser waits outside and, I don't know, scrubs the pans afterward?"

"Count me out," Jared replied, shaking his head.

He admired Luna's looks, certainly, yet forcing desire on a woman went against every line he drew for himself. Jared had shared more nights than he could easily count, but only with women who had stepped toward him of their own accord—some even insisting on dual cultivation for power's sake while he remained a reluctant participant.

Flaxseed shrugged. "Suit yourself-then I won't be polite." Wiping a string of drool from his beard, he leered at Luna. "Ms. Linford, where shall we... entertain ourselves? Pick someplace cozy."

Luna blinked, then her blush deepened. "You-you have the wrong idea. When I said I'd help, I meant I'd summon two Linford maids. They're beautiful-and untouched-if that puts your mind at ease."

"Ah..." Flaxseed froze, realization dawning. She was not offering herself at all—only arranging company. A heartbeat later, he recovered, smacking his palms together. "Fine by me. Since Jared refuses, I'll take both maids, thanks kindly."

Luna dipped her head. "Follow me then."

She guided the two men back through the lantern-lit corridors of the Linford residence, summoned the butler, and soon delivered two wide-eyed maids to Flaxseed's chamber for his diversion.

Moments later, shrill feminine cries burst through the wooden door-proof enough that Flaxseed's pent-up energy was at last finding release.

Meanwhile, Jared remained inside the quiet guest room prepared for him, intending to rest until Flaxseed's storm had passed, after which he planned to seek out the Sixth Hall.

The latch clicked. Luna stepped inside, finding Jared seated on the edge of the bed. "Mr. Chance, was it because my maids did not meet your standards that you chose to abstain?"

"No," Jared said, giving a small, slow shake of his head. "I'm simply not interested."

"You saved my life," Luna murmured. "I ought to repay you. If maids hold no appeal, perhaps I can meet your need myself." Her fingers trembled as she loosened her sash. One sleeve slid from her shoulder, tears slipping free even as the silk fell. For original chapters go to FindNovel.net

Jared was handsome and

young-nothing in him repulsed

her-yet surrendering her body so vaguely, so suddenly, scraped against every private boundary she possessed Still, he had pulled her back from death's brink, and she could think of no richer gratitude than the only gift she fully owned.

back

"Luna, you misunderstand," Jared said, voice low but firm. "That was never what I wanted..."

Jared sprang upright, urgency snapping through his limbs as he hurried to settle Luna's discarded robe around her trembling shoulders. Tears were already shining on her lashes. No matter how fierce the heat in his veins, he could never press a weeping woman for more.

Besides, desire was a luxury he did not lack. If it ever grew unbearable, he could always return to level seven, where hundreds of devoted disciples from the Herb Sect-led by the fiery Artemis-still waited to exhaust him again. After that recent ordeal, dared doubted he would crave another encounter any time soon.

"Jared, do you think I'm... ugly?" Luna's voice quavered even as she forced a half-smile, unwilling to believe any man could resist a woman who had bared both heart and body for him.

"No-truly, no." Jared's words tripped over themselves. "I... I'm the problem. My strength... fails me." Unable to confess the truth, he lied-claiming a wound that had stolen a man's most private power.

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"Then don't despair," Luna whispered after a stunned pause. "Perhaps the cultivation art you practice is blocking your vigor. Try another method-change your technique-and you'll be fine again." Hope gleamed in her reddened eyes, as if she had handed him a lifeline.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"I'll give it a try," Jared murmured, nodding once, grateful for her kindness yet drowning in awkward relief.

Accepting his excuse, Luna gathered what remained of her dignity and slipped from the chamber, leaving the door to sigh shut behind her.

The moment she was gone, Jared exhaled a breath that seemed to drain every muscle. He had barely perched on the mattress when Dragonslayer-sheathed at his hip-shuddered. A pulse of white brilliance split the shadows like lightning.

A woman stepped forth from the light, graceful as moonlit frost.

