

## No. 1 Supreme Warrior Chapter 3381 - 3390 -

### Chapter 3381

Agelt scoffed as he coldly glanced at Jackie, mentally telling himself that Jackie deserved the insults.

This man really did not know his place and seemed capable of saying anything.

Jackie, however, remained calm, as if everything they said was just nonsense that could not affect his composure at all.

He chuckled and said, "I know you don't believe me, but that's fine. I'll prove to you which one of us is the fool here."

After saying that, Jackie took a step forward and said to Manson loudly, "Didn't you think you were stronger than me? Why don't we have a match to prove it?"

When Jackie said that, he had an abnormally serious look on his face. He did not seem to be joking at all.

He only noticed after they arrived there that they had six opponents while there were only five on their side. Other than himself, Jackie did not feel like anyone on his side would be able to defeat their opponents, so he devised a new plan.

Before the two of them fought, Jackie wanted to try to eliminate the strongest one before dealing with the rest. For the sake of the bigger picture, he had to take every step carefully.

No one else knew what Jackie was thinking.

Jackie bemused Agelt. He did not think that Jackie would be able to kill Manson and instead felt like he himself would be the one to clean up after everyone, being the determinant of this whole battle.

That had been Agelt's thoughts the whole time, so when he heard what Jackie had said, it provoked him enough to stand out and voiced his complaints. However, the others did not know what Agelt was thinking at all. Even if Jackie knew, he would just think that Agelt was dreaming.

Manson's smile disappeared as he narrowed his eyes, glaring right at Jackie. "Brat! You're even more outrageous than I thought. Do you think you can really beat me?!"

Jackie nodded emphatically and added, his tone serious, "If I didn't think I could face you, I wouldn't have asked for it. If you don't think you can beat me alone, you can always get another team member. I can deal with two of you at once."

Manson was red with fury. "How dare you?! You're unbelievably arrogant. Who do you think you are, taking on two of us at once? Are you done bragging? There really are miracles everywhere! You're the biggest idiot I've ever seen!"

As he said that, Manson's voice shook a little in his rage. He felt like everything Jackie said was an insult to his dignity. There was no way Manson could stand it. Other than Braum, everyone else thought that Jackie was crazy.

He had to be crazy to have said this, possibly trying to anger them, which he succeeded in doing. Manson was quite angry, and he could no longer stand it as he rushed right at Jackie.

In the air, his hands constantly formed white seals. Those seals distorted in the air, fusing into the surrounding space. A second later, snowflakes of various sizes started to appear as the surrounding temperature started to drop.

Every breath they took produced white clouds.

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Manson stood among the snowflakes before he quickly charged right at Jackie.

Jackie raised an eyebrow as he started to form seals with his hands. In just a moment, the Broken Soul Blade appeared right in front of him.

Jackie was insignificant, Manson mused to himself, so much so that he could be killed with just a pinch like an ant. He clapped his hands, and all of the snow in the air fused into one, forming a triangle. It had an incredibly cold aura as it charged right at Jackie.

Jackie pushed forward, and the Broken Soul Blade shot forward like an arrow, shooting right at Manson. In a flash, the two techniques clashed.

Everyone heard a cracking sound, and the ice started to shatter into countless fragments.

Those fragments shot out incredibly quickly, and with the cold energy within, they formed large craters on the ground when they landed. Everyone rushed to avoid them when they saw that.

Countless craters were formed as dull explosions were heard.

By the time they looked over, the proud Manson had already fallen to the ground. He had a look of pain on his face as his whole body trembled. His mouth was open as he let out cries of agony.

No one knew how to react to that sight.

Manson actually lost!

He lost after a single strike, leaving him no room to fight back at all. At that moment, Manson lost all his dignity as he rolled on the ground.

Jackie saw that sight several times a day and was already used to it, but the same could not be said for the others.

