

# A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

## A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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“Give it another shot,” Aziel said to Verdin.

Verdin grimaced. If could have beaten Aziel, would have definitely taken action to eliminate him. Regrettably, was no match for Aziel at that time.

He was somewhat regretful for coming in, as it would have been better if hadn't entered in the first place.

At that point, had no chance to escape. Aziel's aura had already locked onto him, specifically to prevent his escape. If dared to harbor any thoughts at that moment, Aziel would undoubtedly strike without hesitation.

However, if were to continue walking forward, and if the samurai statue suddenly attacked, felt might not be able to withstand it.

Caught in a bind, Jared boldly declared, “If you think he's more handsome than me, then why don't you come over here? These two statues won't attack a handsome guy...”

“What are you still waiting for?” Aziel asked Verdin coldly.

“Mr. Aldwych, can't someone else take my place? I've already tried once and even sustained serious injuries.” Verdin protested.

“What? Are you expecting me to try it instead?” Aziel said, his eyes narrowing.

“You could...” Verdin glanced around, determined not to let Dexton leave. His gaze then settled on a few individuals in black robes standing behind Nymeria.

“You can have them try,” suggested Verdin.

“What's this? You fear Heavenfall Pavilion, but you don't fear Bloodbane Palace?” Nymeria's eyes momentarily flashed with a murderous intent.

Verdin was frightened into silence and sighed. However, under pressure, had no choice but to steel himself and approach the stone platform once again.

With every step took, kept a firm gaze on the two samurai statues, deeply afraid that they might suddenly spring to life.

The moment had just set foot on the stone platform, the two statues opened their eyes, their long swords swiftly slashing down!

Boom! Boom!

“D\*mn it!” Verdin roared, frantically channeling all his spiritual energy in defense. However, his defense was like paper against the statue’s attack, instantly shattered!

Blood spurted wildly as Verdin was sent flying, crashing heavily to the ground. A ghastly wound split open his chest, his aura dwindling to a critical point.

“Why... Why am I the only one being attacked?” He roared in anger and frustration.

Everyone exchanged puzzled glances, not understanding why only Verdin was attacked and not Jared.

Aziel frowned, his gaze shifting back and forth between Jared and the statues.

Finally, said icily, “It seems that the attack mechanism of these two statues is not based solely on gender or strength...”

“What is it, then?” Nymeria furrowed brows.

“Perhaps... It’s his bloodline?” Aziel narrowed his eyes, fixating on Jared. “There might be something special about him...”

A thought flickered through Jared’s mind, but maintained his composure externally, shrugging as said, “Perhaps it’s just good luck?”

“Hmph!” Aziel snorted in disbelief.

However, at that moment, Verdin was seriously injured, and others dared not attempt to approach recklessly. The only one who could get close to the stone platform was Jared!

“Go, open those three coffins!” Aziel commanded.

Jared glanced at and casually retorted, “And why should I listen to you?”

“You won’t listen?” A murderous intent surged in Aziel’s eyes. “Then I’ll kill you right now!”

Jemima anxiously grabbed onto Aziel’s sleeve, whispering, “Aziel, don’t be rash...”

Jemima was afraid that Aziel might actually lay a hand on Jared. Given the situation, believed Jared was undoubtedly outmatched.

“I’ll give it a shot...” Nymeria gave Aziel a disdainful glance, then proceeded toward the stone platform.

Nymeria moved at a leisurely pace, and each step took seemed to ripple through the void.

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When Nymeria reached the stone platform, took a deep breath and then slowly stepped onto it. At the same time, had a cluster of intense light forming in hands, ready to strike at any moment, bracing herself for the attack of the two samurai statues.

Yet when Nymeria stepped onto the stone platform, the two samurai statues did not launch an attack against her.

Upon seeing the situation, Nymeria couldn’t help but breathe a sigh of relief.

“What’s going on?” Aziel asked, his brows furrowed in confusion, his expression slightly awkward.

Nymeria gestured, and the three elders in black robes also made their way toward the stone platform. They were extremely cautious, but fortunately, the two samurai statues did not initiate any attack.

As watched everyone from Bloodbane Palace ascend the stone platform, Aziel was growing increasingly restless.

“Mr. Draycott, I’ll give it a try first,” Aziel stated.

“Let’s stick together. I reckon these two statues won’t launch an attack anymore.” After Dexton finished speaking, headed toward the stone platform!

Observing the situation, Aziel followed closely behind with Jemima.

When ascended the stone platform, the two samurai statues did not attack. Aziel looked at the two statues in surprise, but didn’t dare to examine them too closely.

