

A Warrior Undefeatable 5971-5980

A Warrior Undefeatable

A jagged cry tore from Jared's throat, half agony, half exultation.

The surface of his skin split like glass under a hammer, scarlet fissures racing across every inch.

Before blood could spill, the chaotic force flooding him knit the wounds shut-only to rip them open again with the next pulse.

Deep inside the power well of his abdomen, pressure swelled until it felt ready to burst.

The Four-Colored Origin Star that hovered there vanished beneath a tide of raw chaos, every hue drowned, every contour scoured.

Nothing about the invasion felt gentle. The new power chewed through the old, then hammered the fragments into unfamiliar shapes.

His awareness drifted, unmoored, in a shoreless dark.

He was a single mote at the dawn of everything, watching nebulae billow, galaxies flare and die, feeling the first currents of creation brush past.

Every muscle, vein, and bone drank that current.

Cells burst apart, reformed, rose brighter, as though the blueprint of his body were being redrawn line by luminous line.

Within him, his chaotic celestial energy recognized a sovereign.

It rushed to kneel, then merged, swelling with borrowed majesty.

Five-element power, Earthfire True Essence, even the proud Golden Dragon Bloodline had kept their distance until now.

The absolute pressure of chaos crushed their walls, forced them inward, turning hesitation into eager convergence.

Buried beneath that flood, the Four-Colored Origin Star did not shatter.

It drank, swelled, its radiance growing so fierce the original four hues thinned to translucent veils.

Color bled away, leaving a hazy gray that felt neither light nor shadow.

Inside, shifting layers of runes and currents hinted at a pocket-sized Chaos World taking shape.

The cultivation wall he had leaned against for so long now tore like wet paper under the torrent.

He surged into Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Six.

Momentum carried him through the realm's early layers and straight into its middle phase.

The pressure refused to relent, compressing him until he cracked the advanced phase wide open.

A final roar inside his veins slung him across the threshold of Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven.

At last the tide receded, leaving him at the realm's opening step—Level Seven, newborn yet vast.

Yet he sensed this was only the surface measure-numbers on a chart, not the real miracle.

The true change hissed deeper, rewriting the recipe of his life, his strength, his view of the grand path.

Time lost its grip.

When awareness returned, the glow of the Chaos Source Seed had folded inward and vanished into his marrow.

The cracks of light dancing over his skin dimmed, then slipped away like retreating tide foam.

He remained where he was, eyes still shut, as though listening for echoes only he could hear.

Something in the air around him had turned over.

The edge that once advertised every ambition now lay hidden beneath fathomless calm.

Where sharpness had flashed, stillness pooled-like a bottomless pond reflecting nothing.

His skin gleamed translucent, jade-like, subtle threads of shifting gray light wandering beneath.

The fiery five-element tattoo on the back of his hand had vanished.

In his palm, a nearly invisible vortex rotated-chaos distilled into the simplest of signatures.

He sensed no breeze, yet the ends of his dark hair lifted and drifted upward, as though some invisible tide had begun at his scalp and drawn every strand toward it.

He opened his eyes. For a heartbeat, galaxies ignited, worlds collapsed, dawn and apocalypse chased each other across his pupils—then all of it folded away, leaving only a calm, bottomless black.

He curled his fingers into a loose fist.

He used no spiritual force at all, yet the surrounding air trembled and the stone floor sang with a thin, metallic hum, as if space itself found his strength too heavy to carry.

Within his core, the newly forged Chaos Star revolved with unhurried dignity each rotation pushing out a tide of power so vast it seemed incapable of discord a perfect circle that swallowed every stray ripple.

The forces of chaos, the Five Elements, earth-fire, and the golden dragon essence no longer jostled for room inside him; they layered over one another like clear panes of glass, seamless, obedient wholly

his.

An unfamiliar fullness pressed against his skin from the inside, as if his very bones had been replaced with something brighter and vastly more dangerous.

A low breath slipped from his lips, long and steady, carrying away the last static crackle of transformation.

The ribbon of vapor he released shimmered with faint motes of grey-white chaos, lingering in front of him before it thinned and vanished.

The realization settled quietly: this venture had yielded far more than he had dared to imagine.

He had secured the straight-to-the-dao legacy of an ancient qi refiner, fused the elusive Chaos Source Seed, and leapt two full tiers in cultivation—each of those alone worth a lifetime of risk.

Footsteps shuffled through the settling silence; the Vermilion Demon Lord crept forward, both hands cradling a tiny herb that glowed with gentle soul-light.

"I have it—truly have it! With this, I can finally save her!"

The older man's elation faltered when his gaze climbed to Jared's face.

"You-kid, you look like someone else entirely. And that aura... Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven? What in the skies was that orb?"

Power still hummed beneath Jared's skin, but he let his shoulders soften and offered a small, steady smile that felt both gentle and somehow commanding.

"A stroke of fortune, nothing more. Senior, congratulations—you found what you needed. We should leave. The legacy is claimed, and this place will soon turn unstable."

The words had barely cooled in the air when the entire cavern shuddered; dust sifted from the ceiling and the murals carved into the stone walls bled their light until only drab outlines remained.

On the far dais, the skeleton that had once been Grant's broke apart in a hush of gleaming powder and drifted away, leaving only a faint depression on the platform.

"Move!"

Both of them sprang into motion, retracing their earlier path at reckless speed.

The deadly trials that had tormented them on the way in remained silent now; corridors they had crawled through opened wide and let them pass without protest.

When they burst from the tunnel into Peach Blossom Haven, the idyllic

valley was already unraveling:

cracks spidered across the sky,

grass yellowed in seconds, and spirit

beasts dissolved into drifting sparks.

Relying on the sharpened sense that now tingled against Jared's skin, they located

the unstable spatial seam that had served as their doorway. It flickered like torn

cloth.

Without hesitation, they jumped.

The world inverted; colors smeared into spirals and sound folded in on itself until there was only the roar of blood in Jared's ears.

Solid ground caught their boots. Chaotic winds skittered along the border of the void belt nearby, familiar and strangely comforting; both men exhaled in relief.

Jared turned. The twisted region that had housed the Eye of the Return-to-Void was gone, erased so cleanly the empty space looked ordinary.

"It's over."

The Vermilion Demon Lord cupped the Nine-Orifice Herb as if it were spun glass, awe and gratitude pooling in his eyes.

Raw power coursed through Jared's limbs, bright and restless, as though the marrow in his bones had caught fire.

Deep in his core, the Chaos Star turned in slow, deliberate arcs, grinding out constellations of heat and gravity he could scarcely name.

He fixed his gaze toward the ridge where Malevolent Path Hall hid behind clouds; the look in his eyes felt as sharp as a newly forged blade.

His lips parted before he could silence them.

"Time to head home," he murmured, the promise tasting like iron. "After that... Malevolent Path Hall settles its debt."

Vermilion Demon Lord caught the edge of his grin and answered with one of his own.

In the next breath both bodies blurred into twin ribbons of light, pitching south across the sky.

Wind peeled tears from Jared's lashes, but the hush in his chest felt steadier than stone.

Confidence pooled inside him, wide and calm.

Malcolm and Morven—two names once coiled with dread—now looked small, as if someone had scratched them on sand too close to the tide.

One strike, he told himself, maybe two, and their darkness would scatter.

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The familiar valley surfaced beneath them, green ridges folding like a cupped hand around smoky shelters.

As their shadows crossed the clouds, the entire encampment erupted—the air vibrated with cheers, footsteps, disbelief.

"It's Jared!" a lookout barked, voice cracking like a split branch.

"He's back!" someone closer to the ground whooped, the note lifting dust.

"They're both back!" The shout rolled through tents like night wind through canvas.

Aurelian, Blaine, Oswald, and dozens more burst from temporary caverns, half-tied robes flapping.

The moment Jared's presence brushed them, they froze—pressure without motion, depth without sound.

Aurelian's eyes ballooned, voice wobbling. "Brother Jared... what—"

"Heavenly Immortal Realm, level seven? That's insane!"

The words hung between them, more accusation than compliment, and for a heartbeat Jared heard his own history cracking.

A month ago he had gasped at the roof of level five; today he stood two rungs higher, footing effortless.

Yet nothing in his veins felt hollow; every thread of force curled together, dense, collected, almost tranquil.

The allies around him shivered, as though an unseen tide kept pulling at the muscles behind their knees.

Blaine paced around him twice, clicking his tongue like a jeweler weighing gems.

"Kid, what miracle pill did you swallow? I've lived millennia and never seen a climb like that."

Oswald's sword-hand trembled, not from fear but instinct; sharpness recognizes sharper.

To him, Jared stood like a masterwork blade still cased-edge hidden, promise unavoidable.

His voice went low. "Your sword intent... it's different."

Vermilion Demon Lord bared his pointed teeth. "You didn't see him inside that ancient refuge," he crowed.

"If I told you what he pulled off, you'd drop dead from fright. His strength now? Heh... try guessing."

