

Chapter 1299 Excuse

Those ordinary men could not handle the force lingering in the air due to the intense battle between two Martial Arts Marquises in the confined room.

Jared took a few steps backward. Although Zion remained rooted to his spot, his face darkened.

Zion had become a Martial Arts Marquis long ago, and he was stronger than Jared. However, through the blow exchanged earlier, a hint of exhilaration rose within Zion because he vividly sensed a threat of death from the might of Jared's punch.

He could tell Jared was ready to give up his life in order to achieve his goal.

After all, a man was the most dangerous and menacing after he had resolved to embrace death.

If Jared suddenly lost his mind and decided to self-destruct, there was no way for Zion to escape that place alive, regardless of how capable he was.

"Jared, don't think that you can do as you please in Warriors Alliance's headquarters just because you have the support of Mr. Sanders. If you leave me desperate and with no choice, I'll still dare to kill you!" Zion uttered threateningly at Jared.

"Shut up. Either you let my girlfriend go, or you die!" Jared's eyes reddened as the murderous intent enveloping his body swelled.

Zion's head ached at the sight of Jared's stance. He did not know how to explain himself to Mr. Sanders if he did away with Jared.

Still, Zion was afraid Jared would self-destruct if the situation dragged on.

After contemplating briefly, Zion said, "All right. Wait for a moment. I'll bring your girlfriend here."

Jared frowned at Zion. He did not anticipate the latter to agree to his request with such alacrity.

Jared reckoned that must be a trap. Having said that, he could only accept even if he knew that it was a scheme.

"If I do not see my girlfriend in five minutes, I'll murder everyone in the Warriors Alliance," Jared announced coldly.

"Don't worry. This process won't even take five minutes." Zion curled his lips, turned on his heels, and walked into the deeper part of the Warriors Alliance's building.

After stepping through a door, Zion smiled and opened a secret door, revealing four identical people wearing white outfits.

"You four, hurry up and kill that guy in the lobby," Zion said to the four people.

“Don’t worry, President Zeigler!”

The four of them nodded at the same time.

Zion’s figure turned into a blur after he watched them move toward the lobby. Then, he directly leaped out of the Warriors Alliance’s headquarters and disappeared.

His intention was to let others do his dirty deeds. He wanted the four men to kill Jared while he was away from the Warriors Alliance’s headquarters.

In that case, even if Mr. Sanders wished to pursue that matter further, Zion would have an excuse to defend himself.

His version of the story was that Jared barged into the Warriors Alliance’s establishment and committed murder, so the other Warriors Alliance members worked together to eliminate Jared. Zion would have nothing to do with that incident because he was not present inside the building at that time.

His strategy was brilliant. Moreover, he was confident the four men would certainly be capable of ending Jared’s life.

Zion recruited those four men from the deep mountainous area using a token. All of them were Martial Arts Marquises, and they had to go into hiding because they practiced Demonic Cultivation.

Meanwhile, Jared waited for Zion in the lobby, utterly oblivious to Zion’s escape.

A few minutes later, Jared frowned and stared into the deeper area of Warriors Alliance’s headquarters.

He noticed a few formidable auras directed at him. Shortly after, the auras combined into one and shot forward like a cannonball.

Sensing that, Jared swiftly launched a punch.

The frightening Power of Dragons gushed forward and smashed head-on with the force of the combined auras.

Boom!

An explosion ensued, causing waves of powerful martial energy to spread out. Warriors Alliance’s structures would have collapsed and turned into ruins if not for the protection from the arcane arrays.

Jared’s body recoiled. Then, he gazed forward, wearing a grimace.

“You’re already a Martial Arts Marquis at such a young age. Your talent is indeed outstanding. Nevertheless, aren’t you a daredevil to trespass the Warriors Alliance’s headquarters alone?”

As the voice fell, four men dressed in white outfits appeared before Jared.