Braum's expression did not shift too grandly, he knew Jackie was no normal human. Regular chosen disciples from holy-grade clans were no match for him. Meanwhile, the

others struggled to accept that Jackie had beaten Manson, especially Agelt. His eyes were completely wide, and his lips twitched.

He looked at Manson crying on the ground in agony before looking at Jackie, who was still as calm as ever.

He started to feel like the world was an illusion and started to doubt reality itself.

Was he dreaming?

He pinched himself, and the pain told him that everything was, unfortunately, real.

Jackie was actually that powerful, and he was not bragging at all!

Manson really was no match for Jackie!

Agelt took a deep breath, feeling like he had a moment of realization. This explained why Jackie's tone had been so arrogant, he was so talented and capable that it translated into his actions.

Jackie did not care about what the others were thinking at all. His gaze was fixed on the other remaining opponents.

Hirving was stunned, evident in his demeanor. His mouth was wide open, and he looked like he was frozen in place.

Looking at that scene, Jackie frowned as he turned to say to the ones behind him, "What are you doing just standing around? Attack! If even one slips away, it'll bring us trouble!"

Jackie then quickly activated the laws of space and disappeared.

Uriel was the first to react. The moment he saw Jackie disappear, a sense of danger filled his head.

He did not even bother thinking as he grabbed Hirving and turned around to run.

At that moment, he did not care about Manson anymore, he brought it upon himself after all. The fact that Jackie had heavily injured Manson meant that they were no match for Jackie at all.

He had not been lying.

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With his skills, he could have faced two of his opponents at once. On top of that, he had help by his side. If they did not hurry and run, then endless torture awaited them!

Uriel pulled at the others and started to frantically run away.

Jackie picked up the pace of his pursuit.

At that moment, Uriel and the others scrambled away like dogs. They were frantically retreating, not even knowing where they were heading. All they knew was that it was the only way they would be able to survive.

After a few moments, Hirving felt a gust of wind behind him. He turned to look and was absolutely terrified when he saw that Jackie was already behind him.

Jackie aimed the sword in his hand at Hirving's back, and he let out a cry of fear as he sped up. Yet, Jackie was even faster than he was.

Intense pain spread throughout his being from where his chest was pierced.

As he looked down, he saw that a gray sword had pierced him, and blood stained his clothes. The next second, the intense pain of his soul being ripped apart spread from his chest to his whole body. He looked like a deflated balloon as he crumbled and fell to the ground.

Jackie pulled out his sword and continued to pursue the next one. After an hour, other than Manson who was still struggling on the ground, everyone had died to Jackie's sword.

When the dust settled, Jackie's companions exchanged looks of shock. They had come as a group but were useless as Jackie settled them all.

All they did was stand by the side, intimidating their opponents. They stopped their opponents from attacking Jackie together. After all, it would be hard for Jackie to handle six at one time.

Jackie's expression remained unchanged after he wrapped up everything.

He arrived next to Manson before he lifted Manson up and said without turning his head back, "Let's head back. This guy still has his uses. Knowing your enemy is the key to victory. We need to get even more information out of his mouth if we want to be sure of our win!"

Jackie's words were like gospel at that moment.

Everyone listened to him. Even Agelt listened wholeheartedly. They followed behind Jackie, arriving at their cave gathering spot where Rudy and the others remained.

After all, they were inferior in terms of battling and would only be a burden if they followed. It was better for them to wait at a safer location.

When the warriors in the cave saw that Jackie and the others were back, they got up excitedly.

They were even more excited when they saw that Jackie brought someone with him. After they entered the cave, the warriors waiting there started to ask about the situation.

Some of the warriors that were closer to Agelt hurried forward and said, "Agelt, you've worked hard. Everyone else did, too. You must've had a great victory. You even caught a hostage. With you around, even warriors from second-grade worlds stand no chance!"

Agelt pursed his lips awkwardly, not wanting to accept the praise. After all, they had done nothing other than say a few words. All the glory belonged to Jackie. Yet, there were some who could not tell that Agelt was feeling awkward at that moment.