Jared answered the gloating with a measured smile and a respectful bow.

"I stumbled on some fortune, nothing more. Seniors, how are the wounded holding up?"

Aurelian steadied himself, awe fading into duty.

"Thanks to the supplies you left and Mr. Morse's guidance, the worst cases have pulled clear of danger. Minor wounds are nearly mended."

But his chin dipped. "Gerald and Winslow's deaths... the blow to morale is heavy."

At the names, a dull knife twisted behind Jared's sternum; grief and ice in the same motion.

He let the breath burn through him, then leveled his tone.

"Blood debt demands blood. I intend to close accounts with Malevolent Path Hall."

"Now?" The question landed like a pebble in still water.

Blaine's brows knitted. "Your advance is impressive, but Malevolent Path Hall runs deep. The Door of Reincarnation is tricky as hell. Better we prepare further, yes?"

He lifted a hand, palm slight, and said, "No need."

The shake of his head felt calm and absolute, the kind of refusal that accepted no argument. "Malcolm and Morven are still broken," he added. "The Door of Reincarnation only heals so much. Right now is our best window."

He let the silence hang, then swept his gaze across the gathered elders. "I'll take the front. You stay behind, cover the gaps. If things go sideways, pull me out-but the first clash is mine."

The words slipped out as gently as falling ash, yet every syllable rang with unshakeable certainty, a solidity the air itself seemed to lean on.

Across from him, Aurelian and the others traded uneasy looks, the kind men share when they have already surrendered to inevitability. At last every head bowed in a single, heavy nod.

Jared felt their eyes linger on him, searching for the seam where the old version had been stitched to the new. They would not find it.

The power coiled beneath his skin no longer barked for control; it simply existed, patient and whole, like a star that had accepted the night around it.

Aurelian broke the hush first, voice rough but steady. "Good. If you're sure, we walk this road beside you."

His jaw tightened, memories flickering behind his eyes. "Gerald and Winslow deserve rest and their killers deserve the flame."

Blaine slapped a fist to his chest and barked, "Count me in!" The words thundered out of him like an oath he'd been rehearsing since birth.

Oswald offered nothing but a knife-thin "I'm coming," each consonant chilled enough to frost steel.

Jared inhaled once, drawing the sky into his lungs, then rose—the motion slow, deliberate, as though gravity were an opinion he no longer shared.

The Vermilion Demon Lord arrowed up after him, scarlet aura streaming like a banner. In quick succession Aurelian, Blaine, Oswald, and a few dozen battle-scarred allies kicked off. The rubble, falling into formation behind their unlikely star.

Together they became threads of light, stretched tight toward the dark silhouette of Malevolent Path Hall, leaving only the hiss of displaced air to mark their passage.

Three days bled away in relentless flight until the jagged peaks ringing the cult's territory stabbed up beneath them.

The range, once draped in clammy gray mist, now pulsed with noise—crackling braziers, shouted bargains, the distant chant of half-made believers.

Makeshift camps clawed at every ledge and clearing, tents stitched from a hundred sect colors jostling like unruly flags around a battlefield market.

The cultivators milling there wore mismatched robes and the same fever behind the eyes—the promise that the Door of Reincarnation might bless them next if they bowed low enough today.

Malevolent Path Hall seemed in no hurry to hunt the last Alliance stragglers; spectacle served them better. Every miracle they advertised drew more warm bodies, more kneeling throats.

So when Jared's squad drifted over the outer camps, the noise shattered into a thousand shards of alarm, awe, and greedy curiosity.

"That's Aurelian of the Five-Element Sect!" someone yelled, voice cracking under the weight of his own recognition.

"Blaine from Myriad Beast Valley Oswald of the Heavenly Sword Pavilion—" another caller ticked off names like counting bounties.

"Do they want to die walking in here?" a third voice sneered, though it trembled around the edges.

"Who's the young one in front? That aura's monstrous..." whispered someone too fascinated to keep quiet.

Jared did not slow. Each step drew him nearer the mountain heart, the world narrowing to a corridor carved by his intent alone.

Where he passed, those courting the cult shrank back, lungs compressing under the silent, shapeless gravity that rolled off him—an invisible mountain teaching lesser stones how to be still.

He sat cross-legged at the blood pool's rim, dark vapor sliding over his robes, Rower flowed a little

easier than yesterday, yet every

breath still scraped against the

Wound the Divine Bow had earved in his core.

Behind him the three Reincarnation Guardians waited, skin like wet paper, eyes empty, as if a single order could crack them to life.

Morven knelt beside him, face equally pallid, though the crimson light in the man's pupils refused to dim.

The stillness shattered when hurried footsteps echoed down the stone gallery,

carrying the sour smell of panic before the messenger appeared.

A black-robed elder stumbled onto the altar, breath ragged. "Hall Master! Ancestor! Disaster the remnants of the Five-Element Sect, Myriad Beast Valley, and Heavenly Sword Pavilion are at the gate. Jared leads them!"

"Jared?" The name cracked from Malcolm's throat before thought could temper it.

His eyes snapped open, glittering with venomous disbelief. "He dares deliver himself? How many did he bring?"

"N-not many, only a few dozen-but—" The elder's voice wavered. "But Jared's aura feels far stronger than before."

Morven's crimson pupils flared. "Stronger? In a single month how powerful could he become?"

He rose, cloak dragging wetly over the stone. "Empty bluster. Convenient, I was just about to repay him."

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Caution stirred beneath Malcolm's anger; Jared's swift recovery from the Divine Bow's backlash hinted at some hidden fortune.

After a breath he let sarcasm bleed through a thin smile. "Still, his timing is perfect. The Supreme Master gifted three Reincarnation Guardians—we need live trials."

"Sound the order. Raise the Mountain-Guarding Grand Array. Have every cultivator who pledged to us gather outside the gate. I will grind these traitors into dust while the whole level twelve watches."

A chorus of aides bowed. "Yes!"

Half an hour later Malcolm hovered above the mountain gate, wind tugging at his hair, the chill satisfying in its promise of violence.

Below, a dark tide of cultivators—more than ten thousand by his rough glance—pressed together, forming a living wall at his command.

Behind him the three pale Guardians floated in silence, along with the surviving hall elders, their combined aura amplified by the gray sheen leaking from the Door of Reincarnation's phantom above the altar.

A ripple in the sky announced them.

Jared stepped from the air at the head of perhaps thirty allies, each presence compressed and steady, yet all attention snagged on the young man himself.

Though his cultivation hovered only at Heavenly Immortal Realm Level Seven, the world's lines of force bent toward him: light, sound, even the subtle whisper of law, all tilting as if eager to serve.

The name tore through the stale air-"Jared!"

He didn't flinch. The syllables scattered against his ribs like dry gravel and fell away.

Malcolm's voice followed, thin and slick, the sound of a viper tasting the wind.

"I didn't think you'd dare crawl back to die," Malcolm hissed. "The Divine Bow's backlash should have buried you, yet you cling to fantasies."

Jared exhaled, tasting iron on the back of his tongue. The accusation slid past him like cold water.

Morven stepped closer, smile carved wide, red seams glinting where flesh and metal met.

"Kid, my new arm needs a sacrifice. Your head fits the socket perfectly."

Jared noted the mechanical joints grinding under Morven's skin, but the words floated by, weightless.

Nothing inside him stirred; the calm felt too large, like standing in an abandoned hall.

He kept his gaze lowered, refusing the hook in their eyes.

His attention slipped past the two men.

Beyond their shoulders waited three Reincarnation Guardians-hulking, stone-white mannequins chained to silence.

Farther still, the altar shimmered, and above it the phantom Door of Reincarnation flickered like a torn veil catching moonlight.

"Only three puppets?"

"Seems even the Lord of Reincarnation doesn't think much of you."

He spoke as if remarking on weather, offering them nothing of himself.

"Insolent!"

Malcolm's face darkened. "At death's door and still boasting? Today you'll taste the Supreme Master's gift firsthand. Reincarnation Guardians kill!"

His arm swept outward, a casual crescent that left the air ringing.

A low hum blossomed, like a hive waking all at once.

Light, the color of dead smoke, ignited in the guardians' hollow eyes.

Jared felt the ground tick as their intent locked onto him.

They did not roar; they simply advanced one measured step, stone joints grinding like distant thunder.

The earth buckled with the impact, a blunt report that punched up through Jared's soles.

Three ash-white pillars burst from their bodies and speared the sky.

High above, the beams wove themselves into a vast triangular lattice, humming with intent.

Within the lattice, reincarnation aura churned like a stormy tide.

Chains, swords, and phantom hammers assembled from the mist and cascaded toward him, a collapsing heaven of gray.

Each blow carried the heavy pressure of High Immortal Realm Level Two-power meant to crush mountains, quicken rot.

Worse, the aura itself wanted to seep into flesh, rewrite bone, make him part of its machinery.

He remembered stories of cultivators who touched that mist-their eyes went dim, their wills drowned, bodies jerking like puppets.

