

# A Warrior Undefeatable 5901-5910

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"What?" Soulbane blurted out. Color drained from his face as the power inside his vaunted Soulbane Palm was briskly peeled apart, swallowed, and snuffed out.

He sensed, with rising horror, that the domain before him behaved like a bottomless pit, devouring every shred of energy he fed it.

Nothing he hurled inside lasted more than a breath; it was annihilation dressed as emptiness.

"Break."

Jared spoke the single syllable, then closed his fist-still as casually as one might tighten a glove before a stroll.

Crack!

The scarlet palm burst apart, dissolving into a mist of blood that was promptly consumed by the Chaotic Fire Domain, leaving no ripple behind.

Silence crashed over the arena.

Every spectator gaped, frozen between disbelief and awe.

Ignatius stood slack-jawed, mouth working soundlessly for a long, embarrassed moment.

The disciples of Earthfire Pavilion blinked, realized what had happened, and then erupted in a roar that rattled the rafters.

"Way to go, Mr. Chance!"

"You're amazing, Mr. Chance!"

The cultivators of Malevolent Path Hall traded looks, their earlier bravado drowned beneath a tide of raw, uncomprehending shock.

"How is that possible? Mr. Soulbane's Soulbane Palm shattered just like that?"

"What kind of domain is that? It swallowed the entire force of the Soulbane Palm!"

"That man... Something about him is downright eerie!"

The next second, a hush rippled across the battlefield. All three deputy leaders stared at the young man in grim, disbelieving silence.

Bonefiend narrowed his crimson-rimmed eyes. "No wonder Mr. Wayne wants him taken alive. That man's hiding a secret of immense value."

Annihilum fixed a blazing gaze on the swirling Chaotic Fire Domain that cocooned Jared. "There's something odd about this domain... Chaos fused with flame? A power attribute like that is unheard of."

Soulbane's face darkened to the color of dried blood. Moments ago, he had dismissed Jared as an ant he could crush between two fingers, yet the young man had just dismantled his signature attack in public, leaving his pride in tatters.

"Kid... You're pretty good," he uttered, every word dripping venom. "But I used only seventy percent of my strength just now. Your luck ends here."

With that, he wove a rapid flurry of seals. Soul-black aura roiled around him, and dense blood-red runes crawled across his skin like living centipedes.

"Endless Bloodsea!"

Boom!

From empty air, a tidal ocean of blood erupted, blotting out half the sky.

Within the crimson waves, thousands of twisted spirits bared fangs and shrieked, each howl sharper than steel. The sheer might, without a doubt, eclipsed his earlier Soulbane Palm many times over.

That, as it turned out, was Soulbane's infamous killing strike—the same technique he had once used to annihilate a city and turn a million lives into food for his sea of gore.

"Jared, watch out!" Ignatius warned. "That's his ultimate killing move!"

Almost immediately, hope that had just stirred inside the ranks of Earthfire Pavilion guttered beneath the shadow of the monstrous blood tide.

Jared, however, faced the oncoming cataclysm with unwavering calm.

He even managed a lazy yawn.

"That's it?"

Two soft words, heavy with contempt.

Before the echo faded, Jared lifted his left hand—two fingers held straight like a sword—and tapped the churning sea as if critiquing a map rather than facing annihilation.

"Earthfire True Flame-Heavenburn."

Boom!

Inside the Chaotic Fire Domain, a pillar of scarlet-gold Earthfire True Flame burst skyward. It twisted, lengthened, and solidified into a fire dragon one hundred yards long.

Every scale gleamed bright as molten metal. In each colossal eye burned a sun-bright blaze.

The fire dragon threw back its head and roared. Heaven shook. Then it plunged toward the blood-red ocean, a living comet of fire and fury.

Within seconds, the fire dragon slammed headlong into the scarlet sea.

Hiss!

Like a red-hot iron bar plunged through fresh snow, the Earthfire True Flame roared forward. Wherever it passed, the bloody tide vanished in a heartbeat, boiled into nothing.

Spectral wraiths that lurked beneath the waves had no time to scream. The barest touch of that primordial fire reduced them to drifting blue smoke.

In just three seconds, an ocean vast enough to blot out the heavens was reduced to ash beneath a hundred-yard column of living flame—without even a single drop of blood-mist left behind.

"N-No... This is impossible!" Soulbane shouted as he stumbled backward. All color drained from his face.

That was my strongest technique, yet it was shattered in an instant. To make things worse, it was done by a Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two cultivator. This is ridiculous!

The realization tore at his mind, ripping apart everything he thought he understood.

Jared withdrew the fire dragon. Hands clasped behind his back, white robes floating, he looked untouched—as though incinerating a blood ocean were a minor chore.

His gaze drifted toward the three deputy leaders. "Why don't the three of you come at me together? It will save me time."

His tone was so casual it might have been small talk about the weather.

"Arrogant!"

"You're courting death!"

"You've gone too far!"

Rage flared in all three deputy leaders at once.

As deputy leaders of Malevolent Path Hall and Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators, they walked unchallenged in level twelve. Never-never- had anyone treated them with such disdain.

And to be belittled by a mere Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two cultivator? The insult cut deeper than any blade.

"Since you clearly have a death wish, don't blame us for ganging up on you!" Bonefiend said with a sinister grin. "All together now. Take him down!"

The trio exchanged a single glance, then moved as one. This time, they held nothing back. Power flooded the air, dark and crushing.

Soulbane summoned Endless Bloodsea once more. The crimson flood thickened, ghostly faces twisting into even fiercer snarls; its might swelled by another third, blanketing the sky and choking off every ray of sun.

Bonefiend raised a bone staff a hundred yards long. At its tip leered a skull whose sockets burned with eerie green fire.

With one swing of the staff, ten thousand bone spikes lashed out like a storm of spears, each one steeped in death-capable of rotting flesh and melting the very soul.

Annihilum was the strangest of all. His body blurred into a billowing gray fog, and from that murk, countless pallid hands unfurled, reaching, grasping, hungry for life.

Finger after finger curled and unfurled, Jared's unseen assailants braiding sigils so elaborate they

looked like living runes. From then et

empty air, those sigils birthed. countless Soul Spikes, each a needle of pure thought racing silent and merciless straight for the center of Jared's mind.

Naturally, those were no ordinary strikes. It was a venomous art meant only for attacking the divine soul. More than one Heavenly

Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivator had fallen the instant those invisible daggers found purchase.

Now, three Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators worked in perfect unison.

Their combined malice churned the

heavens themselves. Blood-red, bone-white, and soul-gray clouds fused into a single vault overhead, pressing downward like a grinding millstone. Across the plain cultivators gasped for breath. The

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weaker ones simply folded,

coughing blood before consciousness slipped away.

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"Jared!" Ignatius shouted, voice cracking with panic as he tried to push past a ring of black-robed killers from Malevolent Path Hall. Blades of corrupted light hemmed him in on every side, forcing him to watch-the one thing he could not bear.

On the viewing platforms, every elder and disciple of Earthfire Pavilion held the same breath. Knuckles whitened on railings. One heartbeat more, and their collective fear might have toppled into despair.

Jared, by contrast, stood as still as a mountain in first light. A strange brightness flickered behind his eyes-excitement, almost boyish reserved only for adversaries worthy of his full attention.

"Good," he said, the single word light yet razor-sharp.

His hands moved again, elegant, unhurried, as though he were playing a harp rather than summoning calamity.

"Chaotic Fire Domain-Skyshatter!"

Boom!

The ground rocked as Jared's domain surged outward—one thousand yards, two, then three—until a fiery cosmos swallowed the sky. Chaotic energy and Earthfire True Flame tangled together, birthing torrents of earth, water, wind, and fire. Mountains heaved up only to crumble into rivers that circled newborn suns. A pocket universe unfolded, complete with its own day, night, and glittering stars.

Seas of blood, bone lances, and soul spikes crashed into that world—and vanished. Chaotic energy dissolved the blood, and Earth fire seared it away. The Law of Water corroded the bone while the Law of Wind scattered the shards.

