

# A Warrior Undefeatable 5841-5850

## A Warrior Undefeatable

A shadow of uncertainty skimmed Vermilion Demon Lord's face, yet resolve blazed behind his eyes. "I thank you, Mr. Cloudridge. Even if hope is a single thread, I will walk through blades and fire to seize it!"

Jared looked up, fingers tapping the arm of his chair. "Mr. Cloudridge, do we know any landmarks that point to this pool? And when is the next blossoming expected?"

Linden closed his eyes, drifting through centuries of scroll dust. "The old texts are vague," he said at last, "but they speak of a place ringed by three titanic ice peaks arranged like the corners of a glyph."

He counted backward in silence, lips barely moving. "Last recorded bloom—two hundred eighty years ago. By the hundred-year cycle, the next awakening comes within the next twenty years. Could be this winter...or the winter after the next dozen."

Hope flared brighter in Vermilion's gaze. Twenty years, to a cultivator, was no more than a drawn breath.

"I wield primordial flame," Jared said, confidence ringing clear. "And after merging with the ice nascence, that fire has only grown. I even command a fragment of ice law. If a mere frozen pool bars the path, I have nothing to fear."

The ice plains, a frostpool, a flower—compared with worlds I have burned and storms I have endured, they are insects beneath an avalanche.

Linden's hand drifted over his beard again; this time, the motion felt like a warning bell.

"Sir Chance," he murmured, "even if cold, wind, and lurking beasts cannot dissuade you, one obstacle remains more troublesome than any blizzard or serpent."

Jared's eyes narrowed. "What obstacle?"

Linden's voice dropped to a hush that filled the chamber with frost. "The Eternal Ice Plains are not unclaimed tundra. Its core has long been considered sacred ground by a singular, aloof people—the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan."

He allowed the name to hang like falling ice.

"The Northern Abyss Celestial Clan? They're all Celestials?" asked Jared. This was the first time he heard something like that.

"Yes," he continued, answering Jared's unspoken question, "they carry ancient god- blood, born to the language of ice. Their bodies rival star-steel, their lifespans stretch beyond imagination. From their palace-Northmere Hall-they oversee nearly every resource the icefield offers, especially the hidden sanctums. The Bloodshade Ice Pool is almost certainly under their guard."

Linden's eyes hardened. "They are proud, frigid hearts. To them, all who dwell beyond the ice are lesser, unclean. Trespassers receive no warning: at best, expulsion; at worst, obliteration."

His final words tolled like iron on stone. "Countless masters thought their cultivation high enough to ignore that decree. The snow still keeps their bones."

Jared listened in silence, piecing together the revelation Linden had just offered. The so-called Northern Abyss Celestial Clan, he now understood, was nothing more than a proud tributary of the vast Celestial race.

Yet every member of that offshoot, he learned, carried the same sickness of arrogance. They drifted through life like self-crowned emperors, their gazes skimming over lesser souls as if the world were personal property.

Jared almost laughed. People behaved that way only when life had not yet bruised the vanity out of them.

A handful of decisive beatings, he mused, and even the loftiest tiara would learn humility.

After all, he himself bore the legendary Golden Dragon Bloodline, yet had never felt the urge to parade it about.

Beside him, the Vermilion Demon Lord's crimson face darkened a shade; clenched fists grew so tight the knuckles shone white.

The situation was turning into sleet on frozen ground treacherous terrain, elusive treasure, and now a local tyrant unwilling to yield.

Jared's voice remained level, yet iron lay beneath it. "So they are Celestials what of it? I have never hesitated to strike the Celestial race. Offshoot or heartland, if their bastion blocks my road will tear it open. Rest easy Mr. Cloudridge swore to bring back the Blood-Lotus, and I will. But blunt force alone will not suffice; cunning will carry us through the gate."

Bold words aside, Jared truly feared no Celestial. He still intended to face their patriarch and demand the freedom of Maxwell.

Linden read the resolve blazing in Jared's eyes; trying to dissuade him further would only seem patronizing.

He clasped his hands behind his

back, pondered for a heartbeat, then spoke. "Sir your sense of honor ě humbles me. Our Mystic Sky Sword Sect seldom deals with the Northern Abyss Celestial Clap yet we do possess charts of the Eternal Icefield's outer and

midlands-weather shifts, hidden pitfalls, regions best avoided. You are new to level ten and know none of this. Allow a familiar guide to lead the way; it could spare you needless blood and conflict."

Turning toward the archway, Linden called, "Clara, come inside."

The doors parted, and Clara stepped forward, snow-white training leathers whispering against the floor. Her presence was as cool and precise as falling frost.

"Father. Sir Chance," she greeted, bowing respectfully.

Her gaze hesitated on Vermilion for a single heartbeat—no surprise; she had overheard enough in the corridor.

Linden continued, "Clara, Sir Chance

and Vermilion here are bound for the Eternal Ice Plains in search of a lifesaving herb. You once crossed level ten's landscape beside the Flame-Sword Venerable Youknow the land well. Guide Sir Chance and aid him with your whole heart."

Trust shone in the master's eyes, though a pinprick of worry hid beneath the surface.

Clara pressed fist to palm without hesitation. "Yes, Father. I will devote myself fully."

She turned to Jared. "Sir, both our sect and I owe you more than we can repay. Whatever you ask, I will attempt gladly—even at the cost of my life."

She meant every word; had Jared not intervened, the Mystic Sky Sword Sect might have been ashes, and she perhaps another casualty.

Her devotion ran so deep that she would not have flinched at even the most personal of requests; to stand beside Jared was, to her, an honor beyond measure.

To serve a hero of such stature, she thought, would be a privilege few were granted.

The very notion of sharing in his trials filled her with fierce, unspoken pride. Jared caught the shine of admiration in her eyes—the quiet willingness to sacrifice without complaint.

He had seen that look before; sooner or later, most women he encountered found their hearts tilting toward him. Clara would, evidently, be no exception.

At least the trek across the ice plains will not be lonely, he mused. A companion to talk with—and perhaps cultivate alongside—will make the white silence bearable. He bowed toward Linden. "My thanks, Mr. Cloudridge, and to you, Clara, for your forthcoming help."

The Vermilion Demon Lord sprang upright. Crimson robes hissed around his boots as he bowed deeply to Linden and Clara. "Words cannot repay such kindness. Vermilion engraves this debt upon his heart," he said, voice gravelly yet earnest.

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"We move now—no more delays."

He turned toward Linden, voice firm yet warm. "Your sect still needs its patriarch's hand. Remain here and restore order. The three of us will take our leave at once."

Linden escorted them to the foot of the mountain gate. Snow-bearded and grave, he said, "Sir, the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan is fathomless. On their own frozen tundra, they are super strong. If victory proves impossible, guard your life; time is long. The Sword Sect's doors will always stand open for you."

Jared nodded once, eyes steady. "Rest easy, Mr. Cloudridge. I know my limits."

A new streak of light—brighter, swifter than their arrival—shot skyward. Jared, Clara, and the Vermilion Demon Lord became a single comet, arrowing toward the far-northern edge of level ten.

With every mile north, the air thinned, and the temperature plunged with frightening speed.

Verdant hills gave way to austere tundra, then rose again as chains of blizzard-scoured peaks and knife-edged glaciers.

Needle-fine ice crystals rode the screaming wind, sleeting against their spiritual light shield with a ceaseless, rasping hiss.

An ordinary cultivator, even skimming the outskirts of this land, would already be forced to burn reserves of power just to keep blood from freezing.