A collective gasp rose from the ridge below, sharp and ragged.

It washed over his back, insignificant as wind through tall grass.

"So that's a Reincarnation Guardian's strength?"

The disbelief trembled in a stranger's throat; Jared filed it away without interest.

"Too terrifying!"

Voices stacked atop one another like falling tiles.

"No wonder the Malevolent Path Hall struts around!"

The shout was half awe, half resentment."

Even Aurelian, normally unshakable, tightened his grip on the jade blade at his hip.

Their combined strike, someone whispered, neared High Immortal Realm Level Four.

Jared let the number drift by, an irrelevant measurement.

He lifted his right hand, palm open, as though greeting rain.

The world seemed to pause, curious what such a small gesture intended.

Jared let his fingers uncurl.

In the hollow of his palm, the Chaos Vortex Mark breathed—just one muted wink of ash-colored light.

He breathed the command, "Scatter."

The syllable barely stirred the dust around his boots, yet the air tilted, listening.

Nothing thundered. No banners of light blazed overhead.

Instead, a ripple, thinner than breath and the color of dying charcoal, spread outward from his palm.

Where that ripple touched, the world forgot its shapes.

Chains, swords, and phantom

hammers

-once racing to

hummelted like frost struck by

noon sun, leaving only blank air.

They were not shattered and not deflected—simply erased, as though someone had torn them from the page.

Even the reincarnation aura boiling inside the triangular array thinned Shredded into nothing un

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"What?!" Malcolm and Morven shouted in the same cracked breath.

He had heard the rumors: three High Immortal Realm Level Two Reincarnation Guardians moving in unison could bury continents.

Yet his single, casual breath had unmade their charge as though it had never existed.

Below, thousands of cultivators

stared upward, mouths small and the arena fell so silent and

round in

could hear his own pulse content:

Confidence that had once blazed in their eyes began to gutter, chased by a quiet, contagious dread.

Jared let his hand fall and finally granted Malcolm and Morven his full attention.

"If that was your trump card," he said, voice still even, "then we're finished here."

His body shifted before thought could intervene.

Two fingers snapped straight, slicing the air as cleanly as any forged blade.

"Chaos Origin-Light Severance."

The name dropped quieter than rainfall.

A thread of gray light leapt from his fingertips, thin as a hair.

At first it seemed lazy, almost drifting, yet bodies and thought alike lagged behind its true speed.

Where it passed, the sky split—a black wound refusing to close, chaotic currents swirling around the torn edges.

Aurelian felt the air contract as the three Reincarnation Guardians stiffened.

A rolling tide of reincarnation aura burst from their plated chests, piling pale screens one over another in front of them.

Silver-green light jittered inside their eye slots, strobing so fast it made Aurelian's vision swim.

He sensed their focus tighten, as if the beam could be hunted the way a beast is cornered.

The air answered with a silence that felt like mockery.

The thread of gray light drifted forward and kissed the outermost screen.

A damp pop echoed, soft as wet paper tearing.

The shield folded inward, weightless, already dust before it remembered to resist. Another, then another—each layer surrendered with the same subdued cough.

The beam gathered speed, a needle turned hammer, boring straight through the remaining veils.

It drifted on, almost lazy, and drew a single line through the torsos of all three guardians.

For a heartbeat the courtyard stopped breathing with them.

Then reality snapped back.

The first fracture rang out like ice splitting underfoot.

A second answered from the left.

A third, higher, thinner.

All three constructs froze mid-step, arms half raised in forgotten defense.

Their helmed heads dipped.

Aurelian followed their gaze to a hair-fine gray fissure running from brow to belly on each of them.

The line widened, hungry.

With a hollow boom the first guardian disintegrated.

Another boom chased it a breath later.

Then the third.

Power enough to match High Immortal Realm Level Two vanished in three breaths.

They did not explode so much as crumble, like sandcastles kissed by an unseen tide of chaotic force.

The pale grains rose, twinkled, and were gone—no ash, no echo.

Silence folded over the mountain gate.

Dead silence, deeper than night.

Ten thousand cultivators ringed the courtyard, mouths unhinged, sound lost somewhere between lungs and tongue.

Among them stood the Elders of Malevolent Path Hall and Aurelian himself, equally mute.

Three Reincarnation Guardians at High Immortal Realm Level Two, erased... Was that even possible?

Jared caught the rasping whisper, "One move...?"

Another voice stumbled after it, "No, it wasn't even a move, just... a lazy flick?"

The air quivered with the unspoken question: What kind of power could do that?

A shaken spectator hazarded, almost pleading, "High Immortal Realm, level three?"

A thinner guess followed, "Level four?"

No one dared voice the highest possibility, yet the silence screamed it anyway.

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Malcolm and Morven's faces locked, shock sliding into raw terror while their eyes traced the fading after-image Jared's casual stroke had left in the dust.

They finally understood what Jared had meant when he said the fight could end whenever he wished.

To them, it was no boast-it was a plain statement of physics.

Jared tipped his chin toward the pair. "Your turn."

The words sounded calm, yet the instant they landed Malcolm and Morven shrank as though an ice cellar had opened beneath their feet.

"Impossible—absolutely impossible!" Morven screamed, voice shredding itself against the cavern walls.

Spittle flew as he raged, "Tricks, sorcery, smoke-you're faking it! Die for me!"

Sanity snapped; wounds forgotten, he rammed the Ninefold Nether Demonic Technique to its ragged limit.

"Nether Styx-Ten Thousand Ghosts Devour the Heavens!" he roared, every syllable cracking the dark.

Thunder rolled in answer.

Behind him a curtain of pitch-black world unfurled; serrated ghost shapes surged out, howling as they dived for Jared.

Their hollow mouths promised rot for spirit and marrow-whatever price Morven paid, he no longer cared.

Across the ruinous wind, Malcolm felt the same blade at his throat; hesitation vanished.

"Reincarnation Annihilation-Myriad Arts Return to the Void!" he intoned, dread and devotion tangled.

The phantom Door of Reincarnation behind him bucked like a chained beast and vomited rivers of chalk-pale reincarnation aura.

The vapors clenched before his chest, swelling into a cyclopean gray eye.

When the lid snapped open, a beam rich with oblivion tore outward and even the air began to decay.

Two High Immortal Realm titans, corners pressed, hurled their defining attacks as one-dwarfing what the three Reincarnation Guardians managed together.

The summit buckled beneath his boots. Above, sky and sun smeared into one bruised stain, as though daylight had been scraped away.

Reincarnation Peak shivered like an animal smelling the axe.

The roar of colliding laws hammered his eardrums, daring him to blink.

He let the challenge settle, the moment he dropped restraint and reached for the whole of his power.

He slid one foot forward, nothing more than the length of a single stride.

The mountain answered with a deep, metallic hum.

From that quiet step, an ashen radius bloomed outward-one hundred yards across before the echo faded.

Inside the ring, rivers of unborn elements curled around one another-fire, water, earth, wind-spinning, devouring, birthing in endless succession.

A pale-gold dragon silhouette coiled through the haze, singing a soundless hymn.

This was no simple barrier; it was a seedling cosmos, a Chaos World still wet with first light.

The forms from the Primal Unity Refinement Tome drifted across his memory-here, now, in living color.

Chaotic Domain, first pattern.

Barely an embryo, yet its nature already towered beyond ordinary celestial fields. Spectral wraiths rushed the boundary, eager as moths to flame.

The newborn currents shredded them, drank them, grew on their stolen essence.

The pillar of reincarnation light speared in next, rippling the shell for a heartbeat.

Five-element cycles dismantled it, Earthfire True Flame scoured it clean, chaotic aura swallowed the remainder.

"My turn."

The words drifted through the domain as steady as slow rain, untouched by strain.

He raised his right hand, pressed index and middle fingers together, and leveled them toward Morven and Malcolm.

"Chaos Origin-Unification Finger."

At his fingertip, a pinprick of gray condensed so dense it seemed to swallow its own edges.

In that mote lurked the strength to birth worlds and the appetite to end them. The gray left him without even a sigh.

Where it drifted, space blinked out, revealing bottomless dark beyond geometry.

Time buckled around it; light sloughed off; the very laws quivered like glass too close to flame.

Across the gap, Morven's and Malcolm's pupils tightened to pinpoints, their auras fluttering with mortal dread.

They hurled shields in layered panic-Ninefold Nether Demon Shield Reincarnation Barrier soul bound relics each layer igniting the next in frantic bloom.

Jared watched, certain the gesture would matter as little as mist to lightning.

A wet pop answered his certainty.

Something broke the silence—a weightless pop, as though the air itself had snapped.

Before the echo settled, a thread of ashen light speared forward.

Wards, walls—everything meant to stop power-parted the way butter parts for a hot knife.

Jared's gaze tracked the beam as it bored through Morven's brow, slipped out the back of his skull, then punched straight into Malcolm's chest.

