

# A Warrior Undefeatable 5661-5670

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"It was a rain-soaked night," the elder continued, voice thinning to a raspy whisper. "At the sect's entrance, I discovered an abandoned infant-drenched, trembling, little more than skin over bone. Pity carried him across our threshold, and pity made him my disciple. I named him Soul Devourer, urging him to shed the agony of his past and start anew. The boy's brilliance was dazzling. Soon, he rose to Heaven Gate's inner circle, and I lavished every skill upon him as though he were blood of my blood."

Soul Devourer... The name knifed into Jared and Sylvia at the same instant, conjuring the infamous demon lord whose shadow still darkened tales across the realms.

Grief flared in the elder's eyes. "What I never foresaw was that the child hailed from the Demon Sect. His clan had been massacred by the so-called righteous path; revenge became the marrow of his bones. He courted my trust only to learn Heaven Gate's greatest skills, and wield them as weapons of retribution."

"Once he stepped into the Heavenly Immortal Realm, his mask cracked. Under a full moon, he struck. Combining my teachings with the Demon Sect's sorcery, he butchered every disciple in a single night."

Elder Hawksley's voice splintered. Tears traced slow, unsteady paths down the creases of his cheeks. "I was in solitary training. When I emerged, rivers of blood coursed through every hall. My proudest student-my chosen heir-had burned my life's work to cinders."

"I sealed Heaven Gate's core grounds, fashioning the very ruins you now tread. Then I shattered my own body and joined my disciples in death, leaving only this fragment of soul behind. For ten thousand years, I have lingered, searching for heirs who might complete my final wish."

So that is why every trial warned us not to play the savior. Jared realized, a chill rippling along his spine.

Saving a demon destroyed an entire sect. Sylvia thought, heart suddenly heavy. Heaven Gate did not fade—it was slaughtered by Soul Devourer.

"Sir, Soul Devourer has committed countless horrors across level nine," Jared said quietly. "He was subdued long ago and imprisoned on level six for millennia."

A flicker of relief softened the old master's face. "Then justice finally reached him."

Jared exhaled, hesitant. "But... he escaped. He now runs loose in level nine once more."

The elder blinked, annoyance edging past sorrow. "Young man, can't you say everything in one go?"

"Elder Hawksley, what is your heart's desire?" Sylvia asked, her tone gentle yet unwavering.

Resolve blazed behind the remnant soul's faded pupils. "I ask only this-stay Soul Devourer and avenge Heaven Gate And carry our meage forward, so that one day Heaven Gate may stand proud on level nine again."

Elder Hawksley fixed his ancient, wind-scarred eyes on Jared, and the gleam that burned there felt as hot as a forge. "Young man, inside you, I see a will that refuses to bend and a strength that could crack mountains. You have weathered every trial I set before you-proof enough that you are no soft-hearted saint but a predator capable of surviving in a world where only the strong endure. So I choose you. The entire legacy of the Heaven Gate Sect-every scrap of cultivation lore we gathered through the ages every secret art, every weapon, even our sect-guarding treasure-now belongs to you. Use it. Rise quickly in power, then hunt the Soul Devourer and carve vengeance for Heaven Gate with your own hands."

With a sweeping motion of both arms, Elder Hawksley released a narrow shaft of gold. The light streaked toward Jared like a falling Comet and vanished beneath his skin, flooding him with a searing, exhilarating warmth.

## **A Warrior Undefeatable**

Then, Heaven Gate Mountain shook as though awakened from a centuries-long slumber. Palace after palace flared to life, each roofline blazing with radiant sigils that turned night into a noonday glare.

Elder Hawksley's voice echoed through the quaking halls, calm and resonant. "That glow is the power of Heaven Gate's legacy. It will guide you, helping you comprehend every technique I have entrusted to you. All resources are already in your hands-begin your training at once."

A torrential force surged inside both Jared and Sylvia, roaring through their meridians like a river set free of ice. Wonder mingled with gratitude until it threatened to burst from their chests.

"Thank you, sir," Jared said, bowing with reverence.

"Rest assured," he vowed, his voice rough with promise. "I will slay the Soul Devourer, avenge the fallen disciples, and plant the Heaven Gate banner once more on level nine!"

Elder Hawksley nodded, pride softening the lines in his weather-beaten face. As his body turned translucent, he whispered, "Good child, I believe in you. The future of the sect is yours now."

The last trace of his form dissolved into the air, yet his words lingered in the trembling void, grim and sharp as a blade: "Remember, in this world of predator and prey, kindness is a shackle, morality a chain. Cast them off. Become a being without mercy or conscience, and no power will bind you."

Jared and Sylvia remained motionless, awash in conflicting tides of sorrow, awe, and a purpose too large to name. They had never guessed that Heaven Gate's disappearance hid a tragedy so bleak or that the sect's final breath would choose them as heirs.

"Let's get inside and begin," Jared said at last. Together they strode toward the mountain's heart, footsteps steady, resolve crystallizing with every echo.

The core of Heaven Gate Mountain opened into a colossal hall. At its center lay a cultivation pool as wide as a lake, brimming with liquid the color of molten gold. Spiritual energy drifted from the surface like incense.