"Zelda?" Joy burst across Jared's face. He caught her slender hands, clasping them as though he feared she might evaporate.

Zelda-the sword spirit bound to Dragonslayer-had remained in silent convalescence ever since her grievous injuries. Now, without warning, she stood before him whole, her aura bright and unbroken.

"Master..." Zelda's smile blossomed like dawn breaking over still water.

"Your wounds-truly mended?" Jared asked, voice rough with concern and wonder.

"All healed," she replied, nodding eagerly. "These days inside Dragonslayer felt endless. I watched you favor other women and nearly burst with envy. I have missed you beyond words." Her wide eyes shimmered with longing that stole the air from his lungs.

Jared read the unspoken plea in that gaze. He had planned to rest, but Zelda's need outweighed his weariness. Gathering her into his arms, he sank with her onto the mattress. Moonlight slipped past the lattice window, veiling the room as their figures melted into one another and the candles guttered to darkness.

Inside the Sixth Hall council meeting room, Stebarin sat brooding in a high-backed chair, shadows carving deep trenches along his grim features. Across the long

stone table, Drystan Hexford-lord of the Sixth Hall-regarded him in taut, foreboding silence.

"Drystan, with the Soul Urn smashed to dust, can you still deliver the souls we bargained for? Malevolent Path Hall has shown nothing but sincerity-we handed over mountains of refined celestial gems. Do not tell me our trust was misplaced."

Stebarin's voice cut the air, and his crimson eyes drilled into Drystan until the Sixth Hall master felt his very bones vibrate.

"Please, Mr. Hemato, be at ease," Drystan said, forcing a respectful bow. "I have already informed Enaricus of the mishap, and he has sent Cormac to help me hunt Jared down. As soon as that wretch is dead, I will hand over his soul to you personally. Compared with ordinary cultivators, the power contained in his soul is worth ten-no, a hundred of the others."

The words tumbled out in a single breath, as though speed alone could patch the widening cracks in his plan.

"Make sure you do," Stebarin

warned, his tone flat as a blade laid

against a throat. "That boy is no

easy prey. Back in level six, I watched him rally a rag-tag band against the Soul Devourer In the end experts from lever nine

descended to pull him out. Had I not run when I did, I would be buried there with the rest." Content originally comes from FindNovel.net

"Experts from level nine?" Drystan blinked, genuinely startled-he had heard nothing of the level six debacle. "Tell me what became of the Soul Devourer? Was his soul destroyed?"

"Hardly," Stebarin said with a slow shake of his head. "Someone spirited him away before the killing blow could land."

"And who, exactly, snatched him away?" Drystan asked, curiosity flickering through his fear.

"That is a question you'd be wise not to ask," Stebarin replied, voice dropping to a conspiratorial hush. "They are titans of Level nine; their names would mean nothing to you. Keep your mind on the

souls-nothing else. If our
partnership runs smoothly,
Malevolent Path Hall will see to it
that Enaricus ultimately claims the whole Celestial Palace."

"I understand. My men are already out scouring for fresh souls," Drystan said, pounding a fist against his chest in pledge.

Stebarin offered a curt nod, the crimson hems of his robe whispering across the tiles as he vanished through the doorway. Only then did Drystan allow himself a long, shuddering exhale, silently praying that Cormac would arrive before Jared did. If I have to face that man alone, I don't stand a chance.

At the Linford residence in Eastshire District, Flaxseed had indulged in revelry for three straight days, leaving two young maidservants utterly exhausted.

As the two men prepared to depart, Luna hurried after them, begging to accompany them to the Sixth Hall in hopes of reclaiming her father's soul.

Jared, however, declined. Luna's strength was far too meager, and dragging her into a battlefield would force him to shield her—an impossible burden.

"Should your father's soul still exist, I will bring it back," he promised, meeting her gaze without flinching.