Clara knew the route well. She pointed out subtle shifts in cloud banks, steering them clear of white-out maelstroms and invisible fractures in space.

Her instructions came crisp and spare, as efficient as the woman herself.

The Vermilion Demon Lord traveled in silence. Most of the time, his eyes stayed shut as he honed his demonic essence, yet now and then he gazed toward that endless whiteness with a flash of urgency—and of resolve.

Jared, cruising beside them, let the strange northern laws of nature wash over him like sleet.

Here, ice and water rules thrummed, bold and abundant, while every other element muted itself to a distant echo. Within Jared's core, chaotic celestial energy reshaped itself into threads of diamond frost, teaching his body to breathe the cold.

From time to time, he unfurled his spiritual sense, spearing it through storm clouds in search of divine signatures or any ripple that did not belong to the snow.

The further north they flew, the madder the weather grew. Leaden clouds sagged over the ice plain, and shards of wind hammered their light shields with gunshot bursts.

After two full days aloft, Clara pointed toward a ring of colossal ice that guarded a natural cavern mouth. "Ahead lies an ice den that can block the storm. Let's rest till morning," she suggested, clear voice almost lost to the gale.

Jared nodded. With a sweep of his sleeve, chaotic celestial energy opened a corridor through the swirling snow and ferried them to the cave entrance.

Inside, the cavern was unexpectedly dry. A sheen of frost glassed the rock floor, and ice pillars of every shape glimmered in the shadow like muted chandeliers.

The Demon Lord chose a corner, sat cross-legged, and wrapped himself in a veil of demonic essence, sealing the world out.

Clara laid several warming jades upon the ice, then produced spirit fruit and a flask of water, presenting both to Jared. "You have travelled hard. Refill your strength," she said.

Her pale fingers glimmered in the dim light; a faint rush of color still warmed her cheeks from the long flight.

When Jared accepted the fruit, his fingertips brushed the back of her hand, meeting an unexpected, glacial coolness.

"Thank you, Clara. You're very thoughtful," he said, eyes lingering on the shy flush that deepened across her face.

Startled, she withdrew her hand and twisted the edge of her sleeve. "Please, sir, our sect owes you rebirth. This is only my duty."

She hesitated, then gathered courage. "When we reach the Eternal Ice Plains and the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan stands before us-do you have confidence?"

"When soldiers charge, I meet them head-on. When floods rise, I raise the earth," Jared said, his tone calm yet ringing with certainty. "That haughty little division of a celestial clan will not block my way."

"Your power really blots out the sky," Clara breathed, eyes shining with quiet reverence. "But I have heard of the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan: On the ice plains, even seasoned wanderers skirt them. Please be careful."

sto

Her words carried real fear for him, her gaze fastening to his face like a plea no training could silence.

From the moment they left the Mystic Sky Sword Sect, Clara had asked him lots of questions. She asked about lost sect legends,

cultivation rules, the taste net

of

Wind

across unknown valleys each question threaded with admiration that glowed brighter each night.

Jared, seasoned by many journeys, needed no oracle to read her heart.

He studied the warm flush rising on her cheeks, the way her lashes hid her

thoughts. "Clara, is there something you wish to tell me?"

She froze, then lifted her head. Under his steady gaze, her face went crimson, bright as a ripened apple.

"I... I only hoped to ask about cultivation, sir," she whispered, the words thin as spider silk while her eyes darted away.

Jared laughed, good-natured mischief flickering in his eyes. "Ask about cultivation? It sounds more like you want to dual-cultivate with me, yes?"

A soft, startled, embarrassed cry slipped from her lips before she could bite it back.

Panic fluttered through her limbs; tears pooled, glittering, on the brink of falling.

"S-Sir, I never meant offense. If I could dual-cultivate with you, my realm would soar, and I could better aid your search for the blood lotus. But if you do not wish it, please forget I spoke."

She stammered, her eyes shimmering with both dread and fragile hope.

"There is no need for shame," Jared said, his voice becoming serious. "Travelers often share the road as partners. I see your feelings, and do not dislike you. Strength rules our paths. Dual cultivation weaves hearts and multiplies power. The ice plains are lethal. More power means more life. If this is truly your wish, come at me."

Clara stared, caught off guard by such open acceptance.

She had practiced for hesitation and refusal—never for a yes spoken so easily.

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For a heartbeat, she was motionless. Then joy flooded her like sunlight after endless night. "I... I say yes!" she cried, voice trembling yet certain, shyness burned away by new resolve.

The tears dried, leaving only bright determination in their place.

Jared traced a silent sigil. A silvered barrier sealed the rocky hollow, shutting out snow and every prying sense beyond the stone.

"Crude, but enough," he murmured, folding his legs as a halo of soft, swirling chaotic energy rose around him. "Come."

Clara steadied her breathing and knelt before him, heart thundering like hooves across ice.

Eyes closed, she slipped free of her plain white garb. Pale crystal light stroked skin smooth as carved ivory, casting her in a quiet, sacred glow.

"Be ready," Jared warned with a small, serious smile. "I am... intense."

He leaned forward, and their energies collided like twin rivers meeting a cliff. His chaotic celestial energy wrapped gently through her meridians, feeding them while guiding her sword essence into a sharper, purer flame.

Clara's sword essence gleamed—razor-pure, a shard of winter light—and every stroke sent a bright ripple through Jared's celestial power, sharpening it, making it dance.

Inside the cramped cavern, those twin forces twisted together like silver strands, weaving a faint halo that settled over their intertwined bodies.

The ice-crusted floor, once inert, sprouted delicate runic veins fed by the radiance, and the wild energy of the land streamed inward, flooding their meridians without pause.

Warmth spilled through Clara's veins; the strength she had burned to fight the blizzard returned in surging waves, widening every channel, toughening every thread—at last her long-stalled bottleneck trembled, ready to crack.

She felt Jared's power course through her—gentle, steady, profoundly reassuring— until she surrendered to the current, content to drift in its embrace.

Jared noticed the shift as well.

Clara's sword essence carried a fragrance all its own; in their shared cultivation, the two powers nurtured one another, layer by layer lifting them toward new heights.

Within his core, the Chaotic Fire Lotus and the draconic energy whirled faster, drinking from Clara's immaculate strength until his celestial energy packed itself tighter than molten steel.

Night slipped by in silence. When dawn speared through the crack in the ice roof, the array dissolved, and twin explosions of brilliance burst from their skin before collapsing inward like suns extinguished.

Jared opened his eyes; they blazed like polished blades.

One night of dual cultivation had anchored his Heavenly Immortal Realm Level One cultivation, expanded his reserves, and let him wield the Law of Chaos as if it were a familiar blade.

Clara's lids fluttered open, her aura now fierce enough to hum in the air. Her gaze shone clearer, her skin shimmered, and the cool elegance she carried now bore a subtle, disarming allure.

"Clara, how do you feel?" Jared asked.

"Better than I imagined," she whispered, cheeks pink as she reached for her clothes. "My legs, though—they're a little sore."

"That fades with practice," he said, amused.

He helped her stand.

They glanced toward the corner where the Vermilion Demon Lord sat cross-legged, eyes closed in meditation. The demon seemed oblivious to the previous night, though the pulse of his demonic essence had grown steadier.

Jared alone understood that the ancient fiend had long since gotten used to it.

Back when the demon had been trapped in Jared's consciousness field, he had witnessed worse.

After a brief rest, the trio resumed their march toward the Eternal Ice Plains.

In the evenings that followed, whenever the horizon smoldered red and they sought shelter, Clara would slip naturally to Jared's side, and their cultivation would meld again beneath discreet layers of protective sigils.

