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Chapter 3401

Nonetheless, Jackie decided on going.

That place was a wide-open field with nowhere to hide anything, and he was very confident in his abilities. Even though the other two might be a bit difficult to handle, the two of them were no match for him if he used the full extent of his abilities.

The other warriors could be dealt with by those who went with him.

After two hours, Jackie arrived at the arranged place where Guardio, Jake, and five other warriors waited.

When he saw how serious all of them looked, Jackie could not help but wonder what they were thinking.

As he thought about it, he continued walking toward them. After another five minutes, Jackie stopped about 60 meters in front of them. Since he was standing the furthest in front, the two of them stared at him.

When Jackie stood still, Jake shouted out hoarsely, "I was wondering who it was. So it's you!"

Jackie raised an eyebrow curiously, not expecting the man to recognize him. He looked at Jake, thinking about it for a while before noting that he had never seen him before.

Jake did not wait for Jackie to ask any questions and added, borderline shouting, "Who did the screening? How did they miss out on such a big problem?!"

Jake was incredibly emotional, so much so that his hands were clenched and his whole body was trembling. Moreover, he looked rather crazed.

Guardio looked at Jake in confusion. He did not recognize Jackie at all; it was his first time seeing Jackie.

When he saw how emotional Jake was, the curious Guardio reached out to grab Jake's arm. "Who is this person? Why are you so emotional?"

Jake replied, "Do you remember me telling you that I had three juniors who lost to a warrior from a third-grade world? It's this guy. His name is Jackie. His image has already been circled around our clan!"

"Every single warrior from the Azure Clan knows who he is! I shouldn't have slacked off when they were doing their checks. I should've followed them and looked through every

single person. If I was doing the checks, I would've seen him immediately! This guy just brings disaster!"

Just thinking about Jackie's record, Jake could not help but shiver.

Both the 33rd and 32nd-ranked disciples had fallen to him even when they attacked Jackie together. After that, a chosen disciple ranked in the top 20 but whose true strength was in the top 15 had lost to him as well.

Just with those results, Jake believed that Jackie would at least be ranked in the top five in his clan.

He would definitely not be able to stand up against Jackie.

Jackie had completely turned the tides just with his own strength, which made Jake even more sure that Jackie was the scourge of the Azure Clan.

Jake's hands trembled slightly. "I can't believe it's you! I thought that you wouldn't arrive in Weinhard City so quickly, but I was wrong. I can't believe we were unlucky enough to meet you!"

Jake's lips trembled as he spoke. His expression looked so sour that it looked like he had eaten a fly.

He turned around and said helplessly, "If it were anyone else, the two of us might've been able to face them together. If it's Jackie, then forget about it. I don't have the confidence. Even if the two of us work together, I'm still not confident in beating him. This guy really is a variable. Not only that, but he's... He is a complete monster, too."

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"You must be thinking that Jackie must be from the Chaos Continent or Lycan Continent at worst, but that's not the case. This person comes from the weakest continent there is, Hestia!"

Jake's expression was completely twisted as he said all of that.

When he found out the information, Jake refused to believe that a brat from Hestia was able to cause the Azure Clan so much trouble. Even chosen disciples were no match for him.

He knew very well the kind of place Hestia was. It was a completely resource-deprived place. He thought that the strongest warrior from that place would only be able to be a runner disciple or an outer disciple, yet all of the sudden, a phoenix from a garbage dump raised and became a dark horse.

When Guardio heard that, his eyes widened abruptly. "What did you say? This guy is from the Hestia Continent?!"

As he said that, his face was full of disbelief.

Knowing the sort of place Hestia was, he was completely mystified that such a worthless place produced a warrior as strong as Jackie, and the shock was evident on his face. Even him working together with Jake would not be able to beat him!

He did not doubt the truth in Jake's words. He knew that no matter how flawed Jake was, Jake was a prideful warrior, so the fact that Jake said all of that indicated that it was true.

Guardio's lips twitched, and he started to look at Jackie with a completely different expression. Even his emotions started to feel a bit twisted.

The fact that he could not even stand up to a brat from a worthless third-grade world kept on echoing in his head.

He could not accept it, but there was nothing he could do about that. The truth was right in front of him. Unless he was crazy enough to try to work with Jake to fight Jackie, he would need to accept it.

There were thousands upon thousands of warriors in Weinhard City's Three Deer Stage. Among those warriors, a third were from second-grade worlds while the rest were from third-grade worlds. They were all gathered there to witness the final results of the slaughter game.

The ones who survived the slaughter game would be sent to the Three Deer Stage, and the top-three placements would be revealed in a massive scroll.

Some of the warriors gathered there were waiting for their fellow disciples, while the others were just there to watch the show.

Most of the warriors from third-grade worlds looked visibly grim. They had been pushed around by the warriors from second-grade worlds, and each time they looked at a warrior from a third-grade world, they would feel incredibly uncomfortable.

