

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Right then, Drystan betrayed Enaricus.

"Oh? Every last celestial gem you possess?" Jared lifted an eyebrow, allowing a thin smile to curl across his lips. "That's almost convincing, I'll grant you that. But tell me why should I trust a man who changes allegiance as quickly as smoke changes shape?"

"I-I can escort you to the treasury," Drystan stammered, palms up in surrender. "Everything is there. Once you've taken the gems, let me walk away. I swear I'll cause no trouble."

"Very well," Jared murmured after a pause long enough for sweat to form on Drystan's brow. "I'll accept your offer this once. Betray me, and you won't draw a second breath." Official source is findnovel.net

"I—I wouldn't dare. I'll be perfectly obedient," Drystan gushed, nodding so hard his jowls quivered.

Moments later, the desperate lord led Jared and Flaxseed through the skeletal corridors of the ruined Sixth Hall, its once-proud arches reduced to jagged frames clawing at a sky veiled with ash.

Charred beams smoldered, cracked tiles hissed, and the stench of burnt stone hung thick as tar. Every footstep stirred flakes of soot that drifted like black snow in the poisonous air.

Drystan wove through collapsed corridors-left, right, then a sudden dip beneath a fallen lintel-until a half-buried iron door loomed ahead, its surface blistered but intact.

His hands shook so fiercely the hinges rattled before the latch even lifted, yet the door groaned open, exhaling a breath of cool, dust-laden air.

A flood of prismatic light surged outward, bathing their faces in shimmering bands of white, azure, and violet. Inside, crystalline mounds of celestial stones rose like miniature mountains, each facet pulsing with captive starlight.

"Jared, this is everything," he whispered, eyes glassy with longing. "Take it—just keep your promise and release me."

Jared's smile cooled to ice. "Drystan, do you honestly believe I'd let a viper slither free just because it offers its scales? Strategy thrives on deceit-you of all people should recognize the lesson."

"You-you treacherous cur!" Drystan's face drained of color. "May you choke on your ill-gotten spoils!"

"Your crimes blackened entire realms, Drystan. Justice demands repayment." Jared raised Dragonslayer, its edge singing. "The heavens need no jury-my blade will suffice."

Silver fire arced from the weapon, a crescent of killing light that crossed the room faster than thought. The beam pierced the gold embroidery on Drystan's robe and kept going.

Drystan's eyes went wide with primal terror. He tried to sidestep, but destiny and sword-light were swifter than flesh.

The sword energy punched through

his torso. A single, guttural scream

burst from his throat before he collapsed, blood weaving dark patterns across, the cracked floor

Espreading beneath him ve

crimson shadow.

"Jared, wasn't that a touch... excessive?" Flaxseed muttered, eyeing the corpse with uneasy fascination.

"Flaxseed, merey toward an enemy is cruelty toward ourselves. Drystan bathed in innocent blood. Even had we spared him, he would have, pursued us to the world's edge for revenge. Ending him here was the only road to peace."

"You're right. I was thinking too simply. Now, what about all these celestial gems?"

"They're invaluable to us. With this trove, we can fortify our cultivation. But this ruin won't stay deserted for long. Gather everything, then we vanish."

Working in practiced silence, Jared and Flaxseed swept the glittering board into their storage rings, then hurried from the blasted hall before fresh scavengers could smell blood.

They halted in a ravine hidden by scorched pines. Jared summoned the Pentacarna Tower, its bronze tiers glowing with runes that whispered of forgotten wars.

One by one, the celestial gems vanished into the tower's swirling interior, their rainbow sheen folding into the tower's hungry darkness.

"Flaxseed, let's step inside. Time flows differently in there we can sharpen our cultivation while the outside world barely blinks."

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"Inside the Pentacarna Tower, time bows to us," Jared explained, the firelight of resolve dancing across his face. "Every outside year becomes a century beneath its runic walls. We can hammer our strength a thousandfold, minute by stolen minute."

"Then perhaps you should enter alone," Flaxseed mused after a thoughtful pause. "The clearing seems quiet enough, yet without someone standing guard, a single scoundrel could undo us both."

Flaxseed knew the tower's legend well. One turn of the seasons outside equaled a full century within.

Cultivation there was not merely efficient; it was intoxicatingly fast. Yet if both of them vanished inside, even a petty thief might strike unchecked.

"Relax. The fire unicorn will stand watch." No sooner had Jared spoken than a scarlet ember spiraled from his storage ring, unfurling into a miniature beast whose mane flickered like molten gold.

It had grown since its hatching, though still calf-sized, delicate hooves stamping the grass while sparks leaked from its nostrils.

