

# A Warrior Undefeatable 5621-5630

"Bring it on! Again!" Jared shouted, his voice fierce, his grin wild.

He became pure sword-light, streaking forward like a golden meteor.

The three silhouettes exchanged a glance, muttering in unison, "Insane..." Then they noticed the dense web of cracks now marring their magic swords, damage inflicted by Jared's Dragonslayer Sword in the last clash.

These were no ordinary blades, yet a single encounter had left them scarred. Still, none of the three backed down. Even with Dragonslayer Sword and the Power of Dragons boosting Jared, they were confident they could defeat him.

The three shot into the sky together, colliding with Jared again in a storm of sparks.

Blow after blow pushed him backward, yet his eyes never faltered. There was no fear, only unstoppable determination.

Boom!

With a deafening crash, every sword-light in the void shattered. Jared's body flew like a falling leaf, tumbling few kilometers before he finally landed.

The three silhouettes stumbled back three hundred meters. Though uninjured, their blood boiled, and some of their auras wavered.

"This is amazing! Even if I can't win today, I'll at least leave you covered in my snot!" Jared spat blood from the corner of his mouth and charged forward again.

The three shadows frowned, their eyes instinctively flicking to Oakley, who had lost his arm.

Fighting like this was not about strength or tricks, it was about facing someone who did not fear death.

"Stop staring. If the three of us can't take down Jared, none of us go home." The leading silhouette bellowed in fury.

At his command, the other three lunged forward, clashing with Jared until their movements blurred into a whirlwind of steel and sparks.

But the more they fought, the stronger Jared became. He showed no sign of tiring, only an ever-growing, fierce momentum.

Just as the trio's attention wavered, the Dragonslayer in Jared's hand let out a low, resonant dragon's roar.

The three silhouettes instinctively lifted their swords to block.

But this time, even their combined effort barely slowed Jared's light.

Before they could react, another figure had silently appeared behind them.

One decisive swing sent the three silhouettes skyward in shock.

Even so, the sword energy grazed their arms, leaving deep crimson gashes.

Though not fatal, the injuries were a humiliating mark. For cultivators at the Top Level Human immortal

Realm Level Nine being hurt

Level Three cultivator was a

by

disgrace beyond words.

"Master, did I do okay?" Zelda asked, walking toward to Jared with a smile.

That strike just now had been an

illusion, Jared's clever trick to draw their attention. It let the sword spirit, Zelda, slip from Dragonslayer Sword and strike unexpectedly.

The blow was not lethal, but wounding an opponent like that was still worth celebrating.

The leader's eyes gleamed with greed at the sudden appearance of Zelda. Spirit swords were common in the celestial realm, but one whose spirit could leave the blade and fight independently that was extremely rare.

Especially a sword spirit with its own mind, thinking and acting like a human.

"Useless vermin..." a roar of rage thundered from the sky, followed immediately by a streak of black light hurtling straight at Jared.

Jared's eyes narrowed. "Return to the blade, Zelda," he ordered.

The Dragonslayer Sword could unleash its full power only when Zelda's spirit

resided within it, and Jared relied on every ounce of that strength now.

A black streak like a meteor slammed toward him at impossible speed. He swung Dragonslayer Sword to block.

Boom!

The sword trembled violently. The black light shattered into fragments, but the force still hurled Jared across the clearing. He crashed onto the ground with a heavy thud and lay there for several long moments, unable to rise.

"Damn them! Ganging up on you like that... If my body were restored, I'd wipe them off the map," the Vermilion Demon Lord growled, fury radiating from every word.

Jared did not respond, only coughing up blood, so much that he nearly expelled his own organs.

"Mr. Vermilion, do you recognize them?" he asked, wiping his mouth with a trembling hand.

After the prolonged fight, Jared realized these opponents did not resemble the people from the Malevolent Path Hall at all.

But in level nine, aside from the Malevolent Path Hall trying to catch him, he had never encountered any other sect.

"I'm not sure," the Vermilion Demon Lord replied, shaking his head. "I've been away from the level nine far too long..."

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Jared looked up toward the horizon and saw a crevice slowly opening in the void.

A man, completely wrapped in black demonic aura, stepped out.

The appearance of this man made the four silhouettes flinch, and they immediately stepped forward and bowed in unison.

Jared forced himself up from the ground, ignoring the discomfort in his body.

He stared intently at the man, feeling a strong sense of danger coming from him.

This man's strength was clearly greater than that of the four silhouettes. He had to be an expert from the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

The gap between cultivation level was huge, after all.

The man glanced at the lead silhouette's severed arm, his eyes cold. "Useless trash..."

