

No. 1 Supreme Warrior –

Chapter 1047

Another tall and bulky guy guffawed out loud, “Haha! That’s great! I’m twenty-nine years old this year, not yet thirty, so I can participate in this competition too! It’s great that they organize such a competition to pick the next family head, at least I still have a chance at it. Hmmm. What if I really get first place? Then I’ll be the heir to the family head, right? And perhaps in a few months, Master White will be...Mwahahaha! Then I’ll be the head for sure!”

“Not limited to gender. So, as long as you’re one of the Whites, you’re eligible to sign up?”

A woman in white beamed delightfully at the notice. Her eyes were full of joy! “That’s great! I truly did not expect that girls would have a fair chance to participate and compete for the heir position! Master White is indeed an open-minded and upright person! In such a way, whoever with a stronger ability gets the throne and the heir is guaranteed to be capable and strong!”

“Heh! Bunch of idiots! If Lance was here, do you think you would stand a chance in the competition? When the cat’s away, the mice will play, huh?”

Another young man, who was close to Lance, clasped his hands in front of his chest and snorted sarcastically from the side.

“He’s right. No words can be used to describe Lance’s fighting prowess and capability. If he was here, he would definitely be in first place!”

The tall and bulky guy lamented emotionally. “However, he’s gone for almost three months now. Not a single f*cking news about him, apparently he’s dead. Sigh! I shall do my best and be the heir for his sake!”

The corners of Hudson White's mouth twitched involuntarily at the tall guy's words. He felt a flicker of irritation toward the man before him, he then censured, "You're a reckless and dull-headed dude, do you think you're worthy of being the heir to the family head? Among all of us, I have the most right to be the heir!"

"Oh? Hudson, the notice doesn't say that a reckless and dull-headed man can't be the heir. As long as the person gets first place, then he'll be the heir! Hmph! If you want to grab the position from me, it's easy to settle! Let's meet in the competition tomorrow!"

The tall and bulky man was called Martin White. He was chubby. He seethed coldly to Hudson, "I'll not hold back on tomorrow's competition, and try not to kneel down and beg for mercy then!"

"Haha, you're a big talker, aren't you? Martin White, I'll be waiting for you at the final. Please don't get yourself eliminated in the early stage!"

Hudson hissed icily with a wicked smirk.

"Guys, don't you see a problem here? The competition is too soon, right? The notice came out today, the deadline for registration is today and then tomorrow will be the competition. Any White with fighting prowess of grandmaster level and above is eligible for the competition. People who are in the top fifty of the competition will be awarded, and the rewards are not too bad at all! But...but, why are they rushing the competition? We don't even have time to prepare!"

The woman in white—Liah White—had her brows snapped together.

"Heh? Are you dumb or something? Look at the bottom of the notice, what does it say? The person who gets the first place in this competition will be the heir of the family head, not only that, but the person will also get the treasure—Cryo Pearl—as well! What does this mean? It means that Master White wants his son—Jack White—to win this competition!"

Hudson scoffed sassily. “That brat doesn’t seem like he’s interested in the position of the heir to the family head. But because his friend is dying, he definitely wants to use the Cyro Pearl to preserve his friend’s pathetic life temporarily! Then he’ll find a way to save him later on. And Master White saw through this, hence such a competition is being held. So, I’m sure that that brat will sign up for this competition!”

“Well. Signing up is easy-peasy. But to get first place? Heh, hellish hard!”

The tall and bulky Martin mocked with a giggly tone.