

# A Warrior Undefeatable 5701-5710

## A Warrior Undefeatable

A claw the size of a thunderhead—each talon forged from living runes—plunged downward toward Jared. Space itself buckled around the blow, contracting inwards as though the entire floor meant to grind the intruders into dust.

"Together!" Jared shouted.

He understood there could be no retreat; only by defeating the polluted spirit could they reach the tower heart and free everyone trapped within.

Steel met storm in the blink of an eye, and the battle erupted into a white-hot frenzy.

Drawing on the full might of the tower, the corrupted spirit fought with terrifying breadth. Spatial prisons, suppressive runic cages, raw waves of energy—each technique arrived fresh and merciless, every one devastating.

Jared, Cyanna, Coall, and the shapeshifter known as Thousand Faces had no choice but to fight as one. Their combined strength barely held the spirit's barrage at bay.

Jared pushed his sword intent, Five-Element nascence power, and the very Law of Time to their limits. Each arc of his Dragonslayer Sword carved luminous scars across the spirit's body, yet the creature's runic flesh closed almost as quickly as it opened.

Coall planted his massive frame in front. Scales flew, blood spattered the stones, but he did not yield a single stride.

Cyanna's Azure Dragon energy flowed like cool water, cleansing and disrupting the spirit's currents, slowing its next attack before it could fully form.

Thousand Faces shifted form with unsettling grace—one moment a bulwark of iron scales, the next a blur of feints that drew the spirit's aim away.

Even so, the spirit's power felt endless, and the quartet found themselves pushed back step after step.

Gashes opened across Jared's shoulders and ribs, soaking his tunic a deep crimson.

"We can't keep this up—at this pace we'll die here!" Coall spat, blood streaking his jaw. He staggered but refused to fall.

Jared's eyes hardened; the only path forward lay in risk.

He recalled Zevon's lecture on the tower's origin-how a Beast Overlord had forged it from his own monstrous core. Draconians, after all, stood among that same beastly royalty; perhaps their blood could answer beastly blood.

My Golden Dragon Bloodline is the purest royal strain our race has ever known. If I pour that very nascence into the tower's ancient core, perhaps—just perhaps—I can seize control of the corrupted Tower Spirit. It is reckless. One misstep will shred my lineage forever, damning me to a fate worse than death. But the battlefield has left me no gentler path. The choice is ruin now, or ruin later. There is only forward.

"Hold it back for a while!" Jared bellowed, his voice cracking across the charged air like a whip.

"Understood!"

Cyanna, Coall, and Thousand Faces unleashed every shred of power they possessed, weaving around the writhing Tower Spirit like anchors of living iron so Jared could gamble with destiny unmolested.

Jared rammed the Dragonslayer Sword into the stone floor, the blade singing as it bit deep. His fingers

flashed through desperate seals net

forcing a single drop of nine-hued royal blood from his heart. The bead gimmered liquid aurora igniting every Draconian echo hidden within the tower walls.

Wrapped in Jared's spiritual sense, the blood blossomed into a bloodline tune, an emblem pulsing with imperial majesty and endless vitality in the forgotten language of dragons, he intoned, "By my Sovereign blood, awaken your ancient soul. Demon Seab Tower, guardian of the Draconians, cast out this corruption-return to the light!"

The rune streaked away like a falling star and slammed toward the Tower Spirit's brow-the gateway to the tower heart.

Sensing annihilation rushing toward it, the defiled spirit howled in terror, thrashing to escape, yet Cyanna, Coall, and Thousand Faces shackled it tight.

A wet crack split the gloom as the rune pierced the spirit's forehead and vanished inside.

Thunder roared. The entire tower erupted in a radiance unseen since the Primordial Era. Ancient, vast, and strangely gentle will-like some colossal dragon waking after eons-rose from the foundations, flooding every chamber.

The black energy flayed from the spirit's body, its savagery burning away in silver fire. Its shape steadied, coalescing into a mild, white-glowing elder whose features hovered just out of focus.

"Countless ages... at last... the royal blood calls," the old apparition whispered, weathered yet grateful. His veiled eyes turned to Jared, brimming with layered emotions. "Child, thank you... for rousing me once more..."

Thus, the Demon Seal Tower's true, primordial spirit returned to the world.

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"Sir—" The single syllable left Jared's cracked lips like a plea whispered through dust-dry lungs.

Relief flared, then fled. His chest caved inward, knees turning to water, and the world pitched. The breath he forced out carried flecks of bright blood-royal lifeblood he had burned without hesitation-leaving his body hollow, spent, trembling on the edge of collapse.

"You have done wonderfully," the Tower Spirit said, his timbre deep and gentle, as if every word were a hand steadying Jared's faltering soul.

A current—pure, verdant, unmistakably alive—surged from the phantom's upraised palm. It poured through Jared's veins, knitting shredded flesh, stitching torn meridians, filling the hollows that pain had carved inside him with liquid sunrise.

"The wretch sealed on the upper level spent centuries corroding my mind, hoping to seize the tower and drain every drop of Draconian strength to break free. Had you not come, had your Golden Dragon Bloodline not awakened me, all would be lost." The old phantom's eyes burned with renewed clarity as he spoke.

