

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5111 Blood Corpse

The entrance of the cave was veiled by numerous layers of restriction, and on any given day, only Radmus was able to enter.

The celestial energy was so rich within Abyss Cave that it was almost palpable. Countless Luminous Pearls embedded in the cave walls bathed the entire space in a light as bright as day.

Radmus waved his hand to lift the restriction at the cave entrance, cautiously placing the two coffins at the center of the jade platform inside the cave.

The runes etched on the surface of the coffins flickered under the pearl-like glow, radiating an eerie chill. It was as if they were pulsating with a life of their own.

"Magical items from the ancient ruins..."

Radmus rubbed his hands together, his eyes gleaming with avarice. "That foolish Jared doesn't know the value of what he has. He'd trade such a precious treasure for his life. Unbelievable!"

He had once heard that ancient ruins often contained sacred items of incredible power or immortal pills, typically buried alongside their owners. Given the peculiar nature of these two coffins, he was certain they must be concealing some earth-shattering treasures.

He took a deep breath, channeling all his life's cultivation, and placed his palms on the lid of one of the coffins, intricately carved with a mysterious phoenix

pattern. "Open!"

A surge of energy flowed into the coffin like a tidal wave, triggering the runes to suddenly burst into a blinding red light. The coffin lid creaked and slowly slid open to one side.

A wave of overpowering, nauseating stench of blood instantly filled the air, mingled with the odors of decay and resentment, causing Radmus to instinctively take a half step back.

He forced himself to ignore the discomfort, leaning in for a closer look. Instead of a trove of gold, silver, and jewels, the coffin contained a woman's body, garbed in a tattered phoenix robe.

The woman's corpse had a ghastly, bluish-black complexion. Her long hair was tangled and snaky, while her nails were dark and sharp. Despite being dead for an unknown time, her eyes were still wide open, filled with resentment and bitterness.

What was even more eerie, her body hadn't fully decomposed. It was as if something was squirming beneath her skin, with wisps of black energy seeping out from her pores.

"Is... Is this a blood corpse?"

Radmus' expression suddenly changed. The blood corpse was an ancient evil creature that fed on blood essence. Even after death, its resentment energy would not dissipate, and it had the ability to manipulate the spirits of living beings.

Just as he was about to step back and seal the coffin, the woman's corpse suddenly parted her tightly closed lips, revealing a chillingly white feral fang. A visible crimson mist suddenly burst forth from her mouth, hurtling straight toward Radmus' face.

"Oh no!"

Radmus' eyes suddenly narrowed, and he hastily summoned a mithril shield. However, the crimson mist acted like a living entity, penetrating the shield and instantly seeping into his forehead.

He felt a chilling consciousness abruptly invade his mind, as if countless vengeful spirits were shrieking. His vision began to blur into darkness, and his body started to tremble uncontrollably.

Almost simultaneously, another coffin, adorned with dragon runes, let out a thunderous sound, its lid flying off on its own.

A man's corpse, dressed in a

tattered dragon robe, was startlingly laid out. The man's face was twisted in a grimace, his body covered in blood red death marks.

Astonishingly, in a gaping hole the size of a bowl in his chest, a heart was still beating, emitting a black energy.

He abruptly opened his eyes, revealing not pupils but a sea of scarlet. A silent roar transformed into a sound wave, causing the entire Abyss Cave to reverberate with its resonance.

The male corpse extended his withered hand, and with an empty grasp, the spiritual energy within Radmus surged uncontrollably, rushing toward the two coffins.

The crimson mist continuously flowed from the woman's corpse, seeping into Radmus' forehead. Meanwhile, the black heart in the chest of the male corpse was frantically draining his life force.

"Ahhh!"

Radmus let out a cry of agony. He could feel his consciousness being eroded, as a violent intent belonging to the blood corpse took control.

His body started to undergo strange transformations. One side of his face turned a ghastly shade of blue-black, marred with deathly markings, and his fingernails grew long and sharp, while the other half of his face was tinged with an odd blush, his skin as tender as a young girl's.

His voice had become androgynous, sometimes deep like a man's, other times sharp like a woman's.

"Hahaha... We've finally... seen the light of day again..."

A voice, seemingly both masculine and feminine, erupted from Radmus, laced with a manic relief that comes only after surviving a catastrophe.

Chapter 5112 Bloodbane Crystal

Two blood corpses slowly rose from their coffins, shrouded in a black energy, eerily floating mid-air.

Radmus had, by this point, become their puppet. His eyes were vacant, yet his

body exuded an aura of terror that was several times more potent than before.

That was the Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm, an aura nearly as overwhelming as that of an earthly immortal.

"The insignificant beings of Heavenfall Pavilion..."

Radmus, who was both man and woman, lifted his head. His gaze swept over the

elders outside Abyss Cave, who had sensed the disturbance and attempted to intrude. "Follow me... Let's bring down Bloodbane Palace!"

The unusual happenings at Heavenfall Pavilion didn't last long. When the core disciples broke into Abyss Cave, all they found were two empty coffins, and their

leader in a bizarre state that was half-man, half-woman, exuding an aura of terror

that was suffocating.

