

Versatile 1021

Chapter 1021: Dark Swordmaster!

The Icebound Coffin landed less than ten meters away, behind Mo Fan.

Mo Fan turned around and was surprised to see a pitch-black creature with swords in its hands trapped inside the transparent crystal. It was locked down by the ice, and its face was still wearing a grin, as if it was seconds away from ambushing its target!

Mo Fan was stunned. Wasn't that a Brutal Sword Death Servant? How could he be so careless that he had totally forgotten the Brutal Sword Death Servants were good at ambushing their enemies with their Shadow Element?

"Stay focused!" Mu Ningxue glared at Mo Fan, warning him to be on alert at all times.

Mo Fan shrugged and said, "I was too caught up with how pretty you are, but if it was just a bit closer, I would have surely noticed its presence!"

Mu Ningxue simply ignored Mo Fan's words. She glanced at the pitch-black undead that was trapped in the ice and said, "Something is strange about this kind of undead."

"They are the Brutal Sword Death Servants, the most loyal soldiers of the Pharaoh in a pyramid. They only appear close to the pyramid, so if we are planning to reach it, we'll need to make it through them," Mo Fan said.

Xinxia noticed Mu Ningxue was injured. She quickly drew a Star Pattern and summoned two Healing Spirits between her fingers.

The Healing Spirits danced elegantly around Mu Ningxue, sprinkling crystalline liquid like pollen to heal Mu Ningxue's wounds while getting rid of the side effects of the injuries inflicted by the evil power.

Xinxia noticed the astonishment in Mu Ningxue's eyes and explained, "The Parthenon Temple has granted our Healing Element the ability to purify, so we can treat many injuries that are otherwise incurable."

Mu Ningxue was fairly surprised. Xinxia had become a brilliant Healer without her noticing; her impression of Xinxia now was completely different than she remembered.

"AHHHH!!!"

"Run, quick, or we're all going to die here!"

"Damn it, we are only a few hundred meters away from the pyramid, we can't give up now!"

Cries of agony and loud shouts came from the other direction. Mu Ningxue immediately floated into the air and glanced in the direction of the noise.

Around five hundred meters away was a bunch of black swordsmen similar to the undead she just killed. They were standing in formation, butchering the human Mages charging at them. Mu Ningxue could only see blood splattering across the place and smearing on the people nearby...

Among the Brutal Sword Death Servants was a shadowy figure riding a black phantom horse. The figure was covered in a strong, pitch-black aura, and there seemed to be a black cape draped over its shoulders.

It was sitting on the back of the horse like an imperious knight. The giant, black sword in its hand was raised at the crimson-red sky, like it was summoning the power from the God of Night. Soon, a black aura started descending from the clouds!

“Unstoppable Sword of the Underworld!” an imperious voice uttered. The black knight was talking in an ancient Egyptian language. The destructive, black aura from the Kingdom of the Dead had descended upon the mundane world!

The black aura split into two, one surging across the sky imperiously, and the other slicing across the ground. Everything in the path was killed instantly!

Captain Lowar and his soldiers were within the range of the attack. He witnessed how his comrades before him were shredded into pieces, with blood pouring down like rain...

The pieces of flesh and blood smeared his face. Captain Lowar’s eyes widened as the black slash went past him too.

The world started spinning. The slash was so quick that Captain Lowar was still conscious when he was beheaded. He was able to see his body being shredded into pieces as his head was spinning in the air.

Captain Lowar’s head landed before General Fenna’s feet. She leaned forward and held the filthy head in her hands, staring at the man’s wide-open eyes.

Lowar was Fenna’s most loyal subordinate. They had been in the army for more than thirty years. Lowar always wanted to become a general with his own army. He told her his ambition on his first day, but Fenna was the one that became a general, with thousands of soldiers under her command. However, Lowar said that he would prefer serving under her rather than serving other bad-tempered generals.

Fenna knew that the man still had his ambitions. He wanted to become a Super Mage and be promoted to a general. He had been working hard for his ambition for most of his life, but now, he no longer had the chance to fulfill it...

“Can anyone tell me why a Dark Swordmaster appeared when it’s only a mirage of a pyramid?”

“Doesn’t an undead of its kind only exist in a real pyramid? Isn’t it supposed to stay with the Pharaohs?”

“Dead, they are all dead, and we won’t live for long either...”

“A Dark Swordmaster, why, why... isn’t the pyramid just a mirage? Does that mean, it’s, it’s a real pyramid?”

The Dark Swordmaster straightened proudly. The creature it was riding was a Commander-level Dark Phantom Horse, while it had already surpassed the Commander Level. Even Advanced Mages had no chance against its powerful attacks!

“Stay calm!” Fenna placed Lowar’s head down and closed his eyes with her hands. Her sharp eyes were filled with tears, yet she did not let them roll down her cheeks.

Fenna’s voice echoed in the soldiers’ ears, shattering the fear in their hearts.

“It’s only a mirage, and the Dark Swordmaster isn’t invincible either! If we give up now, his sword is only going to slash at Puccini City. Tell me, is that what you want to see? Is there any meaning to live when that happens? Don’t forget, you are soldiers! Don’t waste the rest of your life regretting the timid decision you’ve made today!” Even though Fenna was a woman, her voice displayed her unyielding spirit!

There was no turning back; they could not just put their swords back into their sheath just because they had stumbled onto a strong foe; they should thrust it forward more fiercely instead!

“Sherlock, we’ll take on the Dark Swordmaster together. The rest of you, head on to the pyramid. We will not let the dead rule our land!” Fenna yelled.

Fenna floated in the air right above the Mages, her wings beating. Her eyes were as sharp as a leopard as she stared at the Dark Swordmaster.

The Dark Swordmaster stood out among the Brutal Sword Death Servants. Its eyes erupted in flames, displaying the pride and imperiousness of a Ruler-level creature. It did not need to show its disdain on purpose, as the bloodline of the noble royalty of ancient Egypt had been flowing in its body for thousands of years!

“Nyx Regime!” The Dark Swordmaster raised the giant sword in its hand. A blinding glow burst out from the tip of the sword, descending upon the place and covering the basin where the pyramid was located!

A strong, dark aura swept forward. The soldiers were once again immersed in fear as they stood inside a Domain so dark they could not see their own hands.

The Nyx Regime had a huge coverage area. Inside it, every Brutal Sword Death Servant was now robed in black. The glow in their eyes had grown stronger too!

“Those undead are even stronger!”

“Quick, stand in your positions, don’t panic!”

The Brutal Sword Death Servants were assassins in the dark. Their swords were able to take out an Intermediate Mage easily, as the powerful creatures were even stronger under the dark power of the Dark Swordmaster.

It took a small squad of Battlemages a great effort just to barely kill a strengthened Brutal Sword Death Servant. The number of Brutal Sword Death Servants was enough to cause despair!

The Dark Swordmaster remained motionless. It was unnecessary for it to be involved, as its subordinates were enough to annihilate the idiotic humans!

Mu Ningxue stepped on the wind and slowly landed. She had a grim face.

“A Dark Swordmaster... that’s something from inside a pyramid. Without four Super Mages, it’s impossible for us to deal with it!” Kulun exclaimed in astonishment.

Mo Fan had also gone to higher ground to observe the situation.

Horrifying was the only word he could think of to describe it.

The Dark Swordsman had only attacked twice, yet countless of people in front of the pyramid had died. Their blood was literally flowing like a river. The morale of the army dropped rapidly under the merciless massacre, as the soldiers had started to panic in fear!

The Dark Swordsman had taken everyone by surprise, and was simply too strong!

However, Mo Fan was slightly confused when he saw the Dark Swordsman.

He had seen a creature that was both of the shadow magic, and an undead before!

It was hard to forget such a unique creature after seeing it once. It happened when he was on his way to find Zhang Xiaohou. It was the creature that the woman called Ye Meng’e had summoned.

It was a dark sword knight, yet Mo Fan was totally shocked by how strong it was!

The dark knight that the mysterious Ye Meng’e had Summoned had the exact same aura as the Dark Swordsman. The only difference was the Dark Swordsman was bigger, and had a stronger aura.

However, Mo Fan believed they were the same creature, but Ye Meng’e’s dark knight had not reached its final form yet!

“Well, you can think of it as a Summoned Creature from the Underworld. It has incredible strength, it’s outstanding at using a sword, and it’s highly intelligent and loyal, too. However, it has a little weakness.”

“What weakness?”

“It’s the kind of creature that has signed a contract with the God of Darkness, thus it has to obey certain rules. One of them is if someone challenges it to a duel, it must accept. Since the God of Darkness has granted it a new life and outstanding strength, it will not allow anyone to challenge the God of Darkness’ name,” Ye Meng’e said.

“That’s pretty interesting, but why is that a weakness?”

“It’s nothing most of the time, but if someone is plotting against me, and abuses the rule to keep this stupid thing busy, the person is able to buy their acquaintances time to take me out. The rule doesn’t allow the creature to do anything else before the duel comes to an end; it will even forget its responsibility to protect its master,” Ye Meng’e said.

Ye Meng’e was the kind of woman that was unforgettable to a man after just a single glance. On top of that, it was very hard for Mo Fan to forget the dark knight protecting her, too.

Although Mo Fan was even more curious about Ye Meng’e’s identity, his current priority was finding a way to deal with the Dark Swordsman.

If Ye Meng'e was not lying to him; the Dark Swordmaster must obey certain rules and accept every challenge, and it must fight the challenger alone. It might serve as a chance they could abuse to keep the Dark Swordmaster busy.

Their goal was not to wipe out the undead, nor were they interested in defeating the Dark Swordmaster. They were only aiming to destroy the pyramid mirage!

Chapter 1022: The Dark Contract of a Duel, Part One

"Challenging it to a duel?" Mu Ningxue looked at Mo Fan in confusion.

As a matter of fact, it sounded rather ridiculous. How could a Dark Swordmaster that was massacring the soldiers be willing to accept a duel of life and death like a noble swordsman? No one had heard anything about a duel before!

"Even though I'm not from Egypt, I've learned about the existence of Dark Swordmasters a long time ago, yet I've never heard about anything like a dark contract. How do you, a Mage from China, know something that even the Magic Association is unaware of?" Kulun was finding it difficult to trust Mo Fan's suggestion.

"We'll know if it actually works once we try it. Are we seriously going to wait until the Dark Swordmaster kills every single one of us?" Mo Fan replied.

The army had no chance of getting close to the pyramid without keeping the Dark Swordmaster busy. The Brutal Sword Death Servants were a lot stronger than before too, placing the army in quite a deadly situation.

A single Brutal Sword Death Servant was as strong as half a squad, meaning that five hundred Brutal Sword Death Servants were basically an impassable mountain of undead!

Mo Fan, Mu Ningxue, Kulun, and Xinxia headed for where the Brutal Sword Death Servants were. Apart from the Brutal Sword Death Servants, there were lots of undead moving toward them. They were able to see countless mummies blocking the path leading back to the city when they turned around...

"Piss off!" Up in the air, General Fenna uttered a furious roar, combining the wind and sand into a blasting roar, tossing lots of undead into the sky...

Fenna was shockingly strong, and was able to cast Super Spells adeptly, too. Normal undead were like weeds to her, but the Brutal Sword Death Servants were not really that easy to deal with.

Of the five hundred Brutal Sword Death Servants, two hundred were targeting Fenna. The bones of those undead were utterly firm after they were strengthened, meaning that Fenna was killing them very slowly.

The Dark Swordmaster did not really care that its subordinates were dying slowly. It did not bother fighting the two Super Mages, either. Its eyes kept on staring at the large groups of Battlemages, and each of its attacks would kill over a hundred of them!

Fenna was enraged when she saw her men dying rapidly to the Dark Swordmaster. Every slash it executed would result in blood splattering across the place. How could their army possibly stand a chance if they continued to be massacred at this rate?

“General, we should withdraw to five kilometers away, I believe the Brutal Sword Death Servants and the Dark Swordmaster will only stay within three kilometers from the pyramid. We can’t continue like this, the whole army is only going to die here!” the other Super Mage, Sherlock, said.

