

A Warrior Undefeatable 5811-5820

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The gravely wounded were carried to the spring first. Novice healers rinsed blood, fed pills, and coaxed life-essence into shattered meridians.

Those with lighter cuts ringed the perimeter, weapons ready. Years of warfare taught them prudence even inside Jared's ward.

Others knelt among newborn flame spiritual plants, clipping each stalk like fragile glass, packaging portions for the patients who could best absorb its blaze. The encampment, moments ago a panicked mob, began to hum with ordered purpose.

Gavin and Yvette healed fast. The pair volunteered to help look after heavily-injured folks.

Yvette gently settled Clara beside a warm, glassy slab at the spring's edge.

Clara swallowed one of Jared's pills, then sipped the crystalline water.

Cool vitality threaded through every nerve. Charred channels sent back pinpricks of relief so pure she nearly moaned.

She gathered her focus and set the Sky Scorching Sword Art flowing. Strands of mild fire energy from the secret realm seeped into her veins, mending flesh at a speed the outside world could never match.

Only after order returned did Jared finally lift his eyes to the tallest crystal peak nearby a mountain crowned by phantom golden halls aflame.

At its summit stood a solitary figure in scarlet robes, back turned to the camp, face toward the deeper inferno.

Heat whipped his sleeves, yet an air of chilled solitude clung to him-dignity laced with quiet sorrow.

It was Reiner.

Jared's body dissolved like mist.

He reformed an instant later beside Reiner, shoulder to shoulder on the sun-hot ridge.

Reiner's frame shivered-barely a breath-yet he did not turn. As though he had foreseen Jared's arrival from the very start.

No words. Only the distant bellow of flame oceans below and the hiss of furnace winds between them—two masters sharing a silence that needed no translation.

In the end, the silence fractured. It was Ignatius who spoke first, the proud edge gone from his voice. What replaced it was a tangle of emotions-wonder, fatigue, and something like grudging respect, all vibrating beneath his words.

"Who in the heavens are you, really? You stand at Level Seven of the Human Immortal Realm-yet a moment ago, when you unleashed your technique, your aura all but transcended its cage. I felt it crest, ready to break through at any breath. No ordinary Level Seven Human Immortal could do that. You dispelled, soothed, and even commanded the raging fire-spirits that rule this canyon, and what you wielded bears no mark of any heritage known to level ten. And that sword stroke you showed outside the gorge-what intent was that? I have honed both flame and blade for several millennia, yet I have never witnessed, much less understood, an intent that seems to stand above the Five Elements themselves, beyond every written law."

Jared did not answer. His gaze drifted over the wounded figures below, now being tended within the

pocket of calm he had carved

the inferno, then he looked deeper

into the secret realm where the

of

where the size

flames burned even hotter, even stranger.

Only then did he speak and it was a question, not an answer.

"Sir, what ties bind you to the Fire Spirit Lord and the Fire Demon Lord? How much do you truly know about this Blazefire Secret Realm?"

Reiner stiffened, as if Jared's words had scraped across some secret buried deep. Slowly he turned and, for the first time, studied Jared as an equal.

The youth's face was placid, his eyes deep and calm, yet within those depths flickered the reflection of boundless stars and an ocean of flame.

Long seconds passed. Emotions—struggle, nostalgia, bitterness—flitted across Reiner's face before he let out a long, weighty sigh, the sound of a man laying down a burden he had carried too far.

"Very well. You master the Blaze Stride, you speak the Demon Lord's name without hesitation, and you command a sword intent that defies reason. Perhaps fate itself means for you to know."

His gaze drifted toward the deepest heart of the realm, where the colors of the fire were most violent and the power most inscrutable. When he spoke again, his voice seemed to travel out of some far-distant past.

"The Fire Spirit Lord and the Fire Demon Lord..." Each word felt heavy enough to bend time. "They are my seniors."

"Senior?" Jared's brow arched, the answer so unexpected it cut straight through his composure.

The Spirit Lord and the Demon Lord tried to kill each other the instant they met— nothing about them had ever suggested brotherhood, let alone the bond of shared tutelage.

Reiner nodded, a crooked smile mixing nostalgia with self-mockery. "Yes. That was a very long time ago—so long that level ten had not yet settled into its present shape. Back then, I was little more than a vagrant child, scrambling from day to day holding life by its tattered edge. Because I carried a faint ember of the Solar-Flame bloodline, I survived a calamity that should have ended me. In that desperate hour, an old wanderer appeared—plain of face, humble of dress, yet his eyes seemed able to pierce the past and future alike, reach into the marrow of the cosmos itself. We called him Master Flame. He saw that, though my talent was meager, my heart was unyielding and my bond with fire absolute. So he broke his own rules and took me in as a disciple."

"Back in those days," Reiner said, his voice low yet bright with memory, "our master already counted two staggering prodigies beneath his wing—my first senior, Lucas Ashborne, and the second, Flegel Emberly."

"Lucas? Flegel?" Jared asked, tasting the names as though they were half-forgotten notes of an ancient song.

Hearing them, Jared realized at once that Lucas was none other than the Fire Demon Lord, while Flegel was the Fire Spirit Lord.

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"Yes." Reiner's answer slipped out on a sigh, carrying the wistful echo of a glorious past.

He drew a breath, eyes reflecting flickers of invisible flame. "Lucas was born unbridled," Lennox said. "Straight as a sword, crooked as a storm. Rules bored him. He chased the power inside fire—the madness that destroys everything, then plants the first seed of something new."

"To reach that truth, he set his own flesh alight again and again, dancing along the razor edge between life and annihilation until he forged the awe-inspiring Demonflare Art. When he strode out as the Fire Demon Lord, worlds trembled. Demons knelt, immortals whispered his name with fear."

"Flegel, though, was warmth itself," Reiner continued, his tone gentling. "He heard in every ember the promise of light, comfort, and renewal. To him, fire was the cradle of civilization, the lantern that keeps despair at bay."

"His Blazewraith Technique could purge corruption and nourish barren lands. In time, he was hailed across the star-fields as the Fire Spirit Lord, steward of a whole constellation, worshipped as the very source of hope's first spark."

A tight, bitter smile pinched Reiner's mouth. "And I possessed neither Lucas' savage insight nor Flegel's boundless grace. I stood beside twin suns and understood only enough to feel my own smallness. Their brilliance forced me into the cracks, where I groped for a path that was half sword, half flame. Each step felt slower than the one before."

He exhaled, shoulders sinking beneath the weight of private regret.