“Ah... This isn’t fair...” Verdin was lying on the ground, severely injured.

Seeing everyone safely ascend the stone platform struck a blow to his heart.

“Why, just why... Why is it always only me...” Verdin roared in indignant fury.

“I’ve said it before. It’s because you’re not handsome enough.” Jared stated nonchalantly.

Verdin spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, anger seeping from him, before passed out. However, no one bothered about him. After all, was not related to them in any way, and nobody would waste their time on someone who was entirely irrelevant.

Everyone stood on the stone platform, gazing at the three coffins before them.

The vibrant red color flowing over the coffin, akin to blood, along with the scent of gore, left everyone deeply puzzled.

Nymeria instantly unleashed spiritual sense, wanting to investigate what exactly was inside the coffin. However, spiritual sense simply could not penetrate through, as the moment it came into contact with the coffin, It vanished instantly.

Everyone had tried, but it simply didn’t work.

Jared had always considered his spiritual sense to be the most powerful, yet even was unable to penetrate it into the coffin. As such, the others naturally couldn't.

Nymeria scrutinized the cryptic runes on the coffin, but couldn't make any sense of them.

Dexton slowly squatted down, engrossed in his careful examination while Aziel stood nearby, watching in silence, not daring to utter a word.

Jared, on the other hand, had pulled Jemima aside. If there was anything odd about the coffin, wanted them to be prepared to escape beforehand.

While the ruins indeed held opportunities, it was also fraught with risks. It was important to understand that opportunities and risks always went hand In hand.

"Mr. Vermilion, do you know which sect this ruin belongs to?" Jared turned to ask Vermilion Demon Lord.

Vermilion Demon Lord shook his head and spoke. "Why would I know about ruins from level two. Don't forget, I hail from level nine."

"You weren't born there, so what's the harm in asking?" Jared rolled his eyes.

"I am born there!" Vermilion Demon Lord roared.

Jared was suddenly at a loss for words.

Well... Some people are just lucky to be born rich...

At that moment, Dexton was still engrossed in his careful examination, and even the few individuals from Bloodbane Palace were holding their breaths, watching intently.

They were aware that among them, only Dexton understood array craft.

The runes on the coffin should be the markings of an arcane array.

Dexton was seen employing the method used to open the stone door, intending to unlock those three coffins once more.

Upon seeing that, Jared took Jemima directly to the base of the stone platform.

If the restraint arcane array were to be broken, and a seemingly dead but still kicking enemy were to leap out, that would spell trouble.

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Just as Jared led Jemima to the foot of the stone platform, the inscriptions on the coffin suddenly exploded with a terrifying power.

Everyone was caught off guard, all sent flying by the unforeseen force.

Fortunately, Jared had the foresight to lead Jemima under the stone platform, so the force didn't cause them any harm.

However, it was a different story for everyone else. They paled, blood trickling from the corners of their mouths. Dexton especially was grimacing, his chest caving in.

When Aziel saw Dexton in such a state, his earlier boasting was long gone. Instead, wore a look of solemnity. He had a feeling that obtaining the treasure from those ruins wouldn't be as easy as it seemed.

Moreover, at that moment, the entire surroundings were shrouded in an oppressive and terrifying aura.

Jared looked toward the stone platform, where the three coffins were still neatly arranged, showing no signs of having been opened. As such, wondered where on earth that terrifying power had come from.

Jared was steadily pulling Jemima backward as he, too, had noticed the three coffins in front of them were undeniably eerie, and they emanated a terrifying aura.

Suddenly, a jarring noise echoed through the air. Astonishingly, the coffin in the center was slowly opening by itself.

Upon witnessing that scene, everyone felt a surge of anxiety. Their expressions were guarded, each person bracing themselves for what was to come.

Jared pulled Jemima behind him, gripping the Dragonslayer Sword tightly, his gaze fixed unblinkingly on the open coffin.

Upon seeing Jemima cozying up with Jared once again, Aziel was utterly vexed. However, at that moment, couldn't go to Jared for trouble. After all, when faced with danger, everyone had to band together and work as one.

Jared glanced in the direction of the stone door, whispering quietly, "If things go south, run immediately, and whatever you do, don't try to fight..."

"Sure..." Jemima nodded in agreement. She always followed Jared's lead. If Jared ran, was sure to run after him.

Boom!

The lid of the central coffin gradually lifted. Following that, the entire ruins were filled with an aura of ancient vastness!

A ghostly figure emerged from the coffin, hanging in mid-air.

It was an elderly man with white hair, dressed in a simple, long robe. His eyes were as deep as the starry night sky, seemingly capable of seeing through everything.

