

A Warrior Undefeatable 5821-5830

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Jared Chance!"

The scream-raw with hatred, venom, and a sliver of fear even Sheldon failed to notice in himself-ripped through the hush like a wounded beast.

Fixing his bloodshot gaze on the form above, Sheldon's face contorted, the five- finger brand that had once humiliated him throbbing with phantom pain.

Old grudges and new injuries erupted inside him like a volcano left too long to smolder.

"You wretched brat! How dare you appear before me again! I will tear you limb from limb and burn your soul for a thousand years!"

Black smog geysered from his body, spiraling skyward like a column of smoke, his voice climbing to a manic, almost shrill pitch.

By then, Garth had also recognized Jared. His massive, bell-like eyes blazed with murderous intent as he roared, "So you're Jared Chance-the b*stard who slew our elder and wrecked our Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect's ambitions! Good. You've come at the right time. Saves me the trouble of hunting you down. I shall cut off your head to avenge my fallen comrades!"

Faced with the hysterical roars and murderous intent of the two below, Jared didn't even lift an eyelid.

In fact, his gaze barely lingered on Sheldon and Garth, merely sweeping across the horrific battlefield below.

It passed over the severely wounded but still standing disciples of the Sword Sect, finally resting on Linden atop the main peak—weak in aura but resolute in gaze.

He gave a slight nod, acknowledging him, before turning his placid gaze toward Sheldon and Garth.

There was no angry questioning nor fierce reprimand.

In a calm, bone-chilling voice, Jared finally spoke. It wasn't loud, yet every word carried clearly across the battlefield, reaching the ears of every living being.

"I had intended to let you live a few more days, and only settle the score when I'm free. But alas, you insignificant beings have the guts and stupidity to commit this massacre in my absence."

As he paused, his eyes seemed to pierce through the twisted faces of Sheldon and Garth, seeing the fear and madness buried deep within their souls. A faint, mocking, disdainful curve swiftly appeared at the corner of his mouth.

"Very well. Since you are so eager to send yourselves to death, I shall grant your wish today. This level ten has been too peaceful for too long. It's time to wash it with your filthy blood."

Naturally, the indifference in Jared's words and his smug arrogance drove Sheldon and Garth nearly to madness.

Who were they?

One had ruled the Blood-scar Plains for tens of thousands of years as the leader of the Demon Sect. The other was the ambitious, newly risen head of the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect. They were no ordinary people!

Never before had they been treated with such contempt, as if they were mere ants to be crushed at will.

Ret

"How arrogant! You're nothing but an ignorant young whelp, puffed up by a bit of luck! You've gotten too smug for your own good!" Sheldon bellowed. "Today, I will show you the

between the power of the Heavenly Immortal Realm and your pathetic Human Immortal Realm. Everyone, attack! Capture this fiend alive-I will personally end his miserable life!"

Meanwhile, Garth yelled, "Demonstone! Tear him apart for me!"

A general from the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect instantly let out a deep, thunderous roar at the command. He was nearly thirty feet tall, his body covered in dark brown, rock like armor, with a pair of curved bull horns atop his head and an aura

of Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Five.

With a sudden stomp, his massive frame displayed shocking speed, rocketing forward like a cannonball, carrying the terrifying momentum of mountains collapsing and earth splitting, straight toward Jared in the sky!

In his hands, he swung a black greatsword the size of a gate panel, aiming to cleave the latter down.

Even before the blade was fully unleashed, the immense gust it generated exploded the air below.

This was Demonstone, Garth's famed brute-force general, known for overwhelming strength and defense, who had once smashed the magical items of his peers with just his sheer power.

Garth had sent him to strike Jared in the most brutal, tyrannical way possible, to crush the pretentious little upstart into pulp and vent his own rage. At the same time, he hoped the move could boost the morale of his troops, who had clearly been shaken by Jared's appearance.

Below, countless eyes were fixed on the scene.

Naturally, the Demon Sect and Melded Beastkin forces hoped Demonstone's attack would achieve glory.

The disciples of Mystic Sky Sword Sect, on the other hand, held their breath. Despite Jared's overwhelming aura, the enemy was a Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator, so what were the chances he could take on someone so terrifyingly strong and brutally powerful?

Faced with the mountain-shattering, earth-cleaving strike, Jared finally moved.

However, instead of lifting his Dragonslayer Sword, he merely raised his left hand casually.

His long fingers flicked outward toward the roaring, charging Demonstone as if shooing away an annoying fly, the gesture light, almost lazy.

There was no earth-shattering burst of spiritual energy nor dazzling light from spells.

Only an invisible, intangible, yet incomparably overwhelming momentum— seemingly containing the ultimate laws of Heaven and Earth, irresistible in its majesty surged forth with the flick of his sleeve.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Boom!

A deep, resonant hum shook the battlefield.

Every eye-human, demon, and beast-watched Demonstone charge like a living siege engine, his hulking silhouette more monster than man.

Yet, ten yards short of Jared, the general's greatsword met an unseen barrier harder than anything in the world.

Steel screamed, then both blade and the arm that wielded it burst apart in a spray of gravel-like flesh and molten sparks.

An instant later, the giant torso, plated in craggy keratin, was hammered backward by that same invisible force, hurtling through the air faster than it had advanced.

While Demonstone tumbled, the rocky armor shattered piece by piece; blood and shards of organ geysered from his mouth and nose.

He traced a gruesome arc of scarlet across the sky before crashing into the ranks of the Melded Beastkin army below.

Several soldiers were pulped beneath him, and, after two twitching spasms, Demonstone lay still-life snuffed out, aura erased.

A warrior famed for raw strength, perched at Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Five, had been swatted aside and annihilated by nothing more than a casual wave of Jared's sleeve.

Silence fell—so complete even the wind forgot to breathe.

From Demon Sect to Melded Beastkin to Mystic Sky Sword Sect, every witness stood frozen, minds wiped clean by shock.

What the hell did we just see?

Was it a hallucination? That was a Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Five powerhouse, not some random noob! There should have been clashing spells, earth-splitting impacts—anything except being swatted to death like a fly!

Sheldon's predator-wide grin froze; his eyes, the size of bronze bells, seemed ready to crack.

Linden and every elder and disciple of the Mystic Sky Sword Sect were struck dumb with awe—yes, they had known Jared was strong; he had chased Sheldon from Blood-scar Plains, but this?

The display stretched far beyond anything their experience could frame.

How could someone in the Human Immortal Realm wield such terrifying might?

Jared himself behaved as though he had merely brushed away dust, and not once did he spare a glance toward the corpse he had created.

Instead, his calm gaze remained fixed on Sheldon and Garth, and a thin thread of impatience colored his voice.

"Insignificant beings, the pair of you. You are not even worth the trouble of me drawing my blade," Jared said, his voice drifting across the battlefield-steady, unhurried, almost bored. "Well? Does anyone else want to step up and test their fate?"

