

A Warrior Undefeatable 5741-5750

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"Level ten... Infinite Soul Demon Sect..." Jared Chance murmured, the syllables flickering behind his eyes like sparks seeking tinder.

He knew that level ten towered far above level nine—a brutal realm where sects jostled like storm clouds, and power was the only law.

"Mr. Chance, level ten is a different sky," Zevon said, his voice weighted with warning. "Heavenly Immortals stroll there the way merchants crowd a market. That Infinite Soul Demon Sect is no sanctuary; it is a nest of knives. Soul Devourer will flourish in such darkness. We must plan, not blunder in."

"Level ten is lethal," Sylvia whispered, fingers tightening around Jared's. "I cannot bear to see you face it alone."

Jared's gaze swept over them all—soft for a breath, then forged into iron resolve.

Mr. Swanson, Sylvia—my decision is made. Soul Devourer is vindictive and sly. If I leave him unchecked, he will return and drench level nine in blood. The root of that threat must be cut. Besides, my path was never meant to end at level nine. Stronger worlds and fiercer foes are what I crave. Level ten is the next step. Zevon, Neville—level nine may appear calm, yet dark currents churn beneath the surface. The Nethergate Sect and the newborn Heaven Gate Sect need you to anchor them. The Draconian army must rest and grow. Your duty lies here.

Turning to Sylvia, Jared let his voice fall to a gentler register. "Heaven Gate Sect is only an infant, every brick still wet. As its master, you cannot leave. Level ten is an ocean of unknowns, and I refuse to let you brave that storm for my sake. Stay on level nine, cultivate Heaven Gate Sect, and wait for my return. He swung toward Coall—already pawing at the ground—and Cyanna, whose frosted eyes glimmered

with quiet worry."

"Coall, Cyanna, the Draconian army is now in your hands. Stand with Sylvia, guard level nine, keep sharpening your strength. Once I have a foothold on level ten, I may yet summon you to my side."

His strategy was crisp, each assignment sliding into place like well-cut stone.

Unease lingered in every face, yet they knew this was the only path that truly made

sense.

Zevon exhaled a long, gravelly sigh. "Level ten is nothing like this realm. Be cautious in all things, never force a point for pride's sake your life must come first."

Neville clapped Jared's shoulder once, solid and sure. "Take care. Nethergate Sect will always stand behind you."

Sylvia's lashes shimmered with tears she refused to shed. "Just-come back alive."

Coall rumbled in his barrel chest. "Relax, Mr. Jared. With me around, level nine won't fall apart. You clear some land over there, and we'll Cyanna

come share the sold

nothing, yet the silver flash wher eyes carried a thousand unspoken instructions and blessings.

Jared folded all that devotion into his heart and answered with a single, solemn nod.

He drew a breath deep enough to steady worlds. The Power of Immortals thundered through his veins as his hands carved fluid arcs in empty air, unlocking the lattice of space itself.

Humming energy swelled and then split the void.

A warped corridor tore open, black edges shivering with instability. Beyond the ragged mouth lay,

haze washed realm wider and

deadlier than level nine could ever dream-level ten.

"Awoo!" The small fire unicorn on his shoulder sensed the rift, loosing a call that trembled between excitement and dread while its tiny claws clutched the fabric at Jared's collar.

One last time Jared looked back—at

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friends, at the battlefield that had forged them, and at the realm he had bfed to protect. Resolve hardened in his eyes All of you take care!"

He stepped into the swirling passage, his silhouette swallowed by chaotic light.

The little unicorn leapt after him, tail aflame with courage. The corridor flickered, spasmed, then knitted closed until nothing remained but still air and a faint metallic tang.

Only Zevon and the others remained inside Soulgrave Abyss, staring at the empty space where Jared had vanished, their silence as heavy as stone.

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The instant Jared crossed the void passage, a maelstrom of spatial energy slammed into him—wilder, more chaotic than any dimensional tide he had ever dared to ride.

The passage leading toward level ten trembled like a dying vein in the universe. Instead of a calm night, Jared floated inside a whirlpool of chaotic void currents— angled ribbons of color that sliced and tore at his protective immortal aura with a sound like acid eating through bone.

Gritting his teeth, he poured every drop of celestial essence into layer after layer of shields, then bent the laws of time and space themselves, hunting for a single calm within the chaotic void currents.

In his right hand, he kept the Dragonslayer Sword poised, ready to hack apart any ragged seam that dared open before him.

But the barrier between the ninth and tenth levels proved thicker and more chaotic than anything his mind had ever sketched. Without warning, a deep-purple void storm coiled into existence overhead, its shape that of an ancient dragon, its breath the promise of utter erasure.

"Oh on!"

Jared's pupils shrank to pinpoints. He flooded his veins with power, drew Dragonslayer high, and brought it down in a blinding arc of silver flame aimed straight at the onrushing maelstrom.

Boom!

The collision rocked the tunnel. A brute force too huge for language slammed into Jared's chest, drove copper into his throat, and spilled fresh blood across his lips. He steadied himself, yet the tunnel shattered around him like black mirror glass- each fracture a doorway to nothing.