One of them tried his best to flatter Agelt and said, "You're not injured at all. It looks like the battle ended very quickly! They're not on your level, huh? Did they get scared the moment they saw you?"

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Agelt frowned when he heard that, cursing the guy in his mind. He felt so awkward that he did not know what to say.

To stop himself from being in a similar situation, Braum stood up and said, "We didn't do anything at all. All six of them died to Jackie. His skills are beyond imaginable. None of them were a match for him at all."

The moment he said that, the cave fell quiet.

Quite a few of them were so shocked that their jaws hung open as they turned to look at Jackie.

At that moment, Jackie did not care about what anyone else was saying at all as he dragged the whimpering, struggling Manson to the deepest part of the cave.

The pain in Manson's soul rendered him unable to think properly. Jackie waved his hand, controlling the power of the Broken Soul Blade so it no longer ripped Manson's soul.

The pain slowly decreased, and Manson slowly recovered. He panted heavily, looking like his head had just been shoved into water.

Cold sweat stained his clothes, and his face was white as paper. When he saw his surroundings, his entire body stiffened. If it was not for the fact that he was still breathing, Jackie would have wondered if he was dead.

Manson gulped as he started to retreat backward.

Jackie smiled as he patted Manson's shoulder, saying coldly, "You wouldn't be able to do anything now, even if you could shrink your points. You should be able to tell. I didn't kill you and brought you back instead for a reason. Why don't you guess why I did this?"

Manson's lips stiffened as he looked at Jackie in dread.

He had too much fear in his heart and knew what he was going to face soon. He looked to the corner and could not help but shudder. This time, it was not from the pain, but from the intense fear.

Jackie scoffed and said, "You better know your place. I'm still feeling patient right now, but if you avoid any questions or try to lie to me, my patience will vanish in the blink of an eye. I told you that I have all the time in the world and hundreds of ways to torture you. If you want to experience it, I don't mind giving you a taste."

At that moment, Manson shuddered even more.

He did not even dare to look at Jackie. Thinking about how he had laughed at Jackie when he warned him before their battle, he suddenly realized that he had been the laughable one.

He had been the ignorant one, and Jackie had not lied at all. Manson was the one who walked into the pits himself.

These thoughts surfaced in his head as his breath grew labored, but there was nothing he could do.

He was already right on the chopping board at that moment, and he could not even kill himself.

On the other hand, Jackie was in no hurry when he saw that Manson was not talking. He instead reached out to grab Manson's shoulders.

Jackie continued, "I just want to ask a few simple questions. If you answer me, I'll kill you quickly. If you grit your teeth and refuse, that's fine too. I'll just have to waste some more time..."

"You felt what I can do just now. Didn't it hurt? If you don't answer me, you'll be in even more pain later. If you lie, the pain will increase by five times."

Jackie was expressionless even as he threatened Manson.

When Manson thought of the pain he had felt earlier, he could not help but start twitching.

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The pain was too inhumane to bear.

It hurted so much that Manson could not even form thoughts or control his body. It felt like he had been thrown into a pot of oil and fried a thousand times. Even being in hot oil would have felt better.

"What do you want to know?" said Manson raspily. "I... I don't know that much. I might be a chosen disciple, but I'm not that high up in ranking, so my position isn't that high either. I know very little about the important secrets..."

"In truth, there are some things I do want to know, but I never had the courage or the means to find out. You... You shouldn't hold out too much hope."

Jackie sneered as he stared at Manson and spoke, his tone so cold that Manson shuddered, "Don't try to brush things over here. I'm not one you can sway with a word or two. You should come clean and tell me everything I want to know."

"You're lying when you say you don't know and you don't dare to find out. Since you're being dishonest, then I'll give you what you want!"

The moment he said that, intense pain wracked Manson's soul again as though being slowly ripped apart.