But his soul is long gone. I absorbed it myself—fuel for my own road forward. Trusting his vow, Luna nodded and stepped aside, allowing the pair to leave. Leaving Eastshire District behind, Jared and Flaxseed followed the bearings provided by the district lord, carving a path northwest across the wilds.

A Warrior Undefeatable

A storm of sand howled like a rabid beast, sweeping across an endless expanse of barren earth that vanished into a slate-gray horizon.

Through that hostile void, Jared and Flaxseed pressed on without hesitation, eyes fixed on the jagged peaks clawing at the northwest sky.

"Jared, you really think the Sixth Hall is tucked inside those mountains?" Flaxseed asked, sand clinging to his beard as his brows knitted in doubt.

Jared gave a subtle nod, his voice steady and sure. "It should be true. In his situation, Lord Eastshire was a fish in a barrel-hardly bold enough to lie. From the way he panicked-and then tried so desperately to hide it-you can tell he's nothing more than a marionette. Whatever truth we're after, it's tucked away inside Sixth Hall."

"That's perfect!" Flaxseed's eyes flared with feral glee. "The moment we locate Sixth Hall, I swear I'm going to make those butchers pay. Harvesting cultivators' very souls-there's no punishment savage enough. I won't rest until every last piece of them is scattered to the winds."

Jared cast him a sidelong glance-cool, unreadable, and vast, the look of a man born to stand above the fray.

"Relax," he said, his voice as level as a steel blade, "their lucky days are over. Before me, every crooked path and twisted art crumbles like old clay."

Then, they headed west. With every mile, the land grew harsher, the horizon lonelier. The rightful source is find·novel·net

At first, a few skeletal shrubs clung to life, a rabbit darting here or there. Soon, even that hope vanished, leaving only rolling gold-brown dunes and a wind that slashed their faces like broken glass.

"Does anybody actually live out here?" Flaxseed muttered, using one hand as a flimsy shield against the swirling grit.

He hunched his shoulders, sand rattling across his cloak like hail on tin.

Jared stopped, spine straight as a spear. He pointed into the wind. "There-see that peak?"

Far on the horizon, a single black mountain stabbed upward, a titanic beast frozen mid-snarl. Even from this distance, it exhaled something cold and joyless, a promise that any Who came closer would be

swallowed whole.

"That's where Sixth Hall hides?" Flaxseed's throat bobbed. "Looks like every secret in the world is rotting inside that rock."

A shiver rippled through him despite the heat.

Jared nodded, expression carved

from ice. The air around that peak is thick with stolen souls. Anyone forged there is bound to be

monstrous but will still be defeated the moment they face me

They quickened their pace, sand hissing beneath their boots.

With every step the air grew heavier, as though night itself had bled into daylight—each breath a knife of frost.

"This place is strangling my power," Flaxseed groaned. "Feels like an invisible hand squeezing my bones."

Pain etched new lines across his weather-cracked face.

Jared smiled, contempt sharp as flint. "Sixth Hall built a

Soul-Convergence Array here. Ordinary travelers would be dust the moment they crossed its edge but arrays and evil forces are children's toys to me."

A final rise of sand revealed the mountain's foot.

A Warrior Undefeatable

A cavern yawned open at the base, runes like crawling green fire circling the lip-countless hungry eyes glaring from the stone. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON Find~Novel.net

Two guards in black robes stood motionless. Their faces were masks of wax, their eyes empty hollows, as if their else's souls had been harvested away.

"Halt! Identify yourselves!" one barked, the echo slicing through the canyon.

Flaxseed started forward, but Jared lifted a hand—an unspoken order heavier than iron.

Jared stepped ahead. Each footfall seemed to land directly on the guards' hearts. "We're the ones who've come to claim your worthless lives."

The instant Jared finished speaking, his aura exploded from him—a tidal wave of invisible pressure that roared across the mountaintop corridor. The two guards never even blinked. They were ants in a tsunami, pulverized mid-breath, bones and armor liquefying into a wet smear against the stone before a scream could form.