The simple question struck the ranks of the Demon Sect and the Melded Beastkin like a sheet of black ice. For an instant, the world froze, soundless and brittle.

Then, the silence was shattered. Panic surged, boots scrambled, and angry voices tumbled over one another in a dissonant roar.

"N-No... This is impossible!"

"How can General Demonstone die just like that?"

"W-Who the hell is that man? What kind of monster is he?"

Fear spread like plague spores on a damp wind, seeping into the lower-ranked disciples and Melded Beastkin warriors until wide eyes and quivering hands became contagious.

"B*stard! Enough of your swagger!" Sheldon forced the words through clenched teeth, his face the color of forged iron. Sweat prickled beneath his collar, but he strangled the terror with sheer will.

He can't truly overpower us. He must have used some bizarre trick or secret magical item to fell Demonstone in a single stroke. Yes, yes, that has to be it!

"Everyone, get into position for the Ten-Thousand-Soul Devouring Array! Lock him down and crush him!" Sheldon howled.

"Melded Beastkin warriors, get into your battle formations and charge at him! Wear the b*stard out!" Garth Thornscales finally found his voice, the order tearing from his throat in a guttural roar as he rallied his stunned warriors.

Jared exhaled, patience spent. "How noisy," he muttered, almost softly, and at last wrapped his fingers firmly around the hilt of Dragonslayer Sword.

There was no earth-shattering opening move, no charging of power, no battle cry.

He simply lifted Dragonslayer Sword and drew a level, unadorned arc through the air.

From the blade slipped a crescent of chaos-tinged light, thin as cicada wings, nearly invisible. It floated forward with the grace of a drifting feather, carrying no

thunderous boom, no palpable surge of power.

Ten yards on, the crescent quivered-and detonated in silence.

One became two, two became four

four became eight until

hundreds then thousands- gossamer slivers fanned outward,

each thread sharper than regret and tinted the same formless grey.

Like living vipers of primordial mist, the threads of sword energy swept downward, selecting the Demon Sect members and Melded Beastkin warriors who still struggled to form ranks. Soon, everyone with an aura between Earthly Immortal Realm Levels Four and Five quickly fell

beneath that expanding net.

They arrived too fast for mortal eyes, faster than spiritual sense could register.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

A staccato burst of sound-like

thousands of bubbles popping in the

same breath-ripped across the battlefield. It was the sound of flesh parting and armor bursting a gri percussion that rolled across the valley like a death drum. The blast came so dense and sudden that every scalp tingled and every heartbeat stumbled.

Below, more than three hundred Demon Sect enforcers and Melded Beastkin

leaders froze mid-formation, mid-roar, mid-charge.

Their faces stayed locked in ferocity, zeal, or astonishment, yet the light inside each eye died in a single beat.

An instant later, their bodies—along with armor and weapons-powdered into wind-worn sand.

A gentle breeze lifted the pale dust skyward; not a drop of blood, not a shard of bone remained.

All that lingered were vacant patches of earth and a glitter of untouched storage rings and pouches.

One sword stroke had brought about total annihilation, and over 300 Earthly Immortal Realm Level Four and Five cultivators vanished without a trace.

A Warrior Undefeatable

This time, not even the hiss of a breath slipped out.

Every throat felt caught in an unseen vice, crushing sound before it could form.

Only hearts pounded-wild, frantic, threatening to split chests open.

Glacial fear rolled through the Demon Sect and Melded Beastkin ranks like an arctic tide.

Low-tier disciples collapsed, legs jelly, bowels and bladders failing where they fell.

Even seasoned elders of the Heavenly Immortal Realm went ghost-white, their bodies trembling uncontrollably.

Power no longer measured what they faced.

This was crushing, hope-killing domination-divinity passing judgment on mortals.

Only now did Sheldon and Garth feel true panic.

They realized Jared was no crafty, inferior being from the Human Immortal Realm.

He was a primordial horror awakened from myth, an adversary no will could withstand!

"N-No... This is impossible... This is absolutely impossible!" Sheldon muttered, eyes wide with shock and disbelief.

Garth's gaze, too, bled red. After all, among the dusted Melded Beastkin warriors were many of his favored lieutenants.

He roared, sanity gone, the sound shaking banners from their poles, "All elders from Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect, charge! Kill him! I don't care what it takes. I want him dead!"

Sheldon's eyes flared crimson. "Demon Sect elders, heed my order! Form the Ten-Thousand-Soul Godkiller Array, fight beside our Melded Beastkin comrades, and destroy that monster! Anyone who backs away will be punished according to our sect's law!"

Retreat was no longer an option.

Should Jared alone drive them off, both the Demon Sect and Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect would become laughingstocks, unworthy of survival on level ten.

Only by piling up their own dead-testing whatever limit Jared might possess did they believe there could be even the faintest chance of survival.

The command cracked through the air like a whip. Fear clutched every heart, yet the weight of sect law and their sect leader's reputation shoved them skyward. A dozen Demon Sect elders-Heavenly Immortal Realm cultivators ranging from Levels Five to Six—snapped into a ring where a cacophony of spectral voices wailed.

Across the field, nearly ten elders of the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect answered with guttural roars. Fur, scale, and bone ripped through their robes as half-released bodies took shape-flame-crowned bears, iron-plated rhinos, bone-winged bats— before they leapt to join the sky-born circle.

Almost thirty Heavenly Immortal Realm heavyweights now moved as one, their braided auras forging a battle array fierce enough to shake those in the Heavenly Immortal Realm advanced phase.

For Sheldon and Garth, this was every card left in their deck-short of stepping in themselves.

They refused to believe Jared could brush it aside a second time.

Despite being confronted with that storm of killing intent, Jared's eyes flickered with something so faint it looked like boredom.

"Oh, how you pathetic souls overestimate yourselves," he murmured as he raised Dragonslayer Sword once again.

This time, however, he did not release any sword energy.

Instead, he extended the blade as though offering a polite greeting.

Buzz!

A low, resonant hum rolled out. At the tip, a single mote of swirling gray ignited, then began to bloom.

It was no light at all, but a miniature vortex of raw chaos spinning fast enough to swallow thought.

The moment it appeared, the whole battlefield seemed to cave inward. Light warped, sound died, and even time drifted like thick syrup.

The combined strike of nearly thirty elders hurtled toward that hungry whirl.

Soul-Devouring Demon Dragons, bone-gnawing winds, flaming claws, iron hooves every craft they hurled dissolved within a hundred yards quiet as pebbles vanishing into dark water. Nothing remained but motes of raw energy, each meekly drawn into the maelstrom without a ripple.

Jared's wrist gave the tiniest, almost casual flick.

Rip!

A hair-fine thread of chaos lashed out from the vortex, tearing through space so swiftly it seemed never to have existed.

The next second, wet, muffled cracks popped in rapid succession.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

The sounds were like blades slicing rotted hide, all but simultaneous.

