

## A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

### Chapter 5181 Sword Domain

Behind the sealed door, Everett rubbed his eyes and muttered, "D-Did I just see one of the Eight Shadow Pavilion Devotees go down like that...?"

Jhaelyn clutched Jemina, eyes bright with fear and irrepressible excitement.

Even Saleto gaped, his earlier despair drowned by astonishment.

"All together!" the seven surviving Shadow Pavilion Devotees barked, shooting each other a ruthless glance before attacking in concert.

Ghost-shrouded chains, poison-laced bone needles, black fire that corroded spiritual energy-countless sinister magical items and spells wove into a death- net that crashed toward Jared.

The Twelve Blood Guards became twelve streaks of scarlet, blood blades gleaming as they sealed every path of retreat.

Jared remained unruffled.

He inhaled, spiritual energy surging; the Dragonslayer Sword blazed ever brighter.

"Sword Domain unfold!"

Golden sword energy erupted around him, expanding into a vast domain of blades.

Inside, the threads of gold crisscrossed like a radiant web.

Clink-clink-clang...

Every evil magical item and spell that struck the domain was minced to glittering motes of light.

The blood blades of the Twelve Blood Guards slammed against the barrier with loud ringing sounds, yet failed to scratch him.

"Impossible!" a Shadow Pavilion Devotee screamed.

Jared's smile turned icy. The Sword Domain contracted, unleashing a golden storm of sword energy that swept over the Shadow Pavilion Devotees and Blood Guards alike.

"Aaah-!"

Screams overlapped as the sword energy reaped life; flesh and blood splattered in its wake.

One Shadow Pavilion Devotee's heart was pierced, his body exploding into bloody mist.

A Blood Guard's head spun across the stones after being chopped off, eyes bulging wide even in death.

Jared rampaged like a tiger among sheep, carving a bloody path through their ranks.

Blood fanned out with every sweep of the Dragonslayer Sword; death trailed each dazzling arc. Jared

drifted through the carnage as though strolling across a veranda, yet whenever a blade or fist O skimmed the breadth of a hair, he melted aside and repaid the debt with a killing stroke. The flagstones of the plaza gleamed a slick gruesome red; severed limbs lay strewn like broken branches, and an iron stench turned the very air nauseating.

"The Eight Shadow Pavilion Devotees and Twelve Blood Guards might have charged in fearless fury, but before Jared, they proved as fragile as clay idols, collapsing almost the instant they struck.

Above the slaughter, Dioz hovered in his black robe, his expression darkening by the heartbeat. He had been certain those elites would carve Jared into scraps- yet now they were the scraps."

How could a Level Six Wandering Immortal wield force that rivaled an Earthly Immortal? The very thought shook Diaz's understanding of the heavens. "Impossible a mere Level Six how can he fight at an Earthly Immortal's level...?" he muttered, voice quavering.

In the time it took a single candle to burn, every devotee and guard had fallen. Corpses blanketed the plaza blood ran in streams, and Jared alone stood tall at the center. Crimson droplets slid from the tip of his sword bursting into tiny scarlet» blossoms upon the stone. He raised his gaze, eyes glacial. "Your turn," he said.

The words snapped Dioz from his stupor. Savagery flared in his eyes. "Boy, you've managed to anger me!"

"Nine Nether Soul Banners-rise!"

The nine banners ballooned into sky-piercing pillars. From the screaming faces sewn upon their cloth poured a storm of wraiths, all hurtling for Jared.

Every wraith wore a snarling mask of hate, so thick with malice that the very air grew viscous around them.

"Netherworld Ghost Claw!"

Dioz's fingers curled; colossal black talons materialized and ripped at the void, lunging for Jared with space-rending force.

"Jared's focus sharpened; he could taste the danger. Dioz's strength dwarfed anything the Shadow Pavilion Devotees and Blood Guards could unleash.

A true Earthly Immortal, Jared realized, refusing even a breath of carelessness."

"Break!"

Golden sword energy shaped like a raging dragon erupted from the Dragonslayer Sword, meeting the black claw head-on.

Boom!

The plaza vanished beneath the blast. The Seventh Hall's Mountain Defense Formation shattered; rooftiles poured down like rain. Jared staggered back several steps, blood rising to his lips. Dioz, flung a few hundred meters away, looked no better, the shadows beneath his hood deepening.

