

No.1 Supreme Warrior by Moneto

Chapter 4107

Jack smiled faintly before he said, "Don't surrender. I won't give you the chance to."

Silen was not the only one stunned at those words, the spectators below the arena were too.

What was that guy saying?

He was being asked not to surrender?

Did that guy really think he would surrender?

The battle had not even started, and he had already said such absurd words. It seemed like he really was just way too arrogant.

Did he think he was a warrior at the peak?

He was acting like Silen would immediately lose the moment they started fighting!

After Silen heard all of that, he started to laugh out loud. He looked at Jack like he was looking at an idiot.

He laughed as he said, "Brat! Are you trying to amuse me right now? Do you think I'll surrender? Please, do you think your trick will still work? I'm already aware of it. Your tricks will just be a joke to me!"

An armored warrior crossed his arms and said, "No wonder that guy hid everything from our sights with the black chains. He wants to use the same trick to win!"

Most of the warriors there nodded, feeling like that man hit it right on the nail. Those black chains earlier were for the sake of obscuring sight. The whole goal of that was to prevent anyone from seeing his tricks.

Silen turned to look at Carville, who was resting. At that moment, Carville happened to look at Silen as well.

Their gazes met, and Silen could feel something off about Carville's expression. Carville seemed to be looking at him with sympathy.

Before Silen could react to that, Jack had already started his attack. He quickly moved his hands, forming seal after seal that danced in the air, condensing into a long chain. Jack reached out and grabbed the chain with his hand.

Silen frowned as he pushed his doubts back. Regardless of if anything was strange, there was no way he would falter with his skills!

Silen took a deep breath before he took out a blood-red sword from his spatial ring.

When he pulled out the sword, the smell of blood seemed to flow out. Even Jack, who was on the other side of the arena, could smell it. The scent of blood even carried a murderous intent to it. The sword must have been dunked in the blood of many.

Silen scoffed as he coldly looked at Jack, "Brat, I don't care what you're trying to do! You won't be able to pull off anything in front of absolute skill! Just know your place and surrender, I'll make sure to grant you a quick death!"

"Otherwise, I have so many ways to torture you to death! After the battle is over, I'll have two hours to rest anyway. Those two hours are more than enough to torture you until you're begging for mercy!"

Jack raised an eyebrow as he said calmly, "Why are you spewing so much nonsense? Are you trying to annoy me to death?"

The moment Jack said that the noisy discussions suddenly went silent.

Quite a few people looked at Jack with complicated expressions. They wondered if Jack was really that bold or if he was just putting on an act.

Those thoughts played in their minds, but they suddenly found themselves at a loss for words.