Fenna looked at the corpses of her men piling up across the ground. Her face contorted in emotion.

She was not willing to leave. She would rather fight to her death with the rest of her men, but rationally speaking, she could not afford to do it, as the whole army would be wiped out. On top of that, their city would also be infiltrated by these undead...

Left with no choice, Fenna started to protect the army as they slowly withdrew.

The army was around two kilometers away from the pyramid. They soon regrouped with the main army not long after they started to retreat.

The main army consisted of troops of Fire Mages. The Fire Bursts and Fiery Fists were extremely effective against the undead. However, the main army was extremely slow. If the vanguard could not hold on until the main army arrived, all their sacrifices would be in vain.

The army retreated as a whole, leaving nothing but blood in front of the pyramid. The black Brutal Sword Death Servants were covered in fresh blood, yet their bodies remained black as they stood in the pools of blood. Their eyes had a mocking look too...

“What do you think we can do instead?” General Fenna was on the verge of losing her temper after suffering the defeat.

“We should be able to clear a path back to the city. With the Dark Swordmaster standing guard, there’s no chance we can get any closer to the pyramid. We can only retreat for now,” Sherlock said.

Even when Sherlock and Fenna teamed up, they were still no match for the Dark Swordmaster, hence it was necessary for them to ask for backup.

“This is all we have, there won’t be any backup,” Fenna said firmly.

Their city was not the only one with a mirage. The armies of every city had their own matters to attend to. Their city had already asked the nearby cities for help. They had planned to destroy the mirage right from the start!

“The Dark Swordmaster is bound to a contract to accept any duel that it is challenged to. I believe it’s our only way to reach the pyramid,” Mo Fan said to General Fenna very seriously.

“What contract?” Sherlock asked, confused.

Mo Fan briefly explained about the Dark Contract.

“Are you serious? We’ve been in Egypt for so long, but we’ve never heard of anything like that about the Dark Swordmaster. Don’t you think it’s ridiculous, that it must fight the person that challenged it to the death?” Sherlock did not believe Mo Fan’s words.

Sherlock was suggesting the army retreat. With the people they had left, even though turning back was going to result in lots of casualties, anything was better than having the whole army being wiped out in the land of the undead!

“Going back now means our soldiers have all been sacrificed for nothing. All of us in the army knew the only outcome of coming here is either die trying or destroying the mirage. I believe we can try abusing the contract he mentioned, and even if it doesn’t work, we’ll send out some powerful Mages to keep the Dark Swordmaster busy while the rest try their best to reach the pyramid!” Fenna said.

Fenna was the commander of the army. The soldiers under her lead were hot-blooded too. Even when they were trapped in the ocean of undead, none of them had thought of retreating, since many would die on the way back. They had long been surrounded by the army of the undead!

“Mo Fan, what are you up to this time? Do you seriously think something you’ve most likely read from a useless book is the truth? Do you dare to take responsibility if it doesn’t work?” Zu Jiming said mockingly.

Zu Jiming did not really care if Mo Fan was being a busybody. Instead, he actually hoped Mo Fan was caught up in some kind of trouble. He was only worried that the national team would have to take the blame if something went wrong.

“It’s enough that we’ve tried our best. It’s really unnecessary to go any further than this.”

“Are you insane? It’s obvious that the army can’t make it to the pyramid. Let’s just retreat. We might end up getting ourselves killed!” Mu Tingying was extremely displeased by Mo Fan’s suggestion.

“I really don’t understand where you bunch of useless pricks get your confidence from to talk nonsense in front of me like that!” Mo Fan snapped without mercy.

Mo Fan was like a mad dog when he was scolding someone. Most people on the team had received a proper education. They were no match for Mo Fan in terms of strength, and they were also inferior when it came to scolding someone. Their faces reddened as they tried to withhold their rage.

On the other hand, Mo Fan was quite annoyed by the idiots on the team. Why did they even care what he was up to? They could just continue to live like cowards! Mo Fan was not the kind that could stay calm after seeing so many people dying in battle!

General Fenna and her men could tell that Mo Fan was the hot-blooded kind, too. Regardless of Mo Fan’s suggestion, they would still proceed with their final attempt to clear a path to the pyramid. They would never retreat, as they could not allow the blood of their comrades to flow in vain. They had to face the cruelty of war. Running away was utterly meaningless. Soon, the army of undead would only grow bigger, and the city would surely stand no chance against it!

The main army had decided to launch its final assault. It was only just over a kilometer away from the pyramid.

As they thought, the Dark Swordmaster appeared once again, followed by more than four hundred Brutal Sword Death Servants. The army had not killed many of them in the previous attempt.

The blood of the Mages that had died was not dry yet. Many starving undead were crawling on the ground, drinking the blood greedily.

“Sherlock and I will try and hold the Dark Swordmaster back for as long as we can. Just try your best to reach the pyramid. You are our last hope!” General Fenna said to Mo Fan with a firm look.

Mo Fan had volunteered to try and reach the pyramid. With the Dark Noble Mantle and the fifth-tier Fleeing Shadow, he had the highest chance of moving past the ocean of undead compared to the rest of the army. As long as the Dark Swordmaster was occupied, even the Brutal Sword Death Servants would be unable to stop him.

In addition to Mo Fan, the other person entrusted with the mission of reaching the pyramid was Ai Jiangtu. With his Space Element, he also had the highest chance of making his way to the pyramid. Both Mo Fan and Ai Jiangtu would take different paths, with Mu Ningxue and the rest of the team providing them cover. Their job was to help Mo Fan and Ai Jiangtu sneak up to the pyramid when the main army was fighting the undead!

“General, maybe I should take your spot instead. You might not be able to survive if you face the Dark Swordmaster on your own. The army won’t last without you,” Wankos stepped forward and said to the general.

If what Mo Fan said was true, it meant Fenna was about to face the Dark Swordmaster all by herself. Even though Fenna was a Super Mage, the Dark Swordmaster was a lot stronger than her, meaning that even if the others successfully destroyed the mirage, Fenna would still die in the duel!

“It has been decided,” Fenna waved her hand. She started to lead her people and headed for the Dark Swordmaster.

The Dark Swordmaster was still seated on the back of its Ancient Phantom Horse. The giant sword in its hand was emitting a frightening, icy glow, with a strong presence of evil.

Fenna remembered that the Dark Swordmaster spoke in the ancient Egyptian language. She could challenge it to a duel by using the same language.

Taking a deep breath, Fenna knew she was basically stepping into the Abyss of Death once the contract was signed.

Looking back at the city in the distance, Fenna’s eyes flickered with a hint of bitterness. Wasn’t war always this cruel?

Chapter 1023: The Dark Contract of a Duel, Part Two

Fenna took a deep breath. The wind produced by her wings blew at her light green robe and her brown hair. Her glittering eyes looked extremely firm and determined!

“In the name of the commander of Puccini City, I challenge you to a duel of life and death!” Fenna pointed at the Dark Swordmaster and spoke in the ancient Egyptian language.

Her voice echoed in the sky and entered the ears of every soldier. Her fearlessness even when knowing that her death was approaching made the heart of every Mage race with a hint of sorrow!

Not every Mage in the world was willing to face a Ruler-level demon creature, and not everyone was willing to live a selfish life like a coward. When certain things were lost, what left was nothing but an empty shell.

It was the same for Fenna. She had grown up in Puccini City, and was now the highest officer of Puccini City. She did not have any family members, nor children, but to her, Puccini City was her home. Sherlock, who was also a Super Mage, would never understand why she insisted on fighting the battle. If it wasn't for the kindness of the people in Puccini City, she would have frozen to death on the street decades of years ago...

It was a duel of life and death!

After her high-spirited voice rang out, a strong aura of darkness surged toward the human army!

The Dark Swordmaster stared at Fenna coldly. The disdain in its hollow, eerie eyes was replaced by a cold, stern light.

It slowly raised the giant, black sword in its hand and pointed its tip at the flying Fenna.

A black wind surged into the armor the Dark Swordmaster was wearing and spun like a tornado over a kilometer across. Both the humans and the undead were knocked a few steps back.

The Dark Swordmaster had a metallic voice. It was indeed speaking in human tongue, in the ancient Egyptian language.

It said something, but Mo Fan could not understand it. The dark power that had accumulated started to disperse. The Dark Swordmaster stopped staring at Fenna. It glared at the rest of the Mages and pointed its sword at the people who could not even survive a single attack from it!

“Damn it, I told you it was as ridiculous as a fairy tale!” Sherlock snapped furiously when he saw the Dark Swordmaster did not act according to what Mo Fan had mentioned.

Fenna was stunned too. She looked at the Dark Swordmaster in disbelief.

“Are we all going to die here?”

“It didn't work, the Dark Contract didn't work at all!”

“What are we doing here? Why did we bother believing something so ridiculous?”

The people started to panic. The Dark Contract was not established, meaning that the Dark Swordmaster's sword would still be targeting them!

“What happened? What did it say?” Mo Fan yelled at Fenna in the air.

Mo Fan was very shocked too. He believed that Meng'e had no reason to lie to him. The Dark Contract was definitely real, something must have gone wrong.

"Enough talk about the Dark Contract, we have to engage the enemy now," Wankos said.

The Dark Swordmaster had raised its giant sword again. The sky had turned darker slightly once again.

Seeing this, everyone's heart skipped a beat. If the Nyx Regime was constructed, the Brutal Sword Death Servants would simply turn into killing machines!

"Darkness, it only accepts a duel from a darkness being! I'm not a darkness being, so I didn't have the right to challenge it to a duel," Fenna landed in a dispirited manner. Her eyes were filled with tears.

The tears ran down her cheeks. It was a devastating blow to her, as there was nothing she could do even when she was willing to face death!

"How about Sherlock? Is he a darkness being?" Old Mage Mudin asked.

"He isn't, even if he is, there's no way he's going to do it," Wankos said.

"What's a darkness being?"

"Can I go? My secondary Element is Shadow..."

"What's the point of you going? The Dark Swordmaster can simply kill you with a single slash. You're only going to get yourself killed."

The situation was even more worrying. At this rate, they could only sacrifice their lives to clear a path to the mirage, yet would they really consider it a victory?

Ai Jiangtu, Nanyu, and the others fell silent. The plan they came up with was no longer an option. No one could possibly reach the pyramid with the Nyx Regime in place. It was the Dark Swordmaster's Domain. Even if they tried to force their way to the pyramid, they would only find themselves further away due to the complicated maze of darkness!

"I'll try," a voice said. It sounded serious.

Xinxia turned around and looked at Mo Fan. She was hoping that it did not come from him.

However, Mo Fan took a step forward and said, "I should fit the requirement. I'll challenge it to a duel; I'll leave the mission of destroying the mirage to the rest of you."

Mu Ningxue pulled Mo Fan aside and shook her head.

"Hehe, someone is trying to be a hero," Guan Yu mocked.

"I definitely agree with that," Zu Jiming grinned.

Considering how strong the Dark Swordmaster was, it would only take... perhaps no more than one or two slashes to kill Mo Fan, but it needed less than five slashes without a doubt to cut him into pieces. Even the weakest Ruler-level creature was able to kill an Advanced Mage with ease!

Xinxia looked at Mo Fan. She was struggling to read Mo Fan's mind. Why would he even dare to take the risk?

"Don't worry, I won't die," Mo Fan knew what Xinxia was worried about. He patted her on her head.

"I don't agree, just give it up. I'll freeze it and temporarily disable its Nyx Regime, and everyone will try their best to get closer to the pyramid," Mu Ningxue said.

There was no way Mu Ningxue would let Mo Fan go and get himself killed. Every war was cruel, and there would always be sacrifices, but it was not their war, so it was unnecessary to sacrifice their lives for it. Even if the city was razed to the ground in the end, they had already tried their best.

"Just trust me." Mo Fan did not explain further.

A darkness being! Mo Fan never thought it would come to that, that only a darkness being could challenge a darkness being to a duel of darkness.

