

A Warrior Undefeatable

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A Warrior Undefeatable

Each of Jared's words landed like a thorn, needling deeper into Rowena's heart until her composure threatened to shatter.

Moments ago, she herself had boasted of the Nethergate Sect's unassailable might.

Now that pride felt as fragile as frost under morning sun.

Never had she imagined Jared would make enemies of demons of such terrifying pedigree.

Suddenly, Rowena's brow furrowed. The disciples trailing them froze, blood draining from their faces.

Even Jared felt the ripple in the aura around them; a chill crept along his spine.

"Someone's closing in," Rowena murmured, drawing a shaky breath. "Several powerful cultivators... and they're almost on top of us."

Jared stared at his lone ally, tension rippling through every muscle, and forced a brittle laugh that sounded far braver than he felt. "So what now-what's our next move?"

Rowena's eyes, cold as rain-slicked steel, flicked toward the empty sky.

"Whoever's closing in is here for you," she said, her voice low, urgent, final. "Find a place—any place—and vanish. We're pulling out. Maybe, if the stars line up later, I'll ferry you to the Nethergate Sect. For now, survive on your own."

With that, Rowena lifted two fingers, carved a ragged tear in the air, and stepped through. Her retinue followed like ghosts into fog, the rift knitting shut behind them before Jared could draw breath.

He stood alone in the sudden hush, staring at the place where allies had been a heartbeat earlier. The silence felt like an echo chamber amplifying his disbelief.

"Bloody wonderful." The curse escaped on a ragged breath, then rose to a frustrated roar. "Are you kidding me? Sir, what's with that? Your friend disappears the moment things get ugly and just leaves me to rot?"

"I am as baffled as you are," the Vermilion Demon Lord answered, his voice reverberating through the mind-link they shared. "Perhaps the mere mention of Soul Devourer and the Fire Demon Lord rattled her courage. Either way, you must hide—immediately—and you must grow stronger. Your current power won't keep you breathing for long here."

The old demon's warning vibrated in Jared's skull like a struck gong, leaving no room for doubt.

He nodded, grim and wordless. Even without the reminder, he knew the truth: on this level, he was a lamb straying among wolves.

A lone opponent he might outwit, outrun, or out-bleed. A cluster of veterans, though—then he was nothing more than warm meat waiting for the butcher's block. The cold calculus of that thought drove a needle of fear straight through his heart.

Suddenly, murderous auras hammered down, pinning him like glare pins a moth. Jared's pulse spiked. Instinct took the wheel-space folded, and he blinked out of sight an instant before blades of energy could carve him apart.

The moment he vanished, four silhouettes slipped from the clouds, sniffed at the empty air, and dissolved into pursuit, leaving the sky to shiver in their wake.

Jared raced across level nine, every breath a frantic search for shadows deep enough to cloak him.

The realm was a labyrinth he barely understood; even the horizons looked unfamiliar, stitched from lands and ley-lines he'd never studied.

Luckily, the Vermilion Demon Lord had been born under these very suns. The ancient demon guided Jared by thought alone, steering him through canyons and storm clouds, always a heartbeat ahead of the hunters.

"One thousand and five hundred kilometers northeast," the demon urged, "lies Breakheaven Range. At its foot, a waterfall hides a paveromy old sancturn the cataract is fed by Terrandya currents potent enough to smother spiritual probes. Slip behind that curtain of water and no one will track you—at least, not soon."

The voice felt like a compass in Jared's skull, tilting him toward the promised refuge.

He followed the direction until the roar of water drowned out the screams of the sky. A quick dash through silver spray, and he was inside the cavern's throat, heartbeat echoing in the vast, damp gloom.

Dust lay thick on the stone. No footprints, no camp-smoke-just the hush of a place forgotten by time.

Jared exhaled, summoned a flicker of power, and set Pentacarna Tower on the ground. Its bronze plates thrummed with contained storms, ready for any threat.

Within Jared's mind, the Vermilion Demon Lord took in the cavern he once called home. Old memories hit him with bruising force, and the demon-war-forged, remorseless-actually began to weep.

"Jared... let me out for a moment," he pleaded, his voice wobbling between pride and heartbreak.

The request rang through the cave like a faded hymn.

"Mr. Vermilion, you're down to a single shred of soul. If I release you into open space and something goes wrong, you could scatter for good." Jared spoke gently but firmly, the way one calms a fevered friend.

His warning hovered in the torch-less dark, warm with concern.

