

# A Warrior Undefeatable 5751-5760

## A Warrior Undefeatable

The leader's focus had been locked on the battered beast clan captives; an attack from the flank never crossed his mind, let alone one of such terrifying power.

By the time he felt that marrow-deep killing intent and the razor wind of Jared's aura, doom had already arrived.

He flung the Ten-Thousand-Soul Banner before him, pumping demonic essence until the cloth seethed with layer upon layer of wailing phantoms.

It was paper against the tempest.

The only sound was a soft hiss, like silk torn by a blade.

The Prismatic Sword Aura sliced through the black fog, pierced the banner, and drilled cleanly between his brows.

His body froze. Horror and disbelief still hung on his face as his pupils clouded. Cracks spider-webbed out from the wound. An instant later, man, flesh, and soul disintegrated into gray dust that the wind scattered across the valley.

The ruined Myriad-Soul Banner clattered across the flagstones. A battered storage ring spun beside it, hitting stone with a thin metallic chime. Then-nothing. Not a breath. Not a heartbeat. Silence settled over the clearing like a burial shroud.

The vicious grins on the remaining four black-robed marauders froze in mid-curl. Terror flooded their eyes as the truth dawned-whatever had just appeared had erased their leader in the time it takes to inhale, and none of them even saw the strike land.

The tiger man and leopard woman stood rooted to the spot. Blood matted their fur and clothing, yet they stared wide-eyed at the newcomer: a tall figure in sea-blue robes, the Dragonslayer Sword dripping crimson along its edge. Jared let the single demonstration speak for him. The sword sang in his grip, a crisp, jubilant note that shaved the air.

"Time-Space Domain-open!"

Reality warped outward from Jared in a ten-yard sphere. Light bent, the ground rippled, and time itself thickened to a slow, syrupy crawl. Inside that invisible mire, the four black-clad attackers-each somewhere between levels two and four of the Heavenly Immortal Realm-moved like flies trapped in amber, their limbs and demonic essence grinding forward by painful degrees.

Jared's gaze sharpened. "Die."

The single word left his lips as cold as a winter blade.

The Dragonslayer Sword flashed—a reaper's scythe carving silver arcs through the warped air, each stroke preordained, inescapable.

"No!"

"Spare us!"

A chorus of broken pleas rose and died in the same instant.

Four heads spun skyward, mouths still frozen in horror. The bodies beneath them toppled, spewing fountains that painted the stones, scarlet). Their freeing souls barely slipped free before residual sword energy shredded them to mist.

From Jared's arrival to the final corpse hitting earth, scarcely three seconds had passed—swift, surgical, absolute.

He stood amid the carnage, robes unstained, the Dragonslayer Sword humming softly at his side. Slowly, he turned toward the stunned beast clan folks, his expression unreadable.

Power thrummed through Jared's veins, intoxicating in its clarity. Yet reason tapped him on the shoulder, reminding him that arrogance courts disaster. Easy, Chance. Show off too long, and you might embarrass yourself.

The tiger-striped man found his voice first. "Th-thank you, honored one, for saving our lives!" He forced himself onto one knee despite the agony lancing his side.

The leopard-tailed woman followed at once, bowing low, reverence and gratitude pooling in her eyes.

"Stand. Formalities aren't necessary."

He raised an open palm. A gentle current of force lifted both wounded scouts to their feet, steadying them the way a quiet hand steadies a trembling child.

Jared let his gaze sweep over the mutilated corpses and the torn Ten-Thousand-Soul Banner lying among them. A faint line creased his

browo those people were f

the Myriad Souls Demon Sect? They come here often-raiding your beast-soul crystal vein?"

"Exactly so!" The tiger man's jaw

tightened, every syllable rasping with hatred. "For decades, those

devil-spawn have grown bolder. They stalk our clansmen on the outskirts, out their very souls for wicked cultivation, and now they

covet the deeper lodes of the vein itself. Sir, you-"

Jared offered no answer. He strode to where the black-robed leader had disintegrated and, with a flick of his palm, summoned the fallen man's storage ring and the shredded banner.

His spiritual sense cracked the lingering seals. Inside, he found only a few demonic pills, some common materials, and too few spirit stones.

There was nothing that hinted at the Soul Devourer's whereabouts—nothing that exposed the Myriad Souls Sect's core secrets

His eyes shifted to the scraps of blood-soaked flesh and the flickering wisps of soul energy that still drifted where the black-robed cultivators had died.

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Soul-Search Technique. The memories hidden in these remnants may be broken, even dangerous, but they are the quickest path to the sect's truth. If it leads me to the Soul Devourer, the risk is worth it.

Without another heartbeat of hesitation, Jared's fingers wove an ancient, labyrinthine seal.

Invisible tendrils of spiritual soul force lashed outward, wrapping the drifting fragments of consciousness, ready to tear their secrets free.