"Come on. We're going in." Jared's tone stayed flat, as if he had merely brushed aside dust rather than lives.

He pivoted and looked to Flaxseed with a mild nod, as though inviting an evening stroll instead of a plunge into darkness.

They stepped through the jagged mouth of the cave. A long passage stretched ahead, lit at intervals by sickly green oil lamps. Each flame shivered, ready to suffocate at any moment, throwing crooked shadows that crawled along the walls like restless spirits.

The tunnel ended at the summit's hollow crown—an enormous hall. At its center rose a stone dais, carved top to bottom with warped runes that emitted a glow of negative energy, the kind that scraped at the spine and whispered of graves.

A score of cultivators lay motionless upon that altar. Their eyes were sealed, faces ash-pale, and breath thin as spider silk—their very souls siphoned away until life clung by a thread.

Around them stood robed figures clad in black, low incantations rolling from their throats—thick, guttural syllables dredged from some hellish scripture. The cadence felt like con

chains being dragged across a crypt floor.

"So this is where they hide their filthy ritual," Flaxseed snarled, anger flaring in his eyes like furnace sparks. "People's lives mean nothing to these bastards. Tonight, they pay in blood!"

His voice trembled with fury, each word striking the damp air like flint on steel.

Jared's gaze sharpened, killing intent glinting colder than winter steel. "Your time has come," he said, every syllable a blade. "Under my sword, evil has no refuge."

He leaped—an eagle released from

the cliff-cutting a ruthless arc through the gloom, momentum crackling around him. The hall seemed to tilt beneath that single motion, as though gravity itself conceded his right of way.

The black-robed cultists wheeled toward him. Red light pulsed in their pupils—beasts possessed, stripped of self and driven only by the black magic's thirst.

"Kill them!" one of them screeched, voice thin and metallic enough to peel paint.

The order ricocheted off the vaulted ceiling.

As one, the men in black lunged—perfectly synchronized, the drill-craft of soldiers twisted to wicked purpose.

Yet before Jared, they were insects. His fists and heels crashed through ribs and skulls with

mountain splitting force. Every Strike flowed into the next—water over stone—hurling bodies across the marble like broken puppets.

Bones cracked, then silence; none of them managed to rise again.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Refusing to be outdone, Flaxseed whisked a cluster of glowing talismans from his sleeve. Incantations hissed between his teeth. He snapped his wrist, and the charms burst into streaks of gold that tore across the air toward the unconscious captives.

The streaks struck flesh and detonated in halos of clean light, shredding every trace of black magic clinging to the prisoners' spirits.

"Thank you, honored sir! You have saved our lives!" the newly awakened cultivators cried, dropping to their knees in frantic gratitude.

Flaxseed waved them off with exaggerated nonchalance. "Spare the thanks-run. In a minute, this place becomes a battlefield, and my friend's wrath is something you don't want splashing on you."

They needed no second warning, scrambling from the main hall like deer sensing a wildfire at their backs.

A heavy cadence of footsteps rolled out from the rear chamber-measured and ominous, as though death itself had decided to walk the room.

From the shadows emerged a man draped in a gold-edged robe. His face was lean, eyes venomous-every inch the hidden serpent now baring its fangs. He was Drystan Hexford, master of the Sixth Hall.

"So, Jared Chance-you actually made it," Drystan hissed, voice echoing through the chamber. "Two intruders dare storm my hall and disrupt my ceremony?"

The words reverberated off stone and rune alike, carrying a sovereign menace that threatened to crush the air itself.

Drystan's heart kicked against his ribs, a frantic drum he could not allow the others to hear. His face, however, remained a marble mask-cold, stern, and desperate to hide the tremor gathering behind his eyes.

Jared looked at Drystan the way a hawk studies a rodent already trapped beneath its claws. "Look at you," Jared said, voice low enough to frost the air. "Pretending to be fearless when you're terrified. Drop the act and kneel before me, and I might let you die quickly."