The soul spikes themselves were first absorbed by chaotic energy, then cleansed by the Law of Fire. Within the Chaotic Fire Domain, the trio's best killing techniques could scarcely crawl, let alone kill.

"Dragonslayer-Armybreaker!"

Jared raised the Dragonslayer Sword in a gesture so casual it looked like the opening stroke of a painter's brush.

A hundred-yard sword energy instantly tore open the heavens, colored gold shot through with storm-gray. Along its length, a five-clawed golden dragon writhed, roaring loud enough to rattle souls.

That swing appeared almost simple. Yet inside it lurked power vast enough to split the forming cosmos in two.

Where the blade passed, seas of blood parted, bone lances powdered, soul spikes winked out of existence.

One sword strike was all it took to shatter all techniques!

"What? I-Impossible!"

The three deputy leaders blanched, instincts screaming. In the same heartbeat, they flung themselves aside.

Yet the torrent of sword energy chased after them—too fast, too savage—erasing the very idea of distance.

"Ah!"

The blade merely skimmed Soulbane's left sleeve, yet it severed the arm flush at the shoulder. Blood geysered into the air.

Worse, threads of chaotic energy and Earthfire True Flame clung to the stump, gnawing at flesh and spirit, refusing both clot and regrowth.

The same arc struck Bonefiend's bone staff. A jagged fissure split the living weapon, stopping a breath from shattering it.

Bonefiend staggered, coughing a ribbon of blood. Bound to his soul, the staff's pain snapped back through their link, lancing his mind with needles of agony.

Annihilum fared worst. The invisible edge erased his soul spikes outright. The psionic recoil smashed into his consciousness. He folded with a strangled groan as blood seeped from every orifice, the gray mist about him shuddering on the brink of collapse.

Jared's single sword strike had severely injured all three deputy leaders.

Silence returned, heavier than before.

Even breathing seemed forbidden.

Mouths hung open, eyes rounded to full moons. The impossible had just been made casual.

Ignatius stood rooted in place, mind scraped blank by awe.

For a heartbeat, Earthfire Pavilion disciples simply stared. Then the grandstand erupted—cheers boomed against the vaulted sky, some voices cracking into sobs of wild relief.

Across the field, the cultivators of Malevolent Path Hall turned corpse-gray, their eyes pools of terror and disbelief.

"How is this possible? One slash injured all three deputy leaders?"

"Just what sort of monster is he?"

"Isn't he only at Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two? This can't be!"

Needless to say, the three deputy leaders were in even more shock. Never in their long, brutal careers had they encountered such a bizarre situation.

A Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two young cultivator had unraveled their combined assault and wounded them all with one swing.

That, without a doubt, shattered everything they believed about power.

"Y-You.. Who the hell are you?" Soulbane rasped, clamping the bleeding stump to his chest.

Jared stayed where he was, sword humming softly. A mild, almost courteous smile quivered on his lips, and the wounded trio felt ice crawl down their spines.

"I'm the one who came to kill you."

The words were spoken softly, yet an iron finality rode beneath them.

Off to the side, Ignatius nearly drooled with envy.

He couldn't believe that Earthfire Pavilion's most guarded technique—the Earthfire Heavenburn Technique—had been handed by Gerald straight to Jared.

Even he, the head of the Earthfire Pavilion, knew only scattered fragments of it.

Thank goodness Jared is now my son-in-law... Otherwise, I doubt I can keep my position in Earthfire Pavilion...

Ignatius cupped his rough, fire-scarred hands around his mouth, lungs straining with elation. "You've got this, Jared! I'm rooting for you!"

Chanting rolled across the arena like thunder. "Go, Mr. Chance, go!"

"You've got this, Mr. Chance!"

"Fight on, Mr. Chance! Fight on!"

Around him, dozens of Earthfire

Pavilion disciples pumped their fists skyward, faces shining as though

rather than

they gaze.

their leader's

Across the field, the three deputy leaders blanched an ugly shade of moss,

humiliation curdling in their throats.

"All together now! Show no mercy!" Soulbane barked, every syllable cutting like broken glass.

Bonefiend roared, a desperate gleam flaring behind his hollow eyes. "Then let's use that move!"

The trio locked gazes, solemn nods sealing an unspoken pact.

They knew too well that, one-on-one, none of them could touch Jared. Only their ultimate, combined gamble offered the whisper of victory.

Soulbane intoned, "With my blood essence, I consecrate the sea of blood!"

"With my bones, I forge hell!" Bonefiend snarled.

"And with my divine soul, I beckon the netherworld!" Annihilum whispered, voice a rusted blade.

In the same heartbeat, they burned

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through their blood essence, shattered bone, and tore spirit from: flesh unleashing their forbidden

arts in a single, horrifying bloom.

"Soulbane-Legion of Ghosts!" Soulbane screamed, the name itself warping the air.

His body detonated into a roiling crimson sea, as though his flesh had always been nothing but liquid malice.

From that ocean rose a Ghost King a hundred yards tall-three heads, six arms, tusked and azure-skinned, each of its six eyes blazing carmine fire. Its aura had clearly reached Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Nine, even faintly touching the

threshold of the High Immortal

Realm.

"Bonefiend-White Bone Hell!" Bonefiend yelled.

His frame fractured to dust; every splinter of bone shot into the earth and grew into a sky-piercing pillar of ivory.

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Thousands of ivory spires punched through the ground, knitting a bone labyrinth ten miles wide.

Inside the ghastly maze, death reeked; skeletal soldiers clawed their way up, mandibles snapping in a chorus of dread.

"Annihilum-Path of the Netherworld!"

Annihilum's form shot skyward as a gray spear of light, ripping a wound in the heavens itself.

From that jagged rent poured foul, turbid waters of the underworld; every drop hissed, corroding even space into ragged black holes.

The stench of absolute death rode the current, a promise that nothing living—flesh or spirit—could escape its dissolving touch.

Three forbidden arts collided with the sky; daylight fled, and the world lurched into bruised twilight.

For a hundred miles around Earthfire Pavilion, blood-red, bone-white, and ash-gray light interwove. Mountains cracked, rivers reversed, and the ground itself shivered beneath the crushing weight.

Creatures great and small collapsed, trembling on their knees before the gathering storm of power.

"Be careful, Jared!" Ignatius shouted.

His excitement drained in an instant. Horror seized his throat, and the cry that tore free sounded ragged, hopeless.

The onrushing strike no longer belonged to the Heavenly Immortal Realm. Its savage might flirted with the threshold of the High Immortal Realm.

Against that edge, even a High Immortal Realm Level One cultivator would have had to yield and retreat.

Faces inside Earthfire Pavilion turned ashen. The fragile ember of hope they had kindled was snuffed out once more.

Across the field, Malevolent Path Hall members bared their teeth in cruel delight, already picturing Jared's body ripped into bleeding ribbons.

Yet, standing at the heart of the coming cataclysm, Jared drew a long, steadying breath, somber light smoldering in his eyes.

He knew very well that this was no time for restraint.

"Since it has come to this, I suppose it's time to let you all witness the true extent of my power."

He lifted the Dragonslayer Sword high, and in the same heartbeat, chaotic celestial energy, Golden Dragon Bloodline, and the searing creed of Earthfire True Scripture erupted from every pore of his being.

The three forces collided, screamed, then knitted together-becoming a newborn energy, murky and primeval, heavy with the weight of creation.

"Chaos-Golden Dragon-Earth fire... triple convergence! Slash!"

The towering blade-light materialized again, no longer burnished gold and gray but a shifting haze of embryonic dusk-pure, unformed chaos honed into a hundred-yard edge.

Within that vaporous sword, a five-clawed golden dragon coiled and lunged, its roar shaking the void, while Earthfire True Flame's molten flames raced along the surface, eager to incinerate all they touched.

This was the stroke Jared had tempered across three centuries of solitude, every insight and every scar hammered into one perfect cut.

It thrummed with the very force that once split light from darkness at the dawn of creation.

The instant it fell, sky and earth bled of color, as though the world itself forgot how to breathe.

Space cracked, time staggered, and even the lofty laws of heaven fled before that blade.