High above, every elder-Demon Sect or Melded Beastkin alike—froze mid-attack.

Expression drained from their faces; the light behind their eyes winked out.

Pinpoint holes yawned in brow, throat, and heart, front to back.

No blood flowed—only wisps of chaotic mist that gnawed at flesh and soul.

They dangled there, puppets on an unseen string, once-mighty elders reduced to hollow dolls.

Before a scream could even form, bodies rained from the sky like ravioli dropping into boiling water.

Long before they hit the ground, Jared's chaotic sword energy had already vacuumed the life and soul from every elder, leaving only cold, vacant shells.

Their storage pouches and rings, however, seemed to wake, tore free, and streaked like fireflies into the wide sleeve of Jared's robe before, Winking from sight. fo

For a third time, the battlefield drowned in funereal silence.

Even Sheldon and Garth stood slack-jawed, eyes glassy, as though an unseen hand had yanked their spirits from their hulking bodies.

Nearly thirty Heavenly Immortal Realm elders-several of them at Level Six-had formed a battle array, yet in the blink of an eye, they were simply gone.

They were crushed like ants beneath a casual heel, erased so quickly they had not even seen how the strike was delivered.

This was no gap in strength. It was obliteration across dimensions, a gulf at the very tier of life itself.

A Warrior Undefeatable

On the Mystic Sky Sword Sect's side, stunned awe had mutated into a near-numb ecstasy.

Linden's sword hand trembled-not from fear but from an exhilaration so fierce it bordered on worship.

His gaze climbed to the lone figure in the teal robe, swirling with relief, gratitude, wonder, and a raw hunger to touch such absolute might.

High above, Jared lowered his blade, and the devouring vortex of chaos closed as gently as a sigh.

With a flick of his sleeve, as if brushing away invisible dust, he fixed Sheldon and Garth with a look that now carried an unmistakable, teasing contempt.

"I really meant to stop showing off," Jared said, voice lazy, almost apologetic. "But what can I do? My strength simply refuses to cooperate. And now, it's your turn. Who wants to die first, or do you prefer to come together?"

The calm words tolled inside Sheldon and Garth like the final bell of judgment.

Garth snapped back to himself; raw terror inverted, igniting into a hysteria of rage. He could not accept that the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect he had built through betrayal and blood had been shredded like paper before this monster.

"Aaargh! I, Garth Thornscale, will die before I yield!"

His frame swelled, muscles ballooning beneath scales the color of dried blood. Each plate rose like a serrated blade, and black demonic flames roared across them.

Clutching his flame-wreathed axe, he poured in every drop of beastly power, demonic aura, and the strange power obtained after consuming the Enlightenment Pill.

The axe screamed under the overload; along its edge, the fire condensed into the phantom of a black Demon Dragon, exhaling ruin enough to tear sky from earth.

"Demon Dragon Skybreaker! Die!"

Garth stamped on empty air. Space rippled, then burst, as his mountain-sized body became a streak of onyx lightning. The axe, carrying a force fit to birth worlds, came screaming down on Jared.

It was, without a doubt, Garth's strongest blow to date. After all, it was forged from madness, despair, and an iron vow to destroy.

The winds howled over the shattered plateau, flinging dust against Jared's robe, yet he stood as calm as still water, facing the attack that would have forced any Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven cultivator to recoil.

He did not even bother to raise the sword hanging at his waist. Instead, he lifted his right hand and extended a single forefinger toward the onrushing, roaring axe energy shaped like a ravenous obsidian dragon.

From the tip of that finger, a Chaotic Fire Spark was born-no bigger than a firefly, yet forged from primordial chaos.

Within that faint ember slumbered a power capable of burning heavens, of remaking earth, sea, flame, and wind into whatever shape its master desired.

The spark kissed the colossal axe energy.

There was no thunderous detonation, only a sharp hiss-like a branding iron pressed into fresh snow.

The spectral dragon shrieked, its serrated jaws frozen mid-snarl, and then the entire mass of black energy crumbled, inch by inch, into wisps of smoke that the wind carried away.

The Chaotic Fire Spark, untouched, followed the collapsing trajectory of the axe energy, flowing upstream until it settled on Garth's scaled forearms, where they gripped the giant weapon.

"Ah!"

Garth's howl ripped across the cliffs, so raw it barely resembled a human voice. The sound echoed off distant peaks, scattering flocks of birds into the cloud-streaked sky.

The Chaotic Fire Spark adhered to him like a parasitic flame and spread with terrifying speed.

Scales as hard as spirit-steel, the

sinew beneath, even part of the demon soul anchored in his flesh everything melted, vaporized, or burned to ashen dust beneath the inexorable Law of Chaos.

Agony beyond description flooded every shred of his consciousness.

And with the pain came something worse—a primal terror as he felt his strength stripped not merely away but out of existence itself.

The giant axe slipped from lifeless

fingers and tumbled earthward. Garth's massive body followed, limp and weak as it cartwheeled out of the air and crashed into the

mountainside, carving a crater wide enough to swallow a cottage.

At the pit's bottom, his forearms were simply gone, stumps glazed black with swirling chaos that refused all hope of blood or regeneration.

The arrogance and rage that once burned in his eyes had drowned beneath layers of pain and uncomprehending fear.

Jared teleported to the crater's rim, a ghost of motion, and looked down on the broken beast like a man considering an inferior being.

"Your life isn't mine to collect. Mr. Riftclaw will come for it in person," Jared said coldly.

With a casual flick of his sleeve,

Jared wrapped the dying creature in

a soft current of force, hoisted him

from the pit and flung him toward the distant gates of the Mystic Sky Sword Sect as though discarding refuse.

An elder of the Sword Sect quickly reacted as he caught the mangled opponent in mid-air and shackled him with rune-etched chains and layered seals.

Watching that scene, Sheldon felt the last wall inside his mind collapse.

Garth, whose strength nearly matched his own, had not survived even a single exchange. Terror washed over anger, pride, and everything else.

Escape! I have to escape immediately! This Jared Chance is no longer human. He's a monster! No, he's the devil! If I stay any longer, I'll be doomed.

A Warrior Undefeatable

However, just as Sheldon turned to flee—ready to activate a life-saving secret art that would burn his own nascence, an aged, hoarse voice rang out. It sounded like bones grinding against one another, carrying a chilling cold that sent shivers down

the spine.

"Leaving in such a hurry, Mr. Soulsby?"

The voice came from deep within the ranks of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect from the pitch-black war carriage that had remained silent all this time, drawn by nine skeletal demon dragons.

Without any wind, the curtain of the carriage slowly lifted.

A hunched, gaunt figure—so frail it seemed a gust could knock him over—emerged step by step, leaning on a ghastly white bone staff.

His entire body was shrouded in a voluminous black robe, his features hidden from view. Only a pair of eyes burning with eerie green flames was visible.

Those green flames flickered, as if capable of scorching the soul itself.