With the true Tower Spirit awake, every berserk ward within the Beast-Subduing Tower fell silent. Snaking black energy that had haunted each tier thinned, then vanished like smoke in a gale.

Far below, Cyanna and Coall straightened. The crushing force that had gnawed at their bones dissolved, leaving only stunned relief ringing in their chests.

"Now," the Tower Spirit murmured, resolve sharpening each syllable, "we finish what was begun above."

A hard glint lit his gaze. "Child, follow me to the tower heart. To quell this upheaval and claim full command of the tower, I will need every spark of your strength."

Silver-white light unfurled from the spirit, enclosing Jared like the petals of a moonlit blossom. Light closed over them, and the world folded. The next heartbeat found them standing inside a boundless void whose borders shimmered with wheeling constellations and silver threads of space itself.

At the center hovered a crystal heart, forever shifting form, shedding rolling coronas of colorful radiance. It was the Beast-Subduing Tower Core: the very font of spatial nascence.

"Place your hand upon the tower heart and pour in your Golden Dragon Bloodline and divine soul imprint," the spirit directed, voice low with ceremonial weight.

"Whether it accepts you depends on fate. Beware-its power can sunder flesh and spirit alike if you falter." The warning echoed like distant thunder across the star- bright void.

Jared's stare never wavered. Determination glinted in weary eyes that refused to yield even to exhaustion's pull.

Step by measured step, he approached it, drew one breath to steady the quake of his heart, and pressed his palm against its prismatic surface.

A detonation-greater than any thunder-shook creation's bones.

It felt as though a million volcanoes erupted inside him at once, every eruption a sun, every sun a furnace roaring to melt his mortal shell.

Unfathomable torrents of dimension law raw data of distance and direction— flooded his limbs, his marrow, his very consciousness field, threatening to drown thought itself.

Body and spirit stretched toward rending, pain so vast it eclipsed vision. Oblivion beckoned at the edge of every heartbeat.

"Hang on! Guide the power. You are a Golden Dragon sovereign-this heart is yours to command!"

The Tower Spirit's proclamation boomed through Jared's mind like a cathedral bell, steadying his flickering consciousness.

Teeth bared, Jared summoned the imperious will entwined within his exalted blood. He seized the wild current, bent it, forced it to flow, and branded the depths of the crystal with the indelible mark of his soul-stroke by agonizing stroke. Cóntent

The trial became an anvil where pain was the hammer, striking without mercy, forging resolve from molten anguish.

Skin split, healed, split again. Fresh blood soaked his tattered robes, yet Jared's eyes—clear, unwavering—never once left the radiant heart that now answered to his command.

At last, the raging tide of power began to ebb. What had moments ago been a cosmic maelstrom now smoothed into quiet, laminar currents that circled Jared like a docile sea.

In that hush, he felt the tower breathe with him—bone to bone, vein to vein—responding to a single thought as naturally as his own hands.

A shard of crystalline light—its very tower heart folded itself into a streak, slid between his brows, and came to rest inside his

consciousness field, pulsing in

solemn harmony with the Golden

Tome suspended there.

Success—undeniable, thundering success—flashed through him like sunrise over black water. He had tamed the Demon Seal Tower.

The moment the tower heart yielded, every level, corridor, and rune within the ancient edifice fell under his absolute command.

With a mere flicker of will, he saw its interior as though standing in each chamber at once.

On the seventh floor, he met the slow, slumbering breath of an ancient dragon, a creature so vast it seemed to wrap the whole floor in its sleeping coils.

The eighth floor held only bones—titanic, silvered—belonging to a Time-Space Dragon that had once dared to wrench history backward and paid for its heresy with eternal chains.

On the ninth floor, there raged the source of every earlier tremor: a colossal Devourer Dragon, scales the hue of tarnished gold, eyes

swirling crimson like twin whirlpools its own

of blood Born to feast

kind, the Devourer Dragon battered the final seal, screeching its refusal to accept a new master.

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"Abomination, yield to judgment now!" Jared's voice cracked like lightning, each syllable propelled through the tower heart until it filled the ninth tier with rolling thunder.

His will became the tower's will. Chains of pure space erupted from the walls, runic nets blooming beside them until the chamber resembled a celestial dragnet.

The Devourer Dragon struggled, roared, tore at the bindings—yet against a fully awakened Demon Seal Tower, it was a storm in a bottle. The chains tightened; the runes blazed; and the monster was driven back into the deepest pit of its prison, where silence closed over it like a lid. The upheaval was over. Stillness—reluctant, but final—settled across every tier.

Another thought, gentler this time, rippled outward. Cyanna, Coall, Thousand Faces, and every Draconian who had chosen submission and committed no unforgivable crime felt space fold around them. A velvet current carried them beyond the tower walls and set them down in distant Nullrift Gorge.

First breath of open sky-joy split the air as hundreds of long-captured Draconians trumpeted their freedom, their gazes turning to Jared with mingled gratitude and awe.

He raised his palm. The once-monumental tower shrank in a shimmer, becoming a translucent, palm-sized miniature that rested against his lifeline, radiating warm spatial ripples.

One of the legendary Three Towers—the Demon Seal Tower—now belonged to him.