He had considered every possibility, yet he did not expect the great responsibility would fall upon on his shoulders again. However, when Mo Fan thought about the consequences of losing the war, he suddenly felt like it was worth it, even if he was forced to use his trump card!

"Damn it, why do I feel like I'm actually turning into a savior of the world?" Mo Fan walked out from the crowd and faced the imperious Dark Swordmaster.

If a little servant of a Pharaoh was this powerful, how terrifying would a Pharaoh be?

"You, the one with the sword, come fight your grandpa Mo Fan!" Mo Fan pointed at the Dark Swordmaster and demanded in Chinese.

The Dark Contract was not established through a certain language, but a person's will. As long as Mo Fan was a darkness being, he only needed to say something disrespectful about the God of Darkness or the Dark Swordmaster to challenge it to a duel!

"Imbecile, I will sever your petty head and hang it outside the pyramid!" The Dark Swordmaster withdrew the Nyx Regime and pointed its sword at Mo Fan.

The giant sword was twice the size of Mo Fan. Its huge body was intimidating to look at. The giant sword trembled as some dark energy started pouring out of it.

The powerful dark energy forced the nearby undead and humans to back away.

The Dark Contract formed a huge triangle on the bloody, corpse-covered land. It first drew the boundaries on the ground before extending into the air to form a triangular prism!

"This...this is..." Sherlock's eyes widened. His gaze was fixed on the dark dueling ground constructed by the dark energy!

Dark Contract...

It was the ancient Dark Contract only mentioned in old records from ancient Egypt, but no one had actually seen one before. How had a young Mage from the east known that a Dark Contract would work on the Dark Swordmaster?

The dark dueling ground was constructed between the human army and the army of undead. The black walls of light rising into the sky were covered in ancient curses with extremely powerful energy...

“My God, it really appeared, a Dark Contract!” Zhao Manyan exclaimed.

“How did Mo Fan even know something like that... go see if you can break down the barriers. Otherwise, Mo Fan really has to fight the creature until one of them dies!” Jiang Shaoxu yelled as she recalled something.

Ai Jiangtu immediately tried to attack the walls of the prism, but it felt like the walls were able to absorb the energy of the spells aimed at it. It felt like the walls had grown even sturdier!

Fenna tried to use the Slaughtering Wind Slash on the walls, but the result was still the same. The walls of the dueling ground were covered in even more black runes, trapping both Mo Fan and the Dark Swordmaster within...

“What do we do now? Isn’t Mo Fan dead for sure?”

“Why is he always so reckless?”

Inside the dueling ground, Mo Fan stood on the blood-stained soil. He immediately had a bad feeling when he sensed the strong energy of the Dark Contract around him.

The Dark Contract was even more shocking than Mo Fan had imagined. It was able to construct a spectacular dark dueling ground out of nowhere. Mo Fan was only planning to try activating the Dark Contract, but he realized he could no longer run away!

“Damn it, what the heck are you guys waiting for?! Can you please make your way to the pyramid at once!” Mo Fan yelled when he saw the people outside the barrier staring at him with blank faces.

After Mo Fan finished yelling, he sensed a formidable murderous aura coming at him. He lifted his gaze and saw a giant sword surrounded by an icy light and runes of death about to come down at him at any second!

Mo Fan tried to dodge it, yet he realized he could not move his body!

He was locked down, the sword had locked him down!

Chapter 1024: Possess, Flame Belle Empress

A black sword, Mo Fan somehow felt the sword’s size was just as huge as the sky and the ground. It was meaningless no matter where he tried to run to.

He did not dare to waste even a second. He immediately summoned the Black Snake Armor.

The Black Snake Armor quickly attached itself to Mo Fan’s body, but the overwhelming force of darkness showed no sign of weakening even though the armor was serving as an extra layer of protection. Mo Fan still felt a great chill, as his body began to tremble.

It was Mo Fan's first time facing a Ruler-level creature apart from the Black Totem Snake. Even though the Dark Swordmaster was a lot weaker than the Black Totem Snake, it was barely inferior to a Ruler-level creature. Any Commander-level creature was no match against its unstoppable sword of darkness.

The sound of the sword was like wild thunder. As the sword swung forward, Mo Fan could see a black wave with the size of a tsunami that could erase a whole city coming at him!

Any defense was utterly useless in front of the force.

The black sword wave landed on Mo Fan and swept him flying like dust. The dark energy covered Mo Fan's entire body, his skin withering as sword cuts sliced his body!

Mo Fan felt great pain. His body was swaying wildly in the tsunami of sword wave. He was unable to stabilize himself.

Some time later, Mo Fan landed on the ground hard. The Black Snake Armor on him had broken, revealing the wounds under it.

Mo Fan rose to his feet while clenching his teeth. He glanced at the destroyed Black Snake Armor. There was a different look in his eyes.

"Mo Fan!"

Outside the dark dueling ground, Xinxia's eyes reddened immediately when she saw Mo Fan being tossed around in the sword wave.

She could not endure seeing Mo Fan being harmed. When the thought of him dying in the dark dueling ground crossed her mind, she had trouble controlling her temper.

"Mo Fan, hurry up and think of a plan, you're going to be killed soon!" Zhao Manyan yelled.

The sword was simply way too powerful. Mo Fan's defense had crumbled almost instantly, leaving him totally defenseless. He was surely going to die to the Dark Swordmaster's next attack!

"I overestimated him. I thought he could at least last for five rounds," Zu Jiming laughed hollowly. For some reason, he was gloating over it, as he believed Mo Fan dying here would actually save him lots of trouble.

Ai Jiangtu remained silent. He glanced at the pyramid.

As Mo Fan mentioned, once the Dark Swordmaster was challenged to a duel, it completely ignored everything else that was happening around it. It was definitely their best chance of making it to the pyramid. Ai Jiangtu did not stay any longer, he picked a different direction and started approaching the pyramid.

"He won't survive the next attack."

"(sigh) It doesn't make any difference, even with the Dark Contract. The duel won't even last long enough. The Dark Swordmaster is going to kill us all."

Fenna stood outside the dark dueling ground and stared at the fearless young Mage with mixed feelings.

It was meant to be her duel, yet a student Mage had to replace her...

Inside the dark dueling ground, Mo Fan stood upright, his armor had basically turned into broken junk, and his clothes were torn with holes.

The Dark Swordmaster stood a hundred meters away. It was proud as usual, its eyes displaying utter disdain toward Mo Fan.

Why would such a weak human think he could come and challenge it?

An opponent like him, it would just toss his corpse away after killing him, as his head was not even worthy to be included in its collection!

The brown Calamity Fire erupted under Mo Fan's feet out of nowhere, spreading across the area and forming a ring of flames with Mo Fan at the center.

An illusionary teenage girl made of flames slowly appeared within the fires. Her body was combined with lava, fire, and the Rose Flame. Her eyes were burning in rage, as if she would turn into a scorching sun and slam into the undead that had injured Mo Fan at any second.

Teenage Flame Belle unleashed her flames to cover the whole dark dueling ground. With a screeching cry, a stronger flame resembling the Calamity Fire of nature surged forward and collided with the Dark Swordmaster's aura.

Flames spread wildly and rolled fiercely. The Domain of Calamity Fire unleashed by Teenage Flame Belle surprisingly overwhelmed the Dark Swordmaster's aura, and suddenly its disdain was gone, replaced with alertness!

"Is it working already? That's faster than I thought," Mo Fan grinned, looking at Little Flame Belle before him.

Before starting the duel, Mo Fan had fed Little Flame Belle the remaining Time Liquid he had.

Mo Fan had actually considered demonizing right away, since the number of undead in the pyramid was probably enough to replenish his energy. However, he decided against it when he recalled that the World Magic Association would surely be startled by his Demon Element. He did not want to be taken away to be experimented on like a white mouse, nor did he want to expose his Demon Element to the world, since he was still not strong enough without relying on it.

The best option was to let Little Flame Belle... oh, no, it should be the Flame Belle Empress!

The Time Liquid had temporarily allowed Little Flame Belle to enter her mature phase. With the Flame Belle Empress, he should be able to take on the Dark Swordmaster!

The burning Calamity Fire forced the Dark Swordmaster to back away. The Mages outside the dueling ground that were fighting with the army of undead were dumbfounded.

"Such powerful flames!" Fenna and Sherlock exclaimed simultaneously.

The flames were basically a strong Domain, so strong that it had suppressed the Dark Swordmaster's aura.

“This...this...right, the Flame Belle Empress!”

“It’s the Flame Belle Empress!” Zhao Manyan, Jiang Yu, and the others shouted in joy.

Her hair reaching her ankles and burning as it was drifting with the wind... she was utterly breathtaking to look at. Her slender silhouette was like a goddess from a painting, surrounded by flames like an army of soldiers that further setting off her sacred demeanor. Those watching subconsciously felt the urge to submit to her while being dazzled by her beauty.

In the Calamity Fire, Teenage Flame Belle had completely evolved into Flame Belle Empress. Every movement fully displayed her nobility, and even the darkness structure that was proud of its heritage was ashamed of itself!

“I will not forgive you!” Flame Belle Empress spoke in the language of spirits. Her eyes did not have their usual naive look, but imperious, raging fury!

She was speaking to the Dark Swordmaster, who understood her perfectly. It glanced at Flame Belle Empress, before looking at Mo Fan again. It said with the same voice of disdain it had directed at Mo Fan, “As a Ruler of Flame, how are you satisfied with submitting to the will of such a weak, useless human? If you want, I can recommend you to my master. He possesses great power that you have never seen before. He is the ruler of darkness, and he will help you conquer the Capital of Flames!”

Flame Belle Empress was even more infuriated after hearing the words!

The blood lineage of demon creatures mattered a lot. Only those with strong blood lineages were respected by the others. Both Commander-level and Ruler-level creatures had a certain level of intelligence. They actually treated the human race as a bunch of rats that were impossible to wipe out, as they were able to reproduce so quickly.

That being said, even with the level of intelligence that Flame Belle Empress had acquired after evolving, she would not allow a filthy undead to humiliate the master she was contracted to!

Knowing that it was unnecessary to waste her time talking to an undead whose head was filled only with the lust for blood, Flame Belle Empress turned to Mo Fan and surprisingly charged at him with the fiery tornado encapsulating her figure.

Flame Belle Empress was able to eliminate the undead by herself, but after hearing its scornful remarks, Flame Belle Empress decided to possess Mo Fan instead, and teach the Dark Swordmaster how it would feel when it was defeated by a human it was looking down on!

As Flame Belle Empress charged into Mo Fan’s chest, he suddenly erupted into huge flames. The dueling ground laid out by the Dark Contract was shaking to contain them!

Clenching his fists, the air was immediately flowing with Fire Magic in the form of fairies. They were like soldiers on standby, waiting for their orders. The control he acquired felt the same as he the unlimited power he had when he was in his Demon Form!

Mo Fan raised his head slightly. The Soul Shadow of Flame Belle Empress was behind him, blazing red. Mo Fan was less than two meters tall, but he suddenly looked like a giant engulfed in flames. He no longer looked petty and tiny in front of the Dark Swordmaster!

“Oh my, Mo Fan’s strength is off the charts after merging with Flame Belle Empress!” Zhao Manyan totally lost his mind when he saw the Calamity Fire surging across the place.

They almost forgot that Mo Fan was able to summon the Flame Belle Empress with the Time Liquid.

In Peru, when they were dealing with the Strange Birds of Nazca, the Flame Belle Empress had driven back an entire horde of the demon birds on her own. Now, with the Flame Belle Empress possessing Mo Fan, he would surely be able to obtain her power!

Inside the dark dueling ground, the human who was awaiting his death had suddenly turned into a wild beast of flames. The fires surging all over the place greatly astounded the watching Mages.

“That...that Mage...”

“A possessing-type Elemental Creature... and it’s a fiery creature with a Ruler-level bloodline!” Fenna felt tears bursting out as she was watching Mo Fan.

It was divine intervention!

God had heard their prayer!

He had sent the Chinese national team here, just so the young Mage with such a remarkable strength was able to light up the flames of hope in the hopeless sea of undead, letting everyone see that the victory they so desired was right in front of them!