With his appearance, the surrounding temperature plummeted. Even the air seemed to freeze as an overwhelming aura of death and decay spread outward, thick enough to suffocate.

It was the Supreme Elder of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect—Mordain Frostgrave, a true demonic colossus who had lived for countless ages, and whose cultivation had reached Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven.

He was also Infinite Soul Demon Sect's final trump card and pillar of strength.

At the sight of Mordain, the Demon Sect disciples—who had been on the brink of collapse—seemed to grasp their last lifeline. A glimmer of hope reignited in their

eyes.

Hun Sha, as if clutching at the last straw, hurried to Mordain's side, his voice trembling with grievance and venomous hatred.

"Elder Frostgrave, you're finally taking action! This brat is utterly wicked! He brutally slaughtered multiple elders of our sect! I beg you, Elder Frostgrave, suppress him and avenge our fallen elders and disciples!"

Mordain did not spare Sheldon a glance. His ghostly green-flamed eyes locked onto Jared in midair like a venomous serpent, scrutinizing him from head to toe as though trying to peel away every secret.

After a long moment, his rasping, grating voice slowly rang out, filled with unconcealed contempt and icy malice.

"Young man, your methods are vicious and bizarre. Who knows what disgraceful inheritance you picked up in some backwater corner-yet you dare swagger about here, slaughtering members of my Infinite Soul Demon Sect? You're merely at Human Immortal Realm Level Nine. How dare you act all high and mighty with such a hollow and unstable foundation? Do you truly think I cannot see through your tricks?" he scoffed. "Kneel. Hand over your inheritance and magical items. Cripple your own cultivation. Perhaps, in consideration of the difficulty of your path, I may spare you a remnant soul and send you into reincarnation. Otherwise, I will let you taste what true soul-stripping and spirit-refining means-eternal damnation, never to be reborn!"

Mordain's words swept across the battlefield like a frigid wind from the netherworld, making countless hearts quake.

The naked greed and cruelty in his tone sent chills through all who heard it.

At last, Jared looked directly at the Supreme Elder of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect for the first time.

His gaze remained calm. It lingered for only a brief moment on the dense aura of death and decay surrounding Mordain before a faint curve-colder than ten thousand years of black ice—appeared at the corner of his lips.

"How are you so old and still so

devoid of morals?" Jared said

hisv

slowly, his voice quiet yet clearly audible to all. "You're already reeking

of rot and have one foot

the grave.

Yet you still dare spew such

nonsense? You want to see the true extent of my powers, huh?"

With that, Jared raised the Dragonslayer Sword in his hand, the tip pointing directly at Mordain.

"Very well then. You can see, but in exchange, I want your life."

The instant the words fell, Jared moved.

There was no overwhelming momentum and no charging of power.

He simply thrust his sword toward Mordain's direction, yet this sword strike was unlike any before.

As soon as the blade moved, the ultimate energy that Jared had kept restrained erupted violently.

Behind him, the phantom of the Chaotic Fire Lotus became clearer than ever, slowly rotating as it scattered billions of rays of chaotic radiance.

The Dragonslayer Sword in his hand finally unleashed its own true edge—an unparalleled sharpness that seemed capable of severing star rivers and slaughtering true dragons.

From the sword tip burst forth an extremely condensed sword energy, as though it had devoured all light and color, leaving behind only the purest essence of chaos and annihilation.

At its inception, the sword energy was no thicker than a thumb. Yet the moment it left the blade, it crossed space itself ignoring time and law—appearing directly before Mordain's brow.

It was indescribably fast, as if the sword had always been meant to be there.

More importantly, it was also indescribably strong!

Wherever the sword energy passed,

space itself silently collapsed, leaving behind a pitch-black scar that refused to heal. Within it, earth water fire, and wind replayed their cycles while stars were born and destroyed anew.

Mordain's green-flamed eyes shrank to pinpoints at the instant the sword energy appeared.

Needless to say, he had felt it. It was

a supremely destructive sword intent that made even his soul tremble and within it, the aura. the Chaotic True Flame, as if capable of burning away deathly demonic essence he had cultivated for tens of thousands of years. Jared's power was staggering!

A Warrior Undefeatable

"No!"

A fear of death seized him. Mordain screamed, his voice breaking. He let out a shriek so sharp it nearly tore his voice apart.

He stopped caring about dignity-about status, about being a legendary figure of the demonic path—and unleashed everything he had.

The Bone Sceptre in his hand exploded, forming a ghastly white shield made of countless screaming skulls.

Netherworld Ghostfire surged around him in layers of protection, while twisted black-gray chains infused with curses and death itself burst from the void, lunging toward the sword strike.

All of it was meaningless.

That chaotic sword energy was like divine judgment-inevitable, absolute.

The skull shield disintegrated on contact.

The Netherworld Ghostfire vanished like snow under the sun.

The death chains shattered before they even drew close.

The sword energy pierced through every defense, and in the reflection of his terror-stricken eyes, gently tapped his forehead.

A light noise sounded.

Time itself seemed to freeze, caught between one heartbeat and the next.

Every motion, every breath, every twitch of resistance inside Mordain was locked in place like an insect trapped in amber.

He remained standing in that last defensive stance, green flame eyes already guttering, the light within them snuffed out almost before it dimmed.

At the center of his brow, a pin-sized hole appeared-bloodless, perfect, impossibly precise.

From that single wound, tiny cracks of swirling grey spread outward in a spiderweb, racing across bone, robe, and shriveled flesh.

Cracks sounded like glass shattering. The sound felt louder than thunder.

The stooped body, the tattered black robe, even the splinters of his once-feared Bone Sceptre dissolved into glittering motes of muted chaos light, drifting away on a breath of wind.

Nothing-no body, no soul, not a sliver of marrow-remained.

The final cornerstone of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect, their Supreme Elder at peak Heavenly Immortal Level Nine, had been felled by one stroke of Jared's sword.

Silence followed.

It was a deeper, longer silence than any that had come before.

Wind halted. Clouds congealed. Even lungs forgot the art of breathing.

Every living soul became a wooden figurine, staring at the spot where the old fiend had vanished, watching the last motes of chaos dust drift apart.

Sheldon's face froze in a mask of horror, eyes hollow, mind vacant-as though his spirit had fled ahead of his body.

My greatest trump card, the sect's final pillar... gone-slain by a single sword?

Thud.

Someone's knees buckled first, crashing to the ground.

A chain reaction followed; disciples of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect and Melded Beastkin warriors collapsed in spreading waves, faces bloodless, bodies shaking before the figure in the sky. None found courage enough even to beg.

Across the field, members of Mystic Sky Sword Sect broke free of numb shock and erupted into wild, survivor's celebration.

"Mr. Chance-unmatched might!"

"We're saved! The sect is saved!"

"He slayed the supreme elder—one sword steadies the world—Sir Chance is invincible!"