As he spoke, the black demonic aura around him gradually disappeared, revealing a full set of black armor beneath.

The silhouette being scolded did not dare make a sound, lowering his head and trembling all over, clearly terrified of this man.

Only then did the man slowly shift his gaze to Jared, a trace of disdain curling at the corner of his mouth.

Whoosh!

The man suddenly vanished. At the same time, Jared felt the void around him collapse, terrifying pressure pressing down from all sides, as if the void itself was collapsing on him.

He did not dare be careless and quickly swung the Dragonslayer Sword.

The Power of Dragons, the Power of Three, and every ounce of sword intent within him all erupted at once.

This strike would decide whether he lived or died.

Boom!

In an instant, all the aura Jared had unleashed was crushed. He was flung backward, his entire body cracking.

He had almost lost his physical form, his soul nearly leaving his body.

The churning, turbulent sensation inside his body made Jared gag.

"Not bad. You actually survived... and your body is still intact," the man said, a trace of surprise cutting through his otherwise cold demeanor.

"If you die, I still won't..." Jared ground his teeth, using his sword to push himself upright.

Not only did he stand, but he surged straight toward the man.

"Heavenly Immortal or not, today I will cut you down!" Jared roared, his eyes ablaze with battle intent.

The man's gaze remained as calm as still water. With a slight flick, Jared's body was thrown backward.

Yet even as he sailed through the air, Jared twisted, planted his feet on the void, and charged again, relentless, like a streak of defiant blood.

The man's brow furrowed. With a downward press of his hand, Jared felt as if a thousand mountains had landed on him, forcing him straight to the ground.

Gasping for air, battle-lust still burning in his eyes, Jared found himself completely powerless.

What kind of strength does this guy have? How is he so strong?

Jared was speechless.

He was not afraid of the four Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators before. Even if he could not defeat them he could at least counterattack and wound them.

But facing this man, Jared could not fight back at all.

"Strong, my foot," the Vermilion

Demon Lord snorted coldly. "He's et

just barely entered the Heavenly Immortal Realm. He's picking on you to feel important." fo

"Just entered the Heavenly Immortal Realm? How is that possible?" Jared asked in confusion.

"You've been fighting those four for

half a day," the Vermilion Demon Lord continued. "Did you really think you could keep going forever,

without ever tiring his guy taking advantage of you, basically a war of attrition. If you were at the top level, he wouldn't be able to suppress you like this."

The Vermilion Demon Lord's explanation gave Jared a surge of confidence.

Gritting his teeth, he pushed himself upright once more.

The man's expression darkened at the sight, his face momentarily clouded.

The one-armed silhouette spoke up, voice trembling, "Elmer, this boy is unusual... and he carries Draconian bloodline."

Elmer's eyes narrowed as he looked Jared over again. "A human-Draconian hybrid," he said, stepping forward. "No wonder..."

The moment he moved, an overwhelming aura surged outward, striking Jared like lightning tearing through the sky.

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Jared held the Dragonslayer Sword, his eyes showing not a hint of fear. The Power of Dragons surged through him without restraint, and his sword intent poured out like a rising tide, pushing back against the oppressive pressure.

Boom!

The collision of their auras sent Jared flying backward. As he spun through the air, rivulets of blood sprayed from his body.

Pain scorched every nerve. His body was battered and broken.

Even so, Jared drove the Dragonslayer Sword into the ground and forced himself upright, refusing to yield.

"Impressive, boy. Still alive..." Elmer let out a cold snort.

He snapped his clawed hand forward. The void around them twisted violently, and Jared's body was dragged toward him as if the air itself had turned into chains.

But just as Jared was about to be seized, a terrifying aura surged into the area. Elmer's brow furrowed as he instinctively glanced toward the sky.

A figure fell like a shooting star, descending at incredible speed.

"Jared, the Nethergate Sect has you. Step back, now!" Neville landed in front of Jared, his gaze icy and unwavering.

"Mr. Contreras," Elmer growled, "the Soul Devourer wants that boy. And you dare protect him?"

Jared finally realized the truth. The people in front of him were not from the Malevolent Path Hall at all. They were underlings of the Soul Devourer.

Jared did not know whether the Soul Devourer had fully recovered at level nine.

If he had... things could get messy fast.

Neville's eyes narrowed. "Didn't you hear me? The Nethergate Sect is protecting Jared. Step back now. Don't think that just because the Soul Devourer has returned to level nine, you Earth Fiend Sect people are impressive. In my eyes, you're still trash that doesn't deserve to stand on any stage."