As time slowly passed, the warriors gathered gradually lost their patience, especially the warriors from third-grade worlds.

A warrior from the Lycan Continent said to his fellow disciple, "What's taking so long? Why hasn't it ended? It's already a day later than any other slaughter game before! Did something happen? Is the situation completely messed up? Why aren't they out yet? We were told to wait for their triumphant return, and I hope nothing bad happened."

His junior next to him frowned and said, "There shouldn't be any problems. They just have to wait until a hundred and twenty people die for the game to end. Perhaps the ones who entered this time are closer in skill, so the battles last longer. That might be why it's been dragged on for so long."

The moment he said that, the warriors next to them joined the conversation as well. Even though they did not know each other, it did not stop them from talking.

A warrior from the Chaos Continent said, "Something unexpected must've happened for the time to drag on, I can almost feel it. Still, it shouldn't be so long. At the very most, it'd be half a day. It's already a day, but there are no signs of them coming out. I wonder how much longer we'll have to wait. I'm starting to get anxious."

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The one standing next to him nodded. "I'm anxious, too! Everyone waiting here is anxious. I'm worried that we'll get some bad news. I should've stopped my junior back then. I shouldn't have let him join this stupid slaughter game. The death rate is depressingly high, and it's too dangerous..."

"It's not like there are no other ways to earn spirit crystals. What need was there for him to take such a huge risk to join the slaughter game?!"

The moment he said that, there were calls of agreement throughout, and more of them started to discuss it.

"That's right... The death rate in the slaughter games is way too high. Even though the game will end once a hundred and twenty people die, most of them who'll die are the warriors from third-grade worlds, and they have a seventy-percent death rate. Just thinking about such a high number of deaths makes me shudder!"

The moment that was said, everyone's expression soured. Even though they did not say anything, their hatred for warriors of second-grade worlds still reached its limit. The warriors from second-grade worlds and the warriors from third-grade worlds were already reaching the peak of their conflict.

A warrior from White Marsh Continent said curiously, "Did you notice? They seem much quieter this time..."

That person was referring to the warriors from second-grade worlds.

He would naturally not name any names, worried about being targeted, so he chose to be vague in voicing his thoughts. The others naturally understood, and they started to talk about it.

“That’s right. Before this, the Three Deer Stage will have a lot of warriors gathered here when the slaughter game is about to end. They’d try to show off in front of us, and always try to mock us...”

“I don’t know what happened this time. Those guys might still be gathered together and separated from us, but they’re not actively running their mouths, accusing us of ‘not knowing our place’. It’s strange. Did they have an epiphany or something?”

The moment that person said that, someone immediately shot back, “Even if pigs can fly, these people will never gain any self-awareness without a prompt. They’ll do whatever they can to push us down as long as they get the chance to. They just want to show us how noble they are. There must be something wrong going on here.”

“What could be happening? I think it’s because the warriors from second-grade worlds who entered this time are all just not that strong. The ones in the top three might be warriors from third-grade worlds. They anticipated the result, so they aren’t daring to act arrogant!”

“I think so too. Why else are they so quiet? They’re gathered here, but they’re not talking or loudly shouting at anyone. It’s like they’ve become mute.”

The discussions were heard by the warriors from second-grade worlds, and their anger soared. They did not act as arrogantly as before because they did not want their plans to be exposed.

They wanted to avoid any trouble as long as it was possible, hence their silence. Unexpectedly, these useless third-grade world warriors belittled them!

They felt like they were completely smeared. The warriors from second-grade worlds could no longer remain calm.

An inner disciple from a holy grade clan suddenly shouted at the warriors from the third-grade worlds, “What do you know? We just don’t want to bother you guys. Are your ears itching because you haven’t been shouted at? Will you only be happy if we mock you a few times?”

“The top three places in the slaughter game will always belong to the second-grade worlds. There’ll never be anyone from a third-grade world! You’re dreaming here. You’re just lumps of trash bags! All you’re good at is bragging!”

This time, the warriors from the third-grade worlds were in a complete uproar.

Those words were just far too ugly. The insults had never been so bad before.

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The warriors of third-grade worlds were enraged to have been insulted by such words.

They wanted nothing more than to fight all the warriors from the second-grade worlds, yet they knew very well that the warriors from second-grade worlds were stronger than them on average.

However, there were warriors from over ten third-grade worlds there, and they had the upper hand in numbers, so a clear victor could not be easily decided if they ended up fighting.

Those from second-grade worlds had pushed them down too many times, so they had piled up a lot of anger.

A warrior from the Lycan Continent shouted out loudly, "I know that second-grade worlds have a lot of strong warriors, but do you think there are none from third-grade worlds? We have powerful prodigies, too. We have more prodigies than you, too!"

"Don't think you can keep waving your 'we're from a powerful origin' card to our faces. We haven't done anything against you before this just because we don't want the trouble, but you kept trying to cross the line!"