Jared knelt, rubbing the creature's warm forehead. "Little one, guard this place. Don't let any mischief-maker get within scenting distance. Understood?"

His hand lingered, drawing a soft trill from the fire unicorn's throat.

The young divine beast bobbed its head with earnest vigor. Newly born yet already awakened, it grasped every word, its own thoughts glinting behind ember-bright eyes.

"Jared, lineage aside, the little unicorn beast is still too small. Level seven cultivators would squash it like tinder," Flaxseed said, concern sharpening his normally mischievous tone.

He cast an uneasy glance at the surrounding peaks, imagining hidden eyes.

"It's not meant to fight," Jared replied, calm as stone. "If danger approaches, it will roar. The instant we hear it, we exit the tower-simple."

Flaxseed exhaled and inclined his head. "Fair enough."

Just then, Jared's storage ring trembled again. With a colossal yawn, a pudgy, sable-furred cub-the Celestial Devourer-rolled into the moonlight, as casual as an uninvited cat.

No rune could confine that creature; whenever whim struck, it left or returned, paying Jared's authority little mind. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY FindNovel.net

At once, the cub bounded toward the fire unicorn. The two bungsters broke into joyous pursuit, darting between wildflowers, sparks and shadow weaving a playful duet.

Watching their carefree mischief, Jared finally allowed his shoulders to loosen. "Come, Mr. Flaxseed-time waits inside."

Side by side, they stepped through the tower gateway, its sigils swallowing them in a hush of ancient power.

Within, Jared folded his legs and straightened his spine. The silence felt absolute, broken only by the slow inhale that drew pure celestial energy from the heap of stones before him.

Those gems brimmed with essence-denser, cleaner, more radiant than any he had tasted. The air around him vibrated, as though delighted to be consumed.

The celestial energy poured into Jared like a glassy brook that never emptied. It slid beneath his skin, flooded each meridian, and settled inside his elixir field with a cool silvery glow. Cradling a single fist sized celestial stone, he drew power faster and faster. Every breath arrived as a wave, and every wave rose higher than the last.

Light thickened around him until it resembled a gauzy halo. The very shadows inside the tower bent under the newborn brilliance.

Invisible shackles shattered-first one, then another-opening passages he had never reached before.

Beside him, Flaxseed swallowed the same radiant energy with feral resolve, matching Jared step for step toward the next horizon of strength.

Far outside the tower, seven strangers crested a ridge. Their leader, One-Eyed, was a scarred marauder whose lone pupil glittered with restless curiosity. The moment the sudden tower came into view

party stopped short heads tilting like wolves scenting fresh prey.

"One-Eyed, we pass this stretch all the time. I could swear that tower wasn't here yesterday—was it?" a lank cultivator asked, squinting warily at the bronze-black tower.

"Move. Let's take a closer look," One-Eyed grunted, already stalking down the slope.

He cut the air with a sharp gesture. Boots scraped over gravel as the band advanced, robes snapping in the highland wind.

They had not gone twenty paces when a bestial roar burst across the plain- deep, metallic, furious. The sound rolled like thunder, freezing every footstep.

A baby fire unicorn sprang from behind a fagged boulder. No taller than a colt, it wore crimson scales that flickered like coals, and its molten eyes locked on the intruders with feral focus.

Shock flashed across the raiders' faces, then melted into raw delight-as though gold coins had begun to rain from the sky.

"One-Eyed, is... is that a unicorn beast?" someone whispered, voice trembling.

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"It's a fire unicorn-an impossibly rare fire unicorn!" another man blurted, excitement cracking his voice.

"Do you realize what we're staring at?" One-Eyed rasped, licking his cracked lips. "A celestial beast-and still a cub. Capture it, lads, and we're set for life."

Greed flared in their eyes. One man rubbed his palms, stepped forward, and flashed a wolfish grin at the blazing creature. "Easy, little one. Follow us and you'll eat well, drink better. Beats starving out here, doesn't it?"

Sensing danger, the fire unicorn's fur bristled. Flames roared along its mane until it glowed like a miniature sun.

With a shriek, it spat a beam of fire, the white-hot jet racing straight for the advancing raider.

Caught off-guard, the man stumbled back, heat washing over his face like an open furnace.

He regained balance, fingers weaving frantic seals. A translucent sheet of water materialized before him, hissing where sparks bit into it.

"Pathetic whelp," One-Eyed snarled. "That trick won't save you." Get full chapters from noveFind.net

One-Eyed barked and swept his arm. "All of you-now! Do not let it escape!"

Lightning arcs, thorny vines, and jagged ice shards erupted from every hand, converging on the solitary, blazing cub that now stood alone between the marauders and the mysterious tower.