His awareness had only brushed the first sliver of a soul when-

Change struck like a silent scream.

An icy, limitless will—vast as the star-strewn void and twice as cruel—punched through space itself, ignoring every boundary of distance. It brimmed with slaughter, indifference, and the arrogance of something that viewed all life as dust.

Daylight dimmed. The sky itself seemed to recoil.

Above Jared's crown, a hand of purest soul energy coalesced-colossal, formless, yet detailed down to every spectral fingerprint.

It blotted out the heavens, forged from a billion wailing spirits pressed into one tyrannical palm. The laws of the world quivered. Space twisted and cracked.

The hand performed no flourish. It simply began to descend-slow, final, irresistible - intent on crushing everything within thirty yards.

Before it touched earth, its pressure smashed into Jared's heart and spirit like a mountain range of iron. Breath vanished. Blood thickened. Bones groaned. Even his thoughts slowed to a crawl. Life itself was being ground beneath a higher existence. Only one who had reached at least Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven-or worse-could wield such might.

This is a top elder of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect, he realized, terror crashing through him. They seeded a retaliation seal inside every disciple's soul!

Panic roared through his veins. If that spectral hand landed, Jared knew he would be erased, body and soul, without a trace.

Run. I have to run-now!

In the blink of an eye, every scattered thought inside Jared's mind fused into a single, blinding mandate-survive.

Faced with the colossal will overhead, even the faintest notion of resistance failed to form.

"Run!" Jared bellowed.

A guttural roar tore from his chest. Internal fire whooshed to life, Firestride Step flared underfoot, and his Golem Body wrapped him in a thin shell of incandescent gold.

His left hand snapped out. A gentle but irresistible force swept the dazed tiger man, Gavin Stone, and the leopard-tailed woman, Yvette Shadowstep, into his orbit, while his right arm scooped the trembling small fire unicorn tight against his ribs.

"Spatial Fold—now!" he shouted, voice cracking with strain.

Drawing on every scrap of his grasp over spatial law, he wrenched the air before him until it rippled like glass. His body blurred, half phantom, half flesh—a streak of

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prismatic haze balanced between existence and nothingness. That flicker rocketed toward the only clear gap beyond the treetops, away from the titanic hand descending from the void.

He moved so fast the eye could not keep pace; by the next heartbeat, his outline simply vanished.

The moment he disappeared, an earth-shaking detonation ripped through the forest.

The massive hand of energy finally slammed down.

There was no heroic thunder, only a dreadful hush—as though all creation had been commanded to return to dust.

Space itself shattered like a mirror. Shards collapsed inward, curling into a pit nearly thirty yards wide that fell into a bottomless void. Light, air, soil, the very breath of the world—everything was gone, leaving behind a hollow circle of perfect, deathly nothing.

An unseen shock wave surged after Jared, a silent tsunami of

annihilation: Where it swept, the earth tore open into deep furrows, and every blade of grass powdered to dust. Though he had fled for the wave's outer edge, it still slammed into his Golem Body with

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bone-splintering force.

Blood burst past his lips with a wet hiss. Reeling, he staggered mid-air, crimson arcing behind him like a morbid comet tail.

Yet Jared endured the excruciating agony that rattled his soul. Using the shock's momentum, he hurled himself forward even faster, never daring to look back.

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He did not slow for a single breath, pushing his speed to its final limit.

Blink after blink, he tore fresh rifts, short Spatial Folds that feasted on his dwindling essence until the malignant presence chasing him finally dulled and the suffocating aura of oblivion fell away. Only then did he allow himself to falter—plummeting like a spent meteor into a vine-choked crevice that opened into a narrow, hidden cave. Thud. He hit the stone floor hard, coughed, and spat more clotted blood. His face bleached to the shade of ash, his breathing ragged and broken.

That frantic escape had drained more than half his celestial energy—and nearly all his will.

Gavin and Yvette tumbled beside him, dizzy but alive; Jared's protection had spared them anything worse than bruises.

The small fire unicorn, eyes wide with alarm, nosed up to him. It licked the blood from the corner of his mouth and whimpered, low and mournful.

Jared took half an hour to steady himself and catch his breath. The coppery taste of blood ebbed behind his teeth as the tempest raging through his meridians finally calmed. His organs still throbbed, and his reserves of celestial energy felt hollowed out, yet the worst of the backlash subsided.

The hand that struck from afar—whoever commands it stands on a plane I can barely fathom, he reflected, the enormity of level ten's dangers settling over him like cold mist.

"S-Sir... are you all right?" Gavin pushed himself upright, tiger-striped skin slick with sweat, gratitude, and lingering dread tangled in his voice.

The man's words trembled. Beside him, Yvette watched Jared with wide, earnest eyes, worry painted across every delicate feature.

"I'll live. I just need some rest," Jared rasped, waving off their concern.

He rose on one knee, gaze cutting toward the cave mouth. Outside, wind combed through black pines while a hush draped the mountains. His eyes hardened to flint.

