

## Seller 361

### Chapter 361 The Four Representatives Of Kunlun Sect

Once they left out of his sight, Yang Bingwen let out a sigh of relief and enquired about the matter with Mark. "Is that girl belonged to the Wuji sect, the one who betrayed those two kids?"

"It doesn't have anything to do with the Xianshu Sect, Mr. Yang. So, it is better off you knowing." Mark replied coldly before realizing that his true thoughts were being exposed. He immediately corrected his tone and expression. "Don't worry. We won't do anything that will hurt your sect's fame."

Yang Bingwen was slightly displeased by the rude remark from Mark. But keeping his goal in his mind, he forced himself to smile and acted as if he wasn't bothered by the earlier comment. He let out a sigh and said, "No, I was just worried about my great-grandnephew, the lad you met earlier. He appeared to have a liking to her. I rarely see him accompany a female disciple in our sect."

"Then, you better warn him to stay away from her for her fate is sealed whether she met us in the competition or not. Or else..." Mark doesn't want to be harsh on this respected grand elder but the words just come out of his mouth before he realized the problem and he had to correct his tone later as this old man's usefulness hasn't come to an end.

\*cough\* "I mean that it is better for the both of us if he doesn't stand in our way to punish a traitorous woman who plotted the death of several individuals. As his ancestor, I believe that you can convince him to not associate himself with the Wuji sect."

Mark doesn't need such a lengthy explanation but he had to act like a boss but not an arrogant one because there are people watching them. They weren't mere spectators. They were messengers who will deliver the news of his firearms to their regions.

With everything going in his favor, the news of the grand elder personally escorting Mark and his companions, followed by the Patriarch making a personal visit to meet him had spread to even the other peaks. People couldn't help but try to guess his identity.

But then again, not everyone is curious to know about this guest. After all, the tournament is the main attraction and moreover, there's news that Emperor himself is going to attend the opening ceremony too.

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The next day at dawn;

Mark and his companions left the grand elder's residence where they were guests last night, and they proceeded to the highest peak of the mountain, known as the main peak/White Peak.

The disciples of the white peak became the hosts, spreading from the entrance to the arena.

Just like its name, every inner sect disciple of white peak wore white robes, and with their pale faces, several of them really looked like ghosts in fairytales but no one dared to comment about it as it is considered a sore spot for those disciples.

Of course, Mark could care less about their feelings but his current attention wasn't exactly on their appearances but rather on their gender. He saw a lot of female disciples and participants walking around.

Mark couldn't help but casually comment, "I should say that the north is really progressive. Back in the Phoenix Empire, I don't think there were any sects that accept both genders."

In response, Song Yue then voiced her opinion, "well, you can see mixed groups in guilds though."

Yang Bingwen then commented, "When one has power, they have the freedom to choose their life. And no matter what kind of society it is, the beliefs of the highest authority will reflect the entire land as more and more time passed."

"Well, I won't object to that," replied Mark. He added while remembering his biological father's face, "that is why it is necessary for an Emperor to be a role model for his citizens."

Song Yue fell silent when she heard that and she immediately grabbed his arms to console him, knowing what he was thinking about.

The others, on the other hand, didn't think much and only assumed that it is just a part of the conversation. Perhaps, the only one who misunderstood is the grand elder, who assumed that Mark was talking about Emperor Qin.

Meanwhile, inside the arena, a few qualified participants lined up in front of a giant stone slab placed in the middle of the field. Nine large markings in the shape of stars were inscribed on top of this mysterious object.

And right before the stone slab, there was a thin and transparent blue-colored barrier, which will test one's age.

There was an elder with 8-circle cultivation standing on its right, and Yang Zenchao, the inner sect disciple of Violet peak was standing on its left with an empty scroll in his hand.

"Your invitation letter please..." Elder asked the group standing at the front. One of them handed it to the old man and the latter looked at it, "Luo sect, 3 slots."

He then looked at the group, "are you the three?" he asked.

As the three teenagers nodded in response, the Elder told them to proceed with the test.