Their shouts rolled through the Myriad Sword Mountains like a tidal wave of thunderous joy.

Jared lowered the Dragonslayer Sword, the blade's crimson glow shrinking to a single ember before vanishing entirely. Around him, the swirling haze of ultimate energy and the curling phantom petals of a fire-lotus folded inward and melted into still air.

From the shattered ridge, he stared down at the plain where the Infinite Soul Demon Sect and the Melded Beastkin army knelt like lambs awaiting the cleaver. In the distance, Garth hung in chains, and near him shuffled Sheldon, hollow-eyed.

Yet Jared lifted the blade no further. His voice, cool as night water, drifted across the valley—not a shout, merely a statement everyone heard as clearly as thunder.

"Begone. Gather what remains of your legion, leave the Myriad Sword Mountains, and crawl back to the Blood-scar Plains you came from. Tell Soul Devourer to wait.

I, Jared Chance, will come for his head soon."

His eyes swept over Sheldon as though studying refuse left to rot beside the road. "Set one foot back on this soil or scheme against the MysticSky Sword Sect or the shattered remains of the Myriad Beast Sect and... the fate that befell that old geezer moments ago will become your lesson."

Having delivered his decree, Jared turned away from the crawling mass. In a single stride, he vanished and reappeared inside the shattered gate of the Mystic Sky Sword Sect, stopping before Linden. Behind remained a battlefield of broken invaders and a holy mountain

erupting in thunderous, tear-soaked cheers.

Only after Jared's silhouette had long dissolved did Sheldon shudder, as though he had just bolted awake from a nightmare.

He cast a venomous yet frightened glance at the sect gate, at the smear of Garth's blood, at the drifting ash that had once been Mordain. "Retreat."

The single word rasped from a throat scraped raw by terror, humiliation, and unspent rage.

The Infinite Soul Demon Sect and

Soul

Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect

warriors broke like a tide sucked suddenly back to sea. Helmets, banners, and even sect robes were flung aside as warriors trampled one another in their haste to escape the Myriad Sword Mountains?

They had arrived beneath choking storm-clouds, beasts roaring at their heels; now they fled in thin, scattered knots, each soldier praying the butcher behind them lacked an extra pair of legs.

Jared had spared Sheldon for a reason: the man would be his living message, a trembling courier sent to promise Soul Devourer that Jared himself would soon claim that infamous head.

With the Dragonslayer Sword humming at his waist, Jared felt the universe bend outward once more; confidence swelled inside him like a fresh sun, and he thought, almost laughing. I can do it again.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Beyond the mountain range, at the ragged fringe of the Blood-scar Plains, the once-ominous coalition limped homeward.

A day earlier, they had been arrogant. Now clusters of survivors skulked like strays, ripping off sect insignia and cursing the slow gift of two legs.

At the head staggered Sheldon, skin the color of grave dust, eyes unfocused, gait that of a man centuries older than sunrise. Jared's indifferent stare kept spooling through his mind; the casual flick that erased a demon elder to ash; the single sweep of sword-light that turned hundreds of elite cultivators into drifting sand.

Again and again, the same fragments replayed inside Sheldon's bruised mind. He saw Jared's sword split the sky. He saw Mordain—once the immovable pillar of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect—vanish in a single, merciless flash. Each recalled image felt like a shard of ice boring straight through his pride.

He had lost.

No—he had been utterly, humiliatingly crushed. More than seventy percent of his elite forces lay dead or scattered, and the sect's strongest protector was nothing but drifting ash.

Their once-dominant stronghold on the Blood-scar Plains was in ruins. Whether the sect could even keep its gates open beneath the hungry gaze of rival powers on level ten had become a terrifying unknown.

Yet the blade that pierced Sheldon's heart most deeply was Jared's final, glacial warning. "Tell Soul Devourer to wait."

The master Sheldon had believed to be his salvation now looked more like an executioner's summons. Jared was coming for Soul Devourer. And, judging by the nightmarish strength already displayed, the young swordsman might—might— actually be able to topple that living god. Terror tangled with hatred, despair, and twisted, frantic hope until Sheldon's sanity began to fray.

With a sudden, feverish jerk, he lifted his head toward the distant, smoke-ringed heart of the sect. A crazed shimmer lit his eyes.

"The lord... yes, the lord is still there!" he rasped. "Only Soul Devourer can crush that little beast. We return at once-full speed-report everything and beg him to avenge us!"

The few surviving elders staggered into motion as Sheldon's cracked roar lashed across the ruined plain.

Meanwhile, in the Mystic Sky Sword Sect, relief at still being alive mingled with the raw horror of battle's wake. Tear-streaked disciples gathered the fallen, swept blood-spattered flagstones, and patched shattered walls one stone at a time. The sect had endured, but at a price that took one third of its members-familiar smiles that would never return.

On the grand plaza before the main hall, Linden stood with help from two elders. Blood leaked through the seams of his robe, and each breath rattled, yet his gaze burned with gratitude as it found the man in the blue cloak ahead.

"Mr. Chance... no, Sir Chance!" He pushed aside the supporting arms and bowed until his forehead touched the scarred marble. Emotion strangled his voice. "Had your sword not descended like a heaven-sent miracle, the thousand-year foundation of our sect would have been erased today. Your grace has saved our lives and preserved our home. Mystic Sky Sword Sect and I will remember this debt for as long as our blades draw breath. We offer you our deepest bow!"

Every elder and disciple still able to stand followed, bending low in a single, thunder-silent salute that seemed to shake the mountain more than any roar.

Jared raised one hand. A gentle yet irresistible wave lifted the entire crowd upright. "Mr. Cloudridge, there is no need for ceremony," he said, voice mild. "Fate linked me to Clara and to your sect long ago Offering help was simply the right thing to do."

"Linden straightened up. The excitement on his face had yet to fade, but a trace of worry crept into his eyes."

"Senior... my daughter, Clara. She went with you to the Myriad Beasts Sect. I wonder how she is now..."

"Ms. Cloudirdge is safe," Jared replied truthfully. "She's recovering in the secret realm and should be mostly healed by now."

He paused briefly before continuing, "She's deeply concerned about her sect's safety. She must be extremely anxious at this moment. I'll head back and inform them right away."

Only then did Linden finally let out a long breath of relief. He clasped his hands repeatedly in thanks. "Thank you sir, for looking after my daughter! This kindness. cannot be repaid with words. Should you ever Sky

have need of us, the Myu ever

Sword Sect will spare no effort!"

Jared gave a slight nod and said no more.

His gaze shifted to Garth, who lay heavily wounded and tightly restrained under the watch of the Sword Sect disciples. "This man is a traitor of the Myriad Beasts Sect and one of the chief culprits. I must take him back and hand him over to Paxton."

"Please, take him at once," Linden said firmly. "If the Myriad Beasts Sect requires assistance, the Mystic Sky Sword Sect is still capable of fighting."