"Worse," Reiner went on, "once our master laid the foundation for us, he sensed a higher calling beyond the universe's rim, whispered farewell, and vanished among the cosmic walls. Lucas and Flegel-bright meteors kept soaring without him. I remained behind. I chose to guard the Blazefire Secret Realm-this shard of primordial fire Lucas reshaped before he left. He called it a refuge for me. He also warned that, in the wrong hands, its core could birth catastrophe."

Reiner paused, rubbing ash-scarred fingers together, as though feeling the centuries slip through their grooves.

"So I stayed," he murmured. "I studied the notes Lucas left, the few counseling Flegel sent across the stars, and the endless tide of flame-essence that breathes inside this realm. Thousands of years bled away while I forced sword and fire to marry, until at last the Sky Scorching Sword Art was born. That, and the laughable title the world has now given me. The Flame-Sword Venerable."

He turned toward Jared, candor shining in his eyes, yet a faint shadow of loneliness drifted behind the light.

"But compared with my two seniors who now roam the cosmos wielding laws themselves," Reiner said, a dry chuckle catching in his throat, "my name is a firefly beside

the full moon, a grain of dust against a mountain. Even speaking it aloud feels—unspeakably small."

The laugh broke, leaving only a hush thick with unspoken shame.

Jared listened without interruption, every strand of Reiner's history weaving itself into a clear understanding.

So this is the tangle of fates that forged the Blazefire Secret Realm.

A mysterious master who walked beyond worlds. Two seniors who chose opposite flames and reached the same dizzying summit. And one junior who refused to abandon his post, forever chasing the glow of giants.

For Reiner, the secret realm was treasure, duty, pride, and wound an ember that warmed and burned in equal measure.

"Since this place was entrusted to you by the Fire Demon Lord," Jared asked, his tone steady yet edged with curiosity, "why set rules so merciless that no stranger is

allowed to set foot inside?

arrived only to escape a greater calamity beyond these walls, yet you nearly met us with drawn steel. Why such hostility toward travelers in need?"

Reiner's earlier nostalgia fled his face like smoke on the wind. The flicker in his eyes sharpened into hard, disciplined focus, the posture of a sentinel remembering his oath.

"There are two reasons." He lifted one hand toward the abyssal heart of the realm, where an ocean of color-drowned fire writhed so violently that even light itself warped and vanished. "First, Lucas entrusted this sanctum to me. I gave my word that no outsider would sully its quiet or plunder its gifts. That promise is the axis of my path."

A breath-then his voice dropped, as though weighed by memories too heavy to name. "Second-far more vital-the very core you see houses a shard of the Chaotic Origin Flame, the ember that burned before worlds were named. Around it lie Lucas' legacy and the seals he forged. That fire is the ancestor of every blaze, creation, and destruction twined. Its law-fragments eclipse what this plane can bear. Unless one is born of the purest fire, steeled in spirit like star-forged iron, and-most of all-chosen by the flame itself, the core is death. Even at my peak, I would enter only to be consumed, my cultivation shattered, or my very soul erased."

He let the warning hang, then turned back to Jared. The molten glow carved solemn lines across his face, making every word that followed a verdict pronounced by

flame.

"Jared, I know, nothing of your origins or the powers at your side. You dispelled the outer flame-spirits-perhaps you carrynet

rare artifact, perhaps your very blood is uncommon. But the Chaotic Origin Flame bows to no brute force and no ordinary treasure For a thousand years, I have stood watch, and even at this distance, its pressure makes my soul tremble nightly. I draw strength only from the

gentlest wisps that leak through countless veils-never a step closer. Your methods are wondrous, but do not let curiosity drive you toward that core. It lies beyond the Human Immortal Realm, beyond most of the

Heavenly Immortal Realm itself. Approach unbidden, and it will kill you!"

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"Chaos Origin Flame... Fire nascence..." Jared repeatedly murmured the two terms to himself. Deep within his eyes, a trace of brilliance flashed by-so fleeting it was almost imperceptible.

The long-silent nascence space within his body actually trembled on its own, ever so slightly.

A faint yet incomparably pure sensation of heat-one that seemed to originate from the very dawn of creation-quietly spread through him. It formed a mysterious, ineffable resonance with the fire spirit energy of the secret realm that seeped into his body through every pore.

The feeling was both familiar and alien, as though a dormant bloodline were being awakened.

Outwardly, Jared remained calm and composed as he gave Reiner a slight nod. "Thank you, Sword Venerable, for your frank disclosure. I will remember your kindness and assistance."

Over the following days, everyone enjoyed an unprecedented period of peace and recovery within the safe oasis Jared had delineated with his celestial power.

The secret realm's pure and gentle fire spirit energy, combined with the nourishment of the spirit spring, along with the pills Jared provided—and his occasional use of refined celestial energy to guide and clear the meridians of the severely injured— produced healing effects nothing short of miraculous.

The gnarly wound on Paxton's chest—still bearing traces of demonic corrosion—was healing at a pace visible to the naked eye. Flesh knitted together, scabbed over, and then fell away, revealing newly regenerated skin beneath.

The pallor on his face gradually gave way to a healthy flush, and his listless aura strengthened with each passing day. The damaged meridians within his body were slowly yet steadily repairing themselves under the dual nourishment of fire spirit and life force energies.

He could even sense that, after enduring the arduous trial and being tempered by the environment of the secret realm, the cultivation bottleneck that had restrained him for many years was beginning to loosen.

Meanwhile, Clara's recovery was even more astonishing.

Since she cultivated a top-tier fire technique, she was exceptionally compatible with the surroundings. After sitting in meditation by the spirit spring for three days, not only were her internal injuries completely healed, but her sword heart—which had previously dimmed due to forcibly activating her sword technique—also began to

recover.

In addition, under the cleansing of pure fire spirit energy and the nourishment of Jared's subtle yet mysterious ultimate energy, her sword heart grew even clearer and more condensed, showing faint signs of further advancement in cultivation.

Her feelings toward Jared had also quietly changed from initial disdain, to shock, to reverence—now tinged with a complex, inexpressible curiosity and attention that even she herself did not fully understand.

Gavin and Yvette, whose injuries had never been the most severe, recovered the fastest. They were already moving about freely, becoming capable assistants to Paxton in managing the group.

As for the other disciples of the Myriad Beast Sect, most had also stabilized their injuries. Some of those with lower cultivation levels even turned misfortune into fortune because cultivating in such a blessed land meant that their progress was several times faster than it would have been in the outside world.

During these days, Jared appeared to wander casually through the secret realm.