The Ghost King shrieked a sound like tomb doors slamming—before the sword split the specter in two, scattering it as crimson rain.

The alabaster pillars of White Bone Hell shattered and toppled; skeletal legions collapsed into fine, drifting dust.

The Path of the Netherworld hissed into steam, and every rift it had gouged in space sealed as if they had never been.

Just like that, three powerful forbidden divine powers burst like delicate soap bubbles.

"No!"

The three deputy leaders-dark champions of their sect-howled together, terror strangling every note of defiance.

The chaos-forged sword energy did not slow; it swept onward, ravenous.

"Pfft!"

Soulbane's boundless sea of blood vanished in a single heartbeat, not a droplet spared.

"Pfft!"

Bonefiend's skeletal frame crumbled into dust, swirling away on an unseen wind.

"Pfft!"

Annihilum's divine soul burst beneath the whirling sword energy, shattering so completely that even the cycle of rebirth could no longer find him.

Three strokes, three dead.

Silence fell over the mountainside.

A hush so deep a pin could have struck stone and been heard by every trembling heart.

Every gaze tilted skyward, stunned and unblinking.

There stood Jared-snow-white robes untouched by dust, sword angled across his shoulder like a line of living light.

At his feet lay three drifting heaps of ash, all that remained of the deputy leaders who had challenged him.

Behind him stretched the routed legions of Malevolent Path Hall, now a tangle of broken banners and scattered weapons.

Sunlight speared through the lingering blood-mist and wrapped him in a gold corona, as though a god had stepped out of legend onto the battlefield.

An instant later, Earthfire Pavilion erupted-cheers thundered from the inner court, rolling upward like a tidal roar.

"Mr. Chance is amazing!"

"Mr. Chance is the best!"

"Long live Earthfire Pavilion!"

Disciples wept with joy, clasping one another in tear-streaked celebration.

Ignatius' aged eyes overflowed.

knelt, voice breaking. "Jared, my

dear son-in-law, it's all thanks to you that Earthfire Pavilion remains standing. We owe you our lives!"

Jared slid Dragonslayer Sword into its scabbard, drifted to the ground, and lifted Ignatius upright. "You flatter me, Father. I merely did what had to be done."

Then, his gaze swept the fleeing enemy ranks. "Lucky, Mr. Vermilion—please help clean up the battlefield."

A triumphant roar ripped the air.

Lucky flashed forward as a streak of red-gold lightning, tearing into the panic-stricken cultivators.

Vermilion Demon Lord bellowed laughter, three heads, six arms, and endless blades carving paths through armor like paper.

Heartened, every Earthfire disciple surged from the gate, hot on the heels of the broken invaders.

Half an hour later, the last scream faded.

Malevolent Path Hall's army lay annihilated; only a handful who fled early escaped judgment.

Though Earthfire Pavilion bled, its legacy still stood.

Ignatius bowed once more. "Jared, what now?"

His tone made it plain—Jared was now the pillar holding Earthfire Pavilion aloft.

Jared's eyes drifted toward the forbidden grounds, a shadow of purpose glinting within.

"Malevolent Path Hall won't let this

rest. Next time, Malcolm Vayne might come himself. I must restore Great Elder Earthfire's physical body as soon as possible. Only when he returns at full strength will we be able to face Malcolm head-on."

Jared paused beneath the still-roiling sky, the taste of ash lingering on his tongue. He turned to Ignatius and dipped his head in quiet

gratitude. "Father, I'll leave Earthfire

Pavilion in your hands for now.

Fortify the walls, count every shattered stone, and see that our

people are cared for. I need time in solitude-time to steady my blade and my heart."

Ignatius straightened, the orange glow of nearby embers reflecting in his eyes as though he were carved from living flame. "Understood!"

Jared pivoted toward the forbidden grounds. His cloak billowed in the furnace-scented wind, shoulders squared like a pillar propping up the firmament. Behind him smoldered the battered Earthfire Pavilion, and with it rose countless gazes-awed, grateful, still trembling at their brush with death.

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When Jared re-entered the forbidden ground, the magma pool still boiled, yet its ancient, regal aura felt even denser, as though centuries had thickened in minutes.

Above the molten lake hovered the Pentacarna Tower, its surface humming with soft silver-gray light.

At the entrance waited Lindsay. The moment she spotted him, her crimson robes flashed forward like a spark meeting tinder.

Her eyes swept over him, worry flickering like candlelight in a draft. "Jared, are you okay?"

Jared smiled, taking her hand with deliberate gentleness. "I'm fine. They were just some pesky flies."

Lindsay exhaled, relief melting into bright admiration. "Word is everywhere you defeated three Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators with just one strike! People are saying a god walked among us."

Jared laughed, the sound low and honest. "Myth makers love a good exaggeration. Anyway, how is Great Elder Earthfire?"

Lindsay's expression sobered. "His soul is now honed to its limit. Re-forging a body has reached the final hinge. He said he'll need at most seven days."

Jared nodded, confidence settling over him like well-fitted armor. "Seven days. huh? Good. We'll make it."

He lifted his gaze to the hovering tower and called out, voice echoing across magma and stone. "Great Elder Earthfire, I'm back."

The tower shivered, a deep timbre answering from within. "Enter, young one."

Jared stepped through the threshold into a vast inner chamber. There, Gerald's soul stood nearly corporeal—white hair, kindly lines, and only the faintest translucence betraying his immaterial state.

He sat cross-legged at the heart of a slowly turning array, gemstones and rare herbs dissolved into motes of color that flowed into his waiting form.

Gerald's eyelids lifted. "The uproar outside did not escape me," he said; golden flames swirled in his pupils, then softened into approval. "One sword, three foes— well done, well done."

Jared mirrored the elder's posture across the array. "Those deputy leaders were nothing. Even if Malcolm Vayne himself appears, I can meet him blade for blade."

There was no boast in his tone—only iron certainty.

Gerald chuckled, yet a shadow cooled the molten air. "It's good to be confident, but one should never belittle Malevolent Path Hall. You think killing three deputy leaders would cripple their strength? Hardly."

Jared's brows drew together. "What do you mean, Great Elder Earthfire?"

"The true terror of that hall has never been the number of Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators it commands," Gerald replied, voice dropping to a forge-low rumble. "It has to do with a magical item they possess... the Door of Reincarnation."

"Door of Reincarnation?" Jared asked, having never heard of such a relic before.

"Think of it as a gateway... One that opens directly into the Reincarnation Realm," Gerald murmured.

As he leaned closer, the ruddy glow

of his fire-forged eyes flickered

across the cavern walls. "Legend has it that the Reincarnation Realm is the resting place of everything that has ever died. Every soul, every flicker of consciousness, drifts there in the end. The Door of

Reincarnation can tear open forced passage to that forbidden

shore."

A cold spark skittered down Jared's spine. "It can open up the Reincarnation

Realm? Doesn't that mean they can bring the dead back to life?"

Gerald gave a somber nod. "In a manner of speaking, yes. But the cost is monstrous. And what returns through that gate may wear a familiar face, yet it is seldom the same soul."

His gaze bored into Jared's. "Do you understand now why Malevolent Path Hall has spent years butchering the living and harvesting souls wherever it roams?"

"They're using those souls to feed the Door of Reincarnation, aren't they?" Jared whispered, horror blooming in his chest.

A razor-thin smile split the elder's weathered lips. "Exactly. Every batch of one hundred thousand souls buys them one opening of the door. The soul they drag back wears a body again, but it returns as a puppet-eternally shackled to the portal."

Jared steadied his voice, though it rumbled like thunder behind his ribs. "So those three deputy lords we killed today—there's a chance they were already corpses, revived by the Door of Reincarnation?"

Gerald nodded. "Yes. That's highly likely. That's also why Malevolent Path Hall's ranks seem endless. Slay a puppet today and, so long as Malcolm Vayne pays the toll in souls, the door will spit the same monster back at you tomorrow."

A hiss of air slid between Jared's teeth. The light around him suddenly felt thin, fragile.