Jared did not flinch. With a sweep of his sleeve, a gentle force wrapped around the barely conscious Garth. In the next instant Jared's figure turned into a streak of chaotic light and shot toward the Blazefire Secret Realm, vanishing beyond the horizon in the blink of an eye.

Linden and the Mystic Sky Sword Sect's executives stood in silence, staring in the direction Jared had departed. Awe and emotion filled their eyes.

"That man... is truly beyond mortal measure," an elderly, white-haired elder murmured.

"After this battle," another elder said gravely, "the balance of level ten will likely be rewritten entirely."

Linden drew a deep breath, suppressing the turbulence in his heart. "Pass down the order. Repair the grand formation at once, treat the wounded, and assess our losses."

After a brief pause, his voice grew resolute. "And prepare a golden statue. I will have one erected for Sir Chance, so that the disciples of the Mystic Sky Sword Sect may revere him for generations to come."

"Yes, sir!"

A Warrior Undefeatable

Within the safe zone of the Blazefire Secret Realm, after several days of rest,

Paxton, Gavin, Yvette, and the others had recovered from most of their injuries. In fact, misfortune had turned into a blessing-nurtured by the secret realm's pure fire spirit energy, their cultivation had all advanced to varying degrees.

Clara had fully recovered as well. There were even faint signs that her Sky Scorching Sword Art was on the verge of a breakthrough. Yet her heart remained unsettled. Worry for her sect weighed heavily on her mind, and she found herself unable to sit still, repeatedly glancing toward the entrance of the secret realm.

Not far away, Reiner sat cross-legged atop the Flame Crystal Mountain. His aura was deep and restrained, as though he were quietly contemplating something. Still, between his brows lingered a trace of faint, unspoken melancholy.

Suddenly, the light barrier at the entrance rippled violently. A figure in azure robes drifted in, carrying a massive body that was barely clinging to life.

"Sir!"

"Sir Chance!"

The moment they saw Jared return, everyone rose to greet him. But when Paxton's eyes fell upon the figure in Jared's grasp-Garth, both arms severed, battered and utterly miserable-his pupils contracted. In an instant, searing hatred and uncontrollable emotion surged through his gaze.

"Garth, you traitor!" Paxton strode forward, his silver pupils locked onto the man responsible for the fall of the Myriad Beasts Sect and the deaths of countless fellow disciples. Unrestrained demonic power surged from his body, rippling violently through the air.

Jared casually tossed Garth to the ground like trash.

Garth struggled to lift his head. When he met the killing intent blazing in Paxton's eyes—then caught sight of the former comrades around him, now staring at him with naked hatred-boundless terror finally swallowed his heart.

Sect Master of the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect. Grand ambitions. Lofty dreams. Before death, all of that was nothing more than a cruel joke.

"Mr. Riftclaw! Mercy! Please, mercy!" Garth writhed on the ground, trying and struggling to bow. His voice was hoarse and shrill as he begged, "I was wrong! I lost myself! I was deceived by the Demon Sect! Please, sir, remember that I once bled for the Myriad Beasts Sect, that I rendered meritorious service! Spare this wretched life of mine! I'll give up everything I know! I'll lead the Melded Beastkins back into submission! I'll serve you like a beast of burden—anything!"

"Silence!"

"Bled for the Myriad Beasts Sect? Earned merit? What about the elders and disciples who died at your hands—yours and the Demon Sect's? Was their blood not blood? Were their sacrifices not sacrifices? Elder Barrington treated you with nothing but trust—and you repaid him by joining the demon scum to surround and kill him! So many of our people believed in you, and you led traitors to butcher them instead. Your blood is cold. Your heart is black. Today, in my name as Sect Master of the Myriad Beasts Sect, I cleanse our ranks and avenge the fallen!"

With that, Paxton gave Garth no chance to beg any further. His right hand closed, demonic power surging and condensing into a sharp, silver wolf's claw. Carrying grief, rage, and unyielding resolve, it drove forward without hesitation.

"Ugh!"

A short, strangled cry escaped Garth as the light in his eyes rapidly faded, leaving only emptiness. His massive body finally went limp and collapsed to the ground.

Paxton withdrew the bloodstained claw. His chest rose and fell violently, and a faint glimmer of tears shone in his eyes.

Vengeance had been exacted—but the dead would never return. The sorrow in his heart was beyond words.

Slowly, he knelt, facing the direction of the Myriad Beasts Sect. His voice was low and steady. "Elder Barrington. Fellow disciples. I, Paxton... have avenged you. May you rest in peace."

Gavin, Yvette, and the other surviving disciples followed suit, kneeling as well. Facing the same direction, they bowed their heads in silence, tears falling.

After a long while, Paxton rose to his feet. He wiped away the moisture at the corner of his eyes, then cupped his fists solemnly toward Jared. "Sir, your kindness in helping me slay this villain is a debt I—and what remains of the Myriad Beasts Sect will remember for all eternity."

"Now that the ringleader has been put down, the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect is leaderless. This is the perfect moment for us to return to our lands, set things right, and restore order."

"I intend to lead my people back to the Myriad Beasts Mountain at once—to rebuild our strength, purge the traitors, and console the fallen spirits."

Jared nodded. "That is the proper course. The Infinite Soul Demon Sect has only just suffered defeat and should be in no position to interfere anytime soon. You may act without restraint. If the need arises, the Mystic Sky Sword Sect can also lend its aid."

As he spoke, he relayed Linden's kind offer.

Paxton offered his thanks once more, then immediately began gathering his clansmen, preparing to leave the secret realm and return to the Myriad Beasts Mountain Range.

At that moment, Clara stepped forward. She first bowed gracefully to Jared. "Thank you, sir, for saving my sect—and for bringing back Garth, that traitor."

Then she turned to her master,

Reiner. Resolve and reluctance mingled in her eyes. "Master, the sect has just endured a great

calamity. My father has been gravely injured As a disciple of

As a disciple of the Sword

Soot 1 must return at once to stand with my father and my fellow disciples through this trial. I ask for your permission."

Ling Yan slowly opened his eyes and looked at his disciple-strong-willed, yet deeply loyal and compassionate. A flicker of complex emotion crossed his gaze.

He remained silent for a moment before finally rising to his feet and stepping toward Clara.

"Clara, you've grown up. You have your own path to walk now." Ling Yan's voice, no longer carried its usual stern edge. Instead, there was a quiet weariness to it tempered with warmth. "Return to the Mystie Sky Sword Sect. That is where your roots lie, and where your responsibility is. As for me... I won't be going back with you."

Clara froze. "Master..."

Reiner looked toward the depths of the secret realm—the vast, enigmatic world of flame that had grown noticeably calmer since Jared absorbed the core of the Chaotic Origin Flame, yet remained boundless all the same.

After a soft sigh, he said, "The Blazefire Secret Realm exists because of the origin flame fragments. Now that its core has been taken, this place is still a blessed land of fire-but it has lost its true 'source.'"