"Heavenly Spirit Liquid," Jared murmured, reverence lining each word. "Centuries of the sect's predecessors' effort. Train within it, and the realm walls crumble like parchment."

They plunged into it. The instant the liquid touched their skin, pure energy thundered into their bodies-gentle yet unstoppable, sinking into bones, blood, and soul.

Seated back-to-back amid the glowing depths, they summoned their arts. The Heavenly Spirit Liquid answered, pouring through their meridians until their cultivation climbed at speeds the sane mind could scarcely accept.

Time slipped its leash. Hours or days-streamed by, unmarked. Wrapped in liquid gold, they floated in silent rapture while wave after wave of essence pressed into them and became raw, inexhaustible power.

Suddenly, Jared's elixir field convulsed, a tectonic jolt that sent ripples through the entire pool. Human Immortal Realm Level Four-so close I can taste it.

He inhaled, steadying his heart for the breakthrough about to ignite.

Jared gathered every drifting thread of his concentration, the way a lens gathers sunlight to a single white-hot point. With that focus, he hurled himself again and again against the unseen barrier of the Human Immortal Realm Level Four. His elixir field-once a calm, moonlit pond-now swelled like a rising tide. His meridians widened stretching to accommodate more light, more heat, more of everything that made him alive.

Boom!

The sound did not ring in the chamber, but inside his chest. In that instant, the barrier shattered, and Jared stood-newly crowned at Human Immortal Realm Level Four-breathing like a man who has just broken to the surface of deep water.

Yet the Heavenly Spirit Liquid pouring through the cultivation pool refused to stop. Spirit churned on, channeled by some vast, benevolent hand.

There is still room-one more step.

Hope flared. He turned immediately toward the next wall, the far-tougher gate of Level Five.

The fight was tonger this time, every advance won with grit, sweat, and the sweet burn of the Heavenly Spirit

Liquid. But at last, the new wall. cracked, then fell. Human Immortal

Realm Level Five welcomed him like

dawn over fron mountains

Power-so much larger than

before-rushed through his limbs

until even his shadow looked heavier on the floor.

Across the pool, Sylvia drank from the same blazing current. In a shimmer of silver light, she vaulted all the way to the peak of Heavenly Inmortal Realm Level Two. If Lord Woodridge dared appear now, she would greet him with something fiercer than fear.

A soft radiance clung to her skin, outlining every graceful line. Beauty had been hers before, but now it felt sculpted by the heavens themselves.

"We did it!" she cried, eyes dazzling with triumph.

Jared answered her joy with an excited grin.

## **A Warrior Undefeatable**

"Yes, we did it," Jared said. "I stand at Human Immortal Realm Level Five, and you at the very peak of Level Two. Even the Soul Devourer must now think twice before crossing our path."

They stepped from the cultivation pool. Muscles felt denser, spirits brighter, and the raw energy swirling beneath their skin had been refined to something sharp enough to cut moonlight.

Confidence gleamed in the glance they shared-an unspoken vow that no storm would ever scatter them again.

"Let's rest," Sylvia suggested. Side by side, they sank onto the cool marble of the ancient hall.

Hours of relentless cultivation had left their bodies aching. But each throb reminded them how high they had climbed, and anticipation beat in their chests like new wings testing the air.

Jared turned, sober now. "Sylvia, thank you for staying with me through every cliff and every fire."

She answered with a gentle curve of her lips. "We're partners, remember? Whatever hunts us, we face it together."

Their eyes locked. In that quiet exchange lay tenderness, iron resolve, and the simple, dangerous promise of tomorrow. In a world where the strong feast on the weak, they understood that only by holding fast to each other could they keep walking forward.

When strength had returned to weary limbs, they rose. The Heaven Gate Ruins had given them everything it could. Now the wider world awaited.

"Time to go," Jared said, and together they strode toward the distant mouth of the ruin.

At the threshold, moonlight spilled across broken pillars. They were a single step from open sky when Sylvia caught his wrist. "Jared," she whispered, "before we leave this place could we steal one more moment of joy?"

Her voice trembled, half laughter, half plea. "Out there, life may treat us kindly for a time. But who knows when we might stand side by side again?"

Sylvia had always known one hard truth. Jared's ambition was never going to stop at level nine. Someday, he would rise beyond this sky and keep climbing until nothing higher remained. In that distant future, she feared joy itself might drift so far from her grasp that she would never touch it again.

"All right." Jared gave a quiet nod, the promise in his eyes deeper than the word itself.

Three days slipped past in a blur-nights of pain entwined with delight-before Sylvia finally let herself breathe again.

When they stepped out of the ruined archway that had once been the Heaven Gate Sect, a sweep of fresh wind met them. Before their eyes spread the rivers and mountains they were familiar with. Even the rustle of leaves and the chatter of birds felt like long-lost friends calling them home.

"We made it back!" Sylvia exclaimed. Light danced in her eyes, as bright and restless as sunrise on water.

Jared's answering smile carried equal relief. "Yes. We're back. And stronger than ever. It's time we honored Elder Hawksley's last wish."