He weighed the tiny spire, then swept his eyes over Cyanna, Coall, and the others whose excitement quivered like arrows in flight. Pride expanded in his chest, wild and unstoppable.

With the tower in hand, his strength and hidden reserves soared once more. And behind him stood several hundred Draconians—no longer prisoners, but Jared's own army.

Jared stepped out of the gorge, his left hand holding the exquisite tower, its crystalline walls iridescent beneath the gloom. Behind him uncoiled a storm of silhouettes—hundreds of Draconians whose dragon's power billowed like distant

thunder.

Cultivators from every faction, weary from their stalemate inside Nullrift Gorge, froze mid-breath. Eyes widened, weapons lowered. Disbelief rippled through the ranks like wind across tall grass.

The tower's gone? No—he took it into his own hand!

That kid-only Human Immortal Realm Level Five-walked in alive and came out the tower's master? And the figures behind him—those are the Draconians the tower had sealed away... and he released them all?

Shock tangled with envy, dread, and raw greed, until the canyon rang with a single, rising roar of emotion.

"T-The tower obeys him now!"

"Impossible! How did he manage that?"

"Look-Draconians! Hundreds of them, heavens above!"

"What kind of fortune did that boy dig out in there?"

For a heartbeat, the gorge lay mute, then frenzy erupted like a volcano venting its heart. Blades hummed free of scabbards. Breaths turned ragged Every gaze locked on the little tower glittering in Jared's hand, pupil's blazing crimson with

covetous heat.

Demon Seal Tower-an innate treasure of legend, a pocket universe whose depths hide unfathomable power. To claim it is to found an immortal dynasty, to plant one's banner atop level nine itself.

That promise of dominion crushed reason in an instant. Greed rolled across the crowd like dark tide.

The elder from the Sunfire Sect-his robe the color of midday flame-took the first deliberate step forward. Hands clasped, voice steady yet brooking no refusal, he addressed Jared.

"Young friend, congratulations on

earning the tower's allegiance. Yet

such a treasure concerns every realm across level nine and the entire world. No single house may monopolize it. For the greater good, surrender the tower tous. Let the great sects guard it together-only thus do we walk the righteous path."

"He speaks true! A treasure of that weight cannot rest in one person's pocket!"

"Hand over the Demon Seal Tower, boy, or we'll scatter your ashes across this gorge!"

"And those Draconians behind you—rare resources every one—must also be shared!"

"They belong to all of us!"

The leader of Blackwater Grotto

spoke again, his voice slick and cold,

curdling the air between the two camps. His hungry gaze swept over the Draconian ranks behind Jared, as though he were cataloging walking treasure-scales, bones, and breath already sold in his mind.

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Dragon scales, dragon blood, dragon sinew, dragon souls-each worth fortunes beyond counting, each glimmering in the invaders' eyes.

"Draconians, submit to our sect and live. Refuse, and this day becomes the day your race is erased." Some even declared.

Jared stroked the tiny tower hidden in his palm, the gesture almost casual. A razor-thin smile tugged at the corner of his mouth, colder than the steel skies overhead.

Before Jared could speak, Coall could hold back no longer. His roar ripped across the valley, shaking dust from distant cliffs. "Stuff your rotten threats! Mr. Chance won that tower with his own power-nothing to do with you trash. You want the tower? Start by asking my fists for consent!"

Cyanna said nothing. Azure Dragon aura coiled around her slender frame, her cool gaze declaring her stance more loudly than words.

Hundreds more Draconians, long shackled by centuries of oppression, found a vent for their smoldering rage. Their combined dragon's power thundered forward like a living tsunami. The gorge reverberated with a primal, world-splitting roar.

"Dream on if you think we'll be chained again!"

"Follow Mr. Chance! Wipe these greed-soaked scavengers from the earth!"

The Draconian surge smashed through the enemy's gathered aura, then pressed on, forcing them three steps back.

Jared lifted a hand and pressed down gently. The Draconians fell silent at once; the gorge fell into a reverent hush.

That instantaneous obedience sent an icy jolt through every rival faction.

How could one young man tame creatures this fiercely untamed?

Jared looked across the sea of foes, his voice soft yet carried by power through every mind.

"The tower is mine. The Draconians are my companions. If you want either, step forward and take them yourself."

The plain words pulsed with absolute, unyielding dominance.

"Arrogant wretch!"

"He's only Human Immortal Realm Level Five-luck and a herd of useless beasts are all he has!"

"Kill him! Seize the treasure!"

"All together! No matter his skill, he's still just one man-plus a few dragons!"

Greed strangled the last threads of caution. Someone fired a green flame, hissing toward Jared like ghost-fire torn from a grave.

The shot was the signal; the hillside erupted as every opportunist charged, weapons and spells igniting the dusk.

A savage roar ripped across the battlefield. "Kill!"

"Claim the spoils!"

"Slay them!"

Spellfire, glittering artifacts, and blades of condensed force crashed down like a monsoon, sweeping toward Jared and the Draconian ranks behind him.

Rival sects that had feuded for centuries forgot every grudge. United for a single, murderous heartbeat, they meant to butcher Jared, seize the Demon Sea Tower, and shackle the Draconians.