"Swords wrought from spiritual steel burst from every direction. Each blade glittered like winter ice and carved a silver arc across the sky before diving at the little fire unicorn. Elsewhere, the other cultivators lifted their hands. A gale thundered into the grove, its spiral of air intent on blowing the creature's scarlet flames into ash.

The young fire unicorn darted left, then right. Though its living fire threw off part of the barrage, sheer numbers pressed it hard. The flames dulled, and every leap came slower than the last.

Just as one cultivator lunged, fingers closing around the fire unicorn's tail, a shadow streaked from the underbrush like black lightning.

It was Celestial Devourer. Its jaws yawned wide, and a tidal pull roared from the void inside its mouth.

Air, topsoil, and even the cultivator's outstretched arm tore free of gravity, all sucked toward that cavernous maw.

Eyes wide with panic, the man

flailed, yet his body-now no more than drifting debris floated

helplessly toward the beast's Swallowing

throat. no

"What in the world is that thing?" one of the cultivators screamed, voice cracking as terror hit like a hammer.

The surrounding fighters reeled at the sight. Attacks on the fire unicorn halted; every blade and spell swung toward the newcomer.

A burly cultivator charged first, fists blazing with inner light, determined to smash the little beast aside with one decisive blow.

Yet Celestial Devourer showed not a flicker of fear. It kept the vortex alive while slipping between strikes with unnerving ease.

The man's punch grazed muscular hide-and nothing more-leaving the creature utterly unharmed.

The fire unicorn, heartened by its ally's arrival flared bright once more. Hope ignited in its ember-colored eyes. Seizing a gap, it barreled into the nearest attacker horns first Armor Crunched the man shot backward like a rag doll and coughed blood into the evening air.

Now the two beasts moved as one. Celestial Devourer deepened its pull,

dragging enemies off balance, boots skidding over churned earth.

Each time a foe rocked on unsteady heels, the fire unicorn darted in, wreathing them in fire or slamming them aside with its iron skull.

One-Eyed bellowed, "All of you, stop playing around! Pour everything you have into this. Those two pups do not leave this clearing alive!"

Snarling, he flashed through a rapid series of hand seals. Above him, a colossal black hand-woven from eldritch shadow coalesced, then hunted downward toward both beasts. A crushing pressure flooded the grove, but Celestial Devourer countered by widening its vortex even further, wind shrieking like a living thing.

Beside it, the fire unicorn's mantle of fire surged into a serpent-shaped dragon and streaked headlong toward the descending palm.

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Boom! Shadow-palm and fire dragon met with a blast that split the heavens. The shock wave raced outward, uprooting trees and gouging a crater deep enough to drink the moonlight.

Several cultivators were flung like leaves before a hurricane and landed hard, groaning as blood stained their robes.

Though battered by the blast, the two young beasts clenched muscle and will alike, regaining their footing before the smoke had even cleared.

Celestial Devourer pounced first. Spotting a fallen cultivator struggling to rise, it streaked forward and swallowed him whole in a single, terrible gulp. Panic spread through the remaining attackers. They turned to flee, but neither the voracious little beast nor the fire-clad fire unicorn had any intention of letting fresh prey escape.

The Celestial Devourer widened its maw. A silent suction rippled outward, pinning the robed cultivators where they stood as though space itself had turned to glass.

Beside it, the young fire unicorn reared back, mane blazing. A fountain of vermillion fire curled across the trapped men, armor and screams melting together in a single searing note.

When the last embers faded, Celestial Devourer padded forward, swallowed the charred survivors whole, and licked its chops as if finishing a bowl of milk.

It gave a satisfied burp. Golden motes shimmered across its fur, each spark brighter than the last. The young fire unicorn cantered around its friend in dizzy circles, leaving rings of harmless flame that winked out like playful fireflies.

Moments later, the pair trotted back to the base of Pentacarna Tower, pouncing on shadows and tails with the carefree joy of pups, the recent carnage already forgotten.

Deep inside Pentacarna Tower, Jared and Flaxseed remained cross-legged, eyes closed, unaware of the mayhem outside. Here, time drifted differently-one year in the world beyond stretched into a full century within these ancient walls. Under that gentled current, the two men sank farther into meditation, every heartbeat a quiet universe of its own.

Jared sat upright, hands joined, while dense celestial vapor coiled around him like silver silk. Piles of luminous celestial gems-loot from the Sixth Hall's treasury-pulsed at his feet, releasing streams of pure essence that poured into his meridians.

Inside his elixir field, that essence churned like a boiling sea, each surge testing the limits of flesh and spirit.

Boom! The sound was soft yet absolute, a muted thunder rolling through marrow and stone.

