

A Warrior Undefeatable

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At that moment, Jared was in the void. When he slowly opened his eyes, he found himself in an unknown starry sky. In the area, countless meteors were streaking by, and they were all engulfed in flames.

Jared's own body was burning, yet he no longer felt any pain, as if his body no longer belonged to him.

Boom!

Suddenly, there was a deafening sound. Then, in Jared's line of sight, countless meteors shattered instantly, exploding like fireworks. It was a truly dazzling spectacle.

Jared was filled with confusion, unable to understand what kind of power could pulverize so many meteors.

Just then, a cold voice suddenly sounded. "You're actually able to regain consciousness under this Voidfire..."

Jared quickly looked in the direction of the voice and saw a man standing about three hundred meters away.

The man wore a robe. With a stern expression, he stood with his hands clasped behind his back, exuding an imposing aura of authority.

When Jared saw the man, he felt his heart sink from an inexplicable pressure that made him feel a little terrified.

"Sir, where is this place?" Jared quickly asked in a polite manner.

When dealing with someone of unknown identity and power, politeness was paramount, lest arrogance lead to one's death.

The man looked at Jared and smiled faintly. "This is not any particular place..."

The man's words left Jared utterly bewildered, but he dared not press further, afraid of angering him.

"Sir, could you please tell me who you are?" Jared asked.

Since Jared didn't know where he was, he decided to try and ascertain the man's identity.

If the man were an enemy, Jared would need to find a way to escape; he couldn't just wait here to die.

The man seemed to sense Jared's intentions, and he smiled. "Don't be afraid; I won't hurt you. I am a member of the Celestial Palace."

When Jared heard that the man was from the Celestial Palace, his chest tightened. After all, he had a history of conflict with the Celestial Palace, though his relationship with Onneas was very good.

Jared asked tentatively, "Sir, I have a very good relationship with the overload of Celestial Palace's Fourth Hall. Her name is Onneas Dusko..."

"Onneas Dusko?" The man seemed to ponder for a moment, then shook his head. "I don't know her..."

"How can that be? You don't know the overload of Celestial Palace's Fourth Hall?" Jared was astonished. "Are you a low-ranking cultivator of the Celestial Palace?"

Jared scrutinized the man, but the latter's aura clearly didn't suggest a low-ranking cultivator.

But if the man were a high-ranking cultivator, he would've known Onneas.

The man laughed heartily. "Do I look like a low-ranking cultivator of the Celestial Palace?"

"No, you don't." Jared shook his head. "Are you perhaps an elder of the Celestial Palace, and thus you're unfamiliar with the current personnel?"

Jared could only come up with this explanation. If the man was from the Celestial Palace, not a low ranking cultivator, and didn't know Onneas, he must be an older figure of the Celestial Palace.

Over the passage of time and the change of personnel, it would be normal for older figures not to recognize the newcomers. Read complete version only at find{n}ovel.net

"You are very smart." The man's eyes flashed with surprise; he didn't think Jared could guess it.

"However, I am not some elder of the Celestial Palace, because I am the one who founded the Celestial Palace," he added.

As soon as the man finished speaking, Jared became utterly shocked. He never expected the seemingly stern man before him to be the founder of the Celestial Palace.

"Then wouldn't that make you the first Celestial King of the Celestial Palace?" Jared asked, his breathing becoming quicker.

"You could say that..." The man nodded, then asked, "How did you get here?"

"I don't know either. I simply opened

a void passage to level eight from level seven. As soon as I entered the passage, my entire body began to burn. By the time I opened my eyes, again, I was already here." Jared explained.

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The man frowned upon hearing Jared's explanation, his eyes turning extremely icy. That startled Jared, who thought he had said something wrong.

"I can't believe someone actually dared to use a forbidden technique of the celestials secretly! They're trying to destroy the entire Celestial Palace!" the man growled.

The man's anger began to rise, and the surrounding void started to twist and deform under that surge of wrath.

Jared didn't know anything about the celestials' forbidden techniques, but it seemed that he had been targeted, which was why this had happened.

"Sir, this has nothing to do with me, does it?" Jared asked cautiously.

"It has nothing to do with you. However, the fact that you survived this forbidden technique proves that it is fate. I can send you away from here. Normally, no one can survive this forbidden technique," the man slowly said.

"Thank you, sir..." Jared was overjoyed.

"You should recover your physical body first. Your body has been destroyed. If you leave like this, you will be nothing more than a wisp of a soul," the man said.

After speaking, he made a gentle grasping motion with his hand, and countless specks of light began to converge on Jared's body.