Each session deepened their rhythm, braided their spirits tighter, and stitched unexpected fondness between them.

Clara was no longer as shy as before; sometimes she leaned against Jared's shoulder, trading insights or whispering tales of the Mystic Sky Sword Sect.

Jared welcomed every exchange. Clara's noble upbringing and broad view of level ten's cultivation world often sparked revelations he had never considered.

The gains were undeniable-Jared's foundation crept toward Level Two of the Heavenly Immortal Realm, while Clara surged until only a single breath separated her from Level Six.

Throughout it all, the Vermilion Demon Lord maintained solemn silence, his only concerns Selene and the elusive blood lotus.

The demon sensed their meteoric rise and felt no jealousy—only relief; greater strength would carve a path through the frozen hell ahead.

Yet the farther they pushed into the extreme north, the harsher the world became.

Snow and wind hurled themselves across the horizon in a blinding white fury. Glacial laws grew so dense they felt almost solid, each breath as sharp as broken glass-lethal to any ordinary Heavenly-Immortal cultivator.

Yet Jared and Clara, their spirits still intertwined from days of dual cultivation, moved forward beneath a gauzy shield of Jared's chaotic celestial energy. What should have been impassable became no more than a hard winter stroll.

"Jared, Vermilion-look ahead." Clara pointed toward an endless ivory wasteland, her voice thinned by the gale. "That is the heart of the Eternal Ice Plains. Beyond it deeper still lies the realm claimed by the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan."

Jared narrowed his eyes. The plain stretched flat and flawless, a mirror of packed crystal ice. Beneath the surface ran faint violet veins that pulsed with silent menace. Above, the storm raged harder, flinging scythe-shaped shards of ice whose bite could match any Heavenly-Immortal strike.

Vermilion exhaled through clenched teeth. "We made it at last." Resolve flashed across his eyes; the hand at his side trembled. "Selene, wait a little longer. I will claim the lotus for you—no matter the cost."

Jared laid a steady palm on Vermilion's shoulder. "You're not alone. While I stand, that flower will be yours."

He turned to Clara, his gaze unexpectedly gentle. "What comes next will be brutal. Are you afraid?"

Clara shook her head, sword-light dancing around her lashes. "Not while you're here. Whatever waits in the dark, I'll face it beside you."

A small, approving smile touched Jared's lips.

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He released his spiritual sense, sweeping the plains for the three colossal peaks Linden had described—spire-like mountains set in a perfect triangle.

Dragon's power and chaotic energy seeped from his pores, warning any North Abyss scouts that a predator had entered their snow.

The trio stood shoulder to shoulder at the frozen border—towering mountains behind, uncharted death ahead.

Wind tore at cloaks and hair, but could not ruffle the certainty in their eyes.

The road to the Blood-Soul Frostpool had only just begun, and the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan's threat lay coiled a single step away.

Ten days passed in relentless flight.

At last, the world reduced to two colors—endless white below, bruised gray above—so tightly fused that horizon and sky became one.

Ancient glaciers crawled like sleeping leviathans. Blizzards lifted powdered snow into drifting curtains that blurred every outline.

The cold here could freeze common steel in a heartbeat; an average True-Immortal would fade within hours without supreme defenses.

"We have crossed into the outer ring," Clara called through the storm, encased in a shimmering sheath of sword-aura that kept the blizzard at bay. "A few thousand miles more and we're near the central patrol routes of the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan. Every step from here demands more caution."

Jared dipped lower, slowed his pace, and fanned his spiritual sense like a radar dish -each sweep finer than the last.

The ice was not dead. Far below, faint pulses of life-frost-beasts, crystalized herbs -clung to cracks in the permafrost. Occasionally, he tasted lingering traces of old cultivation auras-ghost-echoes of those who had ventured here and never walked back.

Roughly two thousand miles deeper, the outer rim of his awareness snagged on several alien signatures-knife-cold, impeccably pure, carrying a haughty aloofness. They slid over the ice rather than flew, merging with storm and snow as though born from the blizzard itself and they were closing fast.

Suspended above the blinding snow, Jared let the beam of light beneath his boots fade. "Someone's coming," he said, his tone as even as the falling flakes.

The Vermilion Demon Lord stiffened. Dull crimson essence rippled over his armor like slow-moving ember smoke.

Beside him, Clara tightened her grip on the sword at her hip, her young face set and winter-pale.

Moments later, three silhouettes bled out of the gale ahead, as silent as phantoms sliding through torn curtains of snow.

They wore antique war-plate the color of glacial lakes, every curve etched with layered snowflakes and labyrinthine runes.

Tall and spare, their skin carried the bloodless sheen of things kept from daylight. Handsome features were marred only by eyes colder than locked ice.

A faint blue sigil—an ice-crystal brand—glimmered across each forehead.

The foremost warrior radiated the power of a Level Three Heavenly Immortal. He leveled a spear of transparent ice at the trio and spoke in a voice flat as permafrost. "You stand

within the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan's turf. Outsiders are forbidden. Turn back at once, and you may yet live."

The words were not shouted, yet they sliced through the storm, an imperial decree meant for insects that had skittered too near a god's altar. Every syllable dripped with the aloof pride and xenophobic certainty of his race.

Jared took in the warriors' haughty poses and allowed the faintest crease to touch his brow. He was no butcher by nature; this journey was for the pill to save Selen. He had no wish to harvest fresh enemies from barren snow.

He stepped half a pace forward, voice steady respectful. "Friends, we mean no trespass. Urgent need drives us to the Blood-Frost Pool to gather a Thousand Year Frostblood Lotus. That herb decides whether my companion lives or dies. Grant us passage, and we shall repay the favor-treasure of equal worth, if you desire."

The Vermilion Demon Lord's lips twitched, as though he wanted to speak, yet the moment passed. He merely watched the gods with taut shoulders.

Clara sheathed her blade and offered a small, formal bow to underline Jared's plea.

The spear-wielding captain did not soften. If anything, an amused chill peeled at one corner of his mouth. "Mere insects dare call my people 'friends'?" he murmured, the derision sharper than winter wind.

"The Blood-Soul Frostpool is a sacred cistern of the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan. Every petal, every drop belongs to us alone. Outsiders will not touch it."

Another celestial warrior snickered. "Save a life? What is a mortal life to gods? Crawl off this ice or leave your bones here as ornaments."

"Captain, you're too kind. Let us kill them now—an example to the next fool who hungers for our sanctuary."

The three traded their threats as though swatting flies, never offering the smallest sliver of mercy.

That ingrained arrogance, that contempt for any life other than celestials, drew a frost of anger across Jared's eyes.

The Vermilion Demon Lord's crimson complexion faded to a sick gray; despair and rage wrestled in his stare.

Clara's fingers tightened on her hilt again, knuckles bleaching white.

"So end of discussion?" Jared's tone remained level, yet the Vermilion Demon Lord could hear the storm gathering beneath it.

The captain echoed him, a single eyebrow lifting. "Discussion?"

The captain of the Celestials-tall, silver-haired, his ice-tipped spear humming in his grip-let out a laugh so harsh it rang like shattering glass across the frozen plateau. plateau. "The will of our kind is the will of heavens," he sneered, tracing a razor-thin arc of frost through the

air. "I allowed you insects to crawl away as a mercy. Refuse that mercy, and you will-die."

That final word struck the silence like a gavel. At once, his two lieutenants moved. The captain himself vanished, reappearing above Jared's crown with a burst of

snow-dust, spear descending in a straight line meant to nail the man's soul to the ice.