Jared's shoulders jolted. In that

instant, he crossed the threshold into Earthly Immortal Realm Level

One power settling through him like molten gold cooling into a blade.

He did not pause to savor it. More essence rushed from the celestial gems, the tower's accelerated flow grinding hours into heartbeats.

With every new rise, shockwaves of energy rippled across the chamber. Original content can be found at FindNovel.net

Bone, muscle, and spirit reforged themselves again and again, gaining the tempered resilience of hammered steel.

Across the room, Flaxseed labored just as fiercely. Though his talent lagged behind Jared's, the tower's blessing and the mountain of stones fueled him steadily. A fong breath

escaped his lips-then his aura

cracked open, carrying him into

Human Immortal Realm bevel One.

Delight flickered in his eyes, but he, too, bent back to the glowing stones without hesitation.

Seasons outside slipped by like a single sigh. Inside, a century's worth of cultivation unfolded, grain by grain.

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By the duration's end, Jared's realm had surged again and again, finally cresting at Earthly Immortal Realm Level Six. His presence now thrummed like a storm contained in human skin, and the celestiaenergy around him had grown so dense it looked carved from crystal.

Flaxseed had climbed to Human Immortal Realm Level Three, still far from Jared's roaring summit, yet worlds above the man he once was.

Jared's chest swelled, the air quivering around him as if sharing his elation. "At last... I've broken through!"

Slowly, he opened his eyes. A bright edge of power flickered there, the way molten metal glints just before it hardens.

Strength he had never tasted before surged through every vein, making him feel taller, faster, unbreakable.

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Only then did he notice the heap of once-luminous celestial gems at his feet. Their surfaces had dulled to dead gray, spent entirely by the ferocious appetite of their training.

Flaxseed's eyelids fluttered open. A faint sigh slipped out as he brushed

sandstone dust from his robe. "Looks as though we drank every last drop of power those stones could give."

Jared nodded, the grin already curling on his mouth. "True, but what we gained is worth ten piles of gems. We're worlds stronger than when we walked in." Follow current novels on [Find_Novel\(.\)net](#)

Flaxseed's laugh was quiet and full. "No doubt. Without these stones-and Pentacarna Tower-we would have needed years of sweat to reach this height."

Jared rose, bones cracking like sparklers in the night. He rolled his shoulders, feeling energy roar beneath his skin like a contained storm.

A smile tugged at his lips, subtle yet irrepressible. Power, living and eager, thrummed inside him.

"Enough basking," he said, voice firm yet light. "Time to head outside. I'd like to know what's been happening while we were buried in cultivation."

Flaxseed stood as well, stretching until his spine popped. "Right. I'm wondering how the little fire unicorn and Celestial Devourer have fared without us."

With no further hesitation, the two men strode toward the stone archway, their footfalls crisp in the hush of Pentacarna Tower.

Sunlight greeted them. On the grass beyond the doorway, the young fire unicorn and the Celestial Devourer lay curled together, fast asleep, scales and fur rising with each slow breath.

Jared and Flaxseed exchanged a soft laugh at the innocent scene, tension easing from their shoulders.

"Seems peaceful enough out here," Flaxseed murmured.

Jared did not answer. A faint crease formed between his brows as he swept his gaze across the clearing.

Lingering in the air was a metallic taste-spent fury and disrupted earth-the unmistakable after-scent of recent combat.

Flaxseed tilted his head. "Something bother you?"

"Someone came while we were cultivating," Jared replied, voice low but certain. "They didn't leave of their own accord."

At that moment, the two beasts stirred awake. The fire unicorn whinnied, bounding to Jared's side, while Celestial Devourer yawned and waddled after.

The fire unicorn's throaty roar and the contented lick on Jared's hand told him enough—trespassers had indeed arrived, only to be routed and, judging by the cub's satisfied burp, devoured.

Jared opened his storage ring. In twin flashes of light, the small guardians vanished safely inside.

"Flaxseed, it's time we tracked down Stebarin of Malevolent Path Hall. If anyone can confirm whether your clan's souls still linger, it's him."

Flaxseed drew a long breath and nodded once. "Let's move."

Above them, the sky arced vast and deep, level eight beckoning with new trials yet to come.

Inside the vast, torch-lit audience chamber of the Third Hall, Cormac knelt on the polished obsidian tiles His brocade armor was shredded, streaked with blood, and his shoulders quaked beneath the weight of humiliation He the lord of Fifth Laff, once feared throughout Celestial Palace-had been routed by a young upstart named Jared. The taste of defeat burned like iron on his tongue.

"Enaricus, I was... incompetent. Jared bested me." Cormac's voice broke as he spoke. The words tumbled out in a raw, shaking cascade while he recounted every exchange of blades and every crushing moment of their duel, his eyes glazing with unshed tears.