He could no longer control his body as he spasmed on the floor.

Everyone took a few steps back when they saw what was happening. Even if they hated warriors from second-grade worlds, Manson's cries of agony were straight out of a nightmare, so much so that everyone felt a sort of sympathy for him.

Those warriors who were mentally weaker hid behind others. They started to look at Jackie with even more respect.

After five minutes of pain, Jackie controlled the power of the Broken Soul Blade to not hurt Manson's soul anymore.

Manson slowly started to breathe normally again, but his face was incredibly pale as if all the blood had been extracted from it.

"Now, answer me. What's the use of Heartblood? Where are the leaders of the second-grade worlds?" Jackie interrogated.

"How are their skills and what are their names? Tell me everything you know. Don't try to be stubborn. I can tell you that I have all the time in the world to waste on you. If you don't mind the torture, you can continue being stubborn."

Manson's entire body shook as he immediately said, "I'll talk! I'll tell you everything I know! Don't torture me anymore!"

Jackie smiled and said, "Let's see how you perform."

At that moment, Jackie might have a smile on his face, but he looked like a demon straight out of hell to Manson.

Manson's body shook, and his voice equally quivered as he whimpered, "I'm not lying. I really don't know that much. I want to know what Heartblood is used for. I did try to find out, but no one is willing to tell me!"

100 kilometers away from their location, at a cave 10 times bigger than Jackie's, a lot of warriors were gathered there.

A small number of them were from second-grade worlds, while most of them were from third-grade worlds. However, there was not a single warrior from a third-grade world that was standing.

All of them were lying in the freezing cave, their bodies shivering vehemently. They were chained up as numerous wounds decorated their bodies.

The warriors from second-grade worlds took amusement in torturing them.

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The warriors from the third-grade worlds that were lying on the ground were mostly already

tortured to the point that they had lost their sanity, but they remained alive. Those warriors from second-grade worlds would not allow them to die.

When they noticed anyone about to die, those people would be fed pills so they could be kept on the brink. They were strictly controlling the number of deaths.

In the center part of the cave saw three people sitting down. Three of them had different clothes on. When the other warriors from second- grade worlds looked at those three, they had fear in their eyes. It was obvious how highly regarded those three were.

The one on the left was from the Golden Continent. He was Jake Hall, a chosen disciple from a holy grade clan that was ranked tenth place in his clan.

The one from the middle was from Sacred Continent, called Guardio Montes, who was also from a holy grade clan, ranking ninth among their chosen disciples.

The one on the right was called Florian Banes. He was from Golden Continent, but from a different holy grade clan than Jake. Florian was the eleventh place in his clan.

The three of them were close in terms of skill. If they were to get down to it, Guardio was slightly stronger.

He sat in the middle and was the leader of this particular task in the slaughter game.

A warrior from Sacred Water Continent rushed over to Guardio's side, whispering for a long time into Guardio's ear.

Guardio's frown gradually deepened.

After hearing what that person said, Guardio waved the person away.

When the person left, Guardio said coldly, "It looks like we've underestimated these guys. We thought they were just little fish, but they're biting back right now. Already twelve of our warriors have disappeared. They're moving really quickly, and are leaving no trace behind."

Jake scoffed and said, "They're just biting at nothing. Fighting back like that will only give us some small losses, nothing of notice at all. We didn't care about them before because we thought they were not strong at all. Now, it seems like it's time to teach them a lesson."

Florian nodded as a cold glint flashed in his eyes, "Leave this to me. I want to deal with them myself. I'll skin all of them alive so they know what the consequences of going against us are!"

Guardio looked at Florian, frowning as he said, "Don't be too careless. Don't forget, a chosen disciple is among those who went missing. If they weren't skilled, they would have died before they could do that. Now that all those people are missing, they're probably not in any good condition. We need to increase our alertness to prevent any mistakes."