“All soldiers, kill the Brutal Sword Death Servants with me at once!” Fenna vented out all the rage in her chest with a roar.

Without the Dark Swordmaster’s help, the Brutal Sword Death Servants were nowhere enough to stop their drive to victory!

Chapter 1025: The Battle Between Rulers

“How arrogant of you!” The Dark Swordmaster’s gaze sharpened as it held its giant sword with both hands.

The Dark Swordmaster had not used the power of the phantom horse he was riding so far. This time, it clenched its legs tightly. The phantom horse immediately let out a screeching neigh and sprang forward. It was surrounded by a blood-red energy barrier as it charged forward at a terrifying pace!

As it arrived in front of Mo Fan, the phantom horse lifted its front limbs. Its muscular body rose to a shocking angle to the ground. Meanwhile, the Dark Swordmaster lifted its sword and slashed down at Mo Fan as the horse was coming down!

The force tore the ground in half, creating a long ravine. If the Dark Dueling Ground was not in place, the ravine would most likely have extended a kilometer further!

The flames engulfing Mo Fan transformed into a fiery phoenix as soon as the sword came down at him. Mo Fan stepped on the fiery phoenix and zipped a great distance away, dodging the powerful slash.

“Lava rock, up!” Mo Fan raised his hand and triggered the fire seal he had left at his previous location.

The Dark Swordmaster was unaware that it was stepping on an enormous fire seal. When it felt a strong energy rumbling under it, it quickly turned to the side and forcibly urged the phantom horse to leap away.

As soon as the Dark Swordmaster sprang away, a thick pillar of fire burst out from the fire seal!

The pillar of lava was a lot stronger than Fiery Fist: Nine Halls. It was actually wider than all the nine pillars of Fiery Fist: Nine Halls combined together! It totally resembled the eruption of a volcano, with the fire surging a few hundred meters up into the sky before the lava poured down like a huge burning rain, setting the ground aflame when they landed.

“Gravity Space!”

Mo Fan pushed his hand down. The ground that the Dark Swordmaster stood on sank suddenly into a huge pit in the shape of a rhomboid. The edges of the pit were perfectly straight, like it had been molded for the purpose!

The armor on the Dark Swordmaster started to crack. The phantom horse it was riding fell to the ground under the enormous pressure, trembling under the pressure!

Mo Fan stepped on the fiery phoenix and leapt into the air. When he reached the highest point, several fiery dragons appeared him. The dragons danced around him and encapsulated him in flames!

Mo Fan stayed in the air and threw his fist at the Dark Swordmaster. A fiery dragon of Calamity Fire plunged down and rammed into it hard!

With another punch, a second fiery dragon went from spiraling in the air to extending its wings and diving down at the burning area!

The continuous explosions of the burning fists and dragons crashing into the Dark Dueling Ground ended up creating a huge burning pit, as if a large meteorite had landed!

The Dark Swordmaster stood in the hole, being blasted endlessly. It quickly swung its sword to construct a wall of energy, keeping the fiery fists and dragons at bay. However, the Dark Swordmaster was obviously not the kind of undead with a good defense. The fiery dragons still left quite a number of scorch marks on it!

The Dark Swordmaster was knocked back continuously. Its eyes were burning with rage.

“Land of the Dark Spirits!” The Dark Swordmaster ignored the flames burning upon it. It plunged the giant sword in its hand deep into the ground.

Half of the sword sank into the ground instantly. The sands dyed red with blood suddenly turned black.

The darkness continued to spread across the Dark Dueling Ground. Thick black smoke rose from the soil and formed a black fog...

The Calamity Fire scattered across the place was put out by the black soil. The whole place had been set aflame by Mo Fan and Flame Belle Empress' Calamity Fire, but now, only an area less than a few dozen meters from Mo Fan was still burning in his Domain!

"Sword, rise!" The Dark Swordmaster mumbled some ancient curse of darkness. The sword it stabbed into the ground was suddenly covered in curses. It was buzzing slightly now.

The black smoke rising from the soil started to gather, before turning into hundreds of shadowy, black swords!

The swords were hanging in the air with their tips pointing down. They had formed a spectacular formation of dark swords, and as the Dark Swordmaster screeched, the giant swords started approaching Mo Fan rapidly.

These black swords seemed to have their own consciousness. They either flew high up into the sky and slashed down, or stuck closely along the ground and sliced from unexpected angles. Some even turned into cold flickers, stabbing at their target.

The swords swept out, leaving long, black trails behind them.

Mo Fan had just dodged a wave of the swords when he lifted his gaze and saw a few dozen of swords hanging above him. They immediately poured down and stabbed at him!

Each of the swords was ten meters long. As they were falling they would emit a wave of swords outward in a circle, making it impossible to dodge them all.

"Ten Thousand Feathers!" Mo Fan stomped the ground, sending thousands of fiery feathers into the air, all densely packed together.

The burning feathers scattered in all directions and exploded immediately when they came into contact with the black swords...

The explosion of his own Thousand Piercing Fire Feathers was absolutely shocking, but this attack had evolved into Ten Thousand Soaring Feathers, with a longer explosion. It destroyed the black swords with brute force!

The people outside were utterly dumbfounded when they sensed the overwhelming energy rumbling within the Dark Dueling Ground.

If either of the two inside the barrier had been unleashing their attacks on the battlefield, hundreds, or even a thousand humans or undead would have died a horrible death. Even the combined strength of a squad was nowhere as strong as any of their attacks!

"Mo Fan is absolutely nuts!" Zhao Manyan's admiration toward Mo Fan was off the charts.

"Taking on a Ruler-inferior creature by himself... Mo Fan is simply a maniac among maniacs!"

Xinxia's eyes flickered with disbelief. Not only was Mo Fan still alive, he had managed to hurt the Dark Swordmaster, too!

She clearly remembered how they barely survived against a group of Servant-class One-eyed Magic Wolves during the Calamity of Bo City. A creature like the Darkwing Wolf was enough to bring doom to their city!

However, any of the attacks that Mo Fan had executed was almost strong enough to kill the Darkwing Wolf instantly. It was hard to believe how strong he had become!

“What is going on?” Mu Ningxue looked at Zhao Manyan and Jiang Yu with a blank face.

“It’s the Time Liquid, we found it in a secluded city of an ancient Indian tribe! It can temporarily evolve a Summoned Beast to its complete form! Previously, we were caught in a disaster that was meant to kill all of us, but Mo Fan’s Little Flame Belle turned into the Flame Belle Empress to save the day. I thought he had already used up all the Time Liquid, but it turns out that he was still keeping some of it!”

“No wonder Mo Fan dared to challenge the undead, but I agree that he still has balls of steel. If I was in his shoes, I wouldn’t dare to take on a Ruler-level creature even if I was still holding onto a trump card...”

Ruler-level creatures were like Grim Reapers. Not many humans were able to stay calm when facing a Ruler-level creature, but Mo Fan acted as if he was naturally fearless. He even dared to fight a Ruler-level creature. His courage was impressive!

When they saw Mo Fan fighting the Dark Swordmaster, the people could feel their hot blood rising in their chests. Not many people in the world could take on a Ruler-level creature alone, even though the Dark Swordmaster was only a Ruler-inferior creature...

Many so-called geniuses were unable to come this far taking on a Ruler-level creature on their own, yet Mo Fan had done it. He had fought against a Ruler-level creature when he was only in his twenties! It was absolutely shocking and unbelievable!

The Dark Swordmaster lifted its head and let out a furious cry, blowing out a black smoke of death.

The flames had burned its mount into a pile of black ash. The phantom horse had kept the Dark Swordmaster company for over a thousand years, but it was burned to death today!

The Dark Swordmaster stood on the ground. After losing its mount, it was unable to utilize the full potential of its sword art. However, since it was a duel as demanded by the Dark Contract, only one of them could leave alive! Otherwise, the Dark Contract would drag them both into a bottomless abyss of darkness with no escape!

The Dark Swordmaster was obviously an expert with the Shadow Element. It suddenly disappeared when it was sprinting forward. It reappeared eerily behind Mo Fan and slashed with the giant sword. The dark energy surged forward like a tide!

The sword sliced through Mo Fan’s burning flesh. The Dark Swordmaster almost felt like bursting out laughing.

However, it soon discovered the flames were simply dissipating in the air. It did not get the satisfaction of seeing blood splattering everywhere.

The Dark Swordmaster felt that something was not right. It immediately scanned the surroundings and saw a slight ripple in a certain spot, which the human engulfed in flames stepped out from.

Before the Dark Swordmaster could react, Mo Fan vanished and immediately reappeared right in front of it!

“Die!” Mo Fan slammed the fist with all his power of the Fire Element into the Dark Swordmaster’s chest.

There was an explosion, and the Dark Swordmaster was sent flying. It slammed hard on the barrier of the Dark Contract. Half of its armor was broken, revealing the dried, ugly flesh beneath!

Blink!

Mo Fan was using the Space Element, but it did not belong to him. It was from Flame Belle Empress.

Flame Belle Empress was the purest empress of fire, but she was also the beloved child born under the starry sky of the North Burning Valley. She possessed the power of the Space Element. Teenage Flame Belle was only slowly mastering the power of the Space Element, but in the form of Flame Belle Empress, she was extremely adept at using it!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 1026: Victory

When the Dark Swordmaster was exposed, black smoke was released from its armor, like thousands of wriggling centipedes lunging for Mo Fan.

These centipedes had incredibly strong devouring power. If they struck a living creature, not even bones would be left behind. They chased after Mo Fan crazily, hungry to tear every bit of Mo Fan’s flesh off.

These black smoke centipedes could eat anything. They could even devour the Calamity Fire. Mo Fan immediately withdrew when he realized it was most likely the Dark Swordmaster’s trump card!

The Dark Dark Dueling Ground was actually a lot more spacious than it seemed. It turned out to be a compressed space, thus Mo Fan abused the Space Element to distance himself from the black worms.

Blink!

In the past, Mo Fan was extremely jealous of Ai Jiangtu’s calm and cool demeanor when blinking around. He immediately felt excited and incredible when he was blinking around with Flame Belle Empress’ power. If he could actually move around like this with his own magic, it would greatly improve his strength too!

There was no end to the black worms. The Dark Swordmaster seemed to have spent all the dark energy inside its body. The whole Dark Dueling Ground was crawling with black smoke centipedes. There were so many of them that they were already spinning like a whirlwind in the air...

The tornado of black worms slowly descended to the ground. It was so huge that there was simply no room to escape from it.

The black worm tornado approached rapidly. Mo Fan raised his head, disgusted by the sight of countless worms densely packed together and wriggling in front of him.

Mo Fan glanced over to the Dark Swordmaster and realized that the undead had disappeared. All that was left was the broken armor. There was no sign of its flesh.

“So these black worms are actually your true form!” Mo Fan laughed hollowly.

The creature was undead and a Darkness Creature, after all. No matter how noble and imperious it looked on the surface, it would never get rid of its ghastly, disgusting true appearance.

A few of the black worms were screeching above Mo Fan’s head. The tornado had almost landed on the ground!

Mo Fan lifted his arms slowly, lifting the ocean of Calamity Fire scattered around him.

The raging flames rose above Mo Fan’s head and collided with the tornado of black worms...

Countless black centipedes started falling from the tornado. They fell into the flames and were burned into ashes. The black centipedes were tearing at the flames at the same time, and the size of the ocean of flames kept on shrinking...

Not long after, the black centipedes gained the upper hand. They had managed to devour all of Mo Fan’s Calamity Fire and put out the sea of flames, but as new flames were summoned as reinforcements, the black centipedes ended up as burning fuel, helping the flames to grow and burn more fiercely!

The fire started rising, like a special troop breaking through the defense and tearing a huge hole in the enemy’s formation.

By focusing on the hole torn into the pattern, the flames surged wildly and set even more black centipedes on fire. The flames spread from one centipede to the other, and soon a huge chunk of them was burned beyond recognition. The coiled-up corpses started falling like rain.