The first one walked forward and pressed his palm against the stone slab, inserting his ether energy into it.

The moment he did that, five stars lit up and the elder nodded in satisfaction, "Five-circle realm cultivation. Next..."

He pointed at the handsome-looking young man on the other side of the stone slab.

Yang Zenchao asked for his name and recorded it in the scroll using ether energy writing.

One after another, the participants went through the test and recorded their names so that it becomes easier for the sect to arrange the match fixtures, especially these Spirit Warriors from the same sect who came through recommendations without facing any preliminary battles.

Every time, there will be 128 Spirit Warriors participating in the tournament, of which 64 slots were reserved for people from the well-known sects and the other 64 will be decided through preliminary rounds.

Not all the sects were given an equal amount of slots. Luo sect, for example, was given 3 slots while Wuji and Kunlun sects were given 4 slots each. As for the host, the Xianshu sect has the right to reserve 8 slots for their disciples.

Of course, this didn't mean that the sects with reserved slots can send whoever they can. They will have to adhere to the rules of the competition too.

Some of the sects with only 1 or 2 slots tried to act smart, trying to fool them by faking their age. However, they underestimated the Xianshu sect's age-detecting barrier. It accurately guessed whether one's real age is below 30 or not. As a result, five cultivators were disqualified from the tournament and became a laughingstock in front of the other sect representatives.

After parting ways with Song Yue and others at the entrance, Mark, Zi Ling, Dong Fang, and coachman Dai Qiu made their way toward the stone slab.

Zi Ling and Dong Fang didn't have a bit of nervousness on their faces and they appeared to be quite determined with a clear goal in their mind.

Mark, on the other hand, looked like someone who didn't care about the competition. He was leisurely observing the arena.

And the remaining one, Dai Qiu was sweating like hell. His face was pale, his eyes were red as if he didn't sleep all night, and his heart was beating very fast as he followed Mark.

"What kind of trouble do I put myself into?"

Chapter 362 I Don't Question My Master's Actions

Dai Qiu was originally a low-level adventurer whose team ended up in a mishap against a fierce beast of 5-circle when they explored a dungeon. Since then, he didn't join the teams and mostly worked as a temporary coachman for nobles.

From time to time, he fought against bandits and lower realm assassins but it is because he had to protect his client and there was no other choice.

However, at the present, there is nothing at stake here. Why should he go and risk his life in a competition he didn't have any interest in?

Unfortunately for Dai Qiu, he wasn't given the option to choose. Because that so-called light elemental spirit merged with his body, he was told to join the Kunlun sect for that spirit belonged to the sect.

If he doesn't listen, then, he will be hunted down.

While he was contemplating on whether to run away with his life when these two teenagers become busy in the tournament battles, Mark put forth another proposition which he was only told to agree to it without any negotiations.

Mark promised that the Kunlun sect will forget the matter and he will have his freedom as long as he will enter top-32 and then follows him to the Kunlun sect to formally apologize for taking their treasure.

Now, Dai Qiu could ignore the demands of the teenagers but Mark? He was the royal guest of Eastern Sun and to some extent, even the Kun Empire. If include the Western Moon kingdom and Phoenix Empire, where he could run away if he offends such a person?

Hence, the poor adventurer turned coachman became a participant, representing the Kunlun sect alongside Mark, Zi Ling, and Dong Fang.

The Xianshu doesn't care whether Mark and Dai Qiu belonged to the Kunlun sect or not. It entirely depends on the Kunlun sect of who to choose. It is not a problem whether the representative is an outsider.

It was at this point that Mark took advantage of and was participating in the place of dead seniors of Dong Fang and Zi Ling.

Soon, Mark and the other three joined the line. They only have four members in front. So, it won't be long before their turn comes up. However, their strength appeared to be anything but ordinary.

"Show your invitation" "Here"

"Okay, step through the barrier and place your palm on the artifact."

"6-circle realm. Good... please go and register your names."

"6-circle realm"

"6-circle realm?"

