

A Warrior Undefeatable

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Jared clenched his jaw and poured out another dozen blows. Sweat soaked through his tunic until it clung to his back like a second skin.

He understood the gulf between them was a chasm. Onneas was sparring, almost teasing him with effortless grace.

Desperation kindled a memory of the dormant dimension and time nascence hidden deep inside his marrow. That was Jared's most secret trump card.

"Spatial Fold!"

Space around him rippled like water in drought. For the briefest heartbeat, Onneas' outline smeared into a shapeless blur.

Jared lunged through that single crack, Dragonslayer Sword carving a golden arc that thrust for the very center of her chest.

Onneas merely flicked a finger against the branch. A jade-green flash burst forth, crumpling the warped space. "Space nascence is promising, but your grasp rests at the surface."

Undeterred, Jared summoned time nascence, willing the world itself to slow around her.

Air thickened like syrup, yet Onneas still moved like dew on the breeze. The twig - alive, precise-met Dragonslayer again. "Time nascence bends only with the Heavenly Law. Forcing it will wound you first."

The double strain upended Jared's composure. Conventional swordplay would never graze Onneas. That truth rang painfully clear.

He watched Onneas stand serene beneath a drifting petal. A reckless idea ignited behind his eyes-one gamble, all or nothing.

Jared sprang backward. Every shred of dragon bloodline, every mote of spiritual energy, even the wisp of nascent power he barely controlled, flooded straight into Dragonslayer Sword. The blade shrieked. Gold light forged itself into a tight, dragon-shaped arc that tore toward Onneas, ready to rip the sky apart.

The strike emptied Jared. If it failed, he would crumple where he stood, his very essence in tatters.

A flicker of surprise crossed Onneas' eyes. She only shook her head and swept her branch-staff sideways. A teal waterfall of power crashed down, obliterating the golden dragon-shaped sword energy in an instant.

As the sword energy blew apart, Jared spun with the recoil, hurtling at her like a kite whose string had snapped. The last filament of sword energy riding Dragonslayer went for the silk at her collar.

There was no form, no discipline-only one final, reckless wager.

Onneas had not expected such madness. She paused for a heartbeat, and in that heartbeat, the golden sword energy grazed her sleeve.

The fabric hissed. The link to the origin of this information rests in find(N)o

A faint rip appeared along her pale-cyan robe, loose threads fluttering away like silent snow.

She studied the tear, then the

gasping man sprawled on the stone. The playful glint left her gaze, replaced by a cool respect. "You do Have a spine. The point is yours."

Face pressed to the ground, Jared stared at that tiny cut and let a weak, satisfied smile bloom.

He had bet correctly.

"Isabel, assemble three hundred Golden Armor Guards and ready the flying warship."

Onneas spoke without turning, then knelt beside Jared and let a ribbon of emerald spiritual light pour into his core. "Regain your strength We leave for level six at once."

Thirty minutes later, on the plaza before the Celestial King Palace, three hundred Golden Armor Guards in gleaming plate stood rigid before a colossal golden warship.

Onneas, in robes the color of spring leaves, waited at the prow. Jared stood beside her, pulse hammering at the scale of the spectacle.

She lifted one hand. Teal spiritual

energy surged like a tide, and the air

ahead tore like wet parchment, unveiling a broad, radiant corridor.

Beyond, it shimmered the

landscapes of level six. Content"

No violet lightning of cosmic law, no savage backlash-only effortless grace.

"Move."

Onneas stepped through first, unhurried.

Jared followed, yet paused on the threshold, casting one lingering look toward the distant level eight, emotions knotted and raw.

He had clawed through that barrier in agony, courting death. Yet, Onneas had parted it with a casual wave.

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Power truly is everything. Jared lamented inwardly.

The warship glided into the corridor, three hundred Golden Armor Guards marching behind it—an unstoppable river bound for level six.

The golden warship hurtled through the void corridor with the certainty of a royal decree. Its hull glowed with spiritual light, and that sanctified sheen pushed the swirling chaotic energy aside until not even a tremor touched the deck.

Jared leaned against the rail amid the rush of windless speed. Below him, rows of Golden Armor Guards stood motionless, polished cuirasses catching every stray glint. His gaze drifted past them to the bow where Onneas watched the horizon.

Flanking her were four figures in dark-gold mail, helms hiding everything but eyes as sharp as whetted steel.

Unlike the ordinary guards, their aura did not flare outward. It folded inward, heavy and silent, like mountains wearing human skin.

Jared's spiritual sense probed them more than once, only to recoil as if he had touched a sleeping sea god.

He could no longer restrain his curiosity. "Ms. Yeats, the four Golden Armor Guards beside Ms. Dusko—who are they? They feel...different." His voice stayed low, respectful, yet wonder threaded every syllable.

Isabel followed his stare, a flicker of awe softening her usually calm features. "They are Ms. Dusko's personal guards, known as the Quartet Celestial Guards," she murmured. "They aren't ordinary Golden Armor Guards. They were chosen personally by the Celestial King. Each stands at Human Immortal Realm Level Five and fights as one. When they team up, they can match even a Human Immortal Realm Level Six." Fresh chapters posted on FindNo

Jared's breath caught. Human Immortal Realm Level Five, just as personal bodyguards.