Without any explanation, the androgynous leader swept his hand, and dozens of

black-robed cultivators rose into the sky as if guided by an unseen hand. Their target was Bloodbane Palace, another major power on level two.

Bloodbane Palace.

After letting go of the grand elder, Dincelius seemed to fall into a state of self-doubt.

He wasn't sure whether what he was doing was right or wrong.

"Father, are you still thinking about that matter?" Nymeria asked as she approached Dincelius.

"Yes..." Dincelius sighed. "Meri, do you think I'm terrible, forcibly separating two

people who are in love?"

"I..." Nymeria was at a loss for words.

She genuinely felt that her father had gone a bit too far and that it wasn't right for

him to act that way.

Women were a dime a dozen in level two. Given her father's status and power, he

could have any woman he desired. So why did he insist on breaking up a perfectly happy couple?

"Back then, I was young and reckless. If I had feelings for someone, I had to make them mine. But now, I realize I've gone too far. That's why I let the grand

elder go. If he were to come back for revenge now, I might not fight back!"

Dincelius realized the mistakes he had made in the past.

"Father, it's all in the past now. Don't dwell on it. You should calm down and focus

on your cultivation!" Nymeria stated.

"All right!" Dincelius nodded, then got up, planning to head back to focus on his

cultivation

Yet at that moment, a sudden surge of crimson mist appeared in the sky above

Bloodbane Palace, churning violently.

A scent stronger than the thickest fog, rich with the metallic tang of blood, hit him

head-on.

Dincelius stood on the elevated platform before the palace gate, his brows furrowed as he gazed at the horizon.

Beside him, Nymeria instantly drew her weapon, tightly holding the Blood Cry Sword. The blood strands on the blade quivered uneasily.

"Father, who's approaching?
Something about their aura. isn't right!"

Dincelius wore a serious expression, shaking his head. He didn't know who this aura could possibly belong to.

Before he had even finished speaking, dozens of dark figures had already torn through the cloud layer, hovering above Bloodbane Palace.

Leading the group was the androgynous leader of Heavenfall Pavilion. A black energy swirled around him. Half of his face was a menacing blue-black, while the other half held a sickly yet delicate beauty. His eyes were devoid of any

emotion, filled only with acrimson
madness.

"Dincelius..."

A voice that was both masculine and feminine echoed between heaven and earth.

It carried a strange mix of both pitches, creating an indescribable eeriness.

"Hand over... the Bloodbane Crystal... or else... Bloodbane Palace will be annihilated today!"

Dincelius' eyes narrowed. "Bloodbane Crystal? What do you need that for?
And

how did you end up looking this ridiculous?"

The Bloodbane Crystal was the
prized treasure of Bloodbane Palace,
said to be the transformed heart of
the Bloodbane God when he fell. It
was believed to contain infinite
killing energy, and only the
successive leaders were given the
authority to wield it.

Although Heavenfall Pavilion and Bloodbane Palace have always been at odds,
the Bloodbane Crystal won't be of use to Heavenfall Pavilion. So why is he suddenly demanding it?

Moreover, Radmus' current aura has already reached the Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm, and he even carries a hint of the earthly immortal's intimidating presence!

Chapter 5113 Leaving No Stone Unturned

"Cut the crap!"

The androgynous master abruptly waved his hand, and behind him, a cultivator dressed in black charged forward like a bullet, heading straight for Dincelius.

Incredibly, the cultivator turned out to be a powerful Wandering Immortal Realm Level Seven expert, and his go-to move was Heavenfall Pavilion's ultimate skill, "Seafall Strike."

As the gust swept through, the air warped, carrying with it a consuming pull that seemed to devour everything in its path.

"Hmph!"

With a cold huff, Dincelius stood his ground, pushing his right palm forward. A surge of crimson sword energy burst forth into the sky. It was the Bloodbane Soul Slash.

The clash of blade and palm wind echoed with a deafening explosion. The black-robed cultivator let out a horrifying scream as he was flung backward. A gaping, bloody hole in his chest spewed blood, and he died on the spot.

"Interesting..."

Radmus, who was currently both man and woman, lifted the corners of his mouth in a strange smile. A hint of seductive charm appeared on the feminine half of his face. "But... in front of us, your strength... is like that of an insignificant ant!"

As soon as he said that, he initiated an attack.

Before anyone could blink, he was suddenly standing right in front of Dincelius. His right hand, shaped like a claw and exuding a ghastly, dark aura, lunged straight for Dincelius' heart.

The speed was so extreme that Dincelius felt a bone-chilling coldness rushing toward him. He quickly swung his blade to block it.

Clang!

As Dincelius' blade clashed with the Radmus' claw, a resonating sound of metal echoed through the air. Dincelius felt an overwhelming surge of power rushing toward him. His arm went numb in an instant, and he was jolted backward repeatedly. A trickle of fresh blood seeped from the corner of his mouth.

He stared in shock at the monster before him. "How... How did you manage to increase your strength so rapidly in such a short time?"

Despite his status as a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight, he astonishingly found himself at a disadvantage after just one move.

"I am... the messenger of the Blood Corpse Saint..." Radmus let out a chilling, eerie laugh. "Feel my wrath!"