Neville's words were harsh, Elmer and the silhouettes were stiffened with anger and humiliation.

"Neville, your Nethergate Sect isn't what it used to be. You really think you're still the strongest sect at level nine? I warn you—"

Boom!

Neville did not let him finish. He raised a hand, and a crushing force slammed down.

Elmer's eyes went wide. Before he could even react, the crushing pressure tore through his body, shattering it. His soul shot out, barely held together.

Neville had restrained himself. If he had not, Elmer would have been nothing but dust.

"You? Threaten me?" Neville's lips curled in disdain. "Even your sect leader wouldn't dare speak to me like that. And you, a lowly elder, think you can?"

Elmer's soul flared with rage. "Fine. If you're not afraid of the Soul Devourer, I'll tell him everything. Then I'll watch your Nethergate Sect burn with my own eyes!"

"Nonsense," Neville said, his voice icy. "Soul Devourer, Fire Demon Lord. Bring them all. Anyone under the protection of the Nethergate sect will be protected. No one touches Jared. If you're so eager, calm your people. Try him. I dare you."

Elmer's face darkened, fury twisting his features, but he had no choice.

The Earth Fiend Sect was nothing compared to the power of the Nethergate Sect.

One wave from Neville could crush them all.

The Nethergate Sect was one of the

oldest level nine sects, its power more. Even if it had

second

declined slightly over the years, its foundation was unshakable. Something like the Earth Fiend Sect, a coalition of small, weak sects, could never match.

"Still here? Move!" Neville's voice cut through the air like steel.

The four silhouettes exchanged uneasy glances. No one dared move without

Elmer's command, even if all that remained of him was a soul.

Elmer's eyes locked on Neville. The calm in Neville's expression told him everything. Linger another second, and his soul would be crushed.

To Neville, the Earth Fiend Sect was nothing more than a ragtag group of strays.

"We're leaving..." Elmer finally waved, and he, along with the four silhouettes, drifted away.

Only once they had vanished did

Neville turn to Jared. "Sorry about the scare. I'm Neville Contreras leader of the Nethergate Seat. Myles subordinates left you behind without my permission. I'll make sure they're punished."

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"There's no need to be so formal, Mr. Contreras. Your men had no choice but to leave," Jared said quickly, trying to ease the tension still lingering in the air.

"Don't bother pleading for them," Neville said, his tone calm but firm. "The moment they abandoned you, they broke the rules of the Nethergate Sect. As for that Golden Pass you hold, whether you earned it or it was given, it doesn't matter. A promise from the Nethergate Sect is ironclad. Even if our entire sect falls, we won't break it."

Hearing Neville, Jared finally understood just how significant the so-called "meeting gift" from the Vermilion Demon Lord really was.

He had thought it might be a trinket, especially after Rowena fled, but now he realized, for the Demon Lord to obtain a Golden Pass from the Nethergate Sect was no simple feat.

"Mr. Contreras... what kind of organization is Earth Fiend Sect? They sent four Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine, and even a Heavenly Immortal Realm elder. How could one group muster that kind of strength in a single night?" Jared asked, disbelief shading his words.

Jared realized that an alliance this strong could shake an entire region, let alone pose a threat to just one wandering cultivator.

Neville waved a hand dismissively. "Just a bunch of minor level-nine sects banded together. What you faced tonight was every elite they have. Nothing worth losing sleep over."

With that, Neville led Jared to the Nethergate Sect.

Inside the main hall of Earth Fiend Sect, three elders sat rigidly along the sides, flanking the lacquered aisle.

At the head of the hall, on a throne-like seat, sat a young woman in white robes.

Her black hair flowed over her shoulders, framing pale, flawless skin and crimson lips that gave her an alluring, dangerous beauty.

Though she appeared no older than twenty, the elders' eyes were filled with deep respect.

"It is truly an honor that the Soul Devourer has chosen our Earth Fiend Sect, Ms. Vale," one elder said, his voice quivering with pride. "By the time he fully recovers, our sect at level nine will become the top organization."

"Yes, the Soul Devourer ordered us to capture the man called Jared. Grand Elder Elmer should be returning with him any moment now," another elder added, rubbing his palms together.

"I still can't understand why the Soul Devourer fixates on that Jared," the third elder muttered.

The other two elders murmured their agreement.

Sylvia said nothing, her deep eyes fixed on the window. Was the Soul Devourer choosing the Earth Fiend Sect a blessing or a hidden curse?

"Ms. Vale, Grand Elder Elmer and his silhouettes have returned..." a Earth Fiend Sect disciple called as he hurried in.

