

# No.1 Supreme Warrior by Moneto

Chapter 4132

The two of them looked at Jack with expressions of horror.

Jack was like a demon that crawled out of hell in their eyes. It was only then did they realize why Wellis had looked at them the way he did.

When Jack had asked to fight the two of them, everyone seemed completely calm, as if it was perfectly normal.

At the time, the two of them had thought that they were putting on an act, making this person seem strong so the two would retreat. Only then did they realize that it was not an act at all.

They were just stupid enough to assume that it was. In the end, they fell into this situation. The pain was torturing every nerve they had, causing them to let out cries of agony constantly.

"Who are you?! Why have I never met you before?!" The man in the green mask shouted out.

Jack raised an eyebrow, "My identity doesn't concern you. I have no time to waste with the two of you. If you answer me nicely, I'll give you a quick end. Otherwise, the two of you will experience hell on earth."

The two of them trembled in fear, and they suddenly fell silent as Jack's threat sent them shivering. The two of them were incredibly fearful, but their dignity did not allow them to agree so quickly. They felt the need to be stubborn.

Jack could immediately tell what the two of them were thinking, "Let me say this again. I've got no time to waste on the two of you. If the two of you insist on being stubborn, then I'll just grant you what you asked for. However, once you exhaust my patience, the price you pay will be ten times worse..."

"You probably don't know how it feels to have your souls slowly being ripped apart. If you don't do what I want, then you'll experience it very soon."

When he said that, the two of them started to panic. The pain of one's soul being ripped apart was indescribable.

With their positions in their respective worlds, they knew more than most warriors.

Pain could be separated into different levels, and the hardest pain to bear was the pain of the soul. Physical bodily pain could be withstood, but the pain of the soul could destroy a person's mind. The two of them exchanged looks of fear with each other.

"I'll tell you! Just ask me!" The man in the blue mask could not take it anymore.

The man in the green mask frowned, "Are you going to become a traitor?"

The blue-masked man's lips stiffened, "Of course, I don't want to be a traitor, but nothing good will come out of being stubborn right now. The soul being slowly ripped apart hurts more than being boiled alive! There's nothing left for us after we die anyway. I don't care about loyalty or betrayal anymore!"

The green-masked man scoffed, "You really are shameless!"

The blue-masked man got angry at that as well.

He shouted out, "What do you mean by that? I just want a quick death, I don't want to be tortured. Is it really that shameless? If you're talking about loyalty, do you really think those people will care about our loyalty?"

"..." The green-masked man was at a loss for words.

Jack had enough, and said in a cold tone, "What did those evil beasts earlier have to do with the two of you? Is Desmond here?"

There was another transfer array at the southernmost point of the Evil Plains. It meant there was one transfer array to the south and the north each. Those that were skilled enough to reach the southern point of the Evil Plains could use the transfer array at the southern point.

At that moment, there were two men on the southern transfer array.

The one on the left had an unhappy frown on his face, while the one on the right was carefully looking at the expression of the man on the left. Those two were Desmond, who was keeping watch, and his subordinate, Pascal.