

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5192 Two Choices

The elder stared as the severed head rolled, hot blood spattering his black robe. A coppery stench filled the air.

"Insolent wretch!" he roared. His demonic aura exploded, thunderclap-loud.

Clouds blackened as though drowned in ink. Gale winds hurled stones through the courtyard, and the very air turned thick and icy. Scarlet light flared in the hollows of the elder's eyes while he fixed on Jared like a beast aching to devour him.

"Does Blackshade Demon Palace look like the sort of place where a cub like you can run wild?" the elder roared.

A dark-green bone staff had appeared in his hand, its blood-red gem throbbing like a heart. "Seize the insolent brat," he barked, "tear him to pieces-scatter every shred!"

At his order, the four spear-wielding guards in black armor lunged forward as one. Earthly Immortal aura erupted from their bodies; cold moonlight danced on the spear tips as the thrusts wove a deadly net-precision born of years of drilling together.

Flaxseed snatched up a handful of talismans, his heart pounding.

The aura around those soldiers eclipsed even the elder Jared had just felled; together they could force a Level Two Earthly Immortal to back away.

Yet Jared's expression stayed utterly serene.

The instant the spear points brushed his coat, he moved. No thunderous prelude, scarcely even a gesture-only a streak of golden light, bright as dawn, flashed through the gloom and vanished.

Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop!

The sound was crisp as a knife through egg. Flaxseed never even saw the blade —just a flare of gold across his eyes.

A heartbeat later, the four helmets toppled, heads rolling like overripe fruit. Blood.geysered from the open necks, painting the white jade steps scarlet, The headless bodies

swayed, then crashed, their spears clanging on the stone-noise that seemed blasphemous in the sudden hush.

For a moment, time itself appeared to freeze.

The elder's arm stopped mid-air, bone staff trembling. Rage on his face curdled into disbelief.

Those guards were his hand-picked elites, tempered by years of war and able to spar with Level Two Earthly Immortals-yet they had not even brushed Jared's sleeve before dying. He had no idea where the sword strike had come from.

Jared lowered the Dragonslayer Sword; every drop of blood vanished from its surface until it looked again like an unremarkable antique.

He lifted his gaze, eyes as calm and deep as winter water.

"I am very angry." The four quiet words sent a chill crawling over the elder's skin, like the kiss of a viper.

"Since the moment I set foot on this

mountain," dared said, strolling

toward him, each step shaking the ground,

"Someone tried to make

trouble for me. I took his arm as a warning. I took his head because he refused to learn."

He halted ten paces away, studying the elder's wrinkled face. "Now you have two choices. Stand where you are, or watch your own head take flight next."

The elder's throat bobbed; his fingers whitened around the bone staff. In nearly a thousand years, he

had weathered countless storms.

yet never had he known fear like this Jared's voice was too calm enough to make the killing intent beneath it more terrifying than any scream.

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