"Let him in," Sylvia said, her voice calm but commanding.

Moments later, Elmer entered the main hall, together with the four silhouettes.

Gasps spread through the room when they entered.

Elmer was no longer flesh and blood. His form had become a translucent soul body. One of the silhouettes revealed a severed stump where his arm had been.

"Grand Elder Elmer... what happened? Could Jared really be that powerful?" an

elder asked, voice trembling.

Elmer shook his head. "No. That's not it."

"What happened to you? How did you end up like this?"

"And your physical body. Where is it? Who destroyed it?"

The other two elders stared in shock.

A cultivator of Heavenly Immortal Realm losing his physical body was no small matter.

Even in the level nine, cultivators

who reached the Heavemet

were extremely rare.

sects did not even ha

have one

Only a few ancient sects could claim to have cultivators at that level.

"Enough. All of you, be quiet," Sylvia snapped, her voice cold.

The three elders immediately fell silent.

"Grand Elder Elmer, tell us exactly what happened," she said, face darkening.

Elmer gave a small nod and began recounting everything in detail, every moment of the encounter.

Everyone's brows tightened at once.

"What's going on with the Nethergate Sect? Why would they protect Jared—"

One elder started to question,

confusion written all over his face.

But the moment he noticed Sylvia

looking his way, he instantly shut his mouth and dared not say another word.

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Sylvia leaned forward slightly. "Tell me why is Neville protecting Jared, Grand Elder Elmer? Jared is only at Human Immortal Realm Level Three. Even if he's talented enough to fight above his rank, he still wouldn't count as a top expert in level nine. Why would Neville defy the Soul Devourer just to shield him?"

Elmer shook his head. "I have no idea. I only know that the Malevolent Path Hall is also after Jared. And in Jared's hands, one of their celestial lords and one Dharma King have both fallen."

"What?" All three elders shot to their feet, stunned.

A celestial lord and a Dharma King from the Malevolent Path Hall were practically unbeatable in level nine. How could they possibly die to someone at Human Immortal Realm Level Three?

"There's no need to be shocked," Elmer said calmly. "Jared isn't even my match, so there's no way he killed the Malevolent Path Hall's celestial lord and Dharma King."

Sylvia's eyes narrowed. "So you're saying there's someone powerful backing him?"

One elder spoke up, "Isn't Neville that powerhouse? He's the one protecting Jared."

Sylvia shot him a sharp look. "Neville couldn't kill a celestial lord and a Dharma King from the Malevolent Path Hall. You know that."

The elder immediately fell silent.

Even Neville did not have the kind of strength to take down experts of that level.

Elmer turned to Sylvia. "Ms. Vale, are you suggesting there's someone even stronger behind Jared?"

"Exactly." Sylvia nodded. "When Soul Devourer arrived, he was badly injured, and he clearly hated Jared. But with Jared's strength, even Neville's strength, it would be impossible for either of them to hurt Soul Devourer like that. Which means someone even stronger must be behind Jared. Maybe someone at level ten... or even from a higher realm."

"Then it makes sense," another elder added slowly. "Neville isn't afraid of Soul Devourer because he's counting on that expert."

"Exactly." Sylvia nodded. "I know Neville too well. He talks all day about honor and virtue, but if something doesn't benefit him, he won't bother doing it."

"What should we do now, Ms. Vale? With Neville protecting Jared, it'll be hard for us to make a move," Elmer said.

Sylvia looked out the window and thought for a moment. Then she spoke slowly. "We'll stop targeting Jared for now. I'm going to the Nethergate Sect."

"Why would you go there, Ms. Vale?" an elder asked.

"To apologize," Sylvia said slowly.

Elmer quickly stepped forward. "Ms. Vale, Jared injured our men, and he even chopped off the chief guard's arm from the Quartet Shadow Guards!"

"So what?" Sylvia shot back.

"If we forgive Jared... even apologize... won't the other sects laugh at us? And Soul Devourer is almost done recovering. If he finds out about this, won't he be upset?" Elmer asked.

"If Soul Devourer could be injured once, he can be injured again. We can't gamble everything on him," Sylvia said firmly.

"What if the person behind Jared really is an expert. Maybe even above level ten, or level twelve?" Sylvia asked.

"That's impossible," an elder said, disbelief written all over his face.

"Someone beyond level twelve? No way. Levels one to twelve are the lower celestial realm. Levels thirteen to twenty-four are the middle celestial realm. Anything above level twenty-four is the upper celestial realm. To go beyond level twelve, the difficulty is obvious. Ms. Vale, you know this. Whoever stands behind Jared can't be stronger than level twelve."