"Well now," Dioz said, licking a speck of blood from his lip, a feverish light in his eyes. "It's been ages since a Wandering Immortal survived one of my strikes. You've earned the honor of my full strength."

"Nether Grand Art-Ten Thousand Ghost Soul Devour!"

Seals flashed between his fingers. The nine banners trembled violently, and wraiths frothed forth like a flood, knitting into a vast ghost formation that walled Jared in. Phantoms shrieked and swarmed, hungry for his very soul.

Jared inhaled, gathering spiritual energy and summoning his divine soul power. Light bloomed at his brow; the pressure of his divine soul power shattered scores of onrushing wraiths.

"Slash!"

His shout rang like thunder. Golden sword light coiled into an enormous dragon that roared into the ghost tide, its majesty tearing swaths of phantoms apart.

Dioz's eyes flickered with surprise. "Divine soul power as well? Your foundation grows stranger by the moment. Yet inside my array, your divine soul power will bleed dry soon enough."

His seals raced faster. Faces on the banners howled louder, and waves of wraiths poured forth one after another.

Jared's breath grew ragged, but his resolve only sharpened. He drove the golden dragon into the tide again and again, blade flashing, will unbending.

"Give up, boy," Dioz's voice echoed, sliding through the shadows like poisoned honey. "Offer me the

token, bend the knee, and I'll not only spare your life-I'll see you rise within the Malevolent Path Hall. Your future could be boundless."

"Save the sales pitch!" Jared roared. "If you want the token, come take it!"

"Then die for your stubbornness." Murder flashed in Dioz's eyes. "Nether Soulfire!"

A flick of his finger, and ghost-blue flames ignited upon the banners, drifting toward Jared like sentient spirits. Air hissed and burned

wherever they passed. Jared net

the

dread crouched within that fire-one lick would incinerate flesh and soul alike.

"Flying Dragon Ascends!"

He vaulted skyward. Golden sword light wove once more into a dragon, this one soaring with heaven-rending speed toward the oncoming flames.

Dragon met fire in a blast of blinding light. The blue flame split, but lashed back, devouring golden scales until the dragon shrank, sputtered, and finally vanished into sparks-leaving Jared alone amid the swirling embers, sword still raised, eyes still burning with unyielding flame.

## Chapter 5183 Mutual Ruin

Seizing the only opening, Jared burst through the spirit formation and drove his golden blade toward Dioz.

"Perfect timing!" Dioz laughed, thrilled rather than alarmed.

Dioz's frame blurred, melting into the nine soul banners until a towering black shadow lunged at Jared. Gold sword-light and night-black phantom claws crashed again and again, each impact shaking the very bones of the abyss. Thunder rolled across clouds that churned like ink, lightning split the sky, and the world itself seemed to cower from their duel.

The others-Saleto, Jhaelyn, Jemina, Flaxseed, and the rest—huddled inside the shattered hall, watching through the lattice windows with knotted brows.

"Do you think Jared... can win?" Jhaelyn whispered, twisting her fingers together.

Saleto exhaled. "Dioz is at the Earthly Immortal Realm-his depth is unknowable. The fact that Jared is still standing is a miracle already. May he grant us an even greater one."

Flaxseed's eyes gleamed. "That lad's got fire-now that's a fight worthy of any man!"

After three hundred exchanges, their bodies were gashed and their breathing ragged, yet neither had gained the slightest advantage.

Jared's intricate sword work and potent soul-force parried Dioz's assaults and even struck back, forcing the immortal onto his heels more than once.

Dioz answered with his Earthly Immortal Realm cultivation level and Nether Arts, his cultivation a weight that pressed on Jared like a mountain, keeping the initiative in his grasp.

"Your strength surprises me, boy. But you're still at the Wandering Immortal Realm at best—you cannot defeat me. Survive my final technique, and live. Fail, and die. Nether Obliteration, Souls Unite!"

He pulled the nine soul banners into himself; suffocating pressure billowed out as his body turned translucent, coalescing into a single colossal globe of spirits.

"D\*mn," Jared muttered, feeling the cataclysm caged inside that sphere.

He sensed that if it burst, everything would be reduced to ashes.

"Heaven Splitter!"

Light erupted from the Dragon Slayer Sword; golden energy gathered into a sword shadow the size of a mountain and hovered above his crown.

"Go!" Dioz roared, hurling the soul sphere with world-ending force.