The dozens of dark-clad cultivators behind him launched their attack at the same time. A myriad of spiritual spells rained down like a fierce storm, relentlessly striking the defense formation around Bloodbane Palace.

The defense formation trembled violently, its light flickering uncertainly.

Dincelius' face was etched with grave concern; he could sense that the defense formation wouldn't hold much longer under the relentless assault of the adversary.

What truly sent his heart racing was the androgynous creature before him, who seemed to grow stronger with every battle. Each of his attacks was imbued with a corrosive spiritual energy of decay, causing his own cultivation to operate with increasing difficulty.

"Father!"

Nymeria, brandishing the Blood Cry Sword, rushed to Dincelius' side. "They're too powerful! Especially the leader of Heavenfall Pavilion. It's not even his true self!"

"I know..."

Dincelius wiped away the blood

from the corner of his mouth, and a

glint of resolution flashed in his

eyes. "I'm afraid he's being controlled by an ancient evil entity.

Men listen to me. You must go and invite Mr. Chance right away!"

"Jared?" Nymeria was taken aback.

"Yes! Invite him!"

Dincelius gritted his teeth. "If we find Mr. Chance, there might still be hope for Bloodbane Palace!"

He forcefully pressed a crimson device into Nymeria's hand. "This is the key to the secret passage. Remember this. You must find Jared and tell him that Bloodbane Palace needs his help!"

"Father, I'm afraid Mr. Chance might

not be a match for this monster!" Even though Nymeria knew that Jared was formidable, it was clear that Radmus had been manipulated. His power had reached the Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm, maybe even higher.

If Jared were to come here, he might not be a match either!

"He might not be a match, but there's definitely someone behind Mr. Chance. You just need to go! Hurry!" Dincelius urged.

At that moment, Radmus launched another fierce attack. A beam of black energy, mingling both masculine and feminine forces, descended from the sky, slamming ruthlessly against the defense formation of the palace.

With a thunderous crash, the crimson formation completely shattered, sending countless fragments flying and filling the air with dust and smoke.

"Kill them all! Not one should remain!"

Radmus let out a wild roar, being the first to charge into Bloodbane Palace.

Chapter 5114 Not Right

The cultivators in black robes followed suit like a tidal wave, and a bloody massacre unfolded in an instant.

A flicker of sadness flashed through Dincelius' eyes. He abruptly pushed Nymeria toward the hidden tunnel behind them. "Go now! I'll cover your escape!"

Having said that, he ignited his own blood essence. His aura surged dramatically, and astonishingly, he was willing to burn his life as a price to activate the forbidden move "Bloodbane Soul Slash"!

"Father!"

Tears streamed down Nymeria's face, yet she knew this was not the time for hesitation.

Gritting her teeth, she turned and dashed toward the secret passage. In an instant, she was enveloped by a burst of white light.

Behind her echoed her father's booming roar of fury, the enemy's agonizing shrieks, and Radmus' chilling laughter.

Nymeria knew this journey was bound to be fraught with danger. It was highly likely that the people from Heavenfall Pavilion had already sealed off all the exits.

However, she had to find Jared as quickly as possible, not just for her father's sake, but also for the sake of Bloodbane Palace.

Nymeria held the Blood Cry Sword tightly in her hand, the blood traces on the blade seemed to sense her determination, pulsating with an increasingly fervent rhythm.

Pentacarna Tower, Eighth Hall.

Jared was seated cross-legged inside the tower. A tangible halo of green light, akin to a cocoon, enveloped him entirely.

In the outside world, merely two days had passed. But inside the tower, several months had already gone by.

As the final wisp of celestial energy flowed into his elixir field, he abruptly opened his eyes. A flash of brilliance sparkled in his gaze, momentarily revealing the reflection of two dancing golden flames deep within his pupils.

"The injuries have fully healed. Furthermore..."

Jared raised his hand to his chest, where a scar had once been, a remnant of the forced possession by Vermilion Demon Lord. Now, it was gone without a trace, replaced by a sensation of power that was almost boiling over.

When Jared emerged from the tower, Jhaelyn and Jemina had been faithfully waiting for him outside.

It was clear that both of them cared deeply for him. Seeing Jared emerge, fully recovered and radiating an even stronger aura, they both broke into smiles.

Just as Jared chuckled, about to speak, he suddenly felt a jolt course through his body.

Immediately after, two surges of energy within him began to wildly scramble, almost as if they wanted to break free from his body.

"Are these the two samurai?" Jared asked, a frown creasing his forehead.

Jared was puzzled. The two

samurai, whom he had long since tamed and had always resided within him, were suddenly stirring

restlessly. Why had they started

acting up all of a sudden?

In order to prevent the power of these two samurai from disrupting his own energy, Jared released them.

As two wisps of black energy emerged from Jared's body, two samurai materialized.

No sooner had the two samurai appeared than they vanished in a flash, darting off in one direction.

"Hey!"

Jared gasped in surprise, hurrying to catch up.

He had no clue as to what had happened to these two samurai. Why had they suddenly taken off?

"Jared!"

Seeing the situation, Jhaelyn and Jemina quickly chased after Jared.

"Jhaelyn!" By this time, Thorley had also arrived. Seeing Jared and the others suddenly leave, he hurriedly ran after them.