However, he did not rush toward the core region that Reiner had warned about. Instead, he explored gradually along the edge of the safe zone, carefully sensing every subtle rhythm and pulse of the incredible realm that housed the primordial source of fire.

He stepped across a slow-flowing stream of true fire, its waters shimmering with golden radiance. The current was searingly hot, yet the instant his toes touched the surface, the fiery water parted of its own accord, splitting into two gentle streams that flowed around him, as though welcoming a sovereign.

Then, he climbed a low hill formed entirely of Heart-Flame Jade. At its summit, a cluster of eternally dancing flames shaped like a

vermilion bird suddenly separated a stender wisp of fire. The tiny flame drifted down into his palm affectionately brushing against his fingers before transforming into pure fire spirit energy and slipping into his body, nourishing his chaotic celestial energy.

Later, he approached a group of fire sprites playing among a forest of flaming mushrooms. These small beings, whose intelligence had only just begun to awaken, not only failed to flee but instead gathered around him in curiosity, emitting soft, melodious shimes like tinkling wind bells, as if trying to communicate with him.

From afar, he even observed a Flaming Golem over 110 feet tall, slumbering in the distance. At the position of its heart, a fire core of ever-shifting colors pulsed rhythmically, the waves it emitted faintly aligning with a deeper, underlying cadence of the entire secret realm.

Every action and interaction was witnessed by Reiner, who had always kept a strand of his attention on Jared. Needless to say, the shock and confusion in his heart grew wildly, like weeds overtaking a field.

He became increasingly certain that Jared was by no means an ordinary Human Immortal Realm cultivator.

Jared's affinity with fire his ability to harmonize with it and command it—had already surpassed the realm of mere exceptional talent or possession of powerful treasures. It was more akin to a resonance at the level of life's very origin, a suppression born of higher existential rank.

"Could there truly be a seed of fire nascence within his body? Otherwise, why would all the flames draw near to him?" Reiner uttered to himself, his mind in turmoil.

Just then, a bold yet terrifying notion surfaced in his mind. "What if it's because he has some sort of connection to my senior-or even to Master himself?"

On this day, Jared wandered without a map or timetable until his boots carried him to the final frontier of the Blazefire Secret Realm—the rim of an area Reiner had once forbidden with a voice sharp enough to slice stone.

The panorama before him forced even Jared, veteran of countless wonders, to draw

a slow, reverent breath. It felt as though he had stepped straight into the fiery world's pulsing heart—or perhaps its unhealed wound.

Orderly ridges and rivers of fire vanished. In their place stretched a limitless Chaos Sea of Flame, forged from the raw, berserk essence of every legendary flame ever whispered about in ancient scrolls.

The horizon broke beneath roiling scarlet Heaven-Burning Blaze that roared like dragons and branded black gashes across the ether.

Golden Solar Essence Fire blazed brighter than noon, its purity so absolute it threatened to wash all matter from existence.

Violet Firmament Thunderfire writhed in long serpentine coils, crackling with judgment, while ghost-pale Bone-Spirit Coldflame burned noiselessly, so cold it stabbed straight at the soul.

Worse still, pitch-black Void-Devouring Flames spun here and there, each a hungry vortex that drank light, heat, and hope alike.

Countless mythic blazes—some recorded only as theory—clashed, braided, and perished in cycles that felt chaotic yet whispered of a deeper, hidden order.

Explosions, wails, hisses, and splintering pops interwove until the air itself became a symphony of ruin.

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High above the molten ocean, space twisted and cracked. One second, Jared glimpsed the dawn of creation; the next, he saw stars die in a silent apocalypse.

At the maelstrom's very core loomed the silhouette of a colossal structure.

Its walls appeared carved from flawless chaotic crystal—neither black nor white, yet somehow all colors at once, every facet aglow with secret worlds.

It was no ordinary palace but a multi-tiered pyramid of fire, revolving almost imperceptibly, its needle point spearing the wild, flaming sky.

The entire tower lay sheathed in a dense mantle of shifting, prismatic flame—the fabled Chaotic Origin Flame—guarding it like an ancient sentinel.

Even from a great distance, Jared could clearly sense the supreme aura emanating from the Chaos Origin Flame—an aura that made all things tremble and caused the very laws of existence to wail in lament.

At the edge of the forbidden ground stood a colossal stone stele over 110 feet tall, its entire body crimson as blood, as though it had been compressed and solidified from countless flame runes.

Upon the surface of the stele were two deep, gouged inscriptions, as if they had been carved directly by unfathomable might. Every stroke contained a terrifying will capable of incinerating the soul and branding the void itself. They were, as it turned out, the warning left behind by the Blazefire Demon Lord himself: "Chaos Origin Flame-burn all laws and refine the soul! Without fire nascence, those who enter shall have their souls annihilated!"

The ancient fire sacred runes, bold and forceful as iron strokes and silver hooks, surged with domineering might. Even after the passage of endless ages, the lingering will they carried still burned like raging fire, searing the minds and courage of all who dared draw near.

Jared stood at the fault line between life and unbearable incineration, eyes fixed on the howling Chaos Sea of Flame and the enigmatic Chaotic Crystal Tower beyond.

Within him, chaotic celestial energy spun faster, as though some hidden conductor had snapped the baton. Deep in his core, a long-dormant vortex whirled, hungry and exultant.

At its center, a single chaotic-colored fire spark—small yet impossibly pure— flickered to life, expanding until it mirrored the birth and death of every flame he had

ever seen.

The certainty hit with the weight of prophecy: the Chaotic Origin Flame ahead and the spark within him were of one lineage.

The next second, everything became clear to Jared. Wait a minute... That is no threat. It is a summons! A mutual attraction of long-lost kindred powers!

"Fire nascence... Chaotic Origin Flame..." Jared's voice barely rose above a breath, the words quivering like sparks at the lip of a torch.

A glint—sharp and predatory—suddenly flashed across his eyes. The faintest curl tugged at one corner of his mouth, the kind of smile a man wore when fate finally handed him the key he had been waiting for.

Without the smallest hesitation, he moved. One stride, then another, and his figure became a streak of living lightning that plunged straight into the anarchic Chaos Sea of Flame, with fire violent enough to vaporize a Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm cultivator in an instant.

"Mr. Chance, stop! Get back here now!" Reiner shouted, though the roar of the inferno tore his plea to pieces before it could reach its mark.

His cries vanished beneath a tidal bellow of fire, the cavernous space trembling as if mountains were grinding together.

Yet the scene Reiner dreaded never arrived.