"The one who intervened carries power fit for the Infinite Soul Demon Sect's upper echelon—perhaps even their sect master."

Terror seized both beast-clan folks. The sect leader of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect was an infamous figure across level ten.

"But... why would you..." Gavin began, the question faltering as he tried to understand why Jared chose to rescue them and invite trouble.

Jared met their eyes. "Old grudges bind me to that sect. You called this range the Myriad Beast Mountains—tell me, who are you, exactly?"

"Disciples of the Myriad Beast Sect," Gavin answered, tapping a clawed hand to his chest. "I am Gavin, she is Yvette. We patrol the outer ridges—keeping intruders away and... fending off harassment when we can." His voice shrank on the final words.

Jared inclined his head, weighing the name.

The Myriad Beast Sect—local, entrenched, and openly hostile to the Infinite Soul Demon Sect—could prove invaluable. These two, still shaking from battle, were the first thread in that tapestry. Saving them had already sown a seed of goodwill.

He glanced at the pair—spirits rattled but alive—and at the small fire unicorn pressed loyally against his calf. Soul Devourer lurks within that sect, surrounded by a fortress of fiends. I can't charge in blind. For now, the beasts' territory may serve as both my haven and my information source alike.

"We can't linger," he said, standing fully despite the pallor that ghosted his cheeks. "That power might send another claw in its wake."

His voice sharpened, all business. "We move. Somewhere discreet, defensible. Do you know any hidden shelters nearby?"

Hope flickered between Gavin and Yvette. An ally with strength—and a vendetta against their enemy—was more than fortune; it was deliverance.

"Yes, sir. We have several secret outposts. Follow us!"

Gavin Stone forced himself upright. Crimson smeared the tawny fur along his ribs, but the beast-blooded scout set his jaw and refused to stagger. Every muscle remembered these caverns better than any map and pain alone would not keep him from guiding the stranger who had saved his life. A ragged breath hissed between his fangs. He beckoned once, then started forward, limping yet unbowed.

Jared answered the silent summons

with a single, steady nod. He scooped the small fire unicorn into

his arms, its ember-bright mane ne

cracki

ing softly against his chest,

and followed Gavin into the deeper dark where torchlight surrendered to pitch-black stone.

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With Gavin and Yvette leading the way, Jared threaded through a maze of razor ridges and half-hidden goat tracks that laced the outer rims of the Myriad Beast Mountains.

The two guides bled with every step, yet their instincts spared the party from spore-choked ravines and dens where slumbering monsters breathed sulfurous steam.

Long hours passed. When the sun drooped low and painted the western clouds a molten orange, Gavin lifted a vine curtain to reveal an illusion-shrouded fissure between twin peaks.

They crossed the illusion array. The hollow beyond opened wide, a secret valley cupped by cliff walls the color of tarnished bronze.

Dozens of huts—stone foundations topped with cedar trunks-hugged the slopes in careful tiers. At the center squatted a taller hall of slate blocks, and before it, on a wind-scoured plaza, loomed a weather-pocked statue of some primeval beast whose features had long since blurred into myth.

Wolf-tailed sentries polished bone-handled spears. Fox-eared artisans flayed scaly hides for armor. Bear-clan youths heaved baskets of ore toward smelters that hissed with green fire. This was Rockhold Gorge, an outpost the Myriad Beast Sect treated like a dagger pointed at the mountain's edge.

Curiosity rippled across those faces when Gavin returned with an unknown human and a unicorn whelp that radiated sacred heat. Yet the moment their senses brushed Jared's aura—merely Human Immortal Realm, level seven—many gazes cooled into thin disdain.

Strength ruled level ten. To weak cultivation went no respect, and few even tried to hide the fact.

Ignoring every whispered slight, Gavin and Yvette led Jared straight toward the grand stone hall that anchored the valley's heart.

Inside, under smoky lanterns, an elder in weathered leather armor sat upon a jagged throne. His hair had gone the color of ash, a claw scar cleaved his brow, and the pressure rolling from him spoke of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, level five. This was Garrick Flint—elder of Rockhold Gorge.

"Elder Flint!" Gavin and Yvette dropped to one knee, palms pressed against the flagstones.

Garrick's eyelids lifted the width of a blade.

"What happened?" His words scraped like gravel tossed across iron. "Did those Infinite Soul Demon vermin harry you again?"

"Yes, sir," Gavin answered, voice tight. He recounted the ambush, the moment death had loomed, and the lightning-quick strike with which Jared had felled five cultivators within seconds.

Garrick's sharp stare speared Jared. He probed, felt only the gentle ripple of a Level Seven Human Immortal, and the brief gravity in his face shattered into open scorn.

"Human Immortal, Level Seven, yet you claim he butchered five of the Demon Sect—including a Heavenly Immortal Level Five—in an instant?" Garrick let out a short, hard laugh. "Stone, Shadowstep, perhaps blood loss has you seeing visions perhaps this human cloaks himself in tricks meant to fool the gullible."