"Form up-meet them head-on!" Jared's command thundered from the tower heart into every Draconian mind, urgent as war drums.

At once, the Draconian camp ignited, a sunrise of scales and sigils cleaving the gloom.

Led by Cyanna, the Azure Dragon bloodline unfurled the Greenwood Rebirth Array. Verdant light spiraled upward, weaving a colossal shield of living wood that drank the enemy's fury until it withered.

Coall roared at the vanguard, flanked by Black Dragon and Coiled Dragon, whose bodies seemed forged from iron. Claws shredded spells, dragonbreath met raw energy, and armored flesh endured what could not be turned—a living breakwater against the first murderous wave.

Behind them, elemental clans took position. Superheated breath, spears of lightning, and blizzards of razor snow erupted like fireworks inside the enemy

swarms.

Jared would not hide behind the wall he had raised. Grip tightening on the Dragonslayer Sword, he shot forward like living lightning, plunging straight into the densest knot of opponents.

"Five-Element Sword Domain—open!"

A harmonic buzz rang out.

Color-woven blades flooded a hundred-meter circle around him, weaving a lethal tapestry of intersecting fury.

Within that radiant cage, every avenue of escape became a cut waiting to happen.

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Those trapped inside—whether Human Immortal or even Heavenly Immortal—felt space thicken, their lifeforce stumble, and swordlight gnaw at every angle.

"Time Deceleration!"

Obedying his thought, the flow within the domain slowed to a viscous crawl.

To Jared, each foe moved like a puppet with slackened strings, their flaws yawning wide before his eyes.

"Die!"

The Dragonslayer Sword swept in hungry arcs, more scythe than sword. With every swing, blood fountained, and one—or several—mid-Heavenly Immortal commanders collapsed headless onto the fractured earth.

His sword intent fastened onto its targets like an iron vise. Under that invisible pressure almost no one alive could hope to survive a single stroke.

A Sunfire Sect elder-Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two-broke from the ranks, brandishing a blazing treasure wheel. Flames howled around him as he roared, "Whelp, meet your death!"

Jared did not bother to turn. With a casual flick in reverse grip, his blade leapt forward. The tip outran the elder's own momentum, slipped clean through the wall of fire, and kissed the man's brow.

A wet pop followed.

Life drained from the elder's eyes in an instant. His body locked mid-air, then toppled like a charred marionette, thudding to the stained earth below.

"Grand Elder!"

Sunfire disciples screamed, throats shredded by panic, as their mentor crumpled out of the sky.

From the rear shadows, several killers from Blackwater Grotto blurred forward, daggers aimed for Jared's unguarded spine.

It might as well have been a child's ambush. Under the slow-drip tyranny of the Time Law encircling him, their rush crawled like slugs across syrup.

"Spatial twist," he whispered.

Space around them imploded without warning-air folding, light bending, reality wringing itself into a knot. They never even screamed. The newborn singularity crushed bone, flesh, and intent alike, leaving only a paste that splattered the dirt. Jared tore onward like a tiger loosed among lambs. Wherever he stepped, men reeled, mounts crashed, and corpses carpeted the ravine.

Yet brute strength was only half his terror. Through the tower heart buried in his soul, he felt every Draconian on the field and steered their formation with surgeon's precision.

"Left flank—Black Dragon Guard, hold the line! Right wing-Wind-borne clan, surge ahead and shred their rear! Thunder drakes, concentrate every bolt on that array master in yellow robes!"

The orders came crisp, rapid, and absolute. Under that unified will, the Draconian army moved like a single war engine, grinding the numerically superior coalition into panicked retreat.

Battle dissolved into unbridled  
carnage. Dragon roars tangled with  
explosions, death-screams, and the clangor  
of shattered facts,  
composing a blood-soaked O  
symphony over the sundered valley.

Soil turned crimson. Severed limbs spun through smoky air. The stench of iron thickened until every breath threatened to wrench the gut.

Only then did the cultivators grasp the nightmare: their vaunted tide-of-numbers stratagem meant nothing before a unified, death-eager Draconian legion.

Each Draconian was formidable alone together they birthed a force far beyond simple arithmetic.

And at the eye of the storm stood Jared, a living nightmare whose sword, laws, and battlefield mastery shattered every notion of a mere Human Immortal Realm Level Five. Combatant.

"Monster-he's a monster!"

"Run! Run for your lives!"

"We were never their match-not for a single breath!"

At last, someone's nerve snapped. He spun on his heel, abandoning comrades and honor alike, and bolted toward the rear of the shattered formation.

The retreat struck the ranks like a boulder on a mountainside-once it started, everything below tumbled with it. Terror rode the wind like plagu@spores, infecting every heart in the space of a heartbeat. O Whatever battered fine they had held a moment earlier disintegrated in the blink of an eye.

"You want to run? Too late."

Jared's gaze turned to ice. He understood the wisdom of killing the snake outright: spare it, and the fangs return. None of these foes would live to see another dawn.

"Demon Seal Tower-Space Prison!"

From Jared's palm, the delicate tower spun into view, no larger than a chess piece.

It whirled faster, swelling to the height of a fortress and hovering above the battlefield, unseen shock waves flooding outward.