"I will be fine," the demon insisted, stubborn as the mountains framing the cave mouth. "This was once my refuge. No harm will find me here—and I need only a breath of freedom."

Longing surged through the

Vermilion Demon Lord. More than

anything, he wanted to lay eyes-and whatever remained of his spectral fingers on the cave that had once been his home The impulse was so fierce it shivered through his ragged soul like an echo from a different lifetime.

Jared nodded in silent permission. A moment later, a thin, ember-red wisp drifted out of his mind and gathered beside him—the last sliver of the Vermilion Demon Lord's soul. Once, that soul had blazed across the heavens. Now it was no thicker

than morning mist. Jared's chest tightened. The demon lord had risked himself for Jared more times than he cared to count and Jared had sworn he would rebuild the man's body. He had not yet kept that oath. With only a single thread of spirit left, the task had become almost impossibly hard.

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Yet difficult was not the same as impossible. Jared steeled himself. He would restore his friend even if it meant tracking down Arthur. He was rumored to be able to resurrect the dead as easily as others brewed tea. If he could pull souls from ash, surely he could weave flesh around a living fragment.

Inside the hollow mountain, the Vermilion Demon Lord drifted from wall to wall, brushing stony ridges as if they were the faces of old comrades. Suddenly, he stopped. In the far corner, two faint, overlapping hearts-scorched into the rock ages ago—still shimmered. He went completely still, the cave's silence wrapping around him like winter snow.

"I never imagined... her hearts would still be here," he breathed, the words so soft they barely stirred the dust.

Watching that frozen reverence, Jared realized there was more to the demon lord than swagger and battle scars. And the mysterious "her" was unmistakably a woman.

"Who was she?" Jared asked, his voice gentle, unwilling to trample on reverence.

The Vermilion Demon Lord turned. Nostalgia, devotion, and a knife-thin ribbon of pain tangled in his gaze.

"Long ago, on level nine," he began,

his tone weather-beaten by

centuries. "my name alone could hush a battlefield. I lived wild, collected allies by the dozen, and earned enemies by the score until the day I met her. She was Selene I Moonridge, a prodigy from a

reclusive sect. Her clan was small, but its roots ran deep. Every disciple learned to bend raw spiritual light into wonders the rest of us could scarcely describe. Our paths crossed by accident. I was bleeding from a dozen wounds, hunted through a mountain valley, and moments from oblivion when she appeared. She wore white-

nothing else. The cloth glowed as if moonlight had chosen her for a vessel. Without hesitation, without fear of my reputation as a Demonic Cultivator, she placed her hands over my chest and poured a river of pure, gentle power into me. It sealed my wounds and more miraculously quieted the storm that had always lived inside my heart. From that breath forward, I knew our fates were forever tangled. We roamed the world side by side. Ruins, lost relics, monstrous foes-we faced them all. Her

kindness balanced my recklessness; my boldness shielded her

gentleness. Those days... They were the happiest I have ever known."

He paused, the brightness snuffed out. "But happiness, like borrowed starlight, never lingers. In time, her elders learned of us, and the sky itself seemed to darken."

The cave echoed with the hush that followed his confession. Even the cold stone seemed to mourn the moment when joy had slipped beyond his reach.

"Back then, they branded me a

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monster of the demonic path-light and darkness could not co-exist, they said so they set their faces against our love. Their elders laid intricate snares, determined to erase me from existence Selene would not stand idle. She shattered her sect's sacred rules and fought beside me, yet their numbers swallowed us whole and drove us to the brink. With a single heartbeat left, Selene cast a forbidden art, ripping open a path of escape for me at the cost of her own life."

"I watched her dissolve before my eyes-moonlight scattered by a violent wind and I could do nothing. In that instant, my heart tore apart Pain and fury dug so deep they twisted everything I was. Since that day, I have lived on rage alone. I

vowed to drench the heavens in blood for her sake."

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"So the crusade began," he continued, the cavern air quivering with memory. "I hunted anyone linked to her sect, cutting them down one by one until even the Seventh Heaven whispered my name in terror. Yet no river of blood could mend the hollow she left behind. I have lost her forever..."

Emotion strangled the rest of his words. Tears shimmered in his eyes, quivering on the rim of a soul that no longer possessed flesh.

Jared listened in silence, sorrow and awe swelling inside him like twin tides.

He had never imagined that the roguish Vermilion Demon Lord carried a love story this fierce and unforgotten.

Jared's gaze slid to a shadowed corner where two simple heart shapes had been scratched into the stone. A faint, sacred pulse seemed to seep from those childish lines.