The instant that world-ending blaze touched Jared's skin, the impossible happened.

Flames that could burn through stars recoiled like subjects before a sovereign. Their rage folded inward, order blooming where chaos had reigned only a heartbeat earlier.

Scarlet Heaven-Burning Blaze parted, opening a path at Jared's feet.

Golden Solar Essence Fire drifted down as a gentle rain, seeping into his flesh, refining itself into pristine fire nascence.

Violet Firmament Thunderfire wrapped his wrists, purring like tamed panthers while they tempered bone and blood.

Even the black Void-Devouring Flames encircled him protectively, filtering the wilder surges before they could bite.

A thin halo shimmered over Jared's skin, its hues shifting through every shade of creation. The glow looked fragile, yet it breathed an ageless authority the outward sign of the Chaotic Flame-Origin Light dormant within his core.

That was precisely the primordial manifestation that arose when the chaotic energy vortex and the Chaotic Fire Spark within his elixir field were awakened by external kindred forces!

Jared walked as calmly as a man crossing his own courtyard, his robe unscorched, his gaze serene, though he trod a realm that had made even Reiner pale.

With every step toward the crystal tower at the Sea of Flame's heart, the surrounding blaze answered some primordial summons. Streams of red gold, violet, ivory, and midnight peeled away the fury revealing runes of pure law beneath the skin of flame.

Rivers of living color surged from every direction, merging joyfully into the chaotic halo around him, then pouring down into the swirling energy vortex and fire spark lodged in this elixir field.

Each footfall dimmed the Sea of Flame by another shade, quieted its roar by another note, while Jared's own aura grew ever denser, ever more commanding.

In his wake lay a narrow tract of temporary calm—a path of extinguished embers soon swallowed again by the outer waves.

From afar, Reiner watched through fraying threads of consciousness, soul half-fleeing his body in fear and awe at the sight of a sea of powerful flames bending the knee.

"Fire nascence! It's really fire nascence! On top of that, it's the mythical Chaotic Flame Seed!" Reiner exclaimed, his voice shaking with disbelief.

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"The Chaotic Flame Seed is the source of all flames, and the lord of every blaze! H- How can this be? Legends place it at the dawn of creation itself. Even my senior, Lucas, nearly died crafting a mere echo of this chaotic fire intent, which is nowhere near the genuine flame seed before my eyes!" Reiner muttered, staggering as though the cavern floor had shifted beneath him. "Jared is merely a Human Immortal Realm cultivator who's less than a hundred years old. How can his body nurture a Chaotic Flame Seed capable of absorbing Chaotic Origin Flame from external realms?"

Every suspicion and shred of jealousy swiftly shattered beneath that impossible vision, leaving Reiner's heart ringing like broken glass. In that clarity, he conceded that Jared's earlier words had been neither boast nor madness but simple truth. A man who could carry a Chaotic Flame Seed, who strode unharmed through the Blazefire Demon Lord's gauntlet and absorbed the powerful Chaotic Origin Flame, must hail from origins far beyond his imagination—perhaps even linked, in ways unfathomable, to his master.

If Reiner were to learn that the fire nascence inside Jared had first come from the Inferno Devil, one could only imagine how he would react.

Later, Jared consumed and refined countless other flames, elevating his fire nascence to a realm ordinary cultivators could never even name.

Unaware of Reiner's turbulent awe, Jared floated in a state of unearthly rapture, his senses turned wholly inward.

Rivers of fire-pure, towering, absurdly potent-poured into him like a broken dam, each current scorching yet comforting, eager to be claimed.

Every filament carried its own law: the tyrannical blaze that razed heavens, the sun's cleansing brilliance, thunder's ruin, ice's stillness, and the void's devouring hush.

The Chaotic Flame-Origin Light at Jared's core welcomed them without conflict, drawing them into a swirling order.

Under that command, the flames broke apart, melded, and rose anew, becoming primal chaotic fire essence that fed the shadow of a Chaotic Fire Lotus taking shape in the cyclone's heart.

Petal upon petal unfurled in shifting greys, each layer hinting at boundless worlds and endless flame.

With every slow rotation, the embryonic lotus released an aura that could rule all fire, erase all laws, and yet cradle life itself. In short, it was both a symbol of destruction and the source of creation.

At the same time, remnants of the Blazefire Demon Lord-echoes of comprehension, splinters of will-rode the torrent into Jared's consciousness field.

They were the mad scriptures of a demonic titan who had spent eternity prying apart the nature of flame.

Jared became fire itself, witnessing the cosmic spark erupt at creation's dawn, stars birthing in incandescent storms, the first campfire lit against primordial night, and the last embers of a dying world.

Arcane truths about wielding flame, reading time through flame, even bargaining life and death with flame, etched themselves into his soul like burning runes.

His nascent stars pulsed, dissecting and absorbing those revelations with unprecedented speed until they became his own strength.

Before long, those gradual changes sparked a fundamental transformation.

Flooded by limitless energy and washed by Heavenly Laws, the adamant barrier at Jared's Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Seven melted like morning frost. Suddenly, a low, resonant hum split the silence.

A surge of pure, towering aura rose from Jared's core without warning.

To his surprise and delight, he had achieved a breakthrough and reached Human Immortal Realm Level Eight!

And this was but the prologue. The

Chaos Sea of Flame was

inexhaustible, the Chaotic Fire Lotus unquenchable and the Blazefire. Demon Lord's insights unending. With those three engines working simultaneously, Jared's cultivation climbed at a pace that left even destiny gasping.

Slowly but surely, he went from Level Eight beginner phase to Level Eight middle phase, and finally to the top of Level Eight.

When the roaring aura crashed against an unseen threshold, it slowly calmed, anchoring itself at the very crest of Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Eight

Only the thinnest veil now lay between Jared and Level Nine of the Human Immortal Realm—so delicate a poke might shatter it at any moment.

This step up was no mere stockpiling of spiritual energy; it rewrote the core of his being.

His fire nascence, having fused with the chaotic fire essence, underwent a cataclysmic rebirth.

It now flowed dense as mercury, heavy as mountains, each circuit radiating annihilating heat and a kingly will, yet seeded with boundless life.

What had once resembled an unsharpened magic sword now returned as a quenched, blood-whetted divine weapon.

His flesh, twice tempered inside and out by Chaotic Origin Flame, strengthened again.

His skin gleamed, streaked with wandering specks of chaotic light; bones glowed pale gold; marrow rolled like living magma.

By raw physique alone, Jared now rivaled those who were in the Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm and specialized in Body Cultivation.