If an enemy could never truly die, then victory itself became a lie—and nothing in war was more terrifying than that.

"There's another thing..." Gerald warned, his tone sinking into the embers. "I suspect that Malevolent Path Hall itself is only another puppet."

Jared's pupils contracted, twin pinpricks of alarm against the lamplight. "What?"

"Beyond the Door of Reincarnation lies a realm whispered about in broken scriptures," Gerald continued. "There, unfathomably old powers linger beings so vast that even eras cannot fully erase them. Some may already be dead, others survive in forms we cannot name Yet none accept eternal silence. They need proxies-hands to harvest wandering souls, feed the door, and keep their vestiges flickering. Malevolent Path Hall is likely their doll, and Malcolm Vayne-grand as he pretends-is nothing more than their tool."

Jared fell silent.

The revelation hit him like thunder, far beyond anything his mind had prepared for.

Until this moment, he had pictured Malevolent Path Hall as nothing more than a powerful cult of darkness.

Never had he imagined a secret so monstrous crouching in its shadow.

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"Great Elder Earthfire, how did you learn any of this?" Jared asked, forcing his breath to steady.

A ghost of memory flickered behind Gerald's ember-bright eyes. "Many years ago, I descended to the deepest vault of the Chthonic Abyss. Down there... I saw things no living soul was meant to see. It was an ancient ruin, every wall etched with records of the Door of Reincarnation. The instant I understood those carvings, a terror beyond death knifed through me—the dread of a presence that defies all reason. I tried to wipe the murals away, hoping ignorance might shield whoever followed, yet the moment the last stroke vanished, I was struck by the Earthcore Demonic Flame. In that battle, my body burst apart, my divine soul was shredded, and only one ragged wisp managed to crawl back to the world above."

Jared's heartbeat slammed against his ribs as the tale unfolded.

The Door of Reincarnation... The real mastermind behind Malevolent Path Hall... So there's more to it than meets the eye, huh?

The idea stretched far past the borders of everything he thought he knew.

Jared drew a deep breath. "So, you're saying our real enemy isn't Malevolent Path Hall itself, but whatever power is behind the Door of Reincarnation?"

"Yes, you could say that," Gerald replied. "But to reach those beings, we must first erase Malevolent Path Hall and shatter the Door. Otherwise, they will resurrect warriors without end, and we will drown in the tide."

Resolve flashed in Jared's eyes. "Then we wipe out Malevolent Path Hall first and grind the Door of Reincarnation to dust!"

"Spoken like a man of courage," Gerald said, a spark of approval kindling in his gaze. "Yet with our present strength, we are nowhere near ready. The entities behind that Door may have surpassed the High Immortal Realm and stepped into the True Immortal Realm-or higher."

"True Immortal Realm..." Jared muttered to himself.

That was a realm of legend, and perhaps not even a single cultivator in all of the twelve levels had reached it.

"That is why our priority is to restore my physical body," Gerald continued. "At my peak, I had one foot on High Immortal Realm Level Three. If I can reclaim even a fraction of that power, I can buy you precious time."

Jared gave a solemn nod. "I understand. Tell me what you need, and I will see it done."

A glint of sharpness flashed in Gerald's eyes. "Continue using the Pentacarna Tower to help refine my soul, and at the same time, I will teach you the ninth level of the Earthfire True Scripture-Earthfire Heavenburn Technique. I created this technique when I first touched the threshold of the High Immortal Realm. Its power is boundless. If you can master it, you'll at least stand a chance against Malcolm in battle."

Jared's eyes lit up. "Thank you, Great Elder Earthfire!"

Gerald waved his hand. "No need to thank me. We are on the same boat now. The stronger you become, the greater our chances of survival."

He paused, suddenly sensing something, his expression darkening. "Oh, no..."

"What is it?" Jared asked.

"The Door of Reincarnation has been opened," Gerald replied, his voice low and grave. "And on a large scale, too. Looks like Malcolm is truly angry now."

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Meanwhile, back at Malevolent Path Hall's headquarters in level twelve, an ocean of blood churned beneath the vaulted chamber, and countless wraiths rose wailing from its crimson waves.

Malcolm stood upon that violent tide, motionless, his expression carved from obsidian as he stared into the distance.

Before him loomed a jet-black stone gate, more than three hundred feet high, its colossal frame blotting out what little light seeped through the blood-mist.

The gate's ancient panels remained sealed, yet their surfaces writhed with twisted runes—symbols that squirmed like living worms, each pulse releasing a dread that squeezed the heart.

This was the fabled Door of Reincarnation itself, a passage mortals were never meant to behold.

At that moment, one hundred thousand bound souls knelt in neat ranks before the gate.

Plucked from every faction—young and old, men and women alike—they wore the ashen pallor of the dead, their eyes drowning in despair.

Malevolent Path Hall had harvested them in recent days, herding the captives here to serve as living offerings for the gate's awakening.

Ordinarily, as long as a cultivator's soul endured, hope remained whether to forge a new body or seize another.

Now, having been snatched away, they did not even know what fate awaited them. "Begin," Malcolm ordered, his voice as calm and final as a guillotine's fall. "Understood!" a black-robed elder barked, sweeping up a bone staff that gleamed with sickly phosphorescence.

"Let the sacrifice commence!" he roared.

One hundred thousand voices shrieked in perfect, unbearable unison. Their divine souls withered, soul energy torn from them and spun into crimson streams that surged toward the Door of Reincarnation.

A thunderous boom shook the realm, the sound like worlds colliding.

The titanic doors quivered, then parted just enough to reveal a hairline fracture of night.

Beyond that slit yawned endless darkness where distorted silhouettes writhed and wailed.

They were the damned of the Reincarnation Realm, souls denied relief for all eternity.

"With these one hundred thousand souls, we welcome the return of our three deputy leaders!" Malcolm proclaimed, his echo rolling across the sea of blood.

Raising both hands, he wove intricate seals, chanting an archaic litany that tasted of grave-soil and ice.

The words, born of the depths of hell, pierced the Door of Reincarnation and slipped into that abyssal night.

Moments later, three hazy figures drifted through the narrow breach.

Soulbane, Bonefiend, and Annihilum—the three deputy leaders—had returned.

Yet something about them was eerily wrong.

Their bodies were half-transparent, no more substantial than smoke; their eyes vacant, stripped of all spirit.

"Return now! Time waits for no one!" Malcolm thundered.

With that, he bit through his own tongue, and three spurts of shimmering blood essence arced into the air like molten comets.

Those scarlet strands twisted into living ribbons of light. They shot across the throne room and slammed into the chests of Soulbane, Bonefiend, and Annihilum.

A low, metallic hum vibrated through the chamber, as though the very stones remembered how to scream.

The three broken husks swelled, flesh knitting, color surging back into their hollow cheeks. Clouded eyes cleared, focusing with dawning awareness.

Within a few heartbeats, they were whole again, and all three jerked upright, breath rasping like bellows.

"Mr. Vayne..." Soulbane croaked, voice sand-scarred. "W-We have returned." Bonefiend and Annihilum blinked awake beside him. The trio traded a silent glance and saw the same terror—and the same grateful relief—shining back. Moments earlier, they had truly died, their souls carved apart by Jared's single sword slash. Only the soul seals they had hidden inside the Door of Reincarnation allowed this foul resurrection.

Yet resurrection carried a price. Their auras guttered like candles in a storm, and Annihilum's outline was already turning translucent, as if a breeze might scatter him forever.

"Useless!" Malcolm scolded. "Three Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivators defeated by a mere Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Two? How utterly embarrassing. I can't believe you still have the guts to return."

The trio quickly fell to their knees. "Forgive us, Mr. Vayne. That Jared Chance is truly bizarre. We've never seen a power attribute like his—he seems capable of countering every form of Demonts cultivation. Additionally, he carries the Golden Dragon Bloodline and Earthfire True Scripture—his strength dwarfs his cultivation level."

"Enough!" Malcolm cut them off with a raised hand. "Failure is failure. I will hear no excuses."