To the right, the warrior with a bow drew and loosed. Three arrows, forged entirely from pure,

murderous cold, fanned out in a net

perfect triangle. One sought Jared's chest, the others streaked for the Vermilion Demon Lord and Clara Even space seemed to crack where those bolts passed. And at ground level, the last warrior's hands blurred through sigils. Within a hundred feet, the gentle snowfall exploded into a roaring cyclone of ice blades, each shard spinning in hungry spirals that closed every route of escape.

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Blizzard, arrows, and spear converged in flawless harmony-evidence that these Celestial soldiers had long since turned extermination into ritual.

One of them barked a contemptuous curse, an insult flung like grit into the wind, daring their human prey to resist.

"You're pushing your luck!"

Jared's patience finally splintered. A lance of molten gold flashed behind his eyes, and the calm he had worn like a cloak evaporated.

He invoked no grand incantation. He merely lifted his right hand, two fingers aligned as a blade, and swiped upward against the falling spear.

A note rang out—clear, bright, and terrible—as though a sleeping dragon had sung. From his fingertips burst a thread of chaos-forged sword-energy so fine, so dense, it seemed able to sever the laws of the world themselves.

The captain's spear—an artifact empowered by Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Three cultivation—shattered like brittle sugar under that stroke.

Terror widened the captain's pupils. He twisted, meaning to retreat, but the sword energy whispered across his throat first. His head left his shoulders, expression frozen in disbelief, yet no blood spilled. Blade and chaos erased flesh, spirit, and the very idea of him in a single, silent breath.

Jared's left hand closed on empty air. A spectral dragon's claw-woven from raw, primal energy-manifested above him and clenched.

Cracks raced across the three ice-arrows; they exploded into harmless motes. The blizzard of knife-edged snow slammed into an unseen barrier, collapsed, and fell as gentle flakes once more.

The surviving Celestials felt their arrogance congeal into dread. How could this mild-mannered human, who looked scarcely older than a novice, wield such annihilating power?

Their captain had been a Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Three cultivator, the pinnacle of their squad, and Jared had ended him with a flick of two fingers.

"Run!" Panic shredded discipline. The two warriors spun, desperate to dive into the sheltering white.

Jared's voice followed them, cold as iron left overnight in the snow. "Now you wish to leave? Too late."

With a flicker of intent, Jared released two threads of chaotic sword-light-fine as baby hair, swift as forked lightning. The filaments slid in after the defenders' own attack, pierced their protective radiance, punched through the ice-blue armor, speared the back, and burst from the breastbone.

Both divine soldiers froze mid-stride. The light in their eyes guttered. They stared down, aghast, at the tiny, fatal holes eating away their lifeforce and very souls. A heartbeat later, they toppled like felled statues, breath and divinity extinguished.

From the first spark to the last corpse, scarcely two breaths had passed.

Wind and snow still howled across the empty plain, yet a tomb-still hush now ruled the killing ground.

Clara drew a steadying breath, snow crusting her lashes. "Jared, we just killed warriors of the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan. They won't-can't-let such an affront slide."

Jared answered with the faintest nod. "I know. I never sought trouble, yet trouble keeps seeking me. An enmity has been forged, so let it be. As long as they don't bar my path to the medicine I need, I'll ignore them. Should they come again, I'll kill them-nothing more to discuss."

The words were spoken quietly, yet each syllable rang with unassailable confidence and a chill edge that promised swift execution.

Jared turned to the wasteland once more. "Come—we keep moving. The Blood- Soul Frostpool won't find itself."

He spared not a glance for the three bodies. A swirl of his sleeve, and he, Clara, and Vermilion streaked deeper into the icebound expanse.

As Jared had predicted, the clan reacted with stunning speed.

They had covered barely a distance before the thin air behind them split with a shrill, metallic screech.

It was no windborne cry but a crystal signal arrow, its ice-forged whistle able to carry for hundreds of miles across the barren flats.

"Quick indeed," Jared murmured without looking back.

His spiritual sense swept the rearward horizon and saw everything.

Five cobalt streaks knifed over the ice—each a Northern Abyss Celestial Clan warrior encased in full battle mail and cocooned in light.

They skimmed the frozen surface on crystal boards that kissed the ice with almost no friction, outpacing ordinary flight by a third. Foremost raced a giant of a man, twin-bladed frost axe in hand, aura peaking at Level Fivest heavenly Immortal. The other four, Level Four, fanned into a practiced hunting wedge.

The leader's roar battered through the blizzard imperious and cold. "Foreign trespassers, halt and submit! You have murdered our patrol a crime worthy of death. Surrender now and your corpses may remain intact!"

Jared's stride never faltered. He spoke to Clara and Vermilion alone: "Stay on course. Find the pool. I'll tidy this up."

"Be careful," Clara said, worry flickering before she shot ahead, white cloak snapping like a banner.

Vermilion followed with a guttural laugh; he knew minor pests posed no threat to Jared.

Only then did Jared turn, planting himself amid the whirling snow, white robes and black hair whipping in the gale. His expression was calm, his gaze fixed on the five hurtling specks.

A hundred and fifty meters. Ninety. Thirty.

Seeing their quarry waiting rather than fleeing, the leader's surprise flashed, then boiled into rage; no outsider had ever dared taunt their clan on the plains.

"Form the Mystic Ice Dragon Binding Array!" he bellowed, driving the double axe into the frozen crust. Crackling sigils spread like spiderwebs beneath their skates.

The ice field erupted with a boom that rattled the sky. Splinters fanned outward like falling stars.

Five crystal columns—each as thick as an ancient oak—shot through the fractured surface, rocketing into low-hanging clouds. Countless, tunes fine as snow-dust, shimmered across the glassy trunks.

The pillars did not stay still. They whirled, savage and fast, carving scythes of frozen wind that circled Jared and forged a spinning cage of blades.

An unseen magnetic tide fused with a crushing gravity well between those spires.

Any ordinary Heavenly Immortal cultivator would have fought simply to remain standing.

At the perimeter, four warriors claimed the cardinal points. Fingers knotted into seals, they drove torrents of ice-born essence from their arms into the hungry array. Blue light blazed. Heat fled. Moisture in the air crystallized at once, dusting Jared's protective aura with glittering frost that gnawed, layer by layer, to entomb him alive. Jared tilted his head, studying the whirling rune-stamped prison as though it were a curious painting rather than a weapon meant to kill. "Interesting. But still far too weak."

The Dragonslayer Sword rested in silence against his hip; Jared had not even used the blade yet.

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He merely lifted his right index finger and tapped the air toward the nearest pillar. A mote of swirling, chaotic light bloomed at his fingertip—no larger than a grain of rice yet carrying the hush of galaxies being born and dying.

The mote blossomed without thunder, without glare. From Jared's finger, a silent ripple rolled outward, invisible but absolute, sweeping through every shard of ice and every line of rune.

Crack...

The sound of shattering glass flooded the night, sharp enough to make people wince.

Spider-web fissures raced across the rune-laden columns. In the space of a blink, they riddled each pillar from base to crown.

With one cavernous roar, all five collapsed at once, exploding into glittering powder that drifted like cruel snow.

The five warriors anchoring the array spat arcs of blood, their complexions draining to parchment white. The backlash of the broken formation tore through their cores and left fear naked in their eyes.

"Impossible! The Mystic Ice Dragon Binding Array can detain a Level Six Heavenly Immortal for minutes—" the ax-wielding captain screamed, his voice cracking mid-protest.

Jared answered only with an indifferent look. Two fingers slid together in the air, sketching five strokes too swift for mortal sight.