The gleaming orb plummeted toward Jared like a fallen star.

"Cut!"

The titan of golden light swept down, splitting darkness and striking the sphere head-on.

For an instant, time refused to move.

Then, power beyond words detonated—the whole Darkwind Abyss convulsed, the heavens fore wide and distant starlight poured through the wound. fo

The Seventh Hall rocked on its foundations, stones raining as the citadel nearly collapsed.

Jared flew backward under the last shockwave slammed against the shattered wall of the Seventh Hall,

and spat a thick ribbon

Across the rubble, Dioz's vast soul sphere burst, shrinking to greasy black smoke that streaked toward the horizon.

"Jared Chance, I will remember today. One day I will return and burn you and this hall to ashes." Dioz's venomous promise echoed across the emptiness.

Jared stared after the smoke, meaning to give chase, but strength deserted him. Darkness rolled in, and he crumpled to the ground.

"Mr. Chance!"

"Jared!"

Jhaelyn, Jemina, Elton, and Flaxseed dashed forward and caught him before his head struck the flagstones.

## Chapter 5184 He Awakened

Blood crusted Jared's lips, and his face had gone bone white, a sight that dragged fear across every onlooker.

"Carry him to the healing chamber at once," Saleto commanded.

Only hours earlier, Jared had finished mending his wounds and ascending in strength, yet now he lay battered worse than before. They trembled at the thought that his body might finally break.

Inside the stone chamber, they eased him onto a low slab. Saleto produced a pill and slipped it between Jared's lips.

The medicine dissolved at once, its gentle warmth drifting through his meridians until a faint flush returned to his cheeks.

"He is safe," Jhaelyn whispered, tears of joy sliding down her cheeks as she wrapped her fingers around Jared's.

Jemina released the breath she had been holding, gratitude shining in her eyes.

Flaxseed patted his chest. "I nearly died of fright. I thought he'd die. Still, what a monster. He traded blows with an Earthly Immortal and even sent him fleeing."

Saleto sighed. "Dioz escaped, but he will not rest. The Seventh Hall has made a mortal enemy of Malevolent Path Hall. We will know no peace."

"Afraid?" Flaxseed scoffed. "With Jared around, why worry? Once he recovers, we will march on their den and wipe them out."

Saleto offered a weary smile. He knew that the Malevolent Path Hall had a strong foundation, and he feared the next foe would be stronger still.

In the hush of the chamber, they kept silent vigil beside Jared. Outside, clouds broke at last and sunlight spilled across the scarred square, planting a fragile seed of hope in every heart.

Three days passed.

On the third morning, Jared's fingers twitched, and his eyelids drifted open; confusion shimmered, then cleared. He pushed himself upright. His meridians still tingled, yet the tearing agony had faded. Though his elixir field was not yet full, the power there felt heavier and more refined than before the battle.

The battle that had almost killed him left his body broken, yet beneath that strain, his grasp of sword intent had settled into a deeper, keener truth.

Jhaelyn kept vigil at his bedside. The instant Jared's eyes opened, she lurched upright, rims already burning red. "You're awake! How do you feel does anything still hurt?"

He rested a gentle hand on her shoulder, the cool brush of his fingers steadying her, and whispered, "I'm fine, Jhaelyn. It's over."

Jemina stepped in from the

doorway carrying a steaming bowl

of spirit porridge. She studied his face; when she saw color returning, she smiled. "Mr. Saleto says the ordeal is a blessing in disguise. The fight washed you in medicine and sword intent-your body is tougher than ever."

Flaxseed squatted in the corner, a blade of grass clenched between his teeth, and chuckled. "Tough kid! Dioz barely escaped with his soul. I'd bet he's already fled the Third Heaven and slithered into the Fourth."

Jared took the bowl, sipping slowly. Warm spiritual broth slid down his throat and spread through every chilled bone and weary muscle.

He set the empty bowl aside, eyes darkening. "Wherever he runs, I'll follow."

Jhaelyn's voice shook. "Jared, you just healed. The Fourth Heaven is a hundred times crueler than the Third. Dioz might find a way to regrow his strength there—"

He cut her off, tone like granite. "I know. But if Dioz lives, I would've gotten hurt for nothing."

Saleto entered then, sighing. "The Fourth Heaven is no easy gate," he warned. "Countless Top Level Wandering Immortal Realm cultivators have tried to breach the lightning



barrier and were reduced to dust. You're only at level six, barely able to summon the tribulation at all."

