

Chapter 1300 Tainted

Jared looked at them. The four men wore identical clothes and shared similar appearances. Needless to say, they were quadruplets.

Jared's face turned solemn because all four of them were Martial Arts Marquises. "Who are you all? Where is Zion?" Jared questioned them.

"You don't have to know our identity. The only thing you need to know is that the four of us are the cause of your death!" one of them replied.

Jared was infuriated after hearing that. "D*mn you, Zion! Come out if you're not a coward, you old cheater!"

"You can stop shouting. If you are capable of killing us, President Zeigler will show himself."

With that, a layer of light enveloped their bodies as the four brothers simultaneously unleashed their auras.

However, their auras were in different colors, indicating the difference in their technique of cultivation.

The eldest brother, Amon, smiled sinisterly and said, "Will you choose to end your own life, or do you want us to do the honor? If you choose to do it yourself, you will die painlessly. If you wish to let us handle this, you will suffer..."

"Amon, why are you talking so much nonsense with him? Look at his soft and tender skin. Even if we want to kill him, we should have our fun first." The third brother, Chike, revealed a lecherous expression.

Jared could not help but shudder upon listening to them. He stared at the four brothers and said, "You all are revolting. I can't believe four people who just became Martial Arts Marquises like you have the courage to boast in such a brazen manner."

With that, he stepped forward and emitted rays of golden light.

At that moment, Jared gazed at the four brothers disdainfully like a high and mighty war god.

"Hmph! You're a reckless fool. I shall send you to hell now!"

The fourth brother, Darius, snorted before rushing toward Jared, hurling waves of martial energy at the latter.

"Darius, be careful. This guy has a lot of treasures on him," Chike yelled.

"Don't worry!" Darius had arrived before Jared and swung his fist at the latter's shoulder, seemingly wanting to render Jared unable to put up a resistance instead of directly finishing Jared off.

“You guys are noisy!”

Rage surged within Jared when he noticed Darius taking him lightly.

“Sacred Light Fist!”

Jared bellowed. Blinding golden lights encased his fist, condensing the Power of Dragons. A split second later, he thrust his clenched hand.

Boom!

Spine-chilling murderous intent filled the atmosphere as a burst of golden light erupted. Immediately afterward, a clear cracking sound and agonized scream pierced the air.

“Darius lacks self-control. If he severely injures Jared, how will we have fun later?”

As Chike grumbled, he saw a figure flying straight toward them and landing heavily before their eyes.

Darius’ arm was bent out of shape with his bones exposed to the air. He appeared in a pathetic condition, with his whole body covered in blood.

Instantaneously, the other brothers were horror-stricken, and a look of utter disbelief spread across their faces.

On the other hand, Jared’s aura remained robust and his murderous intent as fervent as ever after sending Darius flying with one punch.

The other three brothers exchanged glances and hurriedly helped Darius up from the ground.

Then, Amon took out a black, pungent pill and placed it into Darius’ mouth.

After Darius consumed the pill, Amon made some hand seals. Subsequently, clouds of black mist encircled Darius’ wound, and something very peculiar happened.

Darius’ twisted arm gradually recovered, and his exposed bone also began to grow.

Jared furrowed his brows. “I see. You are all Demonic Cultivators. It seems like Warriors Alliance is also tainted, after all.”

He glared at the four brothers in front of him as his aura continued to attain greater magnitude.

The four brothers were no longer regarding Jared with their initial contemptuous demeanor as they stared at him grimly.