That kind of strength could be considered legendary in level six. After all, Aurelius was only at Human Immortal Realm Level Two. To Jared's surprise, the strength of that caliber could only qualify as Onneas' personal guards.

Jared got a better understanding of Onneas' sincerity to mobilize her army this time around. The vast gap in strength between level eight and level six also dawned on him.

Right then, a roar burst from the tunnel mouth ahead. An intense demonic aura washed over as a bellow sounded. "How dare you barge into level six! Following my lord's order, anyone who enters here shall be killed!"

Dark vapors rolled inward, and a bellowing figure lunged through the thinning light, a battle-axe the size of a carriage overhead. One of Soul Devourer's demon generals blocked their path.

Newly freed from his seal, the general had been ordered to guard this passage. He saw the gilded prow and attacked first, questions later demon fight Z wreathing his limbs like storm clouds edged with violet flame.

Jared's hand was halfway to the hilt of his sword when he noticed Onneas never even blinked. She studied the distant void as though mid-attack thunder were no louder than falling snow.

"Impudent." The word left one of the Quartet Celestial Guards in a voice cold as winter iron, and his body vanished.

"A streak of gold split the shadows. Before the axe could descend, the demon's head spun skyward, trailing black blood.

The corrupted blood hissed against the ship's radiance and disappeared, purified before the droplets could fall."

Everything had happened inside a single heartbeat. The Human Immortal Realm Level One demon general never managed a counter-stroke.

The regular sentries did not so much as lift an eyebrow, as if someone insignificant had been crushed. On the contrary, Jared's pupils narrowed, his heart pounding with helpless awe.

The Celestial Guard reappeared at his post, stance identical, as if he had never moved at all.

Onneas finally spoke, voice soft, bored even. "Noisy."

The warship cleared the corridor, emerging beneath the dim sky of level six. Acrid demonic aura collided with its holy glow, hissing like rain on hot iron, before being blown apart.

Guided by Onneas, the vessel veered

toward the distant snow mountains.

Moments later, it halted above a hidden cave where Aurelius, Artemis, Yuliana, and the others waited faces lifted in astonishment at the gleaming craft.

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The moment Jared appeared at the prow of the descending war-ship and lifted a hand in greeting, relief flashed across every face below. Yet, that relief froze into speechless as the vessel's titanic hull blotted out what fittle daylight remained, its plated flanks bristling with rune-cannons and lined from bow to stern with Golden Armor Guards whose discipline felt heavier than iron.

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When the warship descended, Jared supported Onneas as they got off the vessel. Aurelius was the first to step forward. At the sight of the spiritual light bathing Onneas and the intimidating aura of the four Celestial Guards, Aurelius hurriedly bowed. "Greetings, Ms. Dusko. I'm Aurelius of Celestia. Your righteous intervention has pulled level six back from the brink of ruin. You have my eternal thanks!"

"Ms. Dusko!" dozens of voices echoed at once. Infinides, Yuliana, Artemis, and the other survivors bowed low as well, their eyes shining with feverish hope.

None of them had dared imagine Jared could really convince the overlord of Celestial King Palace-let alone arrive flanked by an escort strong enough to silence an army.

Yuliana hurried to Jared's side, her violet robes whispering around boot-tops as she inspected him for hidden wounds. Moisture trembled at her lashes. "You have no idea how close we were to losing sleep over you, Jared."

Jared gave her hand a light, reassuring pat. "With Ms. Dusko herself watching my back, what trouble could possibly cling to me?"

Onneas raised a palm, her tone as calm as moonlight on still water. "Enough pleasantries. Where is the Soul Devourer now?"

Aurelius straightened, voice tight with rage. "He has occupied Celestia, stripping every vault and storehouse to rebuild his peak strength."

"Then we strike for the throat." Onneas pivoted, long cloak snapping, and strode back up the gangway. "Aurelius, gather every surviving cultivator. Whoever still draws breath marches with me on the capital."

"At once!" Aurelius' answering shout rang like steel on a shield.

Signal flares streaked across the broken sky, and within a single day, ragged companies from every corner of level six converged on the floating fortress.

Barely ten thousand remained, yet each pair of eyes burned with an anger hot enough to brand the clouds.

As the last warrior set foot aboard, the living vessel groaned then expanded, decks lengthening and masts sprouting like oaks to cradle the newfound

eight.

Under the guard of three hundred Golden Armor Guards and the Quartet Celestial Guards, the ship surged toward darkened Celestia. In the gloom overhead, a pale band of dawn seemed to chase their keel.

The warship barged through layers of demonic aura. Demonic Cultivators rose from the wastes, only to be shorn apart by the Quartet Celestial Guards. Not a single enemy blade slowed their advance.

Jared stood at the fore-deck, the first outlines of the capital sharpening beneath the vessel's bow. Towers lay drowned in swirling black miasma, and distant screams clawed at the wind.

He wrapped both fists around Dragonslayer, knuckles whitening, eyes kindled with a killing light.

Onneas joined him, her voice a quiet

current beneath the roaring wind.

