

A WARRIOR UNDEFEATABLE

Chapter 5193 Blackshade Guards

In particular, those two golden arcs had slashed through the gloom so fast the air shrieked. They were gone before the echoes of steel finished trembling.

How could a mere Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six by every outward sign unleash such speed and weight of force? It doesn't make sense! The old man's first thought was that his eyes lied to him, yet the shiver that crawled down his spine insisted the human cultivator was hiding depths far darker and far deadlier than anyone here had guessed.

The fury burning in his ancient eyes guttered, doused by a sudden, icy dread. His bone staff drooped, and the demonic aura coiling around him fizzled like water on hot iron.

He understood in that instant: press the attack, and he would join the five shredded bodies that still bled into the flagstones.

"Elder Grimshaw, what exactly do you think you're doing?" Just then, Lunaria stepped forward, violet eyes aglow with a frigid rage. The very air bristled around her as she continued, "I told you these men are guests of Blackshade Demon Palace. Why strike without warning, and why bring the Blackshade Guards into it?"

Those four armored cultivators-Blackshade Guards sworn to defend the palace's inner sanctum—answered only to Grimshaw. Even Lunaria, the demon princess, could not summon them at a whim.

By dragging the elite guard into the courtyard, Grimshaw had made it plain he didn't regard her with any importance.

"Guests?" Grimshaw spun, his earlier caution boiling back into rage. A trembling finger stabbed the air between them. "Have you forgotten what you are, Lunaria? You are the demon princess of Blackshade Demon Palace heir to the throne of our people. How dare you call two human cultivators guests when they have slaughtered our disciples and shamed our banners? Would you walk them into the main hall and spit on the memory of our ancestors?"

His shout cracked the silence. "Blackshade Guards-form up!" At once, dozens of Blackshade Guards poured from the shadows, boots hammering marble. Grimshaw barked, "Don't just stand there? Seize the humans. Any

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consequences fall on me!"

Those Blackshade Guards instantly tightened their grip on their

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weapons, eyes darting back and forth between Grimshaw and Lunaria. They numbered dozens,

demonic auras pulsing from every breastplate-some were Earthly Immortal Realm Level Two experts-forming a dark wall of blades and intent. The incoming wave of black closed around Jared

and Flaxseed. Tension snapped

tight, ready to tear.

"Stand down!" Lunaria snapped coldly, a sharp glint flashing in her violet eyes. "I am the demon princess of Blackshade Demon Palace-you do not take orders from him."

Yet, not a single Blackshade Guard shifted. Hands remained on sword hilts, and eyes remained fixed on Jared and Flaxseed, ready to attack. Occasionally, their eyes slid toward Grimshaw, awaiting his next command.

Color drained from Lunaria's face, then flooded back in furious crimson. Hidden within her sleeve, one gloved hand quivered anger, humiliation, and the knowledge that the elders had openly defied her.

"It seems, my lady," Jared said with a soft, amused chuckle. "Your position in Blackshade Demon Palace isn't quite as secure after all."

The words stabbed deeper than any blade. Lunaria's complexion shifted from white to livid purple, her gaze at Jared a storm of rage, embarrassment, and a ghost of helplessness.

Grimshaw's thin mouth curled into a victor's grin. "Did you see that? Even outsiders know you are unfit to rule Blackshade Demon Palace."

He shifted his sneer to Jared. "Boy, you butchered my people. You're scared now, aren't you? Kneel, surrender, and I'll grant you a quicker death than you deserve..."

Before Grimshaw could finish the threat, his pupils shrank to pinpoints, as though

they had glimpsed something monstrous rising.

Jared moved—and the air itself seemed to flinch. In a heartbeat, he stood ten paces away; the next, a streak of motion cleaved the air. Grimshaw never managed to summon a veil of demonic aura or brandish his bone staff before agony tore through his right arm.

“Argh!” he screamed, a ragged howl that split the clouds, far more agonized than

the maimed demon general earlier.

Grimshaw looked down and found his arm gone, severed clean at the shoulder;

dark green blood fountained, painting the stones. The bone staff that had served

him for years clanged to the ground, its crimson crystal flickering twice before dying.

“Y-You...” he stammered, clutching the stump, his whole frame quivering. How had

Jared traversed the distance? How could any strike be that swift?

Jared set his boot upon the fallen staff, crushing wood and crystal with a slow, merciless twist. His eyes stayed cold on Grimshaw. “I won’t repeat myself a third

time.”

Staggering back, Grimshaw retreated ten, twelve, fifteen steps before he found

balance. The murderous intent pouring from Jared pressed against his throat; speak one more syllable, and his head would surely roll.

All around, the Blackshade Guards stood petrified. Grimshaw had achieved Earthly Immortal Realm Level Three in cultivation and was a pillar of the palace.

Yet, a Wandering Immortal Realm Level Six human cultivator had just severed his

arm. This overturned their understanding of the world in an instant.