Jared's physical body, which had been utterly burned by flames, began to slowly recover.

At that moment, the distant edge of the starry sky suddenly trembled. Following that, countless flame meteors descended in a sweeping wave. The sight was terrifying, and Jared's face paled.

The man merely cast a cold glance at the meteors and casually threw a punch forward.

Boom!

Under this punch, the countless flame meteors instantly turned into dust, scattering like fireworks.

Utterly shocked, Jared gulped and asked, "Sir, what was that just now?"

"You don't need to concern yourself with it; just focus on recovering your physical body for now," the man replied, not giving Jared a chance to be a busybody.

Jared closed his mouth, knowing that some matters were not for him to know or control.

He began to sit cross-legged and slowly worked on recovering his physical body.

Meanwhile, the man scrutinized

Jared. Upon seeing Jared's physical body recover slowly, he said, "The sword intent within you is very pure. Are you a swordsman?"

"Not exactly, I do use swords frequently, but it's not my only form of attack." Jared shook his head.

"Then you must specialize in swords. Moreover, your sword intent is quite diverse. You weren't taught by just one person," the man noted.

Seeing that the man also knew swordsmanship, Jared said, "Sir, I hope you can offer me some guidance..."

The man laughed and replied, "It was merely a casual remark. I don't know much about swords..." This update is available on [find\[N\]ovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

With that, Jared stopped pressing on and asked instead, "Sir, my physical body has recovered. Can you send me away now?"

"Of course can. However, your

physical body is still very weak right now. You need to strengthen it first, otherwise your body still won't be able to last and will eventually Vanish," the man said, nodding.

Jared frowned slightly. "Sir, how should I go about strengthening my physical body, then?"

After all, Jared didn't even know the location of the void, had no

resources, and couldn't even detect a single trace of celestial energy. There was no way for him to

strengthen his physical body.

The man simply pointed toward the depths of the starry sky. "Do you know what place that is?"

Jared looked over. It was completely pitch-black, a darkness so absolute it was terrifying, like an endless abyss that even spiritual sense couldn't penetrate.

"I don't know. My spiritual sense can't pierce through that area!" Jared shook his head.

"That is the Null-Extinction Realm, a realm with no life or death..." the man slowly explained.

"No life or death?" Jared frowned. He didn't quite understand the meaning of that phrase, but he still asked, "Sir, have you been to that place?"

The man shook his head. "I haven't. My strength is not yet sufficient to reach that place..."

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"Sir, if even you cannot go there, I certainly cannot. How, then, am I supposed to strengthen my physical body?" Jared said.

He was done wasting his time talking to the man.

A place that even the powerful figure before him could not reach was clearly far beyond his capabilities, so the man's suggestion was completely pointless.

"If you want to strengthen your physical body, you need endless combat. Only by allowing your body to be constantly struck, and then constantly repaired, can it become truly powerful," the man explained.

As he spoke, countless flame meteors appeared from the depths of the endless starry sky again, raining down densely like raindrops.

This time, the man's figure suddenly became illusory. The flame meteors passed right through his body without causing any reaction.

"Destroy these flame meteors, and your physical body will grow stronger..." the man instructed Jared.

Jared nodded. The next instant, he summoned the Dragonslayer Sword, which transformed into a streak of sword light as he shot toward the sky.

Gripping the Dragonslayer Sword, Jared flashed forward, meeting the barrage of flame meteors.

The meteors, burning with intense flames, slammed down like a massive meteorite shower, each one containing terrifying heat and impact force.

Boom!

The first fire meteor struck Jared directly in the chest. The massive impact sent him flying backward like a kite with a broken string, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

The cloth on his chest instantly turned to ash, and his skin was scorched red, giving off a faint smell of burning flesh.

Coughing, Jared struggled to his feet. It felt as though his internal organs had been displaced.

"Do not dodge! Use your physical body to face them head-on!" The man's voice carried from a distance. "Only by letting the power of the flame meteors permeate every inch of your skin can you truly temper your physical body!"

Jared gritted his teeth and once again charged toward the cluster of flame meteors.

This time, he didn't use his sword to block. He put the Dragonslayer Sword away, clenched his fists, and stoically endured the impact of one flame meteor after another.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A continuous barrage of bangs rang out as Jared was completely engulfed by the flame meteors.

His body was repeatedly knocked

away, only for him to climb backup,

covered in wounds a

dripping with

blood. His skin was now charred

black, and in several places, Done

was even visible.

Jared let out a pained roar, but the determination in his eyes grew sharper.