Crack... Crash!

His final shield screamed, tore apart, and an irresistible undertow hurled him out of the collapsing passage as though he were no more than driftwood.

It felt at once like a lifetime and the beat of a heart.

Thud!

He hit solid ground like a meteor, punching a crater into sheer mountain rock. Darkness flickered at the edge of his vision while his organs seemed to shuffle inside him, and every bone complained beneath the weight of worlds.

At the pit's bottom, he coughed—again and again—each spasm painting the stone with bright crimson.

Only after long, raw minutes did the dizziness retreat enough for breath to return.

With a grunt, he lifted his head and looked around. Nothing he saw belonged to memory.

Above stretched a vault of

impossibly deep blue, and the air

dripped with a richness of spiritual

so thick it felt drinkable faced

aura so

with the sweetness of foliage and a

faint, feral warning.

Jared lay atop the crown of a towering peak. Below, unbroken green rolled to every horizon—an ocean of forest breathing beneath him.

Ancient trees speared the sky, vines knotted their trunks, and flowers of unknown breed flared like lanterns, each radiating a pulse that hummed against Jared's battle-battered skin.

The Heavenly Laws that ruled this place differed from those of level

nine older, heavier and startlingly

alive as though the world itself were still waking from some primeval dream.

The world around him felt forged of tempered iron. Even light seemed to move stiffly, as though the sky itself had been liveted shut. Jared sensed at once that rending this space would demand several times the strength required on level nine.

"Is this... level ten?" A tremor of doubt slid through Jared, sharpening his vigilance.

He braced against the shattered ground, tried to climb free of the crater, and fresh pain flared through muscle and bone. A stifled groan slipped past clenched teeth.

Mr. Vermilion... where have we-

The plea died. His consciousness field lay vacant-only the Golden Tome and Demon Seal Tower hovered in silent twilight. The familiar ember of the Vermilion Demon Lord had vanished.

Loss washed over him like a dark tide. For so long, that sardonic voice had risen at every crisis, guiding him without fanfare. Its absence hollowed the vast sea of his mind.

The demon lord had regained a body and gone to search for Selene. For the first time, Jared understood what it meant to stand utterly alone.

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He drew a long, ragged breath, forcing the ache down to a dull throb. The road was his own choosing. However brutal the climb, he would take each step himself.

A faint whimper—almost a howl—snapped him back. The small fire unicorn peeked over the crater's rim, its tiny body singed but largely spared by the aftershock of Jared's power. Dizzy, yet determined, it tottered down and began licking the blood from his cheek, worry brimming in its wide eyes.

Jared's chest warmed. He stroked the creature's fiery-soft head. "Easy, little one. I'm all right."

The tenderness lasted only a heartbeat before the air shifted—warmth replaced by a reeking gust loaded with menace.

A guttural snarl boomed behind him, riding that fetid wind. Instinct overrode pain. Jared whirled, blood roaring in his ears.

A black-furred giant ape—taller than a two-story house, muscles knotted like mountain stone—bared crimson eyes and a cavernous maw.

It launched, talons broad enough to cleave cliffs, aiming straight for the wounded man who had barely found his feet.

The beast's aura hammered the ground—raw, violent—equal to a Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Three cultivator.

The black-furred giant ape—so immense the ground trembled beneath every step- ruled this swath of jungle as its personal kingdom. To it, Jared's uncontrolled fall from the canopy was not merely an intrusion. It was dinner served on a silver platter. The creature's crimson eyes locked onto the prone swordsman, gleaming with the cruel delight of a born predator.

"Cr*p!" Jared rasped, the warning tearing from his throat a heartbeat too late to slow the beast's charge.

He tried to swing Dragonslayer into guard, but a storm of churning blood and fractured energy rioted through his veins. The blade rose only a fraction before his muscles seized, slowing him by the width of a breath.

In that razor-thin sliver of time-where survival is decided between one heartbeat and the next-everything seemed to halt.

A bone-deep roar ripped through the clearing, splitting the stillness like thunder rolling across a lake.

Perched on Jared's shoulder, the small fire unicorn answered with a cry impossibly vast for its kitten-sized frame—an ancient, imperious sound brimming with wrath and sovereign pride.

Scarlet light erupted from the creature's scales, flaring so bright it painted the undergrowth bloodred. In a single bound, the tiny guardian hurled itself from Jared's shoulder, becoming a comet of living fire that streaked straight toward the looming ape.

Its jaws parted, releasing a needle-thin lance of vermilion flame. Though slender as a dagger, the breath held the pure, oppressive heat of true unicorn fire, aimed unerringly at the ape's snarling face.

The giant ape-stunned that this palm-sized nuisance dared bite back-reared away as singed fur curled and blackened. Howling, it diverted its massive paw from Jared and swatted at the blazing speck instead.

Boom!

The blow struck empty air, yet the wind sheared through the clearing like a fist of storm clouds.

