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Chapter 3351

"Those two were like mountains planted right in front of us. Even though they knew that we have excellent geniuses in third-grade worlds who can squash them, they acted like they'd never met any! Well, they finally met one now, and I feel so much better."

Frederick nodded emphatically.

Their group was made to go against the Hunting Alliance. They might not be willing to admit defeat, but some things would still come true even if they did not expect it, just like Len had said. They finally managed to vent some of their frustrations.

Jackie looked at the three that were on the ground with a cold look, his smirk matching the apathy on his face.

No one knew what he was thinking, but when they saw Jackie's expression, it was obvious he was in an unforgiving mood.

Jackie furrowed his eyebrows as he looked toward the east where they had just come from.

Frederick looked at Jackie before he whispered to Len, "Why do I feel like he's waiting for someone?"

The moment he said that, he could hear footsteps coming from the east. Everyone was on alert as they looked toward the direction before spotting a familiar face running towards them with a happy look.

He ran as he waved, "Don't be afraid, everyone, it's me!"

It was Alfred. Even though he had not recovered, he had already forgotten all about the pain in his body in his apparent excitement.

As he ran over, he looked toward Jackie, visibly worried as though Jackie would vanish if he was to take his eyes off of him.

Jackie's lips curled up, liking Alfred's personality more and more.

When he arrived next to Jackie, he started to pant, having ran his entire way here. He pulled out two bottles from his storage ring like he was offering a treasure, putting it in Jackie's hands.

"I got some. There's quite a lot!"

Jackie nodded gladly and said, "Did you manage to find out about anything?"

Alfred nodded vigorously. He wiped away the sweat on his forehead as he took out a map, placing it in Jackie's hands.

Jackie opened up the map and took a look. His lips slightly curled up, "Not bad. If they're not lying, then it'll be much easier to proceed!"

Alfred slapped his chest and spoke with assurance, "Don't worry, I used special methods to make sure this map is real. After carefully looking at it, I can verify that it's real. Even if there're any errors, it'll be from their own mistakes."

Alfred excitedly added, "The two of them still died to you. I didn't do anything in the end, so they still died to your technique."

Alfred deliberately lowered his voice when he said that, so no one heard him at all.

Jackie was pleased with how self-aware Alfred was being and thus nodded at him. "You've done well. Saving you was the best decision I've made recently."

The praise caused Alfred to blush elatedly. The two of them talked, and everyone else wondered what they were speaking of.

Frederick was all curious about everything Jackie did at that moment. As the two of them talked, he tried to listen to everything they said. Alas, Frederick regrettably realized that he did not understand what they were talking about.

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Frederick turned to look at the others and saw that both Len and Trent were confused as well. He then let out a slight cough and sighed helplessly.

At that moment, he was not in a good position to walk forward and ask, having a feeling that Jackie might not even answer him if he did.

Jackie put the map into Mustard Seed with a smile before he walked toward the three.

As Jackie was talking to Alfred, Rudy had run over and gathered the three individuals writhing on the floor.

At this point, they had lost all rationality, and Rudy, allowed to do with them as he pleased—practically dragged all three to the same spot.

Jackie walked over to the three of them, and with a wave of his hand, the energy in their bodies gradually slowed down. The pain decreased, and they slowly regained consciousness.

The first to sober up was the snake-masked man. The moment he did, his eyes fixated on Jackie.

He managed to collect himself, and while various ideas floated in his mind, all of them pointed to one thing, his days were numbered. Jackie would never let him go, so he would surely die.

Thinking about that, the snake-masked man let out a bitter smile, already conceding.

Jackie let out a laugh before he looked at the man. "I thought you'd beg for mercy."

Hearing that, the snake-masked man snorted and said, "Even if I kneel and beg you, you won't let me go anyway. I'm no idiot. If our places were swapped and I'm the one in your shoes, I wouldn't forgive you either. In the same way, you won't let me off no matter how much I beg. If that's the case, why would I waste my breath?"