"Finally... Someone has arrived," the elder, Julmis, slowly began, his voice filled with a mixture of world, weariness and authority.

Everyone's eyes widened as they stared intently at Julmis, their gazes filled with unmasked greed.

"Sir! I'm Aziel from Heavenfall Pavilion. It's an honor to meet you!" Aziel immediately stepped forward, respectfully greeting.

"Greetings, sir! I am Nymeria of Bloodbane Palace!" Nymeria hastily spoke up.

"Heavenfall Pavilion? Bloodbane Palace?" Julmis shook his head. "Uhm... I've never heard of them..."

"Which sect do you belong to, sir?" Jared asked, stepping forward.

"Anti-Celestial Sect," Julmis slowly stated.

“Anti-Celestial Sect?”

Everyone was dumbfounded by that unknown yet cool-sounding sect. No one had heard the name before.

Upon seeing the situation, Julmis responded with a faint smile, “Our sect dates back tens of thousands of years. It has been in decline for about the same length of time. Naturally, it’s impossible for youngsters like you to have heard of it...”

“However, the first, second, and third levels of the celestial realm were all established by Anti-Celestial Sect,” Julmis stated.

“What?” At that moment, everyone was completely taken aback.

“Sir, judging by your sect’s name, is it safe to assume you’re against celestials?” Jared asked.

“Indeed... Originally, the celestial realm consisted of only thirty-three levels. My sect single-handedly carved out three new levels. If it weren’t for us, those cultivators below Immortal Realm couldn’t even dream of reaching the celestial realm without ascending...”

“It was I who established the three levels, setting down the rules. Those with exceptional talents, who pass the test, can be guided to the celestial realm.” Julmis spoke slowly.

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Upon hearing Julmis’ words, everyone was taken aback, their faces filled with disbelief. None of them had anticipated that Julmis was actually the creator of those three levels.

In the past, the celestial realm only consisted of thirty-three levels. The ability of Julmis to carve out new levels within the realm clearly demonstrated his immense power. It was little wonder his sect was called Anti-Celestial Sect.

As no one present knew about the events from tens of thousands of years ago, they couldn’t ascertain whether Julmis’ words were true or false.

“Mr. Vermillion, is what this old man is saying really true?” Jared could only consult Vermillion Demon Lord within his consciousness field.



After all, Vermilion Demon Lord was from level nine and had lived for many years, and consequently, might know a bit more than others.

Just as Jared asked the question in his consciousness field, Julmis simply smiled and said, "There's no need to ask the spirit in your consciousness field. It won't know either, simply because it hasn't lived long enough..."

Jared was taken aback. He hadn't expected that Julmis before would somehow know about his conversation with Vermilion Demon Lord within his consciousness field. It was extraordinary, and incredibly impressive.

Tens of thousands of years was truly incredibly long time!

"The Anti-Celestial Sect had the power to create new levels in the celestial realm, so why did it still end up in ruins?" Jemima asked Julmis!

The fact that the Anti-Celestial Sect had become a ruin was proof that it had met its demise a long time ago. Only a sect that had been obliterated could turn into ruins.

Upon hearing that, Jared was instantly taken aback. He quickly grabbed Jemima's arm, then turned to Julmis and said, "Sir, doesn't understand the way of things. Please don't take words to heart."

Someone who could create new levels in the celestial realm and had lived for tens of thousands of years must be so powerful that Jared couldn't even imagine it.

Julmis might only be a spirit at that point, but even then, it was enough to wipe them all out.

Julmis chuckled. "I've been dead for so many years, and I've long since come to terms with it. There is always someone better. So what if Anti-Celestial Sect managed to establish the three levels? Even the celestial realm was created by the supreme deity, after all. As per the Heavenly Law, everything must eventually wither away..."

"Nothing can truly exist forever. Only through this cycle can the universe continue to develop in harmony. The downfall of Anti-Celestial Sect was destined by the Heavenly Law. What power do I possess to alter it?"

Upon hearing the words of Julmis, everyone grimaced, especially Aziel. He had always considered himself a prodigy, acting arrogantly without restraint. He looked down on everyone.

Upon hearing Julmis' words, felt a profound sense of defeat well up within him.

They were desperately striving to break through the three levels, aiming to become revered immortals.

Unbeknownst to them, the entire celestial realm was created by the supreme deity. Their desperate struggles probably wouldn't even amount to a speck of dust in the celestial realm.

"Sir, we meant no disrespect. We simply came to explore the ruins, hoping to find an opportunity. We're fortunate to have encountered you, so could you perhaps impart some wisdom to us, aiding in our growth and improvement?" Aziel dropped his boastful demeanor, becoming like an eager student yearning for knowledge.