Caught in that hurricane, the fire unicorn yelped, then spun away like a broken ember.

It slammed against an ancient trunk, snapped free, and tumbled to the mossy earth. The once-luminous crimson of its scales dulled, its labored breaths barely stirring the leaves beneath its chest.

"Fire Unicorn!" Jared's cry cracked, raw as torn steel.

Rage flooded his vision, turning the world a bruised shade of red. Tears he refused to shed burned behind his eyes, sharpening instead into lethal focus.

The little beast had taken that hit only because it had leapt between him and death.

Righteous fury swept through Jared, scorching away the ache in his shredded muscles and the dizzy throb of emptied veins.

Injury to his companion roused something feral—old as blood and bone-deep within his marrow.

"You filthy brute-die!" His roar rolled through the trees like a war drum.

Ignoring torn flesh and screaming nerves, he forced the last threads of the Power of Immortals to ignite, flooding every meridian with molten light.

Dragonslayer felt his wrath and sang in reply, a low metallic keening. Ice-bright radiance danced down its edge, promising retribution.

"Five-Element Sword Domain-open!" His voice thundered, part spell, part vow.

Though the domain encompassed barely a dozen paces, ribbons of five-colored sword force unfurled at once, weaving a prismatic cage around the towering ape.

Blades of condensed qi slashed through the air. Even weakened, each strand could slice moonlight from shadow.

The ape froze mid-lunge, hide

shivering where invisible steel kissed its flesh. Doubt flickered behind the feratulare quickly eclipsed by raw murderous rage.

With a roar that rattled leaves from branches, it hammered against the rainbow-lit barrier, savage claws striving to shred the hated prison of light and steel.

"Time Deceleration!" Jared roared, the word splitting the charged air like a thunderclap.

Indifferent to the razors tearing at his spirit, Jared forced the Time Law to bloom a second time.

The black-furred giant ape lurched as though wading through tar, even its furious roar stretching into syrupy echoes.

Now the opening I bled for!

"Die!" Jared thundered.

Jared hurled himself after the blade, man and weapon stitching into a single streak of silver that ripped the

heavens open. The Dragonslayer

Sword carried his unwavering, and glacial killing intent straight toward the ape's broad, pulsing throat.

Swoosh!

Steel kissed flesh; crimson geysers fountained from the sundered windpipe.

The black-furred colossus froze

mid-snarf amber eyes widening in disbelief, Air whistled through its torn throat while the madness in its gaze washed away, replaced by raw terror and dawning despair.

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At last, the creature crashed to earth like a crumbling hill, the impact rippling through the clearing and making the ground shudder. Jared sank to one knee, bracing on the blade, lungs heaving while cold sweat slicked his brow; that single strike had drained the scrap of energy he had just regained and torn open half-healed wounds.

Ignoring his own bleeding silence, he hurried to the small fire unicorn, scooping the trembling cub into his arms and flooding it with a thread of pristine celestial essence.

The blessed beast's vitality proved stubborn. Under that nurturing flow, the burns on its scales dulled, and it nuzzled Jared's palm with shy gratitude, though its bright eyes still drooped with fatigue.

Jared's gaze fell to the ape's fallen bulk, and a spark of calculation flared behind his exhaustion. New to this land, wounded, and on foot, he needed both a guide and a mount. The ape's strength-and its familiarity with these woods-promised both.

He closed his eyes and sent a calm command through spiritual sense, offering the beast a chance at servitude instead of death.

Yet even choking on its own blood, the ape's eyes still burned with wild defiance. A guttural warning rumbled in its torn throat-it would rather die than bow.

Jared's brow tightened.

Enough mercy.

Golden light flickered in his pupils as he stopped masking the royal Draconian blood coursing through his veins. An ancient, sovereign dragon's power awakened and billowed from him like a sleeping emperor rising.

The pressure bypassed flesh, spearing straight into soul and bloodline-terror incarnate to any beast.

The once-defiant ape began to quake uncontrollably, every massive muscle shivering beneath its black fur.

A pressure rolled off Jared like a tidal wave of ancient bloodline—a draconic supremacy etched into the fabric of life itself. The forest hushed. Every beastly instinct inside the black-furred giant ape screamed that it now stood before royalty.

The murderous gleam in its eyes vanished. Trembling, it tried to bow that mountainous head, a muffled whimper rising from its throat—half apology, half plea for mercy.

Jared dismissed the dragon's power, stepped to the creature's brow, and pressed his palm against its coarse hide. "Submit to me, guide us out of this forest, and you will live."

All hint of defiance died. The ape lowered its skull until its tusks raked the earth, surrender woven into every sinew.

Jared exhaled in relief, sealed the torn flesh at its throat with a thread of healing aura, and let the wound knit closed—life preserved.

He vaulted onto the creature's back—a living platform broad as a courtyard—then nestled the small fire unicorn before him. "Go!"

The ape loosed a guttural roar, rose, and began a thunderous trek through the primeval green.