"6-circle realm???"

Because of the high number of participants, the legendary realm expert didn't bother to sense each one's cultivation realm and didn't pay much attention to the group that is filled with only teenagers.

How could he have expected to meet Upper Elite realm cultivators in a row? Naturally, he was taken aback and took a glance at them one more time and mumbled, "It appeared that the Iron Palm Sect is going all out after losing half of their strength."

"One of the four representatives of the sect glanced in the elder's direction as he heard those words. His face turned serious but he didn't speak anything and turned around his head before walking away toward the participants' section even though they knew that the matches will only start three hours later.

As for Mark, he wasn't that dedicated or determined. After Dong Fang and Zi Ling were done with their registrations, he calmly walked through the barrier and placed his palm on the stone slab, which is a semi-divine artifact according to the details displayed on the holographic screen before Mark's eyes.

Once he was done, he went back to meet Song Yue before they went on a tour. Surprisingly, Yang Bingwen too tagged along with them and became a tour guide.

Previously, the disciples of the White Peak only heard the rumors and now that they were witnessing it with their own eyes, their curiosity toward this group has increased quite exponentially.

"Why Grand Elder Yang is escorting them?"

"Do you know who they are?"

"I heard that they were representing Kunlun Sect."

"Is that beast king belong to their sect's master or something? It looks so mighty."

"I should say I'm envious of that guy. His wife is so pretty"

"Oh my god... his smile... I think I'll fall in love with that young master. He is so handsome" "Shhh... mind your manners"

"I felt like he has the air of a prince. Even his looks (age) and cultivation realm are similar to the fourth prince. I wonder whether he is a prince of Leon Empire or Phoenix Empire." "Hmpf, it's just your overestimation. The fourth prince is a heavenly genius. Someone like him couldn't hold a candle against Qin Zhi."

"I wonder who that middle-aged-looking fellow is. I cannot sense any cultivation. He must be powerful. Who knows, he might be a hidden expert?"

As Mark was roaming around the main peak, mainly the training grounds, judgment hall, cultivation caves where spiritual energy is far higher, merit shops where disciples exchange their merits for items or techniques, meditation center, etc..., murmurings filled the entire place with almost every disciple and participant who recognizes the old man murmuring one thing or another.

Mark had no interest to care about others. As the guy who wanted to revive the Lan Sect, he just wanted to see how a sect functions and what are the essential things that he needs to pay attention for.

After a couple of hours, he returned to the main arena where people started filling up the audience seats. Just like Mark, the other participants also have people tagged along with them to support them. Along with the disciples from the other peaks, they too sat down.

Meanwhile, Song Yue and others were taken to the VIP section, where important guests, elders, and grand elders will sit.

The Grand elder introduced Song Yue to them. They have heard of the weapon seller and his exploits so far. So, they weren't surprised by either the golden kitten sleeping in her arms or the manticore.

However, Lan Ju is different, who was a Supreme Being (?) like their Patriarch. So, his presence attracted their attention the most.

Ignoring the lady who kept her eyes on the arena's field, the sect's Patriarch struck up a conversation with Lan Ju. He inquired about Mark's chances in the tournament.

Of course, he wanted to know why Mark is representing the Kunlun sect, which should have no connection with the weapon seller as far as their sources say. But, even a fellow supreme being like Patriarch Xie cannot ask him because of the fact that this fellow named Wu Weibao has mysterious origins.

This is the problem with old and wise people. Sometimes, they think too much about the matter, trying to get to the bottom only to get nowhere in the end. But, oftentimes, they will also guess it right.

The same thing happened here too.

To his earlier question, he received an ambiguous reply from the zheng, "I don't question my master's actions, Patriarch Xie. There's always a reason behind them."

And in the next second, the Patriarch of the Xianshu sect was already in deep thinking, trying to search for the hidden meaning behind Lan Ju's words.

#### Chapter 363 Xie Zhong's Thoughts

Lan Ju only wanted to tell him that he trust Mark's decisions and don't unnecessarily question them but Xie Zhong understood it differently as he analyzed those deeply.