"When battle begins, the Golden

Armor hard pin the Demonic

Cultivators. The Quartet Celestial Guard's remain with me-our blades belong to the Soul Devourer alone. Your company secures the streets and cuts down whatever filth tries to flee." s

Jared inclined his head. He knew she was shielding them from the worst of the storm, and the knowledge left a silent gratitude in his chest.

He turned to Artemis, Yuliana, Infinides, and the others clustered behind him. "Today," he said, voice low yet ringing, "we reclaim level six-and we answer every fallen friend with blood."

"Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!" the army thundered, the cry rolling over the gunwales and racing ahead of the war-ship like a promise the night itself could not swallow.

Upon the prow of the golden

war-galleon, tens of thousands of cultivators threw back their heads and roared. Their unified cry sliced through cloudbanks, smothered the weeping that rose from the city below, and tolled across the vaulted sky of level six until the air itself seemed to tremble. s

The gilded vessel itself shot forward like an unsheathed blade, cleaving the black miasma that swirled above the land as it hurtled toward Celestia-the once- radiant capital now seized by Demonic Cultivators.

Over Celestia City's ramparts a cyclone of shadow coiled, vast as a dragon wrought from midnight, its sinuous body looping the clouds while sparks of corrupted lightning danced along its scales. UPDATE FROM findno

The severed heads of cultivators that had long hung as warnings were gone. In their place, ebony runes pulsed along the battlements, weaving a morbid lattice of power that draped the whole metropolis in deathly hush.

Inside the walls, avenues that had

once bustled with trade lay deserted. From some dark alley, a scream

would shiver forth-quick,

brittle and then the man cackle of Demonic Cultivators answered, echoing off broken stone. s

Homes and shopfronts, gnawed by demonic aura, leaned at grim angles. Black fractures jagged across every wall, threatening collapse with the next cruel gust. Deeper still, within the Celestia Royal Palace, a spectacle fit for nightmares unfolded.

At the center of Harmony Hall, Soul Devourer hovered above the marble floor. A thousand twisting Soul Devouring Threads unfurled from his aura, anchoring him to row upon row of jet-black urns arranged like a macabre orchestra.

Within each vessel, pale soul-lights flickered, wailing in mute agony-the spirits of captured cultivators, their final terror trapped forever in glass.

Soul Devourer's form, once ghost-thin, now thickened with stolen vitality. Though still translucent, muscle and bone were beginning to knit, sculpting a body from raw despair.

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His face was chalk-white, eyes sunken like pits, yet his lips gleamed a vicious crimson, lending every breath the tang of fresh blood.

Four demon generals circled him, drawing on the same grisly power.

Foremost among them, Caiden now possessed nearly two-thirds of a physical body. Black armor sheathed his broad chest, and a massive obsidian spear, etched in runes, pulsed within his gauntleted grasp.

The remaining three generals solidified by the heartbeat, their auras swelling until the chamber quaked.

"In a shadowed corner stood Stebarin of Malevolent Path Hall. This text is hosted at FindNo

With every fading soul-light, his heart seemed to bleed anew."

Those spirits had cost him years to harvest-materials meant for his own Demonic Cultivation ascension. Now they funneled elsewhere, ripped away without apology by Soul Devourer.

Fury simmered behind his eyes, yet terror sealed his lips. To challenge Soul Devourer was to sign one's death warrant.

So Stebarin remained motionless, forced to watch his life's work siphoned drop by precious drop.

"Hahaha!"

Soul Devourer's laughter crashed through the hall, exultant and raw. "Such potent souls! Soon my flesh shall be whole, my power at its pinnacle once more. When that hour comes, level six-and even level nine-will lie beneath my heel!"

The generals halted their absorption, reveling in the surge of strength that throbbed within their veins, self-satisfaction curling their lips.

"Your brilliance knows no equal, My Lord," Caiden declared, spear lowered in reverence. "With your might restored, not a single force in level six can stand against us!"

Their raucous laughter collided with the weeping of imprisoned souls, filling the vast chamber with a sound that felt like the end of hope itself.

Right then, a sudden thunderous

crack tore through the murk that had been choking the sky above Celestia. A single shaft of molten gold speared downward, ripping the groom apart and flooding the ancient capital with light fierce as noon.

Demon generals and the Soul Devourer himself snapped their heads upward, eyes narrowing at the miracle blazing overhead.

Out of the shredded clouds glided a

war-barge, the color of polished

sunrise. Three hundred Golden Armor Guards stood upon its deck in perfect ranks, burnished armor glittering, long spears angled toward the earth, every one of them wreathed in a hush of holy aura.

At the prow, Onneas—her teal robes fluttering like a swath of starlit sea—stood as effortless and untouchable as a goddess who had simply stepped from legend into

daylight. Her gaze cold and sharp as ground ice, never left the ravaged city below.

Beside her waited Jared, Aurelius, Artemis, and Yuliana. None spoke, yet the grim weight in their eyes said enough. The enemy's strength had fattened far faster than anyone dared predict.

What they saw chilled them. Soul Devourer's once-shredded form had already regrown into a dense, near-solid shadow, and the bodies of his demon generals glimmered with fresh, stolen life.

"I can't believe how obscenely fast that Soul Devourer heals," Aurelius muttered, his voice tense yet low enough to keep the soldiers from hearing. "At this pace, he'll be back at full strength before the hour hands meet again."