He stepped closer, fingertips hovering above the grooves, sensing the thinnest ripple of spiritual power dancing across the rock.

"Take a look at these hearts," Jared murmured, pointing. "There's something unusual about them."

"What do you mean unusual?" the Vermilion Demon Lord was taken aback.

"A trace of spiritual energy is still woven through each outline. These aren't mere doodles."

"I... I feel nothing," Vermilion Demon Lord admitted. "But I am only a fragment now."

"Your soul is a wisp, of course, you can't," Jared said, brushing the carving. "Selene hid a message here one you never saw."

The spirit fell into troubled silence. Decades had passed, and whatever secret Selene planted lay beyond his memory's reach.

Seeing his struggle, Jared sighed, knowing the mystery would not surrender easily.

"Enough for now. Return to my consciousness field before your remnant fades further. Rest, so we can one day rebuild your body."

At his command, the crimson wisp flowed back into Jared's mind, vanishing like smoke drawn into a lantern.

Left alone, Jared entered Pentacarna Tower and began cultivating. Myles' storage pouch brimmed with resources-exactly what he needed.

Rowena led several disciples through the misted pass, hurrying toward the Nethergate Sect's encampment.

"Rowena, we were ordered to escort Jared Chance back to the Nethergate Sect. If we return without him, won't the master punish us?"

"Soul Devourer. Fire Demon Lord. Tell me, which of those nightmares could any of us possibly withstand?"

The question struck the disciple dumb; his lips moved, yet no answer emerged.

"Moments ago, we sensed a handful of auras at the peak of Human Immortal Realm, Level Nine. Do you truly believe we could survive foes of that caliber?"

Once more, silence became the only reply.

"When we return, say nothing. I will tell Master that Jared Chance was ambushed and that we failed to defend him. Master can hardly fault us for that. Besides, should we drag Jared into Nethergate Sect every monster hunting him will

follow-and our entire sect would be wiped from the earth."

"We will follow your lead, Rowena!" the disciples answered in unison.

Rowena nodded. She had

challenged Myles Moffat earlier, only to seize Jared for the sect, yet Jared had casually mentioned offending Soul Devourer and the Fire Demon Lord.

Those names alone froze the blood in Rowena's veins.

The peak-realm experts chasing Jared proved his enemies were far beyond the Nethergate Sect's reach. Sheltering him would invite utter ruin.

Yes, Jared had burned a Golden Pass-Nethergate's pledge of sanctuary.

Yet every pledge fractures before overwhelming force; gold-inked promises mean little when power is lacking.

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Jared sat cross-legged on the floor of the Pentacarna Tower, waves of power radiating from him.

Beside him, Dragonslayer Sword hummed steadily, while Zelda took advantage of the tower's accelerated time to train rapidly.

Sword intents swirled around Jared, and with each enhancement of Dragonslayer Sword, his strength grew even further.

He kept drawing out resources from Myles's item pouch, absorbing everything he could. Luckily, Myles held a high status, so his item pouch contained plenty of materials which enough for Jared to train for months.

Otherwise, with his extreme cultivation speed, a shortage of resources would mean he could not even finish a single session.

For several months, Jared trained inside the Pentacarna Tower, consuming all of Myles's resources.

By the end, he had reached the Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Two, stalled at the final stage of breakthrough. Unfortunately, without more resources, he had no way to advance.

Although he had cultivated for months, only a little over a day had passed in the outside world.

After leaving the Pentacarna Tower, Jared's gaze returned to the two simple heart-shaped patterns.

He was curious to know what Selene had intended by drawing them and what message or secret might be hidden within the patterns.

Jared stood quietly before the two hearts, his eyes drawn to them as if by a magnet.

The lines of the patterns were smooth yet carried an ancient simplicity. At first glance, they seemed ordinary, but a subtle, mysterious aura lingered around them.

That aura felt like a thin veil, lightly draping over the patterns, stirring Jared's curiosity and awakening an irresistible desire to explore. It was as if a quiet voice whispered in his ear, urging him to uncover the secret hidden behind the designs. He stepped closer, each movement careful yet filled with anticipation.

When he finally crouched to examine them, he noticed delicate details hidden within the patterns.

Along the flowing edges of the hearts were tiny, almost imperceptible striations.

These lines were intricate, twisting together like a miniature labyrinth which was impossible to detect without careful observation.

Jared's eyes followed the patterns closely, his fingers brushing lightly over them. His consciousness extended over the designs as long so would help him trace their paths more clearly.