Another elder nodded, clearly doubtful as well.

"Ignorant..." Sylvia rose slowly and walked toward the main hall doors. "As a Human Immortal Realm Level Three Jared dared provoke the Malevolent Path Hall, dared provoke the Soul Devourer, and even dared wander around level nine like it was nothing. So tell me, how strong do you think the person behind him really is?"

The three elders and Elmer fell completely silent. Even with their cultivation and experience, none of them had the courage to do what Jared had done.

## **A Warrior Undefeatable**

Jared followed Neville into the Nethergate Sect.

Inside the main hall, Rowena and the others were still gathered there, each of them trembling in fear.

The disciples all prayed silently that nothing had happened to Jared, otherwise, Neville would not spare them.

Gradually, their gazes toward Rowena grew cold.

If she had not abandoned Jared, things would not have come to this.

Now they blamed her. They all knew Neville's reputation for strict justice. What he said, he did.

If anything had happened to Jared, none of them would have survived.

"Stop looking at me like that. I made this decision, and I will take responsibility alone. When Mr. Contreras returns, I'll tell him it was entirely my choice. None of you will be involved," Rowena said, her face pale but firm.

"Can you truly bear that?" Neville's voice cut through the hall.

Rowena looked up and saw Neville entered the main hall, Jared at his side. Jared's body was covered in wounds, a clear sign of the fierce battle he had endured.

"Mr. Contreras, I..." Rowena started, but the words faltered, unable to form.

"Hmph. We're lucky Jared is unharmed, otherwise, even if I killed you, it wouldn't make up for the Nethergate Sect's losses," Neville said coldly. "Now hurry and apologize to Jared."

"Mr. Chance... I'm sorry..." Rowena lowered her head.

Regret gnawed at her. She should have brought Jared back with her at the time, but she never expected Neville to care for him so deeply.

Jared only cast a brief glance at Rowena, saying nothing, not forgiveness, nor anger.

"I share the responsibility," Neville said, his tone softer. "Had I personally come to fetch you, none of this would have happened."

"No worries, Mr. Contreras. My enemies are simply too strong, which is why your disciples were afraid," Jared said lightly, a faint smile touching his lips.

"They're all here. You may deal with them as you see fit," Neville added.

Rowena and the disciples all flinched at Neville's words.

"Mr. Chance, we're truly sorry. We were only following Rowena's orders. We didn't mean to disobey you." The disciples immediately shifted the blame onto Rowena, pleading for mercy.

Rowena's face went pale, and she looked at Jared, her eyes full of desperation. "Mr. Chance, this was entirely my decision. The others had nothing to do with it anyone must be punished, punish me. Whatever punishment you choose, I will accept it. Even... if you demand my body, I will comply."

She did not want to die, so she offered herself to save her life.

She hoped Jared might care more about her body than her life, so she could survive.

Jared glanced at Rowena. He liked women, but he did not take every opportunity.

At the time, he had been angry when Rowena had left with the others, and that anger had not fully faded.

Rowena had at least shown some responsibility now, and Jared did not plan to make things harder for her.

If she had tried to push the blame onto others, he would not have let her walk away alive.

"Alright, you don't need to be scared. I'm not going to do anything to you. In a dangerous situation, your choice was understandable. We're not related and you don't owe me anything. There was no reason for you to take that risk for me, Jared said calmly.

Neville nodded, satisfied. "Since Jared has forgiven you, all of you may stand. Take him to get treated."

Rowena and the others got up quickly, and a few disciples led Jared away for treatment. Of course, all the resources needed would be covered by the Nethergate Sect.

After Jared left, Neville looked at the

bowed Rowena and let out a cold

laugh Do you think I went too far?

Went too far?

Risking the future of the whole

Nethergate Sect just because of a

promise?"

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Rowena glanced at Neville, then lowered her head and gave a small shake. "I... I wouldn't dare."

Neville looked at her. "That's exactly what you're thinking. Don't assume I don't know. You've followed me for so long. Do you really think I don't understand how you think?"

Rowena went quiet. She honestly could not understand why Neville was doing this.

What was so special about Jared? Why would the entire Nethergate Sect risk their lives for him? Was it really just for a Golden Pass? Or a promise made years ago? She did not quite believe that.

"Did you ever look into this Jared?" Neville asked.

Rowena shook her head. "No..."

"Then tell me. How can someone only at Human Immortal Realm Level Three come all the way to level nine?"

"Do you know why he offended Malevolent Path Hall and is still alive? Do you know how a cultivator at Human Immortal Realm Level Three could have a grudge with the Soul Devourer?" Neville's rapid questions left Rowena stunned.

