

A Warrior Undefeatable

chapter 5235

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The real Jared blurred behind him. The Demon Flogger coiled around Varek's throat. "Down!" Jared snarled, yanking hard. Vertebrae popped; numb heat raced through Varek's neck while righteous energy from the whip burrowed into his meridians like acid fire.

"Now." Jared's eyes flashed. He balled his left hand and slammed every ounce of strength into Varek's spine.

Boom!

The impact rocked the hall. Varek convulsed, coughing a jet of obsidian blood.

From the side gallery Kishor nodded, admiration bright in his heavy features. Jared's control-his timing-already eclipsed most early Earthly Immortals.

Humiliated, Varek abandoned defense. Black demonic aura erupted, cloaking him in viscous night. Only two crimson eyes burned inside the storm.

"Whelp, I'll erase your soul!" From the fog burst a tide of onyx claws-Almighty Soul Devourer. Each talon promised to tear flesh and drag spirit screaming into oblivion.

Jared's smile faltered. He could feel the abyssal power in those claws and knew a direct clash meant certain ruin.

Jared's eyes flashed. "Now!" he cried, the single command echoing like a war drum. He hurled himself backward across the polished floor, breaking clear of the swirling gloom before another claw could reach him. One scratch from Varek is not worth the bragging rights. Kishor will handle the bruising-I only needed the warm-up.

Kishor laughed, deep and fearless. "I have been waiting for those words," he boomed, and in the next blink his towering frame stood where Jared had been. Without bothering to summon a single artifact, he raised his right hand and slapped the drifting black fog. The gesture looked casual, almost bored, yet an ancient pressure rolled off his palm. Ghost claws melted like frost under morning sun, and the tar-thick mist scattered on the wind.

A wet crack split the hush-Varek's hidden form lurched into view, eyes wide with raw terror. He tried to dodge, only to discover an invisible force pinning every limb. Kishor's hand hit his chest with a dull doom-heavy thud. Varek shot backward like a severed kite,

smashed into a marble pillar, then slid to the tiles. A perfect palm print burned through his robes; bones crumbled beneath it, and black blood streamed from his lips as the light fled his gaze.

Fifth tier Earthly Immortal Realm, yet Varek had not survived a single exchange. Kishor dusted his palms and sneered, "Fifth tier, and you dare posture before me? Your ignorance just signed its own death warrant."

Despair flickered across Varek's face. The gulf between their strength was a canyon; every hopeful path collapsed into darkness.

Jared stepped forward, the chill in his stare hard enough to cut. "Now, Lunaria and Varek, it is our turn to settle old scores."

"Varek, answer me. When the Flaxseed clan was slaughtered years ago, was Blackshade Demon Palace involved?" Jared's voice carried no heat-only judgment.

Varek managed a bitter laugh. "At this point there is nothing left to hide. Yes. Blackshade Demon Palace took part in wiping them out."

Flaxseed's shoulders trembled. "Why? My clan bore you no grudge. Why did they have to die?"