Their gazes locked. Resolve shimmered between them like a drawn blade. Both understood how much their power had grown and that growth carried a debt only action could repay.

"Let's move." Jared's voice cut through the morning stillness, and together they shot into the sky, twin streaks of silver light aimed at destiny.

Guided by Sylvia, Jared landed beside her on the black-stoned terrace of the Earth Fiend Sect.

The Soul Devourer was rumored to be nursing his wounds somewhere in these halls. If they meant to end him, there was no other place to start.

"Ms. Vale."

The Grand Elder and three deputy sect masters bowed low as Sylvia strode in.

The Grand Elder nearly choked on his own dread when he noticed Sylvia's fingers laced through Jared's. So Ms. Vale has fallen to him after all. And I-fool that I am— once struck the man. Will I be punished?

"Has the Soul Devourer shown himself at all?" Sylvia asked, her tone clipped and businesslike.

"Not once," one deputy replied, shaking his head.

"Good. Follow us to the Forbidden Grounds. While he's still weak, we finish this."

Hearing that the Soul Devourer had not yet healed, Sylvia's lips curved in fierce satisfaction.

The elders froze. Soul Devourer—the name alone conjured nightmares. Charging such a creature sounded less like duty and more like a signed death warrant.

"Ms. Vale, please reconsider. Soul Devourer is "

"Silence." Sylvia's single word cracked through the chamber. "I lead here. You follow."

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Ms. Vale, our pact was forged for profit. If you insist on slaying that monster, then our paths part here," said one deputy.

They were from several minor factions that had banded together merely to survive on level seven. They never meant to challenge giants. If Sylvia insisted on slaying the Soul Devourer, the rest of them would rather not get involved.

Sylvia's shoulders stiffened. Her turquoise eyes flashed with outraged disbelief, yet words tangled in her throat. She might wear the mantle of the leader, but in truth, these men were her equals, not subordinates, and that reality chained her tongue.

"Silence. Come to me." The command drifted across the mountain air—an aged voice, dry as parchment, heavy with an authority that brooked no delay.

"Elder..." Color drained from Sylvia's face. Her lips parted, but no protest escaped. One breath earlier she had been the alliance's spine; now she looked like a child summoned to the headmaster's office.

Jared angled his head. "Your elder?"

She nodded once, grabbed his wrist, and the world folded. Stone paths, pine scent, moonlight—everything shuttered into darkness, then bloomed again somewhere entirely different.

They stood inside a cavern that smelled of wet granite and age-old secrets. Echoes fluttered like trapped bats in the gloom.

Before them waited a figure whose silver hair spilled all the way to his bare, dust-smudged feet. The man's skin clung to bone; his eyes were twin wells of black water. In that dim torchglow, he resembled a hungry specter that had only just remembered life.

"Why do you wish to butcher the Soul Devourer?" The elder's voice cracked like splintering jade, yet it filled every hollow of the cave.

Sylvia flicked a guarded glance at Jared. "Mr. Chance intends to end him," she said, honesty ringing through each word, "so I am bound to help."

The elder's gaze sharpened. "You shared your body with him?" One look had revealed everything.

She dipped her chin, making no attempt to hide the truth.

"Why? Why surrender yourself—then pledge murder on his behalf? Are you so ignorant of the Soul Devourer's terror? A full ten thousand years ago, he stained level seven with nightmares." The elder's indictment cracked against the cave walls like distant thunder.

"I know," Sylvia admitted, voice soft but unwavering. "Yet someone stands behind Mr. Chance, someone mightier than the Soul Devourer himself."

The elder scoffed, lips curling around contempt. "He's a Human Immortal. Whoever shields him is nothing beside the Soul Devourer—less than dust, less than—"

Boom.

The word never finished. The elder

detonated like fragile porcelain

struck by a hammer of heavenly wrath. Light flared, bone and memory atomized, and in a

heartbeat the cavern held on

drifting motes that glimmered, then

winked out forever.

Sylvia stood rooted, eyes wide enough to swallow worlds. Her mind clawed for any hint of energy, any sign of an attacker. Nothing—only the echo of the explosion and the icy realization that the elder was gone... as though he had never drawn breath at all.

"Let's get out of here," Jared said, his tone light, almost casual, as though the cavern behind them had not just witnessed a soul-shattering calamity.

He turned on his heel without waiting for an answer, calling for Sylvia to follow, as if

the outcome he had engineered were no more surprising than dust on his boots.

"M-Mr. Chance, our elder..." she asked, the words catching in her throat like splinters.

"He should never-ever-have dared

to insult the figure who stands

adel

behind me." Jared shook his head with leisurely regret, a faint sigh escaping him as though he mourned a child who had ignored simple instruction. That insolence was the price of his annihilation."

Sylvia swallowed hard, her fingers wrapping around Jared's arm before she had time to think.

In that instant, she swore—wordless, irrevocably—that she would follow Jared to the death.

Just how powerful can Jared's backer be to unleash unseen power and erase our elder, a Heavenly Immortal, in the span of a heartbeat without even showing his face? Don't even imagine it, Sylvia.