"Of course... It is destiny that we've met. I'm plenty happy that someone will inherit the legacy of Anti-Celestial Sect," Julmis burst into hearty laughter.

"Please enlighten me, sir." Aziel immediately fell to his knees before Julmis.

Julmis gently waved his hand, causing a streak of changing light to flash by.

Aziel and Julmis then vanished completely. Only Jared and the others were left at the scene.

"Aziel, Aziel..." Upon witnessing the situation, Dexton turned deathly pale, shouting loudly, but there was no response at all.

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Aziel was the pride and joy of Heavenfall Pavilion, a prodigy who could punch above his weight. If something were to happen to him, Dexton had no way of explaining the situation to the others.

At that moment, Aziel found himself amidst chaos, following Julmis.

Julmis said, "Your abilities are lacking. You're merely a wandering immortal right now. I'll elevate you directly to the earthly immortal realm. Go and explore the fourth level..."

Upon hearing that, Aziel was instantly overwhelmed with emotion to the point of tears. He kneeled on the ground, wishing could show his extreme gratitude to Julmis in the most humble way possible.

“Thank you, sir!” Aziel bowed in gratitude.

Julmis gently placed his hand on Aziel’s head. Soft rays of light enveloped Aziel, radiating a sense of serenity.

Aziel felt his body violently trembling, as if were being torn apart, almost on the verge of falling apart. He gritted his teeth in determination until, at last, collapsed on the ground, drenched in sweat.

Julmis shook his head and said, “Your natural talent is commendable, but it’s a pity that your physical endurance is lacking... You can only advance to the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five before you can’t bear it any longer.”

Upon hearing that, Aziel felt a pang of disappointment. However, the prospect of advancing to Wandering immortal Realm Level Five wasn’t too shabby.

He was capable of challenging those beyond his rank. With his new status, could even hold his own against those in the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven.

“Thank you, sir!” Once again, Aziel kneeled down and bowed.

With a wave of his hand, Julmis made their figures reappear before the crowd.

Everyone’s eyes widened in surprise.

“Wandering Immortal Realm Level Five? It’s only been a short while, and he’s already advanced by two levels!” Dexton trembled with excitement, hastily stepping forward to check on Aziel’s condition.

Aziel wore a proud expression, feeling the surge of power within him. He looked at Jared with a triumphant gaze and scoffed, “Well, do you still dare to act arrogant in front of me now?”

Jared frowned, ignoring Aziel’s provocation, and instead studied carefully.

Somethings not right... His level has improved, but there’s an eerie sense of decay about him, as if a part of his vitality had been drained away...

“Sir, I also want to enhance my abilities!” Nymeria couldn’t wait any longer. She kneeled down with eyes filled with desire.

“All right, all right...” Julmis nodded with a smile, and with another wave of his hand, and Nymeria vanished.

A moment later, Nymeria returned, and level had also dramatically surged!

“I’ve made a breakthrough!” She laughed with excitement, yet laughter carried a hint of hoarseness, as if it bore traces of age.

Following that, Dexton and three black-robed elders quickly stepped forward, pleading for Julmis to empower them.

Julmis was open to all who approached, diligently elevating their realms one by one.

Soon enough, everyone was basking in the joy of their rapidly growing power, everyone except for Jared. The more observed, the more alarmed became.

Although those individuals had grown more powerful, the life force within them was rapidly diminishing. In other words, even though they had managed to elevate their power, they likely wouldn’t live for much longer. Their future cultivation would likely come to a standstill.

“Jared, let’s go too!” Jemima tugged at Jared’s sleeve, eyes shimmering with anticipation.

“No way...” Jared abruptly pulled back, whispering, “There’s something off about this old guy...”

“Huh?” Jemima was taken aback. “But they really did become stronger...”

“Sure, but it’s at the cost of their lifespan...” Jared said solemnly, “Haven’t you noticed? Their life force has clearly diminished...”

Jemima shook head. She couldn’t discern that, only aware that those people’s strength had all improved.

“What... What should we do then?” Jemima was starting to panic.

Jared narrowed his eyes, suddenly smiling. “If wants to play, I’ll humor him.”

After finished speaking, strode forward and respectfully greeted Julmis. "Sir, I believe I possess decent talent, I am versatile and gifted, and I strive to progress. Therefore, I'd like to ask you to pass on the mantle of Anti-Celestial Sect to me. If I'm able to inherit the legacy of Anti-Celestial Sect and elevate my realm, I will show you my gratitude every day in prayers!"