Ashen light blossomed behind Malcolm like a second heart, hungry, merciless. Everything halted.

Dust hung mid-fall, stray sparks froze in midair; Jared's own heartbeat dragged into syrup.

Opposite him, Morven's features—madness, fury, raw terror—stiffened into a grotesque mask.

The old demon lowered his gaze, searching for a wound over his heart and finding none.

Then his eyes crossed toward the bridge of his nose, where a pin-prick of gray bloomed and began to crawl outward.

Where the dot passed, flesh unraveled into smoke, soul-light guttered, power fell away like wet plaster.

Jared felt the void behind that color-an undoing older than creation itself.
"Not...poss...ible..." Morven forced the syllables through cracking teeth.

From his crown downward, he sifted apart, inch by inch, into lazy swirls of soot.

The terror Jared had known since childhood-the Ancestor of the Ninefold Nether Palace-simply wasn't there anymore.

Even the echo of Morven's presence collapsed, leaving the chamber thinner, strangely innocent.

Malcolm, still pinned on the far side, fared even worse.

Jared could taste the metallic panic rolling off him.

When the gray lance bored through his chest, Malcolm's reincarnation mantra had leapt alive on reflex

circles of pale script skittering

beneath his skin.

That defense met the chaotic force head-on; the two magics chewed each other and everything nearby.

Jared felt the shockwaves in his teeth.

"Aaaargh!"

Malcolm ballooned, ribs groaning, skin straining like overfilled leather.

Streams of pallid vapor chased one another beneath the surface, then burst from his

nostrils and ears along with black-red pulp.

Jared saw the man's reincarnation core buckle, splinter, and finally cave, the way a house gives when its beams rot.

Jared stepped once; space folded, and he stood breath-close to the dying man.

The swirling boundary of his Chaotic Domain recoiled into his body like a tide obeying the moon.

He lowered an open palm, not quite touching the ruptured sternum.

A gentler strand of chaos flowed out, stitching fractures long enough to hold the pieces together.

"The Flaxseed clan's souls-do you still have them?"

Jared locked eyes with him, voice colder than permafrost despite the roaring power in the room.

Malcolm's cultivation lay in ruins; life seeped out of him like water from cracked stone.

Nothing left but the rattle of a single breath.

"The Flaxseed clan? Ha..." Malcolm's

laugh scraped like broken glass. "Those insects' souls were taken by the Supreme Master long ago. You want them? Step through the Door of Reincarnation. But once you pass inside you join them become another puppet... just like them... ha..... ha..."

The laugh cut off mid-breath; his head lolled, eyes glazing before Jared.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Jared's gaze hardened to flint.

He lifted two fingers, aligned them, and traced a single, indifferent line through the air.

The hiss of severed flesh cut the wind, a wet whistle that still rang in Jared's ears as the sword completed its arc.

Malcolm's head spun upward, haloed by his own blood, while the torso dropped like a stone through the misted air.

Even in death that face clung to its deranged grin, as if refusing to accept the verdict Jared had just pronounced.

A High Immortal Level Three, Lord of the Malevolent Path Hall-gone, severed by a single stroke that still trembled in Jared's wrist.

The mountain gate hovered inside a silence so thick Jared almost mistook it for deafness; nothing moved, nothing breathed, as if the world waited to see whether its own heart still beat.

Below, more than ten thousand cultivators stared at the drifting ash and the

headless corpse, then at Jared's floating silhouette, their eyes glazed with the shock of animals watching fire for the first time.

Someone mouthed a question, barely more than breath. "Dead?" The syllable fluttered upward and vanished.

Then the realization ran through the crowd like lightning through dry timber—two High Immortal overlords, Malevolent Path Hall and Ninefold Nether Palace both, wiped away by a youth still short of the highest realm.

This was no duel; it was slaughter.

A higher order crushing a lower, the way a heel meets dust.

The concept shrank their thoughts to sparks that fizzled out before taking shape.

One figure folded to his knees, palms slapped against the stone.

That single collapse triggered a ripple; in the span of a heartbeat the field became a sea of bent backs, bodies dropping like dominoes knocked by an unseen hand.

Stench rose as terror loosened bowels; some shook so violently their teeth rattled, the noise tiny and pathetic against the vast quiet.

"Spare us, Senior—spare us!" Voices overlapped until words became a single wail.

"Malevolent Path forced us! We will turn, we swear!"

"Mercy, Senior, mercy!" The air vibrated with sobs, each plea scraping Jared's skin like grit.

The hall's remaining elders wore faces bleached of color; one collapsed where he stood, others drifted backward, toes searching for any path away from this waking nightmare.

Only then did Aurelian, Blaine, and Oswald recover enough to breathe.

They stared at Jared's back the way sailors stare at a horizon they once believed unreachable—eyes bright with awe, damp with fear, wild with a sudden, unearned

hope.

Joy wrestled with disbelief inside each of them, leaving their expressions oddly hollow.

Barely a month ago Jared had hidden behind them, counting breaths while Gerald burned his life to shield him.

Now he stood on the twelfth level's summit, and with a casual flick erased the giants they once looked up to.

Faces below him hung open, their terror and wonder mixing into the same helpless stare.

The pace of his growth had outrun their old equations; he could almost hear their certainties cracking.

Vermilion Demon Lord drifted to Jared's side, fangs bared in a grin. "So, what do we do with these fence-sitters?"

Jared's gaze swept the crushed lines of cultivators, indifferent.

"Their ringleaders are dead. The rest may live if they abandon every technique tied to the Door of

Reincarnation and leave the Nether

Mountain Range. Anyone resisting dies." .

MS

His voice was no louder than conversation, yet it threaded every ear like a verdict carved in stone.

"Mercy, Senior! Mercy!" the valley echoed, the words collapsing over themselves in frantic gratitude.

More than ten thousand crashed to their knees, foreheads punching the dirt like pestles working garlic.

Jared let their clamor fade behind him and lifted his eyes to Reincarnation Peak.

The stone altar still hissed with

leftover power, and above it the phantom Door of Reincarnation quivered-unwilling to vanish event after Malcolm's death

"The Door of Reincarnation... the souls of the Flaxseed clan..." The words crawled

from his throat, meant for no one.

Frost light flickered across his pupils, cold enough to burn.

Malcolm and Morven had fallen; that was only the first stone thrown.

The true hand waited behind the door, calling itself the Lord of Reincarnation.

And the stolen souls of his Flaxseed bloodline-those he would pry back, whatever screamed on the other side.

A slow breath emptied the heat from his chest, leaving resolve behind.

The Door tangled with the world's core laws; charging in now would be blindness masquerading as bravery.

He needed deeper command of the Primal Unity Refinement Tome, a higher tier in the Chaotic Domain, more blades sharpened within.

Soon, he promised himself. Not decades-soon.

Turning, he found Aurelian and the others still pinned by awe.

A thin smile crossed his mouth. "Seniors, Malevolent Path Hall is dust. The hierarchy of level twelve will be rewritten."

Aurelian drew a breath, bowed stiffly. "Jared-no, Senior Jared! From this day level twelve follows

you. We will rebuild order and erase

the remnants!"

Blaine, Oswald, and the rest folded at the waist, allegiance plain in their lowered eyes.

He shook his head. "Forget the titles. I remain Jared. The future of level twelve rests with all of you, not a throne."

His sight stretched past cloud, stone, and sky, as though another, vaster realm had whispered open.

"I'm entering the Door of Reincarnation to meet its master."

The choice settled inside him like iron cooling in water-final, ringing, inevitable.

A Warrior Undefeatable

The instant his words landed, the valley's air clamped tight, as if the land itself held its breath.

The shout split the smoky air. "No!"

Jared's shoulders stiffened before he even turned; that single syllable carried the weight of everyone's fear, and it landed squarely between his ribs.

A second voice, harsher, followed a heartbeat later: "Absolutely not!"

The refusal echoed off the cracked stone walls, piling urgency on the first.

Jared drew a slow breath, willing his pulse to stay even.

He pivoted, taking in Aurelian, Blaine, and Oswald-usually an argumentative trio- now united, mouths still open from their shared protest.

Even the Vermilion Demon Lord's crimson brow furrowed, the faint tremor in his aura betraying unease.

Aurelian's voice cracked like splintering glass. "Jared, are you out of your mind?"

The question wasn't for answer; it was accusation, fear, and loyalty mashed together.

He stepped forward until the torchlight rimmed his anxious stare.

"The Door of Reincarnation is a maze we still don't grasp, and the Lord who rules it stands beyond guessing. Malcolm and Morven were only pawns. Even with your newfound strength, charging into his house is suicide."

Blaine folded his arms, gravel in his voice.

"Kid, I know saving the Flaxseed clan matters, but time isn't chasing us. We gather facts first, pry open the Door's secrets, then strike."

Oswald's bass rumble followed.

"At least let us stabilize level twelve, summon every ally, and go together."

The Vermilion Demon Lord hovered a pace above the ground before speaking.