## Chapter 5185 Fourth Heaven Bound

"We'll never know unless I try." Determination blazed in Jared's eyes; with the

power he now commanded, he believed he could summon the lightning and carve a path to the Fourth Heaven.

Outside the Seventh Hall, Jared sat cross-legged on the vast square.

He drew a slow breath. Every drop of his energy erupted at once, whipping the air into a howling vortex around him.

Jhaelyn clutched Jemina's sleeve, eyes wide. "What is Jared doing?" she whispered.

Saleto's expression tightened. "He means to force the lightning tribulation to fall and tear open a passage to the Fourth Heaven."

The two women gasped in unison. To summon the tribulation was already courting death; to use that power to rip space apart was nothing short of wagering his life for a single throw of the dice.

A moment later, the clear sky blackened. Clouds knotted above Darkwind Abyss, silver snakes of lightning writhing beneath the ink.

Saleto muttered, "It has begun."

Boom!

A violet bolt as thick as a dragon's spine lunged from the clouds, scorching toward Jared.

His eyes snapped open, fierce. The Dragonslayer Sword leapt into his hand, and he cleaved upward into the falling fire.

Gold sword-light collided with purple storm-fire, the explosion shaking the square and flinging raw energy across the stone like shattered glass.

The shock drove him three steps back; blood streaked his lip, yet the hunger for battle only burned brighter in his eyes.

"That's more like it!" he roared, leaping straight toward the seething clouds.

Thunder boomed through Darkwind Abyss. Bolts chased one another downward some slim as spears, some blunt as war-hammers, others twisting like golden dragons-yet every stroke sought one target, Jared.

He met the barrage with his sword, tracing rapid arcs that sheared each charge of lightning. Golden sword energy wrapped around him, but the storm grew fiercer, splitting flesh and dyeing his torn robe crimson.

"Jared!" Jhaelyn Haverford cried, her voice cracking above the thunder.

She rushed forward, only to have Saleto block her path with one raised hand. "This ordeal is his alone," he said, though worry shadowed his eyes.

Jared's breath hitched and stuttered, yet his stare burned steadily. Every strike tempered bone and sinew; inside, his spiritual energy compressed into something sharper, heavier, stronger.

Now.

He poured every flicker of power into

his Dragonslayer Sword and swung into the widest, golden bolt. Sword light collided with lightning, flaring so brightly that even the depths of Darkwind Abyss glowed like midday.

Crack!

The thunderclouds tore open, revealing a narrow rift. Within that seam, a corridor

to some unknown realm unfolded, rippling with violent spatial energy.

Jared siphoned the scattered power of the fading tribulation, knitting torn flesh as strength flooded back. Then he vaulted toward the waiting passage.

"Jared!" Jhaelyn and Jemina reached him together, faces tight with worry.

"I have to go," he said softly.

"Take care of yourself," Jhaelyn whispered, tears shining but unspilled.

Jemina managed a brave smile. "We'll be here when you return."

He nodded, eyes lingering on them a heartbeat longer, then called to Flaxseed, "Mr. Flaxseed, time to leave."

## Chapter 5186 The Beasts

Flaxseed chuckled. "All right, lad-Fourth Heaven awaits us."

Jared cast one last glance at the two women, squared his shoulders, and sprinted into the corridor beside Flaxseed. "I will come back for you!" His promise echoed across the shattered plaza.

The portal swallowed them. Jhaelyn's composure broke; tears spilled unchecked. Jemina laid a gentle hand on her shoulder, hope glimmering in her own eyes.

Inside the passage, raging spatial currents lashed at Jared and Flaxseed. They pushed forward, channeling energy into shields of light as the far end of the corridor drew rapidly closer.

After an unmarked stretch of darkness, a ribbon of light finally pierced the gloom ahead. Jared's eyes lit up. He lunged forward, Flaxseed on his heels, and together they burst out of the winding corridor. They landed on unfamiliar soil and drew a deep, grateful breath.

The celestial energy here was tens of times richer than in the Third Heaven. A cobalt sky spread overhead, and knife-edged peaks speared the clouds while huge beasts flashed through the distant treeline.

Jared felt the fully woven laws of this Fourth Heaven humming in the air, an invisible weight that pressed gently against his chest.

"This place feels strangely familiar," Flaxseed murmured.