Invisible sword intent flashed. The warriors felt a sudden chill at their throats—then the world spun.

They watched their own headless bodies sway, blood freezing into scarlet icicles before it could spray. Consciousness fled into a darkness deeper than winter.

Jared never paused. He turned, stepped once, and reappeared three thousand meters ahead. Two more strides carried him to the Vermilion Demon Lord and Clara.

From halting his stride to erasing five lives to vanishing again, the entire exchange lasted no more than three breaths.

"Keep moving." Jared's tone did not ripple. To him, the blood he had just shed mattered no more than the smears a man wipes away after swatting flies.

As the three pressed deeper, the world around them deteriorated—air thinned, light waned, and the cold dug in like iron claws against naked bone.

A ragged ice fissure suddenly yawned ahead. Its chasm ran so deep that the bottom lay beyond imagination. Knife-sheared walls rose on either side, the corridor scarcely thirty feet wide a single, merciless throat leading to the heart of the frozen plains.

"Sir, the landscape is dangerous. Perfect for an ambush," Clara murmured, unease coiling behind her measured voice.

Sword hand steady, she combed the glittering walls with her spirit-sense, inch by frigid inch, unwilling to let even a snowflake hide a threat.

Jared nodded. His eyes flashed golden, and he swept the canyon with that draconic sight.

In that vision, pulses of hidden power blazed like fireflies in pitch darkness—twelve distinct flares buried inside the walls.

Each spark masked a celestial warrior: the weakest hovered at Heavenly Immortal Realm, Level Four; the strongest, two of them, burned at Level Six.

Those killers had merged with the ice itself—their heartbeats, breaths, even their auras thinned to threads, proof of assassins born to silence.

Beneath the ice at both mouth and exit of the gorge slept three chained arrays, linked to detonate in hungry succession.

One wrong step would unleash a storm fierce enough to cripple even a sixth-tier Heavenly Immortal.

"Twelve hidden fighters, three Ice Explosion Arrays," Jared reported, voice still calm.

"Two at Level Six, four at Level Five, six at Level Four—stronger than the last squad we met," he added, almost conversational.

Beside him, the Vermilion Demon Lord inhaled sharply, the sound frosting in the air.

A formation like this—paired with such terrain—could bury even a Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Eight master who slipped once.

Clara tightened her grip on the hilt, silently bracing for the battle certain to erupt.

"Stay within ten feet of me," Jared instructed, then strode into the gorge without hesitation.

His boot kissed ice and the sleepers awoke.

No warning, no war-cry—just raw murderous intent ripping open the hush.

The air itself screamed as weapons tore free.

Twelve glacial silhouettes burst from the walls, moving so fast that their after-images hung behind like ghostly banners.

Each brandished a different

ice-forged weapon-swords, spears, wheels, spikes-all radiating deathly chill converging from every direction to seal off escape

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Simultaneously, the three dormant arrays clicked awake beneath the travelers' feet.

Boom!

Columns of compressed frost, each a hundred feet wide, roared skyward, swallowing Jared and his companions in searing blue light.

Shockwaves rattled the gorge. Ice daggers broke loose, clattering down the cliffs like glass rain while the canyon shuddered.

Cold smiles crept across the ambushers' faces.

With coordination like this, even their clan's elders would retreat. These three reckless outsiders were already corpses in their minds.

Then, in the span of a heartbeat, every grin froze.

Within the blue inferno, a single point of gold bloomed, bright as dawn against midnight ice.

At first, the golden light was faint—but in the blink of an eye, it swelled and spread like the rising sun, unstoppable in its ascent.

A faint dragon's cry seemed to echo through the canyon.

Wherever the golden light passed, the raging ice-explosion energy dissipated as if spring snow had met the blazing sun, vanishing without a trace.

A huge golden orb, hovered steadily in midair. Inside, Jared stood with hands behind his back, shielding Vermilion and Clara behind him-both unharmed.

On the orb's surface, chaotic celestial energy intertwined with a trace of draconic energy, forming an impenetrable barrier.

"What?!" Twelve ambushers froze in shock.

The ice-explosion array they had fully activated couldn't even break through the defense.

Jared lifted his eyes, scanning the surrounding divine ambushers, his voice calm and detached. "Nice ambush... but your strength falls short."

Before they could react, he moved.

This time, he did not use sword energy. Instead, his hands formed an ancient, mysterious hand seal.

"Chaotic Hellseal!"

Boom!

From Jared's center, an indescribable, crushing pressure descended.

It wasn't physical weight—it was suppression on the level of cosmic law.

It was as if the weight of the entire world had concentrated here, bearing down on the twelve divine ambushers.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The twelve fell like trash from midair, slamming heavily onto the ice.

Horrified, they realized their

ice-based celestial energy had

completely stalled. Their bloodline powers were fully suppressed. Not even a finger could move. They could only watch as the white-clad figure advanced toward them.

"You... Who are you?"

The leader of the ambushers, a Level Five Heavenly Immortal, struggled to lift his head, eyes wide with fear and disbelief.

He had only ever felt such absolute law-based suppression from a few top elders in his clan.

Jared gave no answer. He simply extended his hand and clenched it lightly in midair toward the twelve enemies.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Twelve muffled explosions rang out like crushing twelve icy grapes. The bodies of the twelve ambushers

erupted simultaneously forming

twelve clouds of blood mist. Within moments, the extreme cold froze them into twelve chillingly beautiful ice-blood sculptures, scattered across the white ice.

Jared released the hand seal. The golden orb vanished with it.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Move." Jared's voice was soft, yet the lone word sliced through the frozen stillness like cold steel.

He strode forward without a backward glance at the grotesque ice statues they had left behind. Each step was measured, almost leisurely, as though the slaughter moments earlier had been no more than a brisk evening stroll.

Behind him, Vermilion Demon Lord and Clara traded a glance, and in that fleeting exchange, both tasted the same emotion—reverence so deep it brushed the edge of fear.

With the ease of a lifted hand, he had crushed and erased twelve Heavenly-Immortal experts, two of them sixth-grade elites.

Power of that magnitude hovered beyond anything the pair or anyone they knew—could truly comprehend.

When the trio emerged from the canyon, only twelve blinding, blood-red ice blossoms remained, scattered beside the shattered bones of the Ice Explosion Array. The silent tableau testified to how brief and how brutal—the conflict had been.

Beyond the ravine, the land unfurled into a vast glacial basin, a pale-blue mirror beneath a sky the color of raw steel.

At the basin's heart rose a sparse grove of Ice-Crystal Ironwood, trunks tall and clear as hammered diamond. Though they glittered like sculpture, each gleaming bole was many times harder than tempered steel—prized for forging cold-element artifacts.

Tonight, that grove had become a murder ground.

As Jared and his companions stepped onto the basin's rim, a rolling chorus of low snarls drifted from among the trees.

The sound oozed hunger and violence the promise of predators that left no survivors.

Clara's voice dropped to a harsh whisper. "Frostsoul Wolves—and Mystic Ice Giant Bears! Out here, each adult of those beasts rival a Level Five Heavenly Immortal, and their alphas touch Level Seven. Judging by that uproar, there are plenty. Since when could the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan control such brutes?"

Jared swept the grove with his spiritual sense, piecing the scene together in an instant.

More than three hundred Frostsoul Wolves crouched beneath the grove—each twice the size of a common wolf, pelts glimmering blue, fangs like daggers, claws flashing with hoarfrost.

Three among them loomed larger still, single horns jutting from their brows-wolf-kings whose very breath roared at Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven.