Leaving the cavern's gloom behind, Jared led Sylvia toward Nethergate Sect. If the remaining members of the Earth Fiend Sect refused to follow her, so be it.

The Earth Fiend Sect could crumble, and that was fine by her. She now carried Heaven Gate's legacy in her veins and would soon wear the mantle of its new master, a destiny far brighter than any petty alliance.

As for Jared, ruling a sect—or remaining forever on level nine—had never been part of his plan. This realm was only a temporary canvas for his wider design. What neither of them knew was that, while they confronted the doomed patriarch, someone from the Earth Fiend Sect had slipped away to warn the Soul Devourer.

Restored to full strength, the Soul Devourer laughed at the notion that Jared or Sylvia might come for his head. In his eyes, they were ants.

Now that he had returned to level nine, his single ambition was clear—bring the entire tier to its knees.

Meanwhile, in Nethergate Sect, every elite gathered inside the great hall, tension hanging thick as incense smoke.

Neville stood at the center, yet his own seat was occupied by a middle-aged man whose dark gaze burned like coals—none other than the fully restored Soul Devourer, flesh and spirit renewed.

The Nethergate Sect held a pivotal place on level nine, and the Soul Devourer intended to make it the first to bow, the example that would break all others.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

Confronted by the Soul Devourer, no one in the Nethergate Sect dared an impetuous move.

Neville's disciples flanked him, faces set and bloodless, stunned that the monster had chosen their sect as his throne.

"Well?" the Soul Devourer asked, voice unhurried yet sprawling like shadow across the marble floor. "Will you submit, or will you die?"

Neville's brow tightened. He had witnessed, firsthand, the unseen force behind Jare - power capable of wiping an entire sect from existence with a passing thought. Yet refusal here meant slaughter at the hands of the Soul Devourer. Caught between two cataclysms, Neville hovered on the blade of an impossible choice, his mind racing for a path that did not end in ruin.

"Soul Devourer, would you grant us just one day to deliberate?" Neville kept his voice steady, though his chest felt tight against the dark figure's gaze. "The Nethergate Sect is not mine alone to command. Several patriarchs remain in secluded cultivation. Should I decide without consulting them, they would emerge in fury—and that would profit none of us."

Having played his last card, Neville invoked those imaginary patriarchs like ghostly elders lurking in the shadows of the sect's history. In truth, not a single forefather still cultivated behind Nethergate walls; Neville himself now sat at the summit of its power. The lie was a gamble—one meant to make the Soul Devourer think twice before crushing the sect where it stood.

"Very well. You have one day," the Soul Devourer said, his words falling like iron chains in the hall. "But when the sun sets tomorrow, if no answer reaches me, the Nethergate Sect will vanish from level nine."

The moment the ultimatum landed, the Soul Devourer's form blurred into a swirl of ink-black mist and winked from sight, as though reality itself had swallowed him whole.

Only after the darkness thinned did Neville let out a breath he did not know he held. It hissed through his teeth, raw and shaky. Around him, rank and file disciples trembled so hard that their knees buckled. Some collapsed outright, the marble floor echoing with the clatter of fear.

A millennium earlier, the Soul Devourer had carved his legend across level nine, a nightmare whose name still chilled storytellers at dusk.

The Nethergate Sect had bled under his hand before. They survived only because they were all Demonic Cultivators; back then, the Devourer had spared enough lives to keep a future throne of fear intact.

A sudden, invisible pressure crashed over the hall—an aftershock of the fiend's presence. Air thickened to stone; every candle guttered. One by one, disciples hit the floor in forced

reverence, foreheads scraping marble. Armor rang, bones cracked, prayers died in throats.

Neville bit down until blood filled his mouth, refusing to bend. If the sect master knelt, the sect itself was already broken.

He understood at once: the Soul Devourer had left an unseen hand behind, a lingering warning that the devil could return at any heartbeat. Even the boldest disciples stared at their quivering palms, horror dawning in wide, unblinking eyes.

Neville muttered, looking outside the gates, "Jared, where are you? If you do not return soon, we are finished."

Hope now rested on one man. Jared might not match the Soul Devourer blow for blow, yet Jared had a backer.

If that backer chose to intervene, even the ancient fiend would falter.

Between the Soul Devourer and Jared, Neville chose Jared. In front of Jared's backer, the Soul Devourer was only another monster beneath the boot.

As if summoned by desperate prayer, Jared reached the Nethergate Sect with Sylvia beside him, their auras slicing the clouds like twin comets.

Neville's composure shattered. Moisture glazed his eyes, and he nearly wept in relief.

"Mr. Chance-you are finally here!" he cried, stumbling forward, half-bow and half-embrace colliding in awkward gratitude.

Jared landed in the ruined hall and

inhaled sharply. "The Soul Devourer

has visited?" he said, tasting the

lingering dread the way a wolf scents fresh blood. fo

Neville nodded, throat tight. "Yes. He came to force Nethergate's surrender."

His head dipped once more, the motion small yet heavy with everything that still hung in the air.

Jared leaned toward Neville, his voice calm but edged with steel. "So what did you say to him?"

"Refuse him, of course. The Nethergate Sect follows you, Mr. Chance there is no universe in which we kneel to the Soul Devourer."