His soul, purified in a sea of fires and washed by the power of law, grew crystalline, his spiritual sense expanding severalfold into microscopic command of every energy—especially fire. He could even glimpse the secret threads and eddies of fire spirits weaving through the air.

Time blurred—an instant, or ten millennia—no one could say.

At last, Jared crossed the endless Chaos Sea of Flame and stepped onto the lone stable platform of crystalline chaos at its heart.

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At the far edge of the square rose a towering crystal tower, shrouded head to toe in pulsing Chaotic Origin Flame.

Around its foundation, the flames thickened to near-liquid, sliding like molten glass.

Jared's own aura blazed just as fiercely; the Chaotic Fire Lotus inside his elixir field trembled with excitement.

He raised a hand, palm sheathed in solid spiritual light, and pressed against the massive door of the tower, its surface etched with esoteric flame runes.

A deep hum answered.

The living flame upon the doors sang in delight, parting like water to reveal a lotus-shaped recess at the center.

Every contour of that recess matched the Chaotic Fire Lotus in his core to flawless perfection.

Without thinking, Jared guided the lotus to quiver and released a thread of its nascence aura.

In the next moment, a tiny but dazzling flame of chaotic colors coursed along his meridians into his palm, then gently seeped into the waiting recess.

A string of delicate clicks promptly rang out like cosmic clockwork.

Hidden gears turned with a music that felt like the very voice of the power of law.

The crystal gate, weighty as a mountain and sealed by ages, swung inward-slow, solemn, unstoppable.

From the widening gap spilled no blinding glare, only a warm, maternal radiance of chaos and an ancient, welcoming breath.

Jared did not hesitate for a single moment. He stepped forward, and his figure vanished into the chaotic glow, disappearing inside the crystal tower.

From a distance, Reiner's spiritual sense watched the slowly opening doors of the crystal tower-doors that even the Blazefire Demon Lord had once solemnly warned him never to enter and saw Jared stepping inside without the slightest obstacle. His entire body stiffened, as if turned to stone, unable to regain composure for a long while.

Finally, he faced the direction of the tower, reined in all his aura, straightened his robes, and, in the most solemn manner, performed a deep, earth-shaking bow.

He knew that the secrets and duties he had guarded for thousands of years might finally meet their destined master.

And he had also witnessed the birth of a legend powerful enough to shake the heavens and all worlds—a legend that, at this very moment, officially set sail.

The instant Jared completely disappeared into the warm light flowing from the gates of the Chaotic Crystal Tower, it was as if he had crossed some boundary of time and space, entering a bizarre realm constructed entirely from fire and the power of law. Inside the tower, there were no halls or rooms as one might imagine. Instead, an endless expanse of chaotic void unfolded, seemingly boundless, yet somehow fully visible at a glance.

Within the void, there was no up or down, no left or right—only countless fire runes and strands of law, flickering and glowing in every color, slowly rotating, flowing, and intertwining like a river of stars.

Those runes and strands formed innumerable shapes of fire—tiny as candlelight, colossal as stars; gentle as a warm stream, violent as a thunder calamity; alive as a budding sprout, fading as drifting embers...

It was as if a living encyclopedia of fire itself had taken shape.

At the center of the void floated the most condensed, most dazzling chaotic light source.

Though seemingly still, it constantly underwent countless cycles of birth and death, emitting an indescribably ancient, vast, familiar, and majestic aura.

It was none other than the core of the Blazefire Secret Realm—the true imprint of the

Chaotic Origin Flame and the very pooflame thing the Blazefire Demon Lord had long desired but could never obtain.

As soon as Jared stepped into the space, the nascent Chaotic Fire Lotus within his elixir field resonated violently with the Chaotic Light Origin.

Without any guidance, the fire lotus flew out of his elixir field, hovering above his head. It slowly rotated, scattering chaotic radiance.

The Chaotic Light Origin at the

center of the void, as if recognizing its counterpart, divided a gentle yet

incomparably pure stream of
chaotic light, forming a bridge that
connected to the lotus above
Jared's head.

Buzz!

A boundless torrent of information, interwoven with an unimaginable flood of chaotic
fire essence, surged along this bridge straight into Jared's body.

However, it was no longer the relatively coarse, extractable energy of the outer Chaos Sea
of Flame. It was the most primordial, pure essence of Chaotic Law Fire!

Every strand contained the complete secrets of fire-related laws.

Jared's consciousness field was instantly filled with golden flame runes and torrents of
profound ultimate energy.

At the same time, the massive influx of Chaotic Law Fire essence was absorbed by the
Chaotic Fire Lotus without obstruction.

The lotus grew at a visible speed as

it repeatedly condensed and

blet

bloomed Its petals shifted from ethereal to tangible, from blurry to clear. On each petal
appeared naturally intricate and profound chaotic patterns, as if recording the epic
history of fire since the creation of the world.

At the center of the lotus, a dazzling, nascent chaotic seed slowly took form.

Under the infusion of this primordial inheritance and the baptism of supreme ultimate
energy, Jared's cultivation began a second, far more rapid leap.

The barrier at the Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Eight melted away silently,
like snow under a spring breeze.

Before he knew it, he had broken through into Human Immortal Realm Level Nine!

Additionally, the momentum of his breakthrough had increased! The essence of Chaotic Law Fire seemed endless, and the growth of the Chaotic Fire Lotus appeared limitless.

Just like that, Jared steadily progressed from Level Nine beginner phase to Level Nine middle phase and Level Nine advanced phase.

Finally, the torrent of growth reached a vast, fated chasm that existed between the Human Immortal and Heavenly Immortal realms. Only then did it gradually stabilize.

By the time it ended, Jared had achieved Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine.

He was now just one step away from the Heavenly Immortal Realm—the stage that truly marked entry into the ranks of high-level cultivators and the first qualitative transformation of life itself.

A Warrior Undefeatable

That step was no longer something that mere energy accumulation could achieve. It required a complete comprehension of one's own ultimate energy, a deeper resonance with the laws of nature, and a transformative opportunity akin to a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

Even so, there was no denying that Jared's strength had undergone a cataclysmic change.

His chaotic celestial energy had multiplied several times over, and its quality had reached an unimaginable level. As it circulated, faint traces of Chaotic True Flame surged, possessing both the domineering force to incinerate all things and the vitality to nurture life, carrying with it a supreme aura capable of commanding all fires in the heavens.

He even sensed that a casual strike of his celestial energy could rival the full-force attack of a cultivator in the beginner phase of the Heavenly Immortal Realm.

