

No 1 Supreme Warrior

Chapter 3631

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Anderson scoffed as he shot Octavius, who was obviously in a state of irreversible rage and looking like he would blow up any moment, a glare.

Anderson said in exasperation, “Is your brain made out of mush? So many of you are working together, so I’d definitely be serious about it, but you can’t threaten me at all. Do you not know what kind of place the fog battlefield is? It’s fog everywhere, dampening your senses. Once you go in, it’s like there’s a blindfold over your eyes...”

“You won’t be able to see anything more than ten meters away from you. You won’t even be able to work together. At most, it’ll be two of you against me, though you’re all hardly worth fretting about. You won’t be of any threat to me at all if it’s just the two of you, so you’re not worthy.”

Anderson was merely being his honest self. Astor did think that they were just there as cannon fodder to him.

However, after they heard what Anderson said, all of them looked like they were about to blow up from the anger. They wanted to fight Anderson to the death right at that moment as if they had been gravely insulted.

Unfortunately, Anderson was just speaking the truth.

Case was red with anger. Astor gritted his teeth as he looked at Adrian, his eyeballs threatening to pop out of their sockets.

It was obvious how angry he was. Nonetheless, he reached out and grabbed Octavius' arm, pulling the man back.

"It's pointless to keep arguing here with him. Since he's looking down on us, we'll use our skills to teach him a lesson!"

The fog battlefield was on the eastern side of the city. The massive plaza it was on looked incredibly luxurious.

Compared to the other areas where challenges were, it had lesser people. However, every warrior who came to the plaza had a

murderous aura around them.

They looked like generals who had gone through a lot of war or assassins who had gone through life and death. Every one of them looked like they were about to kill someone the next moment.

The fog battlefield needed 20 challengers to start. Every one of them would receive a skeleton badge. After entering the fog battlefield, there were no longer any rules; people could do as they pleased.

They could kill their opponents whenever they wanted, and vice versa. Every warrior who entered the fog battlefield was incredibly confident in themselves. They felt like they would be able to achieve a lot in the fog battlefield, killing a lot of opponents to get the skeleton badges.

The skeleton badges were very useful. The more badges one had, the more valuable the rewards that would be received.

There was only one way to get a skeleton badge, which was to kill the person who had it and take it from them afterward.

There were no regulations on how many people would survive the fog battlefield. The only condition set in stone was that the more skeleton badges one had, the better their rewards would be.

Just that alone stirred many of the challengers into excitement. Hence, all of the warriors who stood on the plaza and wanted to participate were full of murderous intent. All of them looked like they would start a slaughter at any moment.

At that moment, a red-haired man was pulled back by a round-faced man on the side of the plaza.

“Are you crazy? You know what kind of place this is. Everyone here is insane, and you’re out here trying to fight against a bunch of crazies! You’d just be eaten alive. We should just take part in some normal challenges!”

The red-haired man was trying his best to pull away, but the other man was firm with his grip which prevented him from leaving.

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