Why a supreme being accepted a commoner as his master in the first place when even the Emperors had to greet them in respect? Such loyalty can only occur by two things.

One, the guy has a strong hidden background.

Two, the guy forced the supreme being into servitude.

Feeling that the second option is out of the question, Xie Zhong concluded that Mark belonged to the first option. The existence of firearms and the Kunlun sect's support for Mark only increased his suspicion.

Now, the only question that remained in Xie Zhong's mind is why Mark is participating in this tournament.

For a person who had a supreme being as his servant, a manticore as a mount, and a beast emperor kitten as a pet, the rewards from the tournament shouldn't entice him. Hence, there's another motive. Perhaps, revenge?

It is not uncommon that arrogant young masters wanted to take revenge with their own hands. So, maybe, it was just that?

Xie Zhong formed his own theory based on an ambiguous answer from Lan Ju.

Mark's arrival did bring confusion to the Patriarch of the Xianshu sect but thankfully, it also saved his face a little bit, considering the emperor sent a letter about skipping the opening ceremony but promising to attend the finals.

Back to the Arena, once the matchups were done according to one's cultivation, making sure that neither fellow 6-circle realm experts become opponents nor do a 4-circle realm Spirit warrior will face a 6-circle cultivator, well, atleast until round 32.

The legendary realm expert, Elder of the scarlet peak (4th highest), Gao Su became the proctor of all the battles.

He started by speaking the rules after speaking a few words about the tournament for formality.

The Dragon Warrior Tournament, which only occurs once every 10 years, is considered the most prestigious tournament in the continent, not just because of the impressive rewards and the participation of the most talented cultivators from sects but it is also because the top 8 Spirit Warriors will also be qualified for the Void tournament.

If the Dragon Warrior tournament is a continental one, then, Void Tournament is a worldwide one.

Coming to the rules, currently, round 128 will start. Due to the fact that five seeded candidates from various sects ended up being disqualified, five lucky individuals will proceed to the next round without any battle.

Obviously, it is going to be the warriors with the highest potential. Of the remaining 123, there were about 19 of them in the 6-circle realm. 5 out of those 19 got a bye and proceed to the next round.

Unfortunately, Mark wasn't one of them.

But, he didn't think he wasn't unlucky though. After all, his goal is something else and he needs as many opportunities as he can get to fulfill his goal.

As for how the battle goes, there was a large platform placed in the middle of the arena. It was fifty meters wide, a hundred meters long, and 2 meters in height. As long as the participant's body touches the ground, he/she loses.

Flying is allowed but not greater than fifty meters above the ground and five meters away from the platform. If this rule is broken, then the participant will lose the match too.

Other than that, killing is absolutely allowed. However, only before the participant admits his defeat or before the proctor announces that the said participant is in no condition of battle.

The weapons and artifacts are allowed no matter whom they belonged to but the contracted beast is not allowed to support its ally/master.

As for the rewards, there are different ones for different rankings but the one that is worthy to be described were the rewards for the first four ranks.

The fourth ranker will receive 10,000 gold coins, a fierce-grade beast egg of chosen attribute, and a platinum-grade weapon.

The third ranker will receive 20,000 gold coins, a beast-king egg, and a platinum-grade weapon.

The runner-up will receive 30,000 gold coins, either a direct chance to form a contract with a 6-circle realm beast king that has no master or a beast-king egg and a platinum-grade weapon & armor set.

And the winner will receive a huge amount of 100,000 gold coins, a chance to form a contract with a 7-circle realm beast king with no master or a beast-king egg, a platinum-grade armor set, and a semi-divine grade weapon, and finally, an opportunity to seek guidance in cultivation directly from the Void Temple.

The Void Temple is an organization that conducts these dragon warrior tournaments in all the continents every decade, followed by the Void Tournament at the end.

It is said that one of the three demigod realm beasts of the world was the guardian of this Void Temple and there's also a rumor that a demigod cultivator was hiding in that temple's headquarters.

