

## Chapter 218

### Thinking Of Taking To His Heels

“In the name of all that’s holy, the light shall banish all evil!”

Following that incantation by Jared, the ball of light gave out infinite pressure at once. In the same manner as the radiant sun, beams of golden light shot right at that cloud of black mist.

Like a rat at the sight of a cat and snow in the presence of the sun, the black mist was quickly devoured at the illumination of the light. Then, Jared absorbed everything since it was all beneficial to his cultivation. The Focus Technique could devour and cultivate everything; that was its uniqueness.

Subsequently, the light faded, and everything was peaceful once more.

The entire room went as silent as the grave, and everyone gaped at Jared.

Leonidas, in particular, flushed bright red. Recalling his scorn toward the man back then, he felt his face flaming hotly, and mortification flooded him.

With the Starry Compass in hand, Falcon gawped at Jared, his eyes as wide as saucers. “W-What kind of technique was that? Don’t tell me it was an immortal technique?”

In a flash, a bone-deep chill permeated him, upon which he started trembling involuntarily.

By then, the initial imperiousness on his face was nowhere to be found. All that remained was terror.

Even my grandmaster might not be able to wield such an immortal technique!

His hairs stood on end, and there was only one thought in his mind—flee!

Crap! I’ve got to flee as far as possible!

Unfortunately, no sooner had that thought occurred to him than Jared drawled coldly, “Are you thinking of taking to your heels? Alas, you don’t have that opportunity anymore. If you give me the Starry Compass, I don’t mind granting you a less painful death!”

Falcon’s eyes kept darting around as though he was trying to come up with a countermeasure while also glancing at the Starry Compass in his hand every so often. An internal struggle raged within him as he tried to come to a decision.

“You only have ten seconds to consider it. Ten. Nine. Eight...”

And so, the countdown continued.

While Falcon stared at Jared, who was counting indifferently, cold sweat beaded on his forehead.

Should I fight or not? But then, I can’t just hand my Starry Compass over. Besides, even if I do so, he’s not going to spare me but merely grant me a less painful death. I don’t want to die! I’ve finally come to where I am today after much effort, and I haven’t had my fill of lording it over others!

“One,” Jared stated placidly.

“Here, the Starry Compass!”

Falcon didn't dare hesitate anymore and tossed the Starry Compass to the man.

Leaping up, Jared caught it easily.

Falcon seized the opportunity while the man did so to spin on his heels and sprint out the door at lightning speed.

"Falcon has escaped, Mr. Chance!" Erasmus shouted frantically upon seeing that.

"Escape?"

The corners of Jared's mouth lifted, and he streaked out like a loaded cannonball.

In mere seconds, he strolled back in with Falcon, who made a break for it, in his grasp.

At that very moment, the high and mighty Falcon was no more than a dead dog, caught by the neck and brought back.

Shock inundated everyone when they saw how easily Jared captured him.

Crash!

Jared flung Falcon onto the ground and regarded him emotionlessly. The aura emanating from him had everyone in the entire room seized by the urge to fall to their knees and worship him.

Gasping for breath, Falcon looked at the man pleadingly. "P-Please spare me! I've already given you the Starry Compass. Won't you please have mercy on me?"

"Spare you?" Scoffing, Jared pulled Josephine, who was still in shock, over. "Did you ever think that such would be the consequence when you harassed my wife earlier? Everyone has a limit, and all who push it will die. My limit is my wife, so you must die today!"

Hearing that, Josephine gaped at him. One of her hands was in his, and the other flew up to her mouth. Her chest heaved as her emotions roiled.