Jared’s frosty gaze swept the

square. The pressure in the air

thickened, choking. Instinct pushed

every guard back a step, clearing a

path as though warding off a storm.

If even Grimshaw had failed they

had no chance.

Silence settled, eerie and absolute. The ring of more than a hundred soldiers parted of its own accord, opening a passage no one dared close. Not one pair of

eyes met Jared’s.

Lunaria watched, stunned at first, then thoughtful. She had never imagined Jared

would strike Grimshaw, let alone reveal such overwhelming strength. Yet, the stalemate was broken, and possibilities blossomed.

Drawing a steady breath, she smothered her turmoil and swept the cowering Blackshade Guards with a frosted glance. Then, she turned that same chill on the

blood-drained elder. "Well? Get out of my sight!"

Grimshaw's lips trembled; words died behind his teeth. With a final poisonous glare at Jared, he clutched the stump of his arm and, supported by his trusted aides, fled the square.

The Blackshade Guards sank back to either side of the palace walls, heads lowered, motions as small as possible. At last, the square lay still, bodies and blood the only witnesses to the storm that had passed.

Lunaria halted in front of Jared, the violet irises of her eyes rippling with a swirl of

wounded pride and reluctant gratitude. "Thank you," she said.

Though Jared's flippant jab had displeased her, she couldn't deny that his intervention had gotten her out of a tight spot. If word of today's events spread,

my dignity and standing as the demon princess would be left in tatters.

Jared lifted one eyebrow, neither

agreeing nor denying. "I simply

prefer not to be pestered,” he murmured. Then, he turned toward Flaxseed, who stood gaping at him, and laughed. “Come on. Weren’t we off to investigate your clan?”

Chapter 5195 Clan Annihilated

The question snapped Flaxseed from his stupor. He gulped, hurried to Jared's side, and together, they crossed the square.

Behind them, Lunaria hesitated only a heartbeat before falling in step, her gaze

darting between the two men.

Beyond the vast square, they stepped through gates tall enough to humble giants

into the Blackshade Demon Palace, a monolith of polished obsidian that seemed

to drink whatever light touched it. Inside the main hall, its ceiling soared over one

hundred meters, its curved surface etched with demonic markings that glimmered

in ghostly green. Rows of black pillars coiled with stone demonic dragons framed

a throne of pure obsidian studded with faceted gemstones, exuding an aura of

frost and extravagance.

At Lunaria's gesture, Jared and Flaxseed settled on the stone chairs flanking the

main hall. She clapped once, and two demon maidservants in midnight livery slipped in with trays of steaming cups. They kept their heads bowed, setting the

tea down on the stone tables before leaving. Never once did they look up at Jared.

"Please wait a moment. I have already sent for the ancient records stored in the

palace," Lunaria said, lifting her cup to her lips. "If Nine Serpent Mountain hides

anything about the Flaxseed clan, the records will tell us."

Jared lifted his cup but paused; the liquid was a deep moss green and carried a

faint metallic tang that marked it as a drink fit for demons, not humans.

Imitating Jared, Flaxseed only cradled his cup, his eyes roaming the main hall.

This had once been the Flaxseed clan's ancestral land; to see it draped in demonic colors made his throat tighten with unsaid sorrow.

Silence settled, lit only by the intermittent pulse of demonic markings high overhead, casting shifting shadows across the trio's faces.

Eyes closed, Jared appeared to rest, but his spiritual sense slid through corridor

after corridor, counting dozens of formidable presences-some as strong as

Lunaria, others stronger. It seems the Blackshade Demon Palace hides far more

than meets the eye.

At last, a gray-robed elder hurried in, bowing low with a time-worn ancient record

held reverently in both hands. "My lady," he said to Lunaria. "The archives mention Nine Serpent Mountain and the Flaxseed clan."

Flaxseed shot to his feet, eyes blazing. "What does it say? Tell me-what happened to my clan?"

The elder glanced at Lunaria, received her nod, and spoke.

"The ancient records confirm that

the Flaxseed clan once occupied

Nine Serpent Mountain. They were a

prestigious family in level four,

famous for producing several charm

masters; in their zenith, an Earthly

Immortal Realm Level Four

cultivator was in charge.

"What happened next?" Flaxseed asked, his voice shaking.

The elder continued with a sigh,

"Around two thousand eight hundred

years ago, a mysterious force clad in

black swept down and leveled the

mountain. Almost the entire
Flaxseed clan was exterminated;
only a few survived and
disappeared, and the ancient
records offer no hint of the killers
except their cruelty."

Flaxseed staggered back as though a bolt of lightning had ripped straight
through

him. His face drained to parchment white. "What? Exterminated-my entire
Flaxseed clan wiped out?"

He clenched both fists until his
knuckles cracked. Nails dug so deep
into his palms that fresh blood
oozed between his fingers and
pattered onto the dungeon floor, yet
the pain could not keep the truth
from hitting harder. He had prepared
himself for bad news-he had never
imagined devastation on this scale.