"And the demon souls he's siphoned," Artemis added, brow furrowed, "have supercharged every creature under him. This fight will be nothing like the skirmishes outside the valley."

"Jared, promise me you won't charge in blind," Yuliana whispered, white-knuckling the hilt of her sword despite the tremor skating through her fingers.

Jared answered with a single nod. Gold-flecked energy whirled around him, the Dragonslayer Sword already humming in his palm, hungry for battle.

The war-barge settled onto the cracked plaza beyond the city gates. Onneas led her companions down the gangway until they stood an arrow's flight from the Soul Devourer and his dark host, holy light facing living night.

"Soul Devourer," Onneas called, her voice crystalline and carrying, "so you fattens yourself on lost souls now. I should have guessed you'd crawl to such depths."

Soul Devourer laughed—a rasping grind of broken glass. "Spare me your scorn, Onneas. Bring a hundred or a thousand, it changes nothing. When my strength returns in full, not even the Celestial King could win against me."

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"Arrogant wretch!" one of the Quartet Celestial Guards barked, stepping forward as thunder peeled behind his words. "Ms. Dusko, allow me to show this fiend exactly how sharp the temple's sword can cut."

Onneas inclined her head. "Go. Let him taste the weight of the Celestial Palace."

The guard flickered—one heartbeat, he was at Onneas' side, the next he materialized before Soul Devourer, spear driving straight for the demon's chest. A tidal roar of sanctified energy surged from the weapon, promising to shatter more than flesh.

Shock flashed across Soul Devourer's face. Black miasma erupted from his core and congealed into a jagged shield, desperate to blunt the holy thrust.

Boom!

Light and shadow collided in an explosive wave that cratered the plaza, stone tiles dropping into the earth like dominoes.

The guard's spear ricocheted, forcing him back several paces. Sweat pearled across his paling skin. Across from him, Soul Devourer shuddered, a smear of inky blood sliding from one corner of his mouth.

"A mere guard and yet that strong?" The demon's yellow eyes widened, equal parts awe and fury. "I truly underestimated Celestial Palace's hatchlings."

Yet the truth gnawed at him. Although he could still vaporize most level six cultivators with a gesture, facing a Celestial Guard from level right—an elite already rooted in the Human Immortal Realm Level Five—was beginning to tax the ragged edges of his half-mended power.

He had to buy time. Only when his new body finished condensing would everything—heaven, earth, even death itself—lose its power to frighten him.

Once that moment arrived, he could stand unfazed even before cultivators from level nine.

The Celestial Guard snarled, lunging again at Soul Devourer. His golden spear carved blazing arcs through the air. Each shimmering after-image felt as heavy as a mountain.

Soul Devourer dared not meet those blows head-on. He weaved aside, swirling pitch-black demonic aura that lashed back like barbed whips.

Gold light and obsidian haze collided above the capital. Thunderous impacts ripped rooftops apart and split the flagstones below into bottomless chasms.

Across the sky, Caiden—one of the demon generals—darted toward a second Celestial Guard. His midnight spear, slick with sinister aura, shot straight for the guard's breastplate.

"Courting death!" the guard barked, sweeping up his own weapon to intercept. Clang!

Metal screamed. Gold power and black corruption braided together, flaring into a ribbon of searing light.

Shockwaves surged down Caiden's arm. His muscles quivered, and he staggered back several steps before he could force his heels to bite into the floating rubble.

The Celestial Guard laughed, cold and contemptuous. "That scrap of strength? You dare strut before us?"

With that, he charged once more, and their duel ignited in earnest.

Seeing their comrade engaged, the remaining two demon generals hurled themselves at the last pair of Celestial Guards. In an instant four separate battles played across the firmament.

Gold and shadow clashed without pause. The whole of Celestia City trembled, its stone foundations groaning as if the city might crumble any second.

Meanwhile, on the ground, Jared, Aurelius, Artemis, and the others also began their duels against Demonic Cultivators.

On the shattered streets below,

Jared moved like lightning. Dragonslayer Sword sang in his grip golden sword energy coiling around him. Every swing harvested another Demonic Cultivator's life.

He blurred through enemy ranks, a silent reaper no one could pin down.

Aurelius refused to be outshone. His own gold blade swept in broad, devastating arcs, each strike carrying the weight of a falling sky.

In the face of his powerful sword technique, the Demonic Cultivators simply didn't stand a chance.

Beside them, Artemis and the

disciples of Herb Sect wove healing

light and lethal spells together.

Pearls of white energy rained upon the Demonic Cultivators, burning

holes straight through corrupted" flesh. s

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Flaxseed finally revealed his hidden might. Charms flew from his fingers-each one birthing a violet thunderbolt that speared through a demon's heart before the body even hit the ground.

The massacre intensified. Both armies fought past pain or mercy, eyes glazed crimson with frenzy.

High above, Celestial Guards and demon generals drove their powers harder still. Gold and ebony wove into a blinding aurora, eclipsing moon and sun alike for one terrifying heartbeat.

