

## Chapter 2469 Secret Technique, Heavenly Curtain

If it had not been for the fact that they witnessed the match with their own eyes, the participating fighters from both sides would not believe such a scene. As peers and martial arts practitioners, their strengths were so vastly different.

Albus, who was in the crowd, had a sense of unease.

Five years ago, he had just made his debut alongside Charley.

As a young man full of vigor and talent, he had made grand aspirations that were considered top-notch in the mortal world.

Because of this, he privately challenged Charley to a duel.

Yet, in the end, he lost to Charley with just half a move.

After that, Albus made up his mind to wholeheartedly cultivate martial arts.

Later, he heard that Charley had gone alone to the Far North to train and had since disappeared without a trace.

At that time, Albus felt a bit regretful.

He never expected to meet Charley again today.

The gap between the two sides had already become so vast.

His proud secret technique was nothing more than an ordinary move in the hands of others.

What was even more terrifying was that Charley easily blocked it with just a wave of his hand.

Just the collision of the first move brought deep shock to the peers present.

The black-robed servant, who was Charley's opponent, was also filled with astonishment.

She could anticipate that her opponent was strong, but she never expected it to be to this extent.

If that was the case, there was no need for her to hold back anymore.

She swung her hands.

After spinning the Shriek Sword a few times, she held it horizontally behind the black robe.

In the next moment, she used one hand to form a seal and chanted complex, incomprehensible spells.

"Let the curse be a weakness."

"Let the curse be sluggishness."

Two curses were activated in succession.

Charley's brows furrowed subconsciously.

Two faint black nimbus then entered his body.

Even though he had already unleashed the majestic sword energy within him, it couldn't stop the nimbus from entering his body.

In the next second, he felt his physical strength rapidly draining away.

His reaction speed also gradually became sluggish.

"So, this is the Spiritualist Clan's method? It's quite suspicious."

Just as Charley curiously observed the changes in his body, the black-robed servant attacked once more.

"You still can't do anything to me with just these methods."

Compared to the extreme coldness of the Far North, where one would lose consciousness due to the intense weather, the black-robed servant's curses were completely outmatched.

After a faint smile, Charley simply transformed his fingers into a sword.

Although his movements were a bit slower, he still firmly blocked the opponent's Shriek Sword.

His feet remained unmoved.

Even though she had cast curses on Charley, she still could not defeat him.

An anxious expression gradually appeared on her face.

Then, she increased the output of her nimbus again.

For a moment, the originally black giant scythe suddenly ignited a dark purple flame.

Although there was no sense of heat, the mere sight of the constantly flickering light was enough to make one shudder.

"Fall!"

With an angry shout, the black-robed servant brandished the scythe again.

This time, although Charley managed to block the scythe, he was finally pushed back several steps.

But seeing that this attack still had no significant effect, she increased the strength in her hands once again.

Each strike was fiercer with each move becoming more brutal.

Looking at Charley, she realized that he only held his long sword with one hand to block the opponent's attacks, making himself impenetrable.

It was a move that allowed Charley to calmly defend himself.

Under the continuous and fierce attacks of the black-robed servant, sweat beads had already appeared on her forehead.

Her arms were starting to feel numb and sore from the repeated clashes.

Even if she were foolish, she arrived at an understanding.

If she relied solely on these methods, she would be completely helpless against her opponent.

So, she once again retracted her weapon and used her strongest trump card.

"Heavenly Curtain!"

As the black-robed servant slowly raised her hands, two pitch-black giant claws quietly appeared behind her.

For a split second, a chilly cold air permeated the entire arena.

As for the participants below the stage, they felt like there were pins and needles on their scalps.