He turned toward the towering Door of Reincarnation. A flicker of fear—and greed—darkened his stare. "Jared Chance must be taken alive. Perhaps by sacrificing him, we can free ourselves from the Door of Reincarnation and claim eternal life..."

# A Warrior Undefeatable

The three deputy leaders blinked, stunned. "What do you mean, Mr. Vayne?"

"Well, don't you think it's odd?" Malcolm replied, his tone dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "Chaotic energy, Golden Dragon Bloodline, Earthfire True Scripture—each rules a different supreme law, yet Jared can bind them as one. If we sacrifice him to the Door, the one within it might attain immortality, and in turn, we'll also become immortal."

"What?" The shout tore from all three throats at once.

Fanatic light blazed in their eyes.

Immortality.

That was the dream every cultivator chased in sleepless nights.

Malcolm straightened, voice iron-hard. "Send the order. No one is to set foot on level eleven. Jared will come to us—and when he does, we make him bleed for eternity. Also, tell everyone in Malevolent Path Hall to accelerate their harvesting of souls. I intend to drag every supreme elder and ancestor our order has ever lost back into the realm of the living!"

The three subordinates answered as one, their pledge ringing like iron striking iron, "Yes, Mr. Vayne!"

Malcolm turned toward the Door of Reincarnation. The shifting gray light washed over his features, and for an instant, a tangle of hope, dread, and calculation flickered behind his eyes.

What exactly waits on the far side of that door? Does it truly grant eternity, or merely a different kind of cage?

He had no answer, and by now no retreat.

From the moment he first unlatched that cosmic door and bargained with the presence lurking beyond, his path had narrowed to a single, merciless line.

If he succeeded, he'd live forever.

If he failed, he'd be scattered to dust.

There was no third choice.

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Back at Earthfire Pavilion's forbidden ground, Jared snapped awake, lungs dragging in heat-laden air. A ripple of unnamed terror shivered through his chest before fading, leaving his heart hammering against his ribs.

"What is it?" Lindsay asked, her ember-bright eyes tightening with concern.

Jared shook his head, forcing the unease down like smoldering ash beneath stone. "Nothing much. Just a sense that something awful has begun to stir."

He lifted his gaze to the looming Pentacarna Tower. "Great Elder Earthfire, what are some of the signs that indicate the Door of Reincarnation has been opened?"

Gerald's aged voice drifted from deep within the tower. "When that door yawns, every creature for leagues will feel its heart seize—a forewarning of catastrophe. And those dragged back from death carry the door's scent upon them, a pressure that crushes the living."

Jared's pulse quickened.

The jolt I felt a moment ago—was that due to the door's opening? Have those three deputy leaders truly been pulled back from the dead?

"Great Elder Earthfire, how long more do we have?"

"Three days at most," Gerald replied. "By then, my body shall be restored. I will stand at High Immortal Realm Level One—far from my prime, but it will be enough to hold Malcolm Wayne at bay."

Jared drew a steadying breath. "Three days, then. We'll work with that. Lindsay, in these three days, I will pour every scrap of my power into rebuilding Great Elder Earthfire's body. I'll leave Earthfire Pavilion's defenses in your hands and Father's." Lindsay nodded hard, copper hair dancing like sparks. "Don't worry. You can count on us. No one will breach these walls."

Jared turned to Vermilion Demon Lord, whose very presence seemed to stain the air with heat. The young cultivator's voice was low but steady. "Mr. Vermilion, I need you to hold the line for the next three days. No matter who comes, don't let a soul get through."

Vermilion Demon Lord bared a grin sharp as broken glass. "Relax, boy. While I'm here, even a gnat will think twice before buzzing in."

Jared nodded once, offered no further words, and stepped into the looming Pentacarna Tower.

Time twisted inside that ancient spire-one day outside became one hundred within. Jared now had what felt like three hundred days to master the ninth level of the Earthfire True Scripture and, at the same moment, rebuild Gerald's long-lost physical body.

The clock, whether measured by sand or heartbeats, was already screaming.

When the tower doors finally yawned open, only three thin days had passed outside. Inside, nearly a year had burned away. Jared strode out with his cultivation level at Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Three, and Gerald followed-a body once dust, now wholly reborn.

Seeing them emerge side by side, everyone erupted with joy, their cheers cracking across the courtyard like summer thunder.

No one beamed brighter than Lindsay. With Gerald back in Earthfire Pavilion, they could now stand unrivaled across the entire level eleven.

Jared shrank the Pentacarna Tower to a glimmer and tucked it away. Then, together, they left the forbidden ground and made for Earthfire Pavilion.

Ignatius led the wounded to recover-bandaged arms, splinted ribs, scorched pride. The clash with Malevolent Path Hall had cost Earthfire Pavilion dearly.

"Great Elder Earthfire, have you truly recovered?" Ignatius blurted, half laughing, half weeping.

Unable to contain himself, he lunged forward for an embrace-only to freeze mid- stride when Gerald released a single lazy breath that rooted Ignatius in place like stone.

"We're both men. It's fine to be happy, but we can do without the hugs," he said plainly.

Embarrassed, Ignatius stepped

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back, yet awe flickered behind his eyes. He was a Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Nine cultivator, but one exhale from the cold the

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old man had pinned him com the

gulf between the Heavenly Immortal and High Immortal realm's was

wider than any canyon he had ever seen.

Jared glanced at his father-in-law. "Father, any word from Malevolent Path Hall these three days?"

"They've recalled every disciple from level eleven back to the twelfth," Ignatius answered darkly.

Jared's brow creased. "What are they up to?"

Ignatius exhaled through his nose. "Most likely they're waiting for you to step into level twelve—and then they'll strike."

Jared nodded. The possibility felt all too real.

Gerald folded his arms, sparks flickering across the sleeves of his molten-red robe. "Well, Jared, where to next? Straight to level twelve? If that's the plan, I'll go with

you."

Jared lifted his chin, then gave a slow, deliberate shake. The movement was gentle, yet final, like a door closing on a conversation that had barely begun "Great Elder Earthfire the dike to secure Jadeheart Marrow first, and then, there's also someone I need to find,"

Jared said, his voice low but

unwavering.

Gerald's ancient eyes narrowed beneath snowy brows. "And who might that someone be?"

"Soul Devourer. I chased that fiend all the way from level nine to here."

"Soul Devourer?" Gerald repeated, a faint crease scoring his brow. "That monster has clawed his way up to level eleven? There has been no news of him for ten thousand years... To think the wretch is still alive."

Jared then recounted, in a lean soldier's cadence, how Soul Devourer had once been sealed, reduced to a single ghost-thread of a soul, yet had endured for ten thousand years.

Gerald nodded slowly. "That

demon's a lucky b\*stard. Even so, level eleven offers scant refuge for a wandering specter. Finding him should not prove difficult. However, we must not let slip into level twelve. An alliance with Malevolent Path Hall would spell disaster."

"I know. The next time our paths cross, I will end him," Jared said, his chin dipped in grim promise. "Now, Great Elder Earthfire, please tell me where the Jadeheart Marrow is."

"Yes... I do indeed know the precise location of the Jadeheart Marrow," Gerald said at last. "It rests at the core of the Chthonic Abyss, inside the Magma Heart. The dangers there are layered like scorpion shells; even in my prime, I dared not reach

its center."

Nevertheless, Jared's gaze did not waver. "No matter the cost, I must get there. A woman dear to Mr. Vermilion's heart will die without the Jadeheart Marrow. I gave him my word, and I'll make sure to honor it."

At that pledge, Vermilion Demon Lord-silent in the shadows-let a spark of gratitude flare across his crimson eyes before darkness swallowed it again.

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Good. Loyal and true," Gerald said, a grin cracking the ash on his cheeks. "You are indeed worthy of Earthfire Pavilion."

His smile shifted to the young woman in scarlet robes. "Lindsay, accompany Jared. You've trained behind these walls long enough—it is time you tempered that flame."

Lindsay's eyes flashed like twin rubies as excitement thrummed in her voice. "Yes, Great Elder Earthfire!"