From that swaying perch, Jared finally surveyed the unknown world spread beneath the canopy, each step revealing vistas no map had ever named.

Trees older than dynasties soared skyward. Some trunks would have required thirty arms to encircle, and their crowns blotted out the sun, turning noon into dusk.

Moist shadows clung to the air—rot, moss, and dense wood-spirit energy—along with subtle currents of danger that slithered between roots like unseen serpents.

It came sooner than expected. A poison-scaled alligator burst from a swamp stime and armor flashing, jaws wide for the ape's foreleg. The beast ranked no higher than Heavenly Immortal Realm Level One, but its venom could melt bone.

The giant ape answered without a command. It roared, lifted its free foot, and hammered the ground.

Boom!

Earth jumped. The reptile flattened into pulp—life snuffed in a single, mountainous stomp.

With a flick of his wrist, Jared drew out the creature's purified blood, meat essence, and a jade-green

inner core laced with poison and

water aura, then offered them to the little unicorn.

The small fire unicorn chirped with delight. It swallowed the gifts in one gulp—the energy spiraling through its tiny frame like sunrise heat.

A faint sheen returned to its dulled scales, and its eyes regained a spirited spark.

Yet that was only the prologue. Ahead sprawled a beast forest so vast and lethal

that every step promised fresh blood and fresh opportunity.

Packs of razor-toothed blood wolves lunged from the underbrush. Jared answered with a sweeping rain of swords, when silence fell, the alpha wolf's core and blood essence nourished the unicorn once more.

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A hive of ghost-face bees erupted next, spitting paralyzing barbs. Jared carved a corridor of flame, harvested royal jelly, and let the little creature lap up its sweet potency.

Finally, a phantom leopard-master of stealth and soul strikes-slipped from dream to daylight. After a grueling contest, Jared unleashed a wisp of Demon Seal Tower aura, stunned the predator, and slew it. Its condensed soul essence flowed into the unicorn, brightening the tiny beast like a lantern against the darkening woods.

Jared moved through the maze of trees with the poised grace of a master hunter, every step measured and sure. Seasoned instincts and deft command of Heavenly Law let him steer the black-furred giant ape, cutting down one savage beast after another.

Each fallen creature surrendered its core, blood, and soul-shards-perfect fuel for the small fire unicorn that rode beside him.

The little beast grew visibly after every feast.

Its body had broadened, crimson scales gleaming like fresh embers; liquid light coursed beneath them, and the fire it exhaled now burned hotter, tighter, almost brushing the threshold of the Human Immortal Realm.

It relished both battle and devouring, and its timing with Jared grew uncanny- warning of danger, slipping in to strike where his blade could not.

Jared himself, hammered by constant fighting and hurried self-healing, felt his wounds knit by degrees.

Control sharpened, adaptability flourished; the forest no longer felt alien but like a rough forge shaping him.

He was a young dragon who crashed into wild country, clawing open a path where peril and promise tangled like roots.

The giant ape carried Jared and the unicorn through a canopy so thick that daylight rarely touched the floor.

Trees swelled into ancient pillars, and the air grew so dense with spiritual mist it almost clung to the skin-beauty matched only by rising threat.

Jared kept his guard high; his consciousness fanned out like an invisible web, testing every rustle, every shift of shade.

Suddenly, the ape rumbled, voice low yet crackling with excitement. It lunged forward, shoving aside walls of vine and fern as though chasing a certainty.

A spark of curiosity flared in Jared—perhaps the beast had scented some heaven- blessed treasure.

He tapped the ape's corded neck, urging caution while tightening his own focus.

The small fire unicorn snapped awake on his shoulder, nostrils flicking, ruby eyes bright with wonder.

They burst through a final barricade of thorns, and the forest opened like curtains on a hidden stage.

A shallow basin lay in the valley's heart, sun-shafts piercing a ragged crown of leaves to pool in its center.

The soil there glimmered dark crimson, as though it had soaked in centuries of spilled blood.

From that eerie ground rose several plants entirely blood-red,

crystalline caps tinged like cloud

life essence and a sweet

Sr scent.

Even breathing the aroma made Jared's own blood hum and his injuries knit faster.

"Blood Ganoderma-ten thousand years old at the very least!"

Joy flashed through his eyes like lightning across midnight.

Such treasure could refine flesh, replenish blood, even mend the

soul are in a

level seven heavens and his

priceless to a wounded man's

fiery companion.

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A sudden respect stirred in Jared's chest for the lumbering black-furred giant ape. The creature, so clumsy at first glance, had somehow sniffed out this hidden basin and the clump of Blood Ganoderma pulsing crimson at its heart. He swung off the ape's broad back, boots skidding across moss-slick stone, and strode toward the living jewels, intent on harvesting the medicine his body so desperately craved. A roar burst through the humid air—raw, earthquake-loud, and thick with primordial hate—rolling across the basin like thunder ripped from a cracked celestial drum.

The sound detonated from the far side of the valley, deep within a wall of tangled forest. A second giant ape exploded into view, its fur a sinister dark gold, trees shattering to toothpicks as the monster barreled forward like a moving mountain.