"What's going on, Jared?" Jhaelyn caught up with him to ask.

"No time to explain!"

Jared spoke rapidly, pointing in the direction the samurai had vanished. "Those two, for some unknown"

reason, just lost control and took off! We have to follow them!"

A group of people were hot on the heels of two samurai, with ripples appearing in the void behind them, a testament to their incredible speed.

The howling wind whistled past their ears as the mountains and rivers below flashed by rapidly.

With his eyes closed, Jared used his

Divine Soul Thread to sense the positions of the two samurai. Their aura was becoming increasingly wild, even subtly resonating with a strong scent of blood.

"Something's off," Jared muttered to himself, "Those two samurai seem to be... responding to some sort of call."

"This is the path to Bloodbane Palace, right?" Jemina glanced around before asking.

Chapter 5115 Have Not Lost Yet

It was only then that Jared realized the direction the two samurai had taken was indeed toward Bloodbane Palace.

He was somewhat taken aback. Why on earth did the two samurai suddenly decide to head to Bloodbane Palace?

Just then, a disheveled figure suddenly burst out from the clouds ahead.

The figure was clad in crimson attire, a sword clutched in her hand, continuously seeping blood. It was indeed Nymeria.

Her hair was disheveled, with traces of blood at the corner of her mouth, clearly indicating that she had been through a fierce battle. At that moment, she was being pursued by several streaks of black light.

"Nymeria!"

Jared's pupils contracted, and with a swift raise of his hand, he unleashed a slash of azure sword energy.

The sword energy tore through the air like a whip, striking precisely at the wrist of a cultivator dressed in black. The cultivator let out a wretched cry, his bone whip shattering inch by inch in his hand.

"Mr... Mr. Chance?"

Suddenly, Nymeria whipped her head around. The moment she saw Jared, her eyes sparkled with an ecstatic light. But just as quickly, it was overshadowed by despair. "Hurry! Bloodbane Palace... My father.."

Before she could finish speaking, three more cultivators dressed in black approached, their eyes flashing with a bloodthirsty red light, ready to strike with lethal moves.

With a cold snort, Jared swiftly swung his Dragonslayer Sword, unleashing a flurry of golden sword energy. In a flash, the three men in black were cut down.

"Let's talk while we head there!" Jared suddenly grabbed Nymeria. "What on earth happened?"

Nymeria was panting heavily, pointing toward the distant area shrouded in a crimson mist. Her voice was trembling. "Radmus... has been controlled by the blood corpses, leading an attack on Bloodbane Palace! In order to send me to find you, my father has already burned his blood essence..."

Choking back sobs, she watched as the Blood Cry Sword pulsed with increasing intensity. "They're after the Bloodbane Crystal," she cried, "The palace's defense formation has been breached!"

A sense of heaviness settled in Jared's heart.

Blood corpses?

Jared recalled the two coffins. It appeared that Radmus had opened them both

"Let's go..."

Understanding the urgency of the situation, Jared immediately made his way to Bloodbane Palace.

Bloodbane Palace.

At that moment, all the defense formations of Bloodbane Palace had been shattered. Throughout the entire palace, countless fragments of light were falling from the sky. The air was thick with blood, and cries of agony echoed from every direction.

The entire Bloodbane Palace had truly turned into a chaotic inferno.

Radmus hovered in mid-air, his eyes brimming with disdain and arrogance.

In the midst of it all, everyone in Bloodbane Palace wore expressions of utter despair.

As the leader of Bloodbane Palace, Dincelius was stunned as he gazed at Radmus in the void.

Meanwhile, the bodies of countless formidable experts from Bloodbane Palace lay beside him.

Meanwhile, Dincelius had lost both his arms and was severely injured.

At this point, Bloodbane Palace was no longer a match for Heavenfall

Pavilion. Even if Radmus were to fight alone, Bloodbane Palace would still be outmatched.

Despite Dincelius burning his blood essence to reach the Wandering Immortal Realm Level Eight, he still paled in comparison when standing before Radmus.

At that moment, Radmus looked down at Bloodbane Palace, his voice cold and stern.
"Hand over the Bloodbane Crystal, and I might spare your life!"

At this point, Dincelius finally understood why Radmus wanted the Bloodbane Crystal.

That was because the Bloodbane Crystal could replace the heart, and it could bring the blood corpses back to life.

The current Radmus was under the control of the blood corpses. The first thing that came to his mind was to seize the Bloodbane Crystal.

"The Bloodbane Crystal is the very foundation of my Bloodbane Palace.

fou the Bloodbane Crystal,

If I

then Bloodbane Palace will cease to exist completely!"

Even though Dincelius had lost both his arms, his face still bore an icy, lethal intent, showing not the slightest hint of fear.

He could die, but he would never surrender the Bloodbane Crystal.

If he were to die, it didn't mean Bloodbane Palace couldn't elect a new leader.

However, once the Bloodbane Crystal was given away, the very foundation of Bloodbane Palace would be lost, and the palace would disintegrate.

"If you don't hand over the Bloodbane Crystal, Bloodbane Palace will vanish just the same!"

Radmus spoke.

"I haven't lost yet..."