"You fools think you can kill me?" Drystan sneered, the veins at his temples pulsing. "I answer to the Celestial Palace itself. Cormac Kingsley, lord of the Fifth Hall, is on his way. It's your graves that are being dug, not mine."

"The Celestial Palace?" Flaxseed snorted, waving a dismissive hand. "Before Jared, even your so-called Celestial King isn't qualified to polish his boots. Believe me Drystar you

have no idea how small you look from where we stand."

"Easy there, Flaxseed," Jared coughed, shooting him a sideways glance. "Let's not oversell it."

Jared knew he was not yet ready to challenge the entire Celestial Palace, let alone the Celestial King.

After all, Onneas had genuinely aided him once.

"I'm only rattling his cage," Flaxseed chuckled, displaying teeth as sharp as broken glass. "Can't you see that he is two breaths from wetting himself?"

"Enough!" Drystan roared, the words tasting of bile. "Insult me again and I'll show you what fear truly is!"

He cracked open his core, releasing a tide of aura that swept forward like a midnight wave.

Air folded and hissed, compressed into sizzling ribbons that raced toward Jared and Flaxseed.

Flaxseed's grin vanished. He summoned a pale shell of celestial mist around himself, but the oncoming pressure etched hairline fractures across the fragile shield.

Jared did not budge an inch, eyes flat and glacial. "Not bad," he murmured, voice colder than the hall's marble floor. Shame you wasted it on the wrong opponent. In my eyes, you're nothing but trash."

His own aura erupted—an invisible mountain dropping from the heavens. The ornate tiles beneath their feet groaned as gravity itself seemed to double, all of it aimed squarely at Drystar

Drystan gasped as an irresistible weight pressed upon him. His knees buckled,

joints popping while he fought to keep his spine from snapping. Read full story at find-novel.net

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Your... your cultivation climbed again?" Drystan stammered, face white as chalk. "Impossible! No one advances that fast!" Content originally comes from findnovel.net

"Nothing impossible about it," Jared replied, tone flat. "Real strength is carved through talent and endless work, not stolen through your filthy little tricks."

With a crack of displaced air, he flashed forward, a thunderbolt in human form.

Panicked, Drystan flooded his meridians with celestial energy, but the gulf between them was an abyss he could not cross.

Jared's fist hammered into Drystan's chest—one perfect, devastating strike that seemed to ignore bone and armor alike.

Blood burst from Drystan's lips as he sailed backward like a broken kite, smashing into the floor hard enough to leave a crater.

A wet cough tore free-another spray of scarlet.

He tried to rise; his legs felt poured from lead, his body an unresponsive stranger.

"You..." Drystan whispered, terror eclipsing the pain.

"I promised you a swift death," Jared said, gaze indifferent.

He lifted his palm, lethal light gathering across the skin.

Sudden, hurried footsteps echoed beyond the hall's doors.

A tall man in flowing robes strode inside. His eyes were whetted steel, his presence a naked blade-Cormac, lord of the Fifth Hall.

"Drystan, what have they done to you?"

Cormac swept into the hall like a sudden thunderclap, his scarlet-trimmed cloak still shivering from the rush of wind that had carried him there. Though his bearing remained proud, a thin thread of urgency trembled in his voice when he demanded to know what had transpired.

Drystan-his brocade robe now torn, the blood at his temple already crusting-lurched forward as if salvation itself had just arrived. "Cormac, at last!" he cried, the words cracking with relief. "Kill them-kill them now! They ruined my rite. Look what they did to me!"

Cormac's gaze cut across the chamber and locked on Jared and Flaxseed. The look was twin daggers of cold appraisal, as though he meant to flay them open with nothing but his eyes. "You two," he said, voice low and lethal, "are you the ones who shattered the Soul Urn and butchered my people?"

Jared regarded him with a calm, razor-thin smile that never reached his eyes. "That's right," he said, every syllable soaked in contempt. "If you wish to keep breathing, I suggest you turn around and walk-no, run-far, far away."