Bodies of dark-cultivators lay piled high, a grotesque cairn that blotted out the trampled flags beneath. Blood soaked the shattered paving stones, spilling into gullies and gathering in sluggish crimson rills that crept toward the lowest ground.

Soul Devourer hovered above the carnage, black robes snapping in the wind, his yellowed eyes ablaze with a rage he could scarcely cage.

He had never dreamed that the Celestial Guards Onneas brought could stand toe-to-toe with his demon generals, much less how formidable the Golden Armor Guards were.

Far ahead, Onneas' teal robe cracked like a banner in the gale. At last, she moved.

Time seemed to flinch as she made her move.

With the barest sweep of one pale sleeve, she sent no thunderclap, no blinding flare-only a silent, suffocating pressure that made the very horizon buckle.

Terror struck Soul Devourer so sharply his face blanched to ash.

The power rolling off her eclipsed every law he understood.

He tried to flee, yet his limbs locked in place-clamped by invisible irons that mocked his will.

"Impossible! How can you be this strong?" Soul Devourer shrieked, his voice tearing like rusted metal.

Onneas regarded him with wintered indifference-as though he were no more than an ant that had wandered onto marble. "Soul Devourer, your death is due." Her tone held neither heat nor haste, only an authority that allowed no argument.

She lifted her right hand, slight teal spiritual light gathering at the tip of her fingers. The seemingly feeble spiritual light actually contained destructive power.

"Hahaha! Onneas, did you really think such tricks could finish me? How naïve you are!" Soul Devourer abruptly turned around and shouted at the Demonic Cultivators behind him, "All demonic souls, all Demonic Cultivators-hear me! Spend your lives if you must, but bar their path. I head for the palace core to solidify my body in full!" s

The sky blackened as two hundred thousand wailing demonic souls boiled into view, a storm of shadows that blotted out the sun.

Below, tens of thousands of crazed cultivators surged forward, their eyes lit by a suicidal zeal that promised blood for every step.

Onneas' brow tightened—this was frenzy beyond prediction.

That tide of two hundred thousand demonic souls and ten thousand Demonic Cultivators could not truly harm her, but breaking through it would steal precious moments, and moments were all Soul Devourer needed to vanish into the palace depths. s

"No! We can't let him slip away!" Jared shouted, his Dragonslayer Sword humming like an iron horn in his grip. Latest content published on find●no

"Hold the demonic souls and the

Demonic Cultivators," Onneas ordered the Golden Armor Guards and the Quartet Celestial Guards behind her. "Jared and the others will come with me-we pursue Soul Devourer now!" s

"At once, Ms. Dusko!"

"Across the shattered flagstones, the Golden Armor Guards and the Quartet Celestial Guards answered as one, their voices rolling like thunder through the ruined courtyard.

At their backs rose an invisible tide of force—each warrior losing every shred of cultivated power in readiness for the slaughter to come."

Onneas wheeled around, her aqua cloak snapping in the ash-laden wind. "Jared, Aurelius, Artemis, Yuliana-move with me! We have to cut Soul Devourer down before his body fully congeals!"

She became a streak of pale light, darting toward the palace's lightless heart. Jared and the others hurled themselves after her, sword-tips sparking against the night.

They had barely crossed the first broken arch when a wall of wraithlike shapes boiled out of the gloom, a living barricade of demonic souls that hissed and clawed at the path ahead.

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The spirits lunged like rabid hounds-senseless, tireless, uncaring whether their shredded forms survived a heartbeat longer, so long as they could tear living flesh.

"Kill!" Jared roared, the single word ripping from his chest like a war-drum.

Dragonslayer flashed in a golden arc. Every swing scythed through clustered demonic souls, the blade's radiance sweeping them away like autumn wind stripping dry leaves, until dozens dissolved into drifting ash.

Yet, the torrent thickened. For every demonic soul slain, ten more surged forward, a sea without shore.

Beside him, Aurelius unleashed a tide of luminous force. His own gold sword spun in widening circles, each rotation carving out a crater of silence amid the shrieks.

Still, they came-two hundred thousand howling demonic souls, rolling in waves that swallowed steel and light alike.

Onneas' brow furrowed tighter with each passing second. She had not imagined Soul Devourer would stoop to such a shameless tactic.

These demonic souls were weak, but their endless numbers were buying the fiend every heartbeat he needed.

"This stalemate will bury us. We break through now!" Onneas' voice cut like frost.

She stopped mid-stride, pivoted, and called, "Form up behind me I'll carve the path!"

Power exploded from her core. Mist-blue energy surged outward, knitting itself into a towering shield of light that roared down the corridor.

Where the wall of brilliance passed, demonic souls disintegrated in shrieking curls of soot. Even the stronger demon generals crumpled before the onrush.

With Onneas at the spear-point, the party streaked through the breach, that azure curtain shearing a tunnel straight toward the palace's pulsing void.

Behind them, the demonic souls regrouped and flung themselves forward once more, a black tide determined to drown the fragment of sky still clutched in Onneas' wake.

The ground became a charnel slope of fading ectoplasm. Oily, black-red ichor pooled between tumbled stones, weaving rivulets that steamed under corrupt energy.

The air itself curdled—reek of blood, tang of demon-rot-thick enough to choke the lungs of lesser men.