These black centipedes were the main form of the Dark Swordmaster, so Mo Fan would not allow a single one of them to live. As the fire was rising, Mo Fan moved into the air and appeared in the center of the tornado of black centipedes!

“Fire Demon Drawing!”

A ring of blazing red fire appeared around Mo Fan, but it suddenly grew significantly, now big enough to cover the entire dueling ground!

Inside the ring of fire, lines of brown fire intertwined and swiftly combined into a formidable drawing of a fire demon!

The drawing suddenly erupted in flames and turned into an astonishing picture of burning clouds. The temperature within the clouds flared beyond the limit of the worms, evaporating the black centipedes still struggling vigorously in the flames in an instant!

The black centipedes cried out in terror, and tried to make their way back to the broken armor.

Once the armor was filled up, the Dark Swordmaster rose to its feet again. It was searching for its enormous sword in a panic.

It was obvious that the Dark Swordmaster had suffered serious injuries. Its imperious aura from before was gone, even its enormous sword had lost its luster.

Flame Belle Empress cried out, telling Mo Fan that the effects of the Time Liquid were wearing off. He had to eliminate the Dark Swordmaster as soon as possible.

Mo Fan nodded. The Dark Swordmaster was clearly at its limit, it was about time for him to send it off to the Underworld. The brutal creature had been alive for countless years, and the number of innocent lives that died at its hands was uncountable, too!

Mo Fan raised his head. His eyes flickered with both red and silver lights.

“Scorching Sun!”

A light suddenly appeared right above the Dark Swordmaster. Not long after, the light started to fall rapidly as a blinding, brilliant sun.

The sun was wrapped in a silver brilliance. It was clearly strengthened by the magic of the Space Element!

The Dark Swordmaster was fully aware of the terrifying force approaching it, yet was struggling to move at all. It could only watch the shocking sun falling onto it!

The brilliant sun landed as heavily as a giant mountain. The heat wave it stirred up was over a hundred meters high. It even left a spectacular pit behind, with flames burning fiercely within it.

The Dark Swordmaster was instantly smashed into a puff of black smoke, which was also set aflame by the scorching heat, giving the creature no chance of surviving!

A black helmet rolled across the ground and stopped in front of Mo Fan’s feet. The helmet was the Dark Swordmaster’s head. He could barely see its hollow eyes through the gaps. They were no longer showing disdain, but a hint of dissatisfaction that was slowly dimming!

“Is...is it dead?” Super Mage Sherlock stared at the Dark Dueling Ground. His astonishment was fully on display with his blank expression.

The Dark Contract slowly vanished, together with the walls of the dueling ground. Except for the ravines and scorch marks across the place, the area had claimed its initial appearance!

Mo Fan was still engulfed in the Calamity Fire, showing the Soul Shadow of the Flame Belle Empress. He stood there and watched the energy of darkness that had been dominating the human army disperse slowly.

The Flame Belle Empress came out of Mo Fan’s body. Mo Fan could see her fatigue on her face.

The power that the Time Liquid contained was not Little Flame Belle’s own power, after all. Mo Fan was heartwarmed when he saw Little Flame Belle trying her very best. “Go take a nap! In the future, you will

surely be a lot stronger than you are now, defeating an incompetent Ruler-level creature like this will be as easy as blowing a single breath for you!”

Mo Fan was feeling more confident in Little Flame Belle’s potential. He believed the actual strength of the Flame Belle Empress was far more impressive than what he had seen so far.

Even Ruler-level creatures were ranked differently, based on their strength. The Dark Swordmaster was like a child compared to the Mountain Zombie and the Black Totem Snake. Mo Fan strongly believed that the real Flame Belle Empress was most likely a Supreme Ruler, whose strength could make a whole country tremble!

“We won, we won the battle!” Old Mage Mudin was in tears.

Looking around them, the number of undead was as overwhelming as usual, but everyone clearly knew that the victory was theirs the moment the Dark Swordmaster was eliminated.

“Don’t celebrate yet, the Dark Swordmaster is dead, but the mirage is still...” Wankos was calmer than everyone else, but he suddenly saw rays of white light rising not far away in the middle of his speech!

The white rays rose into the sky and landed on the eerie-looking pyramid!

Since it was only a mirage, when the light passed through it, the whole pyramid started to blur.

The image started to blur and contort, and the magnificent pyramid slowly dispersed, together with the eerie glow dying the moon red...

Without it, the undead were like fish out of water.

It did not matter how enormous the army of undead was, or what level the undead were; losing the light was like losing oxygen for the undead. They started to retreat and search for their real territory!

Fenna was covered in dried bloodstains. Her face was so dirty that it was hard to recognize her.

She stood high up and watched the undead retreat like a tide. Knowing that the battle had finally come to an end, she fell to the ground feebly.

“Your blood is not in vain, we...we’ve won!” Tears ran down and washed away the filth on her face. The joy originated from her heart; the blood of her subordinates that had been killed in this battle was not shed in vain!

“Mo Fan!”

“HAHAHA! We actually won the battle, we won!”

“Mo Fan, please accept my knees; you even killed the Dark Swordmaster, why the heck do you even bother taking part in the World College Tournament? Just lead an army in a war, and kill all the demon creatures that dare infiltrate our land!”

Everyone went up and surrounded Mo Fan, who was the greatest contributor among them.

Being able to win the battle was an honor that they could boast about for the rest of their lives. It was in fact comparable to achieving a good result in the World College Tournament. They would soon be

commended by the World Magic Association, which would surely be of great value to these young Mages. It was important for them to earn their reputation, as it could lead to being appointed as officials with great power and being given more resources!

“Thank you so much! You will always be welcomed as the most honorable guest by Egypt and Puccini City!” Fenna went up to Mo Fan. Her tears had not even dried yet.

“I only did what I should,” Mo Fan replied.

Mo Fan was a man with a heart and soul. When he believed it was something he was supposed to do, he would not hesitate to do it!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 1027: Mo Fan’s Set-up

Even though Mo Fan had used his remaining Time Liquid to secure the victory, he did not feel it was a waste, as he had earned quite a lot from looting the Dark Swordmaster!

The Dark Swordmaster did not give him a Soul Essence. If it actually had coughed up a Soul Essence, Mo Fan would be rich instantly, as a Ruler-level creature’s Soul Essence was normally sold for billions!

But even the Ruler-level Soul Remnant it did have was extremely valuable. After the Little Loach Pendant took it away, it immediately refined ten Warrior-level Soul Essences for Mo Fan. If he could actually have sold them all, it would have been worth a total of two hundred million.

Unfortunately, Mo Fan could only use them to strengthen his Stars. The project he initially thought was going to be a lengthy one was suddenly shortened by half. As a matter of fact, Mo Fan always ended up the biggest winner in a huge-scale battle like this. Even if the undead did not give him any loot, their Soul Remnants alone were of great value to him!

Apart from the Dark Swordmaster’s Soul Remnant, Mo Fan had also managed to preserve its Undead Crystal perfectly.

A complete Undead Crystal was extremely valuable, since it was able to replenish a Mage’s energy. The Ruler-level Undead Crystal was most likely worth a hundred million if he was to auction it.

He handed it to Zhao Manyan since he knew Zhao Manyan could help him sell it at a good price. With this, it seemed like he finally might have enough money to buy a Soul-grade Lightning Seed with a Domain!

“Mo Fan, give me the Undead Crystal, the Ruler-level creature’s armor and sword, and I’ll sell them for two hundred million for you! How’s that?” Zhao Manyan decisively proposed.

“Two hundred million? Is that even possible?” Mo Fan asked in astonishment.

The Dark Swordmaster did not drop any rare loot, nor did it drop a Soul Essence or some other valuable parts. Mo Fan thought it was impressive if he could sell the loot he acquired for a hundred million.

“Why not? It’s still a Ruler-level creature; many rich people across the world are interested in collecting the corpses of these Ruler-level creature, especially something like the Dark Swordmaster! Those rich merchants with huge houses like to collect them to intimidate their business competitors.

“On the other hand, they can also scare some demon creatures off. If you can forge a statue of the phantom horse, and fill up the armor to resemble a figure with the sword in its hand, the villa’s level would immediately skyrocket! There are lots of rich people, but not all of them are able to use the corpse of a Ruler-level creature as a decoration. Besides, the Dark Swordmaster’s armor fits the tastes of the Westerners; I can easily help you sell it at a good price in Europe, and it might actually be worth more than two hundred million!” Zhao Manyan said confidently.

Zhao Manyan was born into a business family. He knew the things that rich people were willing to invest in.

The Ruler-level Dark Swordmaster was a bodyguard of a Pharaoh, not to mention the imperious-looking armor and giant sword would easily attract many people that wanted to find something to decorate their mansion. It was common for collectors to spend hundreds of millions on a few art pieces, let alone a guardian statue refined with a Ruler-level creature’s corpse!

“Doesn’t that mean I can finally get a Soul-grade Lightning Seed?” Mo Fan was excited when he saw how confident Zhao Manyan was.

It seemed like he had enough money to get himself a Soul-grade Lightning Seed. Once he had one, he would no longer feel helpless when fighting against an Executioner of the Black Vatican like Philip!

“You’re almost there. I’ve got the connections; when we arrive in Italy or Paris, I promise I’ll get you a sick Soul-grade Lightning Seed. Say, I’m confident enough to say that I’m the disciple of the richest renowned family in China, but even my family isn’t ambitious enough to get me a Soul-grade Seed. When you get yours, I bet even the members of the American team will be reluctant to fight you,” Zhao Manyan said.

It was true that every powerful Mage walked the path on their own.

A grass-roots Mage probably would not have access to an abundant supply of resources in the range of ten million, let alone anything over a hundred million. However, whenever these grass-root Mages reached a certain height, they could easily earn lots of resources by themselves, and their growth after being self-reliant was usually more impressive than disciples of renowned families who were too reliant on the resources provided.

A Mage’s cultivation was not something that could be obtained with just mere resources. Any resource would simply be a waste for someone untalented, but Mages who had reached their current heights by their own hard work had learned the secret of becoming stronger by probing the way ahead themselves, and they also knew how to break through by fighting endlessly. Even when they were covered in bruises, they would break through the cocoon and be reborn again. Over time, they would leave Mages of a similar age who over-relied on their families far behind!

Zhao Manyan was starting to believe it when he looked at Mo Fan.

The man had outstanding talents, yet he had decided to take the difficult approach by clearing the path with his bare hands. It would not be long until he finally broke out of the cocoon. By then, he would be so far ahead that others would no longer have a chance to catch up to him.

The presence of the undead completely dissipated after a huge rain. There was not a hint of strange odors in the air.

Even Heaven was paying its respects, sending rain to Puccini City to celebrate. A country like Egypt usually would not see a single drop of rain for half a year.

Pushing Xinxia's wheelchair, Mo Fan walked slowly forward. Every step he took, he could pick up Xinxia's alluring scent as the breeze swept past.

-How can her smell be so pleasant?- Mo Fan had the urge to lead her deep into a deserted alleyway where no one could respond to a person's cry for help. He could not help it; as a man who usually ate meat, the vegetables he cooked himself felt almost tasteless.

Lots of flowers blossomed after the rain. It was not a common sight, since they were in a desert country.

There were not many people in the garden. The people had gathered in the square to celebrate the victory with dancing, singing, wine, beautiful women, and delicious food.

Sitting on a bench, two hundred seventy degrees blocked off by trees, Mo Fan gently carried Xinxia over. However, he immediately frowned as he noticed something, "Why are you even lighter now? Did you not eat well in the Parthenon Temple?"

It was unacceptable for her to be any lighter, as some parts would no longer be as bouncy when he fondled them!

"It's not that, maybe I've been training too hard," Xinxia replied softly.

"Training hard means you should be eating more. Look at me, my physique and my muscles are energetic, and are able to provide you with a sense of security," Mo Fan carried Xinxia and placed her on his leg to display his strength.

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For some reason, Xinxia's legs were particularly attractive, perhaps because they were well protected since she could not walk. The tender, milky-white sheen, combined with the soft, but bouncy touch of her slender legs... they were simply perfect!