How much of that is true? No one knows.

However, one knows that the organization is far stronger than any Empire's army or any individual sect just based on the fact that they have at least three supreme beings and a dozen Supreme realm experts. Unknown to the rest of the world, who knows how many more such experts were hiding there?

Anyways, back to the tournament, after the recital of the rules was over, the proctor went on to announce a spar between two grand elders of the sect, following the tradition of the tournament.

This practice not only showcases the strength of the hosting sect but also helps the youngsters in widening their horizons. Who knows, some of these geniuses can learn a thing or two after watching advanced realm experts fight.

Everyone but Mark was intently staring at the arena. They were excited to watch the sparring between two supreme realm experts. Even the grand elders sitting beside the Patriarch were ready.

Little did they expect Xie Zhong to suddenly change a decision. He stopped them from going to the field and cupped his fists toward Lan Ju, "Brother Wu, if you don't mind, I would like to spar with you. Will you accept this selfish request of mine?"

"Huh?" Everyone else quickly turned their heads to look at the Patriarch. Lan Ju too blankly stared at him, wondering what this fellow was thinking. Trying to get yourself humiliated?

As if Xie Zhong understood what everyone was wondering about, he gave his reasoning before Lan Ju gave his answer.

Usually, it is an incredibly rare thing for two Supreme Beings to be standing in the same location. Xie Zhong too had never battled a person in the same realm and such opportunities were even rarer.

Perhaps, he wanted to experience how strong he is, compared to other Supreme Beings. Even after Lan Ju warned him that he will be putting the stake the reputation of his sect in the process, Xie Zhong didn't back down from the request. After all, what's fame? It will change based on the circumstances. Not to mention, it was just a spar anyways...

Since there was nothing to lose for him here, Lan Ju agreed to the spar and both of them slowly rose into the air, flew toward the battle platform, and landed on it, taking everyone by surprise.

"Patriarch Xie is personally showcasing his abilities? This will be awesome..."

"Hey, who is that expert beside him? Is he a grand elder?" "No, he is not. I think he is the servant of that handsome guy..." "Wow, no wonder he was given the royal treatment. I'm curious about his background"

"I heard that Patriarch Xie is one of the few grandmaster swordsmen in the world. He could use even grass as a blade. I'm excited..."

The spectators started discussing among themselves as the two powerful beings landed on the platform and looked at each other.

"Brother Wu, we'll follow the same rules as the participants. The match will end when one of us steps outside of the ring." Xie Zhong spoke in a polite tone and cupped his fists. "We'll start when you are ready."

Lan Ju nodded in silence.

Xie Zhong created an energy sword and went into his battle stance. Lan Ju did the same, indicating that it is going to be a sword fight.

Looking at that, a smile appeared on Xie Zhong, "good. We'll compare our sword skills then."

He charged forward as soon as the proctor blew the whistle. Lan Ju, on the other hand, didn't move from the spot without displaying any expression on his face. "Come on."

Chapter 364 Dragon Warrior Tournament (Part-1)

\*Thud\*

Xie Zhong flew out of the ring and crashed onto the ground. However, he didn't wake up and lay there motionlessly, causing a great panic among the disciples of the sect.

The proctor hurriedly went to him and checked his condition. "He is not dead." He sighed in relief upon finding that the sect's Patriarch was just knocked out.

"Don't worry." A voice was heard from his behind and he glanced at Lan Ju. The latter continued while walking calmly toward them, "I just struck his chin, which affected his brain, leading to that state. He will be alright within a couple of minutes."

The Elder then rose to his feet and took a deep bow in fear and respect to this Supreme Being who ended the spar in two moves after defending himself from Xie Zhong's barrage of sword attacks for a couple of minutes. "Thank you for the demonstration."

"No problem." Lan Ju waved his hand, "if there's nothing else, I'll be going back to my seat then." He flew toward the VIP section and landed beside Song Yue, calmly taking his seat as if the earlier spar isn't a big deal.