Enaricus, draped in a mantle of gold silk, sat statue-still upon his jeweled throne. At first, his face remained unreadable, yet as Cormac's tale unfolded, his brows tightened, and a flicker of disbelief cut through his normally placid gaze.

"So Jared wields power even you could not match," Enaricus murmured, each syllable cool and deliberate.

He rose, hands clasped behind his back, and began to pace across the marble dais. Every measured step echoed, as though the hall itself were holding its breath while he devised his next move.

Cormac pressed on, desperation creeping into his tone. "Jared's strength grows by the hour. If we do not erase him now, he will become calamity. Remember, Onneas of the Fourth Hall stands at his side She even led the Celestial Guards to level six to aid him. Should Jared reach level eight hand-in-hand with Onneas there may be no place left in the Celestial Palace for you, Enaricus."

Enaricus halted, a razor-bright glint cutting across his eyes. Resolve-cold and merciless-hardened within him.

"Then we will ensure he never arrives at level eight," Enaricus said, his voice as calm as falling snow and twice as chilling.

Cormac blinked, bewildered. "But how can we possibly stop him?"

A thin smile curled across Enaricus's lips. "He must tear open the void to get here. I will strike inside that passage shatter the corridor and Consign him to the chaotic void currents. He will drift forever in the cosmos, forgotten by creation itself." Cóntent

Cormac's shoulders convulsed. "Enaricus... you mean to invoke the celestials?"

"Precisely," Enaricus answered with a single, almost leisurely nod, as though ordering a cup of coffee, not a man's annihilation.

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Meanwhile, Jared and Flaxseed moved swiftly. By using the clues they had previously gathered and Flaxseed's knowledge of Malevolent Path Hall, they finally located one of Malevolent Path Hall's branches.

It was a gloomy structure nestled deep within the mountains. A chill, deathly vapor leaked from every crack of the building, as if thick with the whispers of souls long devoured by the wicked organization.

Around it, the trees warped into claw-like shapes like some lurking evil had gnawed at them. The whole area was nothing short of eerie.

With a cold gaze, Jared tightened his grip on the Dragonslayer Sword. "This is the place."

Flaxseed bobbed his head, equal parts of hope and dread flickering in his eyes. "May we finally find my clan members' souls."

Together, they strode toward the branch. As soon as they neared the entrance, two guards stepped forward to block their path. Official source is find*~novel.net

Armed with a spear, one of the guards barked, "Halt! Who are you? How dare you trespass on the Malevolent Path Hall's branch?"

Not bothered to waste his breath on the guards, Jared released a pulse of spiritual energy, and the air rippled outward like a tidal wave.

The two guards felt themselves being assailed by an immense pressure, and they staggered backward involuntarily, turning pale with terror.

"Send out Stebarin Hemato!" Jared's voice thundered across the valley.

Soon, the gates creaked apart, and Stebarin strolled out with a group of subordinates behind him.

A look of surprise flitted across Stebarin's eyes when he saw Jared, but he sneered the next second.

"Well, well. You tracked me down faster than I thought," Stebarin drawled mockingly.

Taken aback, Jared asked, "You knew I'd be coming for you?"

Stebarin's lips curled into a faint smile. "Of course. And I also know you've been sniffing after the souls of the Flaxseed clan."

"You do live up to your rank as an

elder of Malevolent Path Hall. Since you're so well informed, tell me where those souls are. Do that and if mercy strikes me, I may let you walk away alive," Jared threatened, staring at Stebarin icily.

Stebarin threw back his head and cackled with lunatic laughter. "I wouldn't have waited here for you if I were afraid of you."

Flaxseed, anger pulsing in every part

of his face, jabbed a finger at Stebarin! Malevolent Path Hall has committed enough atrocities, robbing my clan of our

members' souls. Handver

now!"

Stebarin cast a disdainful look at Flaxseed. "Who do you think you are? How dare

a mere remnant of the Flaxseed clan like you dare to order me around? You must have a death wish!"

Jared's gaze sharpened. "Enough. Speak or die today, Stebarin. There is no third path."

Stebarin sneered. "Oh? Jared, do you think you're all that? Slaying Drystan sure has filled you with swagger, but alas Celestial Palace doesn't hold a

candle to Ment Path Hall Let

me show you what you really are on myturf-nothing!"

With that, Stebarin made seals with his hands at an alarming speed. Along with the thickening of his aura, streaks of crimson light spilled from his body, staining the very air.

"Bloodstorm Surge!" he roared.

A towering tide of crimson waves erupted, sweeping toward Jared and Flaxseed. The blood-like wave reeked of decay, eager to swallow stone, flesh, and hope alike.