"Ignatius," Gerald ordered. "Send scouts after Soul Devourer's trail. He may be a soul remnant now, but he was terror itself ten millennia ago. We can't underestimate him."

"On it, Great Elder Earthfire," Ignatius answered, bowing low, ember-plated armor clinking softly.

"And one more thing," Gerald mused, stroking his beard. "Unleash every thread of our intelligence web and have them watch Malevolent Path Hall. Their sudden retreat to level twelve reeks of a scheme. I'm sure they're up to no good."

"Understood!"

Having relayed his orders, Gerald produced a blood-red device and pressed it into Jared's palm. "This is the map of the Chthonic Abyss. The Magma Heart is marked, as are the danger zones. Study it well."

Jared's spiritual sense sank into the device; torrents of symbols, routes, and cautions flooded his mind like molten glass. He inhaled slowly, letting each detail settle into place.

The Abyss lay in the far-southern reaches of the Blaze Region, a bottomless rift that split the land like a scar the world had tried to forget.

Beneath its rim churned rivers of lava and the baleful glow of Earthcore Demonic Flame, hungry enough to gnaw through steel-or soul.

The deeper one traveled, the hotter the air, the heavier the pressure, and the more savage the beasts that called that furnace home.

At the very bottom lay the Magma Heart, a lake of molten rock stretching three hundred feet, its surface pulsing like the heartbeat of a slumbering titan

Hovering at the very center was a single slab of ten-thousand-year glacial jade— and upon that frozen altar, drop by luminous drop, the Jadeheart Marrow.

"Earthcore Demonic Flame... Even those in the High Immortal Realm back away from something that vicious," he muttered, brow tightening beneath the firelight that danced across his face.

Gerald inclined his ancient, ember-scarred head. "Precisely. The Earthcore Demonic Flame reaches monstrous heat and drags a poison from the planet's marrow. It gnaws at celestial energy and corrodes the divine soul itself. That said, the chaotic celestial energy inside you—and the Golden Dragon Bloodline that stirs in your veins—can shield you for a while. Combine that with the mastery of flame you've learned from Earthfire True Scripture, and you may carve a path where others simply burn."

"Understood."

Jared slid the device away, its glow dying between his fingers, then straightened with sudden purpose. "No sense wasting a heartbeat-let's move."

"Wait."

Gerald's call rasped through the chamber. He produced a token wrought of red-gold metal, the surface alive with tiny runes that simmered like coals. "This is Earthfire Pavilion's Earthfire Token," he said. "It grants command of every Earthfire Pavilion resource in the Blaze Region. If peril finds you, show this, and nearby factions will provide assistance—or at least hesitate before striking."

Jared accepted the token with both hands, its heat pulsing against his palm. "Thank you, Great Elder Earthfire."

Gerald flicked his wrist in a weary blessing that looked oddly like smoke drifting away. "Go on, then. Come back soon."

Moments later, Jared, Lindsay, and Vermilion Demon Lord stepped beyond the pavilion's gates and headed south, shadows stretching across the blackened earth.

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Three days later, the trio arrived at the edge of the Chthonic Abyss.

From the lip of that scarred world, they stared into a chasm a thousand yards wide, its depth lost to darkness. Molten rock crawled below in sluggish rivers, belching sulfur so thick it clawed the throat. Far beneath even that, coils of dark-red fire rolled and folded-flames unlike any living blaze, exhaling a malevolent pulse that pricked at the heart with nameless dread.

"This heat is terrifying..." Lindsay uttered as she wiped the sweat beading along her brow, the gesture futile in the furnace wind. "This is hotter than the Heart of Earthfire itself."

Vermilion Demon Lord's crimson eyes narrowed. "Earthcore Demonic Flame... It truly is a thing of ultimate evil. Even my demonic techniques are stirring restlessly."

Jared unfolded the map given to him

by Gerald and studied it carefully.

"According to the markings, the

Chthonic Abyss is divided into three layers The outer layer is relatively cool, with only low-level fire beasts. middle layer grows hotter, inhabited by fire beasts of Heavenly Immortal Realm caliber. The

deepest layer is the true danger zone-not only is there Earthcore Demonic Flame, but also all manner of strange traps and formations."

Then, he pointed to a red dot on the map.

"Our target is here the Magma Heart. We'll need to pass through the outer and middle layers, descend into the depths, and then find this hidden passage."

"All right. Let's make a move then," Vermilion Demon Lord said.

Together, the three leapt from the brink and into the Chthonic Abyss.

Heat slammed them mid-fall, a living wall that tried to peel skin from bone.

Jared summoned chaotic celestial energy; a dim, ash-gray aura blossomed around him, sipping the furnace wind before it could sting.

Lindsay whispered lines from the Earthfire True Scripture. Scarlet light curved around her like petals of living flame, forming a shield that shimmered with ritual elegance.

Vermilion Demon Lord, on the other hand, let his demonic aura surge. Black demonic mists roared out and hardened into a midnight barrier, sparks racing across its surface like red lightning.

Encased in their three auras, the trio drifted lower, embers swirling past like silent, angry stars.

The outer ring of the Chthonic Abyss still blazed like a furnace, yet the swelter remained tolerable for the three of them.

From time to time, a low-level fire beast would lunge from the molten cracks, hissing in frantic hunger, only to be cut down with a casual flick of steel or a lazy burst of demonic flame.

Half a day later, they crossed the invisible threshold into the middle sector. Heat spiked without warning. Magma that had glowed bright scarlet moments ago now churned a deep wine-dark red, thick as congealed blood.

An acrid miasma of toxic fire hung in the air; if one were to breathe too much of it, their meridians would blacken like scorched parchment.

Jared's shoulders stiffened. "Be careful. Something's coming," he warned, voice low but razor-sharp.

No sooner had the words left his mouth than three colossal shapes erupted from the magma ahead, geysers of molten rock raining down around them.

Each creature looked like a winged lizard forged entirely from living embers— crimson scales, blade-edged wings, and maws that belched smoldering, wine- colored fire.

The aura they exuded matched a Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Five cultivator, enough to cow lesser adventurers into fleeing.

Lindsay's eyes widened. "Crimsonflame Flying Lizards! They're pack hunters—we'll be knee-deep in them any second!"

Her fear proved prophetic. Dozens more burst from the surrounding lava, encircling the trio in a tightening ring of snapping jaws and beating wings.

The lead lizard shrieked—a grating, metallic screech.

Instantly, every beast hurled streams of dark-red fire that wove together overhead, forming a blazing net descending toward the three intruders.

Jared kept his tone calm and clipped. "Lindsay, shield yourself. Mr. Vermilion, let's finish this quickly."

With a single resonant clang, the Dragonslayer Sword leapt from its sheath.

"Dragonslayer—Armybreaker!" Jared roared, his strike splitting the fiery net like linen ripped by a gale.

A golden-gray arc of sword-force

tore through the flames. Jared's figure vanished within that streak and reappeared before the nearest lizard one decisive stroke parted scale, bone, and sinew.

A wet thud followed. The severed head rolled into the lava, the massive body sinking after it with a hiss.

Not to be outdone, Vermilion Demon

Lord brought all three faces into a savage grin: Six arms moved at

once six demonic weapons hammering outward. Two more lizards exploded into steaming pulp before they could even scream. Content

## A Warrior Undefeatable

Lindsay's fingers blurred through a complex seal from the Earthfire True Scripture. A crown of pure, auric earth fire flared in her palms, then unraveled into dozens of serpentine tongues of fire.

Ordinary flame recoiled from that sovereign blaze. The fire-snakes drilled into lizard flesh, burning them from within.

In mere heartbeats, the remaining beasts collapsed, scales cracking, internal organs reduced to glowing slag.

"Impressive," Jared said, allowing genuine praise to color his voice. "Your control of Earthfire True Flame grows sharper by the hour, Lindsay."

A pink flush crept into Lindsay's cheeks. "Still miles behind you, Jared." Her laugh, light and quick, barely masked the pride shimmering in her eyes.

"Onward," Vermilion Demon Lord rumbled, eager for deeper challenges.

With that, they resumed their descent.