The man nodded with satisfaction

and continued to guide him.

"Circulate your inner energy! Guide

the energy of the flame meteors into your meridians to temper your bones and muscles!"

At that, Jared immediately began using his cultivation technique according to the man's instructions.

He mobilized the spiritual energy within his body, forming energy whirlpools that rapidly flowed through his meridians.

When the flame meteors struck again, Jared no longer resisted. Instead, he guided the wild, powerful energy into his body.

The searing energy flowed through his meridians like molten lava, causing excruciating pain to the meridians as if they were being burned through.

But Jared persevered, clenching his jaw and guiding the energy through his entire body with his cultivation technique.

As time went on, Jared's body became increasingly resilient under the ceaseless bombardment of flame meteors. Official source is FindNovel.net

Injuries that initially took a long time to heal were now mended in just a few breaths.

His skin gradually returned to its normal color, becoming tougher and more lustrous.

"Very good. Your physical body is beginning to adapt," the man remarked, his voice carrying a hint of praise. "Now, try to actively absorb the energy of the flame meteors. Do not just passively endure!"

Jared's eyes flickered.

He took a deep breath, spread his arms, and actively welcomed the meteor shower.

This time, he was no longer on the defense but offense.

"Devour!" Jared roared, activating the Heaven-Swallowing Devourer Technique.

His body seemed to transform into a massive black hole, aggressively absorbing the energy of the flame meteors.

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As the flame meteors approached Jared's body, one by one, they were directly devoured and transformed into pure energy to nourish his physical body.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of muffled sounds resonated from Jared's body. His muscles grew more solid from the energy nourishment, and his bones emitted a crisp clatter, signifying a profound transformation.

His height increased subtly, and his physique became more balanced and robust. "It's not enough!" The man's voice came again. "Bring forth more flame meteors!" Following his words, countless flame meteors surged forth from the distant starry sky again, their numbers tenfold greater than before. Fresh chapters posted on find-novel-net

The meteors were larger, brighter, and contained even more terrifying energy.

However, at that point, Jared was no longer afraid. As he roared toward the sky, a faint golden light appeared on his body's surface—a sign that his physical body's strength had reached a new realm.

"Bring it on!" Jared leaped up, rushing straight into the densest part of the flame meteor shower.

His fists swung like meteor hammers, each punch shattering several flame meteors.

At the same time, his body was frantically absorbing the energy, and his physical strength increased visibly.

Crack! Crack!

His bones made a continuous crunching sound, indicating a rise in bone density.

His muscle fibers were tempered by the energy, becoming tougher and more powerful, and every inch of his skin radiated a healthy glow.

Standing far away, the man nodded with satisfaction. "Excellent. Your physical body has become impenetrable, but it's still not enough. Continue!"

Jared did not stop. He felt his body was like a bottomless pit that could never be filled.

The energy of the flame meteors continuously poured into his body, transforming into his physical body's strength.

After an unknown amount of time, when the last flame meteor was devoured by him, he slowly opened his eyes.

Right then, he was radiating a faint golden light. His skin was lustrous, and his muscles were lean, strong, and full of explosive power.

"Sir, I feel that my physical body has reached an unprecedented realm!" Jared said excitedly.

He felt that he could now shatter a mountain with a single punch or flatten a river with one stomp.

The man smiled slightly. "This is just the beginning. While your physical body is very strong, it has not yet reached its true limit."

"Then I will continue..." Jared instinctively turned to face the flame meteors again.

The man watched Jared amidst the flame meteor shower, his thoughts unknown.

At the Third Hall on level eight, Enaricus was currently standing outside the main hall with a group of his disciples.

Flanking Enaricus were Cormac, who had recovered, four top Celestial Guards of the Third Hall, and a multitude of other exports from the Third Hall. fo

Enaricus kept looking around, seemingly waiting for someone.

Just then, Enaricus turned his head and saw a middle-aged man slowly approaching from a distance.

That man was the heir of the Malevolent Path Hall and was one rank higher than Stebarin.

No wonder Enaricus was personally waiting at the door.

Seeing his arrival, Enaricus quickly stepped forward, smiling. "Prince Percival, I'm honored to have you grace my humble abode..."

Percival Wulverton maintained a composed expression, seemingly unimpressed by Enaricus' flattery.

"So you want to unseat Ms. Dusko and occupy the Celestial King Palace?" Percival asked Enaricus.

Enaricus nodded. "That is correct.

have been cooperating with the

Malevolent Path Hall for

would like to ask the

longi

long, so I

Path Hall to help me out with this!"

