

## A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

### Chapter 5191 Loathe Posers

Cold dread pooled in the general's gut; Jared's faint murderous intent was anything but theatrical.

"Stand down," Lunaria ordered, her voice a shard of moonlit crystal.

The maimed man-face flashing from livid red to bloodless white-bowed under her command. With a final poisonous glare at Jared, he staggered away to stanch the bleeding with his demonic aura.

Only then did Lunaria fully regard Jared. Constellations seemed to swirl inside her violet irises as she studied him. Even she had caught nothing more than a gold streak slicing the air before the middle-aged man's arm hit the soil.

That warrior ranked Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two, an elite within Blackshade Demon Palace. Yet Jared had humbled him like a child.

"To think a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six could possess such power. You've surprised me," Lunaria said, her ruby lips giving no hint of praise or  
censure.

It was nothing impressive," Jared answered modestly. "I was still holding back."

In Lunaria's eyes, however, that so-called modesty was nothing short of blatant posturing.

Flaxseed clicked his tongue. Moments ago, Jared's killing of an Earthly Immortal Realm Level One elder had impressed him, but the ease with which Jared disabled a Level Two Demonic Cultivator now verged on nightmare.

He tugged furtively at Jared's sleeve and whispered, "This demon princess doesn't look amiable-maybe we should quit while we're ahead?"

Jared did not bother to turn. Keeping his gaze soft, he swept the ridge with secret glances.

The dimensional ripples that

announced Lunaria's arrival had been fierce; a clear sign she had mastered an advanced teleportation magecraft. Deeper within Nine Serpent Mountain, he could sense several auras just as formidable. It was evident that the might of Blackshade Demon Palace was far greater than what met the eye.

"Perhaps there has been a misunderstanding," Lunaria said after a measured pause. "Come to Blackshade Demon Palace with me. I will have the Flaxseed clan's history investigated, and if this is truly your ancestral land, we will provide restitution."

Flaxseed exchanged a glance with Jared, then nodded. "Very well. We'll go with you," he said.

Lunaria's lips curved in a small, unreadable smile, and she glided toward the mountain trail, dark hair streaming like silk in the wind.

Before long, they reached a towering palace of obsidian deep within Nine Serpent Mountain. Its walls drank in the light, exhaling a chill that smelled of wet stone. Swirls of demonic aura coiled around the eaves, and distant wails leaked through the cracks.

"So this is Blackshade Demon Palace?" Flaxseed muttered, frowning. "Our clan's home was never this morbid."

Lunaria answered coolly, "Demonic cultivation differs from human methods. Our environment evolves to match the art."

With a wave of her hand, the vast doors creaked open, disgorging a wave of thick demonic air. Jared's expression stayed calm, but Flaxseed shivered despite himself.

Suddenly, four black-armored cultivators lunged from the gloom, spears leveled. A gigantic ebony net unfurled above, dropping over Jared and Flaxseed like night itself. Flaxseed yelped, while Jared's brow knotted, his face darkening.

Lunaria's expression soured, but before she could speak, an elderly figure strode down the stone steps. At his side was the one-armed demon Jared had maimed.

The maimed man sneered at them, words dripping contempt. "These two insignificant humans dare-"

Gold light flashed. The demon's

sneer froze as his head spun away, arching through the gloom before thudding onto the tiles. The ebony net around Jared and Flaxseed hung in tatters. As Jared lowered his Dragonslayer Sword, he remarked, "I can't stand posers."