Mo Fan placed his hands on Xinxia's legs. The man was obviously going to take advantage of the woman when no one was around.

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Someone might ask, why didn't he pick a room if he was trying to do something evil?

Mo Fan would simply look at the person disdainfully. How naive, even women who normally behaved like dudes would immediately know what a man was up to if he invited them to his room to talk, let alone a shy girl like Xinxia. The mission was doomed to fail, unless the woman was as desperate as the man was!

On the other hand, a park with a good environment, fresh air, and not many people was the perfect place for him to commit his crime. With just a little teasing, the shy woman would instantly submit to his will!

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As a matter of fact, Xinxia was terrified when Mo Fan was fighting the duel of the Dark Contract.

She thought she had finally caught up to Mo Fan, but it turned out that he was still way ahead of her. There was nothing she could do to help, apart from feeling worried!

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“Aren’t your legs pretty sensitive?” Mo Fan said.

Xinxia blushed instantly. -What is this bad guy thinking? If he keeps moving his hands up, she...she would...-

“If you can still feel your legs, why don’t you have the strength to walk?” Mo Fan asked.

It was not like Xinxia could not stand or move her legs, but whenever she tried to move them, she would suddenly lose her strength and feel pain. It was quite dumbfounding, since if it was some kind of sickness, why couldn’t the Parthenon Temple heal her and allow her to walk like a normal person, if they could even resurrect dead people?

“I don’t know,” Xinxia lowered her head. She would normally feel down when she thought about her legs, but Mo Fan was crossing the line. It was no longer as simple as fondling her legs!

“Don’t...” Xinxia could feel her ears burning. Why would someone act so recklessly in public?

“Perhaps, it’s not a sickness, but there’s some other reason to it,” Mo Fan deduced.

“May...maybe, mm, mm, Brother Mo Fan, let’s take a walk instead,” Xinxia could feel herself heating up. If she continued to stay, who knew what the man would do to her!

“I’m feeling tired from the walk, why don’t we go back and take a rest? It’s been a long time since I talked to you, come to my room,” Mo Fan replied.

Xinxia’s face was so red it looked like one could squeeze some water out of it. If she rejected the suggestion, Mo Fan would simply continue with his shameless acts in the park. She would rather go to his room, at least she would not be worried about being spotted then! Xinxia was so worried that someone would stumble into them when Mo Fan was fondling her, as it would be utterly embarrassing.

A little lamb was no match against an experienced driver. Mo Fan burst out laughing on the inside when he saw Xinxia nodding softly.

On the way back, Mo Fan had the urge to give himself a slap to the face. Why hadn't he learned the Advanced Space Spell yet? It would be so cool if he could Blink right back to his roomladed by XephiZ____

Even though Mo Fan had used his remaining Time Liquid to secure the victory, he did not feel it was a waste, as he had earned quite a lot from looting the Dark Swordmaster!

The Dark Swordmaster did not give him a Soul Essence. If it actually had coughed up a Soul Essence, Mo Fan would be rich instantly, as a Ruler-level creature's Soul Essence was normally sold for billions!

But even the Ruler-level Soul Remnant it did have was extremely valuable. After the Little Loach Pendant took it away, it immediately refined ten Warrior-level Soul Essences for Mo Fan. If he could actually have sold them all, it would have been worth a total of two hundred million.

Unfortunately, Mo Fan could only use them to strengthen his Stars. The project he initially thought was going to be a lengthy one was suddenly shortened by half. As a matter of fact, Mo Fan always ended up the biggest winner in a huge-scale battle like this. Even if the undead did not give him any loot, their Soul Remnants alone were of great value to him!

Apart from the Dark Swordmaster's Soul Remnant, Mo Fan had also managed to preserve its Undead Crystal perfectly.

A complete Undead Crystal was extremely valuable, since it was able to replenish a Mage's energy. The Ruler-level Undead Crystal was most likely worth a hundred million if he was to auction it.

He handed it to Zhao Manyan since he knew Zhao Manyan could help him sell it at a good price. With this, it seemed like he finally might have enough money to buy a Soul-grade Lightning Seed with a Domain!

"Mo Fan, give me the Undead Crystal, the Ruler-level creature's armor and sword, and I'll sell them for two hundred million for you! How's that?" Zhao Manyan decisively proposed.

"Two hundred million? Is that even possible?" Mo Fan asked in astonishment.

The Dark Swordmaster did not drop any rare loot, nor did it drop a Soul Essence or some other valuable parts. Mo Fan thought it was impressive if he could sell the loot he acquired for a hundred million.

"Why not? It's still a Ruler-level creature; many rich people across the world are interested in collecting the corpses of these Ruler-level creature, especially something like the Dark Swordmaster! Those rich merchants with huge houses like to collect them to intimidate their business competitors.

"On the other hand, they can also scare some demon creatures off. If you can forge a statue of the phantom horse, and fill up the armor to resemble a figure with the sword in its hand, the villa's level would immediately skyrocket! There are lots of rich people, but not all of them are able to use the corpse of a Ruler-level creature as a decoration. Besides, the Dark Swordmaster's armor fits the tastes of the Westerners; I can easily help you sell it at a good price in Europe, and it might actually be worth more than two hundred million!" Zhao Manyan said confidently.

Zhao Manyan was born into a business family. He knew the things that rich people were willing to invest in.

The Ruler-level Dark Swordmaster was a bodyguard of a Pharaoh, not to mention the imperious-looking armor and giant sword would easily attract many people that wanted to find something to decorate their mansion. It was common for collectors to spend hundreds of millions on a few art pieces, let alone a guardian statue refined with a Ruler-level creature's corpse!

"Doesn't that mean I can finally get a Soul-grade Lightning Seed?" Mo Fan was excited when he saw how confident Zhao Manyan was.

It seemed like he had enough money to get himself a Soul-grade Lightning Seed. Once he had one, he would no longer feel helpless when fighting against an Executioner of the Black Vatican like Philip!

"You're almost there. I've got the connections; when we arrive in Italy or Paris, I promise I'll get you a sick Soul-grade Lightning Seed. Say, I'm confident enough to say that I'm the disciple of the richest renowned family in China, but even my family isn't ambitious enough to get me a Soul-grade Seed. When you get yours, I bet even the members of the American team will be reluctant to fight you," Zhao Manyan said.

It was true that every powerful Mage walked the path on their own.

A grass-roots Mage probably would not have access to an abundant supply of resources in the range of ten million, let alone anything over a hundred million. However, whenever these grass-root Mages reached a certain height, they could easily earn lots of resources by themselves, and their growth after being self-reliant was usually more impressive than disciples of renowned families who were too reliant on the resources provided.

A Mage's cultivation was not something that could be obtained with just mere resources. Any resource would simply be a waste for someone untalented, but Mages who had reached their current heights by their own hard work had learned the secret of becoming stronger by probing the way ahead themselves, and they also knew how to break through by fighting endlessly. Even when they were covered in bruises, they would break through the cocoon and be reborn again. Over time, they would leave Mages of a similar age who over-relied on their families far behind!

Zhao Manyan was starting to believe it when he looked at Mo Fan.

The man had outstanding talents, yet he had decided to take the difficult approach by clearing the path with his bare hands. It would not be long until he finally broke out of the cocoon. By then, he would be so far ahead that others would no longer have a chance to catch up to him.

The presence of the undead completely dissipated after a huge rain. There was not a hint of strange odors in the air.

Even Heaven was paying its respects, sending rain to Puccini City to celebrate. A country like Egypt usually would not see a single drop of rain for half a year.

Pushing Xinxia's wheelchair, Mo Fan walked slowly forward. Every step he took, he could pick up Xinxia's alluring scent as the breeze swept past.

-How can her smell be so pleasant?- Mo Fan had the urge to lead her deep into a deserted alleyway where no one could respond to a person's cry for help. He could not help it; as a man who usually ate meat, the vegetables he cooked himself felt almost tasteless.

Lots of flowers blossomed after the rain. It was not a common sight, since they were in a desert country.

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Chapter 1028: The Zhao Brothers

“What a surprise, they were sold for two hundred and fifty million in an auction. Mo Fan, you’ve made bank this time!” Zhao Manyan exclaimed to Mo Fan excitedly.

Since Mo Fan rarely had a chance to see Xinxia, he had spent a few days with her. He also went to visit some great attractions together, experiencing how it would feel to go on a honeymoon trip together in advance.

“Not bad! Are there any nice Soul-grade Seeds?” Mo Fan asked.

Mo Fan had just sent Xinxia off. It was time for her to return to the Parthenon Temple. After the training, she would become an official member of the Parthenon Temple’s Hall of the Goddess. He could easily tell how impressive it was when he saw the shock on Nanrong Ni’s face before.

“Head to Venice; the City of Canals will surely have the thing you are looking for. The world’s biggest auction house is there. You can buy many things as long as you have the money!” Zhao Manyan told Mo Fan.

Mo Fan now had a total of eight hundred and fifty million. It was quite an insane amount of money. He never thought he would be this rich one day back when he was studying at school.

That being said, Mo Fan never thought he would be spending even more while he was getting richer. The money he had was only enough to buy a single Soul-grade Seed!

After arriving in Venice, they found the city built on water had a unique charm that no other city in the world had. The old clock towers, churches, and colorful buildings from the Middle Ages was like going back in time to revisit Europe’s history.

Venice did not have vehicles, and it did not even have bicycles. All their transportation consisted of boats and a Water-type beast called a Gondola.

The Gondola Water Beast perfectly suited the atmosphere in Venice. Their backbones were slightly sunken, but around their tails and heads a bone poked up. If they were lying still with half their bodies in the water, they perfectly resembled a small, crescent boat that could fit around five people.

These Gondolas could be thought of as the cabs of Venice. They were specially trained, and each was ‘driven’ by a special person. The Gondolas were able to bring visitors and the locals to any corner in Venice. Going out to the sea was an option, too!

When Mo Fan arrived in Venice, he immediately went to take a ride on the unique beasts as he explored the City of Canals.

“I heard every person in Venice is a Water Mage, is that true?” Mo Fan sat on the Gondola and asked the driver.

The driver was an old man. Perhaps because of being exposed to the sun too much, his skin tone was as dark as an African, even though he was a European. He was extremely friendly. He explained to Mo Fan with a smile, “Not everyone, but at least half of the people here can cast one or two Water Spells. Unfortunately, I’m from the other half.”

“Half of the people are Water Mages, that’s pretty scary!” Zhao Manyan exclaimed.

The ratio of Mages to ordinary people was extremely low, so it was quite shocking to learn that half of the people in Venice were Water Mages!

“If you’re heading for the San Marco Auction Hall, you’ll find it by going down this way. The World College Tournament is just around the corner, meaning that there will be lots of people coming to this city. I bet I will be quite busy soon too,” the driver smiled.

Saying this, he handed a card to Mo Fan, telling him that he was available if Mo Fan was interested in booking the Gondola.

When the two went ashore, the Piazza San Marco was right in front of them. The luxurious San Marco Auction Hall was within sight too, with two griffins guarding the entrance. The place looked stunning!

“Zhao Manyan!” As soon as they went in through the entrance, a handsome man in beach shorts with a pair of sunglasses came up to Zhao Manyan.

Beach shorts and slippers, the man’s simple outfit did not really suit the environment. Only the branded sunglasses were able to slightly offset his casual temperament.

“Big Brother, you’re so busy, why did you bother waiting here to receive me...” Zhao Manyan said excitedly when he saw the man with sunglasses.

However, before he could finish, the man raised his brows and said, “Why the heck are you here?”

“I told you I was coming! Did you seriously not read any of my messages?” Zhao Manyan was left speechless.

“Oh, I didn’t pay much attention to it. Speaking of which, didn’t dad send you to some other countries for training? Why are you here, then? I’m warning you, it’s useless trying to hide here if you have done something shameless. I’m too busy to even care about you, every minute of mine is worth a hundred million, do you understand?” the man berated him.