A deep hum shuddered through the air.

Tens of kilometers around the tower froze solid, reality locked in place like poured steel.

Cultivators who meant to rip holes in the void to escape struck an immovable wall instead there was nowhere left to run.

"No!"

"He's sealed the skies around us!"

"We're finished!"

Their wails of despair rolled across the field, fading like dying echoes against stone.

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"Draconians-hear me. Leave none alive!"

With that final order, Jared cast judgment on the field.

Roars shook the gorge.

A single feral word followed. "Kill!"

Morale blazing, the Draconian army surged forward like a living tide, chasing the headless flock of enemies in every direction.

The result was slaughter, pure and lopsided.

Half an hour later, Nullrift Gorge lay silent, the ground wet and the air still.

The battlefield—so recently a boiling cauldron of steel, spellfire, and screams— stood eerily still. The copper-sweet reek of blood hung thick enough to taste. Bodies lay in grotesque ridges that rose like mountains against the haze.

Thousands of cultivators from the great orders of level nine had fallen. Only a handful those quick to flee or blessed with rare escape talismans had slipped away. The rest lay broken in the dust, paid in full for their defiance.

Pale sunlight speared through the drifting gore-mist and struck Jared, who stood at the summit of the carnage. Behind him, the Draconian army-armor cracked, limbs weary, yet eyes ablaze glimmered red with the blood of their foes.

Jared's Dragonslayer Sword still dripped, each ruby bead rolling down the dark steel like a ticking clock. His robes fluttered in a breeze that smelled of iron and ash, and the aura around him felt vaster, deeper, for every duel survived.

He let his gaze comb across the ruined plain. Nothing stirred; his eyes remained as calm as a midnight lake.

This battle had tested his own limits, proven the ability of his Draconians, and announced to every corner of the Ninefold Heavens-that Jared Chance had arrived, carrying a sovereignty none would be allowed to violate.

From this moment on, level nine would reckon with a new, impossible-to-ignore power: Jared with his Demon Seal Tower and Draconian army.

"Mr. Chance, they barely put up a fight!" Coall kicked one last corpse aside, his grin split wide, tusk-white teeth flashing. "Next time, give me something that cracks my joints loose!"

Cyanna stepped to Jared's side, lowering her voice. "We won, yes, but we have angered more than half of the level nine sects. Their revenge will come for certain and it will not come gently."

Jared slid his sword back into its sheath and shrank the tower. "Let them come. If water rises, we build a dam if soldiers march, we meet them head-on We won't seek trouble, but we will never run from

it. shovels

He turned toward the blood-drenched Draconian ranks. "Sweep the field. Gather every spoil and divide it fairly. Then follow me home to Nethergate Sect."

"Yes, sir!"

Hundreds of Draconians roared as one, their voices crashing into the clouds like thunder. They watched Jared's retreating back with a devotion so fierce it bordered on worship.

This youth of royal dragon blood had freed them from endless shackles and led them to a victory that would be sung for ages.

To follow him, they knew, was to gamble on the rebirth of their entire race.

Carrying slaughter's chill and wagons of plunder, the Draconian host streamed from the crimson gorge, heading for the shadowed peaks that hid Nethergate Sect.

The moment news of this massacre broke, level nine would shudder.

And the name Jared Chance would echo from realm to realm.

Meanwhile, at Nethergate Sect, in the Pentacarna Tower, Neville, Sylvia, and Zevon still hovered in trance, knitting spirit and flesh back together.

Outside the gate, the usual drifting mists of Nethergate had been burned away by raw slaughter.

At the foot of the peak, hundreds

clashed with no thought for life or limb. Light and gleam tangled; explosions howls and death-cries rolled without pause. The air quivered under every shockwave, and the once-smooth ground was now a cratered quilt of seorch marks and pooled blood.

Under Rowena's command, the sect's disciples held a ragged defensive ring— weakening by the heartbeat-trying to stem the tide of black-robed assailants that kept pouring toward the heights.

Every defender understood one

brutal truth, Somewhere beyond the smoke-choked courtyard, deep

within the tower, the sect's

pillars Neville, Sylvia, and the Badly wounded Zevon-were clinging to a fragile moment of recovery that would decide Nethergate's future. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could be allowed to reach them.

The tower itself was a priceless relic of the Nethergate Sect. To let such a treasure fall into enemy hands was unthinkable.

"Hold the line for the sect leader and for the Nethergate Sect!"

Rowena's raw scream ripped through the cacophony. Her spear blurred into a storm

of black steel and wailing spirits, each thrust shrieking with spectral fury as it beat back one attacker after another.

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Blood already streaked Rowena's left arm. A gash so deep the bone flashed white poured scarlet down her sleeve, soaking half her robe.

But the invaders were stronger, and they had numbers.

The black-robed Skyfiend cultivators struck with unsettling techniques—acidic shadows and ripping vortices—every blow reeking of ruin and plunder.

One by one, Nethergate disciples were caught. Their vital energy shattered, bodies either corroded to chalk-white bone or torn apart by savage energy, their blood misting the night sky.

Their screams of agony, braided with the furious wails of the dying, rose into a dirge of utter despair.