"For me, staying here no longer holds much meaning."

He paused, and a sharp, resolute

light-one belonging to a sword cultivator rekindled in his eyes. "I've cultivated for tens of thousands of years yet I've been stalled at the Heavenly Immortal Realm, unable to glimpse the path beyond. Perhaps it's time for me to step out into the wider world. The vast heavens are boundless-there must be other Chaotic Origin Flame fragments, or other opportunities that could help me break through. I intend to go and seek them."

A Warrior Undefeatable

Hearing this, something stirred in Jared's heart. He asked, "Sir... does that mean the Chaotic Origin Flame exists in more than just this one place?"

Reiner looked at him and nodded. "You carry a Chaotic Flame seed yourself, so there's no harm in telling you. According to my senior, Lucas, when heaven and earth were first formed-when chaos was divided-there once existed a supreme Chaotic Origin Flame. At some point, it exploded, and its fragments scattered across the countless heavens and worlds, transforming into innumerable sources of flame."

He continued calmly, "My senior once said that a single spark was left behind here, and from it, the core of the Blazefire Secret Realm was born."

"As for the true, complete Chaotic Origin Flame..." Reiner paused briefly. "It may exist only in the legendary Place of Origin."

A single spark. And yet it had given rise to the Blazefire Secret Realm-harboring such vast fire-element origins and laws that it had propelled Jared's strength forward in leaps and bounds. He had broken through to the peak of Human Immortal Realm Level Nine and had even formed the shape of the Chaotic Fire Lotus.

The realization left Jared deeply shaken.

If he could find a larger fragment-or even the complete origin flame...

A powerful urge to explore, along with an intense hunger for greater strength, quietly ignited within his heart.

Tears shimmering, Clara dropped to her knees before Reiner. The scorched stone hissed where her tears fell. "Master, take care!" she cried, bowing. "I will miss you. May destiny guide you swiftly to your goal!"

Reiner lifted her gently, then gave Jared one final, approving glance. Without another word, he dissolved into a roaring ribbon of crimson sword-light that slashed the heavens open and vanished into the yawning void.

Clara remained facing that torn horizon, her slim shoulders quivering, her silhouette frozen against the feverish red sky.

At last, she steadied herself and turned to Jared. "Sir Chance, I must return to the Mystic Sky Sword Sect. I will never forget the life you saved and the home you shielded. If ever you are free, our gates stand open for you."

Jared inclined his head. "Safe travels, Clara."

She exchanged quick farewells with Paxton and the other beast cultivators, then led her disciples away in a silver sweep of sword-light, departing the Blazefire Secret Realm.

Soon, Paxton rallied the shattered ranks of the Myriad Beast Sect, bowed deeply to Jared, and marched toward the Myriad Beast Sect Mountains, eyes blazing with renewed purpose.

In mere moments, the once-clamorous secret realm fell silent, leaving Jared alone amid the after-echo of swords and roars.

He stood atop the Flame Crystal Mountain, surveying the landscape he had, by sheer presence, reshaped.

Within his elixir field, the nascent Chaotic Fire Lotus revolved slowly, each petal resonating with the realm's lingering embers.

Jared exhaled a brittle whisper. "Infinite Soul Demon Sect... Soul Devourer..."

A cold gleam flashed through his eyes. It was time to finish what had begun on level six.

He did not descend to help Paxton rebuild, nor detour to visit the Mystic Sky Sword Sect.

His purpose was razor-straight-to drive his blade into Soul Devourer and erase the threat that had shadowed him since level six.

Yet curiosity tugged at him. A top-tier demon sect might guard fragments of the Chaotic Origin Flame or treasures just as potent.

With no more hesitation, Jared blurred into a prismatic streak, a chaotic comet that burst from the Blazefire Secret Realm and raced toward the deepest reaches of the Blood-scar Plains, where the Infinite Soul Demon Sect brooded.

Meanwhile, on the Blood-scar Plains, in the Infinite Soul Demon Sect Headquarters, viscous black demonic miasma, thick as poured tar, swirled overhead in a ceaseless vortex that rumbled with mute thunder.

Even in that forsaken wasteland, the headquarters birthed a darker dread.

The ground glowed a bruised maroon, as though drunk on centuries of blood. Bleached bones—bestial and human—rose in jagged cairns, exhaling raw malice.

Between those ossuaries loomed structures forged from skulls, obsidian, and ghost-lit iron, their warped silhouettes clawing at the boiling sky.

The air reeked of copper, decay, and tainted magic. Any ordinary cultivator lingering here would soon find sanity and soul corroded, slipping toward madness.

At the very heart of the sect's sprawling headquarters, the air lay frozen and bruised. Towering

columns of Netherworld Demonet

Iron-metal so black it seemed to form from a starless void-merged overhead to form the vaulted ceiling of the Infinite Soul Hall. Every stone in that cavernous chamber throbbed with muffled was, as though the walls themselves remembered the agony of spirits long consumed.

On that frigid floor knelt Sheldon. His shoulders quaked, tears and mucus streaking

his face while the last threads of pride bled out of him. Each convulsive sob echoed like a cracked bell beneath the deathly hush.

"Lord Soul Devourer-please, you have to avenge us!" That wretch Jared Jared Chance-stumbled onto some cursed fortune, and his strength has skyrocketed beyond human reason.

"With a single swing of his sword, he butchered Elder Frostgrave-Elder Frostgrave, my Lord, a Top Level

Heavenly Immortal Realm Level

Seven! Our elite elders and disciples lie in pieces-barely one in ten survived! He even shattered the Melded Beastkin Sacred Sect. Garth

Thornscale was captured

alive dead or breathing, leant tell which! The brat then told you to wait,

because he's coming for you! My Lord, if we do not answer this insult, how can the Infinite Soul Demon

Sect endure on Level Ten? I... I simply cannot swallow this bitter shame!"

High above the plea, a throne woven from countless contorted spirits sat like a crown of nightmares. Upon that throne lounged a silhouette shrouded in a robe so wide and dark that every stray beam of light vanished into it. Only two pinpoints of red-deep as abyssal stars-flickered beneath the hood, each languid pulse tugging at the soul of any who dared meet the gaze.

This was the Soul Devourer, the dread sovereign driven from level nine and forced to nurse his wounds in hiding here on level ten.

As Sheldon's tear-soaked tale unraveled, those crimson embers wavered-subtle, almost lazy—yet enough to make the hall itself tense like flesh before a blade.

A voice rose-dry, rasping, like shards of soul-glass scraped together—and drifted through the chamber in a hush colder than the stone.

"Oh? A Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven felled by one sword stroke?"

No anger colored the words, yet the chill that seeped into Sheldon's marrow made him feel as if his own soul might splinter.

"Y-Yes, my Lord-every word is true! I watched it happen! Jared's sword aura devoured everything Elder Frostgrave's bone shield, even his mastery of death law-it all melted like wax before a furnace!"