"Jared, the Lord of Reincarnation is no saint. Mr. Morse once warned he could be an

echo of something ancient, wielding fragments of reincarnation itself."

"Your chaotic force is impressive, but against a will like that, we cannot predict victory."

Amid the volley of concerns, Jared's breath evened, eyes steady.

He shook his head once, the gesture soft but immovable.

"I feel the depth of your concern, and I honor it. But with every minute the Flaxseed spirits linger inside that Door, they drift closer to being swallowed forever. I promised Mr. Flaxseed I'd bring them home, and I intend to keep that promise."

Jared's gaze slid to the phantom Door that shimmered above Reincarnation Peak, its edges flickering like a half-remembered dream.

A muted excitement threaded through his voice. "The Chaos Source Seed inside me seems to blunt reincarnation energy. I can leverage that. The Malevolent Path Hall has just fallen. The Lord may still be reeling, unaware. That makes this the best window we'll ever get."

Aurelian tried again, hope and dread tangling on his tongue. "But—"

Jared lifted a hand, stopping the protest mid-birth. A calm smile eased across his face.

"Trust me. I will pull back if the tide turns against me. Besides..."

He paused. The Chaos Vortex Mark in his palm glimmered, a miniature storm hungry for answers.

"I also want to know which is stronger—chaos or true reincarnation."

Before another word could chase him, Jared's body dissolved into a dim ribbon of gray light.

The stream arched toward the altar at Reincarnation Peak, leaving the platform eerily vacant.

"Jared!" The Vermilion Demon Lord's shout thundered across the clouds as he lunged after the fading light.

A voice drifted back, thin but firm. "Senior, stay where you are."

"This road is mine alone. Help Aurelian and the others secure the aftermath. If I don't return in three days..."

The sentence crumbled into silence, its unfinished edge sharper than any warning.

Hovering midair, the Demon Lord's scarlet pupils flickered with rebellion, then dimmed. He clenched his fists and remained.

He knew too well that once Jared fixed on a path, no one could lever him off it. Besides, at his current strength, he would only slow Jared down.

Aurelian and the others watched the gray streak shrink against the sky, their faces carved from the same grim stone.

They all felt the same raw truth: he might never walk back through that cloud line.

The distant courtyard trembled with Aurelian's shout. "Pass the order," the elder growled, breath scraping the cold air.

"Form every line of power, raise a grand array at the hall's gate. In three days, if Jared fails to return, we break the Door of Reincarnation by force!"

Behind the altar wall, Jared's pulse stepped into a faster rhythm. The threat was not meant for him, yet every syllable landed like a timed blade against his spine.

A single thunderclap of agreement answered "Yes!"-the sound rolling through corridors until it frayed into whispers around Jared's ears.

Silence pooled in the wake, thick and expectant.

Malevolent Path Hall

On the raised altar, the phantom Door of Reincarnation towered a hundred yards high, still as an ancient verdict.

Inside its frame, a pale whirlpool turned with maddening patience, exhaling an age-old chill that pricked Jared's skin.

The stone face writhed with

elbet

carvings processions of pleading beasts, wheels of distant

constellations and symbols that

refused any mortal logic.

Jared touched down on the rim of the altar, knees bending to soften the impact.

He straightened, letting his gaze travel the height of the doorway the way one might

measure a storm cloud before it breaks.

No ripple of doubt surfaced on his face.

Power seeped from the whirl, a reincarnation current whose rhythm jarred against the laws of this realm, yet locked itself there like a nat driven wrong but unmovable.

To open such a separate track of heaven-it was audacity bordering on genius, something the scrolls never dared predict.

"The spirits of the Flaxseed clan," he murmured, the words scarcely reaching the air.

Resolve flared behind his sternum, clean and bright as forged steel.

He let the hesitation die, set one foot ahead, and strode toward the impossible gate.

The moment he crossed the span of thirty feet, the air convulsed.

A low hum, deep enough to tremble bone, unfurled from every carving.

Runes ignited in unison, washing the altar in a flood of gray-white fire.

The vortex whipped into frenzy; a brutal pull clamped onto him while a thousand overlapping screams, prayers, and sobs gushed from the doorway.

Faces without bodies flickered across the light-shreds of creatures long devoured, reaching for him with memory rather than flesh.

Jared answered with a curt breath, more dismissal than sound.

Deep inside, the Chaos Star revolved; a misty boundary unfurled, hemming him in a muted sphere that denied every clawing voice and tug.

He advanced, and the instant his fingertips grazed the pale storm—

-the world flipped, pitching vision and gravity into a single churning wheel.

Time shredded; distances folded like wet paper.

Jared felt himself hurled through an endless funnel, streaks of light and snatches of voices whipping past faster than thought.

Triumph of breakthroughs, horror of dying breaths, the fall of kingdoms,

the birth and death of stars alltore

across his senses in merciless succession.

A lesser mind would have snapped already; he felt the edge of that abyss, cold and inviting.

Yet the Chaotic Domain held, firm as bedrock, letting the torrent rage outside while he remained a silent observer behind glass.

Time folded in on itself, stretching so thin that Jared no longer trusted the idea of seconds or centuries.

Then, without warning, the roaring blur around him snapped shut like a slammed door, and silence punched the breath out of him.

Solid ground caught the soles of his boots.

He opened his eyes, half-afraid the world might slip away if he blinked.

An entirely unfamiliar landscape waited, raw and silent.

Overhead, a sky of perpetual gray-white hovered, neither day nor night, just a dim halo of colorless light.

The ground stretched barren, broken by jagged, ash-colored rocks twisted into impossible shapes.

Far off, a serpentine river the same mournful gray crept along; beneath its surface, warped faces drifted up and sank again like drowning memories.

The air itself tasted of concentrated reincarnation aura, ten times purer than anything outside.

Yet every breath carried a chill finality, an unarguable stillness that scraped along his ribs.

Rocks, water, light, even the stagnant wind-everything seemed yoked to a single ruling principle.

Reincarnation was not a theory here; it was the gravitational pull that organized every atom.

A quiet realization pooled in his chest: he was inside the Door of Reincarnation, standing in the Reincarnation Realm itself.

He slowly turned a full circle, jaw tight, shoulders held just short of a fighting stance.

The familiar laws of the outside world felt muted, as though someone had wrapped them in damp cloth.

In their place, the realm's relentless law of reincarnation pressed from every direction.

His chaotic force rose to meet the pressure, but its flow hit unseen snags, thickening like syrup.

Ahead, the gray mist bulged, then rolled aside.

Three silhouettes surfaced, carved from the same chalky vapor.

Each figure was humanoid yet faceless, built entirely of swirling gray, naked of features or clothing.

Power bled from them in steady waves—stronger than any Reincarnation Guardian he had faced.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Intruder... die..." The three voices overlapped, rasping through countless unseen throats.

The words vibrated inside his skull, as if the realm itself had spoken through them.

All three lunged at once, movements abrupt and eerily synchronized.

No artifacts, no visible techniques—only arms lifting, fists clenching, cutting the distance with brutal simplicity.

Even that simplicity tugged on the realm; the very law of reincarnation rang like a struck bell in answer.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The air detonated around the incoming fists.

Wherever each fist passed, youth curdled into decay, newborn vigor wilted into rot, and certainty thinned toward nothingness.

They were weaponizing reincarnation itself, folding the cycle of life and death directly into the blow.

Jared's eyes narrowed; caution overtook every other emotion.

He drew his arm back, dense chaotic force spiraling to his knuckles, and met the middle fist head-on.

"Chaos Spellbreaker!" he roared, letting the punch fly.

The gray stamp of Jared's Chaotic Fist shot upward, meeting the three pale Reincarnation seals at the center of the dull sky.

He braced for thunder, but no shockwave came; only a thin, hungry hiss seeped through the air, as though acid were licking bone.

The moment the two arrays touched, they gnawed at each other—chaos trying to unweave the laws of return, while those same laws clawed back, desperate to swallow the chaos whole.

At last the gray seal punched through; the trio of reincarnation marks shattered like brittle glass, though his own imprint thinned, its edges dimming.

The leftover surge slapped the three gray figures, forcing them to stagger two steps; their misty bodies rippled, then steadied, as if nothing had happened.

A chill pinched the back of his neck. Strong too strong for mere constructs.

Clearly these shapes weren't living things at all; they were guardians, avatars forged straight from the very laws of reincarnation.

In this place the whole Reincarnation Realm poured its weight into them, turning destruction into a menial inconvenience.

He couldn't let the fight stretch; every second would only let the realm rebuild their shells.

Decision snapped into him. His right hand closed on nothing—and the Dragonslayer Sword condensed there, blade humming to be swung.

Across its length surged churning chaos, the cycling Five Elements, incandescent Earthfire, and a coiling golden dragon phantom; the four forces wove together into a dusk-colored Sword Aura flecked with shifting lights.

"Chaos Genesis!"

Jared cleaved forward with a single, unhesitating stroke.