A gaunt man in a black hood let out a rasping laugh. "Rowena, why cling to hopeless resistance? We tread the same demonic road. Your Nethergate Sect grovels beneath a human guest like a whipped cur. You have disgraced every demonic cultivator!"

"Stuff it, Skyfiend scum!" Rowena battered two attackers aside and glared at the skeletal commander. "Mr. Chance is our honored guest— our benefactor. Even demonic cultivators can keep their honor. Thieves like you will never understand that!"

The taunting speaker was Gideon Marrow, commander of the Skyfiend raid— nicknamed "Master Marrow" and the name fit all too well.

"Honor? How much is that worth?" Gideon sneered. "Power alone is eternal. Surrender— hand over Neville and that Jared fellow—and I may spare you. Refuse, and the name Nethergate Sect is erased today."

"Dream on, you b\*stard!" Rowena's demon-essence flared, pain forgotten.

She leveled her spear and charged. "Disciples of Nethergate—better to die on our feet! Kill!"

"Stubborn fools! Slaughter them all!"

Gideon flicked his wrist, and the Skyfiend assault redoubled.

Blades, curses, and shrieking spirits crashed over the courtyard like a hurricane. The Nethergate Sect's shattered line buckled. One defender after another fell. Rowena's circle of comrades had dwindled to a desperate handful. She herself swayed, bleeding from fresh wounds, demon-essence guttering. The final breach loomed only heartbeats away.

In that breathless instant when death seemed certain, the battlefield hung on a single, fraying thread.

A primordial roar-long, jagged, and impossibly fierce-ripped across the heavens.

The cry was pure dragon-wrath, a

blade of sound that split the sky like

thunder hurled from the ninth

firmament. Everything below

shuddered. Shields rang, spears trembled and every mortal

heartbeat faltered beneath the roar's crushing cadence.

Then came another, and another-hundreds of dragon roars fusing into one tidal wave of ancient, untamed power that rolled outward to drown the world in sound.

The daylight itself recoiled. In a blink, all brightness fled.

No storm clouds blotted the sun. Instead, titanic, fanged silhouettes-scaled mountains with wings-layered over one another until the sky became a living, congealed canopy of dragons. '

At their forefront drifted Jared, his teal robe snapping around a frame straight as a spear. His chiseled features were calm, yet the cold gleam in his eyes promised ruin.

He strode through thin air as though each invisible step pressed upon the planet's

own pulse, and every heartbeat below answered in startled pain.

To his left loomed Coall, a black drake the size of a mountain range-scales

glittering like iced obsidian, eyes burning red as twin blood-moons.

To his right glided Cyanna, her scales smooth as jade, a wreath of frosted azure aura curling around her lithe form.

Beyond them followed a legion of Draconians, each radiating a sovereignty that made lesser beasts crawl.

Great bodies jammed the

firmament, layering shadow upon shadow until the entire Skyfiend Sect camp lay buried beneath

curtain that felt less like shade and

more like an imminent death sentence.

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That single mass of dragon's power weighed upon every member of the Skyfiend Sect like an ocean forged of stone. Spiritual energy locked in their veins, lungs shrank, and dread pooled thick as tar inside their chests.

"Mr. Chance! Mr. Chance has returned!"

"The Draconians are with him! So many of them!"

"We're saved! The Nethergate Sect is saved!"

Despair detonated into euphoria. Wounded disciples of the Nethergate Sect wept, laughed, and clutched one another as sunlight of hope broke through their terror.

Rowena-bloody, shaking, braced against her silver spear-felt tears flood her vision. She nearly collapsed from relief, yet forced trembling knees to hold so she could cry out, "Mr. Chance, you finally came back!"

Jared's gaze swept the torn earth-bodies of Nethergate disciples who would never rise again, friends butchered beneath Skyfiend blades. He saw Rowena's torn armor, the gore matting her hair. Ice flared behind his calm eyes, and the very air cooled in fearful response.

He landed before Rowena with a soft thrum of displaced wind and poured a ribbon of pure life-energy into her chest. Her ragged breathing evened, blood slowed, bones knit.

"You've done enough. From here on, it's my fight."

The words were spoken quietly, yet they carried the certainty of law. Every surviving member of Nethergate felt their terror dissolve, replaced by an unshakable conviction that, while Jared was around, nothing could harm them again.

Fury knifed through Jared the instant he pictured Rowena's bruised wrists and tear-streaked face. To him, they were no casual lovers. She was blood, bone, a part of his own skin, and whoever laid a hand on her would pay.

Across the rubble-strewn courtyard, Gideon and the Skyfiend Sect disciples stood frozen.

A thousand-foot tide of Draconian might pressed down on them-hundreds of scarlet eyes, implacable and cold, promising to grind every last intruder into dust.

"Y-You... you're Jared Chance?" Gideon forced the words past a sand-dry throat. "W-what do you intend? I am Master Marrow, an elder of the Skyfiend Sect! Harm us, and my sect will never spare you."

"Skyfiend Sect?"

Jared turned slowly. His gaze was twin rapiers of light that stabbed straight through Gideon. "Who gave you the courage to storm Nethergate Sect?"