This newcomer stood even broader than Jared's mount, its eyes two lakes of boiling blood-red light.

Those burning pupils fixed on Jared, his black-furred ally, and especially on the Blood Ganoderma—rage so hot it seemed ready to ignite the very air.

The black-furred giant ape refused to yield. It reared onto its hind legs and answered with a roar of its own, the cry vibrating like war drums. Massive fists pummeled its steel-hard chest, each strike thudding louder than a battering ram against iron gates.

Bloodshot eyes met bloodshot eyes, the space between them crackling with murderous intent.

Their colliding auras whipped dead leaves and broken branches into howling minitornadoes that skittered across the basin floor.

At that moment, Jared finally understood. The ape had never been guiding him to treasure out of loyalty.

It had simply borrowed a sharper blade-him-to seize this territory and every Blood Ganoderma growing here.

The black-furred and dark-gold titans were lifelong enemies, and these crimson fungi were the prize over which they warred.

"Clever beast," Jared muttered, half amused, half annoyed. Still, the Blood Ganoderma were vital to him. Turning back was no longer an option.

Besides, the dark-gold ape's killing intent now swept across everyone in the basin— man, unicorn, and rival ape alike.

"Fire unicorn-ready yourself," he called, voice low and steady. Dragonslayer flashed free of its sheath, the chill blade glinting as it leveled at the oncoming brute.

If he had been dragged into a beasts' turf war, then swift victory was the only escape.

The small fire unicorn answered with a fiery bellow, ruby light flaring along its scales.

The basin filled with overlapping roars, heat, and sparks as all sides braced for impact.

The dark-gold giant ape could wait

no longer. With a ground-splitting

roar, it charged first. Despite its

colossal frame, the beast moved like golde lightning, fists screaming through the air toward the

black furred rival with power enough to shatter mountains.

The black-furred giant ape roared and charged. Its two fists—each the size of a wagon wheel—met the dark-gold giant ape's swinging arms with the thunderous impact of colliding battering rams.

Boom!

A ring of compressed air blasted outward in a perfect circle. Earth fractured. Sand erupted. Pebbles became shrapnel that skittered across the shattered ground like sparks from a forge.

Both beasts were pure manifestations of brute power. Every collision shook the basin, a savage ballet of muscle and bone whose raw, untamed violence held a terrible, primal beauty.

Jared did not hesitate. He flickered forward—an after-image more than a man—stipping between the two titans like a phantom in moonlight. Rather than meet the dark-gold giant ape head on, he let speed and swordcraft guide him. His blade danced for the creature's joints, its glistening eyes, every seam in that iron hide.

Prismatic sword aura spiraled around him. Now and then, he cast a haze of Time Deceleration, slowing the ape's world to a crawl and leaving it thrashing at empty air.

On the fringes, the small fire unicorn prowled in tight circles. Whenever an opening flashed, it exhaled ribbons of searing true fire—stripping hair, scorching flesh, and blinding the foe long enough for Jared's next strike.

The fire could not pierce hide thick as plated stone, yet the constant burn and smoke gnawed at the giant ape's nerves until its bellows turned ragged with frustration.

Even a creature as fearsome as the

dark-gold giant ape could not

aman, a fire unicorn, and

withstand a

its black-furred cousin working in ruthless unison especially when that man's sword bummed with the quiet authority of Heavenly Law. Gashes multiplied across the ape's frame, each new wound spraying dark blood and stealing a measure of its strength.

At last, Jared's blade flashed with spatial energy, a razor-thin stroke that severed the tendon behind its massive leg. The ape shrieked, stumbled, and toppled like a felled mountain, its defeat echoing through the basin in a howl of helpless rage.

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The black-furred giant ape seized its chance. It bounded forward, raised one titanic fist, and brought it crashing down on the fallen rival's skull.

Crack!

The sound of bone giving way split the air.

The dark-gold giant ape quivered, eyes dulling from crimson fury to empty glaze, then sagged into final stillness.

Silence followed—broken only by the harsh breathing of those still alive.

Standing over the corpse, the black-furred giant ape threw back its head and released a long, triumphant howl that rolled across the basin, a proclamation that this treasure ground—and the Blood Ganoderma rooted here—now belonged to it. Jared lowered his sword and steadied the storm still churning in his veins.

He strode to the trio of Blood Ganoderma, each crimson stalk gleaming like polished jasper. Joy flared in his chest as he reached out to harvest the prize.

A massive black-furred hand—bigger than a cartwheel—dropped between his fingers and the fungi, blocking his path.

Jared froze, eyes narrowing as he turned to the black-furred giant ape.

Is the beast truly so ungrateful—ready to betray me the moment victory is ours?

Yet there was no hostility in its gaze. Instead, the ape rumbled softly, tapped a thick finger against the Blood Ganoderma, then thumped its own chest and gestured again—an awkward, almost childlike negotiation for its share of the spoils.