He abandoned intricate forms; instead he poured every drop of chaotic force into the sword's primal urge to split and reshape worlds.

Where the blade stormed past, the surrounding gray aura peeled away, torn like rotted cloth.

Within the death-silent realm, a raw pocket of chaos forced itself open, insisting on its own uncharted sky.

For the first time the gray figures twitched, sensing true danger.

They refused to meet the stroke. Bodies unraveled into three swirling clouds that bled outward and vanished into the omnipresent fog.

Instantly the entire field churned; gray-white mist boiled from every direction, squeezing toward him like closing jaws.

Within the surge, countless chains, blades, and arrowheads coalesced, whistling through the mist in a storm of dim metal.

The realm itself meant to pin him down, grind him into sameness, leave no scrap of chaos behind.

"Parlor tricks."

His expression didn't shift. Instead his Chaotic Domain flared outward, its radius leaping from a hundred yards to three hundred in a single breath.

Inside the swelling sphere, turbulent chaos roared; the Five Elements spun rivers of earth, fire, water, and wind; Earthfire blazed, scouring every alien speck; the golden dragon phantom coiled overhead, its long cry nailing evil to silence.

Every gray assault that crossed the boundary dissolved at once, stripped apart and folded back into formless chaos.

Beyond the ragged edge of his Chaotic Domain, the three gray phantoms pulled themselves back together.

Their misty bodies quivered, as though the very thought of crossing that boundary scalded them.

Fine. If they refused to step inside, he would drag them in.

"Since you won't come to me, I'll force you out." A dry laugh scraped out of him.

Both hands closed around the Dragonslayer Sword; he drove the point straight into the cracked earth.

"Chaos Origin—Earth Suppression!" Jared's shout rang like iron striking stone. The ground answered with a gut-deep boom.

From the buried blade a ring of gray ripples raced outward, devouring distance in heartbeats.

Where the wave passed, the floor of this death-ridden realm split like old porcelain.

Pale stones blistered, then melted into swirling ash, surrendered to the chaotic force flooding them.

The quake reached the phantoms' feet; the ground bucked hard enough to tear them loose.

They had no choice but to fling themselves into the air.

A spark fired behind his eyes-now.

Light knifed through his gaze as his left hand carved a seal in the air.

The right formed two fingers into a blade and stabbed toward the hovering phantoms.

"Chaos Origin-Trifold Reversion!" Three sparks of gray tore from his fingertip-faster than thought, faster than fear

In the same breath they buried themselves in each phantom's chest.

This time the darts ignored the outer fog; they drilled straight into the bright nodes pulsing at each core.

Those nodes were the very hinges on which the law of return turned.

All three bodies froze mid-air.

Mist churned violently, birthing silent screams that clawed at his skull.

They tried to summon the governing law to patch the wound, but chaotic force had already seeped into the nodes.

It gnawed from within, unmaking them stitch by stitch.

Jared's voice dropped to a gravelly whisper. "Break."

Thunderous cracks followed, three in brutal succession.

Each phantom burst apart, dissolving into whorls of pristine reincarnation aura.

Nothing re-formed; the nodes lay in ruins, erased by the invading chaos.

The three clouds of aura hovered

them into the waiting briefly, then drew inward, drinking et

Domam

The domain pulsed, fed.

Chaotic

Even so, tension tightened Jared's shoulders instead of easing them.

This had been only the gate.

He lifted his gaze toward the deeper gloom.

There, the gray fog peeled aside like curtains, revealing a dead-straight road.

At the road's far limit loomed the outline of a vast gray palace.

A vibration, faint as dust shifting, trembled across the broken stones before Jared could name it.

From the black palace ahead, a sound unfolded-vast, indifferent, older than anything still breathing.

"Bearer of chaos... at last, you stand

before me." The voice held no anger,

no joy, it settled over him with the chill patience of a glacier studying an ant.

His fingers tightened around the Dragonslayer Sword until leather groaned.

Each step toward the gray staircase felt heavier, as if the floor demanded tribute for letting him pass.

When the first boot touched the lowest stair, the palace doors sighed inward without

a hinge or echo.

The invitation felt surgical, removing every excuse to hesitate.

Inside, nothing waited.

Columns, altars, thrones-every certainty was absent, leaving only distance and the smell of cold stone.

At the far end, above a narrow platform, a pallid knot of light hovered, shifting shapes faster than breath.

Mouths and eyes surfaced, laughed, wept, vanished, then returned as strangers. Was that the Lord of Reincarnation itself, or only a skin it wore in this realm?

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Surrender the Flaxseed clan's spirits," the drifting radiance said, "and I might let your body remember breathing."

The promise slithered across the marble, looking for cracks inside him.

Jared stopped at the chamber's center, sword lowered but ready.

His reply came steady, clipped, immune to bargain.

"Return what you stole, or there is nothing here for mercy to do."

A rumble of laughter seeped from the light, low and amused, as though he were a pet certain to misbehave.

"Spare me?" it echoed, softly cruel. "Chaos bearer, the instant you entered this realm, every ending you own was already chosen."

An eyebrow rose before he could stop it.

"Is that so?" His tone held curious boredom, but his pulse sped. "Chosen for what?"

"To feed me." The light pulsed, as though pronouncing sentence.

"You will be absorbed, a nutrient for the law of cycles I tend."

Its words cooled, losing even the courtesy of contempt.

"Your chaotic force disrupts my order, yes, but this domain belongs to me. Here, the rules of rebirth answer only my will. You cannot win."

The air clenched.

Every mote of reincarnation aura burst into frantic motion, swirling as if startled bees had remembered their stingers.

Gray-white chains erupted from empty space, writhing toward him like serpents that had never known sunlight.

They carried sigils that spoke in the bones: birth, decay, debts repaid, spirits reborn. This was not mere force-it was the script of existence, aiming to rewrite him.

A prickle of fear surfaced, and he sliced it away with motion.

The Chaotic Domain roared open, a storm of shifting dusk, and the Dragonslayer Sword carved arcs of gray lightning into the chains.

Steel-bright clangs rang out, impossibly loud inside the hollowed hall.

Each chain shuddered under the blows; runes flickered, dimmed, then burned alive again, unbroken.

A dry snap cut through the roar.

From every direction new chains of law surged, bright as molten iron, weaving over the old layers until Jared's Chaotic Domain felt like a lung being wrapped in wire.

The shimmering boundary that had once stretched three hundred paces away collapsed-two hundred, one, then fifty-each contraction slamming against his eardrums like a drumbeat swallowed too late.

Pressure punched inward, sudden and absolute.

Deep in his core the Chaos Star spun madly, spraying filaments of raw force to patch the fissures crawling across the Domain, yet every pulse cost him more than the last.

He could feel the deficit yawning open-give another inch and the chain would reach bone.

"Pointless." The voice of the Lord of Reincarnation drifted across the grinding metal, empty of warmth.

Inside this realm I am the statute; I am the design. Your chaotic force can scorch my cycle, yes, but you bring a teacup to drown an ocean of fire.

Jared let a breath scrape out of his teeth.

"Is that so?" Heat flared behind his eyes, hotter than fear. "Then watch which comes first—your sea smothering me, or my blade boiling your precious cup dry." He stopped holding back.

The Primal Unity Refinement Tome roared to its full rhythm; four currents inside him slammed together, fusing until the Chaos Star erupted in a radiance that painted the hall in newborn dawn.

"Chaos Origin—Genesis of Heaven and Earth!" Both hands closed around his sword.

He drove the edge forward, a single arc aimed at the pulsing light that marked the Lord's heart.

Every lesson he had carved from the chaos rushed into that strike—split the fog, name the space, coax form from nothing.

Order would not be begged for; it would be hammered out of the void.

The blade's glare parted the ashen aura like curtains ripped from a window.

Chains of law snapped one link after another; the entire throne hall quivered, dust sifting from vaults that had never known tremor.

For the blink of a heartbeat the realm's choke loosened, leaving a raw corridor straight toward the Lord of Reincarnation.

The sword light crashed into the grey-white core.

A searing hiss tore the air.

The sphere convulsed; its pallid sheen dulled, and from within came a smothered grunt.

"Well done. A true Chaos Genesis."

The Lord's voice wavered for the first time, astonishment smeared with a hint of delight.

"Your potential surpasses every estimate. If I consume you, my reincarnation law may transcend its flaw."

Jared's lips peeled back over his teeth.

"Try it. Let's see if you can stomach me."

With a guttural breath he carved another slash, refusal sharpened to steel.

But the Lord refused to remain a target.

The dim core ballooned, unfolding into a grey-white giant ten fathoms tall.

Its face blurred like wet chalk, yet its eyes were twin vortices, grey spirals swallowing horizon after horizon.

"Reincarnation-Rebirth Tribulation!"

The colossus lifted a monumental hand and leveled one finger at Jared; the air before him folded inward pregnant with something older than death.

Pressure slammed down before Jared could form a thought.