She really did not know.

All she knew were the things Jared himself had mentioned. He said he had grudges with those people, but she had no idea what actually happened.

"Let me tell you," Neville said. "Jared may only be at Human Immortal Realm Level Three, but he defeated a Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivator. Even when he faced four Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators at the same time, he could still fight. Let me tell you something else. Jared didn't just offend Malevolent Path Hall. He even killed Morcant, their Dharma King, and their celestial lord. Let me tell you one more thing. When the Soul Devourer returned to level nine covered in injuries, it was because of Jared. Do you really think Jared is just an ordinary cultivator? If he were, how could he have gotten the Golden Pass from the Vermilion Demon Lord?"

Rowena froze, completely shocked. "Mr. Contreras... are you saying Jared has a powerful force behind him?"

"Of course," Neville said with a small, calm smile. "Otherwise, how could he survive Malevolent Path Hall's pursuit, and even make them lose people like the Dharma King and the celestial lord?"

This was why he saved Jared, and why he was willing to gamble the entire Nethergate Sect's future on him. It was never just about a Golden Pass or an old promise.

"Mr. Contreras... if that's the case, doesn't that mean the force behind Jared is extremely powerful? Even stronger than Malevolent Path Hall?" Rowena asked disbelief

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"I'm not sure how strong they are," Neville replied, "but I'm certain they're stronger than Malevolent Path Hall. Nethergate Sect's influence in level nine keeps shrinking. If we want to rise again, we need solid backing. The former sect leader has been missing for so long. Without support from someone powerful, Nethergate Sect will only become more and more marginalized, and will eventually be swallowed by other sects."

Neville looked out the window, his eyes deep with thought.

The Nethergate Sect had once been powerful in level nine, but now it had fallen to such a state.

"I understand!" Rowena nodded.

Only now did she realize how foolish she had been. She had almost ruined

something that could affect the entire sect.

"If you understand, then you know what to do," Neville said.

"I do." Rowena answered, then turned and left.

She headed straight to the room where Jared was recovering.

Jared was using the resources provided by Nethergate Sect to slowly heal his injuries.

When Rowena suddenly walked in, he was a little surprised.

"Ms. Graves, do you need something?" Jared asked.

Rowena took out her own item

pouch and tossed it to him. "Mr.

f

Chance these are the resources I've saved up.

You can use them."

"No need. Mr. Contreras already had people send resources over," Jared said, waving his hand.

"Mr. Chance, this is my way of apologizing. Please accept it," Rowena replied.

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"Alright." Jared took Rowena's pouch and set it aside.

To him, her resources were barely enough to make a difference, but he did not say it out loud.

Rowena still did not leave. Instead, she suddenly began taking off her clothes.

"Ms. Graves, what are you doing?" Jared's eyes widened as he stared at her.

Rowena's voice was steady. "I know your injuries are serious, Mr. Chance. If someone does dual cultivation with you, you'll recover much faster."

Rowena finished speaking and sat down beside Jared.

Jared let out a soft sigh. To recover faster, he had no choice but to do what had to be done.

Meanwhile, in the main hall of the Nethergate Sect, Neville was about to rest when a disciple hurried in.

"Mr. Contreras, Ms. Vale from Earth Fiend Sect has arrived," the disciple reported.

Neville frowned. "She's here?"

He did not believe the Earth Fiend Sect would dare stir trouble on his territory.

Even if they had the courage, they would not act recklessly here.

"How many came with her?" Neville asked.

"Ms. Vale came alone." the disciple reported.

Hearing that she came without a company, Neville's frown deepened, though he waved a hand. "Show her in."

The disciple stepped back and soon returned, guiding Ms. Vale into the hall.

"Ms. Vale, what brings you to the Nethergate Sect today? Surely it isn't to demand justice for Grand Elder Elmer?" Neville asked, his expression stern.

"You misunderstand, Mr. Contreras," Ms. Vale said with a faint smile. "Grand Elder Elmer showed you disrespect, and the fact that you stopped at destroying his mortal body was already a mercy. How could I possibly come to demand anything?"

Neville was momentarily taken aback. But judging by her calm demeanor, she was sincere. His expression softened almost immediately.

"Please, have a seat," Neville said.

"Thank you," Sylvia replied, sitting gracefully as befitted someone of her status. Neville asked. "Ms. Vale, why have you come to the Nethergate Sect today?"

"Mr. Contreras, I came to see Mr. Chance, and to apologize to him personally," Sylvia said calmly.

"Apologize?" Neville blinked, momentarily stunned.