However, for the spectators, it was something else entirely.

They didn't feel like they have watched a spar between two Supreme Beings. Instead, it was like some inner sect disciple sparring against an elder.

From the start to finish, Lan Ju was in control of the flow of the battle.

And when he realized that he had played enough, he cut down Xie Zhong's energy sword with his energy sword and then gave a powerful uppercut to his opponent's chin, ending the match.

Now, this spar increased the attention Mark received from everyone. He could feel gazes from all sides but stayed calm and kept his eyes on the field as the proctor announced the start of the battles.

"First match: Lu Wan of Star sect vs Jia Yong of Xianshu sect."

Lu Wan is a 5-circle realm Spirit Warrior and Jia Yong is a 6-circle realm expert. The latter might be of similar age but she was more experienced in battles. In fact, this is her second time participating in the Dragon Warrior tournament. The last time, she went as far as the top 16.

So, it is clear that she is the favorite to win and no one doubted it. Some people felt pity for the lad who had to face her of all the people.

However, Mark rooted for the seemingly weaker one instead, not because they have the same surname though. There are thousands of families out there with the same surname and they were not related to each other.

His opinion is based on the information he saw on the holographic screen. His identity appeared to be slightly special.

Lu Wan

Race: Human

Age: 28

Rank: 5 (advanced stage)

Spirit Path: Swordsman/mage

Attribute: Metal

Bloodline: Bronze Dragon

Affiliation: Leon Empire

Description: A talented spirit warrior from Star sect, a minor sect located in Leon Empire's Tawang mountains. Due to having two spirit paths, his road of cultivation is also double the work.

"A swordmage, eh? This is the first time I was actually seeing this type of person. Interesting from the very first match itself..."

Meanwhile, on the battle platform, the two participants were standing nearly 20 meters apart from each other, waiting for the signal.

As soon as the proctor blew the whistle, both of them charged forward with swords in their hands.

The battle went on for ten minutes without any result. According to the rules, if a match becomes a draw, then, the one with lower realm cultivation will be declared the winner and proceed to the next round. And if both of them were in the same realm, then, the judges (three grand elders of the Xianshu sect) will make the decision by voting.

As a result, Lu Wan was declared the winner and Jia Yong exited the arena in depression.

Seeing that Lu Wan didn't reveal either the powers of a mage or his bloodline abilities, Mark's impression of him improved a bit. He noted down the name in his mind.

Meanwhile, the morale of the Xianshu sect members became quite low.

First, Xie Zhong lost badly to an outsider and then one of the top contestants of the hosting sect ended up being defeated by an opponent of the lower realm. How could they feel good?

Thankfully, it didn't stay that way for a very long time.

During the next 60 minutes, 8 out of 59 scheduled matches were completed. Unlike the very first match, there were no surprises in these matches. The one with a higher cultivation level won it and proceed to the next round.

And then, the proctor proceeded to announce the next match, making every single spectator focus on the battle platform.

"Xie Mei of Xianshu sect vs Liang Cheng of Mt. Hua sect"

As the fifteen-year-old beauty stood up from her seat and took a giant leap, landing directly on the middle of the platform, which is at least 150 meters away from the audience section, Mark's attention was grabbed by her.

He then heard Zi Ling gossip to Dong Fang. "I heard that she is the illegitimate daughter of Patriarch Xie."

"Eh?" Dong Fang appeared to be surprised by her statement. He looked at her and asked, "But, isn't he like two hundred years old?"

Zi Ling shrugged her shoulders, "Men are men in the end. You see a beautiful woman and you forget about everything..."

"Hey, that's not true. Not everyone would be interested in romance." Dong Fang argued with her. He added, "I, for one, only love the sword and nothing else."

"Hmpf, as if. Every time I see you, there's always a different girl on your side." Zi Ling counterattacked with a look of displeasure on her face, to which, Dong Fang defended himself, "They were just older sisters who wanted to guide me..."

"Yeah right..."

Ignoring this teenage couple bickering, Mark focused on the girl as her opponent slowly climbed the stage.