Cormac's answering laughter rang off the vaulted ceiling-wild, echoing, and drunk on its own certainty. "Laughable," he thundered, the sound icocheting through the hall. You think an insect like you could end me?" The manic mirth lingered in the rafters, a derisive chorus underscoring his absolute

confidence.

Steel whispered free as Jared flicked his right hand. The Dragonslayer Sword dropped into his palm, runes skittering along the blade in pulses of deep gold. A muted dragon's cry swirled through the air-ever since the sword spirit had healed, its power had become a living storm inside the metal.

"Me alone," Jared said, lifting the radiant weapon, "is more than enough to consign you to the dust today." The words drifted across the chamber like a winter gale-sharp, unpitying, and final.

Cormac's smile died. Fingers

blurred, forming complex seals

faster than mortal sight. A surge of pale celestial energy burst from his core, spreading in front of him until it hardened into a translucent shield that shimmered with rolling bands of every color-an arrogant promise to defy any blow.

"That toy won't save you for long," Jared barked. He sprang forward nothing but a streak of motion and the hall floor cracked under the aftershock. Mid-leap, he raised Dragonslayer high. A torrent of sword-light roared off its edge, a silver banner cleaving straight for Cormac. The very air split apart behind the strike, shrieking in protest.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Cormac thrust both palms outward; his shield ballooned, slamming into the incoming sword-light. The collision detonated with a cannon-blast boom, a shockwave rippling out in a perfect circle. Ancient oil lamps along the walls fluttered madly, their sickly green flames sputtering, ready to die at any moment.

Jared twisted mid-air, sliding past the worst of the concussion. Before the echo faded, he was already upon Cormac again-Dragonslayer stabbing forward like a serpent's forked tongue, aimed unerringly at the hollow of the man's throat.

Cormac's reflexes matched the speed of his fury. He pivoted, shoulders slipping clear, and hammered a fist encased in swirling celestial energy toward Jared's chest the kind of strike that could turn a mountain into gravel.

Jared snapped his blade cross-wise, catching the blow. A dull crack boomed; raw force surged through the sword into his arms, numbing them to the elbow. He used that momentum to flip backward, boots skidding across the marble as he reset the distance.

Cormac's eyes burned with fresh bloodlust. "You're stronger than I expected," he granted, voice dropping to a murderous growl, "but it changes nothing. You still die here."

Jared's mouth curled into a slow, scornful grin. "With only you to stop me?" He shook his head. "Nowhere near enough."

Jared sprang forward again. His body blurred, dissolving into streaks of shadow so quick and light they seemed scooped out of the air itself. Cormac's brows tightened. With both hands, he carved seals, loosing volley after volley of needle-thin celestial arrows. Each shaft gleamed like frosted steel and carried enough force to punch through stone.

Jared wove between them as though dancing with sparks. Whenever a dart came too near, Dragonslayer flickered in his grip-one crisp sweep, then another-and the projectiles snapped apart like brittle ice.

"Flowing Cloud Sword Art, First Form-Sundering Dragon!" Jared's roar cracked through the hall. Chapters first released on [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

He raised Dragonslayer overhead. Light bulged and stretched until a colossal sword-shadow-scaled, ridged, unmistakably draconic-arched above him, exuding a pressure that rippled the air.

At his command, the phantom dragon dived. A silver flash tore straight for Cormac, ripping a shriek out of the atmosphere.

Cormac's face paled. He dragged every drop of celestial energy out of his core, forging a thick, radiant shield before him while his fingers knotted another seal: A great five-colored sword materialized and rammed into the incoming shadow.

The collision boomed. The floor quaked, columns moaned, and runic pedestals tumbled end over end as a storm-wall of force ripped through the grand hall.

Cormac skidded backward. His

boots plowed twin trenches through marble before he steadied himself "Such power," he muttered, chest heaving. The awe lasted a heartbeat-then he lunged again.

