

# No. 1 Supreme Warrior – Chapter 1791

“The seven of them wish to stop us? Aren’t they too naïve?”

The middle-aged woman who was a fifth grade ultimate god-level fighter gave a cold smile when she saw that only seven people were left behind. In a flash, she rushed toward Jack. “Looks like your cultivation level is pretty high, brat. Let me test you out a bit today!”

“Charge!”

Jack waved his hand and rushed forward without an ounce of fear toward the middle-aged woman.

“You dare to counter me yourself?”

The middle-aged woman’s eyes were filled with appraisal when she saw that Jack had such a good fighting spirit. From her perspective, Jack was a third-grade ultimate god-level fighter at most. It was so easy that he did not pose any worries for her.

“No, wait. His speed—it’s so fast!”

However, the next second, Jack was already right before her. His speed shocked the woman so much that her face immediately darkened.

When she saw that the Chi on Jack’s fist rippled in thick gold color, the middle-aged woman was slightly taken aback. “You’re actually a fourth-grade ultimate god-level fighter? How can this be? Unless you’re from the Nine Armies?”

The middle-aged woman heaved an internal sigh of relief after she discerned Jack’s cultivation level. Although the brat’s speed was extremely fast, as though she was going against a fighter who was at the eighth-grade ultimate god-level, she realized that the brat’s cultivation level did not match hers after a closer look.

Bang!

The two's fists immediately clashed after the middle-aged woman's voice rang out.

“No way. How is he stronger than me?”

The middle-aged woman did not even see him as an opponent, but he changed her mind and her eyes went wide. Jack's strength allowed her to suddenly sense the shocking difference in strength between them.

The fighting power of the brat before her was indeed about the same level as an eighth-grade ultimate god-level fighter.

She found it hard to believe that someone who was a fourth-grade ultimate god-level fighter could demonstrate such power.

Just as the woman's eyes grew in shock, the sound of a cracking bone suddenly came from her arm. The next second, she flew out as though she were a kite with a broken string. She spat a mouthful of blood and landed heavily on the ground. She kept coughing up blood and could not even pull herself up.

A single punch from Jack caused such heavy injuries to a fighter at the fifth-grade ultimate god-level that she even lost her fighting power.

The woman looked at the other disciples from her clan. Each of them was being killed by their enemies and was falling from the sky, one by one. They were absolutely no match for their opponents.

“No way. How can they have so many people who are at the third-grade ultimate god-level? No way! It must be the Nine Armies. That damned Nine Armies—how dare they send people to help them secretly!”

The middle-aged woman did not dare to believe in this reality. In the end, she could only witness the disciples that came over with her being killed by the seven people before her.

“Please-please spare my life!”

Jack flew before the middle-aged woman. She was looking at him with a pleading expression as she lay weakly on the ground.

“Hehe. Spare you? You’ve killed so many of our people. I don’t have any reason to persuade myself to spare you! If we didn’t beat you just now, I don’t think you would have spared us!”

Jack gave a cold smile, as though he was listening to a joke. He flipped his palm and a black sword appeared in his hand. He threw his sword out and killed the woman.

“From now on, when we gather spoils of war, we only need to find the martial rings of those who are in the ultimate god-level. If you don’t want any other, no need to take them. Usually, there’ll be more stuff in an ultimate god-level fighter’s ring. We need to save more time to save more people!”