He would not, could not, believe a word of it.

After all, challenging people in another realm was nearly impossible. To slaughter multiple foes of higher rank in the blink of an eye—utter fantasy in his eyes.

Garrick found the tale preposterous.

In his eyes, the strange youth must have relied on petty sleight of hand—a flicker of light, some borrowed talisman—and through

dumb luck happened to render aid..

Now, Bold as a leech,

he brat dared

inflate the story, hoping to shake a

bounty loose from the Myriad Beast

Sect.

"Sir, every word is true. I swear it on my life!" Gavin cried, breath hitching on the last syllable. Beside him, Yvette bobbed her head fiercely.

Garrick answered with a single, scorn-filled grunt.

His chin lifted as his gaze raked over Jared like an auctioneer appraising livestock.

"Whatever gimmick you used, he drawled, "you did save my disciples. The Myriad Beast Sect pays its debts."

He flicked his wrist. A scatter of dull, low-grade celestial gems clinked against the floor at Jared's boots, alms tossed to a beggar.

"Pick them up and leave Rockhold Gorge. The Myriad Beast Mountains swallow the careless—die somewhere else, not on my doorstep."

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The gems rolled through the dust, their meager spiritual glow already fading-utterly useless to Jared at his current realm.

The insulting reward scorched Gavin and Yvette with shame; their cheeks burned crimson, eyes fixed on their own boots.

Jared studied the scattered gems, then lifted his gaze to the elder perched above him.

His eyes remained level, tranquil; the storms of the Soul Devourer's torture and the crucible of level ten had long since forged his composure.

"Keep your gratitude. I carry an old blood feud with the Infinite Soul Demon Sect. Saving these two was merely on the way."

With that, he turned on his heel and strode toward the exit.

The small fire unicorn loosed a low, warning growl at Garrick, then trotted after its master.

"Sir!" Gavin and Yvette reached out, desperate to call him back. A single glacial glare from Garrick nailed them silent.

Garrick snorted. "Presumptuous whelp! A Level Seven Human Immortal talking about vendettas with the Infinite Soul Demon Sect? He has probably never even seen one of their outer disciples. Let him go! He would only drag us down."

Jared left the stone hall, walking past beast cultivators whose eyes flickered with curiosity, pity, and the same thin contempt he had just endured. He had never planned to linger; Garrick's disdain merely hastened his departure.

The vast level ten would offer other refuges and better information.

Less than an hour after he vanished beyond Rockhold Gorge's illusion array, his figure dissolved into the surrounding forest.

Night fell softly. Moonlight draped the gorge in silver gauze, lanterns flickering like scattered fireflies-peace so perfect it felt painted on.

Inside, Garrick meditated, Gavin and Yvette bound their wounds, and most disciples retired to their quarters.

Suddenly, a deep, metallic hum reverberated through the valley as the illusion array strained to breaking.

With a sound like shattering glass, the array exploded, shards of shimmering light raining down.

Pillars of oily black miasma erupted from the surrounding cliffs, billowing upward until they smothered the night sky.

A freezing, malevolent pressure crashed over Rockhold Gorge like a tidal wave, invading every chamber, every lung, every frightened heart.

"Enemy raid—Myriad Souls Demon Sect!" The night shattered beneath the panicked cry ringing across Rockhold Gorge.

An alarm followed, its shrill clangor slicing the valley's hush like a whetted blade.

Garrick's eyes snapped open. Silver pupils blazed. In one heartbeat, he flashed from his chamber to the moonlit plaza.

At the gorge mouth, he saw them: a tide of black-robed marauders. Two figures led the swarm, their auras

equal to his own. Devek

Heavenly Immortal Realm

One hefted a bleached Mourning Bone Staff. The other guided three Green-Flame

Skulls that whirled round his shoulders like sickly comets.

Behind them, more than twenty

Level. Four and Level Five elites-and

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a mass of fresh disciples surged

forward, black surf rolling

unstoppably toward the gorge.

"Form the array—hold the line!" Garrick's beard whipped wild as he barked the order, though cold dread pooled inside his chest.

Two experts of his level and an army this vast—clearly a calculated strike meant to seize everything, no matter the cost.

Yet Rockhold Gorge's cultivators, hardened by years of skirmishes, rallied without hesitation, locking into their combat formation.

Bestial war-cries rose—tiger roar, eagle shriek, wolf howl—colliding head-on with the invaders' eerie miasma.

In a single breath, the battlefield ignited.

Light flashed, steel rang, creatures bellowed, spirits wailed—a symphony of slaughter scored beneath a bleeding moon.

The Infinite Soul Demon Sect's art gnawed at the soul itself. Prepared and merciless, they pressed every advantage.

The bone staff unleashed howls.