"Of course it does," Jared said. "You were in the Sixth Heaven and clawed your way up from the Fourth. Of course you'll think it's familiar."

Jared suddenly remembered that Infinides was an immortal in the Fourth Heaven. Perhaps our paths will cross again.

Flaxseed let out a soft sigh. "It has been centuries. I don't know what became of my people."

"You are here now," Jared replied. "Why not look for them? Do you remember where they once lived?"

"The memory is dim, but I have a rough idea," Flaxseed said with a nod.

"Then let us go," Jared said. He also hoped the visit would teach him more about the Fourth Heaven.

The wind here cut sharper than anything in the Third Heaven. As Jared and Flaxseed flew overhead their robes snapped and crackled like flags in a storm. Below them, the forest roiled. Massive beasts

occasionally lifted their heads,

sensed the travelers' power, and

shrank back into the trees.

Cultivators who could fly here in the Fourth Heaven were not to be trifled with.

"According to my memory, we

should be close," Flaxseed said, rubbing the short whiskers on his chin. "My clan once lived around nine interlocking peaks shaped like a sleeping dragon. We called the place Nine Serpent Mountain, yet all I see are scattered mountains

"You have reincarnated too many times. It's normal for your memory to fail you," Jared answered. "Land can shift, and a powerful master might have hidden the range with a spell."

While they spoke, a foul wind burst from the canopy below. Seven or eight blood-red jackals with wings erupted into the sky, venom dripping from their fangs as they marked the two men for prey.

"What a nuisance," Jared muttered, eyes turning cold.

The Dragonslayer Sword thrummed at his side, and a golden arc of sword light tore across the air. The beasts split apart before they could even cream. Stinking blood rained over the forest, stirring uneasy rustles, but no creature dared show itself again.

Flaxseed smacked his lips. "Your sword is getting dangerously sharp. Back in my prime, I—"

"Enough," Jared cut in, waving him quiet. "Save the heroic saga for your relatives.

If we drift another half-day without answers, we'll nab the first traveler we see and demand directions."

## Chapter 5187 Territory Usurped

They flew on. Any beast foolish enough to charge from the clouds died beneath Jared's thunder-swift strikes, and he pocketed seven inner cores—each far purer than those of the third heaven, ideal for future brews.

Toward sunset, the horizon blazed rose-gold, sheathing the billows in molten light.

Flaxseed stopped short, hanging in midair while his brows knit. "Something's off. The energy in that valley feels twisted, as though someone bent the flow by force."

Jared stared into the gauzy mist below. Veiled peaks drifted like ghosts, their outlines blurred by the swirling haze.

The silver glow of Jared's Nethersky Eye flickered in his dark pupils, stripping the fog layer by layer. "Found it," he murmured. "The vapor hides a vast illusion array. The core sits beneath the central peak. Clever work-unless you probe on purpose, it herds you away."

Flaxseed's eyes lit up. "Told you! My clan cloaked the place with illusions. Break it open-now!"

Jared inhaled, flooding the Dragonslayer Sword with power. Gold light pooled along the blade until the air itself seemed to vibrate.

"Break!" He swung at the array's thinnest seam, the arc of energy tearing the sky and crashing into the formless shroud.

A dull boom rolled across the range. Fog churned like a lake struck by a

stone, ripples of raw force racing

outward. As the mirage shattered, outward. Flaxseed's grin froze, disbelief

wiping the joy from his face.

Nine rolling peaks

emerged-identical to the homeland etched in his memory. Yet no human dwellings crowned them. Instead, ink-black palaces bristled with skulls and bat totems, a dark aura banging over the range like storm clouds.

"This—this was my clan's territory! What happened?" Flaxseed's voice quavered, pain and fury mingling. "Demons! Those buildings are their handiwork!"

Jared's gaze hardened; the aura pouring from the palaces matched the demons he had fought in the Third Heaven, only stronger.

From the central peak, a frigid, ancient voice rang out. "Which fool dares trespass

on the forbidden grounds of Blackshade Demon Palace?"

A black-robed figure shot skyward and halted before them—a gaunt elder with hollow eyes glowing sickly green, wreathed in shadow. His

presence screamed Earthly

Immortal Realm Level One,vel.n

mongrel of the Wandering Immortal Realm dares make trouble here? Have your kind learned nothing?"

Shaking with anger, Flaxseed pointed his finger. "Rubbish! This is my clan's land.