Jared drew back his hand, confusion tightening across his brow. He decided to wait—to let the massive ape reveal its purpose before he risked another move.

The black-furred giant ape padded forward with unexpected delicacy until it reached a single Blood Ganoderma bursting scarlet against the cave floor. Instead of yanking the mushroom free—as Jared had assumed—it extended one calloused finger and, with a tenderness that belied its size, brushed the edge of the crimson cap.

A heartbeat later, the impossible unfolded.

The crystal-clear, life-laden fungus dimmed, its inner radiance guttering like a lamp in sudden wind. Within a breath, it shriveled, turned to gray dust, and drifted apart—everything vital stripped away in an eye-blink.

Jared stared, mouth half open, every herbal lesson he had learned collapsing in silence.

Was my technique flawed? Had I doomed the prize by plucking it the ordinary way?

Before the doubt settled, the ape performed an act even stranger.

It loosed a low growl; its barrel chest rose and fell as though pumping unseen bellows, gathering power from some hidden furnace.

A moment later, it forced from its mouth a single drop of essence-dark gold, the size of a dove's egg, shot through with miniature rivers of moving blood that throbbed with terrifying energy.

The droplet hovered in midair, radiating raw vitality and the unmistakable scent of the ape's own aura.

Guiding it with a flick of will, the beast allowed that glowing blood-pearl to descend toward another untouched Blood Ganoderma.

The instant blood met fungus, the cavern flared crimson. Instead of withering, the mushroom ignited like oil catching flame, its body burning with liquid ruby light.

Stalk and cap softened, melted, then re-coalesced into a single ribbon of pure scarlet essence, dense with life law and pounding, life force energy.

This living vapor pirouetted through the air before darting home-straight into the ape's chest where the droplet had emerged—and vanished as though swallowed by unseen skin.

A deep hum reverberated through the grotto.

A tidal wave of blood energy erupted

from the ape, and the fatigue of

battle washed off it like rain sliding

from armor Gashes knit over

red

flesh at impossible speed, breathing steadied, its presence growing subtly but unmistakably heavier.

The beast released a satisfied rumble, swung its gaze toward Jared, and in those dark eyes lay a question as clear as speech: had the human understood?

Shock slammed through Jared; his heart pounded like hooves on stone. In that instant, everything fell into place.

These Blood Ganoderma were no ordinary spiritual medicines to be plucked and swallowed. They were bound by some uncanny covenant of life—perhaps a bloodline lock that demanded exchange, not theft.

One reckless touch—one unthinking pluck—and the Blood Ganoderma's crimson halo collapsed upon itself, its living essence scattering like mist chased from a sun-lit lake.

Only by drawing a thread of one's

own blood essence, letting that

golden bead pulse against the

fungus in a silent conversation of life for life could its vast reservoir of.. energy be coaxed inside the body unbroken. ŝwnovels

The black-furred giant ape was no fickle brute tearing down the bridge it had built; with the blunt honesty of beasts, it delivered a wordless lesson in this realm's unique art of absorbing living medicine.

Every corner of level ten breathed rules utterly alien to the world below, each whisper of wind carrying an unseen riddle.

So this is what the ancients meant by the mysteries of a higher world.

Jared's gaze drifted from the remaining stalks of Blood Ganoderma to the small fire unicorn beside him, the little beast gulping audibly while its ember-bright eyes pleaded for a taste of the treasure.

Drawing a breath as steady as

mountain roots, he summoned the tide, of his blood; a single drop,

faintly golden and veined with the Power of Dragons, welled upon his fingertip, ready to become the key to communion. ŝwnovels

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Now that Jared grasped the hidden mystery inside the Blood Ganoderma, every trace of doubt drained from him. Resolve settled in his chest like a drawn blade, steady and gleaming.

He drew a deep breath, then stilled even the beat of his own pulse. At the tip of one finger shimmered a single pale gold drop of blood—his life force mixed with the regal authority of his Dragon lineage.

Mimicking the careful motions he had watched the giant ape perform, he lowered that drop toward the oldest, most radiant ganoderma in the patch. Each inch felt like lowering a crown onto a sleeping king.

A resonant hum rolled through the basin, low and endless, as if the earth itself had begun to sing.

The moment his blood touched it, a pillar of crimson light burst upward, fiercer and brighter than anything the ape had summoned.

The ganoderma quivered alive, awakened its flesh turning crystal clear while a tiny golden dragon darted inside its stem like a heartbeat made visible.

Then the entire stalk melted, becoming a torrent of dark gold essence, thick as molten metal, radiant as a newborn sun.

That essence coiled once in midair, radiating a pressure so heavy the black-furred giant ape flinched. In the next breath, it arrowed into Jared's brow, flooding every vein and bone.

Sound exploded inside him—an ocean tipping over, a mountain tearing free, a universe beginning anew.

A roaring tide of power rampaged through him, too vast for language, too raw for metaphor.

Yet the torrent did not clash with his own chaotic energy; it meshed, perfect and inevitable, as though both had once been parts of the same whole.

