

## No. 1 Supreme Warrior chapter 2596

### Chapter 2596

Jackie's words stunned Rudy once again. After a long time, Rudy nodded and said, "You're right, if he accuses Harold of anything, he would be implicating himself. He would definitely be punished. If we let him go, we've lost any control over him. He can do whatever he wants, so why would he pay such a large price to accuse Harold..."

Jackie nodded as he looked at Rudy as if Rudy had finally learned something, "It's good that you understand that. That's why it was pointless to listen to those dumb claims from the guy. He had to die today. I won't relax unless a rabid dog like that dies by my own hands."

Rudy nodded with a frown, "I'm still not happy about it. Are we just going to ignore what happened today? Are we just going to let go of the fact that Harold hired an assassin to kill us?"

Rudy said all of that through clenched teeth. If Jackie had not been strong enough, the two of them would not be able to walk out of Holy Cloud Mountain alive. Rudy was furious just thinking about it, unwilling to let go of such an incident.

Jackie raised an eyebrow, "Don't worry. Since he dared to do something like that, he'll naturally have to bear the consequences. It's not like you didn't hear what that person said earlier.

"He'd done something to stop himself from being killed off and silenced after the fact. We don't know what he did, but something will happen later on."

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Rudy frowned, shaking his head and not really agreeing to it, "Who knows what he did? What if he was lying? After all, he didn't really say anything. You should probably have killed him later so we can ask what exactly it was that he did. We'd at least be prepared for it."

Jackie let out a light smile as he looked over at the dense forest. In front of them was a winding road, and other than the leaves and grass, they could not see anything else.

Everything around him was green. Jackie paused for a long time before he said, "There are some things that we don't have to do anything about for the results to end up the way we want them to. Don't panic."

Before the third evening, Harold was frowning intensely. It was only four hours away from when they needed to go back to the transfer array. He was plucking some White Phoenix fruits while he thought about something.

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Johnson had been with him the whole time. The moment he saw Harold's expression, he knew what Harold was worried about. Johnson hurriedly walked up to Harold and grabbed the White Phoenix Fruit away.

"Stop squeezing it, it will be useless if you

squeeze it any longer. Didn't you tell me not to let my thoughts wander? So why are you being so worried now?"

Harold sighed as he looked into the distance and said, "Michael agreed to meet me hereafter everything was done. We'd then give him the final sum.

"We've already waited for three days, but he's still not here yet. If nothing happened, then he probably changed his mind."

Johnson sighed helplessly. He did not want to vent at that moment, because if he did, their mood would absolutely plummet. They might even start panicking and end up unable to react to anything.

They had been taking a huge risk the whole time anyway. If anyone knew what they did, they would definitely be dragged to the Elder Hall and be investigated by all the higher-ups.

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The crime of trying to kill another alchemist was something the two of them could not bear. Even if they had someone to back them up, there was no way they could be protected. After all, that act was far too evil.

Johnson reached out and patted Harold on the arm before saying, "There's no reason to doubt Michael's skills, so he must have changed his mind. I just wonder why he suddenly changed his mind. Could he think that killing Jackie would be incredibly troublesome?"

Harold shook his head, looked at Johnson seriously, and replied, "It's not the first time Michael has done a deal like this. I looked for him precisely because he's experienced with these things.

"The person who recommended him has used him before. Michael is very trustworthy, and he's intelligent as well. He does things cleanly and has never leaked out any information."

Johnson raised an eyebrow, "If that's the case, we don't have to be too worried. At the very least, Michael is someone who knows what to do. Even though he isn't here for some reason, he was probably held up by something. He probably found some incredibly valuable material..."

Harold shook his head and replied, "I'd be even more worried if that was the case. Michael is quite poor. The fact that he does all of this means he lacks resources and spirit crystals."

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"That's more reason for him to be here on time. The fact that he is not here just means that something must have happened. I wonder if that guy is dead or not!"

As he said that, Harold clenched his fists tightly. He was most worried about whether Jackie was still alive. He would be even more frustrated if that was the case.

Just thinking about Jackie's face made him want to send a few slaps at Jackie. He still vividly remembered how he was humiliated in the Elder Hall. In the task hall, Jackie had not given way to him and had even embarrassed him in front of everyone.

In the Elder Hall, Jackie had deliberately humiliated him again. He had never been so embarrassed in his life. Jackie was basically his arch-nemesis. He would absolutely not allow Jackie to remain alive.