After Dincelius finished speaking,

suddenly spat out a mouthful

of

suddesence. In the void, an

blood

ancient token began to materialize, radiating a soft glow.

Under the radiance, the ground began to tremble, and then slowly, cracks started to form.

Chapter 5116 Bloodbane Guards Annihilated

Above the shattered ruins of Bloodbane Palace, a murky crimson haze churned

like thick, half-congealed blood.

The mouthful of blood essence Dincelius spat drenched the ancient command token in his grip. Carved across its weather-worn surface were grotesque demonic visages, and the instant the blood seeped into each cut those faces lit

up. Scarlet radiance oozed from every groove, the lines twisting and pulsating as

though the metal itself had come alive.

From the fissures splitting the earth there rose first a deep, muffled pounding-
ten

thousand war drums beating beneath the ground-then, without warning,
countless arms sheathed in dark-violet scales punched through the rock.
Talons

scraped stone with an ear-shattering shriek.

"Bloodbane Guards... form up!"

Dincelius' voice rasped. Frothy blood bubbled from the ragged stumps where
his

arms had been severed, yet the last sparks of defiance still blazed in his eyes.

Thousands of colossal figures erupted from the crevices, every Bloodbane
Guard

towering close to ten meters.

Blacksteel armor veined with flowing blood-red markings encased each of
them.

Beneath their helms there were no faces-only two clusters of flickering
ghostfire.

Toxic mist coiled around the points of the halberds they wielded. The moment
they

emerged they locked into an intricate formation, every halberd aimed skyward
at

Radmus, unleashing killing intent fierce enough to rend the clouds apart.

As the formation whirled, the blood-colored fog blanketing the ground was forcibly

siphoned, condensing into a glowing scarlet ring that circled the Bloodbane Guards. Inside that ring drifted myriad tortured faces-the fallen spirits of Bloodbane Palace members across the ages.

High above, Radmus floated at the top of the crimson mist. Possessed by the blood corpses, his pupils held no emotion whatsoever-only absolute contempt for life.

He could not even be bothered to glance downward. Lifting his right hand-swathed in blood corpse energy-he allowed the blood at his fingertips to burst apart, scattering into tens of thousands of scarlet needles, every one stinking of

all-corroding decay.

Hum!

The needles crashed down like a monsoon. The front ranks of the Bloodbane Guards formation erupted with a blinding violet glare the instant the barrage struck.

The scarlet ring at the formation's heart ballooned outward, holding the needle storm a full ten meters away; yet the needles clung like maggots, gnawing layer

upon layer at the radiant barrier.

A cracking sound echoed out. In unison, the foremost Bloodbane Guards dropped

to one knee, the ghostfire beneath their helms flickering madly-the needles were

violently draining the energy within their bodies!

"Your struggle is foolish."

Radmus' voice was a mix of male and female tones, icy and shrill. "Did you truly

believe a mortal formation could resist the power of the blood corpses?"

With a casual twist of his wrist, the needle swarm accelerated, no longer assaulting the barrier but piercing with surgical precision into the seams of every

Bloodbane Guards' armor.

The ghostfire of the first guard winked out; the Blacksteel plates cracked apart,

revealing the desiccated corpse inside.

Then the second, the thirtieth... Within mere heartbeats, the entire phalanx toppled like dominoes, each Bloodbane Guard crumbling into drifting ash.

Only the halberds, clanging to the ground one after another, broke the hush-metallic thuds that rang painfully loud across the dead battlefield.

Watching the force on which his life depended slaughtered like ants, Dincelius tasted iron as blood welled up his throat.

He remembered how Bloodbane

Palace had spent a millennium
forging these Bloodbane Guards,
each one harboring the soul
remnant of a once-great cultivator,
now reduced to nothing under the
enemy's hand.

"No-!"

His scream was the howl of a cornered beast. What remained of his body
shuddered uncontrollably, the blood essence in his elixir field boiling over
once
more.

At that instant, two inky streaks tore through the crimson fog-the very same
warriors who had slipped from Jared's command earlier!

The aura of death coiled thickly
around them. Pitch-black battle-axes
carved warped trajectories through
the air, ancient runes flaring along
their blades-they were the ancient
war souls Jared had once subdued.

No longer bound by Jared's will, they were now drawn by some hidden power
deep within Bloodbane Palace, streaking straight for Radmus!

"Hmm?"

For the first time, Radmus reacted.

He tilted his head toward the pair, a

flicker of puzzlement scarring his

blood corpse-eroded features. "So

the two of you still cling to

existence. But to subdue us now?

Impossible..."

Chapter 5117 Summoning The Ancestor

Two separate voices-one male, one female-issued from Radmus' mouth at the same moment!

It was plain these two warriors meant to suppress the two blood corpses within

him!

Before the echo faded, both warriors swung their axes together.

The left warrior's strike was sheer brutality, the wind stirred up by the axe rippling space like water. A jet-black arc of power cleaved straight toward Radmus' skull.

The right warrior's motion was strangely supple; runes along the blade ignited, unfurling into a colossal black web that blanketed the sky, seeking to ensnare the target.

The two starkly different forces braided into a miniature energy storm, blasting the surrounding crimson mist completely away.