Neville squared his broad shoulders, recalling the moment. "I cursed the devourer to his face and wagered every life in my sect on that answer. He told me to think it ever vanished into the night.

over then..

Sylvia's eyes widened. "You cursed the Soul Devourer-out loud?"

"The Earth Fiend Sect may tremble

at his name," Neville shot back, chin

lifted, "but the Nethergate Sect is

one of the oldest orders in

the

Seventh Heaven. We do not scare so

easily."

The fear that had haunted him minutes ago was gone, replaced by raw, unyielding pride.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Don't mention the Earth Fiend Sect again," Sylvia murmured, shaking her head. "It no longer exists."

Neville blinked. "What?"

"They dissolved," Jared said softly. "Terror of the Soul Devourer scattered them. From now on, Sylvia is no longer the sect leader of the Earth Fiend Sect. She is the leader of the Heaven Gate Sect."

"The leader of Heaven Gate?" Neville's jaw dropped. "You went into the ruins— claimed the legacy?"

Jared nodded once. "We met Heaven Gate's last master. He placed the mantle directly on Sylvia."

He let the weight of history settle into the room. "Long ago, the sect vanished overnight because of the Soul Devourer. He was once their disciple—then he annihilated them all."

Step by step, Jared unfolded every brutal detail he had uncovered, laying centuries of betrayal at Neville's feet.

"What a monster," Neville muttered, breath hitching. "So what do we do now?"

"If he means to rule level nine," Jared answered, "we meet him in open war."

"But our strength..." Neville's brow furrowed. "Even combined, can we truly match the Soul Devourer?"

"Are you frightened, Neville?" Jared's eyes burned like twin suns. "Stay behind if you must. I will face him alone. Right now I feel unstoppably strong!"

Power flared around Jared, invisible yet immense, making the very air ripple and hum.

Human Immortal Realm-Level Five. Astonishing.

Neville stared, speechless, at the storm gathering inside Jared's frame.

Yes, he can fight opponents way above his level, but Human Immortal Realm Level Five against the Soul Devourer? If that fiend were so easy to kill, he wouldn't have terrorized level nine for ten millennia.

"Mr. Chance," Neville said at last, shaking his head hard, "I chose to stand beside you. Fear has no place between us."

Neville weighed the power rumored

to stand quietly behind Jared—a force so vast that even the Soul Devourer would hesitate. He feared nothing he merely hoped Jared would invite that unseen backer onto the field ahead of schedule. Content

"Very well. We'll remain here and await the Soul Devourer..." Neville said, his tone calm yet edged with steel.

At that moment, Jared's battle lust crested, flooding his veins with a blazing hunger for combat.

"Jared, do you wish to summon the master behind you first?" Neville asked, gentling his voice despite the tension coiling through the hall.

"No need," Jared declared, sweeping his arm as though brushing aside dust. "The Soul Devourer is nothing. I'll end him myself!"

Neville swallowed whatever rebuttal he considered; Jared's audacious claim needed no argument, only time to prove itself.

Dawn slipped away, and on the following day, the Soul Devourer descended upon Nethergate Sect once more-this time far from alone.

A dense swarm of shadow-clad cultivators trailed behind him, dozens strong. Their auras seeped chill and malice each shape had been reclaimed or cowed into servitude during his brief freedom.

Billowing demonic aura rolled overhead like thunderclouds, dyeing the once-clear sky ink black. The pressure pressed on every lung; low-rank disciples clutched their chests, faces ghost-pale.

The Soul Devourer reclined upon the sect master's throne-Neville's rightful seat— tapping a clawed finger against the armrest with a slow, hollow thud that echoed inside every heart.

His gaze swept the assembled defenders, and a sliver of cruel delight lifted one corner of his mouth.

"Neville, a full day has passed," he murmured, voice soft yet slicing. "My patience is finite. Will Nethergate Sect submit, or be erased?"

Though scarcely louder than a whisper, each syllable slid through the hall like icy blades.

Neville drew a deep breath, forcing his knees to lock straight beneath the crushing aura. "Soul Devourer, the Nethergate Sect has stood for millennia and bows to no butcher. If you crave war, spare us the talk and strike!"

"Good. Excellent." The Soul Devourer's chuckle dripped with mockery and bloodlust. "Ghostshade, demonstrate the gulf that separates a monarch from an insect."

"At once, my lord!"

The reply rasped like broken glass. A figure slipped from behind the Soul Devourer, cloaked in swirling gloom.

## **A Warrior Undefeatable**

He was wizened and skeletal, shrouded in gray-black miasma. Sightless sockets burned with twin green flames.

This was Ghostshade—one of the infamous Five Shade Demons—master of soul-gnawing sorcery and already Level Three of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

His body blurred; after-images trailed like torn banners as he materialized at the hall's center in a single heartbeat.

Stretching a stick-thin finger toward Neville, he hissed, "Mr. Contreras, your instruction, please."

Before the last consonant faded, ghostly shrieks erupted. Vengeful spirits poured from his aura, a tidal wave of wailing spirits crashing toward Neville.