Behind the lupine tide lumbered eight Mystic Ice Giant Bear, each a moving cliff. Reared upright, they towered five stories high, muscles knotted beneath plates of ice-thick armor.

One silver-furred behemoth at the column's center radiated power at the very peak of Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven—the Alpha Bear

Even the grand sects on level ten would flinch before a legion of fang and claw like this.

Worse, every beast had been pushed past reason. Crimson eyes blazed, breaths hissed with madness; they would not stop until nothing living remained.

Jared spoke evenly, his gaze never leaving the trees. "They didn't tame them. Someone enraged—or lured—the pack, herding it onto our road. Better to let animals bleed us than face us themselves."

His words had scarcely faded when a razor-edged howl tore through the timber, chased by a thunderous ursine bellow.

Wolf-song knifed through the air, shrill and savage.

An answering bear roar shook snow from the branches.

Three hundred wolves burst from the wood, a cobalt tide skimming the ice and flinging clouds of powdered snow skyward.

Eight bears thundered after them; every footfall sent tremors skating across the frozen crust.

A beast tide.

A true, unstoppable beast tide.

Even a Level Eight Heavenly Immortal would think twice, choosing to harry from the flanks rather than meet that charging wall head-on.

Vermilion's complexion bleached to the color of old parchment. Before them stretched a living tide of fanged monsters, and he knew—even if Jared could stand against it—he and Clara would be little more than drifting leaves in that storm.

Clara inhaled sharply. Her blade whispered from its sheath, and a ribbon of chill, silver sword-energy gathered before her like autumn frost creeping across a windowpane.

Jared's mouth curved into an irrepressible, almost careless smile. "Perfect," he murmured, his voice low yet vibrant, "let's see what this new insight can really do."

He stepped forward—only one deliberate pace—and placed himself alone between the onrushing horde and his two companions.

Hundreds of beasts loomed behind him, a writhing backdrop of claws and muscle that made his solitary frame seem fragile yet he stood unbowed, rooted like a mountain that had forgotten how to move.

Slowly, he lifted both hands. His left palm cradled invisible weight; his right hand pressed two fingers upright against his chest, quiet as a priest beginning prayer.

A single scarlet spark flickered in his left palm, swelling into a fire lotus, each petal rotating gently within a haze of chaotic energy.

Deep in that flaming blossom slithered a thread of dark-gold flame shaped like a dragon, and the heat that bled from it threatened to scorch the very memory of cold from the world.

It was the fabled Chaotic Dragon Fire-born of Chaotic Origin Flame and draconic energy, now obeying Jared's silent will.

At the tip of his right fingers bloomed an ice-blue light—no simple frost, but the essence of a law that could freeze motion itself and force time to hesitate. The Law of Freezing.

He had pushed his chaotic celestial energy to mimic the power of ice nascence, refining it until nothing colder could exist.

Fire and ice—bitter rivals since creation—now coexisted in his hands, drifting closer until their edges kissed, shimmered, and began to mingle.

"Chaos Origin-Ice-Fire Duality!" Jared's shout rang like a gong, shaking dust from unseen rafters of the sky.

Both palms slammed forward, releasing everything in a single, unanswerable gesture.

The world split along an invisible fault, the sound deeper than thunder and longer than an earthquake's groan.

To his left, heaven and earth ignited into a roiling crimson sea, each wave forged from dragon fire that could char sorcery and melt metal before thought could form.

A mere ember from that sea could devour enchanted artifacts and blister the soul that wielded them.

Dragon shapes flickered through the flames. Even the distant grove-hardened by centuries of cold started to sag and drip like wax in an oven.

To his right, the world became a cathedral of perfect frost, air itself crystallizing until motion slowed and silence rang.

Space froze so completely that thin black fractures spidered across the sky, as though reality's glass pane could no longer bear the strain.

Such ruptures only appeared when the Law of Freezing touched its highest summit.

Thirty meters before him, fire and ice swirled yet stayed distinct, twining into a hundred-yard disk—a colossal Ice-Fire Duality Array, rotating with deliberate majesty.

The foremost beasts crashed against that duality array.

A hiss like searing metal on snow split the air.

Wolves that leapt into the fire half vanished in silent puffs of smoke, carcasses gone before a cry could form.

Their once-glittering blue pelts and shields of frigid light shriveled against the Chaotic Dragon Fire as if they'd been painted on paper.

Those that sprinted into the frozen half became perfect ice sculptures mid-stride, only to shatter under the charge of the pack behind.

The extreme cold arrested heartbeat and soul alike, ending existence without a mark of blood.

The Ice-Fire Duality Array rolled forward, and every creature-wolf or bear, fang or claw-melted away like snow meeting the noon sun.

The three-headed Alpha Wolf tried to skirt the array, but Jared lifted one hand and flicked three threads of primordial sword light. Each beam of chaos cut through a skull as if it were parchment. The massive carcass slammed onto the ice, the earth shuddering beneath its weight.

The silver-furred Alpha Bear, fiercest of the pack answered with a roar that shook snow from distant ridges. Plates of glacial mail flashed across its hulking frame,

and ignoring the crushing heat and cold at the edge of the diagram-it charged like a living siege engine straight at Jared.

Every time the beast's paws struck, the frozen lake cratered outward, chips of sapphire ice spraying sky-high. Its momentum felt unstoppable, its presence

terrifying.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared regarded the charging giant with a single, almost tired glance. He extended his right index finger and, as casually as one might dismiss dust, flicked it toward the advancing bear king.

A crisp snap echoed across the basin, sharper than any bell.

Mid-stride, the Alpha Bear froze, shock widening its molten-silver eyes. It lowered its gaze to its chest as though searching for a reason its heart had turned silent.

There, a hole no wider than a man's thumb had appeared. The rim shone mirror-smooth, and no blood spilled. Flesh, bone-even the creature's very spirit-had been erased in an instant by a force beyond mortal grasp.

Thud.

The colossus toppled, kicking up a storm of frost-dust that drifted, sparkling, through the unnatural twilight.

At last, true animal instinct set in. The remaining beasts whimpered, scrambled backward, then broke in every direction-only to find the expanding tai-chi of fire and ice already enclosing them in a merciless ring.

Moments later, the dual energies dissipated, as quickly as fog on desert sands.

Stillness reclaimed the basin.

More than three hundred Frostsoul Wolves, eight Mystic Ice Giant Bears, and their fallen monarchs—every last body had vanished. No shred of hide or shard of bone remained, as though they had been dreams that morning forgotten.

Only puckered craters—first melted by flame, then flash-frozen—scarred the rink of ice, while a haunting blend of heat and chill lingered in the air, proof of the brief, brutal slaughter.

Jared lowered his arms. A hint of pallor crept across his features.

Commanding two diametrically opposed energies on such a scale would drain any Heavenly Immortal; even the chaotic celestial energy had its limits, and the expenditure had not been small.

Yet the result pleased him.

The Vermilion Demon Lord and Clara stood speechless.

What they had witnessed lay far beyond their former definition of power.

That Ice-Fire Duality Array looked less like sorcery and more like the work of fabled gods.

"Rest for awhile. We move on afterward."

He sat cross-legged, swallowed a recovery pill, and let his breathing slow until it matched the hush of falling snow.

The Vermilion Demon Lord and Clara formed a silent guard to either side, eyes sweeping the horizon. After the devastation they had just survived, no living thing dared approach the hollow for some time.

When the appointed rest ended, color had returned to Jared's cheeks. The trio set out once more.

The nearer they drew to the heart of the ice plains, the more frequent—and the more violent—their interceptions became.