Radmus snorted, his earlier indifference gone.

Pressing his palms together, he conjured a blood-red vortex before his chest. From its core, an arm clad in blue-green scales burst out-the very arm of the blood corpse!

The limb moved with impossible speed, leaving dozens of after-images as it smashed a clawed palm against the left warrior's axe.

Boom!

With an explosive crack, the axe shattered bit by bit. The left warrior staggered backward, the black aura around him dimming sharply.

Without pause, the arm splayed its talons, seized the black web woven by the right warrior, and ripped it apart. Runes screeched like grinding metal; the net collapsed instantly, the right warrior releasing a voiceless roar as his form trembled.

"Mere war souls dare show off before us?"

Mockery tinged Radmus' blended voice. The blood corpse arm clenched into a fist, and two obsidian beams burst from its center, striking both warriors squarely between the brows.

Pfft!

Their bodies were like punctured balloons as torrents of black energy gushed outward.

They tried desperately to re-form, yet the runes along their axe blades disintegrated particle by particle under the blood corpse energy's corrosion.

The left warrior cast a final glance toward Dincelius before the ghostfire in his eyes guttered out, and he dissolved into a fading wisp of black smoke.

The warrior on the right released a guttural, unwilling scream, and his body shattered into drifting motes a heartbeat later; only the pair of pitch-black battle-axes tute the flagstones, their

once-glimmering runes now fully extinguished so that they resembled nothing more than two ordinary iron axes.

"No... even they..."

Dincelius watched the two war souls disintegrate and felt the last filament of hope inside him snap.

He understood all too well that these

two warriors were the ancient war souls Jared had subdued within an ancient ruin. They were instruments once thought invincible, yet they had been felled with laughable ease. Bloodbane Palace had truly been driven to the very edge of ruin.

"Do you still intend to struggle, Dincelius?"

Radmus descended slowly from the sky, the blood corpse's arm withdrawing back into his body. Gazing down at Dincelius, he let greed shimmer in his eyes. "Hand over the Bloodbane Crystal, and I will grant you a swift death."

Dincelius let out a bleak laugh; the blood-specked froth he coughed up pooled on his chest, flowering into a strange, scarlet blossom.

Suddenly he snapped his head up, a light of unprecedented intensity bursting from his eyes. "Bloodbane Palace... still has one final card to play!"

He bit through the tip of his tongue and spat a mouthful of blood essence rich with his very lifeforce the blood essence coalesced in

midai into a crimson sigil that no

hurtled toward the ruined ancestral shrine deep within Bloodbane Palace.

"Forebears of Bloodbane, hear me your unworthy descendant Dincelius begs our venerable Ancestor... to descend into this world!"

The moment the plea left his lips, a roar that shook heaven and earth rumbled from beneath the shrine's rubble. An ancient, awe-inspiring aura speared upward, ripping apart the blood-red haze enveloping the palace grounds.

The earth quaked violently. From the debris rose a colossal figure pieced together from countless bleached bones.

Those bones were draped in a tattered golden dragon robe, and within the skull's deep sockets blazed two mill-stone-sized flames of molten gold—it was the soul remnant of Bloodbane Palace's millennia-old Ancestor!

The Ancestor's voice, like ten thousand wailing ghosts in unison, reverberated through heaven and earth, "Who... dares trespass upon my Bloodbane Palace?"

For the first time, a grave shadow crossed Radmus' gaze; he sensed the terrifying energy housed within the skeletal giant—a power that was almost beyond the Wandering Immortal Realm.

Chapter 5118 Foolish Man

"Interesting. You actually roused that old relic's soul remnant."

Radmus licked his lips while the blood corpse's energy raged through his veins. "But a soul remnant is still a soul remnant—does it truly dare come forth just to die again?"

The Ancestor offered no reply; he simply raised one titan-sized skeletal palm and brought it crashing down toward Radmus.

Even before the wind from the attack arrived, the ground beneath split into a bottomless chasm, and compressed air exploded outward in visible shockwaves that pulverized every shattered wall and broken pillar nearby into dust.

Radmus neither dodged nor retreated. Forming seals with both hands, he conjured a gigantic blood-red coffin before him—the very coffin that had earlier imprisoned the blood corpse.

The coffin lid flew open, disgorging an odor so foul it made souls shudder. A multitude of blood-colored tendrils shot out from within, coiling around Radmus and knitting themselves into a formidable crimson shield.

Boom!

The skeletal palm slammed onto the blood-red shield; the entire Bloodbane Palace ruins heaved, storm clouds churned overhead, and lightning forked across the sky.

Web-like cracks spidered across the crimson barrier, yet it ultimately withstood the strike.

Radmus grunted, a ribbon of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth, but excitement danced in his eyes. "Not bad at all. Is that truly everything you've got?"

He thrust both arms into the coffin. A shrill, desolate screech erupted from within as he wrenched forth an even vaster tide of blood corpse energy, compressing it into a scarlet beam that he blasted toward the Ancestor.

Where the beam passed, space itself splintered like glass. Struck squarely, the Ancestor's bony torso cracked apart with a chorus of snaps; the golden flames in his eye sockets flickered violently, almost guttering out.