Far below, at the heart of the middle layer, temperature clawed toward the unthinkable—heat so fierce even the lava shivered, and the very air shimmered like liquid glass.

The cavern no longer wore the simple shade of dark crimson. Veins of living fire pulsed through half-melted, translucent stone, as though they were the organs of a slumbering titan, flexing and writhing beneath a paper-thin skin.

Sulfur weighted the air until it felt almost liquid. Every inhale scorched the throat, every exhale came out tasting of embers.

Somewhere in that reeking heat drifted a sour hint of rot. It slithered over the senses like clammy fingers and made it easy to imagine countless eyes blinking in the shadows.

Jared, Lindsay, and Vermilion Demon Lord had just finished hacking apart the seventh wave of flame-venom spiders.

Each spider had been the size of a millstone, its shell lava-red and painted with crawling black sigils.

Their silk hung in glittering ropes that refused to burn and carried a feverish poison. A single strand could drain a cultivator's celestial energy in moments.

Even Jared had needed every ounce of skill—and more than a little luck—to wipe the monsters out.

Now, the three paused on a rare flat ledge, an obsidian platform birthed when molten rivers cooled in mid-flow.

Lindsay folded her legs beneath her, swallowed a sky-blue pill, and waited for its cool to chase the ash from her cheeks.

Sweat perled on her brow, only to hiss away to steam before it could fall.

"Jared, ever since the last fight, I keep feeling that something is watching us. That feeling is like cobwebs on skin, and it's very uncomfortable," Lindsay said, voice low and tight.

Vermilion Demon Lord refused to sit. His massive, coal-black frame turned in a slow circle, three eyes combing every fissure.

Even his magma-forged body moved sluggishly in the stifling heat. He rumbled, "That's right. I sense it as well. This aura is cold and greedy—something I have smelled before, like a viper hiding in the dark."

Jared offered no reply.

He stood at the ledge and stared into the dark river of magma surging below.

Since breaking into Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Three, his spiritual sense had sharpened to a surgeon's scalpel.

Quietly, he drew chaotic celestial energy through his veins. Invisible threads of perception unfurled from him like a net, drifting through the cavern walls and along every hidden seam.

He sifted through the roar of molten rock, the tiny cracks of stone expanding under heat, even the distant howls of unseen beasts.

Most of it, he discarded. One ripple, however, caught the edge of his mind.

Roughly three hundred yards ahead, behind what appeared to be an ordinary wall, an immense, frigid power was waking.

Jared knew that flavor of energy far too well. It reeked of soul-deep hunger and spite.

"There is definitely something there," he said, eyes snapping open.

A blade-sharp glimmer flashed across his dark gaze as if he could cut straight through stone.

"And it seems an old acquaintance has found us again."

As if his words were a summons, the cavern answered with a distant, grinding roar.

Crack!

The sound-thin, metallic, and horribly alive-skittered through the depthless corridor ahead, as though some unseen hand were prying apart the very bones of the earth.

The section of dark-red cliff Jared Chance had been tracking with his spirit sense writhed as if newborn flesh were struggling under stone. Hardened magma warped, rose, then folded back upon itself.

Veins in the rock contorted, deepening in color until they inked a living sketch—first a brow, then a ridge of nose, then the grotesque swell of jowls.

Within seconds, an immense, twisted human face, half the height of the cliff, bulged from the wall. Its eye sockets gaped like bottomless wells.

Inside those pits, twin wisps of emerald flame ignited and danced, lonely and hungry.

A mouth split wide in a smile too broad to be mortal, jagged stone teeth jutting like broken obelisks.

There was no mistaking that visage. Soul Devourer had fashioned his own likeness in raw mountain.

"Hahaha..."

The laugh scraped like rusted blades dragging across slate, every syllable shredding the air.

The cackle ricocheted along the narrow abyss, leaving behind a chill that felt outright funeral.

"Jared Chance... How quaint that fate draws us together once more. I had not expected our reunion so soon, yet even Heaven itself seems eager to deliver such a feast straight to my doorstep."

In an instant, Lindsay and Vermilion Demon Lord's hair bristled, and they snapped from a relaxed state into the highest state of vigilance.

The princess whipped free her scarlet blade, and Earthfire True Flame roared along its edge, bathing the gloom in molten gold.

Beside her, Vermilion Demon Lord

unleashed a guttural snarl. His demonic torso ballooned, three heads and six weapon-wielding-arms erupted, each artifact thrumming with murderous intent and swirling black mist.

Jared alone remained still. He did not so much as loosen the sword at

his waist. Instead, he tilted his head,

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studying the monstrous face with detached amusement, as if judging a vaudeville actor who had missed every cue.

"Hello, Soul Devourer," Jared began, calm voice slicing clean through the demon's rasp, "Your ability to cling to life does rival a roach-though confess even roaches show more dignity in their retreats. You scurried from

level nine like a beaten cur,

then tumbled into level tén, and at

last crawled all the way down to this Chthonic Abyss. Then again, this place is quite fitting for a millennium-old stray soul such as yourself. There's no sun, and only lava and toxic flames surround you. Toxicity breeds toxicity, eh? Your taste in lairs, I see, is as offensive as your face."

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"Sharp-tongued whelp!" the stone visage snarled.

The emerald flames dancing in its hollow eyes flared, testifying to his murderous rage.

"Were it not for my injuries leaving me at less than a tenth of my true strength, I would have crushed your bones to ash back on level nine and extracted your soul to temper it! How dare you utter such bold words in my presence today!"

"Injuries still unhealed?" Jared sneered. "I have watched you squat here, siphoning every thread of toxic flame the abyss can breed. Be honest—your strength has returned more than you admit. Still, this molten pit is the perfect kennel for foul things that fear the light."

Soul Devourer hesitated, a wordless pause that rattled the cavern.

The twin emerald flames locked on Jared, as though longing to swallow him alive. Then the rock-hewn countenance warped into an even more chilling smile.

"Clever boy—you guessed correctly," he hissed.

"Earthcore Demonic Flame is of supreme heat and positive energy, which is indeed a bane to all you self-proclaimed righteous cultivators. Yet all things have a balance somewhere, and at the very core of this supreme positive realm, the purest ultimate negative energy is born. For a wounded soul like mine, such negative energy is nectar. I have lain dormant here for three months, drawing it day and night. And now, I have restored seventy percent of my strength."

Soul Devourer's words continued to drip with unrestrained pride and the thrill of impending revenge. "Tell me, Jared—does this not prove the justice of Heavenly Law, the inevitability of retribution? You chased me into a dead end, yet you yourself delivered me to this paradise. Today, I will reclaim everything, principal and interest!"

No sooner had the last word fallen than a thunderous crack split the air.

Boom!

The wall that carried the monstrous face ruptured from within, as though something colossal were hatching.

Shards of super-heated rock rained outward, sparking against the cavern and filling the abyss with hissing steam.

Through the smoke strode a figure that made the heart quail.

Twice the height of a man, its body was sheathed in black-and-crimson scales that glistened like fresh blood fused with molten stone.

From his brow sprouted a pair of backward-curving horns, each ridge threaded with sluggish rivers of dark-crimson light.

Behind him, six monumental wings unfurled like obscene banners. Their membranes were neither hide nor flesh but a trembling alloy of matter and force, and along every trailing edge black-red flames whispered, licking the stale air.

Now, the face that loomed before them, freed from the cliff's crude illusion, was cruelly clear and clarity only deepened its madness.

Those infamous eyes of ghost-lit green had become twin wells, bottomless and wintry, and even the briefest glance from them iced over the viewer's soul and locked every muscle into place.

Then the aura hit-tangible dread forged in the High Immortal Realm, crashing out like a typhoon made of mountains. It rolled across the plateau unchecked, drowning every stone and heartbeat beneath its awful weight.

Vermilion Demon Lord sucked in a breath. The demonic aura around him waned by a third, and his voice was filled with stunned horror. "High Immortal Realm Level One! That old fiend has truly returned to the High Immortal Realm!"

A muffled gasp escaped Lindsay as though an unseen boulder had dropped onto her chest; every breath scraped.