After crushing a fourth ambush, this one formed by thirty celestial warriors, they reached a landscape that felt disturbingly wrong.

Ahead stretched a circular plain of glassy ice more than five hundred miles across. It mirrored the ashen sky like a dead lake turned to crystal.

Suspended above, however, lay a translucent blue membrane visible to the naked eye. Runes flowed across its surface—ancient characters that bled spatial power, locking the region within an invisible cage.

"This is a No-Fly Domain combined with an Amplified Gravity Field!"

Clara's face turned serious. "I can feel it—the air here is full of chaotic spatial currents, and gravity is amplified over a hundred times! If we try to fly through, our speed will be drastically reduced... and the spatial turbulence could tear us, apart. We have no choice but to

proceed on foot."

Vermilion tested it and immediately felt his immortal energy sluggish, as if he were carrying a mountain on his back.

Jared lifted his gaze to the faint blue barrier. His golden vertical pupils flickered slightly.

To him, the light barrier wasn't just a simple shield—it was a web of countless tiny sacred rune chains, connected deep into the veins of the icefield beneath. It continuously siphoned the cold and earth energy of the icefield to maintain itself.

The complexity and power level far surpassed any formations they had encountered before.

"This must be part of a massive defensive array laid out by the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan, guarding the core region," Jared analyzed. "If we walk straight through... it's exactly what they want."

Sure enough, the moment the three of them stepped into the zone, three orderly formations silently appeared on the ice plains ahead.

Each formation had fifty warriors—one hundred and fifty celestial soldiers in total.

Clad in standard ice-blue heavy armor and armed with uniform ice crystal spears, their aura was imposing, radiating murderous intent.

These were no longer mere patrols or ambushers—they were the clan's regular army.

The three formations arranged themselves in a three-point formation, their auras connected, forming a larger unified battle formation. At the front of each formation stood a commanding celestial general.

The left general held a massive ice crystal shield, steady as a mountain, a Level Six Heavenly Immortal.

The right general wielded twin ice spears, agile and at the peak of Level Six.

The central general was empty-handed, yet his aura was the most terrifying-he had reached Level Seven Heavenly Immortal! His ice-blue eyes glimmered with divine light, clearly the true commander. This combination of power and scale likely surpassed every sect on level ten.

"You trespass into our clan's sacred territory, breaking through seven of our defenses, slaying over a hundred of our warriors," the general spoke, his voice like millennia of grinding ice cold and bone-chilling. "Your crimes are unforgivable today your Blood will consecrate the souls of our fallen and restore the might of our clan!"

"Northern Abyss Immortal-Slaying Ice Array!"

At his command, the one hundred fifty divine soldiers roared in unison, their voices shaking the skies.

Boom!

The three formations erupted in blinding ice-blue light, merging midair into a massive array covering several miles

Within the spectral projection, a faint form of a Black Tortoise coiled, radiating a deadly aura that chilled the heart.

Once the array formed, temperatures in the zone plummeted, gravity soared to nearly two hundred times normal, and countless razor-sharp ice spikes hung in the air like suspended blades, ready to strike.

More terrifyingly, the array perfectly

unified the strength of all one hundred fifty soldiers. Any attack hitting the array would be shared among all participants, making it nearly impossible to break. And the array's attacks carried the combined force of all one hundred

fifty-terrifyingly destructive.

"Finally, some real action," Jared said, a serious glint appearing in his eyes.

The Northern Abyss Celestial Clan had the strength to dominate the Eternal Ice Plains they clearly had depth.

But Jared didn't hesitate; he was eager to test himself.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Clara, sir, step back and protect yourselves. I'll break this array," he said calmly, drawing the Dragonslayer Sword.

The blade was plain, lacking brilliance. Yet the moment it was drawn, a fierce aura that could cut through cause and annihilate all law surged upward, diluting the murderous aura emanating from the Northern Abyss Immortal-Slaying Ice Array.

The general's pupils contracted slightly. He sensed the sword's extraordinary nature.

"Attack!" he commanded, though confident in his array.

"Black Tortoise World Suppression-Total Frost!"

The spectral Black Tortoise roared, spewing a wide ice-blue pillar of light!

Where it passed, space froze into solid ice, carrying the power to crush everything, aimed straight at Jared.

This strike alone reached the power of a Level Eight Heavenly Immortal.

Jared didn't dodge. He gripped his sword with both hands in front of him, eyes closed, mind and blade completely fused.

Chaotic celestial energy surged within him. The Chaotic Fire Lotus in his elixir field and the draconic energy ignited simultaneously, channeling immense force into the sword.

The Dragonslayer Sword hummed with anticipation. Fine dragon-scale patterns appeared along the blade, and an ancient, vast, all-destroying sword intent began to coalesce.

Jared's eyes snapped open-golden light burst forth like tangible flames!

"Dragonslayer Sword Technique Third Form-Heavenrend!"

He slashed diagonally from bottom to top.

No dazzling sword light, no deafening sound—just a thin, almost transparent gray thread of energy extending from the tip.

It looked fragile, as if it could snap at any moment.

Yet the instant it met the ice-blue pillar, like a hot knife through butter, the pillar, containing the force of a Level Eight Heavenly Immortal, was effortlessly split in two.

The halves grazed past Jared's sides, slamming into the ice behind him, creating two bottomless craters—but leaving him completely unharmed.

The filament of gray swordlight did not falter. It drifted onward with deceptive ease, gliding toward the vast, translucent battle array that shimmered above the ice like an illusion made of starlight.

"Brace for impact—maximum defense!" the commander standing at the center of the Celestials' phalanx bellowed, his voice cracking under sudden fear.

One hundred fifty armored warriors answered at once. Their immortal energy flared, flooding the glyphs beneath their feet. The sigils blazed white-blue, and the phantasmal Black Tortoise above their ranks thickened until it looked hewn from glacial jade.

The sword-thread alighted upon the Black Tortoise's shell, a single gray hair brushing ancient armor.

Time seemed to freeze, holding its breath in the brittle air.

The next heartbeat snapped.

Crack!

A faint, unmistakable fracture rippled through the silence.

From the point of contact, spider-fine fissures raced across the tortoise illusion, webbing outward until they filled its colossal body.

The cracks leapt to the soldiers below. Ice-blue breastplates, crystal pikes, even flesh and bone—all split along the same fatal lines.

"No!" the commander roared, his protest swallowed by despair as the sound tore at his throat.

Boom!

The Black Tortoise—and the warriors who sustained it—collapsed like toppled statues, exploding into shards of armor, splinters of weapons, and a mist of frozen blood.

Azure motes and crimson vapor drifted down upon the white plain, a snowfall of ruin. One stroke an entire battle array lay broken.

Jared stood with his sword lowered, chest rising and falling. That single cut had siphoned nearly a third of his celestial energy, yet the result was nothing short of awe-inspiring.

With the array's keepers dead, the flight-locking field wavered. The pale dome flickered, then burst like a soap bubble, and the crushing hundredfold gravity vanished.

Vermilion and Clara stared at the ravaged field—and at Jared, sword in hand, poised between god and demon—unable to summon words.

"Come. The pool can't be far," Jared said as he slid the blade home. His face was calm again, as though the world-shattering strike had been no more than casual practice.

They stepped across ice that was red, then instantly glass-hard, pressing deeper into the frozen land.

Behind them remained only shattered armor, broken pikes, and blood-red crystals—mute testimony to the celestial warriors' defeat.