It did not push from above or press from the sides; it simply existed everywhere, heavy as a verdict already written.

Muscles, bones, and even the fragile glow of his spirit lay untouched.

The force drilled deeper-past flesh,

past thought-toward the hidden

axle where karma, destiny, and he

endless wheel of reincarnation

endless wheel

meshed

Colors burst across his sight like torn banners.

Before one shape settled, another ripped it away.

A newborn's cry, thin and confused, rattled inside his own lungs.

Calloused childhood fingers bled against training rods.

The first throat he cut opened again, warm and metallic on his palms.

Friends faded into funerary smoke.

Gerald's final scream pitched him back into molten darkness.

Every echo belonged to a life he had already survived, yet the parade refused to end, as though someone rewound the same reel just to break him.

Then the scenes tilted forward, unfurling into roads he had never walked.

Each road glittered with possibility and dripped with threat.

One vision shackled him inside a hollow husk, will gone, body marching under another mind.

Another hurled him onto a battlefield where the Door of Reincarnation devoured his shattered soul.

A third crowned him victor, only to watch the core of his path collapse, brittle as over-fired clay.

Possibilities masqueraded as memory, demanding equal weight.

Past, present, and what-might-be crashed together, shards spinning, slicing at the thin membrane of his mind.

The storm whispered promises of comfort if he would only forget who Jared was. Forget, dissolve, return to the wheel.

Blood salted his teeth, but he ground them together and hissed the words through the taste.

"Monstrous... reincarnation sorcery."

His Chaotic Domain shrank to a flickering shell three feet across, every grain of its swirling mist barricading the onslaught.

The pressure receded only long enough to gather again, thicker each time, like tides obeying a frozen moon.

Above the chaos, the towering phantom of the Lord of Reincarnation lifted its stone palm.

"Reincarnation-Karma Severance!"

Pale threads unraveled from the

void, thousands at first, then countless; one thicker than the rest pulsed between Jared's chest and

the phantom's heart.

The phantom clenched that cable and ripped.

Wet heat exploded from Jared's lips.

Pain did not flare; it bloomed, thick and sudden, and his vision tunneled as ruby droplets sprayed the dark.

Strength fled him in fast, frightened gulps.

No blade had touched him; the wound lived somewhere nobody could bandage.

Only the roiling film of chaotic force around his organs kept his foundation from shattering outright.

The phantom's voice thundered again: "Reincarnation-Destiny Alteration!"

Its fingers twisted, as if rerouting a river on a map that only gods could read, flipping the symbol by his name from life to death.

A chill sluiced through his veins, sucking warmth from marrow first, then muscle, then skin.

Breathing became an unearned luxury.

"Damn it... is this the power of someone who truly owns the Laws?"

The admission tasted worse than blood—a grain of helplessness swelling into a boulder against his ribs.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Yes, the Chaos Source Seed had flooded him with raw strength, but wielding it felt like swinging a sword while blindfolded.

Across from him stood an ancient who forged the sword, named every angle, and knew exactly where to cut.

A child, no matter how fine the weapon, could never outfight a seasoned warrior.

He heard his own ragged breath echo inside the collapsing sphere of his mind. This could not drag on. A hard glint burned behind his eyes—no retreat left. Fine. All in. His awareness plunged into the furnace hidden behind his navel.

There, the Chaos Star whirled so violently that hair-line cracks raced across its molten surface.

He forced it to cough up raw origin power, a forbidden draw the Primal Unity Refinement Tome warned him never to attempt at his current level.

And then-

"Enough. Your strength pleases me. You may yet earn the rank of my highest Reincarnation Envoy." The giant phantom withdrew its hand, and every crushing assault vanished with it.

Relief did not feel like relief-just the shock of noticing he was still upright, if bleeding from places he could not name.

The Chaotic Domain recoiled into his body, leaving him swaying over a pool of his own red.

"First, you will taste what true Reincarnation torment means," the Lord said, the warmth in his timbre freezing away.

"Only after that will you comprehend how foolish your defiance has been."

The phantom hand stretched toward him, fingers splaying wider than city gates.

In its palm a gray-white whirlpool turned, slow, patient, and so ancient his soul flinched before thought could form.

That has to be the naked source of the Reincarnation law, he realized, dread eating the edges of reason.

"Endure the cycles. After one hundred lifetimes, when you have sampled every sorrow and forgotten who you were, I will fetch you back and clothe you in new purpose as my obedient servant."

The whirlpool drifted from his palm and glided toward Jared like a ghost lantern, silent and inexorable.

Jared strained to step aside, to raise a finger, anything, but invisible shackles pinned every joint.

The last sparks of chaotic force were ashes; the wounds in his spirit pulsed open, refusing to answer his call.

He could only watch as the gray-white spiral touched his forehead and seeped inward like winter water into cracked stone.

Cold.

Unending, marrow-deep cold.

Then darkness.

Total, swallowing darkness.

His awareness fluttered like the last wick of a storm-beaten candle, wavered, and finally went out.

"One century from now," the distant voice whispered through the void, "we meet again. By then you will understand what fate truly is."

The final shard of light blinked out.

He tumbled into a black so total that even the idea of his own body slipped away, leaving only Jared's small, startled breath echoing inside his chest.

When the silence settled, it felt ancient, as though the Reincarnation Realm had closed a colossal door and was content never to open it again.

A lone smear of gray-white light floated ahead; faces drifted inside it, surfacing then sinking, while a half-formed, trembling visage began to stitch itself together at the core.

"Sandy... please... just open the door..." The plea seeped from Jared's cracked lips and hung in the night air, thin as steam from cooling tea.

He stood on the stoop outside her apartment, shoulders shaking every time he hammered the wood; his bruised knuckles throbbed in sync with his heartbeat, but he kept calling.

The lock clicked; Bella, Sandy's mother, burst out and drove her heel into his shin.

"You convict, vanish. My girl is marrying Leyton and nothing will stain her day."

"No... it can't be," Jared whispered, shaking his head so hard his vision blurred, as though reality might fall off like loose dust.

Sandy stepped onto the porch in a white dress that felt to Jared like a funeral shroud.

She flung several crumpled bills; they slapped his face before falling to the concrete. "Leave. Of course I'm marrying Leyton."

"Betray me and see what the Dragonslayer Sword can do," Jared growled, fire skating across his eyes as he raised a trembling hand.

He sliced the air, waiting for cold steel and roaring power. Nothing came. Only the embarrassed whisper of his own sleeve.

Engines blared; a ribbon of bridal cars rolled up, chrome glinting under early sunlight.

The lead door swung open and Leyton strode out in a tailored suit, pointing at Jared. "Are you trying to ruin my wedding, you useless bastard?"

Jared's stare sharpened until Leyton flinched; venom coated every word. "Leyton, swear you'll—"

"I swear I don't. Put him down." Leyton flicked his wrist, and the bodyguards closed in.

The first fist drove into Jared's ribs, then a boot caught his cheek; pain bloomed, wet and metallic, before he even hit the pavement.

With a wounded grunt he swung back. "Holy Light Fist!"

His knuckles crashed into a guard's stomach, folding the man over with a startled wheeze.

"You son of a- still fighting?"

Rage flared in the guard's eyes; the next blows fell heavier, each one a gravelly thunder inside Jared's bones.

Minutes felt like hours before the kicks stopped; Jared lay staring at gray sky through one swollen eye, face a map of bruises.

He watched, powerless, as Sandy stepped into the ribboned car and the convoy pulled away. Bella leaned over him and spat the saliva burned hotter than the asphalt.

Shaking, he pushed to his feet. "Where's my strength-my chaotic aura where did it go?"

A long, high squeal of tires echoed down the street, as if the world itself were laughing at the question.

He pushed against the bench, knees still unsteady from the bus ride, and felt gravel crunch under his soles.

A horn screamed, metal flashed, and something heavy slammed into his hip, flinging him onto the blacktop before the thought of danger could settle.

Tires hissed to a stop beside him, and the driver's door swung open.

The woman who stepped out wore a powder-blue suit Jared would have recognized in any light-Josephine.

Pain peeled through his ribs, yet excitement punched even harder.

He lurched upright, gripping the fender for balance, and blurted, "Josephine, I can't believe it's you! Are you okay? It's been forever."

She blinked once, expression blank, then curled her lip.

"Who the hell are you? Get out of the way."

Her palm hit his chest, cold and deliberate, shoving him aside before she slid back behind the wheel and

sped off, taillights smearing red across the dusk.

"Josephine! Josephine!" he shouted, sprinting after the retreating car until his lungs burned and the asphalt blurred with his own blood.

A childlike voice drifted from the sidewalk behind him.

"Grandpa, look, that bloody guy tried to fake an accident and still got beaten."

Jared turned; a delicate girl clung to an elderly man's arm, their evening stroll briefly paused as they studied him like a stray dog.

The old man shook his head.

"Lizbeth, give him a hundred. Young people shouldn't waste themselves on scams."