Sound bypassed flesh, boring straight into consciousness fields. Weaker disciples

their

heads, blood spilling from ev

and

ears before they even fell.

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The Green-Flame Skulls spewed viscous Netherworld Ghostfire. Anything it touched erupted—flesh blistered, spirits sizzled.

Garrick fought both leaders alone. Tiger-claw strikes tore open space, forcing them back, yet coordinated assaults and cursed relics steadily closed around him. Ghostfire grazed his left arm. It hissed, chewing flesh and spirit alike, drawing a

snarl of pain.

Blood streamed from gouges cut clear to the bone.

Nearby, Gavin and Yvette stood back-to-back, still nursing old wounds, trading desperate blows with several demon cultivators.

A chain coiled round Gavin's axe. Another assailant darted in, a poisoned dagger aimed at his exposed spine.

Yvette's twin blades blurred, but a sudden Soul Spike pierced her shoulder. She gasped; her rhythm faltered, death rushing in.

Rockhold Gorge had become hell.

Huts collapsed, flames roared skyward, and mangled bodies of friend and foe painted the ground crimson.

Though the beast warriors were fierce, superior power and soul-reaving sorcery foretold only one conclusion.

Garrick's eyes widened as disciple after disciple fell. Despair, bitter, and regret gnawed his heart.

Is this the night Rockhold Gorge falls?

As Gavin and Yvette braced for the final strike and even Garrick felt hope gutter out, a clear, glacial sword-cry ripped across the gorge, louder than battle, bright as dawn.

The brilliance arrived like a comet, dazzling, unstoppable. Five colors braided into a single blade that seemed to gather every glimmer the universe could muster. It carved through darkness and silence alike, announcing-without words—that salvation had come.

A streak of steel leapt through the night like a meteor, tearing open black silk. It traveled faster than thought, crossing the ravaged gorge in a single flash before anyone understood what they had seen.

With a wet hiss-like a blade driven through ripe fruit—the sword light bored straight through the skull of the demonic cultivator who had been poised to plunge his dagger into Gavin Stone's back. His protective demonic aura folded as easily as damp paper, and a heat tunnel of blood opened from brow to nape.

The grin carved across the man's face froze in mid-snarl, then collapsed into slack horror. His body sagged, boneless, and fell to the ground without another sound.

For one breath, the battlefield—screams, steel, and sorcery—fell utterly still. Every eye snapped toward the mouth of Rockhold Gorge, searching for the source of that impossible strike.

Under cold moonlight, where the shattered illusion array still bled motes of silver, Jared stood in plain azure robes, hands folded behind his back. The night breeze teased the fabric so he seemed to drift rather than stand, his expression calm, almost bored, as though he had, merely stepped out for an evening stroll.

Behind him, the small fire unicorn planted its claws, mane blazing scarlet and gold. Holy flames whorled around the beast, painting it with the grandeur of a legend dragged into mortal night.

Jared had never truly left. He had waited in the surrounding forest, nursing his strength. The instant he felt the violent surge of demonic essence rolling out of Rockhold Gorge, he turned back—arriving with a sword stroke that split darkness from sky.

"I-It's him!" Gavin Stone's voice shook, gratitude and shock tangling in his throat as he stared at the lone figure who had saved his life.

Yvette's wide eyes shimmered, disbelief giving way to radiant relief.

Garrick, who earlier had dismissed the young outsider with barely veiled contempt, felt his entire body jolt. Jared stood there like their savior, easily defeating the enemy that had threatened Gavin and Yvette's life. The elder's cheek twitched, heat flooding his face. How can this be? That boy?

"Who dares meddle in the affairs of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect?" bellowed the commander, his Mourning Bone Staff clattering with skulls as he stomped forward, anger and fear wrestling for his tongue.

Jared did not so much as glance at the outburst. His eyes traveled slowly over the littered bodies, the splintered stones, the black-robed marauders still dripping gore across the valley floor. When his gaze finally settled on the surviving demons, winter lived in his stare.

"Touch anyone under my protection, and you die."

The words were soft, almost courteous, yet carried a finality that left no room for argument.

He moved. One effortless step, and the spot he had occupied was empty. In the same heartbeat, he materialized at the center of the densest knot of demonic cultivators, a whisper of wind where a man should have been.

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"Five-Element Sword Domain—open."

A deep hum rippled through the gorge.

Color splintered across the darkness—emerald, sapphire, crimson, gold, and ivory blades of light—swelling into a vast, prismatic sphere nearly a hundred yards wide.

Inside that sphere, countless razor-slender streams of sword aura erupted, slashing in wild, elegant patterns. Time thickened to syrup; space bent like soft glass.

Every demon trapped within-whether level one or five-found their limbs mired in invisible amber. Demonic essence clogged in their veins, while the omnipresent, merciless currents of the Five-Element Sword Domain carved at flesh, armor, and soul without pause.