That merged force scoured his meridians, polished his organs, and reached places so hidden even pain had forgotten them. Old wounds vanished in its wake.

Jared dropped into a seated stance, spine straight, palms resting lightly on his knees. He guided the flood with measured breaths, turning chaos into ordered rivers.

His body became an endless well, drawing in every drop of the Blood Ganoderma's life nectar with a hunger older than words.

Gashes sealed, scabbed, and flaked away, revealing newborn skin that glowed with quiet health.

Deep inside, fractured bones snapped back together, knitting into a lattice stronger than tempered steel.

His spirit—withered from battle-drunk in the surge like cracked soil meeting spring rain, swelling until it shone brighter than before the injury.

Time blurred. When the last ripples calmed, the storm of energy folded itself small, and Jared's eyes opened—twin spears of silver light that vanished as quickly as they appeared.

He rose in one fluid motion, muscles singing, and loosed a long, unrestrained howl. The cry rolled across the ancient trees, making their trunks tremble, and their leaves shiver.

Standing at the center of the basin, Jared felt whole again. Every trace of damage the mountains had carved into him lay erased by the thousand-year Blood Ganoderma.

Even his cultivation—already perched at Human Immortal Realm, Level Seven—had climbed another unreachable rung. Strength coursed through him, endless and exuberant.

The memory of blood meeting herb replayed behind his eyes, each detail etched in crystal clarity—knowledge he would study for years to come.

He finally understood how the laws of this level seven wilderness twisted every treasure. Without the ape's demonstration, he might have squandered a miracle.

Turning toward the towering beast beside him, Jared's gaze softened. Where once he had seen only a tool, he now recognized a survivor—and, perhaps, an ally.

The giant ape's mind was still half wild, yet its instinct to guard its realm and harvest its resources spoke of a fierce, pragmatic wisdom Jared could respect.

"Lead us out of this forest," he told it through a thread of his consciousness, the words gentle but edged with purpose.

He vaulted onto the creature's broad back, settling between the knots of dark fur like a rider reclaiming his chosen steed.

The small fire unicorn bounded onto his shoulder, nuzzling his cheek. Even without tasting the Ganoderma directly, the pure aura radiating from Jared had brightened every Scarlet scale along its neck.

With a guttural rumble, the ape strode forward, each footfall a quiet earthquake, carrying them toward the path it had shown before—and toward whatever wild horizon waited beyond the trees.

As Jared and the giant ape trudged out of the dark-red basin carpeted with Blood Ganoderma, he felt the animal's pace falter, each heavy footfall sinking into the loam like an anchor. The ape kept looking back at that hallowed patch of earth, crimson eyes huge and moist,

unwilling to sever itself from the

place that had crowned its victory and fed its strength.

Kindness and retribution were lines Jared never blurred. The ape had guided him, taught him, nursed him back from the brink. To yank it away

from its fountainhead of power would be theft, plain and cruel.

A Warrior Undefeatable

After a moment's quiet deliberation, Jared reached up and patted the creature's bark-rough neck, letting a gentle thought ripple into its mind. "Stay here, old friend. Guard this sanctuary and cultivate well."

Shock rippled through the ape's colossal frame. It froze, then slowly turned its head, scarlet pupils widening with disbelief that melted into tidal gratitude.

Setting Jared and the small fire unicorn gently on the ground, the beast lowered its forearms and bowed three times, forehead thudding against the earth while a low, reverent whine vibrated in its throat—the highest oath a beast could offer.

Jared accepted the tribute with a quiet smile, then confirmed once more the direction the ape had shown him toward the forest's edge. The giant nodded vigorously and rumbled its assurance.

"Take care."

Without another hesitation, Jared gathered the small fire unicorn, his body flickering into green vapor that slipped between the trunks, leaving the basin—and the loyal ape—behind.

Guided by the ape's bearings and his own far-reaching spiritual sense, Jared moved through the primeval canopy like a wisp of mist. He masked every heartbeat, refusing to provoke the jungle's countless predators.

Only when a particularly territorial beast lunged from the shadows did he answer with lightning economy—one strike, one corpse. The essence he harvested, he pressed into the eager mouth of the little unicorn perched on his shoulder.

The so-called outer ring of the Myriad Beast Mountains proved far broader—and deadlier—than he had imagined. At one point, a Bramble Earth Wyvern, power equal to a level five Heavenly Immortal, erupted from the mulch beneath him.

Barbs ripped the air, paralytic venom spewed like rain. For almost half an hour, he fenced with the monster, unleashing Time Deceleration in the end and drilling the Dragonslayer sword through its relatively fragile skull.

The victory taught him, in blood and sweat, what level ten beasts truly meant, and it sharpened his caution to a razor's edge.

Along the way, he also encountered flora seen only in the tenth heaven:

Moonlit ganodermas that glowed while drinking the night, and Storm-Figs that crackled on charred trunks.