Jared's physical body, completely purified by the Chaotic Law Fire from within, had undergone a total transformation.

Beneath his skin, faint flows of chaotic jade light circulated; his bones were crystalline as chaotic crystal; his blood shimmered with gold and fiery hues; his internal organs had been tempered as if forged from divine metal, forming a self-sustaining cycle brimming with vitality.

With just his body, he could withstand attacks from middle-phase Heavenly Immortal Realm cultivators' magical items without fear.

His soul had also grown and ascended like never before.

On top of that, his spiritual sense now easily covered a thousand-mile radius. He could "hear" the breathing of flames, "see" the patterns of spiritual energy, and "touch" the strands of Heavenly Law.

At the turn of a thought, countless inspirations regarding fire techniques and chaotic derivations sprang forth, as if he could create myriad laws with a single intention.

Most importantly, Jared's mastery of the Chaotic Law Fire had reached a new level. The Chaos Fire Lotus above his head, now fully condensed and slowly rotating, was not only a manifestation of his nascent power but also the nascent form of a weapon of infinite potential.

With a thought, the lotus could spew Chaotic True Flame to burn mountains and boil seas; evolve into a myriad-fire barrier of unparalleled defense; assist him in comprehending fire-related laws and accelerating cultivation; and even subtly resonate with and exert control over the Blazefire Secret Realm itself.

Jared slowly opened his eyes. A fleeting vision of the chaos of creation and the birth and death of myriad flames flashed in his pupils before returning to deep, serene calm.

With a slight movement of his mind,

the Chaotic Fire Lotus above his head transformed into a streak of light, sinking into his elixir field and floating within the ocean of chaotic estial energy, becoming the new core of his strength.

He surveyed the legacy void, still flowing with endless flame runes, and solemnly bowed toward the Chaotic Light Origin at its center.

The light flickered slightly, as if responding Gradually, its radiance retracted and finally condensed into a fist-sized crystal, neither metal nor jade, its surface etched with flowing chaotic flame patterns as it slowly floated into Jared's hand.

The crystal was warm to the touch but weighed like a mountain. Inside, it seemed to contain a miniature chaotic sea of fire. It was both a token of inheritance and a key to

partial control of the Blazefire Secret Realm.

Without further ado, Jared carefully stored it.

He knew the inheritance of power was complete, and it was time to leave and see what was happening outside.

However, just as he prepared to retrace his steps out of the crystal tower, a faint yet extraordinarily sharp warning pierced his newly stabilized and strengthened soul, like an ice needle stabbing in.

It did not come from within the secret realm but from the distant outside, in the direction of Mystic Sky Sword Sect.

At the same time, the faint chaotic celestial energy mark he had left on Clara for tracking purposes sent violent fluctuations and a clear signal of danger.

Meanwhile, the sword-shaped communication charm gifted by Linden at his waist vibrated and heated wildly, nearly exploding.

Jared's expression darkened instantly.

His spiritual sense swept through the crystal tower toward the entrance of the secret realm.

Clara's aura was unstable; her face anxious as she spoke into the communication charm. Paxton, Gavin, Yvette, and the others had gathered around her, all with grave expressions.

What has happened? Is Mystic Sky Sword Sect in danger? And judging by the situation, it is no small matter!

Jared's figure blurred, and in an instant, he vanished from within the crystal tower

A Warrior Undefeatable

At that same moment, far away in the Myriad Sword Mountains, the headquarters of the Mystic Sky Sword Sect braced for catastrophe.

The once serene peaks where sword energy danced among white cranes were gone. In their place boiled devil clouds that blotted the sun, each surge spawning phantom beasts that clawed at the sky.

Shouts, explosions, clashing steel, and the tortured hum of an overworked defense formation merged into a brutal symphony that shook the entire range.

As it turned out, Infinite Soul Demon Sect had joined hands with Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect, hurling their full strength into a surprise assault on Mystic Sky Sword Sect.

It was, without a doubt, an all-out attack!

At the vanguard floated Sheldon Soulsby, leader of the demon sect. Finger-shaped bruises still branded his cheek, and his aura had dimmed, yet hatred burned within him hotter than magma.

Behind him marched a disciplined legion: dozens of Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Five elders, hundreds of powerful enforcers, and tens of thousands of low-level Demon Sect disciples, each slotting into a precise demonic battle formation.

From their banners and bone cauldrons poured wailing spirits, weaving a ghostly domain several miles wide. The howls gnawed at the Sword Sect's defense formation, corroding light and stone alike.

More terrifying still, a second figure hovered at Sheldon's side.

A billowing black cloak hid his form; only twin eyes of green fire burned within the hood. The pressure he released easily surpassed Sheldon's by a hair, especially since his cultivation was at Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven.

The man was none other than Mordain Frostgrave, the reclusive elder of Infinite Soul Demon Sect.

Clearly, the Demon Sect had emptied its deepest vaults to wipe out Mystic Sky Sword Sect once and for all.

Meanwhile, Myriad Beast Sect was commanded by Garth Thornscales, and its power was just as terrifying.

Thousands of Melded Beastkin warriors-fused with claws, horns, and scales- charged the front, roaring as they met sword energy and various arrays head-on.

Many fought with drug-bright eyes, their veins swollen by Frenzied Blood Pills that traded sanity for murderous strength.

Garth himself towered fifteen feet high, draped in dark-red scales. His black-flamed war axe hacked at a vital node of the array, each blow shaking valleys.

Several Melded Beastkin leaders, their bodies likewise augmented by demonic rituals, flanked him like living siege engines.

Within Mystic Sky Sword Sect, only the age-old Big Dipper Demon-Suppressing Array kept disaster at bay.

Seven sword peaks, aligned with the northern constellation, blazed to life and braided colossal beams into a shield that spanned miles.

Countless micro-blades darted across the shield's surface, carving through encroaching demonic aura and spectral beasts in a ceaseless silver tide.

Every disciple and elder inside the sect had already taken to their stations, pouring life and spirit into the embattled array.

Linden Cloudridge stood upon the highest ledge of the mountain gate, his face bloodless, a fresh ribbon of crimson trembling at the corner of his mouth. Old wounds throbbed beneath newer gashes, yet his spine refused to bow. In both hands, he raised the sect leader's weapon—the Mystic Sky sword its dušk-blue edge alive with silent thunder. He poured strand after strand of refined

sword essence into the array's spinning heart, guiding it as though storm and stone answered only to him.

Across the surrounding sword peaks, the elders worked their stations some anchoring array nodes atop the respective peaks others leading disciples into whirling sword arrays that blocked every breach the enemy punched through. Content

Sword light fell like silver rain, lancing, weaving, exploding in sheets that turned night into a colorless dawn.