Jackie pursed his lips and nodded. "You're right. You seem much more logical than I thought. Even when you're staring at death, you're still level-headed. That's quite rare. "

Staring at death...

These words slammed into the snake-masked man unforgivingly. He started to cough violently, looking like he was about to die at any moment.

Blood flowed from the corner of his mouth. Even if he did not check his body, he knew that his soul was almost entirely corrupted. Unless he had a divine pill of sorts, he would not be able to survive the day.

The other two had regained their conscious thought as well. They looked at Jackie in fear as all of their earlier arrogance disappeared.

The tiger-masked man pointed at Jackie with a shaking finger. "You...You lied about yourself!"

Jackie rolled his eyes at this.

Excuses, again. Every time someone lost to him, excuse after excuse would come his way, and at this point, Jackie was too lazy to argue after hearing so much.

He took out the two bottles that Alfred had given him, shaking the bottles in front of them. "What do you think these are? "

The three of them stiffened at the sudden question, looking to be on full alert.

No matter what Jackie did or said, it was definitely not to their benefit whatsoever.

The snake-masked man gulped. "How could we know what's inside? Just tell us. We're all sitting ducks for you to do whatever you want to, anyway."

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Jackie raised an eyebrow as he shook the bottle in his hand. The contents sounded liquid-like, given the minute sloshes heard.

"I asked you to guess because you're very familiar with this..."

The tiger-masked man and the dragon-masked man looked at Jackie suspiciously. They wanted to know what Jackie was up to, but they wisely kept their mouths shut and waited for him to speak.

The snake-masked man, however, was different. When Jackie brought up how they would be familiar with the substance, he quickly frowned as a terrifying thought surfaced in his head.

His breathing slowly sped out and he said in a raspy voice, "It's Heartblood. It's their Heartblood!"

Jackie had a flash of surprise in his eyes as he gave the man a thumbs-up. "You're smarter than I thought. You reacted so quickly. Many people can't compete with you in that department."

Jackie's response proved that the snake-masked man had guessed right. The man's face turned pale at that moment as he lost all his rationality in his anger.

He shouted right at Jackie, "How could you do that? You tortured them to death?!"

Jackie would not have blinked even if he shouted until his throat was hoarse. He was amused by what the snake-masked man said.

He snorted as he looked at the man coldly. "Don't you think your words sound ironic? I suppose you three are the only ones allowed to be cruel, huh? You're the ones allowed to torture us with cruel methods, but you're complaining when I did the same?"

The snake-masked man trembled in anger as his face turned from hot red to pale white.

The tiger-masked man and the dragon-masked man were still stunned as they looked at the bottles in Jackie's hand in horror.

Their fellow disciples had been tortured to death by Jackie, so what awaited them?

Were they going to be tortured and have their Heartblood retrieved, too?

Just thinking of this made them both tremble, and they looked like they were about to faint at any moment.

Frederick covered his mouth in surprise as his opinion of Jackie shifted once more. He had thought that Jackie was a morally upright person, but he had just seen Jackie's cold and emotionless side. Jackie was capable of doing anything.

Frederick whispered, "We absolutely can't offend him!"

When Trent and Len heard that, they nodded vigorously in agreement.

Jackie shook the bottle in his hand and said, "Do you think I'll be able to get twelve million spirit crystals with this Heartblood?"

That caused the three of them to shiver again. They felt like the person in front of them was not just strong but hard to decipher as well. They could only describe Jackie as a demon that crawled out of hell.

"You won't be able to!" snarled the snake-masked man. "You're not a warrior from a second-grade world, you'll just end up being surrounded if you go there! You should just throw the Heartblood away. It won't be of use to you!"

Jackie laughed as he slowly stood up.

"I'll refuse to. Do you think I don't know what you're thinking? You're just saying that because you're worried that I'll torture you the same way I tortured the two of them. I regret to inform you, however, that I'll be retrieving your Heartblood even if it was useless to me. You're just paying for what you've done."