Frost clawed through the chamber, carrying the stench of decay so thick it scoured the sinuses raw.

Terror rippled through the watching disciples. The sight of a thousand ravenous souls was enough to fracture weaker minds.

Yet before Neville could raise a hand, a clear, cold voice rang out like silver striking steel:

"Abominations, know your place! I'll be your opponent!"

A surge of ice-blue sword light swept down, bright as a river of stars spilling from the heavens, cleaving straight into the horde of spirits.

Where the blade's brilliance passed, specters sizzled like snowflakes under sunlight, shrieking as they vanished into nothingness.

Sylvia moved like a startled swan, her snowy robes billowing as she lifted a sword that exhaled glacial vapors.

The legacy of Heaven Gate Sect pulsed within her, including the power of peak Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two. That new power, pure and abundant, was poison to aberrations like the one blocking the throne room.

"Oh? Heavenly Immortal, Level Two?" Ghostshade rasped, green flames dancing behind his sockets. "Cute, child—but that scrap of cultivation won't save you."

He wove a rapid seal; midnight mists condensed into a colossal claw, each knuckle shaped from interlocking skulls. It descended with a shriek sharp enough to cut the air itself.

Even before impact, the talons' wind sliced trenches across the marble beneath Sylvia's boots.

"Snow-Dance Freeze!" Sylvia's cry cracked through the hall like frost splitting glass.

Her body whirled with the blade; wherever steel swept, the throne room crystallized into biting white Snowflakes spun out of nothing, caught the orbit of her sword until they coalesced into a roaring blizzard that met the oncoming claw.

The collision split the silence, raw shockwaves rippling outward.

Light and darkness, ice and malice, slammed together in the center of the chamber. The blast howled through the rafters; stone exploded to gravel and lesser disciples of the Nethergate Sect were tossed like dolls across the floor.

For a heartbeat, they wrestled, but Ghostshade's cultivation was the deeper river.

His claw clenched; the blizzard shattered into glittering shards that rained harmlessly to the ground.

A muffled grunt escaped Sylvia;

blood streaked the corner of her lips

as she staggered back several

paces. The icy glow of her sword

dimmed, though it did not

extinguish.

"Ms. Vale!" Neville shouted, ready to charge.

"I'm fine!" Wiping the blood away, she squared her shoulders; determination burned clearer than the failing light on her blade.

The Heaven Gate Sect's legacy stitched her wounds almost as fast as they formed, lending her a resilience that belied her slender frame.

Cackling, Ghostshade blurred forward again; two skeletal hands streaked for her throat and heart, leaving only gray afterimages.

"You're mine!"

The shout crashed through the air like a thunderclap. In the same instant, Neville flashed before Sylvia, his robe snapping as he intercepted the attack.

Though once weaker than the Soul Devourer, Neville's strength had long breached Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Three-more than enough to deal with Ghostshade.

A flicker, and he stood between friend and foe, feet planted like iron posts.

Rather than dodge those vicious claws, he answered with a straight, unembellished punch.

# A Warrior Undefeatable

The punch carried pure Netherlord force; its wind growled with the promise of distant thunder.

"Netherlord Dominating Fist!"

Fist and claw collided, the resulting boom muffled yet savage, like a drum struck inside a tomb.

The crisp snap of breaking bone cut through the gloom.

Ghostshade shrieked a thin, terrified note while the infamous claws he trusted shattered under Neville's single, unstoppable fist, splintering like dead twigs beneath a storm boot.

The demon spun away like a severed kite, a ribbon of inky blood arcing behind him before his body slammed into the distant wall, ruining the stone and sliding down in a boneless heap. One punch-nothing more-had done all this.

The disciples of Nethergate Sect erupted, thunderous cheers crashing against the trembling pillars; hope, long smothered, flared in their eyes.

The Soul Devourer's eyes iced over. "Useless!" he growled, the single word colder than deep winter.

His cutting glare sliced across the remaining quartet beside him.

"Bloodshade, Boneshade—go. Bring me Neville Contreras, now!" the Soul Devourer commanded, each syllable a lash.

"Yes, my lord!" they answered in grim harmony.

The two stepped forward at once, shadows peeling from their forms as they obeyed.

The one to the left wore a robe dyed the color of fresh wounds; his face, knotted and cruel, steamed with roiling crimson mist—this was Bloodshade.

To the right towered Boneshade, a gray-white hulk plated in bone, spurs jutting from every joint like broken pikes.

Each stood at the peak of Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two, and while neither matched Ghostshade alone, their practiced twin-strike art made them far deadlier together.

They traded a silent nod, then lunged as one.

Bloodshade's arms blurred; a monsoon of blood-red blades fanned out, screaming toward Neville, every shard laced with corrosive sorcery meant to rot flesh and weapon alike. Simultaneously Boneshade roared, bulk swelling; his bone-hammer fists swung with planet-cracking force, scything in from the flank.

One deft, one brutal-distance and angle perfectly woven-the assault sealed every path of escape.

Neville's expression tightened; caution sharpened his gaze. He drew breath and flooded his veins with Netherlord force; black demon light boiled around him.

"Netherlord True Form!" he barked.