You demons must be tired of living to seize our sacred ground!"

## Chapter 5188 Paltry Tricks

"Your clan?"

The black-robed elder let out a rasping cackle, as though Jared had just delivered the punch line of a joke. "I have guarded this range for a century," he sneered, "and never once knew that. The Nine Serpent Mountain has belonged to no one for ages. Blackshade Demon Palace took it, therefore it is ours. What right does a lowly human have to question me? Begone-unless you have decided you want to die."

Fury blazed across Flaxseed's scarred face. His remaining spiritual power surged, dull yet formidable. Both palms flew through a flurry of seals, and a gigantic earthen hand—mud-brown and jagged-crashed toward the elder with mountain-splitting force.

"Pathetic." The elder's lips curled. He could not be bothered to summon a weapon. One careless flick of his sleeve sent a condensed claw of demonic aura raking forward. The claw shredded the earthen palm, then continued on, smashing into Flaxseed's chest.

Blood burst from Flaxseed's mouth. He shot backward like a cut kite, slammed into the ground, and left a deep crater in the rocky soil.

Jared's eyes went cold. In a blur, he appeared before the fallen Flaxseed, Dragonslayer Sword leveled at the elder. "A demon dares act so brazenly in front of me?"

The elder ran an appraising gaze over him. Noting Jared's cultivation level, the elder snorted. "Another cub who doesn't know the height of the heavens. Kill a few witless beasts, and you think you can strut through the Fourth Heaven? The gulf between Earthly Immortals and Wandering Immortals is beyond your imagination."

"Is that so?" A thin, icy smile crossed Jared's mouth. "Then let me see just how terrifying an Earthly Immortal truly is."

He vanished. A killing intent sharp enough to flay skin rushed at Julmis, who instinctively raised a black shield carved with writhing wraiths. Steel Shrieked. The Dragonslayer

Sword struck the shield, the impact so violent that the elder's arms went numb. In that instant, he realized the youth before him was anything but ordinary.

"Interesting," he growled. "But this is as far as you go."

Demonic aura boiled out of him. The wraiths on the shield screeched and leapt at Jared while fissures split the ground, birthing black vines that lashed toward their prey.

"Parlor tricks Jared's Nethersky Eye

flared, tracing every hostile

trajectory, He drifted among the

vines and wraiths as though strolling

through a garden, sword weaving golden arcs that shredded

everything in his path.

The elder's grin froze. None of his attacks had so much as brushed Jared's

sleeve. "Impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible," Jared

answered, his voice echoing like a wind from the abyss. "You called humans lowly, claimed the chasm between us cannot be crossed Watch closely-I'll show you how ridiculous that arrogance looks from where I stand."

His aura exploded. His cultivation trembled, on the verge of achieving a breakthrough. Arcane runes surfaced along the sword, and the very air quivered under the rising pressure.

"Break!" The sword became a streak of light, too swift to follow. The seemingly understated strike carried the pure, blazing power that dispels illusion, severs deceit, and annihilates evil—the bane of every demon.

## Chapter 5189 Demon Princess

The golden arc tore through the air, its promise of annihilation locking the elder in place. He could only stare as the blade-radiance swelled, filling his pupils with blinding light. A wet crack followed. His head spiraled skyward, blood fountaining from the severed neck

and streaking the clouds crimson. The wide-eyed head tumbled a few times before thudding onto the broken earth, life already fled.

Flaxseed hauled himself from the crater, one hand pressed to his bruised chest. He stopped beside Jared and studied the severed head, then the demon cultivators shaking nearby. "Kid, that was a little extreme," he muttered.

Jared replied, "Mercy toward an enemy is cruelty toward yourself. When they treat human lives like weeds, we owe them nothing."

Flaxseed was speechless. This man's becoming more and more arrogant!

The air quivered. A middle-aged man clad in dark armor materialized before Jared and Flaxseed.

"Humans, you dared kill a member of the demon clan?" His stare was colder than winter stone.

Jared sighed. "Another one."

"Two ignorant humans trespass on demon land," the newcomer roared. "Do you truly wish to die?"

Jared tilted his head. "Your turn."

Flaxseed stepped forward. "This valley belonged to my family long before your

kind slithered in. It was human soil first."

The man's brow tightened. "Rubbish."

Flaxseed bristled. "The only rubbish here is you."