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After that, Jackie turned and shot Alfred a look. Alfred nodded before he rolled up his sleeves and walked to the three of them in excitement.

Not bothered with doing things like this, he slowly walked to Frederick, followed by Rudy.

Jackie had just been about to say something when he was interrupted by an unhappy voice, "Did you need to do that? What was the point of putting on a show in front of us? Was it fun acting?"

The person who spoke was Conor, who was heavily injured on the ground. He was helped up by Trent and was walking over when he accused Jackie loudly.

Jackie looked at Conor incredulously.

Conor sounded terribly slighted, as though Jackie owed him a hefty amount of money. His tone even baffled Trent, who stared at Conor incredulously.

How could he dare to speak to Jackie in that tone?

Frederick frowned unhappily.

As the leader of their group, he had to speak up when the time was right. "Conor, are you dizzy? What act are you talking about? How could you say something like that? I saw you crumble on the ground with heavy injuries just now. You must've hit your head. You should just take some rest."

Conor's face was incredibly dark when he heard that.

He scoffed and said nonchalantly, "It seems like you just go wherever suits you. You didn't have this attitude before this, but you're now lecturing me. You seem to think you're being very reasonable, but am I wrong?"

"Was Jackie not putting on a show from the start? If we knew that he was this strong, how could we have sent him to stand guard? We wouldn't have suffered all of this, and I wouldn't have been heavily injured!"

As he said that, Conor glared at Jackie viciously as if he was the one who wronged him, as though his injuries were all due to Jackie.

He looked at Jackie with anger and hatred, rendering Jackie speechless.

With how Jackie was, he would not have bothered with Conor if he remained quiet by the side. After all, Jackie's time was valuable, and he did not want to waste any time on useless people like Conor.

Conor would be dealt with by someone else eventually, anyway.

Yet, Conor was even trying to cause him trouble at that moment, acting so proudly that those who did not know the situation would have thought that he was the one who defeated the three masked men.

Rudy was so angry he was at a loss for words.

He curled up his fists and rushed forward, pointing at Conor. "Who do you think you are? What gives you the right to know what Jackie's level is? He never acted from the start!"

"Why don't you just call yourself ignorant? You can't even see further than your own nose! You're full of problems but just love talking about others. You should just shut your mouth, or you'll end up no better than those three."

When Conor heard that, not only was he not scared, but he even started to laugh.

Even Jackie was confused by the way he was acting.

Did Conor think that he would let him go no matter what he said?

Frederick frowned as he grabbed Conor's arm. "Can you not talk so much? Are you trying to kill yourself here? Do you want someone to do it for you?"

Conor pulled his arm away as he looked at Frederick in disdain. He mentally rebuked the man and thought him to be a person that would latch onto whoever was stronger.

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At this moment, Conor decided to not have anything to do with Frederick anymore. He was forced to team up with them due to the circumstances, but once they were out, he refused to say another word to him.

Frederick could see the disdain in Conor's eyes, and no matter how mild-tempered he was, he would not tolerate such behavior. He scoffed and turned around, no longer bothering with Conor.

Trent looked at Conor exasperatedly, wondering if the man had hit his head too hard. Otherwise, he would have never jeered at Jackie after seeing what he was capable of.

He should be respectful toward Jackie instead, yet Conor seemed intent on offending Jackie as much as he could. Even Trent was frowning at what Conor was saying, let alone Jackie.

Jackie raised an eyebrow as he looked at Conor coldly. "You sure dare to talk. Aren't you afraid that I'll attack you?"

Conor scoffed as he turned away. "I know you're not that type of person. Even though you're skilled, you're a man with proper conduct. It's not like I'm provoking you. I'm just speaking the truth."

Even Jackie could not understand what he was thinking at that moment.

Not provoking him?

His words were actually demeaning him!

Conor looked like he wanted to shout at Jackie and berate him for not telling him the truth, yet he even tried to say that Jackie was 'a man with proper conduct'.