Zhao Manyan’s face darkened. He forced the words out between the gaps of his teeth, “I’m here for the World College Tournament. Could you at least pay some attention to me?”

“Oh, oh, I heard someone mentioning it before, saying that you’ve wasted a lot of money,” the man murmured.

Mo Fan could easily tell that the man was none other than Zhao Manyan’s brother, Zhao Youqian.

As a matter of fact, Mo Fan was struggling to understand what Zhao Manyan’s parents were thinking. The name they gave to their second child, Zhao Manyan, was fairly restrained, yet they had to give their eldest son such a blatant name. Youqian, anyone could easily tell it meant he was loaded!

{TL Note: Youqian sounds the same as the term ‘have money’}

“This is my good brother, Mo Fan, the one I mentioned to you before... oh, forget it, I bet you didn’t read any of my texts. I was asking you to help me...” Zhao Manyan said.

Before Zhao Manyan could finish, Zhao Youqian interrupted, “Just head inside, I have an important guest to receive.”

“...” Zhao Manyan was left speechless. He had no choice but to bring Mo Fan inside the San Marco Auction Hall.

Only the richest and most powerful people in the world were able to hold shares of the San Marco Auction Hall. The Zhao Clan was the richest family in China, and the main reason was that it owned quite a huge share of the San Marco Auction Hall, meaning that their clan was involved in every world-class auction that was held here.

“Your brother is quite interesting!” Mo Fan could not help but burst out laughing.

Zhao Manyan said helplessly, “It’s been the same since I was born. I’m always invisible to him. To be honest, I’m quite surprised that he was able to recognize me just then from so far away. The guy only has money in his eyes. If I say an extra word, he thinks that I’m wasting time that he could use to earn more money. He is not interested in women, food, magic, or any kind of relationship. His only interest is making more money, just like my dad.”

“So, did your family adopt you?” Mo Fan said.

“Maybe, if I was not relatively talented as a Mage to cover up for the Zhao Clan not having any powerful Mage, I bet no one would bother to come and find me if I went missing,” Zhao Manyan admitted.

“Why does it sound so sad coming out of your mouth? Do you know how many people are jealous of how you can use the money of your clan as you wish without being restricted at all? If I was born in your family, why the heck would I bother killing demon creatures? Why would I choose a harder life?” Mo Fan said righteously.

“You asshole, since the incident related to the Mother Scale Skin Phantom, how many times have I risked my life following you? It’s true that I’m rich, but I need to be alive to spend the money!” Zhao Manyan countered instantly.

“I’m just trying to add some fun to your boring life. If you don’t have any ambitions, how different are you than your brother?” Mo Fan replied.

As the two were bullshitting, they had entered the most luxurious VIP cabin, reserved for the Zhao Clan. The cabin was as luxurious as a royal palace. Having money alone was far from enough to create this sense of luxury. Mo Fan was struggling to comprehend how these rich people enjoyed their lives!

The waitstaff inside the royal cabin, outfitted in long blue dresses, were incredibly gorgeous. Their breasts and bottoms were tightly wrapped by the dresses, possessing irresistible charm.

“Do you always pick on these women?” Mo Fan asked in an evil voice.

Normally, Mo Fan would not have such random thoughts, but it was just that the waitresses were all so damn pretty!

“Don’t be ridiculous, these women aren’t the kind that you can touch even if you want to. They have to be virgins to work here, and any who lose their virginity will be fired straight away. They are purely here to receive the most respectable guests without being involved in any kind of sex trading. Can you stop thinking that the rich are only a vile and filthy bunch? These women aren’t that desperate for money. Money alone isn’t enough for them to sell themselves... the person will need to have a perfect, handsome face like mine!” stated Zhao Manyan confidently.

Soon, a receiving staffer in a blue dress came up to them and said with a smile, "Mister, we only accept reserved guests here, may I ask you to move to the next cabin?"

"I am Zhao Youqian's brother," Zhao Manyan told her calmly.

"I'm sorry, but Director Zhao has made it clear that this cabin is reserved for a VIP guest. I will bring you to the next room. You can ask the staff there to make arrangements for you," the woman said.

The woman was of mixed blood. She had the solid, attractive features of a Westerner, and the elegance of an Asian. Zhao Manyan was taken by surprise by her polite, yet firm attitude.

"Let's head over to the next cabin, HAHAHA!" Mo Fan simply burst out laughing.

Zhao Manyan's expression darkened.

Normally, Mo Fan was superior because of his outstanding strength. Zhao Manyan was completely no match for him. However, when he finally had the chance to impress Mo Fan with his background and money, he kept bringing shame upon himself instead. Zhao Manyan was starting to feel anxious.

"Humph, even though Zhao Youqian is fully in charge of this place, you must know that I do have a certain amount of shares here. I'll be taking this cabin, and if there's any problem, ask Zhao Youqian to come talk to me, I would like to see who the VIP guest is!"

Zhao Manyan sat on the couch made of the feathers of swan like a properly arrogant fuerdai.

The woman in blue dress was stunned. She did not expect Zhao Manyan to be this unreasonable!

Mo Fan was fairly surprised, too. Zhao Manyan did not look like the kind that would stir up trouble like this. He was willing to stay in both run-down inns and high-end mansions, so it was unlikely that he would insist on taking the luxurious cabin.

Could it be that the relationship between the Zhao brothers wasn't as peaceful as he thought initially?

Chapter 1029: I Wouldn't Want Her Even If She Volunteers!

"Is that really necessary? It's your own family business, the guest that Director Zhao personally went to receive must be very important. If your actions result in them being unable to reach a deal, you won't be able to explain yourself to the clan master either," the woman in the blue dress advised.

"Is that any of your concern?" Zhao Manyan snapped.

"Brother Zhao, let's go to the next cabin. It's not that bad either," Mo Fan advised him.

"This is the one. Ask Zhao Youqian to discuss his business in the next cabin. It's not like I'm here very often, I can pick whatever cabin I want. I don't really care if it's the royal cabin, I'm just displeased by your attitude. I can accept it if Zhao Youqian treats me like that, because he's my elder brother, but who do you think you are, asking me to leave?" Zhao Manyan cursed her.

The mixed-blooded woman in the blue dress paled when she learned that Zhao Manyan was putting the blame on her. She did not argue with him further, but asked the rest of the staff to move the dishes to the next cabin.

“Don’t touch my delicious food and drinks, set some up in the next cabin yourself!” Zhao Manyan frowned and snapped coldly when he saw the staff trying to move the tables and chairs away too.

The eyes of the mixed-blooded woman flickered with hate, yet she knew it was unwise to argue with Zhao Manyan again. Regardless of what happened, Zhao Manyan was still the second son of the Zhao Clan’s leader. As hired personnel, it did not matter if she was in the right, she would most likely be punished anyway!

Seeing the look in the woman’s eyes, Mo Fan grabbed a bunch of grapes and started shoving them into his mouth. He looked at Zhao Manyan curiously and asked, “Do you have a grudge against her?”

“Grudge? Not really, I just don’t like my brother’s subordinates treating me like he did. If I don’t teach them a lesson, they might even forget that my surname is Zhao too!” Zhao Manyan spat.

“I guess a fuerdai like you does have the right to act arrogantly, but I bet you always get beaten up by your father!” Mo Fan chuckled.

“That was before, at least I’m a representative of the national team now. I no longer eat meals for free, do I?” Zhao Manyan said.

“No wonder a lazy man like you is surprisingly hardworking lately. If you weren’t on the national team, I bet you wouldn’t even dare vent your frustration on the woman like that,” Mo Fan snickered.

“Isn’t that true? I could endure it if they treated me like that in the past, since it’s true that I only know how to spend money and pick up chicks. I was up to no good then, but I’m now an Advanced Mage, a member on the national team, a future pillar of the country, and a rising star! Perhaps my father would even consider me as his successor, and yet my brother’s subordinates thought they could treat me like dirt!?” Zhao Manyan huffed.

“What’s that woman’s name? I can tell she’s going to complain to your brother,” Mo Fan said.

“I have no idea, but every person that works for my brother is the same, they all lack a good memory,” Zhao Manyan said.

Not long afterwards, Mo Fan heard footsteps walking on the rug outside the cabin. As Mo Fan was a Space Mage, he was fairly sensitive to even the slightest movements.

Judging from the footsteps, it was very likely that Zhao Youqian had received the important guest, and it seemed like the guest was actually a woman. Her footsteps were extremely light, like a noble cat walking past elegantly on the rug.

As Mo Fan expected, the two went into the next room. Mo Fan could vaguely sense the woman in the blue dress whispering something into Zhao Youqian’s ear. Zhao Youqian hesitated for a moment, before following his guest into the next room.

The VIP guest did not stay too long in the room. She left after a brief conversation.

The woman did not let Zhao Youqian send her off. She left the room on her own, as if she was heading for some other place in the San Marco Auction Hall.

In the next room, Zhao Youqian flung his hand and knocked an ornamental teacup to the floor with a thud.

He hit the cup hard, and it almost smashed into pieces even though it had fallen on the rug.

The waitress felt her heart ache. The cup was worth a few hundred thousand, and it was almost broken!

“Do you have the brain of a pig? You knew he came to mess with me, and you still didn’t know to invite him into the next room politely?” Zhao Youqian rose to his feet and scolded the woman in the blue dress.

“I...I didn’t know he was your brother,” the woman admitted softly.

“You’re stupid beyond belief! Even if you never met him in person, you should have seen his photos!” Zhao Youqian cursed.

“I’ve failed you.”

“She decisively rejected my offer that quickly. I wonder who she’s going to work with next, since she didn’t agree to work with me. Hopefully it’s not that old fox Cario! Why is it so hard to read her mind!?” Zhao Youqian mumbled to himself. He immediately fell silent as he started pondering about his guest’s attitude.

The woman in the blue dress was startled. She could not believe that a man who was on a tantrum just a second ago had immediately started to reflect on the meeting with his guest. The way he switched his focus was rather intimidating.

Zhao Manyan came into the room with a gloating grin. “Brother, I can tell that you failed to reach a deal just by looking at your face.”

Zhao Youqian lifted his gaze and glanced at the teacup on the ground. He instantly smiled, “Who the hell knocked the cup onto the ground? Quick, pick it up, it doesn’t look good. Oh Zhao Manyan, please don’t stir up trouble whenever I’m scheduled to meet with an important client. If you cross the line, I’ll surely go tell father about it, and you won’t be able to spend your allowance as you wish again.”

“The two rooms don’t really differ that much, and judging from how she rejected you so quickly, I bet she never had the intention to work with you right from the beginning. She was just being polite by coming here in person and telling you her decision. It has nothing to do with me, so please don’t put the blame on me. Besides, weren’t you supposed to prepare the room for me since I told you that I was coming over?” Zhao Manyan shrugged with the same gloating look.

“Fine, you’re right that it has nothing to do with you, but since I’ve failed to reach a deal, you won’t be getting any benefits either. I’m afraid the resources allocated to you next month will shrink greatly. Oh, leaving that aside, I’ve read your texts. You’re asking for a Soul-grade Lightning Seed?” Zhao Youqian said.

“Yeah, he’s looking for one, and he’s the person that provided the Dark Swordmaster’s corpse,” Zhao Manyan said, pointing at Mo Fan.

Zhao Youqian fixed his gaze on Mo Fan without showing any expression.

As a matter of fact, it was the first time that Zhao Youqian had really looked at Mo Fan.

“Impressive, able to acquire something like it at your age... a Soul-grade Lightning Seed huh, I’ll ask someone to look for one. I’ll get it for you if I find it, but I have limited funds for the time being, you’ll have to transfer me the money first,” Zhao Youqian said.

“Screw you, do you really think I won’t pay? Can’t you just pay for it in advance?” Zhao Manyan cursed.

“You never know,” Zhao Youqian chuckled.

“Take it,” Zhao Manyan shoved a card into Zhao Youqian’s hands roughly.

Zhao Youqian immediately checked the money inside the card and smacked his lips, “Oh Zhao Manyan, when can you be like him and earn me eight hundred and fifty million?”