As Jared's spiritual sense explored the patterns, a shocking discovery made his heart race. The design contained an address and a string of complex charms.

The address seemed to point toward an unknown location, while the charms were mysterious and unfathomable.

Each symbol appeared to hold immense power and hidden meaning, impossible to fully grasp.

The moment Jared's spiritual sense covered the charms, they seemed almost alive, entering his body on their own.

What... what does this mean? Jared frowned, his eyes full of confusion and curiosity.

He knew the secret hidden in the pattern was no simple matter. It might involve a significant event or a precious treasure.

After some thought, he decided to consult the Vermilion Demon Lord. After all this pattern had been left by the Demon Lord's woman, and she might hold the key to the mystery.

"Mr. Vermilion, I've discovered that this pattern contains a lot of information," Jared said quickly, explaining everything in detail to Vermilion Demon Lord, including the hidden address and the complex charms. " sônovels

Vermilion Demon Lord stayed silent for a moment inside Jared's consciousness. That pause felt so heavy it was as if time itself had stopped, leaving Jared's heart racing.

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Finally, the Vermilion Demon Lord spoke slowly, his voice heavy with sorrow. "That place... it's where her old sect used to be. As for those charms, I've never seen anything like them, but since she left them behind, they must serve some

purpose. Her sect... I destroyed it long ago. By now, it's probably just ruins. No matter how hard I searched afterward, I never saw her again..."

Tears welled in his eyes and ran down his face.

It was clear that he had truly cared for Selene.

For a great demon lord to fall for an immortal was rare, and most people would not understand it.

After all, in many eyes, a Demonic Cultivator was not considered a proper cultivator at all.

Jared frowned. He realized Selene had probably left the address and the charms to pass on a message or to guide him somewhere.

She likely did not tell the Vermilion Demon Lord directly, expecting that he would eventually uncover the secret on his own.

But no one could have predicted what came next. The Vermilion Demon Lord eventually became consumed by bloodlust and was defeated in the Ethereal Realm, leaving only a soul remnant behind. It stayed in the Ethereal Realm and never returned.

So the secret hidden in the pattern had remained undiscovered all this time!

If Jared had not brought the Vermilion Demon Lord to Level Nine, and if the Vermilion Demon Lord had not sent him to this hiding place, the secret might have stayed buried forever.

"I'm going to check out that address and see if I can find any clues," Jared said, calm but determined.

He knew Selene would not leave something like this without a reason.

If the address and charms could unlock an ancient ruins, it could be a huge gain for him.

Even if he found nothing, it would not be a waste. He could at least explore, since he currently had no resources and could not continue cultivating.

The Vermilion Demon Lord did not object. He only warned Jared to be careful. After all, no one knew what had become of Selene's former sect.

It could be abandoned and filled with dangers, or maybe remnants of her old followers were still guarding it, unwilling to let outsiders trespass.

Jared nodded. He understood the risks

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journey, but his curiosity and desire

to explore left him no choice He would go forward.

Leaving the cave, Jared vanished in an instant.

Following the coordinates from the pattern, Jared arrived at the site of Selene's former sect.

What greeted him, however, was a wasteland, as if time itself had forgotten this place.

The once-grand buildings of the sect were now little more than crumbling walls and overgrown weeds.

A soft breeze stirred the dust, rustling through the ruins like whispers of past glory and present desolation.

So this is Selene's sect... Mr. Vermilion, you really were ruthless, wiping out the entire order... A heavy weight settling in Jared's chest.

For the sake of Selene, the Vermilion Demon Lord had destroyed her entire sect.

Truly, love could drive one to life-and-death extremes...

Jared carefully scanned the ruins, leaving no detail unnoticed, hoping to find some clue among the devastation.

Standing amid toppled pillars and shattered walls, he could not help but feel the full force of the contrast, a place once revered as an immortal sanctuary, now reduced to

fragments and silence.

Jared carefully scanned the surroundings, searching for anything that might serve as a clue.

Then, suddenly, the charms embedded in his body began to warm slightly, as if resonating with some unseen force in the ruins.

His heart skipped a beat. Focusing his senses, he traced the source of the sensation. It seemed to be coming from deep within the ruins.

Could these charms be connected to something over there?

Jared set off toward the direction of the resonance, every step measured, alert, and purposeful.

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Passing through layers of ruins, Jared finally arrived at the remnants of what had once been the main hall.

Though battered and worn, the structure still hinted at the grandeur it had once held.

At the very center of the hall stood a massive stone stele, its surface carved with ancient charms.