His sigh sounded almost apologetic, yet his eyes never softened.

The girl pinched a crisp bill between two manicured fingers and flicked it toward

Jared; it fluttered to the gutter.

"Grandpa says don't play con man again."

Hope leapt.

He staggered forward, grin splitting the blood on his lips.

"Lizbeth, thank God-it's so good to see you."

The girl's face blanched.

"I don't know you, creep. I work for the Department of Justice-I could have you arrested."

She yanked her grandfather away, their footsteps quickening until they vanished around the corner.

Jared stood alone, the bill wilting near his shoe, the words spinning: Nobody remembers me.

How could that be?

Night found him limping back to the rented apartment, each stair jellifying beneath bruised legs.

In the dim hallway he heard his mother's tremoring voice and male chatter thick with threat.

He reached the doorway in time to see her clouded eyes searching the air, hands shaking around a stack of bills.

Rage blasted through the ache.

He stormed inside.

"Stop! Apologize to my mother right now, you bastards."

The bald one snorted. "Fresh out of lockup and already mouthing off?"

His fist shot forward, cracking against Jared's cheekbone, hot-white pain detaching sound from sight.

"Teach him," he barked, stepping back with a grin.

The pack descended—boots, fists, broken laughter—until the floor rushed up to meet Jared's face.

Somewhere beyond the blows, his mother knelt, begging, pressing the money into their hands as though it might buy his safety.

The streetlamp's glow retreated with the thugs; their laughter bled into the alley until even echoes gave up.

Jared lay on the damp pavement, eyes staring at nothing, limbs refusing every command.

Something inside him had simply shut off, the way a switch flips when a building is condemned.

How had his life collapsed into this?

He waited for the dark to seal him over, almost grateful for the numbness.

Then a voice threaded through the ringing in his ears, low and familiar, jerking him back toward breath.

"Jared, time to wake..."

A Warrior Undefeatable

His eyelids unpeeled with the stubborn weight of dried glue.

Blur and brightness wrestled for focus until a human outline swam in front of him.

He scrubbed his knuckles across both sockets; light smeared, but the figure stayed unresolved, haloed by a pale glow.

"Who are you? Where am I?" The questions came out thin, as if spoken from underwater.

The silhouette turned.

Recognition slammed through him; he lurched forward, arms closing around the blurred shoulders, tears igniting behind his eyelids.

"Mr. Sanders, I... I just had a terrible dream!"

Fragments of the beating rushed back—the taunting grins, the useless fists that wouldn't summon power, the taste of blood he hadn't earned.

Fresh fear crawled over the joy of seeing his mentor.

Mr. Sanders answered with a mild smile, palm brushing Jared's hair the way one settles a startled dog.

"Foolish kid, that wasn't a dream."

"Not a dream?" The words tasted like chalk; they stuck to his tongue.

"How can it not be? In that... place no one knew me. Anyone could hit me."

Mr. Sanders's voice lowered to a teacher's cadence.

"It truly wasn't a dream. That was your other life. If you hadn't carried the Golden Dragon's True Form, the world you just saw would have been your only one."

Jared froze, bewilderment pooling behind his ribs.

"If I weren't the Dragon... would Josephine, Lizbeth—would they really not know me?"

He stared at his own hands, as if fingerprints might confirm which world was dominant.

"Exactly. Without the Dragon's blood you'd never have received the Focus Technique; without the Technique you'd be an ordinary man."

"And an ordinary life bends differently." Mr. Sanders's tone was gentle, not apologizing, just stating the shape of things.

Jared's tongue felt bitter as the truth settled. He exhaled and said, "I understand now. I got this far not because I'm brilliant but because of the Golden Dragon's True Form—and because my father is."

Jared's mind flicked through bright faces—Josephine laughing, Lizbeth rolling her eyes—and he felt a hot sting of shame. They hadn't fallen for him; they'd fallen for the golden badge of his bloodline.

If he had been plain Jared from the alley, not the dragon's heir, Josephine and Lizbeth would have walked past him like street vendors they forgot to pay.

Mr. Sanders clicked his tongue, amusement hiding fatigue. "Good that you know. A man's birth usually writes the ceiling above his head. Grind yourself against it anyway."

A dry warmth landed on Jared's shoulder. Mr. Sanders's palm lingered just long enough to be a promise, then slipped away.

Jared licked his lips, unsettled, and forced the question out. "Mr. Sanders, that Lord of Reincarnation, he...?"

"Over there." Mr. Sanders didn't raise his voice; he only tilted his chin.

His finger cut the air like a quiet blade, locking Jared's attention.

Jared followed the invisible arrow and froze.

Not ten paces away a neat-looking man, maybe thirty, knelt in the dust, shoulders twitching like paper caught in rain.

At his knees a dark damp halo spread fear had squeezed the water right out of him.

"He's the Lord of Reincarnation?" The words escaped before Jared could dam them.

His gaze crawled over the man's pale cheeks, waiting for some hidden storm to reveal itself, and found only tremors.

Nothing about him matched the legend Jared had rehearsed the conqueror who bent reincarnation to his will.

Wasn't he the ruthless pioneer who carved a brand-new path through the cycles of life and death?

Mr. Sanders burst into laughter, the sound rolling like loose stones down a hill. "Lord of Reincarnation, my foot. He's just a ghost playing dress-up, flaunting the Ghost Clan's Door of Reincarnation to scam the crowd."

"Ghost Clan?" The term scraped Jared's mind raw; he had never heard it before. Entire libraries he'd skimmed, yet not a single page had whispered of such a race. Mr. Sanders rested his hands behind his back. "The heavenly wheel turns, souls depart-those tricks belong to the Ghost Clan."

"Do you recall how I could bring back someone whose very soul had been erased?"

Jared nodded quickly. "I remember-one wave of your hand scatters souls, another wave pulls them back."

Mr. Sanders chuckled. "I'm not that mighty. When a soul is truly erased from the Three Realms, nothing can resurrect it."

"What you witnessed was different—the so-called obliterated souls were hurled into the Ghost Clan's Reincarnation Division, so they could crawl back."

He let the truth hang between them like damp sheets on a line.

Jared's pulse skipped. "Mr. Sanders—are you with the Ghost Clan?"

He had never imagined the old man belonging to any other race; the possibility felt like a stone dropping through his chest.

"I am no ghost," Mr. Sanders said. "I'm merely on friendly terms with their king."

"Because of that friendship," he added, turning a bored glance toward the Lord of Reincarnation, "I'll spare you today. Your clan's ruin was sealed by fate anyway."

The gaunt official collapsed to his knees, forehead thudding against the stone. "Thank you for showing mercy..." His voice quivered between terror and relief.

Heat flooded Jared's throat. "Where are the Flaxseed spirits? Bring them out—now."

"They were dispatched to the Reincarnation Division long ago," the Lord stammered, shoulders shaking. "I... I can't reach them."

Jared faced Mr. Sanders. "Flaxseed

saved my life; I swore to retrieve his

clan's souls so they can live again. Please help ing Hops pressed,

behind his eyes, bright and

desperate.

Mr. Sanders snorted. "That pock-faced rogue spent his days teaching you to chase

skirts. Now your heart's tangled, and he's partly to blame."

His glare hit Jared like a slap.

Color rushed into Jared's cheeks. "It's not his fault," he muttered. "I was born a romantic; that's on me."

Mr. Sanders sighed. With an idle flick of his palm, hundreds of multicolored lights burst from the gray soil of the Reincarnation Realm and streaked toward the sky.

"They're home," he said. "The Flaxseed spirits have returned." Relief bloomed across Jared's face. "Thank you, Mr. Sanders."

"Since you're here," Jared ventured,

"could your also restore

Maxwell and maybe knock some sense into the celestialetan Chier?

Maxwell is a Hall Master of my

Dragon Sect."

"And Mr. Vermilion's lady could you bring her back too?"

Mr. Sanders arched a brow. "Not happening. You made those promises; you keep them. Weren't you headed to the Clan Chief to negotiate Maxwell's release?"

"I..." Jared's mouth hung open.

With his current strength he might never match that man.

Rumor called the Chief a Golden Immortal; Jared was only a humble Heavenly

Immortal.

One careless breath from the Chief could snuff him out.

Jared felt the old man's palm leave his shoulder.

"Everything here is settled," Mr. Sanders said, voice as calm as banked coals. "Head to level thirteen. From now on, spend your thoughts. on cultivation, not distractions."

Jared opened his mouth before he could stop himself.

"I'm only at the Heavenly Immortal Realm. Level thirteen requires High Immortal—
and I've heard—"

He never finished.

White light flooded his vision, wiping every outline clean.

The glare receded.

The sickly gray of the Reincarnation Realm was gone; a raw wasteland sprawled

beneath a bruised sky.

Mountains surrounded him, but their peaks lay shattered, as if a giant heel had stomped them to powder.

"Mr. Sanders!"

The name ricocheted off broken cliffs and came back empty.

Silence pressed in; the old master had vanished.