“I was born to spend money. I believe the rate that I’m spending my money is going to put your ability to earn money to shame,” Zhao Manyan replied.

“By the way, I heard that you’re taking part in the World College Tournament, everyone in Venice has been discussing it. As your brother, I haven’t been doing my job well looking after you. I’ll find the best blacksmith in Venice to forge you a piece of defensive equipment, as a gift to wish you all the best in the tournament,” Zhao Youqian said.

“Don’t worry about it if it’s only a piece of junk.”

“The master in Venice only accepts jobs with a hundred million as the minimum unit.”

“Oh, I’ll gladly accept the gift of apology then.”

“You can think of it as a gift of apology for not treating you seriously. Do your best in the tournament, don’t let the clan master think the money invested in you is nothing but a waste,” Zhao Youqian said.

“Who were you meeting just then?” Zhao Manyan switched the topic.

“A gorgeous lady, so beautiful that even a man like me is tempted.”

“Oh?” Zhao Manyan raised his brows.

He was extremely familiar with his elder brother. The man had never shown any interest in women, nor was he interested in men. The only thing that he was interested in was money, especially when a crazy large amount of it was being transferred into his account...

If a woman was beautiful enough to fascinate Zhao Youqian, she had to be a disastrous-level beauty. If Zhao Manyan had known beforehand, he would have waited at the entrance instead. Whenever Zhao Manyan was in a bad mood, he would feel a lot better after seeing a glamorous lady.

“What’s her name?” Mo Fan asked. A unique scent was lingering in the air in the room. Mo Fan felt it was oddly familiar.

“Asha’ruiya,” Zhao Youqian replied, not bothering to hide the identity of his client.

“Oh, ok,” Mo Fan said and sniffed again.

“She is worthy to be my woman.” A smile surfaced on Zhao Youqian’s face.

“I can tell that she doesn’t even want to talk to you, judging by your words,” Zhao Manyan mocked him.

“I can’t help if that’s what you think. Speaking of which, your habit of eating junk food hasn’t changed at all. Look at all the girlfriends you had at school,” Zhao Youqian replied mockingly, even though he sounded like an elder brother caring about his little brother.

The words immediately infuriated Zhao Manyan.

“I heard someone mention to me that the girl from the Mu Clan is also on the national team. If you are really capable, just settle her so the two clans can unite through your marriage. We have the money, and the Mu Clan has the power. We could easily rise as a powerhouse back!” Zhao Youqian said.

“Are you referring to Mu Ningxue?” Zhao Manyan was startled.

“Mu Ningxue? Are you being serious? Even the Zhou Clan doesn’t dare to take her, I forgot what the other girl’s name was...”

“Mu Tingying?” Mo Fan hinted.

“Yes, that’s her; settle her, and you’ll be doing the clan a great favor even if you happen to embarrass yourself in the World College Tournament,” Zhao Youqian told him.

“I wouldn’t want her, even if she volunteered!” Zhao Manyan rejected instantly.

Chapter 1030: Asha’ruiya

Mo Fan went on a tour in the San Marco Auction Hall, as he was feeling quite bored.

In a long corridor not far away from the VIP rooms, glass cabinets were placed in a row, displaying various kinds of historically-meaningful artifacts. For example, the first piece of Water-type magic equipment was on display; magic weapons; and old records stating how the Water Element was regarded as a forbidden magic. There were also the skulls of the strongest Water Mages in Venice’s history.

Mo Fan walked along the corridor. There was no auction today, so Mo Fan was the only person walking in the corridor. As he observed the items being displayed, Mo Fan could not help but feel amazed. He was not sure if it was because the world he once knew was simply too ordinary, or if he was currently having a magical dream, where the civilization of magic had lasted a long time, and had perfectly blended into human life. It just felt so unbelievable.

As he was walking, he suddenly discovered a black stone the size of a thumb on a shelf. The stone was as beautiful as a crystal, with blinking white dots on the surface, like a starry night sky, setting off its extraordinary beauty.

Mo Fan was rather confused. How could such a tiny stone feel so magical? He proceeded to read the lore of the tiny stone.

“It’s called the Stone of Guilt. More than twenty years ago, an authoritative, beautiful woman wanted to show to the public she was being fair and just while sentencing criminals, and the stone was a symbol of it,” the pleasant voice of a woman arose behind him.

Even without turning around to look at her appearance, Mo Fan could tell how elegant and gorgeous the woman was from just her voice.

As he turned around, he saw a face covered by a veil, just as he had expected. Her eyes had dark blue pupils, and as he stared into them, he felt a surge of lightning crackling inside his mind. It spread through his body, making his heart beat rapidly.

“It’s really you! HAHAHA, such a fateful encounter!” Mo Fan burst out laughing when he saw the extremely beautiful woman.

“Yeah, it’s too bad that something so terrifying happened during our last encounter,” Asha’ruiya smiled. It was tactful yet friendly, which served as a great contrast to Mo Fan’s wild laughter.

“Let’s not talk about the sad incident. It’s such a coincidence, I was thinking about you not long ago, and here I am stumbling into you in Venice,” Mo Fan said.

Mo Fan proceeded to explain his experience in Egypt and the Dark Swordmaster to Asha’ruiya.

“It sounds like you forgot me for a long time,” Asha’ruiya picked out the flaw in Mo Fan’s sentence and let out a sigh, like an old friend teasing him playfully.

“Not necessarily, it’s just that I didn’t think I’d see you again so soon. So your real name is Asha’ruiya! Not bad, it definitely suits a gorgeous woman like you,” Mo Fan complimented her.

“You can call me by my Chinese name too,” Asha’ruiya permitted him.

“Miss Ye Meng’e, you mentioned that the stone is called the Stone of Guilt, but you sounded a little sarcastic?” Mo Fan inquired.

Asha’ruiya walked closer and glanced at the description written in Italian with a disdainful grin.

“It’s a Stone of Judgment of the Holy Judgment Court. Black means guilty, and white means not guilty. When the Holy Judgment Court is sentencing someone very important, they will summon the elders of the court to judge the person. If the number of black stones is greater than the white, then the person is deemed guilty, and will be punished severely by the court. Around twenty years ago, on a particular case, the number of blacks and whites was equal, but the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple voted with a black stone, pronouncing her own brother guilty. As such, she was complimented for being fair and just. Since then, the stone she used to vote has been displayed here for people of the world to see,” Asha’ruiya explained patiently to Mo Fan.

“If it was a draw before, it means what the person did wasn’t necessarily unforgivable, but it wasn’t generally accepted, either. That being said, if she had the option to decide the fate of her family member with her vote and still chose to vote black, there must be something seriously wrong with her!” Mo Fan directly commented.

“You think so too?” Asha’ruiya smiled behind the veil. It seemed like she also agreed that the Goddess of the Parthenon Temple was out of her mind. She also considered the act of placing righteousness above loyalty to her family unreasonable in a situation like that.

(Ed. Note: This is Chinese loyalty to family above all. In the West, this is proper Justice. In reality, the Goddess should have not been allowed to vote, and would have abstained.)

“Let’s not talk about something so serious. I have only just arrived in Venice; are you interested in touring around with me, drinking some afternoon tea, and eating some Italian pizza?” Mo Fan asked.

“Sure, but I have something to attend to first. You can pick a place and wait for me there, feel free to order the pizza first,” Asha’ruiya said. From the look in her eyes, she seemed quite interested in talking to Mo Fan.

Mo Fan found the driver he met before and asked the old man to bring him to a relaxing place with delicious food, just so he could enjoy some peace in Venice.

The old man was indeed an experienced driver. He brought Mo Fan to a place with a crystalline balcony with a stunning view overlooking a river with two rows of colorful European buildings on both sides, and an arc connecting both sides like a scene from a fairytale. Most importantly, there was a unique inn specifically for couples right beside the place. Mo Fan felt like the driver had overdone it, so he felt the urge to give the man some extra tips!

After sending Asha’ruiya the address, Mo Fan sat on the chair with a relaxed posture, an iced cocktail by his side, and a hot pizza arriving fairly soon. It greatly surpassed his experience of trying to survive in a bloody battlefield surrounded by undead. However, without the filthy battles, it was hard for people to appreciate the rare peace and calm they got to enjoy in their lives. After all, demon creatures had always been a threat to them!

Mo Fan did not have to wait long for Asha’ruiya to arrive. Her pants were made of some unknown material, and wrapped tightly about her slender legs and well-stacked bottom. For some reason, any man would find the sight very alluring.

“I’m hungry,” Asha’ruiya did not feel awkward at all, and blurted that out as soon as she sat down.

“The pizza is still in the oven, please wait a bit longer,” Mo Fan glanced at the kitchen not far away.

“Are you planning to buy something?” Asha’ruiya asked.

“A Soul-grade Lightning Seed, I’ve given all the money I saved up to Zhao Youqianm who you had a meeting with not long ago. I’m planning to buy a Soul-grade Lightning Seed with a Domain, so I can achieve a better result in the World College Tournament,” Mo Fan admitted.

“I see. I do know a place where you can find the Soul-grade Lightning Seed you desire, and I can guarantee you that it’s better than any Soul-grade Lightning Seed you can find in an auction. Are you interested?” Asha’ruiya said.

Mo Fan was about to ask more when the pizza came. Asha’ruiya immediately moved a slice to her plate and started enjoying it.

Mo Fan grabbed a slice with his hand. He always felt it was more delicious to eat a pizza that way...

“Where is the Soul-grade Lightning Seed that you mentioned?” Mo Fan asked.

“My information is usually very expensive. Why do you think Zhao Youqian is so keen to meet me?” Asha’ruiya said smilingly.

“This meal is on me.”

“You’re funny.”

“I believe our relationship is very pure, it’s too hurtful to talk about money,” Mo Fan said seriously.

He was seriously running out of funds. The eight hundred and fifty million he gave Zhao Youqian was basically everything he had.

“The Soul-grade Lightning Seed is called Sadinxi, it basically means Lightning Tyrant in Chinese. It has an aura like a tyrant, capable of absorbing all the Lightning energy nearby into its bearer’s body, and its capacity is at least a few times that of any other Lightning Domain. It also has the highest Lightning Resistance among Soul-grade Lightning Seeds. Its amplification of Lightning Spells is at least five to six times that of an ordinary Seed, and it can further apply special effects to a target struck by the bearer’s Lightning Spells. If Lightning Spells have landed on a target within the Lightning Tyrant’s Domain, it will trigger the Tyrant Call, which is as powerful as the Intermediate Lightning Spell, Thunderbolt: Exploding Apex!” Asha’ruiya explained to Mo Fan in a professional manner.

Asha’ruiya giggled when she saw the expression on Mo Fan’s face. She added before Mo Fan could speak, “That’s all I know about the Lightning Tyrant, you’ll need to figure out the rest yourself, but I’m fairly confident that what I told you is already a lot better than what you can get from an auction.”

Zhao Manyan had briefly explained the effects of a Soul-grade Lightning Seed to Mo Fan. A Domain was basically used to improve a Mage’s control over an Element.

With a Domain, a Mage was able to gather the energy of the Element toward themselves, forming a zone that would allow a Mage to cast spells and alter the form of their magic easily. However, a Soul-grade Lightning Seed that could absorb the Lightning Element and improve the Lightning resistance of its bearer like Asha’ruiya had mentioned was incredibly rare!

After all, a Mage already had their control and resistance of an Element improved inside a Domain, and if the Soul-grade Lightning Seed was still able to boost the base stats further, how remarkable would his control and resistance be?

He could simply stand still and let a Mage blast him continuously with Intermediate Lightning Spells until their energy had depleted, and he’d still be perfectly fine!

Apart from granting a Domain to a Mage, the amplification provided by a Soul-grade Seed was its main selling point.

Since everyone’s magic was restrained by Star Orbits, Star Patterns, Star Constellations, and Star Palaces, the damage of every spell was going to be the same without the amplification of a Domain or a Seed. The reason why a Spirit-grade Seed or a Soul-grade Seed was expensive was because of their ability to improve the strength of a Mage!