Florian scoffed, not paying it any mind, "They're just trash. How big of a splash could they possibly make? As long as I'm there, none of them will be able to run. Manson and the others should already be dead..."

"However, I feel like Manson probably didn't lose because of his skill, but had been tricked instead. No matter how much you look down on them, they're still somewhat smart. Manson's an impulsive guy, he was probably tricked quite easily."

Jake nodded, agreeing with what Florian said. Guardio felt like they were looking at things too lightly. Even though Manson was impulsive and arrogant, Manson was still no idiot.

He would definitely unleash his full strength when faced with danger, but they still lost contact with him in the end. It meant that the situation was worse than they thought.

Guardio took a deep breath as he said seriously, "Don't think that they'll be easy to deal with. Even though they're from third-grade worlds and we've looked into them, there might still be some mistakes. If some expert managed to sneak in, then the situation would be much more complicated."

Florian looked away, clearly not agreeing with what Guardio said. However, he could not say anything back

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The two of them went silent again. After a long time, Jake said, "How much more do we need? After this round of torture, we still need to go on..."

"This task is so troublesome that I'm regretting accepting it. If it wasn't for the fact that I'll be able to pick out two treasures for myself once the Vibrant Hall opens, I wouldn't have accepted this task."

Florian joined in on that, "Obviously! If it wasn't to open up the Vibrant Hall, I wouldn't be wasting my time here. I don't have that free time."

Jake sighed and said, "Those warriors from third-grade worlds are no idiots. Once the slaughter game ends, they will notice something amiss after a day or two. Then, things will be a lot more difficult if we want to do anything else. Even so, we have to keep on doing this."

Florian sighed, saying unhappily, "Those small operations already got us the Heartblood of two hundred people, but the higher-ups said that two hundred is far from enough. Opening the Vibrant Hall needs at least over a thousand. Even two or three thousand might not be enough..."

"We would need at least four to five thousand to completely open the Vibrant Hall. Otherwise, the place would not have been sealed for that long. Even after two five-hundred-year cycles, no one has opened it before. We're putting a lot of effort into opening that place up."

Jake shook his head and said, "There's nothing we can do about it. If we left it aside, the warriors from the other second-grade worlds would not. Then, they might end up opening it before us. We would only get the scraps that are left behind."

Guardio sighed as he said with a lowered voice, "It's a task from the higher-ups and we're forced to complete it. You know how those guys are. We'll end up being punished if we don't complete it. If that happens, we should be happy if the punishment isn't too bad. We wouldn't even have the time to consider our own benefits."

Thinking about all of that, Jake was incredibly frustrated, but there was nothing he could do.

Just as everyone was lamenting their situation, Florian suddenly heard a noise by his ear. He looked over toward the noise, and a voice entered his head.

Florian suddenly stood up as he looked in that direction.

The others looked at Florian, and Guardio said, "Who sent you a sound transfer?"

Florian clenched his teeth as he said in anger, "It's from Manson's sound array, but the person who sent it isn't Manson. It's the piece of trash that captured Manson. He wants to come and find me! He wants to challenge me to a duel to the death!"

Florian scoffed with a look of disdain.

That guy really did not know his place. Issuing him a challenge?

Did he think that he could defeat Florian just because they managed to capture Manson?

Manson was nothing to Florian. Anyone who could capture Manson was nothing to Florian either.

He sneered and said, "Since he wants to die so badly, I'll grant him his wish! I'll let him suffer the consequences of challenging me!"

After he said that, Florian rushed to find the person who sent him that message, but Guardio stood up to stop him.

Florian looked at Guardio and said in confusion, "Why are you stopping me? "

Guardio's lips twitched helplessly, internally cursing Florian for being a numbskull. He had clearly said that the situation was unusual, yet, Florian was still being led around by his own emotions so easily.

Guardio said, "What if it's a trap? Are you going to just rush in?"

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Not only was Florian not thankful at all after hearing that but absolutely furious as well.