"I will help you," Percival agreed with a nod.

However, Enaricus looked at

Percival. With slight confusion, he then asked, "Prince Percival, are you the only one here? If it's just you, I'm afraid you won't be able to get close to the Celestial King Palace"

After listening to his question, Percival gave a cold smile. "Don't worry; everything

is within my control..."

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Hearing Percival's words, Enaricus frowned.

Although Percival held a high position in the Malevolent Path Hall, it didn't mean his strength was overwhelming. He was privileged because of his father.

In the Malevolent Path Hall, Percival could be unrestrained, but Onneas wouldn't show him any deference at the Celestial King Palace.

Just as Enaricus was about to advise Percival against acting too boastfully while away from home, the void above their heads suddenly began to twist violently. Then, a dark, black pathway slowly descended.

Walking down that path was an old man in a black robe, holding a skull-adorned staff.

The old man's face was covered in terrifying scars, and his robe bore crimson runes that emitted a strange, eerie power.

At that sight, Enaricus' chest tightened. Everyone else, too, became alarmed.

They could all sense that the old man's power was immense.

"Enaricus, you don't need to be nervous..." Percival laughed when he saw Enaricus' anxious demeanor. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT FindNovel.net

He then walked over to the old man and greeted, "Grand Elder Esorin..."

Only then did Enaricus relax. So, this old man is the grand elder of the Malevolent Path Hall. He seems to be an impressive figure, given that even Prince Percival is deferential to him. This indicates that he has a very high status within the Malevolent Path Hall.

Esorin came before Enaricus and sized him up, then said coldly, "You are the overlord of the Celestial Palace's Third Hall?"

"I am," Enaricus affirmed.

"You are nothing special," Esorin said frostily.

The dismissive attitude startled Enaricus and made him quite annoyed, but he dared not show any anger. After all, he needed the Malevolent Path Hall's help to seize the Celestial King Palace and eliminate Onneas.

"With your assistance, I can surely seize the Celestial King Palace. Once I become the Celestial Palace's Celestial King, I will surely help the Malevolent Path Hall gather a large number of souls," Enaricus promised.

Esorin sneered. "Setting the Celestial King aside, who among Jaehaerys and Brennan do you think you can handle?"

Enaricus chuckled. "Grand Elder Esorin, you may not know this, but Jaehaerys and Brennan are currently with the Celestial king in lever nine... As soon as I seize the Celestia King Palace here, they will immediately act against the Celestial King.

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He continued, am merely the representative liaising with the Malevolent Path Hall. Without Jaehaerys' and Brennan's suppo even if the Malevolent Path Hall gave me their full support, I still would not dare to seize the Celestial King Palace."

That explanation annoyed Esorin, but he also knew Enaricus spoke the truth.

If there were no internal conflicts within the Celestial Palace, the Malevolent Path Hall alone would not dare to launch an attack on the Celestial Palace.

Even if the Malevolent Path Hall managed to destroy the Celestial Palace, the Celestial Palace had the backing of the entire celestials.

That was the ultimate power the Malevolent Path Hall truly feared.

No force dared to confront the celestials alone.

The celestials had to have absolute power and unique qualities that allowed them to rebuild a clan other than the three races.

"Since you have Jaehaerys and Brennan's support, that makes things much simpler!" Esorin conceded with a nod.

"Grand Elder Esorin, let me first brief you on the situation at the Celestial King Palace!" Enaricus offered.

"There's no need. It's just the Celestial King Palace. With the Celestial King absent, the people inside are nothing but rabble. I can destroy them with a wave of my hand." Esorin spoke with extreme arrogance.

Enaricus was speechless. Rabble?

However, he chose not to say anything further. If Esorin believed that the people in the Celestial King Palace were rabble, then there was no point in providing a briefing.

Although he needed the Malevolent Path Hall's help to seize the Celestial King Palace, Esorin's dismissive attitude irritated him.

Perhaps letting the Malevolent Path Hall suffer a little loss would make them take the cooperation seriously.

"Enaricus, I will take Grand Elder

Esorin to rest first. Go to the

Celestial King Palace and act as a spy. Once we've had enough rest, we will head over and help you seize the Celestial King Palace," Percival instructed.

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"Percival, I still think we should not underestimate the Celestial King Palace. While Ms. Dusko is not much of a threat, the Celestial King Palace itself is not simple!" Enaricus insisted.

"How is it not simple?" Percival asked.