Pinned beneath that stare, Gideon felt like prey beneath a primordial predator. Cold sweat drenched his robes.

"D-Don't be arrogant, Chance!" he sputtered, fighting to steady his voice. "You have already offended Lord Sout Devourer. We act under his command to seize

seize Nethergate

while your people are wounded...

Seif

you're smart..."

"Soul Devourer?" Jared's lip curled into an icy crescent. "That mongrel? Too scared to show his own face, so he sends gnats like you to die in his stead."

"How dare you slander our lord!"

Gideon roared, but panic chewed the edges of every syllable.

Rowena leaned close, her whisper urgent. "Mr. Chance, the Skyfiend Sect has swallowed half the demonic world these past years they're nearly the strongest force on the seventh heaven now."

"Strongest?"

Jared answered with a low, mirthless chuckle—nothing but scorn ringing in it. "Those clowns? Laughable."

"Draconians—hear me!" Jared's voice cracked like winter ice, carrying to every corner of the sky.

The Draconians answered with a single earth-shaking bellow. Lightning split the clouds as their collective power surged.

"Leave the leader," Jared said, each word a blade of frost. "Every single member of the Skyfiend Sect-wipe it out."

"Kill!" the Draconian ranks roared, battle lust igniting the heavens.

Coall dove first-an obsidian comet hurtling from the clouds and smashing into the densest knot of Skyfiend cultivators, the ground exploding beneath his impact.

A single sweep of a taloned claw churned the sky into a scarlet storm. Blood spattered in broad, arcing sheets before the droplets ever touched the ground. A whip-crack of a tail followed. Dozens of

black robed cultivator. Sailed through the air like rag dolls,

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limbs snapping beneath the blow.

"Kill!" The battlefield rang with the guttural roar, a rolling thunder of bloodthirst that made the very stones vibrate.

Cyanna raised one slender arm and let the Azure Dragon Aura erupt from her body. In a heartbeat, that aura fragmented into thousands of emerald blades. They fell in a driving, swirling rain, each razor-thin shard burying itself flawlessly between a Skyfiend warrior's brows or into the seat of a frightened heart.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

All across the clouds, other Draconian titans dove with thunderous roars.

A Fire Dragon opened its jaws, exhaling a furnace blast so fierce that entire squads below became drifting ash.

A Lightning Dragon beckoned bolts the width of ancient pillars. White-blue ribbons crashed downward, flash-frying armor and flesh alike.

A Wind Dragon twisted the very air into howling cyclones that shredded robes and bodies. Beside it, a Water Dragon breathed spears of soul-freezing ice, turning fleeing shapes into brittle statues that shattered under their own weight.

This was no battle. It was a one-sided culling.

Under the crushing weight of Draconian power, Skyfiend disciples could not muster even a fraction of their usual strength. Spells fizzled, treasured weapons glanced off scale and sinew, and desperation turned to panic.

Screams, pleas, and the wet tear of rended flesh blended into a single, ceaseless dirge. Before Nethergate Sect's grand gates, the earth itself became a living butcher's trough, rivers of blood running between severed limbs that still twitched in the dirt.

Gideon watched, eyes bulging until red veins burst. Yet even his fury gave him no shield. A few formidable Draconians circled him, their maws dripping heat and lightning. He parried, stumbled, parried again, each breath closer to ruin.

High above, Jared stood aloof. His gaze remained as cold as starlight on midwinter ice.

He lifted one palm. The Demon Seal Tower appeared in his hand, its stone tiers glowing with a muted, holy haze. Wayward soul fragments—half-formed wraiths trying to flee the slaughter—spiraled helplessly into the tower's waiting maw and were sealed in silence.

Within mere moments, the once-boastful Skyfiend Sect lay crushed. Only Gideon survived, left intentionally alive, beaten to his knees by dragon pressure.

Detritus of battle smothered the ground: severed arms, shattered talismans, broken blades. Blood pooled in hot, steaming channels, the copper stench rising like a funeral pyre.

Disciples of Nethergate Sect watched from a distance, awe mixing with savage satisfaction and, toward Jared and his Draconian army, a deepening reverence that bordered on fear.

Jared walked forward, each step measured and unhurried, until he stood over the trembling form of Gideon.

"N-No... do not kill me... Mr. Chance, have mercy..." Gideon's voice broke into sobs, tears and mucus streaking the dirt on his face.

"Where is the Skyfiend Sect's main stronghold?" Jared's question carried no inflection, as though he inquired about the weather.

Gideon shuddered, eyes widening in dawning horror. "You... you intend to—"

"Answer." Jared's single word fell like frost, and the air itself seemed to chill around the syllable.

With death breathing down his neck, Gideon dared not hide a detail. Voice shaking, he revealed the precise location of the Skyfiend Headquarters and listed every line of defense he could recall.

"Good." Jared inclined his head once, a gesture as final as any verdict.

He turned and flicked his fingers toward Coall, the silent signal clear.

Coall understood at once. A savage grin peeled across his draconic muzzle as that obsidian claw came

down like a thunderhead. In a single blow he ruptured Gideon's elixir field, erasing his lifetime of

cultivation while sparing the man's trémbling life. Gideon collapsed, boneless, a heap of breath and terror on the blood-soaked ground.