Less than an hour later, a pressure unlike any before surged from the icebound depths—ancient, predatory, unstoppable. Vermilion and Clara gasped, lungs seized, spirits quaking under an invisible mountain. Even the screaming blizzard hushed, its snow hanging motionless in the air.

Jared halted, turned, and fixed his gaze on the approaching storm of power. For the first time, true gravity darkened his eyes.

Whoever comes is stronger than every guardian we have faced—stronger even than that Level Seven Heavenly Immortal we slew before.

Jared's mind sharpened in a heartbeat. The stranger's strength sat at the very summit of the Heavenly Immortal Realm—Level Eight, razor-steady, dense as winter stone.

No trace of pill-swollen bluster clung to that aura. Every drachm of power felt earned, hammered into shape by years of honest battle.

An icy blue comet tore through the cloud-bank and speared into the plain, exploding in a shower of frozen light a hundred yards ahead. When the brilliance faded, only a lone figure remained, motionless amid the drifting snow.

He looked to be forty, his features chiseled and severe, eyes as bottomless as a glacier's crevasse. A jagged cobalt sigil burned between his brows—more intricate, more luminous, than any Jared had yet

encountered in these lands.

A simple robe the color of glacier ice hung from his shoulders, yet the cold it exuded warped the very air.

He held an ancient sword of flawless crystal. Though its edge appeared dull, the chill it breathed pricked at Jared's soul like needles of black frost.

"I am Celladin Frostbane, third

general of the Northern Abyss Palace. Are you the interloper who smashed our lines and slaughtered hundreds of my kin? Curious... you register as Level one Heaventy Immortal, yet your aura is a storm of formless chaos, draconic pressure flickering within. Whatever art you' practice, I have never seen its like."

"Step aside," Jared said, his voice calm and level. "I came only for the medicine that will save a life. I've no wish to cut anyone else down."

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Bloodshed?"

Celladin's mouth curved in a blade-thin smile. "To my people, outsiders are insects - crushed beneath a heel without remorse. Killing a handful of insects is no burden on my conscience. Surrender that sword, seal your cultivation, and accompany me to the palace for judgment. Do so, and I may spare the two behind you. Refuse—"

He snapped his wrist. The crystal sword hummed, and frost crawled across the ground in a heartbeat, racing toward Jared and his companions.

"-and this place will become your grave!"

Power detonated from Celladin's body.

A deep bass note thrummed through heaven and earth.

Within a three-thousand-meter radius, the world lost all color, plunging into absolute silence and unbearable cold.

Snowflakes turned to paper-thin razor ice, drifting down in lethal sheets. From the ground speared cruel ice spines—fanged maws eager for flesh.

A domain-icebound and sovereign. Only high-stage Heavenly Immortals could weave such territory, and within it, Celladin reigned absolute.

Every shard of glacial energy answered his will, sapping an enemy's strength even as it fed his own. No formation or battle array could hope to bridge that gulf.

Vermilion Demon Lord and Clara blanched. Their immortal energy stuttered inside them, blood threatening to freeze, thoughts turning sluggish. Inside this field, they would not survive a single stroke.

Jared's brow tightened, a single furrow etching itself between steady eyes.

The enemy's domain was already highly refined, its power not to be underestimated. Most importantly, Jared didn't want Vermilion or Clara to be caught in the crossfire.

"You two, stay at the edge of the domain and protect yourselves," he instructed through mental communication, then stepped forward, deliberately entering the core of the Celladin's domain.

"Seeking death!" A cold gleam flashed in Celladin's eyes. His ice-crystal sword sliced through the air.

Inside the domain, countless ice blades instantly changed direction, raining down on Jared like a violent storm!

At the same time, icy spikes erupted from the ground, surging toward him from all directions!

Each ice blade and spike carried the force of freezing laws, enough to pierce the defenses of an Eighth-Rank Heavenly Immortal!

But Jared did not dodge or retreat. He slowly raised his right hand, palm upward. "Your domain is impressive... but unfortunately, it has met me."

"Chaos Immortal Domain-Open!"

Boom!

An overwhelming aura erupted from Jared's body-limitless, all-encompassing, surpassing everything else.

Within a radius of two thousand meters, the ice blades, spikes, and extreme cold seemed to encounter their natural nemesis—they melted and dissipated almost instantly!

In their place spread a gray, chaotic expanse, as if the world itself had just been born.

In this chaotic domain, there were no elements, no light or darkness—only the raw, primordial flow of chaos.

Unlike the Cold Prison Domain, it didn't have overtly aggressive or suppressive power. Yet it possessed the ability to "assimilate" and "negate" everything it encountered.

The ice blades and spikes that entered the Chaos Domain quickly lost their original forms and law properties. They dissolved into basic ice spiritual energy and were absorbed, assimilated by the chaotic flow, becoming nourishment for the domain itself.

"What... what kind of domain is this?"

Celladin's pupils constricted sharply, his face revealing genuine disbelief for the first time. He had never seen a domain so strange and powerful. His ice domain, in the presence of Jared's domain, melted and receded like snow thrown into boiling water!

"Impossible! Freeze it!"

He roared, unleashing the full power of his domain, a dazzling ice-crystal pattern erupting from his brow, attempting to push back.

His expression remained calm. He focused his mind.

At the center of the Chaotic Domain, the Chaotic Fire Lotus appeared, rotating slowly.

From its core, a dark-gold dragon-shaped flame rose.

"Chaos Dragon Fire-Burn!"

A roar echoed—fierce and primal.

A faint dragon's bellow rippled through the war-torn air. From its echo burst sheets of dark-gold fire sweeping across the chaotic domain. Wherever the blaze passed, the temperature plunged instead of rising, yet that impossible heat seemed ready to incinerate the very fabric of law.

Fire crashed head-on into the icebound realm conjured by the Celladin. The collision hissed and crackled. Entire swathes of glacial law vaporized, then collapsed into glowing embers: A muffled groan escaped the armored giant. Blood beaded at the corner of his mouth as his own domain buckled and hammered back into him.

"What kind of monster are you?" he exclaimed.

Shocked and furious, he dared not hold back. "Ice God Bloodline, awaken!"

He threw back his head and bellowed. The sigil of glacial crystal upon his brow ignited, soaring into the clouds as a column of cerulean light.

Muscles swelled. Scales the color of deep ice crawled over his skin. His eyes became a pure blue void. Power surged, tearing past Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Eight and clawing for the ninth.

The technique was the Northern Abyss Celestial Clan's forbidden rite, able to stir an ancient Ice God Bloodline for a heartbeat of strength far beyond one's station. The price was cruel. When the fury ebbed, only endless weakness waited.

"Ice God Slash-Permafrost!"

Both hands locked around his sword and lifted it high. In an instant the blade swelled to a hundred yards of glittering crystal. Ancient runes shimmered along the weapon, each one whispering of space imprisoned and endings absolute.

That single swing brushed the edge of true cultivation. Even a Level Nine Heavenly Immortal could perish beneath it.

He poured everything into the stroke and hurled it at Jared.

The colossal sword tore open the chaotic field, blue radiance intent on freezing all creation as it descended.

Before the edge arrived, the ice plain below had already collapsed, leaving a vast fan-shaped crater.

Jared lifted his gaze toward the world-ending blade, his eyes utterly calm.

He raised Dragonslayer, the tip aimed at heaven itself.

Within him, every reserve stirred-chaotic celestial energy, Chaotic Fire Lotus, draconic energy, even the newborn thread of Law of Chaos. He poured it all into the steel without hesitation.

The sword hummed like a living thing. Etched scales shimmered, and a mist-woven chaos dragon coiled along the blade, roaring at the vault above.