At last, they stormed into the palace's inner sanctum-only to find no trace of Soul Devourer waiting.

Instead, a whirlpool of midnight vapor churned at the chamber's center, big enough to swallow a siege tower.

Each breath drawn near that vortex tasted of copper and decay, turning the stomach and warning the heart of a darkness still gathering its full shape.

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The walls themselves seemed to bleed. Once-brilliant murals lay half-dissolved beneath waves of crawling demonic aura, their pigments run together into night-black fissures. Those cracks bent into leering masks, each warped mouth silently following the trespassers with murderous intent Somewhere deeper inside, an

animalistic bellow tore through the corridors—a sound so raw it rattled dust from the ceiling and made every torch gutter. s

Roar!

From the echo of that scream burst a storm of black threads. The strands were ink-black and

needle-thin, yet each carried winter's chill and a pultas hungry as a void, groping for any spirit it could tear free. They came from every archway, every crumbled window, weaving a net that tried to strip flesh from soul. s

"Careful!" Onneas shouted, her voice sharp enough to cut through the whistling threads.

A surge of turquoise spiritual light flared around her slender figure. The radiance thickened into a flawless barrier, doming outward and forcing the nearest threads to recoil with a hiss. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find\[N\]o](#)

Jared answered with a roar of

golden dragon's power that coiled around his shoulders like living scales. Aurelius flooded the air with silvery Power of Immortals, while violet lightning cracked from Artemis palms. The three colorS clashed brilliantly against the encroaching black, turning the ruined hall into a battlefield of light and shadow. s

"Hahaha! Onneas, do you children truly think a few sparks can stop me?" Soul Devourer's voice rolled out of the darkness-rich with mockery, loud enough to quake the flagstones. "Once this body is whole again-once my strength returns to its peak-every last one of you will die screaming."

Onneas' heart clenched. The fiend's words no longer sounded distant or muffled. Each syllable now throbbed with new vitality. The monster's body was knitting itself together, and it was doing so quickly.

"Move-faster!" she ordered, cold resolve tightening her tone.

Raw power poured from her, the turquoise shield blazing so bright it hurt to look at. One after another, the black threads shriveled, curling into ash before they ever reached the group.

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Keeping low behind Onneas' radiant wake, the party advanced-step by punishing step into the palace's wounded heart.

Every pace forward meant enduring another lash of Soul Devouring Threads and another breath of corrosive miasma. Progress felt like wading upstream through broken glass.

The floor was littered with cultivators' corpses-faces drained of color, eyes frozen wide, lips still twisted in silent terror.

Their spirits had been stolen clean away by the Soul Devourer. Their bodies were nothing but discarded shells.

Artemis stared at the fallen, her chest heaving with powerless fury.

Once, as Celestia's royal physician, every heartbeat she saved had mattered. Now she could only watch as all those cultivators lay butchered by Demonic Cultivators.

"They were Celestia's cultivators," Aurelius whispered, the words breaking inside him.

His gaze swept the uniforms he recognized. "They're heroes who sacrificed themselves to protect Celestia City..."

Jared's knuckles whitened on the hilt of Dragonslayer Sword. Golden light surged, circling him like an avenging halo, and murder kindled behind his eyes.

Memories flashed-Rylan sacrificing himself, innocent townsfolk crushed beneath Demonic Cultivators-and the anger inside Jared flared hotter than any furnace.

Soul Devourer, your head will grace my blade.

With that oath burning in his mind, Jared lengthened his stride, boots striking the cracked marble with new purpose.

A thunderous boom erupted ahead. A powerful aura, ancient and vicious, spilled from the inner sanctum like a tidal wave. The entire palace shuddered-pillars groaning, chandeliers swaying-threatening to crash down on friend and foe alike.

Onneas gasped. "No-this is bad!" she blurted, the warning tearing from her chest before she could catch her breath. "His phantom body is solidifying faster than before!" Every syllable quivered with dread, as though she could already feel the shock of what was coming.

The shout galvanized the others. Jared, Aurelius, and the rest sprang forward, boots hammering the marble while they chased the baleful aura boiling ahead.

They swung around a bend, and an icy gasp ripped through the group-air dragging across teeth like the first touch of winter.

At the palace's lightless core, Soul Devourer hung in mid-air, a dreadful idol frozen in worship. Ebony threads coiled from his frame, latching onto thousands of black urns arrayed in concentric rows beneath him.

Within each urn, ghost-white motes of soul-light winked out in rapid succession, funneled straight into Soul Devourer at the center like tributaries swallowed by a midnight sea.

The once-misty specter of his form was now nearly flesh-eighty percent of a living body, rising toward completion with every stolen breath.

A raven robe draped his body. His skin shone the color of bleached parchment. Blood-red lips framed eyes sunken deep into shadow. The air itself seemed to choke on the stench of his malicious aura.

"Hahaha! At

last,

the moment

arrives! Soon, my flesh will be whole

iet

again. My peak power will return, and nothing under these heavens will cage me. Soul Devourer's

laughter rattled the stone like loose bones in a jar.

Onneas felt her pulse falter. The pressure rolling off Soul Devourer was no mere increase. It had multiplied, pressing against her ribs like a falling cliff face.