As Jared approached, the charms embedded in his body suddenly flared with dazzling light, resonating powerfully with the inscriptions on the stele.

The charms on the stele lit up one by one, forming a complex pattern.

So it really is! Jared's heart leapt with joy.

He quickly matched each charm on his body to the corresponding symbol on the stele, following the sequence exactly.

As the last charm clicked into place, the main hall trembled.

The floor slowly cracked open, revealing a stairway that plunged into darkness. A faint celestial energy drifted up from below, filling the air with a sense of wonder and allure.

Without a hesitation, Jared stepped forward.

The passage was short. Soon, he arrived at a spacious underground chamber.

The underground chamber was piled high with precious cultivation resources. Celestial gems that shimmered with inner light, celestial potions exuding a tempting fragrance, and immortal crystal meticulously crafted from various mystical materials.

I've hit the jackpot! Jared's excitement nearly overflowing.

These resources alone could push him straight to Human Immortal Realm Level Three.

But Jared did not let the treasure before him cloud his judgment. He pressed onward, driven by curiosity.

At the far end of the underground chamber stood a massive crystal coffin, its translucent surface gleaming like polished glass.

Inside lay a woman of breathtaking beauty, dressed in a flowing white gown, her features serene as if in a peaceful slumber.

This... this is Selene? Jared's heart raced. Her beauty surpassed anything he had ever imagined.

Suddenly, a violent ripple surged through his consciousness.

"Leenie! It's Leenie!" The Vermilion Demon Lord's voice quivered with a depth of emotion Jared had never heard from the ancient tyrant, raw, trembling, and uncontainable.

Before Jared could react, the Vermilion Demon Lord's soul remnant broke free of the mental bounds, taking the form of a shadowy figure that appeared before the crystal coffin.

"Leenie! It's really you!" The Vermilion Demon Lord's voice choked as two streaks of crimson tears ran down his face.

He reached toward the crystal coffin, but hesitated, afraid to disturb Selene's peaceful sleep.

The depth of the Vermilion Demon Lord's emotion even moved Jared.

"Selene... it's me... I was the one who caused this..." The Vermilion Demon Lord's voice trembled, and tears spilled freely from his eyes.

He lifted his gaze to Jared, pleading,

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"Jared, I know the man behind you, Mr. Sanders, is incredible. He can bring Selene back. Please... you have to find a way to revive her. I am willing to pay any price, even if it costs the last fragment of my soul. You don't need to waste time

restoring my body!"

Jared studied the Vermilion Demon Lord, seeing the depth of his grief, and could not help but feel a pang of sympathy.

After a moment of thought, he said,

"Mr. Vermilion, I understand how you feel. But reviving someone is no simple task, and right now I can't

reach Mr. Sanders. It

can contact

him, I'll do

everything I can to help.

The Vermilion Demon Lord's eyes brightened with a flicker of hope. "Good. I trust you."

"You've forced your soul out of my

consciousness field," Jared

continued gently, "and it's taking a

heavy toll. You should return soon. I need to make use of these resources to cultivate. But when I meet Mr. Sanders, I'll make sure he brings Selene back. Don't worry."

Jared's tone was firm yet kind, like someone soothing a wounded creature back to safety.

The Vermilion Demon Lord's soul remnant was already fragile. Linger too long

in the void might scatter it completely.

He nodded, cast one last, sorrowful glance at Selene, then returned to the safety of Jared's consciousness.

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Jared began cultivating at full speed, using every resource the forbidden ground had to offer.

He had no idea how much time had passed, but by the end, every single resource in the forbidden ground had been completely drained.

The sheer abundance of power propelled him to the top level Human Immortal Realm Level Three.

Even all the resources in this entire sect had only managed to raise him a fraction of a level...

Jared felt a mix of excitement and disbelief. Should he laugh or cry? He could not even imagine how many resources future cultivation would demand.

"Mr. Vermilion, how long have I been cultivating?" Jared asked, looking to the Vermilion Demon Lord.

"A little over three years," the Vermilion Demon Lord replied.

Jared frowned. Three years inside the Pentacarna Tower meant just over ten days had passed outside.

Exiting the Pentacarna Tower, Jared looked at the crystal coffin. With a gesture of his hands, a barrier appeared, wrapping the coffin completely.

"Mr. Vermilion, the barrier is set. Ordinary people won't be able to find this place. Once I contact Mr. Sanders, I'll make sure he revives Selene." Jared continued, "We need to leave now. If anyone from Malevolent Path Hall finds this place, even the coffin won't be safe."