Jared did not flinch. Celestial energy surged through his veins as he raised the Dragonslayer Sword overhead, its edge keening for battle.

"Sever!" he yelled, and the Dragonslayer Sword answered with a blinding flare.

A giant dragon-shaped sword shadow-all radiant scales and wrath-burst forth from the blade, hurtling straight into the oncoming crimson sea.

Boom!

With a deafening noise, the dragon-shaped sword shadow collided with the crimson tide, and the resulting impact fissured the ground.

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Stebarin's confident expression faltered. He hadn't expected Jared to block his attack so effortlessly.

Yet he didn't retreat. Instead, he cast a new spell. Crimson arrows materialized between his fingers and shot toward Jared like a murderous storm of rubies.

Gripping the Dragonslayer Sword, Jared moved fluidly through the rain of crimson arrows. His sword technique was fierce beyond measure each stroke contained tremendous power, severing the crimson arrows one after another.

"Stebarin, your attacks are useless against me!" Jared stated coldly.

An instant later, he blurred from sight, reappearing in a straight dash toward Stebarin.

Thrusting out the Dragonslayer Sword at lightning speed, Jared aimed it straight for Stebarin's throat.

With swift reflexes, Stebarin dodged sideways while balling his right hand to swing a punch toward Jared's chest.

A surge of celestial energy coiled around his fist, radiating tremendous power that could be enough to pulverize a mountain into dust.

Jared hastily withdrew the Dragonslayer Sword, holding it horizontally before himself to parry Stebarin's attack.

With a dull thud, Stebarin's fist crashed against the sword. A tremendous force was transmitted through the blade, numbing Jared's arm.

However, Jared didn't retreat. Instead, he pivoted with the force, flipped backward, using the borrowed momentum to distance himself from Stebarin.

"That was impressive, but you're still worlds short of stopping me!" Stebarin commented coldly.

His hands moved rapidly, and crimson runes flew from them, forming an enormous crimson arcane array in the air.

In an instant, the dimension around Jared and Flaxseed dissolved. Simultaneously, countless crimson chains materialized in their surroundings.

The sudden change startled both Jared and Flaxseed. Jared even furrowed his brows.

"Jared, I can't seem to sense the surrounding dimension anymore. My spiritual sense can't be projected," Flaxseed said, his expression grim.

Jared kept looking around, his expression grave. "Same here. We seem to have suddenly fallen into a boundless void."

The dimension around Jared and Flaxseed grew increasingly illusory. At that moment, the two even questioned whether they were still alive.

The surrounding red chains felt especially like judgment from the deepest ring of hell.

Flaxseed felt so oppressed that he could barely breathe. As such, he waved his palm, sending a charm flying that exploded with a roar. Official source is find{n}ovel.net

Boom!

In an instant, the surrounding dimension rippled violently.

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But after the turbulence, everything became calm again. Flaxseed's charm sank like a stone into the sea, while the surrounding red chains ** remained completely unmoved

The red chains were like a cage, surrounding Jared and Flaxseed completely.

Following a laughter, Stebarin's voice echoed from all directions. "Did you think I would sit here and wait for you to take the bait if I had no means to subdue you?"

"Jared, what do we do?" Flaxseed asked somewhat frantically. Jared didn't speak but desperately observed their surroundings.

He knew it must be an arcane array-they certainly hadn't gone to another void. Arrays were usually easy for Jared to break, but he was at a loss. He couldn't even locate the array's core.

Just as Jared was desperately searching for a clue to get out of the array, the crimson chains suddenly began moving. Massive forces surged toward him and Flaxseed.

Flaxseed's expression changed drastically, and he hurriedly hid behind Jared. "Jared, what do we do?" Flaxseed felt utterly helpless.

"Don't be afraid..." Jared reassured him, drawing the Dragonslayer Sword and slashing at the red chains.

Boom!

A red chain before Jared instantly severed, which helped Flaxseed to relax a little.

But before Flaxseed could fully relax, that severed red chain reconnected automatically. At the same time, all, the chains vibrated nonstop, causing the entire dimension to tremble.

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The red chains vibrated continuously, making the entire dimension tremble with them, producing uncomfortable sounds of metal scraping.

The broken chains seemed to possess life—each time Jared severed them, they instantly reconnected, becoming even thicker and more resilient than before. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT find—novel.net

"This won't work. We'll exhaust ourselves first!" Jared panted heavily, fine beads of sweat covering his forehead.

He had already attacked nearly a hundred times consecutively, but the strange chains seemed endless. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't destroy them completely.

Flaxseed was still cowering behind Jared. "Jared, this array is too sinister. Our attacks have no effect at all!" he said with trembling lips, his face white as a sheet.