Enaricus explained, "While Ms. Dusko is in charge of the Celestial King Palace, the truly difficult opponents are the Quartet Celestial Guards of the Celestial King Palace. Even we overlords have never witnessed the true strength of the Quartet Celestial Guards."

He continued, "In fact, we have never even met the Quartet Celestial Guards. We only heard from the Celestial King that the four of them were guards of the first Celestial King."

After a pause, he added, "As the celestial authority was passed down, the four guards of the first Celestial King became guardians of the Celestial King Palace. No one has seen them since. However, should the Celestial King Palace face great peril, the Quartet Celestial Guards will surely appear."

"So, none of you have actually seen the Quartet Celestial Guards?" Percival laughed.

"No, we have not," Enaricus confirmed.

Percival suddenly burst out laughing. "How can you be so certain that the Celestial King Palace truly has Quartet Celestial Guards? Couldn't it be a boast, something

fabricated by the Celestial King just to scare you and prevent rebellion?" The source of this content is Find★Novel.net

Enaricus was speechless, and he wanted to curse.

While people of the celestials were arrogant and looked down on everyone else, they didn't have a habit of lying for no reason.

As such, they wouldn't fabricate the existence of the Quartet Celestial Guards just to protect the Celestial King Palace.

"Enaricus, you are too cautious and have not seen enough of the world..." Esorin slowly glanced at the void and said, "Forget about the Quartet Celestial Guards. Even if the Celestial Palace's first Celestial King were here, I could crush him with a single slap..."

What a boaster... Enaricus opened his mouth but did not utter the words, cursing in his mind instead.

Achoo!

In the boundless void, the man suddenly sneezed.

He glanced at Jared and frowned slightly. "Could someone still be thinking of me after all these years?"

Jared was currently holding the Dragonslayer Sword, relentlessly fighting against the countless flame meteors.

Now, he could forcefully carve a path through the massive swarm of flame meteors.

After an unknown amount of time, the countless flame meteors vanished. Jared stood in the void,

his body now engulfed in roaring flames the energy absorbed from the flame meteors.

Jared closed his eyes, letting the flames burn his body, but the flames gradually disappeared.

Not only did the flames fail to destroy Jared's body, but their energy was absorbed by him.

During this time, Jared had been fighting the flame meteors and absorbing their energy, strengthening his physical body to a new peak. Even his power had also soared.

Although there were no resources or celestial energy here, the flame meteors had become his cultivation resources.

Suddenly, the flame meteors that had vanished now reappeared, but this time it was from the distant, unfathomable depths of the Null-Extinction Realm. Content

Jared's eyes were filled with fervent anticipation as he looked at the countless flame meteors. He no longer felt fear or terror.

The flame meteors terrified him no more; instead, he saw them as supreme resources.

Gripping the Dragonslayer Sword, Jared instantly lunged toward the flame meteors.

Streaks of sword light tore the countless flame meteors to shreds.

The man silently watched Jared, neither speaking nor intervening.

He noticed Jared had exceptional talent. With just a few simple pointers, Jared was able to grasp many unique insights.

Jared's sword intent, especially, grew purer with every swing of his sword.

"Flame meteors from the Null-Extinction Realm, huh? Let's see how long you can last," the man murmured as he observed the increasingly excited Jared.

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At Level Eight, in the Celestial-King Palace, Onneas-overlord of the Fourth Hall - paced beneath crystal vaulting that glittered like cages of starlight. Every measured step echoed her determination to find a way to pull Jared back from peril.

Isabel burst through the chamber doors, breath quick, fists tight around her skirts. "Ms. Dusko, Enaricus has arrived with a full escort. They're already standing at the main gate. Shall I allow them inside?" Find the newest release on findnovel.net

"What does he want?" Onneas asked, her voice colder than the polished marble underfoot.

A faint line carved itself between her brows.

Enaricus possessed his own lavish pavilion. Since the Celestial King had

departed for level nine, entrusting the palace to Onneas, no other lord was free to wander these halls. For Enaricus to show up now-escorted and unannounced-could only herald trouble.

Isabel wet her lips, then added, "He claims he's here to discuss urgent matters with you."

"Very well. Come-let's meet him." Onneas turned on her heel, gathering Isabel and a handful of Celestial Guards.

Steel boots struck in unison as the small party swept toward the palace gate.

Beyond the threshold, Enaricus waited, flanked by dozens of his disciples and armored guards. Their collective swagger pressed against the air like a storm front.

Enaricus' face was a mask of shadowed greed, eyes calculating. Behind him, every follower wore the same smug certainty, as though victory were already signed and sealed.