He felt like Guardio was looking down on him by saying that.

What could he even amount to if he could not even deal with riff-raff from third- grade worlds?

Guardio was doubting his skills by saying that.

Florian scoffed and said, "They're trying to trick me? Do you think they can? Even if it is a trap, it will be broken through in front of absolute skill..."

"None of them is a match for me. On top of that, I won't be bringing any fewer men than they have with me. Only torture awaits them. They'll be slaughtered like nothing!"

As he said that, Florian was incredibly prideful. It was as if no one was a match for him at all.

When Guardio heard that, his lips twitched helplessly. He still had a lot to say, but it was obvious that Florian would not listen.

Florian wanted to walk into a death trap. His own biases made him look down on third-grade world warriors, and made him feel like those warriors could do nothing to him. That was why he was so prideful.

Guardio knew very well that it would be hard to change those thoughts. However, he was forced to deal with their current situation.

If Florian actually dies in a trap, then their slaughter alliance would have lost a key general. The situation would be even worse. Even after he had said so much earlier, the other two did not listen at all.

It made Guardio frustrated and exasperated.

Guardio took a deep breath before he placed his hand on Florian's shoulder, saying seriously, "I know you have the ability to deal with any problems, and I know you're not that much weaker than I am, but even if I was the one going, I'd still be incredibly careful..."

"Looking down on your opponents can destroy all your plans, don't you know that? Even if those warriors from third-grade worlds aren't as strong as us as a whole, you still can't ignore them and feel like you're invincible!"

As he said that, he was interrupted by Florian, "I know what you want to say. You want me to regard them with caution, but I can't do that. That would be an insult to ourselves. I've interacted with quite a few warriors from third-grade worlds after entering the Whirling World..."

"Not a single one of them was a match for me. They come from places with no resources. There's no way they can compete with us at all. I just need to point my finger, and they'll be so scared that they start shaking. If I need to regard these people highly, then what's the point of me learning how to fight?"

Florian seemed incredibly firm with what he said. It was as if anything else Guardio said would be an insult to him.

Guardio's lips twitched in exasperation. He was so angry he did not know what else to say. Florian's words seemed reasonable, but he was actually just forcing out excuses.

He was making excuses for his pride. In the end, he was just arrogant. He could not look at things calmly.

The matter was incredibly important, and Guardiola did not want any mistakes. Yet, those two did not seem to have the same attitude.

Guardio could not stop himself from getting angry.

“Even if you’re right, can’t you think about it? Are all of them really trash? Is there not a single one of them that could be stronger than you? As long as there’s just one, then you might never come back. I’m just concerned for you as well as the bigger picture...”

“Can you not be stubborn? This is not somewhere you can do anything you want!”

Right as he said that, Florian’s expression changed. He frowned as he looked at Guardio angrily.

The tension between them was incredibly thick. Jake saw that the situation was bad and immediately stood between the two of them, trying to diffuse the situation.

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Jake said in exasperation, “Don’t get so emotional. If the two of you end up fighting, wouldn’t it just benefit our enemies?”

“Both of you, calm down! We can’t get emotional with this. Guardio is right, but Florian has his points too. Both of you have your own logic, but thoughts can’t solve problems. We should stop fighting and figure out a solution.”

Guardio took a deep breath as he said, “There’s only one solution, which is to treat this seriously. We have to gather our forces. We have a strong fortress here that they won’t be able to attack.”

Guardio’s suggestion was reasonable, but in Florian’s eyes, it was completely different.

Florian said angrily, “Why are you acting like such a coward? You second guess and doubt everything. Just listen to what you are saying. You want to strengthen our base so they can’t attack? Who do you think they are? Who do you think we are? Why are you praising them at our own expense?”

“You act like they’re so strong and we’re so weak. Turn around and look. Those lying on the ground are all warriors from third-grade worlds. These pieces of trash can’t even fight back against us at all, but you seem to think they’re unbelievably strong!”

