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Saying that, Rudy could not stop himself from letting out a laugh, "It's obvious how much he hates you. Even if he's risking his life, he won't let the chance to kill you slip away!"

Jackie let out a laugh as he said, "After all, he's the leader of that team from the Pentagram Clan. Ethan being alive or dead definitely concerns Trevor..."

"Trevor would have to take responsibility regardless, but Ethan's no regular warrior. He's an alchemist that had a lot of resources given to him. If Ethan managed to stay alive, he would definitely become an eighth-grade alchemist in the future..."

"Trevor knows very well how valuable an eighth-grade alchemist is to a clan. It's because of that he realized how much Ethan's death would end up affecting him. He would probably not be able to be a chosen disciple anymore, and might even be punished even harder than that. He would not even be able to escape."

Hearing that, Rudy frowned as he widened his mouth slightly, "No wonder that guy hates you so much. Before you killed Ethan, he even tried to sweet talk you. It's actually a big deal!"

Jackie nodded, narrowing his eyes as he looked at the transfer array, "In the past, I was someone who let bygones be bygones, but it seems like that attitude can't be used on disciples from high grade clans at all!"

The slaughter gambit was held in the western side of the middle city. The spectator stands were already completely full. Noise filled the air.

The slaughter gambit was split into three large areas, which were the viewing area, the betting area and the battle area. There were a lot of spectators filling up the spectating area.

The viewing area for the slaughter gambits was different from the spectator stands of the colosseums. The entire area was spread out in a fan shape and covered an extremely large area. There was no stage below, but a large transfer array.

On the transfer array was a massive open scroll. The scroll was two hundred feet long and seven feet tall. Every warrior in the viewing area could clearly see inside the scroll.

On the scroll were seven names. Those names were the ones who had already registered for the slaughter gambit!

Those seven had indicated which world they were from in red letters. Looking over, there were four from Chaos Continent and three from White Marsh Continent.

The seven participants were at an isolated area in front of the viewing area. That was the waiting area. There were ten seats in the waiting area, and seven were already filled.

The seven of them were seen resting. There was a tense atmosphere around them. Even those from the same world were not friendly to each other. After all, they were taking part in the slaughter gambit where only one could live. Other than themselves, everyone else was an enemy.

After being sent to the isolated space, it was every man for themselves!

At the spectator stand it was a completely different atmosphere. It was incredibly noisy and everyone seemed excitedly discussing among themselves.

"I think that Chris is stronger. I heard that he's already even stronger than the direct disciple of the head elder of the Purple Cloud Pavilion. Some say that he's the top three among the chosen disciples from the Purple Cloud Pavilion!"

"It's rare to see anyone as strong as him. I don't see how the victor will be anyone else but him."

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"You do make sense, but I think you're being a bit rash. Chris' skills and talents might sit at the peak, but there are those among the seven who can compete with him."

After saying that, the person pointed at a handsome man clad in a white robe.

"Edward from the Nimbus Alliance. All of you should know him right? He's the brother of the top chosen disciple from the Nimbus Alliance! I heard that he's not that far away from his brother in terms of skills. It's just that his brother is a few years older and has been training for longer..."

"If he has enough time, Edward will be able to catch up. I heard from others that Edward should be among the top five in the Nimbus Alliance. Even if Chris is in the top three, those are two different clans..."

"They're from different worlds as well. The Purple Cloud Pavilion is an eighth- grade clan from White Marsh Continent, while the Nimbus Alliance is an eighth-grade clan from Chaos Continent. Chaos Continent is a bit stronger than White Marsh Continent!

Even if the two clans have never competed with each other, I still feel like the Nimbus Alliance is stronger! Being in the top five might just be better than being in the top three!"

"I feel like Edward might be stronger than Chris despite being in the top five of the Nimbus Alliance compared to the top three of the Purple Cloud Pavilion!"

The person who said that was abnormally calm as if it was assuredly the truth.

After the others heard that, they nodded slightly, feeling like the person made sense. However, no one dared to say that it was definitely true. After all, they were from different worlds and clans.

There was no way to make an accurate comparison!

Furthermore, it would not be a battle between the two of them after they were sent to isolated space. It would be a ten-person battle royale.

There was no telling what could happen!

They might even make temporary alliances. Nothing was certain. The only way to be sure was to wait for the results. At that moment, they were constantly discussing things in order to have a better understanding of who to bet on. Everyone had their own choices in mind.

Everyone of them was only allowed to bet on one person!

"I feel like David from the Frenzied Blade Clan is quite strong too. He's just not as famous as the other two. I feel like he can win. Otherwise, why would he take this risk as a chosen disciple of the Frenzied Blade Clan?"

Anyone who participated in the slaughter of gambits were either adrenaline junkies, those who gambled with their lives, or warriors immensely confident in themselves.

A lot of them were chosen disciples from major clans. They were confident in their skills, feeling like their skills would lead them to victory. They felt that they would be able to triumph over the other nine, becoming the sole survivor and earning a bronze medal!

The final winner would not just get a bronze medal, but also entry into the inner city. They would not need to try and accumulate points to enter like the other warriors.

They would need to fight on the surface and go through the two underground levels. Furthermore, there were other rewards outside of the entry token and bronze medal.

They would be able to pick one out of ten treasures. All those benefits were far too attractive. Most of the participants put their lives on the line precisely for that.

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Many wandering warriors had managed to get this far precisely because they were ruthless enough to charge forward without a care for their lives. They took up a majority of the slaughter gambit participants.

There were already seven participants registered for this slaughter gambit. Other than the three from major clans, the others were all wandering warriors who did not care about their lives!

