

No. 1 Supreme Warrior

Chapter 1752

“What! A few-a few ten thousand people have come in?”

As the Whittemore Fortress was the closest to the forest, everyone went headed over first. Once Arthur’s grandfather knew about the situation, he jumped onto his feet from his chair in shock. His eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

“That’s right. Grandfather, let us discuss what we should do with the fortress master first. Ah, never mind that all these people have come in here-more importantly, many people from the Bloodshed clan have entered the forest to search for treasure to carry out the duties of their clan. Now that they’ve run into each other, Miss Helena and the others are probably dead already!”

Arthur felt a pang of pity when he mentioned Helena. He hated himself for being that much weaker. Otherwise, he would not have chosen to leave forlornly when she was in a life-or-death situation.

The old man could tell what Arthur was thinking and rolled his eyes unsympathetically. “You useless brat, going on about Miss Helena. Don’t you forget that you are the grandson of the Elder of Whittemore Fortress, you can’t get attached to a woman from that place, understand? How can the positions of those people ever compare to us?”

When he spoke, the old man cast a cursory glance at Skye. Then he added, “If you want to find someone, you should at least find a woman like Skye here. Understand?”

“That’s right. Young Master Arthur, don’t forget who you are. You have a high social standing. You can’t think of the impossible!”

Skye was delighted, but she had no idea that the old man was merely giving an example. She thought that the old man had already intended to match her with his grandson.

Arthur went speechless for a while, then he huffed a reply, “What are you saying, Grandfather? This is not the time to discuss all this. We should seek the fortress master and the others to discuss the situation. Besides, you can’t just look down on the outsiders, right? A long time ago, weren’t our ancestors from that place too? We descended from the same lineage, so why should we fight each other?”

Standing beside him, Hendrick felt dissatisfied. He could not help but mutter, “Elder Whittemore, I think what Young Master Arthur said is correct. Our ancestors all originated from that place, so why do we look down on them? Rather, I think we’re all the same since we all come from that place. Not a single one of us is better or worse than the other in terms of position.”

Ella clenched her fists and spoke with a stony expression, “That’s right. Grandfather Whittemore, this line of thought is incorrect. We’re not even part of the Alliance Guard. How can we think of ourselves above others? I’ve seen the people who come from that place and their martial talent is pretty good!”

The old man also sensed that he had said something wrong. Although he still maintained that the people who came from that place were at the peak of the true god level at most-that was why he looked Down on them.

He gave an awkward smile. “What about this? All of you have worked hard,” he then said, “I’ll seek out the fortress master and the other Elders to hold a discussion!”

Arthur could not wait around any longer. "Grandfather, I think we shouldn't hold the discussion first. What about this? We'll send out a few of our fighters to help them out first," he said, panicked. "We cannot allow the people of the Bloodshed Clan to simply hurt the people who came in, at least. As for you, just call for the fortress master, the First Fortress Master, and the others to hold the discussion. How about that?"

Hendrick thought that this was the best course of action after he heard the plan. "That's right. This plan is great," he said excitedly. "We'll take action on both sides. There definitely won't be a problem!"

Unfortunately, Cooper replied with a dark expression, "What's the rush? There are too many people who have come in. This is not a small matter. Once our people go over and truly fight the Bloodshed Clan, it'll be a small matter if only a few of us die. But what if too many of our people die? It would create a ruckus. Once we wage war, do you know how many of our people we'll sacrifice?"

After he said that, he waved his hand and said, "I'll report this to the fortress master and get him to discuss this matter with the First Fortress Master and the others. In the end, the First Fortress Master will definitely hold a meeting with everyone. Once the meeting ends and everyone has decided what to do, we'll take action. We can't rush this matter, understand?"