"I'm letting you scuttle back alive," Jared said, his voice rolling out of the shadows like winter surf. "Craw to Elder Bonewick and to that skulking Soul Devourer

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behind him. Tell them to brace themselves and wait. Jared Chance is coming for their heads?"

He no longer spared a glance for the ruined cultivator. Turning, he addressed Rowena. "Rowena, the sect is yours to steady. Comfort the wounded, bury our dead, and double every line of defense."

Rowena bowed so deeply her shoulders shook. "Rest easy, Mr. Chance. I will give every last drop of strength to the task."

Jared shifted to Cyanna. "Cyanna, keep a cadre of healers and shield-bearers here. Stand with the Nethergate Sect's wards. If any scavenger dares test us, I want them broken before sunset."

Cyanna's emerald hair fluttered as she gave a solemn nod. "Understood. Please be careful."

Jared's gaze Swept the Draconian

army-scales still slick with the gore of Nullrift Gorge-before settling on the battle-hungry cluster around Coall. He drew in a breath that echoed like a war-horn. "All remaining Draconians-fly with me! Our destination-Skyfiend Sect!"

A single wordless roar answered him, primal and vast.

Dragon roars shook the heavens again, the sound splitting clouds and rattling mountain roots.

Jared's figure blurred into a column of azure light and speared upward, streaking toward the vaulted sky.

Hundreds of Draconians surged after him—an iron river arcing between earth and firmament, intent on grinding every obstacle to dust.

Their killing aura and dragon's power ripped open the sky; clouds shredded, beasts burrowed, and even the wind held its breath.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

Far above the horizon, a tide of murderous intent rolled west-northwest, thick and unbroken as storm surf.

Jared stood on Coall's vast head—broad as a plain-while cold wind snapped his blue robe like a battle flag.

His eyes were glacial wells. The blood spilled at Nethergate Sect—today it will be paid back.

This was not revenge alone. It was a declaration. Every force across level nine that coveted him or the Draconians would learn that: cross them, and nothing will save you.

Behind him flew hundreds of dragons, each shape unique, each aura savage. Still reeking of the battle at Nullrift Gorge, they now burned with fresh fury at Skyfiend Sect's treachery.

Their united dragon's power parted clouds and drove every creature below into silent, trembling refuge. In Jared's command, the Draconian army had become the keenest butcher's blade. And in his chest, he felt it-strength so fearsome it bordered on myth.

"Coall, faster-drive the wind itself beneath your wings!" Jared's command was quiet, almost conversational, yet it pressed straight into the great dragon's mind like a sword tip.

"Hold tight, Mr. Chance! We're almost there. I can already taste the stench of those mongrels in the air!" Coall's basso growl shook Jared's ribs. The dragon's titanic body coiled, muscles knotting, then snapped forward. He shot across the sky, leaving a shriek of torn air and a rolling boom in his wake.

All around him, the other Draconians hurled their own power into the chase. Dozens of armored leviathans streaked after Coall, scale-plates flashing like a river of black steel—a single, roaring flood of death surging between heaven and earth.

Skyfiend Sect's Headquarters was located at Bonewither Cliff.

This place never knew sunlight. Grey-black energy clung to the air year-round, and sheer cliff faces had been mortared together with the bleached bones of beasts and men. Every breath of wind ripped bone-dust from the cracks and hurled it through the ravine, so the entire cliff moaned like ten thousand spirits mourning their own demise.

Buildings sprawled across that nightmare precipice, each structure nailed to the rock as if afraid to fall, each wall lacquered with skulls and femurs. The stink of evil and decay was so thick it seemed to press the sky downward.

Skyfiend Sect had risen swiftly, crushing or devouring every other demon sect for miles. At this moment, its arrogance stood at full boil.

Patrols paced the outer tiers in identical black robes sewn with white-skull sigils. Their eyes glittered with the cruelty and hunger only dark cultivators could cherish.

Today, arrogance was shattered. A pressure—vast, nameless, unstoppable—poured from the distant horizon and rolled toward Bonewither Cliff like an avalanche carved from night itself.

"W-What... what in the void is that?" A sentry on the bone tower glanced eastward. His pupils shrank to pinpoints, and the scream that clawed out of his throat cracked halfway up the scale.

Far away, the sky turned to ink. An endless storm cloud raced forward, faster than thought. Yet that was no storm. Inside the darkness, titans, rolled mountain-sized silhouettes,

plated in scales that caught the

weak light and flicked back a ghostly sheen.

Dozens-hundreds of dragon eyes blazed inside that living cloud, each orb a furnace of rage and bloodlust. Every gaze locked on Bonewither Cliff as though the cliff were prey already pinned beneath talons.

Ahead of them rode the dragon's power, a continental tide that crushed the air itself. Stone groaned. Cultivators' hearts clenched; many skipped a beat. The demonic energy in the meridians once proud once smooth stuttered and froze, as if confronted by its natural predator.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack! Unprecedented power is upon us!" The shriek ripped through the headquarters, higher than any warning gong.

Alarms that had slept for decades burst alive, pounding across every hall and

courtyard, shredding the usual brood-dark order into outright panic.