

Chapter 278

Francis was bewildered by his rejection. After all, countless people wished to become his disciple. Some were even willing to spend hundreds of millions, but he did not take up their offers. Jared, however, showed only disdain in response to his invitation.

The elderly man's expression darkened. "Brat, I've given you a chance, but you're the one who didn't take it. You've dug a grave for yourself."

"Kill him!" he barked.

His remaining three disciples instantly went up and encircled Jared. Tommy, on the other hand, ran away, but he did not do it because he was afraid of dying. Instead, he knew he could not be of help to Jared, so he did not want to be a burden.

Jared's expression was blank as he scanned the trio surrounding him. They did not concern him even in the slightest bit.

"If you're so eager to lose a few more disciples, I'll be glad to grant your wish!"

—

As soon as he said so, he pushed his palm outward casually. The motion might seem gentle, but it was powerful. Waves of spiritual energy flowed from within his body.

Boom!

A ripple formed in the air as though a rock had fallen into a lake.

Fear filled the eyes of Francis' disciples. Their bodies were thrown backward before they could even manage to utter a single word.

Unlike Carter, they did not even writhe, for they lay motionlessly right after hitting the ground.

"This..."

Shocked by the turn of events, Francis paled.

Steven, who was hiding at the side, began trembling with fear. He regretted coming over to take revenge on Jared.

"Was that the pinnacle of internal energy you were saying earlier?" Jared asked while shooting Francis a mocking look.

An awkward expression took over Francis' face. His heart began racing.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect someone as young as Jared to reach the level of a Grandmaster. He had no one to blame but his misjudgment.

"You... You're strong, indeed. I'll admit defeat today, but I won't let you off for killing my disciples!"

Francis got up to leave, leaving his disciples' bodies behind.

At that sight, Steven followed him hastily.

"Did I say you can leave?" Jared's chilling voice sounded from behind, halting Steven's and Francis' departure.

Looking at Jared incredulously, Francis asked, "A-Are you planning to kill me?"

"Why? Can't I kill you? Would you have allowed me to leave if I was the loser today?"

The corners of Jared's lips quirked up.

"Brat, I'm from Iron Gate Academy. Even though I have left to establish my own academy, my senior will come after you if you kill me. You will be on Iron Gate Academy's hit list!"

Francis even revealed his background from Iron Gate Academy, hoping to deter Jared from taking his life.

"I don't know any Iron Gate Academy. You're blabbering so much just to protect your life. Instead of

spouting more nonsense, why don't you grovel at my feet now? I can forgive you."

The disdain in Jared's eyes was clear as day,

"Brat, don't be too arrogant."

Francis flew into a rage. Given his identity and status, he would never drop to his knees before anyone.

Overwhelmed by anger, he struck Jared. Every attack he launched was intended to kill the latter.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Jared merely stood in place and let Francis throw blows on him.

After three strikes, Francis' arm was so numb that he could not even ball his fist. Yet, — Jared looked perfectly fine despite his violent punches. In fact, the young man was

staring at him with a smirk on his face.

"Y-You practice Impenetrable Skill too?"

Surprise inundated Francis.

"Impenetrable Skill is nothing!" Jared sneered, then sent a punch toward him.

Francis instantly braced himself by widening his feet and lowering his center of gravity.

His face was flushed from pushing his body to its limit.

Boom!

After a thunderous sound, Francis' body froze like a statue.

Elation welled up within Steven when he witnessed that scene. After all, he could leave the place safely as long as Francis was fine.