

The First Heir – Chapter 1829

Hearing that, Spencer frowned and said, “I can give you any compensation. If we fight, it’ll definitely cause great repercussions, which is the worst situation for both of us. When that happens, all the forces will intervene. Must you break the balance that has been maintained with great difficulty over the past few decades?”

Fennel chuckled and said, “Spencer Dunley, I’m here today to take your life! Seeing as you’re so reluctant to fight, could it be that you’ve lost your kingly aura?”

Spencer frowned and shook his head. He said with a sigh, “Let’s fight, then.”

With that said, Spencer’s aura underwent tremendous changes. An invincible aura exploded like a sharp sword that had been sealed for many years. It suddenly broke free from its sheath and soared to the sky.

A bout of buzzing suddenly filled the land!

In a flash, within a ten-mile radius that enveloped half of the central city of Hampton, all metal objects began to hum. The leaves in the yard suddenly became extremely sharp like swords waiting to be un sheathed. All objects could be turned into swords!

Spencer’s aura was surprisingly similar to Fennel’s!

Two different bouts of energy raged in the small square of Dunley Manor!

The gravel on the ground could not withstand the intensity and floated shakily in the air!

Fennel frowned and looked at Spencer with his steadily increasing aura. He smiled and said, “So you were the Sword King in the fourth zone back then.”

Spencer's face was indifferent as he remained standing with his hands behind his back. His demeanor was unfathomable.

He stared at Fennel stoically and said, "Fennel, what happened back then has long been concluded. Why can't you let it go? Must someone die to clear up the hatred back then?"

"Hahaha..."

Fennel sneered and said, "What I hate most is your hypocrisy. If the Dunley family hadn't deliberately concealed it, my sister wouldn't have died there so tragically! How can I let it be? My fight against you today is just the first step in my revenge against those people."

Spencer was silent with the chill of a silver sword in his eyes.

After a while, he slightly raised his right hand, shook his head, and said, "It seems this battle between us can't be avoided."

After saying that, Spencer raised his eyebrows and his aura suddenly soared to the peak. His entire body surged as he shouted angrily, "Sword, come to me!"

Buzz!

Within a hundred meters around Spencer, all metal objects quivered at this moment, clanking and clattering.

At the same time, inside the Dunley family's memorial hall.

There was an ancient box on top of the high altar carved with obscure runes.

At this moment, the long box suddenly opened. A rusty longsword inside emitted a shrill cry and flew out with a whoosh!

In the memorial hall, a middle-aged man was kneeling on a cushion with folded hands. At this moment, he opened his eyes slightly and glanced at the opened box. He sighed helplessly and said to the memorial plaques of the Dunley family's ancestors, "What will be, will be."

Behind him, the subordinate from earlier rushed in breathlessly at this moment and shouted, "Patriarch, something has happened. Someone is challenging the Dunley family!"

Sterling Dunley got up and hummed in response. He turned around and walked to the door of the memorial hall. He raised his head and looked at the vast sky above. At this moment, the sky over Hampton was filled with dark clouds and rumbling thunderbolts.

What surprised the people of Hampton was that two huge swords had suddenly appeared in the sky at some point!

The streets and alleys of Hampton were filled with people looking up at the sky, pointing at the two huge swords hanging there. They were of different colors and shapes. All sorts of loud discussions could be heard.

"Holy sh*t! What the hell is that? A mirage?"

"Is it a 3D projection? It seems to be from the Dunley family's manor."