When Guardio heard that, he shook in anger. He felt like Florian was a complete imbecile, prioritizing his pride and dignity over anything else.

At that moment, Guardio was furious, “Since you think that the warriors from third-grade worlds are all trash, then tell me how those twenty warriors died? Why did Manson fall to them? Isn’t Manson a chosen disciple? If they’re so weak, how did they get him?”

Hearing that, Florian’s expression stiffened.

He wanted to retort but was stopped by Guardio, "Stop trying to argue. The normal warriors from third-grade worlds really aren't anything, but you have to admit that they do have strong warriors among them."

"The situation is as it is because something unpredictable is with them. That unpredictable factor is affecting the whole situation. If you're impulsive, you'll fall into their trap. They sent you a message precisely because they want to lure you out to deal with you!"

Guardio was practically shouting all of that. He was angry as well, but Florian seemed intent on not listening.

Florian felt like Guardio was just looking down on him, and that feeling blinded him.

He replied angrily, "You might be scared, but we're not! I refuse to believe that they'll kill me if I go there."

After saying that, Florian pushed away Jake and Guardio.

At that moment, he was acting completely from the anger in his heart, and would not listen to any advice. Even Jake felt that Florian was being too emotional. However, Jake knew that Florian would no longer listen to anyone else.

Florian was intent on proving that he would not fall for a trap, and would kill all of their opponents. Guardio's lips twitched, not continuing to stop Florian as he stood in place.

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Looking at Florian's retreat, all Guardio could do was sigh.

Jake turned to look at Guardio, sighing helplessly, "Are we being too careful? Florian's not weak. If we don't hold back, there are not many warriors from third -grade worlds that could match up with him..."

"Before he started the game, we'd already looked into all of the participating warriors, estimating their skill. All of those skilled warriors are already in our records. Florian might be impulsive, but he's not stupid..."

Before he could finish, Guardio stopped him.

Guardio turned around and said, "Why is your head still trapped in the air as well? With how things have gone, don't you see that there's a new variable among the third-grade worlds?"

"We never noticed it before. You're right, we already looked into all of them before the slaughter game started, but there might be some slips. If that person who we missed out on is incredibly strong, even stronger than me or you, then we'd be done for if we don't treat this seriously!"

Jake's expression stiffened. He whispered, "Really? Is there really a new variable?"

Guardio took a deep breath before he said in exasperation, "I believe there is, so we should plan for the worst..."

“To prevent any surprises from stopping our flow of Heartblood, we can’t leave this place. I couldn’t stop Florian, so it was time to figure out a new plan. We have to plan for the end...”

Florian brought six men out of the cave.

He started to head toward where the sound had been transferred from. He was filled with uncontrollable rage. He wanted to kill all those who challenged him. However, he still maintained his rationality, no matter how angry he was.

Time slowly ticked away, and they finally arrived at a lush green plain.

The plains were limitless. There was nothing to hide in at all. The green grass had even filled up the whole field. There was not a single tree in sight. Florian took a deep breath when he saw the plains.

It was a good place for a challenge. It was impossible to hide there.

Florian turned to the warrior behind him and said, “All of you, don’t worry. I won’t let my anger control me. If there are too many opponents, we can just retreat without consequences. If they don’t have that many people, then we can just charge forward and move them down. Let them feel how much better we are, and let them regret everything!”

All of his fellow disciples nodded as they agreed with Florian, “Florian, you’re amazing! You’ll definitely lead us to victory! These third-grade world warriors will quickly find out how wide the gap between us is. We’ll have them regret going against us!”

Facing those words of respect, Florian was enjoying things immensely. He hated Guardio for overthinking things, always nagging and holding back. It was not fun at all.

Unfortunately, Guardio was the strongest of the three and also the leader of this task.

In the past, Guardio would probably have been more polite no matter what Florian said. Guardio had nagged Florian to be careful.