Once again, he activated his Sage eyes to take a look at her information. "Eh? Celestial?" A look of surprise appeared on his face, for a moment before he read the rest of the details.

Xie Mei

Race: Human/Celestial

Age: 15

Rank: 6 (peak stage)

Spirit Path: Archer

Attribute: Divine/Lightning/Water

Bloodline: N/A

Affiliation: Kun Empire/Heavenly Domain

Description: Born as a child of a human and a pure celestial from heaven, the girl was born with divine energy and no limiters.

"Divine energy? No limiters?" Mark's eyes lit up in excitement as he saw her details. Staring at her, he only had a single thought in his mind. "If I bring her to my side, then, I would be able to travel to other worlds without any tension. Now, the only question is how?"

And the answer to his doubt came to him as he watched the battle.

Instead of simply defeating her opponent by knocking him out or throwing him out of the ring, Xie Mei opted for a different route. After destroying all of his abilities, she trapped him in a cell made of arrows and injured him little by little.

If one should see it objectively, she destroyed his willpower by torture. Of course, in her eyes, it was justified as she wanted to make an example out of him for trying to look down on her sect. However, the others felt like she was a sadist and they don't want to face her.

On the other hand, Mark had a smile on his face as he found a way to achieve his goal. "Arrogance and loyalty to the sect. I guess I should trample on the sect's pride to make her willingly walk into the trap.

But then again, I might not meet their representatives. So, I guess I should ruthlessly trample on the dignity of Spirit Warriors itself.

Then, all I would need to do is to make a couple of insults on her sect while making sure to not touch her bottom line by speaking about the Patriarch.

Hmm, that's not a bad idea. I'm here to promote modern weapons anyways.

I might as well make everyone understand that there's no need to train so hard to master a bunch of techniques when they have a gun in their hand."

However, his goal of recruiting her can only be accomplished if they meet in the battle.

After reading her information and watching her battle, Mark was confident that she will go to finals without any problem. That means, as long as he wins his battles, he will be bound to meet her sooner or later.

Never in the world did he or anyone for that matter expect that there would be another contestant who will become an obstacle in her path to the finals.

Chapter 365 Dragon Warrior Tournament (Part-2)

The battles continued. After Xie Mei's win, the morale of the Xianshu sect disciple improved a lot, which only became better as three more individuals proceeded to the next round.

Combined with two byes, now, the Xianshu sect has six members who went to round 64 and most of the disciples were now completely relaxed as they watched the rest of the battles.

It was around noon. For better or for worse, 32 matches were already completed in the past three hours. There were only 27 matches to go and the crowd is quite less in the stands compared to the morning now that all the matches of Xianshu sect representatives were over.

Mark started to get slightly restless as he was sitting there for hours and he doesn't know when his turn will come. Not only him, but even his fellow representatives haven't battled yet.

Another reason for Mark's impatience is that he couldn't see any other worthy individuals after Lu Wan and Xie Mei that are worth recruiting. Hence, he felt like he was wasting his time and energy and wanted to leave the place and stroll around but his goal kept on reminding him to not move from the spot.

And his patience is finally rewarded with the appearance of a familiar person, although for Dong Fang, it is going to become a nightmare.

"Dong Fang of Kunlun sect vs Meng Tao of Five Lakes sect"

"Okay, wish me luck, Sister Zi." Dong Fang stood up from his seat and made his way to the battle platform. Along with him, another person rose to his feet. Mark's eyes were glued to him while remembering their meeting in the past.

They have only met once but Mark, who now has 9 points of intelligence, cannot forget anything he heard or saw in the past. With perfect recall, all he needs is a thought and he would be able to remember the exact words of a conversation with a stranger from even a decade ago.

When Mark met him for the first time in the town of Daqing, Meng Tao introduced himself as Pan Tao, a traveling peddler. He appeared like a good fellow, warning them about thieves, scammers, and the Meng clan.

But, that isn't the point.