Everyone around him agreed, cursing at the second-grade world warriors for not knowing their place. Ever since they started to be grouped up with second-grade worlds, they had been looked down on in every front.

Those warriors from second-grade worlds were clearly not that god-like, but they relished in acting as though they were superior.

No matter what the actual situation was, they decided that they were better than warriors from third-grade worlds just because of where they were from.

A warrior from a third-grade world shouted, "It's not like every one of you is a genius, so why are you acting like you're an omnipotent being? You keep trying to show off in front of us."

"You do have strong warriors on your side, but do you think we don't? You have so many wandering warriors, which is pretty much the same as us. I really don't know where you get your sense of superiority from!"

When the warriors from second-grade worlds heard that, they refused to show any weakness.

A warrior from the Golden Continent said loudly, "We're just stronger than you; that's why we're superior! We're a level higher than you. Curse your luck to have been born in a third-grade world, then. If you hailed from a second-grade world, I'd look at you as an equal!"

When that was said, it ignited the anger of third-grade world warriors. The arguments got more and more intense. If it was not for the fact that they still knew to hold back, they would have started fighting on the spot.

A warrior from the Sacred Water Continent frowned as he lowered his voice, saying, "Why are all of you quarreling with those scraps? What's the point? Will you be able to win anything?"

"In the end, the results are what matters. Just let them say whatever they want..."

"They'll just be slapped in the face anyway. Do you think they can even dream of being high up in the rankings? Ever since the slaughter games started, no third-grade world warrior has been able to climb on that board. They're just dreaming by saying all of that. Just let them dream on."

After that person said that, quite a few warriors from second-grade worlds agreed.

A warrior from the Sacred Water Continent said, "They're just being loud right now because they don't know anything. Once the slaughter game ends, they'll be stunned when they see who survives."

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Saying that, the warriors from second-grade worlds immediately lowered their voices, not wanting those from third-grade worlds to hear them.

"Lance is right. Do we really need to waste our time and effort on them? Let them feel with themselves for now. They'll be crying soon enough."

An inner disciple from Azure Clan laughed and said, "Even before the results are out, we already know who'll be in the top three. They're all blindly trying to guess like idiots. They're even saying that their men, too, can be at the top of the slaughter game rankings! I can't believe they're not afraid of being laughed at!"

An outer disciple of Azure Clan laughed and said, "The results aren't out yet, so they can say whatever they want. These people are already used to living in filth. They sure love dreaming. We shouldn't be so petty with them."

"Guardio will be in first place, Jake will be second, and Florian will be in third place anyway, and that won't change! Let them feel happy about themselves for now. There's no point for us to stoop to their level."

"You're right. They can say whatever they want to, 'cause it won't happen anyway. We should just keep quiet so we don't stir their suspicions. Their happiness won't last that long, and their laughter will die down soon enough."

Slowly, the warriors from second-grade worlds no longer bothered quarreling with the warriors from third-grade worlds.

The warriors from the third-grade worlds no longer bothered arguing since the other party was quiet, but their suspicions remained as they could not shake off the feeling something was amiss. However, they could not figure it out.

Time slowly passed, and after another hour or so, the Three Deer Stage finally showed some movement.

A vibrant light suddenly surrounded the whole stage, causing everyone to hold their breaths. Everyone knew that the results were about to be announced.

A massive scroll materialized at the center of the stage slowly flying into the air. After that, the scroll was slowly opened. The slaughter game only announced the top ten rankings, and it would start from first place.

Their shock was only warranted when they saw Jackie's name.

A warrior from Hestia said as his lips trembled, "Jackie is in first place...With twenty-one kills! He hails from Hestia, and he's in first place! Quick, have a double-take! Did I misread that? Am I hallucinating?!"

His fellow disciple next to him said, "No, you read right! Just look at everyone else's faces. They look the same as you! If it's a hallucination, then everyone must be hallucinating at the same time!"

Jackie's name was in first place, while Guardio was in second place, and Jake was in third. In fourth place was someone called Chandler.

The warriors from the second-grade worlds were all stunned. Florian's name was nowhere to be seen among the top ten at all!

Where did he go?

A chosen disciple from Azure Clan said stiffly, "Could something have happened to Florian?"

"Impossible! Florian ranks at the eleventh place among chosen disciples. With his skills, there wouldn't be any problems for him to sweep the slaughter game. There's no way anything happened to him! Florian must've had some other plans and ignored the rewards!"

After that person said that, everyone else was quiet.

No one agreed with him, and no one spoke. Everything in front of them had stunned the warriors from second-grade worlds. They could not believe what they were seeing!

All of them had stiff expressions on their faces.

At that moment, a warrior from a third-grade world said loudly, “Do you see that? Who’s in first place?! I’ve already said that there will be a warrior from a third-grade world in the top three! You refused to believe it and even tried to insult us!”

“Open your eyes and look! Who’s in first place?! Is it a warrior from a second-grade world?!”