"Everyone, stay sharp—he's several times stronger now," she warned, teal spirit-light erupting around her in a burning halo ready to strike.

Jared, Aurelius, and the rest answered by flinging their own spiritual energies into the

air: crimson arcs, silver sparks, rippling barriers. Grim times carved across their faces as they took the measure of their foe.

They understood in a single, silent accord. The battle about to break would be savage beyond anything they had faced.

"You arrive just in time for your own funeral," Soul Devourer drawled, turning lazily to greet them. "Since you pine for death, let me grant the wish." Cold scorn drenched every word.

Before the echo faded, his outline blurred. In a heartbeat, he stood before Onneas, a spear of inky demon-light blooming in his palm and blasting toward her heart.

"Watch out!"

Onneas cried out, hurling a torrent of teal spiritual energy to meet the onrushing darkness, a shield conjured in the breadth of a heartbeat.

A detonation like a mountain shearing open shook the hall.

Teal brilliance and pitch-black night collided, vomiting a shock wave that cracked flagstones and sent dust billowing upward. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

The backlash tore through Onneas' arms. She staggered three paces, copper flooding her tongue as blood traced the curve of her lip.

"What?" Her eyes widened in shaken disbelief. "You've grown this powerful in mere moments?"

Brows knitted tight, she tasted the grim truth. Seconds into the fight, she was already bleeding.

Yet, Soul Devourer was still unfinished. Once his body was fully formed, one strike might be all it would take to drop her.

A Warrior Undefeatable

"Hahaha! Feeling frightened now, are you?" The rightful source is [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

Soul Devourer threw back his head and let out a jagged, echoing laugh that rattled the rafters. "Too late for regrets!" he thundered, then hurled himself at Onneas, the demon light weaving around his outstretched palm swelling darker, thicker, until it felt like night itself had broken loose inside the throne room.

Aurelius, Jared, and the others surged forward in a desperate counter-charge. Streams of power-golden spiritual energy, white Power of Immortals, and a purple river of lightning-braided together and streaked across the marble floor toward Soul Devourer.

Soul Devourer sneered, "That's the best you can muster?" A curtain of churning black mist roared from his body and swallowed their combined strike.

Boom!

The blast ruptured like a cannon inside a cathedral. Waves of pressure rippled back across the hall, slamming every defender off balance. They staggered, faces bleached the color of paper.

Onneas' chest convulsed. Pfft!

A red sheet of blood splattered across the cracked tiles as Onneas nearly collapsed.

She had known Soul Devourer was powerful, but not this powerful for all their teamwork, they were ants slamming into a mountain.

Soul Devourer's laughter bounced from pillar to pillar, giddy and cruel. "What's wrong, Onneas? Weren't you the legendary prodigy? Where's that arrogance now - can't even raise a hand?"

Onneas wiped her mouth, teeth clamped so hard her jaw creaked. Emerald spiritual energy flared from her palms, and she flung herself back into the fight with a ragged cry that was half courage, half defiance.

Soul Devourer growled, "Stubborn fool." A fresh beam of demon light-denser, hotter-erupted from his fist.

Boom! The collision detonated like a meteor.

The blast caught Onneas full in the chest. She spun through the air like a puppet with its strings slashed, then crashed to the stone floor. Another torrent of blood sprayed from her lips, pooling beneath her cheek.

"Ms. Dusko!" Jared shouted. He lunged, but a wall of black vapor reared up, snarling, and flung him back before he could reach her.

Soul Devourer's grin stretched wider. "Now, insects your turn." His gaze slithered over Jared, Aurelius, and each trembling ally like a blade tasting flesh.

Terror wove through the room.

All of them had tasted the hope of victory only moments before. Yet, at that moment, they felt the walls of the palace bending inward, sealing them inside a tomb of their own ambitions.

"What do we do? We're not his match." Aurelius' voice quavered as the truth crushed his spine. "He's stronger than all of us combined."

Across the rubble-strewn floor, Artemis knelt beside the unconscious Onneas, her hands trembling uselessly.

She was the leader of the Herb Sect, yet every remedy she knew was meaningless while Soul Devourer stood unstoppable.

Yuliana wrapped both hands around her longsword. Terror glimmered in her violet eyes, but she swallowed it like fire.

She knew this was no moment for retreat. They would fight until breath itself abandoned them.

Jared glared at Soul Devourer, anger and raw refusal blazing behind his tired eyes. He would die before letting despair write the final line of this battle.

"Jared's mind flashed back to the

ruined level six-a realm once bright,

now littered with shattered spires

and scorched earth. He remembered the cultivators who had fallen there,

the stood as Civilians who had never chance, and, most of all, Rylan, whose final roar had burned itself

into Jared's bones.

Grief twisted into resolve, hot and sharp, as the memories crowded his chest."

I can't surrender now!

He clenched the hilt of the

Dragonslayer Sword until his

knuckles whitened. Golden spiritual energy coiled around him in concentric rings, and, deep inside, the dormant power of his dragon bloodline, stirred slow at first, then surging like a tidal wave behind cracked stone.

"Even if it kills me, I'll drag you down with me!" Jared's roar tore through the throne room. He lunged at Soul Devourer, blade sweeping forward with a cataclysmic force that seemed capable of splitting the heavens themselves.