A wall of shrieks ripped through Jared's sword domain. The air itself seemed to wail. Jared lifted one hand and intoned, "Time Acceleration. Spatial Fold," the words clipping out like a judge's gavel.

Space thickened and shuddered. Within the crackling halo, his figure flashed-here, there, gone—each jump stitched by the Dragonslayer Sword's cold, silver-black afterglow.

The sword moved quicker than memory. Wherever it reappeared, a demonic cultivator died—throats pierced, heads spinning away, whole torsos shredded into drifting scarlet mist.

He hunted the mid-tier Heavenly Immortal ranks first, culling their backbone. One terrified cultivator raised a Soul Shield; a single downward stroke sliced the shield and the wielder clean in half.

Another, body flickering with Ghost-Shadow Footwork, found his motions slowed by Jared's warped time field. The Dragonslayer Sword punched through his heart core, and the soul behind his eyes guttered out.

Beside Jared, the small fire unicorn loosed a thunderous roar. Magma-bright Unicorn Sacred Flame poured from its maw, searing every demon who tried to flee the perimeter.

Fire and holy power entwined-touch alone turned flesh to ash, screams to silence.

One man and one unicorn charged like a tiger into lambs. Formations shattered. The Infinite Soul Demon Sect's once-proud ranks collapsed into stumbling, panicked knots.

The two commanders, green flames and bone staff in hand, lunged to break the domain.

Garrick, blood still leaking from earlier wounds, roared and locked the Green-Flame Skull master in place.

Jared strode straight for the captain twirling the Mourning Bone Staff, eyes like winter stars.

"Die, whelp-Ten-Thousand-Soul Howl!" The bone staff blurred like a windmill. A cyclone of wailing shades slammed toward Jared.

He answered with a single, frost-flat word. "Noisy."

The Dragonslayer Sword thrust forward, almost leisurely. Space folded around the tip; the soul-storm parted like torn cloth. The blade kissed the staff's ivory shaft.

Crack.

The Mourning Bone Staff split down the center, splinters spinning away. The commander spat black blood, eyes rounded with terror.

Jared's wrist flicked. A razor thread of sword force darted out, punched through the man's heart, and detonated-organs, spirit, and hope shredded into nothingness.

The second commander stared at the ruin of his comrade, courage draining. He fainted, twisted-and bolted.

Jared let out a contemptuous snort. Two fingers rose, drawing an invisible edge. "Space Rift."

A hair-thin black fissure blossomed across the fleeing path. The commander noticed half a heartbeat too late. The rift swallowed half his Body, cut the scream in two and erased him from the world.

With their leader felled, the

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remaining demonic cultivators broke down. Jared and the small fire unicorn hounded the fugitives through smoke and rubble, while Garrick's wounded disciples rose for last.count tercharge in less time than a prayer, every last invader lay broken or burned.

Silence followed-an eerie, post-battle hush broken only by the crackle of lingering flames and the low ragged sobs of the wounded Blood and charred flesh mingled i the air, so thick it felt oily on the tongue.

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Rockhold Gorge—once a disciplined garrison hollowed from living stone—now resembled the jaw of some ancient beast, its teeth knocked out and scattered. Fewer than a third of the disciples still breathed, and each of them bled somewhere.

Garrick leaned on a war-blade snapped clean in half. He managed to stay upright, but shame pressed on him harder than the wound in his side. When he saw Jared walking

toward him, the elder's gaze became a storm of emotions: relief at surviving, awe at Jared's power-and, above all, a venomous, self-devouring regret.

He remembered his own arrogance: tossing a few low-grade celestial gems at Jared's feet, ordering him off as though shooing a stray dog. Each memory slapped him harder than any enemy's blade, wetting both flesh and soul.

Had he not judged by appearances had he greeted this unfathomable young man with courtesy-would Rockhold Gorge have suffered such ruin? Would so many bright disciples have died for nothing?

"S-Sir..." Garrick's throat rasped like dry parchment. The hauteur that once braced his spine now fell away, leaving only a cringing plea.

"Thank you... Thank you for saving us. I was blind, unforgivably blind. Please... cleanse the Netherworld Ghostfire inside me. I will pay any price-anything!" he croaked.

He could feel the ghostfire burrowing deeper with every heartbeat, devouring his meridians and drinking his life. Without a true powerhouse to purge it, death would claim him within moments. The youth before him—Jared—was his final, flickering hope.

Jared halted. His eyes, cool and clear, met the elder's and remained unmoved. In those depths, Garrick saw his own terror, his own remorse, reflected but not pitied.

A man who bows only at death's door earns no mercy, Jared thought, and the idea stirred not a ripple on his face.

He had saved Gavin and Yvette because he had given his word—and because his heart allowed no other choice. He had cut down the demon cultists for an old, festering grudge. But Garrick Flint's fate? That was no concern of his.