Muscle knotted, stature stretched, and demonic markings crawled across his skin, exuding a savage, pulse-pounding aura. Twin fists answered-left palm fanning into the bloody storm, right fist driving straight at Boneshade's wrecking blow.

Impacts rang like war drums, echoing without pause.

Neville, one against two, unleashed Nethergate's ultimate skill with terrifying fluency.

Shockwaves of palm wind and bone, blade-lights and fist shadows burst into deadly fireworks, painting the hall in lethal color.

Stone groaned; the great chamber quaked as if longing to collapse.

Cracks webbed walls and columns, grit showering the combatants.

The trio whirled faster than lightning, each collision rattling heaven itself.

Bloodshade's blades probed ceaselessly, seeking to gnaw through Neville's demon light. Boneshade's tyrant punches landed like siege engines, churning Neville's organs with every strike.

Neville fought like a hurricane

hemmed in by two mountain ranges, every blow he threw swallowed at once by the choreographed ferocity of Bloodshade and Boneshade. His cultivation kept him upright this body, forged iron-but pinprick Wounds began to bloom red across that iron skin. Each slash of pain warned him that the storm was turning against him.

Just beyond the whirlwind, Sylvia watched with her fists balled against her ribs. She wanted-ached-to

charge in, to stand beside Neville

yet the hidden injuries Ghostshade had dealt her still throbbed beneath her robes. The reckless step would Shackle Neville instead of save him, and terror at that thought locked her in place.

Bloodshade feinted low and snapped a barbed arrow of blood across the arena. It skimmed Neville's shoulder, searing flesh. He staggered, momentum faltering for a heartbeat—the exact heartbeat Boneshade had been hoarding, his hammer-big fist already cocked for Neville's exposed spine.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Enough!" Jared shouted.

His voice carried an authority that brooked no argument. After observing with cool indifference, he finally moved. He did not erupt in blinding light or trumpet his power. He simply placed one foot forward.

That step folded the distance like cloth. In the span of a blink, he crossed over one hundred meters and set himself between Neville's back and Boneshade's descending fist. He lifted a single finger—slender, pale, almost delicate—and tapped toward the blow capable of pulverizing mountains.

Every eye—including the distant, lofty gaze of the Soul Devourer—contracted to pinpoints.

"Die, whelp!" Boneshade snarled, lips peeling from cracked teeth as he poured more weight into the strike, determined to smash both Jared and his finger to pulp.

Instead of thunder, only the soft pop of a soap bubble sounded when fingertip met knuckle.

Time froze, then shattered. Boneshade's cruel grin turned to stone.

A force, needle-sharp and tyrannical, knifed from Jared's finger through Boneshade's arm and detonated inside every bone he owned.

Cracks rippled—a hail of splintering echoes that made onlookers' teeth ache.

Boneshade screamed, a jagged, inhuman wail. His massive frame shot backward faster than it had charged, as though an unseen titan swatted him away. While airborne, bone after bone snapped until he was a rag-doll of shattered sticks. He slammed into the distant crowd, kicked up a curtain of dust—then lay utterly still.

One finger. With only one finger, Jared had erased a Heavenly Immortal Level Two famed for strength and indestructible flesh.

Silence swallowed the grand hall; even the torches seemed to forget how to crackle.

Every gaze in the grand hall froze on the young man. Fingers still half-curved, Jared Chance looked as though he had merely brushed aside a passing gnat, yet the echo of his gesture rang like thunder in their hearts.

Bloodshade's blood-red claw hung uselessly in mid-air. The demon froze, eyes wide with a terror he had never tasted, the realization dawning that his killing strike had been dismissed as casually as dust.

Even Neville, who knew Jared's strength had soared since Heaven Gate Mountain, felt his breath snag. He had expected improvement. He had not expected the impossible.

Sylvia's dark lashes fluttered, silver light glinting in her pupils. She had wagered on Jared's potential. Still, this level of dominance shattered, every prediction, she had dared to make.

On the high throne, the Soul Devourer finally sat upright. The customary sneer slid from his face, replaced by a heaviness that made the very air feel thicker.

"Human Immortal Realm Level

Five... and you can already snuff out my champions? Interesting.

Something uncanny festers in your flesh, boy, and I will rip it free to see what secrets bleed out."

Jared gave his wrist a dismissive shake, as though flicking venom from his fingertips. The gesture made the silence crack.

"Soul Devourer, your subordinates break far too easily. Why not honor me with your own hands? Come down, if you dare, and play."

Arrogance-naked, blazing arrogance.

A Human Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator had just called out a fiend whose legend had cowed continents for a millennium.

Across the floor, disciples of the Nethergate Sect felt blood surge through their veins. Their shouts died in their throats, replaced by a reverence that bordered on worship.

"Hahaha... splendid! Let us see what gives this insect such gall." The Soul Devourer did not move from his

Inste

throne Instead, he snapped an order at the two silent figures behind him. "Shadowshade, Venomshade-no mercy. Tear him apart."

At the command, the final pair of the Five Shade Demons stepped forward, a storm about to break.

Shadowshade's outline blurred and melted into darkness itself, his presence thinning to a whisper only sharp senses could track.