Conor wanted to tell everyone that Jackie would not be acting properly if he did anything to Conor.

Hearing that, Jackie sneered. It was the first time he got so angry that he smiled.

Trent and Len looked at Conor as their lips twitched, truly believing he was a fool, through and through.

Len took a deep breath and exasperatedly demanded, "Do you really think that way? Are you not joking?"

Conor's face darkened when he heard that.

He shouted, "Why would I be joking? Am I wrong? If Jackie was honest with his skills in the first place, nothing would've happened. With him in front of us, we'd be safe. I wouldn't have needed to get so injured! Who else would I blame?"

That was rotten logic, of course. Trent wanted to correct him, but he did not know what to say, knowing that Conor might not truly listen to any sort of reasoning. Even Rudy could not be bothered arguing with Conor.

Jackie could not stand it as he sneered. "You really do think you're special. Why do I need to tell you about my skills? Why do I need to protect you?"

"Because we're a team!" yelled Conor. "Since you agreed to join this team, you have a duty to protect everyone else!"

Jackie let out a slight laugh, not wanting to bother arguing with that idiot.

No matter what he said, Conor would just think that he was wrong. Since that was the case, Jackie would grant Conor his wish.

Jackie slowly pulled out his sword from Mustard Seed.

Conor frowned, confused by his actions.

He truly believed Jackie would be of some virtue, at least, but as he felt a burning pain in his chest, he realized that Jackie's sword had pierced through his chest.

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The blood flowed as the pain registered in Conor's mind.

Frederick and the others froze, and their expressions were unnatural. Even though they felt like Jackie would punish Conor in some way, they did not expect Jackie to outright kill him.

Conor fell to the ground the moment Jackie pulled out the sword, and he was in so much pain that he clutched his chest, trying to stop the bleeding to no avail. After all, he was already heavily injured. Coupled with that strike, no one could save him.

The color in his cheeks slowly diminished. "You dare to kill me?!"

Jackie was exasperated as his lips twitched.

He said, "Why can't I? Why wouldn't I dare to? Who do you think you are? I don't know why you're so sure that I won't do anything to you no matter what you do."

Blood flowed out of Conor's mouth. He started to cough as he reached the end of his life.

As he opened his mouth, all that they could hear was the sound of blood flowing out as no proper words could be formed.

Everyone merely watched as Conor shut his eyes and passed away.

Jackie turned to look at Rudy, saying sincerely, "In the end, he never answered. What made him so certain that I wouldn't attack him?"

Rudy frowned, deliberating on the question before he said, "He must've thought that you were a righteous person. Even if you kill people, you'd only kill those that needed to be killed. He felt like he did nothing wrong and that you're the one in the wrong. That's why he was that fearless."

Hearing that, Jackie felt even more helpless. "He acted without regard for anything because he believed in my character? He felt like I'd forgive him no matter what he said?"

As he said that, Jackie scoffed at how ridiculous Conor was. Jackie's moral character was only applicable to his friends. To everyone else, he did not care in the slightest.

Conor had already provoked Jackie before yet still hoped that he would save him. Jackie felt like it was a complete joke.

He did not regret killing Conor this quickly. In fact, he thought he should have left Conor alive to slowly be tortured. Only then would Conor realize how laughable his thoughts were.

At that moment, Alfred was already done as well. The three masked men could no longer hold on as they died at the same time.

Alfred took the bottles that contained the Heartblood and happily walked over to Jackie, who then placed the bottles in Mustard Seed. Even though he did not know what they could be used for, they must be incredibly useful if such a huge price was being paid for them. He would keep them and see what happened.

Meanwhile, four men in cotton robes were walking out of a valley a distance away. Their clothes seemed to be of good quality, but they were in completely different states.

The first two looked completely disheveled. Their clothes were completely ripped, and blood flowed down their robes. They had chains on their limbs, and they had an ashen look on their faces. They looked like they were about to die.