Touched bare, the first would drown the mind in hallucination; eaten raw, the second would shred every meridian. Yet, wrapped in spirit, sense or tempered by lightning law, they became gentle elixirs that nurtured soul and body alike. Though none rivaled the miraculous Blood Ganoderma, each discovery deepened his understanding of the realm's resources and quietly layered new substance onto his own foundation.

The small fire unicorn prospered beside him, feasting on beast cores, marrow, and the pure energy that leaked from Jared's alchemical trats its scarlet mane brighter after every meal, its infant horns beginning to gleam.

The little fire unicorn grew before Jared's eyes—bones stretching, muscles swelling—until it matched a yearling colt.

Its crimson scales gleamed brighter than hammered rubies. Gold edged the plates. Two budding horns pushed higher on its brow.

When it breathed, Unicorn Sacred Flame rippled out, hotter and a tone deeper than before. A stray ember would char any ordinary level one or two Heavenly Immortal beast to ash.

Trust thickened between man and beast. A single shared glance now carried more meaning than a page of words.

For seven long days, they advanced
with a hunter's hush. Trees thinned.

Towering trunks gave way to scrub,
and the savage miasma of
the

forest faded into a clear, orderly spiritual energy.

Jared sensed he was about to step beyond the vast wilderness that had taught him its first brutal lesson.

Just as he parted the final thornbush, steel clashed ahead. Power boomed. Fierce voices hurled curses across the air.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared halted. With a whisper, he told the little fire unicorn to mask its presence. Together they melted into the bramble's shadow, inching forward until a gap in the thorns framed the scene like a secret window.

A broad, bowl-shaped hollow stretched beyond the thicket. There, five cultivators in identical black robes hunted two fugitives.

Golden thread at each sleeve embroidered a warped demon skull-icon of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect—gnashing as though devouring souls.

The quarry were beast-folk, not full humans.

The male stood nearly ten feet tall, bronze skin striped with faint tiger markings. A king's sigil blazed on his brow. He wielded a door-wide axe, every sweep roaring with sovereign ferocity.

Beside him, a lithe huntress moved with panther grace. Wheat-brown skin, wild beauty, eyes of vertical amber slits. A ring-banded leopard tail flicked behind her.

Twin daggers flashed in her hands like falling stars. Their auras were strong yet disciplined-cultivated beast energy, not the mindless rage of forest fiends.

But both were spent.

The man's palms were split; blood soaked the axe haft. Deep wounds scored his frame—one ragged claw mark across his back revealed glimpses of organs. He gasped like bellows.

The leopard woman fared little better. Her left shoulder smoldered black, poisoned. Blood foamed at her lips, yet her slit pupils still blazed with defiance.

"Haha... You stubborn beasts," the leading black-robed man rasped. "Hand over the map to the beast-soul crystal vein, or my next strike will rip out your spirits and bind them to my Ten-Thousand-Soul Banner for all eternity!"

He stood at Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Five, swirling a banner of choking midnight mist. Countless twisted faces writhed on the cloth, howling without sound. As he shook the banner, a mind-piercing screech rose, and his smile turned colder than grave dirt.

"Filthy robbers of the Myriad Souls Demon Sect!" the tiger warrior thundered, voice booming, though blood flecked his teeth. "Level ten is vast. You have lands of your own, yet you raid the Myriad Beast Mountains again and again. How are you different from demons from beyond the sky?"

Another black-robed attacker sneered. "The strong eat the weak—that is the universe's law."

He hurled a sickly green skull forward, and corrosive Netherworld Ghostfire sprayed toward the leopard huntress.

"We guard these mountains. We will

die before we yield!" With that cry, the leopard woman crossed her daggers. Two icy arcs slashed outward, deflecting most of the ghostfire, yet the impact pitched her backward, stumbling on wounded legs.

Myriad Souls Demon Sect.

The name thundered across the gulch like a war drum. Hidden among the thorny undergrowth, Jared felt his gaze hone to a predator's edge. An icy surge of killing intent erupted within him, flooding veins and thought alike.

Every trace of caution—every plan to lie low—blew away like ash on the wind. That

mutt Soul Devourer is nesting inside their lair after all. So much for searching; fate has brought him back to me.

Ahead, the impatient black-robed commander raised his Ten-Thousand-Soul Banner.

Black light ballooned, knitting itself

into a colossal spectral claw that shrieked with the agony of bound spirits. It hurled toward, the tiger man's skull, intent on ending resistance in a single squeeze.

Jared moved.

"Uni, now!" Even as the words left his tongue, he burst from the brambles like a loosed arrow. Mid-air, the Dragonslayer sword flashed free, its chill gleam bathing the dim valley floor.

"Five-Element Cycle-Annihilation Edge!"

He held nothing back. The strike was forged from his deepest comprehension of the Five-Element Law and driven by raw chaotic energy.

A beam of Prismatic Sword Aura—its surface rippling with microscopic worlds birthing and dying—tore open the air.

It crossed dozens of yards in a heartbeat, aiming unerringly for the black-robed leader's brow, his consciousness field.

One slash. Fast. Merciless. Precise. And within it, an intent that judged and ended all things.