His spectral sword whirled, spraying razor winds like a summer downpour. Jared answered with a spinning veil of steel Dragonslayer, traced a shimmering curtain that chewed every stray blade to sparks.

Timing it perfectly, Jared vanished-reappearing two paces from Cormac. Dragonslayer thrust, cold and direct, for the heart.

Cormac twisted aside. His left palm shot out, aimed squarely at Jared's chest.

Jared aborted the stab and met the strike head-on. Flesh smacked flesh, and a brutal tremor streaked up both men's arms, rattling shoulder to spine.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Flowing Cloud Sword Art, Second Form-Soaring Dragon!" Jared's shout cut through the echo of the last impact. Dragonslayer blurred, lengthening into a blazing serpent of steel. The spectral dragon surged forward, its passage igniting the very air, leaving a trail of white-hot flares.

Cormac's jaw clenched. Both hands flew, weaving a rapid lattice of sigils until a towering celestial mountain answered his call. Rainbow light rolled off its cliffs as the mountain hurtled toward the incoming dragon.

A phantom dragon, forged of Jared's will, rammed the hovering summit. Stone met scale with a crack like the sky splitting. Shockwaves rolled outward, rattling the grand hall. Marble slabs shattered, spider-web fissures streaking across the floor in every direction.

Cormac staggered beneath the force; blood sprayed across his lips as he was driven several paces back.

Even Jared rocked on his heels, Dragonslayer quivering, yet the blow left only a tremor in his frame.

Cormac scraped the crimson from the corner of his mouth. Madness burned behind his eyes; defeat was not an option he allowed himself to imagine. "Impressive swordplay, I'll grant you," he hissed, "but this day still won't end with you on top!"

Jared answered with silence. Dragonslayer flared in his grip, the blade's azure radiance pulsing as though sharing its master's resolve.

"Then let's see who hits the ground first!" With that, he vanished-no more than a streak of blue light racing toward Cormac.

Faster and heavier, he bore down like a falling star intent on crushing its mark.

Cormac refused to yield. His arms whirled, launching torrents of immortal techniques, each strike a storm all its own. Jared wove through the barrage, Dragonslayer cutting runes in the air, unmaking spell after spell until only motes of harmless brilliance remained.

When distance collapsed, steel and flesh collided.

Each swing of Jared's sword carried the weight to cleave mountains; every punch from Cormac crackled with immortal energy fierce enough to pulverize stone. Content originally comes from Find★Novel.net

Sword shadows tangled with fist images, weaving a deadly tapestry that filled the chamber with blinding light and thunder.

Walls buckled. Pillars snapped. The entirety of the Sixth Hall—and the mountain beneath-shuddered as if begging the duel to stop.

Far off, Drystan-wounded and dazed-was half-dragged, half-carried by his retainers toward whatever safety the crumbling peaks might still offer.

Flaxseed had scuttled to a distant alcove, limbs trembling. He knew one stray ripple from the titans before him would erase him utterly. The power they unleashed was a hurricane of raw divinity and the a mortal in its path-could only pray the wind passed him by.

Jared roared, "Flowing Cloud Sword Art, third form-Reigning Dragon!"

Dragonslayer erupted. A colossal sword shadow towered skyward, its silhouette a dragon of pure sword intent hungry for the heavens.

That spectral beast plummeted toward Cormac, jaws of radiance ready to rend both body and spirit.

Cormac's face blanched, yet pride anchored his feet. He summoned every last drop of celestial energy, spinning it before him until a whirling maelstrom bulged into existence, hungry and dark.

The vortex howled with suction strong enough to tug broken pillars, shattered tiles, and even loose mountain stones into its spiral.

The sword shadow plunged into the vortex. Impact birthed another thunderclap, louder than the first.

A gale of power lashed through the hall, shattering statues, scattering debris like leaves before a storm.