The two behind them looked to be in a much better state. Their limbs were free from chains, their bodies uninjured, and their clothes not tattered. As they walked, they chatted.

If Jackie were there, he would be able to tell that the two in front were from third-grade worlds while the two behind were from the second-grade world, the Sacred Water Continent.

They had clouds on their robes and looked incredibly arrogant.

"I don't know what they're thinking. It's not like they need the spirit crystals, but they insist on having us send these over. Can't we just get the Heartblood? Why do we need to go through so much trouble? We've been through so much trouble on the way. Even if we send them into their hands, we'd just get a few words of praise. I refuse to do something so tedious in the future!"

As Edson Chavez said that, he had a frustrated look on his face, evidently displeased by his situation.

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Hector Moralex let out a slight laugh as he shook his head helplessly. "Can we really do anything about this? Since we've agreed, we should just do a good job. Stop nitpicking and complaining. Even if we're just praised a little, it'll be worth it if they just remember us. In the future, they can help you with anything you want easily."

When Edson heard that, he shrugged nonchalantly. "What could I possibly need their help with? I'm pretty sure that they'll act like they don't know me if anything really happens. If I ask them for help, it'll be a miracle if they don't curse and swear at me, let alone help me."

Hector nodded, feeling rather dejected upon hearing this. Even if he did not want to admit it, he could not change the truth. In the eyes of those geniuses, they were just there for labor meant to work for those geniuses.

The more Edson spoke, the angrier he got. He just started to complain loudly.

"It's not like we had a choice on whether or not to agree back then. If we didn't agree to them, it's obvious how bad the consequences would be..."

"I looked around at that moment. Out of a hundred people, ninety-nine of them weren't willing, but they were forced to agree in the end..."

Hector shook his head. "Whatever, pay it no mind for now. We should focus on transporting these guys."

After saying that, Hector looked toward the two in front of them. One of them was walking with a straight back.

Pursing his lips, Hector proceeded to take a whip from his storage ring.

With a crack, it violently smacked against the man's back.

The man let out a cry of agony as he fell forward slightly.

Hector let out a satisfied smile at that. "Christian Skye, are you still refusing to admit defeat? You'll be horribly tortured soon. Rather than acting so proud, you should think about what you're about to go through."

Christian took a deep breath as hopelessness flashed in his eyes.

Still, he refused to accept defeat this way. He had gone through numerous trials and tribulations from a young age, yet he survived with all, gritting his teeth. Christian was not afraid.

He would not bend down to those demons in front of him.

Jackieson Hue, who was next to him, gazed at him worriedly before whispering, "Why are you being stubborn with them? You'll have an easier time if you just follow what they want. It doesn't mean that you're throwing away your dignity; you're just forced to do that. If we want to run, we can't be stubborn with them. It won't do us any good!"

Jackieson did not want to resign himself to his fate. Even though he was held captive by warriors from second-grade worlds, he was persistent in trying to find escape routes.

Christian sighed as he said, trembling, "But our chances of running away are very slim. The two of us are already heavily injured, and we're no match for them. Unless a miracle happens and a strong warrior from a third-grade world saves us, we won't be able to survive."

Saying that, Christian started to pale. He knew what his situation was.

He felt helpless, but there was nothing he could do about it.

Christian clenched his teeth and said, "These despicable men... I won't ever forgive them. I wish I could return the pain I'm suffering right now a hundredfold!"

Jackieson sighed.

Would they even have a chance?

Even if they did, how would they get their revenge?

As they thought about it, a figure suddenly appeared in front of them.

The two of them were stunned as they stopped in their tracks.

Both Edson and Hector shut their mouths as well.

The four of them looked forward and saw a man in deep gray robes standing right in front of them resolutely.

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Whoever this newcomer was, he did not have the marks of any second-grade world on him. It was obvious that he was from a third-grade world.

Hector and Edson looked at that person.

Someone who suddenly appeared like that was ill-intent, for sure. However, when they asked for the person's identity, they felt all too amused.