"Enaricus, you arrive with an army here. State your purpose." Onneas' words cut clean and sharp.

Her spine stayed straight, her gaze unwavering-unyielding even before the wall of bodies that outnumbered her own.

Enaricus stepped forward, his stare like a torch boring through her armor. "Ms. Dusko, rumor says you recently led guards to level six without authorization and returned with many of them wounded. Is that true?"

His tone presumed guilt, as if he had already pried the secret from her soul.

Onneas' heartbeat slowed. He came prepared-searching for a spark to ignite. But her voice remained even.

"Whatever missions I lead are no concern of yours. I had my reasons."

"Reasons?" Enaricus let out a short, cutting laugh.

"You rule the Fourth Hall, yet abandon level eight to rush to level six-over a single man you broke palace protocol and left your guards bloodied. Tell me, Onneas-how will you pay that debt?"

He magnified every misstep, fanning discontent among the surrounding guards to serve his hidden agenda.

"Are you interrogating me, Enaricus? Remember, the Celestial King left this palace in my charge. I hold authority to deploy the Celestial Guards as I see fit."

She knew all too well that Enaricus coveted the throne the Celestial King was safeguarding.

"Authority?" Enaricus echoed, lips curling.

Greed flashed across his eyes, as though the palace treasures had already changed hands.

"You're trying to seize the Celestial

King's palace the moment his back

is turned For Jared Chance, you

risked our guards' lives. Do you have an affair with him, Onneas? Have you forgotten that a woman of our clan may never consort with an outsider?"

"If Jared has already had his way, with you, then your body is defiled. A sullied woman is unworthy of being a celestial, much less the title of the leader of a hall, Enaricus said, every syllable oozing calculated malice.

He pivoted smoothly, pitching his voice to the crowd. His words, dressed in the sacred language of clan law, were meant to stir the onlookers until contempt turned into fire.

"How dare you!" Onneas shouted, the cry ripping from her throat before she realized it had formed.

The instant the accusation hit her, fury flooded her veins. She had expected many things from Enaricus, but never such shameless slander delivered in open daylight.

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As the overlord of Fourth Hall, she knew the rules better than anyone. She would sooner die than allow Jared to claim her body against her will. Enaricus' charge was nothing but mud flung to darken her name.

Behind her, the Celestial Guards tightened their formation. Armor clinked. Knuckles whitened around spear shafts—all silent vows to shield their mistress or fall in the attempt.

Isabel stepped up beside them, rage flickering in her gaze. Had she possessed the strength, she would have cut Enaricus down where he stood.

Enaricus motioned lazily over one shoulder. At once, his disciples surged forward, fists flexing, mouths curling into predatory grins, eager for sanctioned violence.

"Today, I will lead my men into the Celestial King Palace. We shall see whether you have turned that sacred hall into your private estate," he declared, threat carved into every note of his voice.

"Insolence!" Onneas' retort boomed, reverberating down the carved colonnade and leaving ears ringing.

"The palace is not a market stall you may wander through at whim," she said, tone steel-hard. "Without the King's command, no one crosses its threshold. Secrets and treasures lie within—secrets far safer without your greedy hands."

"The King is at level nine," Enaricus sneered. "That means I give the orders here."

He strode forward. His followers poured after him like a breaking wave, aimed straight at Onneas' slender line of defense.

Swords rasped free. Onneas and her guards formed a living wall—faces set, wills unshakable—each stance proclaiming that passage would be bought only with

their corpses.

"Enaricus, you force entry into the palace—do you intend to rebel?" Onneas asked, voice low, eyes cold enough to freeze blood.

She knew one trespass could unravel every law that held their world together.

Enaricus' face twitched before he composed himself. "Rebellion? I am safeguarding the law. You commandeered the guards and barred me from inspection. Who can say what treachery breeds behind those doors?"

The excuse fell flat even to his own ears.

Tension stretched to a breathless snap-then a shadow loomed across the courtyard.

It swelled, resolved, and two figures descended through the sunlight: Prince Percival Wulverton, robes billowing like storm clouds, and the grand elder, Esorin, silver hair whipping in the wind.

Their combined aura pressed upon the assembly, an invisible weight that bent knees and stilled tongues. Hearts hammered as every soul present understood-judgment had arrived.

A soft, almost mocking chuckle drifted across the marble courtyard. Percival stepped out of the violet dusk with the swagger of a raiding falcon. The crooked curve of his lips carried open delight as though the whole confrontation had unfolded precisely according to the script he kept hidden behind his eyes.