Regardless, the disciples of Mystic Sky Sword Sect fought with uncanny unity.

Three, sometimes five blades formed a miniature array, each group holding against Melded Beastkin brutes or Demon Sect zealots that outnumbered them three-to-one.

Alas, there were simply too many foes.

Demonic aura gnawed at the barriers, while Melded Beastkin muscle hammered gaps wider, piling pressure on every summit.

Under the bombardment, the grand array's light-screen shuddered and dimmed, issuing a teeth-grinding creak with each strike.

Alarms flared from every foundation stone. Repair teams sprinted along collapsing catwalks—patching one breach only to hear the next siren wail in the distance.

"Mr. Cloudridge, Heavenly Axis Peak has lost over one-third integrity—Elder Wesson is gravely wounded!"

"Demonic forces mass outside Shimmering Light Peak. Elder Leedle requests immediate reinforcement!"

"Melded Beastkin members have pierced the sword-energy barrier at Southeastern Point and are inside the outer quarters—Mr. Cuspert is holding them

back with a handful of

people!"

Bad news came like sleet—sharp, endless, numbing.

Mystic Sky Sword Sect's members were fierce, but they were exhausted. Days of battle without real rest had bled color from their faces and strength from their wrists.

By contrast, the Demon Sect and the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect had arrived fresh, reserves stacked in waves that crashed harder each time.

A Warrior Undefeatable

A ragged, rasping laugh split the dusk. "Hahaha! Today marks the end of your precious Mystic Sky Sword Sect, Linden Cloudridge!"

Sheldon hovered behind a phalanx of wailing phantom serpents. Each writhing coil merged into a vast Soul-Devouring Demon Dragon that slammed its spectral skull against the faltering barrier. "When this grand array breaks, I will butcher every last one of you—for the humiliation you dealt me before!"

Beside him, Garth bellowed, an axe the size of a wagon wheel cleaving down on the light barrier and sending ripples sky-high. "Don't forget those working with Paxton and that d*mned Jared Chance. When this sword sect falls, they'll be next. I'll mount their skulls above my sect's hall!"

Linden's expression sharpened to glass-edged calm. "Disciples of Mystic Sky Sword -hear me! Where the sword stands, we stand. If the sword falls, we fall. Hold the gate-fight to the death! Prepare the Seven-Star Doomblade!" he commanded.

"Yes! Fight to the death!" the entire sect roared, their voices rising like unsheathed steel.

They all understood the weight of that order. The Seven-Star Doomblade was their sect's last gambit. Once triggered, the accumulated sword intent of seven peaks would erupt in a single cataclysm—obliterating foes while shattering the grand array itself. It was a promise of mutual destruction, the final vow of a cornered blade.

Soon, the battle descended into a red-stained nightmare.

With every breath, another disciple fell, spilling life across the stone steps. With every heartbeat, a Demon Sect disciple or Melded Beastkin warrior was shredded by blinding sword energy.

And still, beneath that storm of death, the barrier's glow continued to fade—its collapse now visible to the naked eye.

At that very moment, near the mouth of the Blazefire Secret Realm's tunnel, heat-hazed air rippled.

Jared emerged before Clara and the waiting strike team-his cloak still smoking with ember-glow, his eyes reflecting the distant, dying light of the besieged sect.

The instant Jared stepped forward, the air inside the cavern seemed to kink around him. Though he still kept his breath held tight, unfathomable depth and pressure leaked through the cracks. Even Reiner's pupils contracted. My goodness... It has only been a few days, and he has completely transformed. What on earth did he find inside that crystal tower?

"Mr. Chance!"

"Mr. Chance-over here!"

Clara rushed toward him as though grabbing at the last piece of daylight. Formalities forgotten, she thrust a vibrating communication charm into his palm, her shoulders trembling with barely caged panic.

"Mr. Chance, Mystic Sky Sword Sect has sent word that Infinite Soul Demon Sect has joined forces with Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect. They are storming the Sword Sect as we speak. Our defense formation is moments from collapse. Father has already opened the preparatory stance of the Seven-Star Doomblade, which means he's ready to perish together with the enemies. Please save them, Mr. Chance! We need you!"

Paxton and the others blanched. Color drained from every face in an instant.

If Mystic Sky Sword Sect fell, Myriad Beast Sect remnants would lose their final ally. The next spear of the Demon Sect would undoubtedly be thrust straight at them.

Jared closed his fingers around the communication charm and activated it with his spiritual sense Linden's final message spilled across his consciousness in hurried fragments – battle dire none faint, s one lonely request that Jared spare even a cinder of their sect's heritage.

He read between the clipped phrases, and it was enough to know that Sheldon and Garth were working hand in hand to gut the very earth beneath their feet.

Silver light flashed across Jared's eyes, cold as a winter star.

"Ms. Cloudridge, Mr. Riftclaw-stay and mend your wounds. This refuge will hold," he said before turning to Reiner. "Flame-Sword Venerable, please guard them for me until I return."

Reiner had already sensed the storm outside the mountain. Jaw set, he answered with a single grave nod. "With me here, the Blazefire Secret Realm remains untouched. You "

Before Reiner could finish the sentence, Jared had already pivoted toward the exit, cloak snapping like a banner in a gale.

He inhaled deeply, and the full power of Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine surged open—no veil, no restraint.

Chaotic celestial energy woke like a

volcano under the midnight sea.

Scintillant gray-gold fire coiled around him, and behind his spine, the phantom of a Chaotic Fire Lotus

unfurled, radiating sovereign

across every ember in the realm.

Flames that filled Blazefire Secret Realm bent, trembled, and bowed toward their new sovereign.

"I'll be back."

Word barely spoken, his body blurred into a streak of prismatic chaos, shredding the air itself. Moving several times faster than *** before he ripped through the ery membrane guarding the exit and shot toward Mystic Sky Sword Sect.

High above, clouds cleaved apart under the weight of his blazing intent and ultimate

energy, leaving a scar of seething sky that refused to fade.

Clara kept her eyes on that dwindling streak, fists clenched, every heartbeat a mix of dread and desperate hope.

Paxton and the rest lowered their heads in silent petition.

Reiner stared after the vanishing light and whispered, "Chaotic Flame Seed... Top Level Human Immortal Realm Level Nine... This lad will rattle the entire level ten. Perhaps Mystic Sky Sword Sect still owns a sliver of dawn."

Back at Myriad Sword Mountains, battle had reached its blood-red crest.