All the warriors in the viewing area felt that those four had no chance of winning! If they really had the skill, they would have already become disciples of major clans. There would be no need for them to frantically fight for resources for themselves. The clans would have provided everything!

"It's already six hours, why is it not full yet?"

"You must be new. It's only been six hours. I waited for a whole day before ten people signed up."

It was too difficult, and it was also the one that needed the most participants out of the three events. So, the time between slaughtering gambits was quite long.

Sometimes, they would be lucky enough to have it start in two hours. Other times, they would have to wait for the whole day. After all, it was far too dangerous. As long as they were sent to isolated space, only one would return alive.

The disciples of high-grade clans had always valued their lives highly. Normally, they would never participate in something so dangerous.

Anyone who participated would definitely be an immensely confident warrior. Even those desperate wandering warriors had a limit to them. Most of the time, they made up the majority of those that died. Since more and more died, their numbers dwindled even more.

The newer warriors at the viewing area would not know the situation. They would definitely complain after staying there for a while. Those who had already been at the viewing area for a few days were already used to it. They did not even feel like six hours was that long.

"That's right, were there no participants from Hestia Continent last time?"

"There were none. It wasn't just last time, but the time before that as well. What are the warriors from the Hestia Continent doing? Are they all staying at the gentleman's bets?" The person laughed out loud at that.

The gentleman's bets were the easiest of the three on the surface, and the one with the most participants.

The slaughter gambits were the most dangerous, and the betting limits were also the highest. That was why it managed to attract so many warriors to watch and bet on.

"Hestia Continent's warriors all value themselves highly. They would never participate in anything so dangerous. I was around the death matches for a while. It's already amazing if you see one Hestia Continent warrior in ten matches there! "Most of them are gathered at the first underground level and the gentleman's bets. After all, the difficulty is lower and the risk of dying isn't that high!"

The warriors in the viewing area suddenly started talking about how the Hestia Continent was not participating in the slaughter of gambits.

The warriors of Chaos Continent and White Marsh Continent started to mock the warriors of Hestia Continent. They never cursed, but still managed to completely humiliate the Hestia Continent.

There were naturally quite a few warriors from the Hestia Continent among the spectators.

After hearing all of them, they were all furious. However, not a single one of them dared to stand up to fight for Hestia Continent. After all, it was the truth.

There had been so many slaughter gambits, but Hestia Continent's warriors had only participated in a very meager amount. The last two matches had no warriors from the Hestia Continent at all.

They were forced to swallow all their anger!

A burly man started to laugh out loud after he heard the discussions, deliberately raising his voice, "What's the point of talking about Hestia Continent? I already knew that they were a bunch of useless people! Hestia Continent ended up in last place in any tournament or competition..."

"As long as there's a bit of danger, they run to hide like rats, running away faster than anyone else. The slaughter of gambits is too difficult for them to even dare to participate in!"

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After the man said that, the other warriors started to pile on. They started to describe Hestia Continent's warriors as cowards and pieces of trash!

More and more nasty insults started to get thrown at the warriors of Hestia Continent.

There were a lot of spectators, and a lot of the warriors from Hestia Continent were fuming in anger. They wanted to rush forward and fight those warriors that insulted the Hestia Continent.

However, they knew that they would get struck by lightning if they tried. They would just end up being burnt to a crisp. They could not attack physically and verbally. After all, the facts were against them.

Quite a few warriors from the Hestia Continent started to think about leaving.

At the end of the day, they could not fight, nor could they argue. They were forced to sit down and be humiliated. At that moment, two names suddenly appeared on the scroll, as well as where those names were from.

The burly man looked at the scroll and muttered, "Jackie? Hestia Continent?"

At that moment, all of the warriors in the viewing area saw Jackie's name and where Jackie was from. He was actually from Hestia Continent!

Speak of the devil and he shall come. They had just been talking about it, and someone from Hestia Continent was actually taking part!

The warriors from Hestia Continent in the viewing area all breathed sighs of relief when they saw Jackie's name and continent!

Jackie's participation gave them some cover for the moment. Even if most of the warriors from Hestia Continent did not know who Jackie was, at least someone had participated.

They were happy as long as someone joined! It would spare them the insults from the other two continents about being cowards.

Beneath Jackie's name was Trevor's, who had registered with Jackie. After registering, the two of them walked toward the waiting area.

Since the spectating area was full, Rudy and the others were forced to wait outside for the results. The betting area was not too far away. If they tried, they could still see what was going on. It would just take some effort.

After telling Rudy some things, Jackie walked in. Trevor had been right behind Jackie.

Before they entered the waiting area, they heard the discussions from the viewing area. Even if Jackie did not want to care about what others were saying around him, they were so loud that he heard everything clearly, "Who is Jackie? Is he the one in front or behind?"

"He's the one in front! I know the one at the back. It's Trevor from the Pentagram Clan! He's quite strong, but he's a bit worse than Chris. Wouldn't warriors like Trevor usually avoid the slaughter of gambits? What's going on?"

To the warriors in the viewing area, warriors like Trevor, who was not at the peak, but not weak either, were really scared of dying. They would normally not take part in slaughter gambits. Even if they did, they would still see who else was taking part.

They would see if there were any strong opponents. If there were, they would give up or wait for the next round!

Chris and Edward were already two incredibly strong participants who had registered, did Trevor not see that?

Did he not care? Was he that confident?

Trevor frowned as he followed Jackie. Various thoughts were on his mind. He was starting to regret being so impulsive. He should have tried to find out who was already registered first!

Even if he was participating, he should have waited for one with weaker participants. He had been too impulsive, and registered right away!

He was suddenly a little regretful. After taking a few breaths, he looked up at Jackie. He saw that Jackie seemed to be walking very steadily.