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Johnson frowned. It was obvious how much Harold hated Jackie from his expression. If Jackie did not die, Harold might end up spitting blood in frustration.

He took a deep breath, thinking about it for a while before saying, "He must be dead. If Michael is really that trustworthy, then he must have had his eyes on Jackie the moment we stepped into this place."

I feel like he must have encountered something

else that would delay him from coming here after killing Jackie. It's not that he did not kill Jackie."

Harold nodded after a long while, "You're right. Michael is an incredibly trustworthy assassin. Could he have encountered some other danger or been spotted by someone?"

Johnson shook his head, not daring to say his thoughts. Even if he told them, they would have no way to solve the problems anyway. He opened up Harold's hand and placed the White Phoenix Fruit back in Harold's palm.

"We're quite lucky this time. Not only did we get eighth-grade White Phoenix Fruits, but we also picked up Eighth-Grade Turtle Blood Grasses. If we redeem them at the task hall, they'd be worth quite a few spirit crystals. We profited quite a lot this time, so we should relax a bit.

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Hearing that, Harold's tense face eased up. The two of them did profit quite a bit this time. Eighth-grade materials might not be incredibly large fortunes to them, but it was still an unexpected windfall.

Eighth-grade materials were all incredibly expensive. They had even managed to pick two up. They were definitely much luckier than they had been in the past.

Johnson let out a cold laugh as he raised an eyebrow, "That group of guys must be incredibly happy. The two of us haven't looked for them because we have something on our minds. If it was before, everything good they got would be ours."

Harold nodded proudly, "They won't be so lucky next time."

As he said that, the identification badge suddenly glowed in red light. The red light was like a thin line, leading the way to a specific location. The two of them exchanged a look and nodded to each other at the sight.

When the red light started to glow, it meant the three days were already up. They needed to head back to the transfer array. Elder Eliot was incredibly strict. If they were late, they might very well be punished.

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They did not dare to delay as they headed straight for the transfer array following the red light. After approximately four hours, they started to see the large transfer array.

There were around seventy to eighty people there when they arrived. Everyone had happy looks on their faces as they discussed their earnings.

When the two of them arrived near the transfer array, those more familiar with them greeted them while the unfamiliar ones looked at them warily, making some space for them.

Harold and Johnson calmly stood at the empty spot. Since they were more talented than others, the two of them regularly received special treatment, so they did not think anything was odd.

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Elder Eliot leaned against a large tree. In his mouth was a small wooden stick that had appeared out of nowhere. He had an impatient look on his face.

Harold swept his gaze across everyone present. When he saw that Jackie was not there, he let out a breath of relief as he relaxed slightly.

Even though it was still early, most of the alchemists were already gathered there. The fact that Jackie was still not around meant that Jackie must already be dead. The thought played around in his head, but Johnson looked at him with a concerned expression, "Harold... something's wrong."

Those words shook Harold's heart as he looked up abruptly and replied, "What's wrong? Can you please speak clearly? Are you trying to scare me by finishing your sentence?"

Johnson took a deep breath as he tried his best to calm himself down, "If Jackie died, would Elder Eliot be so calm? Don't forget that the identification badge will alert him if anyone dies.

"Elder Eliot is leaning against the tree so casually, it's obvious that nothing happened. If something really bad happened, he would absolutely be on high alert!"

Those words shocked Harold as his eyes widened. Only then did he recall the key use of the identification badge. Johnson frowned, wanting to continue, but a familiar figure caught his eye.

He swallowed his words before he could speak as he turned around suddenly. He saw that Jackie was slowly walking toward them, and behind Jackie was his little follower.

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The two of them walked over slowly and seemed incredibly carefree. Jackie's follower had somehow found himself a fan. The weather was not even that hot, but he still fanned himself as he walked, looking incredibly pleased.

It was not just Johnson who was speechless, even Harold looked like he had swallowed a few flies. He had an incredibly sour look on his face. Rudy almost let out a laugh when he saw their widened eyes.

He whispered to Jackie, "It's just as we expected. Just look at their expressions, it's like their own fathers just died. This is hilarious."

Jackie grunted lightly and nodded before whispering, "Control your emotions. We have to act like we don't know anything, and nothing has happened."

Rudy nodded seriously. The two of them had discussed things for a long time. The fact that Harold and Johnson dared to do that means that the two of them still had things up their sleeves.

Harold's face turned purple as he looked like he had seen a ghost. He looked on at Jackie who was walking toward them and found himself struggling to even breathe.