Without a word—without even the courtesy of disdain—Jared turned his gaze past the elder and lifted a hand in silent greeting to Gavin and Yvette hurrying across the ruined courtyard.

That quiet dismissal pierced Garrick deeper than any insult. Despair wrapped him like chains of ice.

A wet burst erupted from his lips.

Garrick coughed out a geyser of black-red blood laced with ragged bits of lung. His battered frame shuddered, shoulders jerking as if yanked by invisible hooks.

One trembling hand reached toward Jared, grasping for a lifeline already gone. His eyes blazed with refusal—refusal to accept this ending, refusal to forgive his earlier pride.

The hand fell slack. Vast shoulders sagged. Garrick's body crashed onto the broken flagstones, and his breath fled forever.

Even in death, his eyes stayed wide, twin mirrors etched with a single word. Regret.

Thus perished a Level Five Heavenly Immortal elder—not by a blade, but by the arrogance that blinded him. All who witnessed it felt the chill of that lesson crawl along their spines.

with

Garrick's lifeless body lay sprawled at Jared's feet, the rocky ground drinking in the final warmth of a man who had doubted him. Garrick's eyes till frozen wide brimmed w regret and despair—a silent scream that clashed with the surrounding carnage, turning the valley into a macabre painting no beast-clan disciple would soon forget.

Those few disciples who survived the assault stood rooted to the blood-soaked earth. Grief for their fallen elder wrestled with a deeper, uneasy awe—for the newcomer's power was unfathomable, his judgment as cold and absolute as a falling guillotine.

Gavin and Yvette knelt beside Garrick's corpse only long enough to whisper a farewell. Then they turned, their expressions a tangle of sorrow and reverence that settled, at last, into gratitude aimed squarely at Jared.

"Sir, you have saved us yet again." Gavin's voice trembled, Yvette echoing the bow beside him. "Had you not returned when you did... we... we would already be dead."

Jared waved off the thanks, his gaze sweeping the shattered gorge and the handful of battered survivors. "We cannot linger. The Infinite Soul Demon Sect deployed real force tonight. Their next wave will be stronger."

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"What you say is absolutely right, sir!"

Gavin nodded repeatedly, a pleading look appearing on his face. "Sir, Elder Flint has already fallen, and Rockhold Gorge has been destroyed. We must return to the Myriad Beast Sect headquarters at once to report this matter. Sir, your kindness toward us is unforgettable. We sincerely ask you to accompany us to the headquarters! There are countless powerful figures there. You'll be properly received, and the sect master will personally learn of your help—and your strength."

Beside him, Yvette nodded so hard her pupils quivered with hope.

They had witnessed Jared's true might. If this mysterious savior walked into their headquarters, it could shift not only their personal fates but the very balance in their brutal war with the Infinite Soul Demon Sect.

Jared hesitated only a breath. He needed a base of operations to hunt information on the Infinite Soul Demon Sect and its master, the Soul Devourer. The Myriad Beast Sect-local, powerful, and already at odds with his enemies was an obvious choice, Garrick's arrogance notwithstanding.

"Very well," Jared said, nothing more.

The simple answer hit Gavin and Yvette like sunrise. Relief flashed across their faces before they leapt into motion.

They rallied the dozen remaining disciples, gathered fallen comrades' keepsakes, and set the gorge ablaze-better ashes than fodder for the Infinite Soul Demon Sect.

Under star-drowned skies, the party slipped into the deeper reaches of the Myriad Beast Mountains, Gavin and Yvette leading while Jared's silent presence hovered like an invisible shield.

Beyond scorched Rockhold Gorge, the forest thickened into primeval darkness. Every branch dripped with unknown threats, every gust of wind carried the scent of lurking predators.

The deeper they went, the richer the spiritual energy-pearlescent veils that promised power yet hid monstrosities sharpened by that same energy.

Had Jared not been there, Gavin and the other wounded disciples would have collapsed long before the halfway mark.

A cloud of Blood-Wing Bats each the size of a war-horse, fangs gleaming- descended like living night to blot out the moon.

Moments later, a Frostdrake Python erupted from an icy tarn, its frigid breath capable of sealing a hundred miles in crystal winter.

Both threats lasted no longer than a heartbeat.

One flash of Jared's sword and the bats rained from the sky; one blazing fist, infused with chaotic fire, smashed the python's scales and sent the leviathan howling back beneath the ice.

Each time danger surfaced, Jared ended it before his companions could even draw breath, leaving only the echo of violence in his wake.

In every surviving beast-clan

disciple, fear melted into veneration. Their eyes followed Jared now with unwavering trust, as though he alone carried the promise of dawn through the endless, lethal night.

The small fire unicorn feasted without restraint, its sharp teeth tearing through sinew as though the meal had been prepared for royalty. Each swallow of blood-rich meat and each molten monster core sent a crimson-gold shimmer racing across its hide, and the creature's compact frame thickened another fraction, the promise of future

majesty glowing at every joint.