Flaxseed leaped, fury crackling

around him. The demon slashed a curtain of black light to meet him. Thunder rolled. Flaxseed skidded backward, coughing dust, yet the man also staggered several paces, surprise flickering in his eyes.

Cóntent

"I did not expect a mere human to possess such strength," the man admitted, voice tight.

If I had not burned through my power over countless reincarnations, I would have ended him already, Flaxseed thought, seething.



The man's brief astonishment hardened into rage. Demonic aura bled from his pores as he gathered force for another strike. "Today I will grind your bones to ash."

Before the man's last word faded, he flung up his hand. Pitch-black flame roared to life in his palm and hurtled toward Flaxseed like a falling star. With his strength still crippled, taking the blast head-on meant ruin.

"Stop!"

A clear female voice cracked through the air. A slender figure flickered into existence before Flaxseed, her pale hand brushing forward so lightly the demonic flame simply vanished.

The middle-aged attacker blanched, snatched back his hand, and stumbled a step in retreat before dropping into a respectful bow. "My lady," he murmured.

Jared narrowed his eyes at the

newcomer. She wore a black gown that set off skin as white as fresh snow. Delicate features framed eyes as deep as bottomless water, their chill hinting at unfathomable power.

"An Earthly Immortal at Level Three?" Jared gasped. She might be far stronger than the elder we faced earlier!

Her gaze skimmed the kneeling man. "Who gave you permission to act on your own?"

## Chapter 5190 Know Your Place

"My lady, these two humans trespassed and killed our people. I only meant to teach them a lesson," he said, head still lowered.

"A lesson?" she echoed, a cold laugh curling from her lips. "Had I not arrived, would you have simply killed them?"

Sweat beaded along the man's brow; he dared not answer.

She dismissed him and turned to study Jared and Flaxseed, her icy gaze drifting

between them before settling on Flaxseed.

"You claim these peaks once belonged to your clan?"

Clutching his chest, Flaxseed gritted out, "They did. The Nine Serpent Mountain

have sheltered my family for generations. When did they become demon territory?"

The woman's brows pinched in thought. After a pause, she shook her head.

"Blackshade Demon Palace has ruled this range for centuries. I have never heard

of your clan. If this truly is your ancestral ground, where are your people?"

Flaxseed frowned. "Could it be that my clan was wiped out long ago?"

I left for the Sixth Heaven and was reborn more times than I can count; thousands

of years have passed. I have no idea what became of them. In this realm, the weak are swallowed without mercy.

She hesitated, then nodded as though the possibility made grim sense.

"Perhaps

so," she murmured.

"My lady, the Nine Serpent Mountain have always been unclaimed. They are using a story to provoke us anyone could stake a claim with such lies," the man

blurted.

"Silence." The single word cracked like frost. He fell mute at once.

"I am Lunaria, princess of Blackshade Demon Palace. If your words are true, I will

have the matter investigated. But before anything else, you broke into demon territory and butchered one of us. You owe me an explanation."

Flaxseed began to protest, but Jared

stepped forward and kept his voice

mild. "We did not kill without reason.

Your member mocked us, then tried

to take our lives. We simply

defended ourselves."

Lunaria's violet eyes shifted to Jared, a flash of curiosity flickering in their depths.

"And you are?"

"Jared Chance."

Before Lunaria could press him, the

man burst out, voice brimming with

fury. "Why waste words my lady?

They came to provoke us. Seize

them now and warn the others."

Jared glanced at the man and chuckled. "Seems the lesson I gave you earlier was

far too gentle."

Even as the words left his mouth, his figure vanished.

Lunaria's pupils contracted; she moved to intercept yet was a heartbeat too slow.

Splat!

A golden streak flashed. The man's right arm sheared off at the shoulder, blood

gushing in a savage arc.

He screamed and staggered back, face paper-white. Clutching the dripping stump, he trembled from head to toe, eyes swimming with hatred and dread.

He could not fathom how a Level Six Wandering Immortal had unleashed speed

and power that even his armored demonic aura could not block.

"You... How dare you maim me?" he rasped, veins bulging across his brow.

"Lose

my arm today and I will hound you to the ends of the earth."

Jared wiped the blade clean and

stood at ease. "When you lack the

strength, silence is safest," he said

ice coating every syllable. "Chatter

again and I will take your head

instead of your arm." The threat

silenced the man.