The hand that held her sword trembled, color draining from her cheeks, and instinct drove her to clamp her other hand around Jared's for that moment, he was the last lamp in a collapsing night.

Yet Jared stood unmoved, a mountain rooted in storm.

A mist of chaotic celestial energy drifted around him, soft as summer rain, firm as tempered steel, quietly shattering the tidal pressure before it could reach the girl or himself.

He even found the calm to squeeze her icy fingers, letting a warmer pulse travel into her shaking bones.

At last, he lifted his gaze and met Soul Devourer's venomous emerald stare with placid eyes, the faint curve of mockery still hanging at the corner of his mouth.

"High Immortal Realm Level One?" he said, sounding utterly bored and detached, "No wonder you're bragging so much. But tell me did you really think that single step up the fadder lets you posture in front of me? Come on, Soul Devourer. Have you been underground so long that the magma has fried your brain? Or is it that your High Immortal Realm cultivation was inflated like a balloon by sucking in the Earthfire's poisonous gases—all show, no substance?"

"Insolent cur!"

Soul Devourer's roar rose like ten thousand tortured spirits wailing in unison, the echo rolling through the abyss until the stone walls groaned.

Never-never-had he tasted such humiliation, especially from a junior whose cultivation level lay far below his own.

"Jared Chance, I will show you the gulf between mortal and immortal. I will tear you apart piece by piece, drag your soul from your bones, and roast it over demonic flame for ten millennia—so you can neither live nor die!"

The next second, the six serrated wings on his back snapped open.

Boom!

Black-crimson demonic aura burst outward like a volcanic detonation, and his High Immortal Realm pressure doubled. Air itself whimpered under the load.

Far below, a once-placid river of lava heaved into towering waves, and the rock walls on either side cracked, spiderweb lines racing across the obsidian. Caught in that renewed tempest, Lindsay and Vermilion Demon Lord staggered back several steps before they could brace themselves again.

Blood roiled inside them, and they could even taste iron at the back of their throats.

Yet at the very eye of that crushing pressure, Jared stood motionless. His robe snapped like banners, black hair whipping through the gale, but his stance remained immovable.

Not even an eyebrow twitched. Only the chaotic celestial energy around him began to circulate a fraction faster, as though mildly intrigued.

Jared cocked his head, childlike

curiosity tinting his voice. "Oh, that's

it? High Immortal Realm Level One,

overuser?

and this is the best you can muster? Honestly, the ventilation over Earthfire Pavilion's kitchen stove

howls fiercer than this. Tell me, Soul

Devourer-did you purchase your

cultivation level on credit? How

much did it cost you?"

## A Warrior Undefeatable

"You arrogant b\*stard! You've truly pissed me off!" Soul Devourer bellowed, his emerald pupils blazed, fury eclipsing reason.

Never in all his campaigns had he met an adversary so suicidally insolent.

With a thunderous snap, his six wings beat once, and his colossal frame vanished.

It wasn't speed—it was near-teleportation, the rudimentary command over space granted to those who had attained High Immortal Realm.

A streak of black-and-crimson light split the air, and the armored leviathan

reappeared less than three feet from Jared—close enough to feel each other's breath.

"Soul-Devouring Claw!"

The next second, a claw larger than Jared himself tore through the air, ghostly shrieks curling around its razored edges as it raked for his face.

Death's stench and soul-rotting power rushed ahead of the blow, eager to grind life and spirit into dust.

Black-red demon light writhed around each talon, warping the very space it touched.

This was a full-force strike from a wrathful High Immortal Realm Level One-lethal enough to erase any Top Level Heavenly Immortal Realm cultivator in a heartbeat.

"Jared!" Lindsay shouted, terror lodging in her throat.

Yet once again, Jared's response shattered every prediction.

He neither panicked nor dodged, nor even raised a guard.

He simply stood, calm as midnight, watching the mountain-splitting claw expand within his pupils.

And just as those talons kissed the tip of his nose, he lifted his right hand-slowly, almost politely.

Five fingers opened, palm presented to the oncoming apocalypse.

Jared lifted his hand with languid grace, nothing more than the absent-minded swat one gave a stubborn gnat. Yet even that trifling gesture tugged at the scorched air, making the furnace-hot atmosphere shudder as though warned of something terrible to come.

"Chaos Origin—Fire Domain."

The four quiet words slipped out like an ancient oath, calm yet carrying the hush of forbidden scripture long buried under ash and time.

Buzz!

A deep metallic hum answered him, and then the world lurched. From Jared's open palm, an unseen shockwave unfurled, racing outward faster than thought.

Within a span of heartbeats, a radius of a thousand yards twisted grotesquely. Light bent, sound blurred, and even the roiling magma below seemed to stutter in disbelief.

Pale gray vapors-primordial, formless, like the breath of the universe's first dawn-interwove with blinding ribbons of scarlet-gold fire that promised to burn everything to cinders.

Two utterly opposite forces, born to clash, now mingled without friction.

Together, they knitted an eerie dominion that belonged to Jared alone.

Inside that sphere, the familiar laws of creation buckled. Old foundations were silenced, suppressed.

A newborn order bloomed in their place-chaotic, uncharted, yet so inclusive it seemed to cradle every possibility at once.

Here, the Law of Fire roared with childlike joy while every spatial principle shrank, twisted, and knelt.

Soul Devourer's taloned strike—an attack meant to shatter high-grade celestial steel - plunged headlong into the newborn fiery domain.

In the blink that followed, the fiend's pupils constricted to pin-pricks.

His claw, a weapon that had crushed worlds, moved as though mired in endless quicksand, its speed cut to a tenth.

The black miasma of death,

soul-rotting energy, every corrupt law he commanded touched the

gray chaos and the scarlet fire—and hissed away like hot iron speared into snow.

It was ink dripping into clear water, a deadly pride dissolving grain by grain.

The power he prized—the power that eroded all things—was being stripped apart, devoured, erased.

An unbearable hollowness gnawed at him as he felt his strength bleeding out, faster than words could name.

"What... What sorcery is this?" The triumphant sneer froze on Soul Devourer's face, replaced by raw astonishment and a flicker of panic he could not quite smother.

He had prowled for ten thousand years, devoured legions of cultivators, and catalogued countless bizarre techniques.

But never had he witnessed such an uncanny force.

It felt as though the cosmos itself had fashioned a countercurse precisely for his Soul-Devouring Technique.

Jared spoke again, the single syllable soft as falling petals. "Break."

His spread fingers curled in gently, no harsher than plucking a flower, yet the gesture carried the finality of a closing vault.

A thunderclap exploded, and the domain answered his command with merciless, incandescent wrath.

A deep, muffled thud rolled through the infernal stillness. It did not split the heavens, yet it struck Soul Devourer like a hammer swung straight into his chest.

From the tips of his colossal talons, cracks rippled outward. Black-red scales weathered like ancient stone, each segment flaking away until the, mighty claw disintegrated

untirtne,

Shards of armor and sticky demon blood met the swirling heat of the Chaotic Fire

Domain and vanished in hissing vapor.

No ash remained—an era of gathered power simply ceased to exist.

A strangled grunt tore free. Soul Devourer's towering frame staggered three steps backward before he could steady himself.

Every footfall punched a canyon of fractures into the obsidian ground.

He stared down at the stump that ended just below the elbow, black blood pattering into the cracks like bitter rain.

Cold emerald eyes widened, horror wrestling with utter disbelief.

Across the scorched field, Jared lowered his hand and clasped both arms behind his back.

His robe drifted in the furnace wind of his domain, each fold moving with effortless poise.

He studied Soul Devourer with eyes as calm as moonlit water, as though he had merely brushed lint from a sleeve.

"You think far too highly of those

paltry skills of yours," Jared said with detached contempt. "Chaos is the womb of creation, and it is also the solvent that erases creation whenever it pleases. You Sour Devouring Technique may frighten vagrant spirits, yet before me, but before me, it's utterly worthless. And that High Immortal Realm badge you flaunt? It's so trivial that it scarcely deserves my attention."