While they walked, Gavin and Yvette used the lull to brief Jared on the land he had entered.

The Myriad Beast Mountains, they said, stretched for millions of miles—a living fortress where untamed spirits and raw nature still ruled.

The Myriad Beast Sect was less a single monastery than a coalition of countless beast clans bound by shared totems and guided by a council of venerable elders.

Disciples trained according to bloodline: some channeled tiger or eagle, others bore wolf or bear, all learning to fight in fur, fang, and spirit.

Across the border, on the blood-dark

plain, the Infinite Soul Demon Sect

thrived on devouring spirits, forging fiends, and poisoning every stream it touched. Over the last thousand years, its raids had grown bolder, pressing ever deeper into mountain territory.

Jared listened in silence, filing away each fact. Yet when Gavin mentioned the Infinite Soul Demon Sect, Jared caught a tremor behind the warrior's eyes—anger, yes, but also a quietly gnawing fear.

After three days and three nights threading perilous gorges and icy rivers, the party finally reached the soaring heart of the range.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

Here, the peaks thrust skyward like swords, their tips lost in swirling clouds. Between veils of mist stood immense, time-dark structures—halls ribbed with ancient timber, terraces braced by bleached beast bones, totem poles clawing at the sky until the very air throbbed with primeval power.

At a mountain gate carved with a hundred racing beasts, iron-scented guards barred the road. The sentries-broad-shouldered, hide-armored, unmistakably of the beast clans-gaped at the newcomers' torn clothes and thinned ranks.

Captain Hornby, a rhinoceros-horned giant, narrowed his eyes at the unfamiliar human and the radiant unicorn beside him. "Gavin? Yvette? You were posted at Rockhold Gorge. How in the world did you end up here—and with this outsider?"

Gavin's voice cracked but stayed steady. "Captain, Rockhold Gorge is gone."

In quick, rough strokes he recounted the Infinite Soul Demon Sect's surprise assault, Garrick's fall, the massacre of nearly every disciple—then how Jared had broken through the encirclement and carried the survivors to safety.

Captain Hornby's massive frame jolted. "Elder Garrick... slain?" Shock gave way to a blaze of fury, then to bafflement as his gaze swung back to Jared.

A human who, at a glance, lingered only at Level Seven of the Human Immortal Realm—yet Gavin claimed he had single-handedly routed two Level Five Heavenly Immortal commanders and their strike force.

The tale teetered on the edge of impossible, but the grief in Gavin's eyes left no room for lies.

"This concerns the entire sect," Hornby said, regaining command. "We report to the Sect Master at once. Follow me."

He led them through the colossal gate and up a serpent's coil of stone stairs toward Myriad Beast Hall high above. Along the way, disciples paused mid-drill, whispering at the sight of a fragile-looking human escorted by the captain Rex Hornby himself.

Crossing the threshold of the hall, Jared felt a pressure older than language—an ancient weight woven from fossil bone and mountain rock. Vast murals of mythical beasts prowled the shadowed walls; in the dim light, their etched claws seemed ready to step free and judge every soul who dared to enter.

Inside the hall, the air hung heavy. Upon the throne of carved obsidian sat Paxton Riftclaw, sect master of the Myriad Beast Sect—a

lion-blooded giant whose shell net

presence felt like raw mountain stone given breath. To either side, elders of varied hides and feathers occupied lower seats, their auras deep as ancient caves. A council was clearly underway.

Captain Hornby strode forward, dropped to one knee, and struck his fist against the floor.

"Mr. Riftclaw, honored elders!" he cried, urgency rasping in every syllable. "My patrol has escorted

disciples Gavin Stone and Yvetten et

Shadowstep back from Rockhold

fell

Gorge three days ago, the gorge feft to the Demon Sect. Elder Garrick

died holding the line. Of every disciple stationed there, only thirteen remain alive."

Shock rippled through the hall like a boulder hurled into still water. Claws scraped stone, voices overlapped, chairs groaned beneath sudden movement.

Paxton surged to his feet. The force of his anger became a physical tide, pressing on every lung in the chamber. Gavin and the other survivors nearly choked. Even Jared felt the weight like an unseen hand around his throat.

"Speak-every detail now." The command boomed like thunder, rolling from pillar to pillar before it faded.

Gavin swallowed, forced his kneeling spine straight, and began describing what happened in detail, emphasizing on how Jared had come to their rescue and how Jared had a vendetta with the Infinite Soul Demon Sect.

All eyes swung to Jared.

The elders' gazes were hawk-sharp-measuring, doubting, a few holding the thin smile of concealed contempt.

"Human Immortal Realm, level seven?" One of the elders, Arden Aileron's voice, sliced through the din. "Gavin, are you certain your eyes did not betray you? Elder Garrick a Level Five Heavenly Immortal-fell defending the gorge, yet you claim this stripling routed the enemy and slew two leaders of equal rank? That is absurd!"