Onneas found no humor there. "People of the Malevolent Path Hall, what business could you possibly have in the Celestial King's Palace?" Her voice rang like tempered steel, colder than the mountain air that rustled the palace banners.

Color drained from her cheeks, yet her gaze never wavered. The Malevolent Path Hall had never crossed paths with the Celestial Palace-no feuds, no alliances, nothing but wary distance.

Then understanding slashed through her thoughts. She pivoted toward Enaricus. Suspicion gathered between her brows like storm clouds.

"Enaricus." A single name cracked across the stones. "You invited them, didn't you? You stand here hand-in-hand with the Malevolent Path Hall. Do you feel no dread of the penalty that awaits a traitor?"

Enaricus froze. They had agreed: he would slip inside the palace first, unlock its inner defenses and only then would Percival and Esorin appear. The plan lay half-built, and exposure now would crush him beneath its rubble.

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"Ms. Dusko, do not twist facts," Enaricus barked, forcing a scoff he hoped sounded confident. "For all we know, it was you who summoned them."

His denial echoed thinly, already fraying at the edges.

Percival brushed imaginary dust from his velvet cuff. "Onneas, be sensible. Step aside. Let Enaricus inspect the palace in peace."

The words, delivered with elegant cruelty, left Enaricus sweating beneath his collar—the prince's casual betrayal had dragged him onto center stage.

"Interfere with our internal affairs, and you kindle war between our halls," Onneas warned, every syllable edged with holy fire. She knew full well the prince had not journeyed here on a whim.

The grand elder advanced one measured pace. Power billowed from him—an invisible mountain that crushed air from lungs and courage from hearts. Celestial Guards behind Onneas bent at the knee, gasping beneath the unspoken threat.

"Little girl," he growled, his words rimed with frost, "show respect while you still breathe. We will enter this palace today. Stand down, or accept the consequences written in blood."

The verdict in his tone left no room for negotiation.

Onneas clenched her jaw until pain spiked through her temples. The pressure made her limbs tremble, yet her stare remained immovable. "You pass only over my dead body."

Within her chest, she repeated the vow again and again. This battle directly affects the palace's honor and future. I will not retreat.

The grand elder's smile never touched his eyes. "Then we have no choice but to take action."

A spark of killing intent flickered behind his lashes, dark and absolute.

"Hold." Percival lifted one gloved hand. "Grand Elder, leave the Fourth Hall Lord to me. A single duel will suffice, and after her defeat, I will take whatever spoils are owed a victor."

He glanced sideways at Enaricus with venomous courtesy. "You do not mind, do you? I have yet to experience a contest against a celestial woman."

Enaricus' cheeks twitched. He forced a brittle nod. "If that pleases Prince Percival by all means."

The trap had snapped shut. Any further protest would only tighten the noose Enaricus himself had braided from greed and treachery.

In that breathless instant, he understood one thing with blistering clarity-tonight he was not allowed the luxury of defeat. Victory was no longer a hope or even a goal. It had become the air in his lungs, the pulse in his veins.

"Enaricus, you shameless cur! How dare you crawl into bed with the fiends from the Malevolent Path Hall?" Onneas hurled the accusation skyward, her voice

ringing like steel across the courtyard.

"Save your breath, Ms. Dusko," Percival replied with a slow, venomous grin.

"You'll need every ounce of strength when my blazing, fire begins to scorch your bones." The promise slithered from his lips, oily and obscene. This content belongs to find-novel-net

"Try surviving my blade first," Onneas answered, her tone a slice of winter.

A tremor of power rippled through Onneas' slender frame. In a flash of pale light, she rocketed upward, cutting a silver path into the night sky.

Without looking away from his prey, Percival murmured to the robed elder at his side, "Steady yourself, sir. Ogreed break this woman the Celestial King Palace will tumble into our laps like overripe fruit."

"Mind your footing, my prince," Esorin warned, his voice a measured rasp that carried more gravity than the moon.

Percival dipped his chin, then burst upward in a streak of onyx brilliance. Half a heartbeat later, he and Onneas collided at cloud height, two meteors locked on a single ruinous orbit.

Their overlapping energies warped the heavens, folding air and starlight into trembling vortices that crackled between them.

Onneas raised her longsword. Its argent edge shimmered with a chill so pure it seemed to drain color from the night. Her hawk-sharp eyes never left Percival's heart.

Opposite her, Percival clenched both fists. Demonic aura coiled around his knuckles, exhaling a tomb-cold malice that made the sky itself flinch.

"Today, Ms. Dusko, your legend sinks into the sand and drowns," he roared, voice booming like a war drum.