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Jackie was not dead?! How could he not be dead? What was Michael doing? Did Michael really end up regretting things as they thought? Was that why he did not attack Jackie?

However, Michael had never done something like that before. Michael had even killed people who were more talented than Jackie before, so why did he not kill Jackie? What happened?

Those thoughts floated around Harold's mind like huge waves. No matter how well Harold could control his emotions, he could no longer calm himself down. He really wanted to pull Michael over and properly ask him what had happened!

He had spent a lot of money to hire Michael. He had even bribed a steward so the steward would send Michael here ahead of time. Just setting up the proper connections had used up more than half a month of Harold's time.

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Yet, Jackie still stood there as if nothing had happened. It meant that all the hard work and money he had spent were all wasted. Looking at Jackie's calm expression that seemed like nothing had happened, Harold was infuriated.

It was like a massive rock pressing down on his body. He could spit out a mouthful of blood and die at any moment! Johnson immediately knew that Harold was about to lose control of his expression.

He hurriedly grabbed Harold's arm and whispered, "Calm down. This is actually good news for us."

Harold turned around angrily when he heard that. His eyes widened as he replied, "Good news? How is it good news? Don't you see Jackie standing right there, perfectly fine? He's standing there alive, but you say it's good news? Is something wrong with your head? Have you gone crazy?!"

Harold felt like he was about to be angered to death. His entire body was filled with anger. If he did not have a shred of reason left, he would have rushed right at Jackie.

Johnson said helplessly, "It means that Michael did not attack him at all. Even though we don't know why he broke off the agreement, at least we're safe for the moment.

"Michael has a deal with us. If we sell him out, he won't be in a good position either. So even though he didn't complete the task, at least the information wasn't leaked out. We've definitely wasted our effort and resources, but at least we're safe."

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### Chapter 2600

Harold knew that Johnson was right, but he could not control his composure at that moment. When he saw Jackie standing there upright, Harold felt like his anger was about to boil over. He was struggling to even hold on.

He had no way to vent, so he was forced to target Johnson, "It's been so many years, but you haven't grown at all. All you know is to scheme and play it safe, but you've never learned that you need to move forward to accomplish great things. All you know is to be careful, but that means you won't have much of a future!"

Johnson's face stiffened when he heard that. He knew that Harold was just using him to vent and that he should swallow it, but those words really did frustrate Johnson.

Elder Eliot yawned a few times before he left the tree he was leaning against. He glanced at everyone present.

"You're all more or less here. There should still be three or four people lagging behind. I told you before that I don't have a good temper. The ones who are late won't just be scolded by me..."

The moment he said that a sharp cry could be heard from the forest. Everyone was shocked by the cry and looked toward where it came from.

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Elder Eliot frowned as he took out his weapon from his spatial storage. Everyone was already incredibly anxious thanks to the cry, and Elder Eliot shouted out angrily, "Everyone gathers at the transfer array. Prepare to leave!"

After he shouted that, a green figure ran out of the forest. Elder Eliot looked at the person and immediately shouted, "White, what happened? Were you the one shouting earlier?!"

White nodded as he answered, running toward them, "There's a dead body! Half of the corpse was torn apart! It looks horrifying! The body is just right there, hurry up and take a look!"

"A dead body?" Elder Eliot frowned as he shouted out with a strange expression. The words had immediately triggered Elder Eliot to move.

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He immediately pulled out a scroll and observed every name on it. The identification badges are connected directly to that scroll. As long as someone died, there would be an indication on the scroll.

The scroll was calm at that moment, there were no notifications. That meant that no one was dead, so White was just blindly shouting for no reason.

Elder Eliot looked up angrily and replied, "What are you shouting about? Who died? No one died!"

White pointed at where he had come from with an upset look and said, "There really is a corpse. You'll know if you just go and take a look!"

Elder Eliot frowned anxiously. It did not seem like White was lying. He sighed. Since White had said it that way, there was no reason not to bring everyone over.

Elder Eliot waved, and all of the alchemists present followed behind him and headed toward where White was pointing. It was about four hundred meters away from the transfer array, a mutilated corpse was lying among the grass.

There was a dense smell of blood around the area, and fresh blood stained the grass. It looks incredibly bloody and ghastly. White no longer needed to say anything, the scene had proven it.

Elder Eliot was stunned as the frown froze on his face. He reached out and pointed at that body with a trembling hand.