Soul Devourer gave a dismissive snort. "Foolish wretch." With a casual flick of his wrist, he loosed a ribbon of demon light that streaked toward Jared.

Boom! The impact exploded like a thunderclap inside a coffin.

The black beam smashed into Jared's chest. He flew backward, a severed kite in a storm, before crashing to the marble floor. Scarlet flooded his lips, spattering the broken tiles beneath his cheek.

The difference between their realms was nearly two full cultivation levels-an abyss no talent could leap.

Even with the dragon bloodline awakening in his veins, Jared could not so much as scratch Soul Devourer.

Talent, promise, destiny-none of it mattered against that gulf.

"Jared!" Yuliana's scream rang out as she sprinted toward him, but a lash of demonic aura hurled her aside, slamming her against a pillar before she could touch him.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Soul Devourer's laughter ricocheted off the trembling walls-wild, exultant, cruel. "Every last one of you will die. No mortal, no god, can bar my path!"

Outside, the Demonic Cultivator army howled closer. Two hundred thousand demonic souls, flanked by tens of thousands of Demon Cultivators, surged toward the palace like a living tide, drowning courtyards and battlements alike.

Pillars of demonic aura spiraled into the sky, merging with thunder-swollen clouds until the entire Celestia City lay swaddled in a single, suffocating night.

"Behold your fate," the Soul Devourer sneered. "Today you die, and with you the whole of level six. No one will stand in my way!"

Despair pooled in every gaze turned his way.

Many knew, with a silent finality, that they would likely perish here—and that level six might perish with them.

Yet Onneas, blood streaking her chin, forced herself upright. She wiped the crimson away and leveled a steady glare at Soul Devourer. "Soul Devourer, even if we die here, you will never rule unchallenged. Someone someday-will end you."

He scoffed, eyes glinting with scorn. "You'll never live to witness that day."

Demonic aura erupted from his frame and barreled toward Onneas and her party in a rolling stormfront of shadow.

As the wave of demonic aura rushed closer, hearts tightened with fresh hopelessness.

Stone walls cracked. Glazed roof tiles rained down. The entire throne hall shuddered as if it might collapse in a single sigh.

Beyond the shattered doors, the Demonic Cultivator horde roared with triumph. Victory was, to them, only seconds away.

Inside, Onneas, Jared, Aurelius, Artemis, and Yuliana pressed back-to-back. Despair etched their faces, yet in every eye burned a stubborn ember that refused to extinguish—even as darkness roared in to claim them.

The confrontation had twisted into something no oracle, scholar, or warmonger could have foreseen. All strategies lay in tatters, discarded like broken banners on a blood-soaked field.

"Brat, back down. None of you can match Soul Devourer. Hand the reins over to me. I can stall him for a heartbeat or two-long enough for the others to run while they still can."

The voice belonged to Vermilion Demon Lord-missing for ages, presumed dust — and now it hissed through the smoky silence like the strike of a viper.

"Mr. Vermilion!" Jared gasped, relief and dread colliding in his chest. "You went silent without a trace. I searched every corner of my consciousness field and found nothing. What happened to you?" Discover more novels at [find](#)no

"Questions later." Impatience

cracked like thunder beneath the

Vermillion Demon Lord's words. "IET

survive, will explain. For now,

surrender your body Every second you hesitate drags us closer to oblivion."

Jared nodded once, teeth clenched, then loosened the defenses around his consciousness field. The moment his safeguards fell, the ancient presence surged upward and seized command of flesh and bone.

Black mist swarmed him, shrouding his frame in a storm of shadow. When the haze peeled away, Jared's bearing had turned feral-an emperor of night awakened inside a mortal shell.

His eyes shone a murderous crimson. From every pore burst a suffocating demonic aura that warped the air, bending light itself around his silhouette.

Gasps rippled through friend and foe alike. Only Flaxseed, sweat beading beneath his patched hat, understood the truth. Vermillion Demon Lord once again rode Jared's body like a war-horse.

Soul Devourer's onrushing gloom met the Dragonslayer Sword with a single upward slash. The dark tide split cleanly in two, evaporating as though it had never existed.

"Vermilion?" Soul Devourer's pupils narrowed to pinpoints. "So, you still cling to the world, you old brat!"

"You're breathing, aren't you? Why should I be ashes yet?" Jared yet not Jared - answered with a chill that frosted every syllable.

"Ha! You survived, but you're nothing more than a ragged shred of soul hitchhiking in a borrowed body. Even when you possessed flesh of your own you couldn't defeat me, Now you're a ghost in tatters how dare you stand against me?" Soul Dévourer's laughter pounded the palace walls, each note a drumbeat of contempt.

Both Soul Devourer and Vermillion Demon Lord had once roamed level nine as Demonic Cultivators instinct alone allowed them to recognize one another the instant Vermilion

ve

Demon Lord took control of Jared's body.

"I don't need to kill you," Vermilion replied, blade rising. "I only have to keep you busy."

He launched forward with the speed of a thunderbolt, Dragonslayer Sword shrieking through the air. As he shot past his stunned allies, he barked, "Move-now!"