"No! Ancestor!"

Dincelius' eyes nearly burst from their sockets; he could feel the Ancestor's soul remnant bleeding away at terrifying speed.

With a sorrowful roar, the Ancestor detonated his skeletal frame, scattering countless bone blades in every direction in a final bid to drag Radmus down with him.

Radmus merely flicked his wrist; blood-red tendrils shredded every bone blade before they could raise so much as a ripple.

The Ancestor's soul remnant was utterly snuffed out, and the ancient pressure blanketing the land vanished with him.

Radmus began walking toward Dincelius, each step landing on the corpses of Bloodbane Palace disciples, the splashing blood dyeing his robe ever redder.

"Now your tricks are exhausted." His voice was icicle-cold. "For the last time- where is the Bloodbane Crystal?"

Dincelius looked at the mountains of bodies, at the shattered remnants his father had left behind, and the final hesitation in his eyes disappeared.

He knew there was no path left open to him.

"If you want the Bloodbane Crystal... then walk over my corpse to claim it!"

He straightened abruptly, the
once-dul light in his eyes flaring to
blinding brilliance. The blood
essence in his elixir field no longer
burned away; instead, it condensed
madly into a dazzling scarlet sphere.

"Bloodbane Palace... would sooner die than yield!"

Radmus' pupils constricted; he had not expected Dincelius to choose to self- detonate his elixir field.

"You're courting death!" He sprang backward while hurling the blood-red coffin up as a shield.

Boom!

A deafening explosion tore the air apart as Dincelius' body became a towering, blood-colored mushroom cloud.

The catastrophic shockwave rippled outward from him, sucking every fragment of ruined architecture and every shredded corpse into the sky every-shredded to form a swirling, gore-stained tempest.

The blood red coffin shuddered violently beneath the blast, a mesh of hair-thin cracks crawling across its surface; Radmus himself felt his vital energy churn, another trickle of blood seeping from his lips.

But when the blinding light finally faded, Radmus parted the lingering blood-mist before him and found only an empty wasteland.

Dincelius' self-destruct, though monstrous in power, had failed to wound Radmus at his core; it had merely blown Bloodbane Palace's last shred of dignity to dust.

"Foolish man."

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Radmus let out a frosty snort, his gaze sweeping across Bloodbane Palace to the

long-since-collapsed altar at its center. "It seems I'll have to go and find it myself..."

At that very instant, a streak of emerald light tore open the heavens-Jared had finally arrived!

He took in the mountains of corpses and the sea of blood spread out before him,

sensed the lingering ripples of self-destruction energy still trembling across the

floor, and fixed his eyes on Radmus, whose body was now puppeteered by the

blood corpses. Jared's eyes instantly reddened.

"Father!"

Nymeria's anguished scream ripped through the carnage; she could feel that her

father's aura had vanished completely.

Jhaelyn, Jemina, and Thorley reached the scene a heartbeat later. The devastation that confronted them drained every last drop of color from their faces.

Jhaelyn clapped a trembling hand over her mouth, tears glimmering in her eyes.

"W-what in the world happened here?"

All of Bloodbane Palace had become a charnel field-piles of bodies, rivers of blood, not a single soul left alive.

Even Jemina and Thorley stood rooted to the spot, stunned and horrified by the

spectacle before them.

It was tragic-unspeakably, unbearably tragic.

Nymeria felt the world go black. Her body gave out, and she slumped to the ground in a dead faint.

Jemina darted forward, caught Nymeria, and began channeling strand after strand

of celestial energy into the young woman's body.

Nymeria's eyelids fluttered open. The moment she saw Jemina, she broke down,

sobbing, "My home is gone... I have no home left..."

Watching Nymeria like that made the veins on Jared's forehead bulge; the killing

intent in his eyes overflowed, thick and violent.

Radmus turned to face Jared. The face now enslaved by the blood corpses curled

into a warped, eerie smile. "Oh? So you finally made it, Jared. Perfect-killing you

now will save me a lot of trouble."

Jared answered with silence. He slowly summoned the Dragonslayer Sword; the

blade thrummed, and emerald sword energy spiraled around him, forming a razor-

edged aura that cut at the air itself.

Power boiled inside him. The sight of Dincelius' sacrifice, the ruination of Bloodbane Palace an inferno of rage unlike any he had ever known roared to life

in his chest.

You killed Mr. Dincelius and laid Bloodbane Palace to waste..."

Jared's voice was colder than ten-thousand-year ice. "Today you will repay that

blood debt-with your own blood!"

Before the last syllable faded, Jared shot toward Radmus like a green comet.

The Dragonslayer Sword swept out

a beam of emerald energy a few

kilometers long, a stroke with the

might to cleave heaven and earth.

As it passed, the very air was sliced

apart, leaving behind a pitch black

fissure in space.

Radmus snorted in contempt, letting the blood corpse's power surge through his veins.

He thrust out a single palm; a crimson vortex re-formed in the center of his hand and effortlessly caught the emerald beam.

The sword energy spun madly inside the vortex, then shattered into countless motes of green light and dispersed.

"Is that all you can do?"

With a sneer, Radmus took the initiative. His figure blurred, and in the blink of an eye, he was in front of Jared five fingers hooked into talons that lanced straight for Jared's heart.