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"Good..." Vermilion Demon Lord replied with a single word.

Jared understood. Deep down, Vermilion Demon Lord wished he could stay with Selene, but he also knew he could not revive her or fully protect her remains for now.

Jared stepped out of the forbidden ground, then quickly set up an illusion array around its perimeter. This made it even harder for anyone to locate the sect's ancient ruins, essentially a double layer of protection.

But just moments after he left, several terrifying auras suddenly locked onto him.

"Damn, already?" Jared muttered. He had not expected them to find him so quickly.

His eyes narrowed. In the next instant, he vanished in a flash of light. Behind him, four black streaks of energy shot forward, chasing him relentlessly. Soon, Jared was cornered. Four silhouettes blocked his path.

He held the Dragonslayer Sword firmly, gazing at the four silhouettes before him.

Four waves of oppressive pressure slammed toward him simultaneously, testing his strength.

It was clear that these four silhouettes were extremely cautious, showing no sign of underestimating him despite his outward cultivation level.

Jared did not dodge or retreat as the

four oppressive auras barreled

toward him. Instead, he swung Dragonslayer Sword, and a flash of blade shattered the incoming pressures into nothingness.

The four silhouettes froze for a moment, their eyes widening in clear shock.

The lead silhouette suddenly flickered, shooting forward like a meteor streaking through the night toward Jared.

Instead of fear, a thrill surged through him.

He condensed his own sword intent into a beam of light and surged forward to meet the charge.

One-on-one, Jared never backed down.

Swish! Both blades struck at the same time.

The stranger's sword was formed entirely from condensed demonic aura, a black, volatile energy shaped into a weapon.

Jared ignored Dragonslayer Sword, letting it hover at his side. He drew the raw sword intent from his body, shaping it into a pale, humming

blade. No metal, no advantage just

his will against theirs.

A one-on-one like this, using pure power instead of real swords, was about as fair as it could be.

Boom!

A deafening blast shook the world,

In an instant, the sky and earth. changed color, and within a radius five hundred kilometers, the void cracked apart like shattered glass.

Under the laws of nature, the broken space quickly knitted itself back together.

Jared slid backward several steps before regaining his balance. The silhouette facing him also staggered back a few paces.

"Oakley..." The remaining three silhouettes rushed forward the moment they saw it.

None of them expected Jared to hold his ground in a completely even one-on-one clash.

After all, Jared was only at Human Immortal Realm Level Three, while all of them were Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine.

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One small opportunity was all they needed to break through and step into the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

They already treated Jared as a serious threat, but his performance still shocked them again and again.

"Stay back. I'll handle this brat myself," the leading silhouette said.

The moment his voice faded, he vanished. In the next instant, tens of thousands of sword beams suddenly appeared in the space around Jared, shooting toward him from every direction.

Jared narrowed his eyes. Sword intent surged from inside him, spreading out and forming thousands of golden blades that blasted outward like a rainstorm.

In an instant, the entire void filled with nonstop explosions. Space that had just recovered began shaking and twisting again.

Golden sword beams and black sword beams crashed into each other in midair, just like cruise missiles smashing into interceptors.

The attacking blades locked onto their target, while Jared's intercepting blades shot upward to block them.

In just a few breaths, Jared's sword intent thickened into hundreds of thousands of blades, forming a tight barrier around him like a dense formation.

Even with such heavy coverage, a few black blades still slipped through and struck his body.

He took the hits head-on, relying on his tough physique.

A thin line of blood slid from the corner of his mouth.

But the fighting spirit in his eyes only burned brighter. I don't know if he has used his full strength yet. But I know I haven't.

He had not used the Dragonslayer Sword, had not used the Divine Bow, and had not even touched the Draconian bloodline inside him.

Just with pure sword intent, he was able to fight a Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine expert to this extent. That alone made him more than satisfied.

He was slightly at a disadvantage for now, but it did not matter. As long as he used a few more of his abilities, he was confident he could defeat his opponent.

"Come again." Excitement lit up his whole face as he charged toward the silhouette. This time, he was taking the initiative.

The silhouette froze for a moment, clearly surprised. He had not expected Jared to charge at all four of them on his own.

"You really are full of surprises, kid," the leader snorted before launching himself forward as well.

The two of them clashed instantly. In the middle of the void, countless sword rays streaked and crossed in every direction.

At the Nethergate Sect, Rowena led the remaining disciples back toward the sect.

The trip should have taken only one day, yet she deliberately stretched it into several.