The Big Dipper Demon-Suppressing Array flickered like a candle in the rain. Sheldon and Mordain melded their power while Garth howled, gathering one last, killing strike.

From afar, a shaft of chaos-lit fire—hot enough to boil seas, cold enough to shear bone—tore the firmament and sped toward the killing ground with impossible velocity.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Back at Myriad Sword Mountains, the gates of Mystic Sky Sword Sect lay in ruins.

Once a sanctuary brimming with sacred sword energy, the mountain cradle now lay drowned in carnage—a grim purgatory where every stone carried the taste of iron and ash.

Clouds black as split ink rolled across the heavens, blotting out every last hint of daylight. From beyond the peaks came the roar of beasts—raw, primeval, a sound so huge it seemed to tear the very sky in half.

A luminous curtain—the last vestige of the Big Dipper Demon-Suppressing Array—flickered beneath the assault of endless demonic aura and brute force. It had thinned to the frailty of a moth's wing, sputtering on the verge of collapse with a brittle, wrenching creak that made hearts seize.

Each of the seven sword peaks now glimmered dully. Jagged cracks scored their faces, as though one more tremor would shatter them into rubble.

Inside and outside the gate, corpses lay strewn like fallen timber. Rivers of blood carved steaming channels through broken stone.

Torn uniforms of Mystic Sky Sword Sect disciples mixed with charred bones of Demon Sect warriors and the hulking carcasses of Melded Beastkin fighters—one indistinguishable heap of death.

The air reeked of iron, burnt flesh, and something colder—the hush that followed the extinction of souls. Surviving swordsmen, bandaged and blood-soaked, still gripped their blades and held their stations with unblinking resolve.

Yet deep in their eyes crept a fatigue—an unavoidable, rising tide of despair they could no longer hide.

The defense formation that guarded their sect had reached its absolute limit.

Linden stood upon the wobbling summit, his Mystic Sky Sword no longer dazzling but spider-webbed with hairline cracks. He looked bloodless, his robe across the chest soaked dark, and his breathing ragged. He was nearing his limit.

Even so, he held his back straight, the immovable spine of a mountain, and fixed his gaze beyond the array on two figures cloaked in murderous majesty—Sheldon Soulsby and Garth Thornscales.

"Hahaha! Linden, must you keep flailing like a cornered beast?" Sheldon shouted as he hovered in mid-air, demonic mist writhing around him.

The cheek Jared once slapped still twitched with venomous glee.

"Tell me—how many more strikes can that battered defense formation endure?" he taunted, voice oozing relish. "When it breaks, I will rip out your soul, burn your sect's ten-thousand-year legacy to ash, and hunt down that b*stard Jared Chance until nothing remains but dust!"

Beside him, Garth loomed like a walking volcano, dark-red scales glinting under the dim sky. He swung a flame-wreathed war axe and bellowed in a voice like a cracked bell, "Lackeys of Paxton and Jared, today your blood shall pave the rise of the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect. Kill them all—leave none breathing!"

His roar shook the peaks, the frenzy of a beast gone mad.

Within the failing array, disciples heard the challenge. Grief flared in their eyes, but not a single step wavered.

They understood perfectly: there would be no retreat—only death in battle.

Linden drew a ragged breath, swallowed the copper tang rising in his throat, and— voice broken yet unyielding—commanded, "Disciples of Mystic Sky Sword Sect, heed me! Activate the Seven-Star Doomblade with me. We will give our all and perish with our foes!"

"Perish with our foes!" the remaining swordsmen roared together, a tragic tide that seemed to pierce the heavens.

They poured the last of their sword essence into the array's foundation; some even burned their blood essence to buy one final burst of power.

The seven peaks convulsed. Stone split apart as ancient, razor-keen sword intent— long buried in the bedrock—was hauled to the surface like dragons unchained, racing toward each summit.

This was the sect's final reservoir, a swan-song meant to drag every enemy into oblivion.

Seeing it, Sheldon and Garth did not flinch; their smiles only sharpened.

This was precisely the outcome they craved.

Force Mystic Sky Sword Sect to torch its own roots, and the threat would vanish from level ten at minimal cost.

At that crucial moment-when the sect's last blaze of glory and its final destruction were about to become one-an explosion suddenly rang out.

Boom!

The detonation landed like the very first hammer-blow of creation, cracking open the silence and driving a concussion through heaven and earth.

From far beyond the battlefield-somewhere in the unreachable blue above-a roar without language, without mercy, rolled downward in swelling waves of sound.

As if it were the first thunder of a

newborn universe, or the waking

sigh of a giant forged fro

veir

that roar drowned every clash steel, every battle-cry, every shrieking array Then, abruptly, pressure beyond description an invisible vault of heaven itself-descended and pinned the world beneath it.

It was not merely strength; it was supremacy an ancient, sovereign breath that ruled life, death, and everything trembling between. Under that breath the churning demonic clouds froze, beastly roars snapped silent, and even the volatile sword intent from Seven-Star Doomblade went limp, stilled by an unseen palm.

Everyone-from Demon Sect marauders to Melded Beastkin brutes to the Mystic Sky Sword Sect disciples found their bodies

betraying them movements ne

halted,

necks craned upward by instinctual dread.

High overhead, the cloud-sheathed sky tore open without warning, revealing a cavernous vortex that swallowed daylight.

Along its ragged rim, the air shattered like colored glass, each crack exposing a backdrop of fathomless black void.

From that wound in space, a single figure strode forward, unhurried, as though time parted to accommodate his pace.

He wore a plain green robe whose hem snapped in the riotous energy currents, yet gathered not a speck of dust.

In his hand rested an austere longsword, its darkened steel devouring every stray glimmer as if starving for light.

Most unsettling, however, were his eyes—calm, remote, ancient pools of winter ice layered atop a map of endless stars.

He surveyed the infernal battlefield below with no anger, no murderous intent—only the detached curiosity a god might lavish upon squabbling inferior beings.

It was Jared Chance.

Yet this Jared differed utterly from the man seen on Blood-Scar Plains only days ago.

Back then, formidable though he was, embers of mortal warmth had still flickered in his breath.

Now, an indescribable resonance-true ultimate energy-flowed around him; he inhaled with the world and exhaled through its laws.

Even though he merely stood in silence, he felt heavier than mountains, vaster than night, and deeper than the bottomless seas. He was utterly terrifying. Ghostly halos of shifting gray-gold light coiled around him, and within them flared phantom lotus-blossoms of flame that made every sensitive soul quake.