His nails gleamed with a blue-black sheen-poison strong enough to kill on contact.

Jared's eyes narrowed. Instead of retreating, he stepped in. The Dragonslayer Sword snapped back to guard him, flat of the blade braced across his chest. Clang!

The collision of metal rang like thunder. A monumental force slammed into Jared, numbing his

arms. He was blasted backward,  
gouging a trench several kilometers  
deep across the ground.

"Jared!"

Jhaelyn cried out and surged forward, only for Jemina to seize her wrist.

"Don't," Jemina said, voice taut with dread. "That monster's far too strong. If  
we

charge in, we'll only die."

Jared skidded to a stop, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and  
lifted

his head-battle-lust burning hotter than ever in his eyes.

He knew he wouldn't win using brute force alone; he had to unleash  
something  
stronger.

Drawing a deep breath, he swept his right hand through the air. An ancient,  
unadorned longbow materialized in his grasp the Divine Bow!

The moment it appeared, heaven and earth howled. Energy flooded toward  
the

bow; a dim golden glow pulsed along its body, and threads of power of law  
coiled

around the bowstring.

Jared poured marked aura into the weapon. His left hand closed on empty air,  
and a golden arrow coalesced on the string an arrow woven from marked  
aura.

That's... an ancient divine bow?"

For the first time, dread flickered in Radmus' eyes. The power sealed inside that

arrow was enough to truly threaten him.

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Jared gave him no chance to react. He drew the string to its full extent and leveled the bow at Radmus as a glint of ruthless resolve flashed across his eyes.

"Die!"

The golden arrow leapt from the string, becoming a meteoric streak of light so fast

that even space itself could not bind its flight.

Where it passed, golden flames trailed behind, igniting the air with crackling explosions.

Radmus dared not hesitate. He hurled out the blood-red coffin to serve as a shield

before him and poured every ounce of blood corpse power he possessed into it.

The coffin swelled to several times its original size. Uncanny runes crawled across

its surface, and a suffocating aura of death poured from the wood.

Boom!



The golden arrow slammed into the coffin and detonated, unleashing a blast even

more terrifying than Dincelius' self-destruction.

The coffin shuddered violently; the runes slowly shattered, and a deep crack split

the lid. From that fissure, black blood corpse energy gushed in a mad torrent.

Radmus staggered back several steps. The blood corpse scales peeled from his

arms, exposing the pallid flesh beneath.

Yet, though the Divine Bow arrow was unimaginably powerful, it still failed to demolish the blood-red coffin entirely, and it certainly did not so much as scratch

Radmus.

Radmus coughed a few times and wiped the thin smear of blood from the corner

of his mouth. A venomous gleam flashed across his eyes. "Very good, Jared-you've succeeded in enraging me!"

Jared lowered his gaze to the Divine Bow in his grip; the bowstring, once luminous, had grown noticeably dim, clear proof that the previous shot had consumed a tremendous amount of his marked aura. He understood all too well

that, mighty though the bow might be, it could not swiftly finish off Radmus, who

had been possessed by the blood corpses. Besides, he could not wield its full

power for any length of time.

"What do we do, Jared?" Jhaelyn asked, anxiety written across her face.

Jared clenched his jaw, an iron resolve settling in his dark eyes.

Only one path remains—I must invite Mr. Vermilion to possess me once more.  
My

body is finally strong enough to endure most of his strength. With that power,  
Radmus will be nothing but an ant beneath my heel.

"Mr. Vermilion!" Jared called.

"Is it finally my turn to show up?" Vermilion Demon Lord asked with a languid  
yawn.

"I can't handle this guy. Please, take him down," Jared said.

The moment the words left his lips, Vermilion Devil Flame blazed to life again;  
a

tyrannical force erupted from his elixir field and swept through every inch of  
his

body in an instant.

His hair lifted though no wind stirred, transforming into incandescent scarlet  
strands. His eyes darkened to pure obsidian, twin devil flames dancing within  
each pupil.

Vermilion Demon Lord's voice echoed in his mind, both teasing and  
exhilarated.

"Hahaha, at last I can stretch my limbs again. Let me see what this blood  
corpse

can really do."

As Vermilion Demon Lord's power flooded in, Jared's aura multiplied several-fold: The demonic aura he radiated clashed in midair with Radmus' blood corpse energy, whipping the sky into a violent, swirling maelstrom.

He raised the Dragonslayer Sword once more. This time, the blade was no longer green; a sheet of blazing devil flame coated the steel, and the ornate patterns along its edge seemed alive, exhaling ribbons of demonic aura.

"Mr. Gallegos," he growled.

His voice, now low and hoarse, carried Vermilion Demon Lord's imperious weight.

"Have you prepared yourself to meet your doom?"

Radmus stared at the transformed Jared—who looked like a completely different being—and, sensing an aura no weaker than his own, the face dominated by the

blood corpses finally showed genuine fear.

He knew the youth before him was the true threat.

"Die!"

Jared struck first. His figure flickered and vanished, and in the next heartbeat, he

reappeared before Radmus, bringing the Dragonslayer Sword down in a world-

scorching arc of devil flame.