Earth Fiend Sect had sent elite cultivators to capture Jared, so why this sudden change?

"Grand Elder Elmer acted on his own, bringing several experts and showing disrespect to Mr. Chance Sylvia explained, her hands open in a gesture of sincerity. "When I found out, was deeply ashamed, so I came to offer an apology

Neville's confusion deepened. He stared at her. "Weren't you following the Soul Devourer's orders to take Jared?"

"I believe there are many misunderstandings," Sylvia replied gently. "If Mr. Chance is here, may I speak with him face-to-face to clarify everything?"

Neville exhaled and nodded. "He is here. Recovering. But his injuries are quite severe."

"Then don't let Mr. Chance wander off. I'll go see him myself," Sylvia said quickly, using slightly from her "i seat Mr. Contreras, would you lead the way?" Śwnovels

Neville nodded and led her to Jared's room.

Just as they reached the door, muffled gasps and ragged breaths drifted out. The

sound was rhythmic and intense, impossible to ignore.

Sylvia's lips curved into a quiet laugh. "I didn't expect Mr. Chance to have... such hobbies."

Neville's face flushed as he quickly explained, "He's badly hurt. I had a female disciple perform dual

cultivation with him to speed up his recovery..."

Sylvia only smiled softly, saying nothing.

She waited quietly outside, knowing better than to interrupt.

Several hours later, the door finally opened.

Rowena emerged, cheeks flushed, walking unsteadily. When she saw Neville and Sylvia at the door, she froze in place, eyes wide with surprise.

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Rowena stood there, her face flushed. "Mr. Contreras..." she murmured, unsure what to say.

Neville waved a hand. "Go on. Get some rest."

Without another word, Rowena endured the pain and hurried down the corridor.

When Neville led Sylvia into Jared's room, he was just finishing fastening his robe.

Jared's eyes widened at the sight of the new woman. She wore a flowing white dress, her long hair cascading over her shoulders, radiating an elegance far beyond Rowena's.

"Mr. Contreras, I appreciate your thoughtfulness," Jared said, "but as for dual cultivation with another woman... I'm afraid I can't manage it right now. I'll practice dual cultivation with this lady. How does that sound?"

Jared thought Neville had brought him another woman.

Neville hurriedly explained, "Jared, you've got it wrong. This is Sylvia Vale, the sect leader of the Earth Fiend Sect."

Jared blinked, stunned. "The sect leader of the Earth Fiend Sect?" And a woman?

Sylvia's lips curved into a small, graceful smile. "Mr. Chance, you truly are impressive, not just in looks, but in skill as well. Ms. Graves was lucky to have you."

Jared felt embarrassed. "I... I'm sorry. That was... a bit awkward."

"I am Sylvia Vale, the sect leader of the Earth Fiend Sect. I know there were some misunderstandings between my sect and you, so I came personally to apologize," she said, bowing deeply toward Jared.

Neville could hardly believe his eyes.

Jared, frozen in place, did not know what to make of her. What exactly was Sylvia up to?

"Your apology is accepted," Jared said cautiously, flexing the arm still stiff with injuries. "But your people did leave me in a pretty sorry state..."

Before he could finish, Sylvia tossed an item pouch toward him. It landed softly in front of him.

Jared opened the item pouch and found it filled with high-purity celestial gems, mystical herbs, and immortal crystals.

"If you feel this isn't enough," Sylvia said calmly, "then whatever Ms. Graves did, I can do as well. I can also dual-cultivate with you to help you recover faster."

She spoke of dual cultivation so openly, as if it were nothing extraordinary.

Jared looked at her, slightly taken aback. He tucked the item pouch away and shook his head. "Dual cultivation....I think we should skip that to hate for anything to happen to you, Ms. Vale

"I've never practiced it with anyone before. You don't need to worry," Sylvia replied, understanding Jared's concern.

Neville glanced at Jared with a hint of envy.

Sylvia, despite her young age, had already become the sect leader of the Earth Fiend Sect. A feat achieved entirely through her strength and skill.

She was the kind of woman every man wanted to conquer, but few had the ability.

And now Sylvia had approached Jared and openly proposed dual cultivation. It was enough to make anyone envious.

"Jared," Neville said, "Ms. Vale is considered a great beauty even at level nine. Many men dream of dual cultivating with her, yet few have the fortune to do so. Now that she's offering aren't you going to take the chance?"

Jared shook his head calmly. "I may appreciate a beautiful woman, but I won't coerce her. I accept Ms. Vale's apology. That's enough. As for dual cultivation, we'll let that be."