Soul Devourer offered no reply. Silence gathered, thick as ash.

The twin red lights blinked-once, twice as if weighing impossible numbers.

He remembered the boy from level seven, a bothersome patch of glue he could never quite peel off. From level six onward, that pup snarled at my heels. Low cultivation, yet endless trouble. On level nine, he wrecked my escape, forced me to sever hard-won strength, and flee here. I thought level ten's haze would smother his scent... yet he followed. And now he grows faster than sense allows. Cutting down a worn-out Heavenly Immortal Level Seven elder is still... unsettling.

The thought ended in a faint hum, like steel deciding whether to sing or scream.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"So... the boy hides quite the secret," the Soul Devourer murmured, the rasp now edged with ice—and a glimmer of hunger no mortal ear could miss. Power enough for a Human Immortal to sever a Heaven Immortal Level Seven... That is no ordinary stroke of luck.

Perhaps the youth bore some heaven-defying legacy. Perhaps he carried a treasure even the ancient void had never revealed. Whatever the answer, the crimson eyes dimmed—and in that moment the vast hall felt smaller, as if the world itself had begun to narrow around a single, predatory intention.

"My Lord, that swaggering Jared Chance behaves as though you did not exist. He must be hunting for you this very moment. Please, emerge from seclusion, wield your supreme arts, crush him in your grasp, rip out his soul, refine it, and wipe away this insult."

Catching the faint spark of murder in his lord's eyes, Sheldon pressed harder, hammering at that spark like iron on an anvil.

Soul Devourer offered no reply. Twin pinpricks of crimson light burned inside his hood, sweeping across Sheldon for a single heartbeat. The glance dropped Sheldon into an instant, glacial abyss.

"Do I require your counsel on how to act?"

The iciness of that question rattled through the hall; Sheldon's knees knocked against the black flagstones. "N-Never," he stammered, forehead thudding against the floor. "I would never presume, my Lord!"

"Hmph. Jared Chance will be dealt with by me alone. But not yet."

Slowly, the Soul Devourer rose from the throne. As his sable robes lifted, the very miasma within the grand hall began to churn and bow, as though the darkness itself worshipped him.

A pressure deeper and broader than anything Elder Bonewick had ever radiated spilled outward. It reeked of devouring, chaos, decay, and despair—as though every wicked thought and every shard of suffering in creation had gathered to crown this single figure.

"My injuries are already ninety percent healed. Once I drain the final living essence from this Ten-Thousand-Soul Blood Pool, my strength will return in full—perhaps even surpass what it once was. Then, not merely Jared Chance, but even lords of level twelve will crawl at my feet, trembling."

Delight flashed across Sheldon's pallid face. "Congratulations, my lord! Your invincible power will rule the world!"

He had barely finished the last syllable when a thunderous detonation rocked the fortress, shaking pillars and showering dust from the vaulted ceiling.

Shockwaves rolled inward from the perimeter of the Infinite Soul Demon Sect's citadel-walls crumbled, towers split, screams ignited. The Sect-Guarding Grand Array shrieked like a dying beast as ribbons of light were ripped away and scattered into nothing.

"What's happening?"

Color drained from Sheldon's face; terror surged in to fill the void.

The crimson embers in the Soul Devourer's hood narrowed, snapping toward the shattered doorway.

A deacon-drenched in blood, one arm severed-scrambled across the threshold, slipping in his own gore.

"M-Mr. Soulsby... My Lord-it's terrible! Jared Chance has breached the fortress! He cleaved the outer array with a single sword-stroke; patrol disciples lie in heaps. He is marching straight for the Infinite Soul Hall!"

"W-What? How dare he? How did he find us so quickly?"

Sheldon's soul nearly fled his body; instinctively, he looked to the Soul Devourer for direction.

Without a breath of wind, the Soul Devourer's cloak billowed. Red eyes flared into scorching suns, and an even colder wave of murderous intent slammed through the hall.

"Excellent. Truly excellent. I had not

yet sought him out, and already, he walks into my claws. Since he is so desperate for death, I shall oblige him. Sheldon-activate every restriction in the headquarters. Rally the remaining disciples. No matter the cost hold him long enough for me to arrive. Once my strength is complete, I will emerge and snuff out that buzzing fly with my own hand."

"At once, my lord!" Sheldon stammered, scrambling from the throne room on hands and knees before sprinting off to make the preparations.

Terror still coiled around Sheldon's heart, yet the certainty that Soul Devourer would soon be whole rekindled a frail ember of hope.

Behind him, the Soul Devourer

blurred into a streak of ebony, dissolving into the gloom until his phantom silhouette sank into the Ten Thousand Soul Blood Pool a pit that glowed with on-scented mist and the howls of the damned.

He intended to break through the final barrier before Jared arrived.

Meanwhile, outside the Infinite Soul Demon Sect headquarters, the once-foreboding outskirts looked as if a primeval beast had ploughed straight through-charred wreckage and shattered stone lay everywhere.

More than half of the grim buildings lay in heaps, the ground carved by sword-gouged ravines and scorched by unholy fire.

Corpses of demon sect disciples sprawled in grotesque angles—some sliced clean apart by sword energy, others burned to brittle charcoal, still others shriveled to husks as if their very souls had been drained away.

Jared advanced at an unhurried pace, the Dragonslayer Sword resting loosely in his palm as he stepped across rubble and ruin toward the sect's heart.

A veil of pale, chaotic radiance drifted around him; every wisp of demonic aura, every lurking curse or hidden lightning trap simply disintegrated one meter before they even touched him.

True resistance never formed those who had survived his first three strokes at the gate were still crippled by terror and fled the moment they glimpsed his silhouette.

On the rare occasion when a cornered elder tried to trigger a forbidden seal or explode in martyrdom, a casual flick of Jared's chaotic sword energy erased them before their screams could start.

Soon, he stepped into the sect's innermost ring, facing the jagged façade of the Infinite Soul Hall and before it, a glistening Ten-Thousand-Soul Blood Book

where viscous crimson for

and

faces contorted in endless agony.

Beside that pool, Sheldon had marshalled his last trusted elders and elite disciples into a ragged Ten-Thousand-Soul Grand Array, standing rigid, every face ashen. Their eyes showed naked dread, the array's light flickering like a candle in wind— faith had already abandoned them.

"Jared Chance!" Sheldon's voice cracked, yet he forced it to boom. "You trespass upon our sacred ground—our lord's retreat! You've butchered countless disciples. Your crime deserves death!"

"Leave now, or when our lord is disturbed, you will die without a grave!"

Jared did not spare Sheldon a glance. He looked straight past the trembling defenders toward the pool's center, to the thickest knot of swirling demonic aura.

There, a soul aura he knew too well—immense, vile, hateful—surged upward, gathering for rebirth.

"Soul Devourer, enough hiding. I know you're there. Come out. We have unfinished accounts to settle."