Jared clenched his teeth. The Dragonslayer Sword in his hand erupted with dazzling light again.

He knew now wasn't the time to retreat. Once the chains were to entangle them, the consequences would be unthinkable.

"Let's try again!" Jared roared, channeling all his remaining celestial energy into the Dragonslayer Sword.

The blade hummed like a dragon's cry. A massive dragon-shaped sword shadow flew from it, sweeping toward the chains ahead.

Boom!

With a tremendous sound, the dragon-shaped sword shadow collided with the chains, exploding in blinding light.

This time, Jared's attack did have some effect. Several chains ahead shattered completely, transforming into countless crimson light particles.

But before Jared and Flaxseed could celebrate, the scattered crimson light particles reconverged in mid-air, forming even more, finer chains that descended like an enormous crimson fishing net toward them.

"No!" Jared's eyes widened. He hastily held the Dragonslayer Sword before him, trying to block the chains' attack.

However, there were far too many chains this time. Dense and compact, they were impossible to block completely.

Several chains broke through Jared's defense, wrapping around his arms.

Jared let out a pained groan.

The chains seemed alive. Once

wrapped around him, they began to sorbing the al energy

madly

and life force within his body

At that sight, Flaxseed couldn't care about his fear. He rapidly formed seals with his hands, sending a yellow charm flying toward the chains wrapped around Jared's arm.

"Break!" Flaxseed shouted. The charm erupted in brilliant light.

However, the charm's effect was negligible. The chains merely paused briefly

before continuing to madly absorb Jared's power.

"It's useless. Your attacks are like drops in the bucket against my Blood God Soul Trapping Array!" Stebarin's voice echoed from all directions again, tinged with smugness and cruelty.

Jared's and Flaxseed's expressions grew increasingly grim.

They could feel their internal power draining at an alarming rate. Their stamina was rapidly depleting as well.

If this continued, they would collapse from exhaustion even without Stebarin's subsequent attack.

"Jared, what... What should we do?" Flaxseed's voice carried a trace of despair.

Jared clenched his teeth, enduring the pain of his power draining. "Don't give up. We'll definitely find a way out!" he said.

However, despite his words, Jared was beginning to despair.

He could feel that the array's power far exceeded his imagination, and it seemed to be strengthening continuously.

Time passed moment by moment. Jared's and Flaxseed's stamina and celestial energy were rapidly depleting.

Their movements grew increasingly sluggish, and their breathing too became labored.

Finally, after persisting for nearly two hours, both Jared and Flaxseed were completely exhausted.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared and Flaxseed collapsed on the ground, gasping heavily, lacking even the strength to lift their hands.

Seeing that the two had lost their ability to resist, the crimson chains stopped attacking. Instead, they wrapped tightly around the two, forming two enormous crimson cocoons.

"Finally spent, are you?" Stebarin's voice rang out again, carrying that same razor of smugness and cruelty.

Then, a crimson figure slowly appeared within the array.

It was Stebarin.

Looking at Jared and Flaxseed, who were encased in crimson cocoons, he curled his lips into a cruel smile.

"Well, Jared—weren't you supposed to be unstoppable? What happened to all that thunder?" Stebarin's face was full of mockery.

Jared tried to stand up, but the chains had drained every ounce of his power. He could not so much as twitch a finger.

Stebarin slowly walked toward Jared and extended his right hand to press against the crimson cocoon wrapping the latter.

He said, "Your talent is indeed impressive. Unfortunately, you've offended the wrong person. However, rest assured-I won't let you die easily. I'll absorb your soul bit by bit so that you can experience unprecedented suffering!"

After speaking, Stebarin closed his eyes, his hands rapidly forming seals.

Crimson runes flew from his hands, merging into the cocoon wrapping Jared.

"Blood God Soul Devouring Technique!" Stebarin shouted.

Instantly, the cocoon wrapping Jared began contracting while emitting an eerie red glow.

Jared could feel his soul being pulled by a tremendous force, as if about to be torn from his body.

He let out a pained scream. The sensation of having one's soul pulled out of one's body was unimaginably worse than any physical pain.

"Jared..." Flaxseed called out.

He wanted to help Jared, but being wrapped in a crimson cocoon himself, he couldn't move at all.

Stebarin opened his eyes. As he watched Jared struggle painfully, his lips curled into a satisfied smile.

"How does it feel? Quite wonderful isn't it? Don't worry; this is just the beginning given There's more spectacular coming!" remarked.

With that, Stebarin closed his eyes again, increasing his spell's power.

Jared could feel his consciousness gradually blurring, the force pulling his soul growing stronger.