He lunged first—an ebon comet howling through the dark, fists aimed to cave her ribs to dust.

Onneas scoffed, slipped sideways on a whisper of wind, and answered with a single, gleaming sweep. A crescent of sword energy screamed from the blade toward Percival's chest.

The arc cut so cleanly that thin fissures split the sky in its wake, tiny cracks in reality's porcelain skin.

Startled, Percival twisted at the last moment. Frost-bright energy skimmed his coat, slitting the fabric with surgical contempt.

He tasted the bite of danger and hissed in silence, So this woman's thorns run deeper than I guessed.

A Warrior Undefeatable

Far below, Isabel clenched her small fists until her knuckles blanched, whispering over and over, "Ms. Dusko, please, win."

The Celestial Guards behind her stood rigid, necks craned, armor rattling with every shift of the duel above.

Near them, Enaricus watched the prince falter and felt a cold knot tighten in his gut.

His own disciples traded uneasy glances. One muttered, "Is Prince Percival truly up to this? What if he drags us down with him?"

Enaricus shot the speaker a single, storm-dark glare. The disciple fell silent as though his tongue had been cut out.

Esorin frowned faintly. Onneas' prowess had exceeded every private report, and the elder's disappointment in Percival settled like dust on his shoulders.

High above, Percival felt impatience gnaw at his composure. Each failed strike fed the hunger of his fury.

He kicked against empty air-once, twice and shot forward like artillery. Complex seals flickered through his fingers. Demonic aura erupted from his pores, congealing into snarling dragons that hurtled toward Onneas with open maws.

Onneas' expression never wavered. Her sword danced in a blur, weaving blades of moonlight into a vast lattice. Each phantom dragon met that shimmering net and shattered into ash, one after another, as though salvation had never been an option.

The dragons shattered, dissolving into a swirl of pitch-black vapor. That vapor thickened a heartbeat later, knitting bone, scale, and claw back together before hurling itself at Onneas all over again.

"Hmph. Is that really the best you can muster?" Onneas asked, her voice as cool as dripping frost.

She slipped sideways-nothing more than a ripple in the air-then re-materialized behind Percival. Her blade lunged forward, cold steel arrowing straight for the center of his back.

A chill raced up Percival's spine. He threw himself forward in desperate flight. The sword missed his heart by a whisper, yet the trailing edge of its aura carved an angry crimson line across his shoulders.

"D*mn it!" he roared, hot blood seeping through the rent fabric of his cloak.

Every exchange left him reeling. Against Onneas, he felt like a chained beast-reactive, slow, forever forced onto the defensive.

Panic gnawed at the edges of his mind. If the balance did not tilt soon, this grand plaza would become his grave. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY findnovel.net

He steadied his breath, fished out a midnight-black pill, and swallowed without hesitation. The casing melted on his tongue like ink in water.

Power detonated inside him. Muscle swelled, veins bulged, and his frame expanded until seams strained His

eyes burned crimson; mad

licking through their depths.

"Fourth Hall overlord-die!" he bellowed, voice hoarse, trembling with violent promise.

He shot forward. The ground split beneath each footfall, and his fist-now twice its former size-cracked the air like a falling hammer.

Onneas noted the sudden surge, a pinprick of caution flaring in her chest, yet her stance never wavered.

A twitch of her wrist unfurled a

bouquet of sword light. Petals of et

silver brilliance spiraled from the

blade, blooming like celestial lotus flowers.

Steel met flesh, fist met edge, and the collision boomed across the sky, a cannonade that rattled distant spires.

Percival's brute strength had doubled, but Onneas' artistry with steel and her ghost-swift footwork-kept her firmly in command.

Her sword slipped through openings like a curious viper, leaving thin, weeping cuts wherever it kissed him.

Those cuts multiplied. Blood soaked Percival's robes until the fabric clung dark and heavy against his skin.

"Impossible! How can I be losing to her?" he shouted, voice cracking under the weight of disbelief.

No! I will not fall here! Rage and refusal twisted inside him like barbed wire.

He hurled another flurry of savage blows, yet each one slid past empty air or rang uselessly against Onneas' dancing sword.

Far below, Enaricus watched his secret ally flounder. Sweat glazed his forehead, dread pooling like lead in his gut. Exposure meant ruin.

His fists tightened until nails bit flesh. He did not even feel the blood that welled beneath each crescent wound.

Across the plaza, Celestial Guards and disciples erupted in cheers. Their champion was winning, and pride surged through their ranks like sunrise across a dark sea.