She did it so the sect leader would think they had done everything they could. Inside the Nethergate Sect's main hall, Neville, the sect leader, sat at the top. As he saw Rowena and the others return, Neville frowned slightly. "Where is he?"

Rowena stepped forward and said, "Mr. Contreras, Jared was being hunted by Malevolent Path Hall. We couldn't hold them off. We lost a few disciples, so we had no choice but to come back first."

Neville froze for a moment, then looked at Rowena with an icy expression. "So you're saying you left Jared behind?"

"We really had no way to save him."

The people from Malevolent Path Hall were too strong. There were four at Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine. We were no match for them," Rowena explained quickly. "If we had forced our way back to Nethergate Sect with Jared, none of us would have survived."

"Let me ask you something. Do you understand what the Golden Pass represents in Nethergate Sect?" Neville's voice trembled with anger.

Rowena stiffened. She could feel the fury coming off him. "I understand, but we—"

"Silence. You can die if you have to, but leaving him behind is not an option." Neville's eyes blazed with deadly fury.

Rowena spoke again, her voice

edged with desperation. "Mr.

Contreras, that Golden Pass

originally belonged to the Vermilion Demon Lord, not Jared. Maybe he just happened to come across it f that's the case—"

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Boom!

Before Rowena could finish speaking, a terrifying aura slammed into her, pressing down on her with overwhelming force. She collapsed to her knees, dazed and disoriented.

Neville fixed her with an icy stare. "Nethergate Sect recognizes only the Golden Pass. Nothing else."

He continued, "For one hundred thousand years, we've issued just three. Even if our sect falls, our word must never be broken. That promise is the foundation of our existence, and today, you left Jared behind and ran off on your own? Do you even understand what you've done?"

Rowena's body trembled, and her face drained of color, leaving her looking pale and helpless.

"Mr. Contreras, Jared hasn't just angered Malice Hall. He's also crossed paths with the Soul Devourer and the Fire Demon Lord," Rowena hurriedly said, dropping the names like a shield to protect herself.

Neville's eyes flickered at the mention of those notorious figures, his brow furrowing in sharp concentration.

Rowena allowed herself a shaky breath of relief.

"Those two vanished ten thousand years ago. How could he possibly have

crossed them?" Neville asked, disbelief sharpening his tone.

"I swear it was his own words, Mr. Contreras," Rowena replied, her voice low and pleading.

Neville hesitated for a moment longer, then his frost-hard expression returned. "Even so, that is no excuse for desertion. All of you will face death."

Thud.

The disciples behind Rowena immediately dropped to their knees, foreheads pressed to the stone floor.

"Mr. Contreras, it was Rowena who ordered us to leave Jared behind," one of them cried. "She said bringing him here would put the Nethergate Sect in danger."

A junior disciple quickly jumped forward, trying to shirk responsibility, and shoved all the blame onto Rowena.

"Mr. Contreras, it was my idea," Rowena said, kneeling, voice tight with helplessness. "Jared angered both the Soul Devourer and the Fire Demon Lord. The Soul Devourer had already reached incredible power at Level Nine millennia ago. Anyone from Nethergate Sect would avoid him rather than fight. And the Fire Demon Lord had long been famous and vanished from sight. We simply have no way to help Jared handle either of them. And Malevolent Path Hall... even though their power at Level Nine isn't particularly strong, their influence stretches across multiple worlds. I've even heard they still have disciples at Level Twelve. How could we possibly protect Jared?"

Rowena's voice trembled, but she was only thinking of the sect's safety. If they had tried to protect Jared and angered these forces, Nethergate Sect itself could have been wiped out.

Neville's face remained cold and unmoved. "Remember this," he said, his voice icy, every word cutting into their hearts. "If anything happens to Jared, every one of you dies."

With that, Neville vanished instantly from the main hall, leaving only the echo of his authority.

"Ah..."

Rowena watched Neville walk away and sighed. "If only the former sect leader were still here... he disappeared thousands of years ago."

Somewhere in the void at Level Nine, Jared was still locked in fierce combat with the silhouette.

No one could say how long they had been fighting, yet Jared still had not drawn the Dragonslayer Sword, relying entirely on his sword intent to hold his ground.

His body was marked with wounds, but he barely noticed. With every strike and clash, his power grew rather than faded, as if the battle itself were refining him, sharpening his strength.

Even more astonishing, his sword intent continued to multiply instead of being depleted.

This discovery filled Jared with excitement.