This man jumped straight into danger!

Was he there to give them free rewards?

Jackieson and Christian stared right at the man. He looked incredibly calm as if he was untroubled by whatever it was that took place between them.

The kind-hearted Christian felt moved upon realizing he, too, came from a third-grade world. He raised his neck as he mouthed out some words without making a sound. Christian wanted him to leave.

Jackie's lips curled up into a smile.

Just for that alone, he would save these two.

Jackie had not appeared here by coincidence. When he had Alfred stay, it was not because he wanted their Heartblood. Since time was tight, Jackie needed some information that he did not have the time to retrieve, so he left the task to Alfred.

Alfred did not betray Jackie's expectations.

He had managed to obtain everything Jackie wanted and even made a map for Jackie. No matter how the other side looked at him, Jackie still remained calm.

He took the map out of Mustard Seed, matching it against the terrain a few times to make sure he was not wrong, and noted he would reach his goal in just another 10 kilometers.

The four of them appearing must have meant that they were going to the same place as he was.

Hector saw Jackie calmly taking out the map, looking around as if he was determining his location.

His face darkened as he looked at Jackie with a cold gaze.

What was this guy trying to do?

Jackie was ignoring him and Edson, both from second-grade worlds, and was still looking at his map!

Hector scoffed as he narrowed his eyes. "Are you just being an idiot, or are you too prideful for your own good, brat? Do you think that the two of us won't do anything to you if you don't attack?"

"Just look at where you are. I've never seen someone voluntarily giving themselves up like you are."

Jackie's expression remained flat as though everything Hector said were mere nonsense.

After he determined his location, he slowly put the map back into Mustard Seed.

He slowly said, "Let me give you a kind reminder, you're the one being very prideful here. Do you really think that you can beat any third-grade warrior you meet in the slaughter game?"

Jackie wondered why the warriors from second-grade worlds were so confident.

When they faced him, they seemed to be so sure that he was a weakling before they ever saw him do anything. It was because of that attitude that every second-grade warrior who crossed Jackie paid with their lives.

When Hector heard that, he laughed as he looked at Jackie mockingly. "Are you trying to tell us that you're a great genius from a third- grade world that can kill us?"

He laughed uproariously. It was like Jackie had said an incredible joke.

Edson, too, felt like it was hilarious as well. They looked at Jackie like they were looking at a brainless animal.

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After having his fill of laughter, Edson jeeringly remarked, "Do you think we'll just believe what you say? If you were a genius or someone slightly strong, we'd be able to tell in an instant. We'd have been on guard, but you're not. You're just an idiot trying to act like you're strong in front of us!"

Hearing that, Jackie had a curious glint in his eyes.

There was a thought in his mind.

Could these people have looked into all of the geniuses of third- grade worlds?

Could they have remembered everyone who was skilled?

Comparatively, he was sort of a dark horse that had suddenly appeared, so he was not among those geniuses. That was why no one knew him.

Hector raised four fingers. "In this slaughter game, there are only four noteworthy warriors from third-grade worlds, and we've memorized how all four of them look like. As long as we meet them, we'd be on guard. However, not a single one of them looks like you."

"Stop with the act; don't think that we're idiots. We didn't just take part in the slaughter game for those five million spirit crystals, and we have more important things to do."

Jackie slowly nodded.

If he did not know those secrets, he might not have understood what they meant. However, he knew very well what they meant after he found out about the Heartblood.

The Heartblood was incredibly important to them.

They had spent a great deal of effort crafting a map of the slaughter game. After that, they put up a gathering point and sent out a lot of strong second-grade world warriors inside the slaughter game to retrieve the Heartblood.

They had to have some grand plan for it, and to prevent unnecessary events from happening, they would naturally have observed the participating warriors from third-grade worlds.

The moment they saw any strong warriors from third-grade worlds entering, they would immediately take note and notify all participating second-grade world warriors, thus preventing bigger problems from arising.

