

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE /

A Man Like None Other [On-Going]

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As his head fell heavily, the consciousness of Eruvan dissipated instantly.

Killed in one strike!

Everyone stared at Jared in disbelief. Especially that man. He simply couldn't understand how Jared, someone at Wandering immortal Realm Level One, had done it.

The dozen or so men in black from the Eighth Hall looked at each other in shock, then immediately turned and fled!

"They're running! They're running!" the man cried out anxiously.

Jared simply smiled and casually tossed the Dragonslayer Sword. The Dragonslayer Sword arced through the air. Even though those men in black had already fled over fifty kilometers away, their heads were all cleanly severed.

Over a dozen heads flew into the air, then crashed heavily to the ground.

The Dragonslayer Sword returned to Jared's hand without a single drop of blood on it.

The man was taken aback, as was everyone around him.

"Do you think a few of us can help the Caxton Continent out of this crisis?" Jared asked the man.

The other party nodded blankly, then dropped to his knees in front of Jared.

"Savior, you're the savior of the Caxton Continent!"

"Savior!"

"Savior..."

"Savior..."

Tens of thousands of people dropped to their knees, their cries shaking the heavens.

Watching the scene unfold, Jared felt incredibly pleased.

"Feels good, doesn't it? Next time something cool like this comes up, can you let me have a turn at showing off?" Flaxseed said, clearly jealous.

"Of course you can. But I'm just afraid you'll blow it. Imagine trying to show off and ending up flat on your face," Jared replied with a laugh.

"That's b*llshit! Don't forget, when I ascended to immortality, you were still just a sperm," Flaxseed rolled his eyes at him.

"You've died more than once, and you still haven't figured it out. What's the point of showing off?" Jared sighed.

"If it's so pointless, why do you always do it?" Flaxseed shot back.

Jared fell silent.

"Who dares kill members of the Eighth Hall?!" A sharp, commanding female voice rang out!

A woman in white battle armor, curvy figure tightly wrapped, came rushing forward at full speed. She wore a golden helmet and eyes were wide with fury.

Behind followed a dozen women clad in black battle armor. Compared to the people who had come with Eruvan, their presence was far more formidable.

"Mr. Flaxseed, your moment has arrived... They're all women," Jared said with a grin.

Flaxseed chuckled, drooling as stared at them.

Jemima frowned slightly at the sight.

"Don't mind him, Ms. Murray. Mr. Flaxseed doesn't have many hobbies. He just likes women," Jared explained quickly.

"Sis!" Thorley called out urgently when saw the armored woman.

Jared blinked, surprised. He hadn't expected Braxton to have a daughter.

But the woman didn't spare Thorley a glance. Instead, eyes swept over the corpses of Eruvan and the others.

Rage filled face. "Who killed Eruvan?! Step forward right now, or I'll kill every last one of you!"

"It was me! I did it!" Flaxseed quickly leapt forward and stood in front of her.

"Pretty lady, I killed Eruvan. Let me apologize properly!" Flaxseed beamed with a grin. "Sorry! If you don't accept my apology, I can offer myself as compensation. Whatever you ask me to do, I'll do it. I promise to be completely obedient. Does that sound good to you?"

As spoke, Flaxseed actually started to take off his pants!

The woman's face turned red. She glared at and shouted, "You filthy old pervert! I'll kill you!"

She suddenly summoned a treasured sword and thrust it straight at him!

"F*ck, you're serious?" Flaxseed yelped, hurriedly leaping backward.

"Stop him! I'm going to castrate myself!" the woman roared.

Immediately, the dozen armored female soldiers moved to surround Flaxseed.