Sylvia blinked, surprised. She had never expected a man to refuse such an offer.

At that moment, her gaze on Jared deepened, filled with curiosity and intrigue.

"Since you have accepted my

apology, Mr. Chance, I feel much more at ease," Sylvia said with a small, composed smile, letting the earlier topic fade. "I've also heard that you possess a spiritual sword one whose sword spirit can step out of the blade. May I see it?"

Jared reached out casually, and the Dragonslayer Sword appeared in his hand in a flash of pale light.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"You can take a look, Ms. Vale, but be careful," Jared said. "This sword has recognized me as its master. Don't let it harm you." He handed the Dragonslayer Sword to Sylvia.

Sylvia held the sword, feeling the aura flowing along its blade, her eyes filled with a mixture of reverence and care.

"Mr. Chance," she asked, lifting her gaze from the sword, "if I wanted to trade for this sword, would you agree?"

"What would you offer in return?" Jared asked with a playful smile.

"Myself," Sylvia said boldly. "I can be your woman, accompany you, and practice dual cultivation with you whenever you want."

Neville froze in surprise. Who would ever offer themselves as a trade? Could it be that Sylvia wanted to serve Jared like a personal handmaid?

"Ha!" Jared laughed. "Whatever Ms. Vale can give me, the Dragonslayer Sword can give me too. And whatever Ms. Vale cannot give, the sword can."

Sylvia blinked, confused. "Wait... are you saying this sword can share with you like a woman would? Give you... pleasure?"

Jared said nothing. He simply looked at the Dragonslayer Sword.

The sword hummed, letting out a low, resonant tone. A flash of white light split the air, and Zelda, the sword spirit, emerged from the blade.

"Hmph, my master is not impressed by just anyone," Zelda said, shooting Sylvia a sharp glance.

"Ms. Vale, this is Zelda, the sword spirit of the Dragonslayer Sword. Do you think can she give what you can give?" Jared lifted Zelda into his arms.

Zelda rested against him with ease, her closeness showing anyone who looked that she and Jared had long shared a bond beyond simple swordsmanship.

Neville could not help but sigh, feeling the sting of his own ignorance.

He had never imagined that Jared could command a sword like this.

Not long ago, Neville had thought Rowena might charm Jared and give the Nethergate Sect an edge.

But now, seeing the sword spirit's form, her beauty and presence far surpassing Rowena's, that plan seemed utterly ruined.

Sylvia, too, had not expected this. Her cheeks flushed slightly as she returned the Dragonslayer Sword to Jared.

"Mr. Chance, I was presumptuous," Sylvia said, bowing her head slightly. "A person of honor never takes what another holds dear. This sword is

yours have no right to examine t

much less claim it."

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Jared accepted the weapon with a nod, and Zelda returned to the blade.

"Ms. Vale," Jared said, "you moved against me under the Soul Devourer's orders. Is that creature in your possession?"

After a brief pause, Sylvia nodded. "Yes, he is with us. But he has sealed himself inside a cavern to recover. None of us can reach him."

"Jared, are you planning to deal with the Soul Devourer?" Neville asked, worry in his eyes.

Jared shook his head. "I'm just asking, not planning to go after him."

He was not foolish. With his current strength, he could not take on the Soul Devourer.

Besides, his main goal right now was to find the Celestial King and see what had happened at level nine.

As long as the Soul Devourer and the Malevolent Path Hall did not bother him, Jared was not planning to bother them.

"Since you hold no grudge against me, I want to show my sincerity," Sylvia said. "I know of an ancient ruin. Would you explore it with me?"

"An ancient ruin?" Jared raised his eyebrows.

Ancient ruins usually held valuable resources and magical items, but danger came with them as well.

"Do you mean the Heaven Gate Sect's ruins?" Neville asked, surprised. "Yes," Sylvia nodded.

"Countless people have searched the Heaven Gate Sect ruins and come back empty-handed," Neville said a mix of admiration and envy, his voice: Even cultivators from level eight have been there, scouring for those ancient ruins. I never expected Earth Fiend Sect to be the ones to finally find it."

"What exactly are the Heaven Gate Sect ruins?" Jared asked.

Neville inhaled slowly, gathering his thoughts as he explained to Jared. "Long ago, there was a sect called Heaven Gate Sect, one of the few that could rival the Nethergate Sect. But one night, it vanished without a trace. Some say an enemy from a higher world destroyed them; others believe the entire sect was transported to that higher realm. All that remained was Heaven Gate Mountain, which became a hotspot for those seeking magical items. Over the years, people have only ever found fragments of broken magical items. Nothing more."