Jackie sighed as he started to look around.

He did not know why they were collecting so much Heartblood, but he had decided to find out before having them pay for it. If it was something beneficial, he would take it for himself.

After thinking about that, Jackie no longer hesitated.

He looked up at Hector and Edson, coldly saying, "I'd advise the two of you to treat this seriously, then I'd at least have a good time killing you. If you look down on me, then it'll feel like I'm just killing livestock. It'll be too boring."

The moment he said that, Edson and Hector's expressions soured.

Hector said with a huff, "Brat! You're really crossing the line here. Since you want to die so badly, I'll grant you your wish!"

Christian started to try and struggle against his chains, but the chains were made with a special material.

He was heavily injured as well, so he was not capable of running, though he still tried to put up a fight.

He struggled as he shouted at Jackie, "Just hurry and leave while you can! Are you crazy?! You'll be tortured if they capture you!"

Jackieson shook his head helplessly.

He sighed, already resigning Jackie to a fate that was worse than the two of them. If they were going to be tortured for four hours before they were killed, then Jackie would be tortured for eight.

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The two warriors behind them were not easy to deal with.

They were vicious and never regarded warriors from third-grade worlds as people. They merely treated them as livestock that could be killed at any moment.

Christian was struggling immensely, causing Hector to frown as he whipped Christian again.

Christian fell to the ground as his back burned hotly.

Jackie frowned, and his calm expression finally turned serious.

Those second-grade world warriors' hands were all stained with the blood of third-grade world warriors.

Jackie was someone who would ignore anything that was not too outrageous. After all, it was his belief that the world was branded with the 'survival of the fittest' notion, and death was common news. However, he could not remain calm at the current situation.

Jackie's hands moved as he formed countless seals that materialized in the air, quickly fusing together.

A faint black glow could be seen from the middle of the fusion, and a one-meter-long blade appeared in front of everyone.

Edson and Hector exchanged an incredulous look. They felt like Jackie was crazy and refused to drop whatever facade he crafted.

They had seen through him, but he still insisted on acting like he was an amazing genius. It was both hilarious and frustrating.

Hector scoffed as he took out his weapon, rushing forward. They would be too kind to him by facing him at the same time, and Hector planned on finishing things in one blow to show Jackie the gap between him and geniuses from second-grade worlds.

Jackie sighed helplessly when he saw Hector attacking alone.

The moment Hector attacked, Jackie could tell the limits of Hector's strength and estimate who he was. Even if he was from a holy grade clan, he would only be an ordinary inner disciple.

Hector could not be anything spectacular at all.

Jackie pushed his hands forward, and his Broken Soul Blade shot forward like a cannon, swiftly clashing with the sword in Hector's hand.

Everyone heard a crack as the sword shattered the moment it clashed.

Before everyone could react, the gray Broken Soul Blade had pierced through Hector's chest. The man had not even been able to cry out in agony before he fell to the ground.

The Broken Soul Blade had not diminished in strength after piercing through Hector and continued to charge toward Edson, who was not far away.

The horrified Edson lunged upward, trying to turn around and run immediately.

Hector had not held back earlier, but his weapon had been shattered right away, and he was basically punctured before slamming onto the ground.

Edson was no match for Hector, so there was no way he could fight against Jackie.

It was madness incarnate!

Jackie had not been acting or putting on a show; he really was that strong.

They were screwed, and they could never survive this! Edson was completely terrified at that moment.

He regretted doubting Jackie. If he had, he might have been able to leave. Yet, he practically stood no chance at that moment.

As the thought surfaced in Edson's mind, he felt a chill in his chest before pain flooded in his mind.

He looked down to see the same gray blade piercing through his chest. The pain of his soul being ripped apart started to spread from his chest, and his cries of agony soon followed.

The intense pain rendered him incapable of thought as he collapsed on the ground, and he then began to spasm, as did every other warrior who had been hit by the Broken Soul Blade-unable to control himself at all.