Just as his soul was about to be completely separated from his body, a golden light suddenly erupted from his consciousness field.

"Huh?" Stebarin frowned, seemingly sensing something.

Then, a powerful suction came from Jared's consciousness field, drawing Stebarin's spiritual sense in as well.

"What?"

Panic flared across Stebarin's face. He wanted to withdraw his spiritual sense, but it was too late. His consciousness was instantly sucked into Jared's consciousness field as if it fell into an endless abyss.

When Stebarin's consciousness awakened again, he found himself in an unfamiliar dimension.

Everything here was chaotic, surrounded by golden light. The air was filled with powerful and pure energy.

"Is this... a consciousness field?" Stebarin said in surprise.

He hadn't expected to be sucked into Jared's consciousness field.

Just then, a majestic voice came from the chaos. "How dare you trespass on my territory?"

Stebarin looked toward the sound and saw a figure in crimson robes slowly emerging from the chaos.

The figure was tall with a dignified countenance, radiating a powerful aura. It was none other than the Vermilion Demon Lord residing in

Jared's consciousness field.

Stebarin's expression changed. He could feel that the crimson-robed figure's power far exceeded his own.

"Who are you?" Stebarin asked in shock.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Vermilion Demon Lord sneered and said, "I am the Vermilion Demon Lord. You dare trespass in my territory and even attempt to absorb Jared's soul? That is nothing short of suicide."

Stebarin's heart jumped in alarm. He hadn't expected such a powerful existence to be sealed within Jared's consciousness field.

"Vermilion Demon Lord?" Stebarin froze. He had heard of this name when he was in level six. Back then, Soul Devourer had shouted this very name during the fight against Jared.

"So you're Vermilion Demon Lord. Why are you in Jared's consciousness field?" Stebarin asked.

"That is none of your concern!" Vermilion Demon Lord snorted coldly. "Since you dare harm my host, I'll let you taste my wrath!"

With that, Vermilion Demon Lord's form flashed, and he instantly appeared before Stebarin, swinging his fist toward him.

Stebarin's expression changed dramatically, and he hastily deployed defensive spells.

However, his defense was like paper before Vermilion Demon Lord's attack. It was shattered instantly.

Bang!

Struck by Vermilion Demon Lord's punch, Stebarin flew backward, crashing heavily to the ground.

He spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, and his face turned even paler.

Stebarin hadn't expected Vermilion Demon Lord's strength to be so formidable- he couldn't even parry a single attack from him.

Vermilion Demon Lord strolled toward Stebarin. Looking down at him from above, he said, "How did you dare to flaunt before me when this is all you've got?"

Stebarin struggled to stand, but Vermilion Demon Lord's punch was too heavy- he simply couldn't move. "Don't... Don't get cocky. I'm an elder of Malevolent Path Hall. We specialize in collecting souls. You're also in soul form now, so you'll be in big trouble if you dare touch me!"

Vermilion Demon Lord burst into laughter. "Malevolent Path Hall? To me, they're nothing but a bunch of clowns!"

With that, Vermilion Demon Lord struck again, delivering a beating to Stebarin.

Stebarin let out pained screams nonstop, but he simply couldn't fight back.

Just as Stebarin was beaten to the verge of death, a golden light suddenly shone down from the chaos.

Seeing that golden light, Vermilion Demon Lord trembled slightly and quickly hid himself. He seemed quite fearful of it.

The golden light enveloped Stebarin.

Stebarin looked up to see a golden ancient book floating in mid-air, radiating brilliant light.

It was none other than the Golden Tome.

The golden light emanating from the

Golden Tome grew increasingly intense. Stebarin could feel his soul being pulled by a tremendous

force

as if about to be absorbed into the Golden Tome.

"No! No!" Stebarin let out a desperate scream but couldn't resist the Golden Tome's pull.

Having spent a lifetime absorbing others' souls, he never imagined that he would become a lamb for slaughter in someone else's consciousness field.

Finally, Stebarin's soul was completely absorbed by the Golden Tome. His body transformed into countless crimson light particles, dissipating within Jared's consciousness field.

As the golden light gradually faded,

Vermilion Demon Lord's figure

reappeared. Looking at the vanished Stebarin, Vermilion Demon Lord

sneered. "What a fool. He was

seeking death for daring to absorb Jared's soul..."

Even in Jared's consciousness field, Vermilion Demon Lord had to behave himself. After all, the Golden Tome in Jared's consciousness field was far too formidable-especially against souls.

Meanwhile, in the outside world, the crimson array began to collapse. Check latest chapters at findnovel.net

The crimson chains binding Jared and Flaxseed lost their power, breaking apart one after another and transforming into countless crimson light particles that dissipated in the air.

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