

Seller 202

Chapter 202 Overpowered Lightning Clone

*Ding! Congratulations, you won '+2 chance' as a reward.

'+2' reward on the lottery wheel doesn't give him any benefit. All it does is to remove the empty spot and let him spin again for the remaining rewards.

Since Mark already possessed 10 luck points (for the next 5 minutes), it isn't useful to him but he was worried that he will draw +2 at the end where there aren't any options and waste a week of waiting time.

Now that it had already arrived, he felt as if a small burden was removed from his head.

"Unique Skill, Peak potion, Reconnaissance satellite, and light combat aircraft."

A new wheel popped up, which is equally divided into four rewards. He clicked on the spin once again.

*Ding! Congratulations, you won 'unique skill' as a reward.

*Ding! Two attributes are detected in your body. Please select one attribute to choose a random unique skill.

At first, he thought of choosing the ice attribute as he had chosen lightning during his previous chance but then, he remembered that he would receive a new bloodline skill when he breakthroughs again. Every Spirit Warrior who had awakened a bloodline would usually receive the knowledge of one skill automatically at 2-circle, 4-circle, 6-circle, 8-circle, and 10-circle. Mark wasn't any different in this, either.

So, in the end, he chose the lightning attribute again. There's also another reason to choose it. Unlike the ice attribute that had chosen him, lightning was chosen by him when he first became the Spirit Warrior. It was indeed a bit special in Mark's eyes.

*Ding! You had chosen the lightning attribute. Drawing a random skill from the system's database.

*Ding! "Lightning Clone" has been added to the skill list.

Because of its name, Mark opened the skill list right away and checked the effects of the skill. "Damn, it is fucking op. This is what I've been looking for."

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Lightning Clone: Create a clone made of lightning attribute and ether energy, controlling it like a puppet from a distance. Cost: 1% Ether energy/second. Range: 500 meters. CD: 0 seconds.

Effects:

1) Strength of the lightning clone will be one whole realm above the highest stat of the user during the time of unleashing the skill. (Maximum stat: 10.9)

2) The clone will release an enormous amount of energy upon being destroyed, causing serious damage to the enemies standing nearby. In such a case, the user cannot resummon the clone for the next 12 hours.

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Mark felt like the skill he acquired is ten times better than the other rewards because of its potential. If he can become a Supreme realm being in the future (9-circle), then, he would have the strength of a Demigod. How amazing is that?

Even now, if he summons the clone, it will have 7.2 stats of strength. Even without the help of the Androids or the helicopter, perhaps, he can fight head-on with Bai Xun.

He was so happy that he gave 10 gold coins to Chang Bo as a bonus reward. The teenager didn't understand why he was given money out of nowhere. But, judging by his employer's expression, he felt like something good had probably happened to the owner. He naturally didn't refuse the free money and thanked him.

Mark didn't forget to check on the Statue of Velkazar. There was still a few days left for its 14-day cooldown timer to end. Should he absorb Chang Bo's luck again? He wondered.

A couple of hours passed away. Mark's mood returned to normal and he immersed himself in creation until lunchtime. With only a few customers in the store, he didn't feel the need to pay too much attention to his surroundings.

Post lunch, he decided to hand over the security and supervision to Alina, counter to Allen while he stayed upstairs, and talked with Song Yue for a while before he cooped himself in his room to focus on creation, although not for long.

About 4 in the afternoon, he received a message from Allen, forcing him to stop his work and rush downstairs to find Shang Jiao in the store. Why was she here? Isn't she supposed to be outside the city? Or did she already complete the task of bringing the Song Clan's ancestor to the Imperial City?

These questions popped up in Mark's head at first but he didn't dwell deep into them as there was someone else standing next to her. It is the second prince.

First, the lightning clone skill, and now, the second prince is here to finish the deal and let him complete the side quest? He felt like the day was lucky for him.

The prince greeted Mark with a smile, "it's been a while, Lu Zhen. Sorry for the late, though. I was preoccupied with something urgent matters."

"I understand, Your Highness." Mark returned the greetings with a nod before taking a glance at his sister, "and what about the princess? I thought she had taken leave for some trip."

Shang Jiao gave a sheepish smile in response, "Mother refused to give me permission to go out. Then, I heard that Brother Wen is arriving. So, I stayed at the palace."

"It's alright. You are on the leave anyway. What you do with it isn't my concern." Mark waved his hand, forcing out a smile. He had doubts about whether this spoiled princess really intended to go with Lin Xue. He believed that she used it as an excuse to not work.

Since he was in a good mood, he doesn't want to do something unpleasant as handing out punishment. Moreover, the second prince might be displeased with his actions if it was done in front of his eyes. So, he can at least cut off some slack for her.

Mark shifted his attention back to the prince, "By the way, Your Highness, we have got a ton of new rifles, which put those pistols to shame. Would you like to take a look before I present you that secret weapon?"

"It looks like your manufacturer is on a roll, Lu Zhen." The second prince joked in response, surprising the princess. "Every time I meet you, you will have new weapons. But then again, I came to Imperial City for a three-day visit. So, I can afford the time."

"Great, we have the training ground over there. I'll present you the new ones, one after another." Mark pointed at the exit where the soldiers at the large entrance gate could be seen even from the counter. After informing him, he once again got back his attention to his sister, "Princess Shang, follow me to the rifle chamber; need some assistance."

Before Shang Jiao replied to him, Chang Bo, who was nearby, answered, "I will go with you, Lord Lu."

Mark abruptly turned his head towards the teenage boy before throwing a key at him, "Don't worry. You also have some work to do. Go to the storage room and pick up 50 vases from it and then, go to the training ground to arrange ten of them with a 1-meter distance between them. You know where to place them."

Every day, after finishing the spar, Allen would visit the market and brings a lot of vases with him. And then, Mark would transfer some of them into the storage room, which he originally used to keep the empty wooden boxes and weapons-filled boxes for outward appearance.

"Yes." As Chang Bo went to the storage room, Mark walked towards the room where a note was stuck on the door that says Rifle. She slowly followed her brother, assuming that he will lecture her about her absence.

But, instead, he simply asked her whether she told the second prince about Song Yue or not.

In response, Shang Jiao shook her head, "No, I told you that I keep it a secret."

"Well, after we go to the training ground, go upstairs and ask Lady Song whether I can inform him or not," Mark said to her. As an afterthought, he added, "Your brother is in a position to help her more than anyone."

"I'm not sure about that, though." Shang Jiao thinks that it is a bad idea as the second prince is someone with principles. One of them is that he won't stand injustice when it concerns his friends. So, if he knew the truth, the first thing he'll do is to storm into the Imperial Palace and blow up the matter in the court.

After listening to the advice of the princess, Mark decided to keep mum on the matter and returned to the reception. "Shall we go?"

While Allen continued to look after the store, Mark walked along with the second prince and fifth princess to the training ground.