Beside the shadow, Venomshade appeared as a squat silhouette wreathed in rolling toxic mist. Where the vapor drifted, the very air hissed in agony.

One was mystery, the other pure malice both perched at the pinnacle of Heavenly Immortal Level Two and, worse, far trickier than the fiends Jared had already crushed.

Shadowshade flickered and vanished. Space swallowed him like a candle blown out.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

Venomshade's jaws parted. A column of inky-green poison roared forth, twisting mid-air into a gigantic serpent, its translucent fangs slavering for Jared's flesh.

The vapor had not yet struck, yet its stench alone muddied minds and made stomachs churn-proof that one breath could cripple.

Jared did not step aside. He did not even glance at the Dragonslayer Sword sheathed across his back.

He simply watched the oncoming toxin as if observing a painted scroll.

"Child's play."

With a low grunt, he let loose the tide within. Spiritual energy-tempered in Heavenly Spirit Liquid-surged like floodwaters breaking a dam.

In both purity and volume, his essence already dwarfed most early Heavenly Immortals, a river turned to molten gold.

He pressed two fingers together, raised them like a blade, and sliced the air.

Rip!

A sword-light, razor-fine and pale gold, flashed into being. It parted the serpent-shaped mist as though hot steel through butter, leaving the poison beast cleft and dissolving into harmless mist.

The moment Jared's blade of light carved through the poisonous haze, the miasma lost all cohesion, unraveling into wisps that fled the air like frightened spirits.

He did not bother to watch it fade. With a casual twist of his waist, he flung his left arm backward and hammered a fist toward a stretch of empty darkness beside him—an apparently reckless blow, yet driven by an instinct honed sharper than steel.

"Holy Light Fist!"

A golden fist print roared into existence, radiant and vast, its surface swirling with characters that looked carved from living sunlight. The air trembled beneath that sacred brilliance—majestic, solemn, born to banish all evil.

Bang!

The impact ripped a silhouette out of hiding, dragging Shadowshade from the folds of the void and hurling him into the open like some captured phantom.

Terror flooded Shadowshade's narrow eyes. He had counted on darkness, on stealth, on the damp silence of shadow, yet Jared's senses were too sharp, his strength too savage—and, worst of all, the technique was blessed by holy doctrine that burned through shadow arts like the morning sun. Shadowshade crossed his twin black daggers in a frantic guard, but the fist still punched through. Blood thundered in his ears as he was blasted backward, ribs rattling, lungs aflame.

"Divine technique? What on earth are you?"

High on the platform, the Soul Devourer lurched to his feet, the first spark of alarm breaking through his predatory calm. Few things unsettled the demonic cultivators more than a power this pure, this divine, this blisteringly bright.

Jared offered no reply. He became motion itself feet sliding into Arcane Footwork, torso rippling like a housed dragon. In a breath, he closed the gap on the reeling on Shadowshade and on Vengrshade, who was already summoning fresh clouds of toxin.

"Five-Element Sword Force!"

Two fingers flicked, and five streams of sword energy-gold, emerald,

sapphire, crimson, and

ochre

screamed from his hand

They Wore around one another in an

endless cycle of creation and

destruction, layering their might until

retreat itself ceased to exist.

Shadowshade tried once more to melt into darkness, but the rainbow blades locked

to his breath, tracing him wherever he slipped. Venomshade spat a denser wall of noxious fog, yet every billow was shredded as if made of brittle paper.

Pft! Pft!

Two quiet, surgical punctures. Both assassins froze, eyes wide, as tiny wells of blood blossomed at the center of their brows. Life deserted them in a single dimming heartbeat, and they toppled to the stones like felled statues.

In little more than an eye-blink, the dreaded Five Shade

Demons-legends whispered to chilt the bravest hearts-had lost three of their number and seen a fourth crippled, Jared's assault cutting through them like a scythe through dry reed.

Only Bloodshade remained, lips chalk-white, staring at Jared's lone figure with the helpless awe one might offer a war god descending from storm clouds.

The legacy Jared had seized within the ruins of Heaven Gate Mountain was clearly nothing to trifle with.

Silence swept the grand hall once more, heavy and complete.

Every member of the Nethergate Sect-Neville, Sylvia, the disciples, the elders— gazed at Jared as though witnessing a miracle etched into living flesh.

They had known he was formidable, but this was beyond their maps of possibility: a cultivator at Human Immortal Realm Level Five slaughtering opponents in the Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two as though snapping twigs.

This was not merely fighting above one's rank. It was unrestrained domination.

Jared clasped his hands behind his back. The robe fluttered in the lingering shockwaves, yet his eyes, fixed on the Soul Devourer atop the platform, remained calm, even indifferent.

"It's your turn."

His words were soft, yet they rode an unseen tide that swept through every hall of Nethergate Sect and struck each heart like a bell hammered in the dark.

"I thought only the Heaven Gate Sect commanded the Five-Element Sword Force," the Soul Devourer murmured, his brows knotting as suspicion crawled across his scarred face.

"Master Hawksley entrusted it to me," Jared answered with a chill-edged smile. "Strange the traitor himself still recognizes the technique."