Normally, prolonged combat would drain spiritual energy, the Power of Dragons, or even internal flame, leaving one exhausted to the point of death.

But his sword intent increased with each exchange, seemingly without limit.

The silhouette pressed the attack relentlessly, often gaining the upper hand, yet Jared refused to fall, unbreakable, enduring, and relentless against every strike.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Uncertainty gnawed at the silhouette. For the first time, it hesitated, unwilling to underestimate Jared even slightly.

A flick of its palm sent tens of thousands of sword rays blasting toward Jared, while the silhouette itself retreated rapidly.

It did not want to fight Jared anymore. The longer the battle dragged on, the more uneasy it became.

Jared's body pulsed once, shattering the storm of sword rays effortlessly.

"What's the matter? Lost your nerve?" he asked, a cold smile playing across his lips.

"Kid, it's not fear," the silhouette growled. "I just don't have time to play with you!" With that, the silhouette waved its massive hand, and the remaining three silhouettes vanished instantly.

Now, all four were preparing to strike Jared together.

"Damn it..." Jared muttered.

Jared furrowed his brow. "You're shameless. Four of you, Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine, attacking a single Level Three like me, ganging up on the weak. No sense of martial honor at all!"

The leader of the silhouettes let out a cold, harsh laugh. "Martial honor? Hah! This is the celestial realm, Level Nine. The strong rule, the weak obey. Your talk of honor is meaningless!"

With a snap of his hand, countless black sword lights erupted, filling every inch of the void around Jared.

Jared's eyes darkened, killing intent rising like a storm.

The magic sword formed from his sword intent solidified into the Dragonslayer Sword, its edges glowing with golden light from the draconic essence embedded in his chest.

The Power of Dragons surged within him, pouring relentlessly into the blade.

Dragonslayer Sword let out a series of thunderous dragon roars that echoed across the entire Level Nine.

With a single swing, Jared unleashed the Dragonslayer Sword.

Whoosh!

A pillar of golden light erupted around Jared, and the countless black blades disintegrated instantly the moment they touched it, vanishing into nothingness.

The four silhouettes' faces went pale as they stumbled backward.

Beyond the radiant glow, a massive Golden Dragon roared into existence, its power shaking the void itself.

"Sword-light... turning into a dragon?" one of them whispered, eyes wide. "I've never even heard of such a thing, let alone seen it!"

"Stay alert. This kid isn't ordinary!" the leader shouted, waving his companions back. With a fierce motion, he slashed his sword intent blade at the Golden Dragon.

Boom!

The Golden Dragon vanished, and so did the leader's sword, along with his entire arm.

Blood spurted like a fountain from the jagged stump.

Staring at the loss of his arm, the leader staggered back, horror etched across his face, retreating as if fear itself had tripped his feet.

The other three were shaken to their core.

Just moments ago, Jared had been completely suppressed.

Now, with a single strike, he had severed Oakley's arm. How had he grown so powerful so suddenly?

Jared smiled coldly. "Now it's your turn."

Eyes blazing with the Power of Dragons, Jared surged forward, Dragonslayer Sword in hand, charging at the remaining three.

A Human Immortal Realm Level

Three cultivator taking the initiative against four Top Level Human

Immortal Realm Level

"Nine cultivator, and holding the upper

hand, was something no one would believe if they had not seen it themselves.

"That sword... it's no ordinary weapon. Be careful!" Oakley warned.

Seeing this, the other three drew their real magic swords from their belts in unison, preparing for the unstoppable storm rushing at them.

Every magic sword radiated a dark, demonic aura.

The three figures stepped forward in unison. Their terrifying auras fused instantly, forming a massive pressure that bore down on Jared.

As they tried to intimidate him with their overwhelming force, they struck at the same time.

Steel clashed. Swish, swish, swish... cutting through the void in streaks of sword energy. The entire space began to splinter and warp under the chaotic power. Amid the torrent of sword energy, a single golden streak darted through. It was Jared.

Where his golden sword passed, the dark sword energy disintegrated completely.

The three silhouettes froze. Meanwhile, Jared swung the Dragonslayer Sword, but the immense pressure pushed him back.

He kept retreating, only coming to a stable stance after a few kilometers.

Jared's face had lost all color, and fresh blood trickled from the corner of his mouth. Yet the draconic essence on his chest blazed even.

brighter like a living sun over his heart. ,

Waves of the Power of Dragons surged through his body, making his bloodline roar with life.

He felt unstoppable, pumped with energy, unable to stop, as if his entire being had been set ablaze by the fight.

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