Cormac was hurled backward once more; fresh blood traced the air before splattering across the broken flagstones.

The blast struck Jared square in the chest. His boots skidded across shattered flagstones, and for an instant, his body swayed like a candle caught in a gale—yet his knees never touched the rubble. Seizing the heartbeat of stiness that followed, he vanished—no more than a blur of dark silk and burning intent—reappearing a breath later as he lunged straight toward Cormac.

A Warrior Undefeatable

With only a single stride left between them, Jared lunged. Dragonslayer flashed forward—a streak of silver lightning aimed straight for Cormac's throat. Cormac's eyes flared wide. That the young swordsman could still muster an assault after enduring the previous shockwave was something he had never calculated.

He threw his body sideways, desperation twisting his cloak. The move came an instant too late.

Steel bit into his shoulder instead of his neck. Blood erupted—hot, bright, and sudden—spraying across the polished tiles.

A raw scream tore from Cormac's throat. Reeling, he staggered backward, boots skidding over the bloody marble.

Jared did not relent. He chased like a hurricane, Dragonslayer wheeling in his grip. Each cut released a crescent of sword-light that whistled toward the retreating hall lord. Cormac gathered what remained of his celestial energy, weaving a shaky barrier. But the reservoir was nearly dry; the wall he raised cracked before the first blade even struck.

One arc of light punched cleanly through his forearm. Another grazed his cheek, carving a crimson furrow from ear to jaw.

His frame wobbled like a dying tree. In that instant, he knew the balance of power had shifted beyond repair. "You win today," Cormac snarled, "but the Celestial Palace will not forget this insult!"

Hatred burning in his eyes, he spun and bolted for the shattered archway.

Jared watched the fleeing silhouette recede into shadow and chose not to give chase.

He understood that toppling one hall lord did not dismantle the palace; three more awaited beyond the horizon, each commanding armies of followers.

Yet fear never touched him. Power could be honed, and as long as he kept sharpening his own, no adversary would remain unbeatable.

"Jared, you okay?" Flaxseed puffed as he skidded to a halt, eyes scanning the fresh blood on his friend's sleeve.

"I'm fine," Jared said, giving his shoulder a dismissive roll. "These scratches can wait. We need to catch Drystan."

"Right behind you!"

They sprang into motion, silhouettes streaking through the forested slopes. Branches whipped past as they pursued Drystan Hexford and the handful of jittery retainers scrambling ahead of him.

"Stop!" Jared's voice cracked through the trees, deep and resonant like a temple bell. The command carried an authority that froze the night air.

Drystan's guards flinched as though struck. For original chapters go to [find{
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Turning, they saw Jared's eyes gleam with killing intent, and terror flooded their veins.

"Master, we can't fight him-we'll be slaughtered. Run!" one guard stammered; voice quaking. He didn't wait for permission. Panic overriding oyalty he dove into the

undergrowth, and the rest scattered like startled quail.

Left alone, Drystan's rage burst forth. "Cowards! Get back here!" he screamed, throat shredding against the word. Only the echo of his own voice and the fading thump of retreating boots replied.

Jared and Flaxseed closed the

distance in a blur of motion. In the next heartbeat, they stood before Drystan, hemming him in from

opposite flanks, and their presel net

forming an invisible cage no mortal escape could pierce. Faced with Jared's eyes-twin blades forged to kill Drystan's knees all but buckled He swayed like a rotten post in a storm, clutching at empty air for courage that would not come.

"J-Jared... please," he stammered, forcing a grin so crooked it looked carved in pain. "Let's not do anything rash. We can... talk this over."

"Run out of breath already, Drystan?" Jared's voice carried the chill of iron struck on an anvil. "A moment ago, you were sprinting like a rabbit. Why not try it again?"

"I admit my fault," Drystan blurted, hands flapping in surrender. "Take every celestial gem I possess-just spare my life. Those stones were destined for the Third Hall Everything I did—I swear it was by Enaricus's command. I was only following orders."