Back then, he was not even at 1-circle. Now, within a few months, he was already eligible for the Dragon warrior tournament?

It's not like he had a system like Mark that he can cultivate at a fast pace. So, that means he was either faking it back then or he was met with a fortuitous encounter in the wild just like the coachman Dai Qiu.

And so, Mark became curious and inspected him only to find an interesting piece of information. "The Qilin, eh? I wonder whether it is the same Qilin that destroyed Lan Sect. If it is, then, I might be able to find the answers."

The battle started and Dong Fang took the opportunity to act first. With a saber in his hand, he charged forward at his maximum speed, which is actually comparable to that of an assassin of the 6-circle realm.

However, Meng Tao didn't appear to be shaken by it. He stood on his spot with a calm-looking face.

Once Dong Fang reached him, Meng Tao spun around to dodge the saber and kicked him in the back.

Dong Fang lost his balance as he moved past his opponent. As he was about to regain his footing, Meng Tao suddenly took out a peculiar weapon from his storage ring. It's a rocket launcher.

"Hmm... how did he get his hands on that thing? I don't remember selling it to him," wondered Mark as Meng Tao clicked the trigger and shot a 110mm warhead, aiming at his opponent's right foot.

It missed its target and hit the floor. The contact with an external physical object triggered the detonation and a huge explosion was seen on the battle platform, blasting away the teenager.

From the point of impact, everything around in the 30-meter radius turned to dust. In the middle of a battle platform, a large crater was formed while a heavily injured Dong Fang crashed onto the edge of the platform.

In the meantime, Meng Tao was also affected by the blast radius but he protected himself with a wall of ether energy barrier. So, only superficial injuries were left on him as he landed on the floor.

"What the hell was that skill?"

"What is that thing?"

"Who is that young man? Why I haven't heard of him before?"

"I have never seen such an artifact in my life"

"But, it appears that it is not a skill, considering he was also injured."

"That blast is quite similar to the effects of that explosive potion. But, I don't think the potion's effects are this strong"

Half of the spectators rose to their feet in shock and they started discussing majorly the weapon in Meng Tao's hand.

Meanwhile, at the VIP section, one of the Grand Elders spoke, "Grand Elder Yang, wasn't that weapon quite familiar to you?"

"Yeah, it is one of those things called firearms, right?" commented another grand elder.

Yang Bingwen meaningfully stared at Song Yue and nodded in response, the latter confirmed their suspicion, "It is called a rocket launcher, one of the most powerful firearms sold by my husband. With over 1000 gold coins of price, it has the power to launch a warhead that has the power to eradicate anyone below the 5-circle realm. By the way, that piece of warhead only costs 5 gold coins."

As the only person who knows about Mark's future plans, Song Yue took the opportunity to promote the rocket launcher to these elders even though she was prepared to do it after Mark's performance.

If these grand elders didn't have any knowledge of firearms beforehand, they might have been tempted to keep a few in their sect's storage chamber, just in case.

But, they already knew about the rocket launcher and other weapons. Hence, none of the grand elders showed any interest.

They looked like they didn't even hear her and put their attention on the battle platform, which is repaired by the proctor. The 8-circle realm expert used his earth attribute to create a large concrete slab out of thin air, making the platform look as good as new.

Since Yang Bingwen brought her to the VIP section, he took the responsibility to reply to her, commenting that it is an interesting invention.

Meanwhile, Zi Ling rushed forward into the field and picked up her friend after his injuries were healed by the healers. She hatefully glared at Meng Tao's back as he exited the arena, not intending to watch the rest of the matches.

Two more hours passed away and only 11 matches left to go. Zi Ling and Dai Qiu finished their respective matches; both of them went to the next round.

Dong Fang looked depressed as his goal of taking revenge with his own hands didn't materialize.

However, luckily for him, when Mark was called to the arena, there's another familiar person was also called. His expression changed.

"Hao Shuren of Wuji sect vs Lu Zhen of Kunlun sect"

"Lu Zhen, beat him..." Dong Fang cheered for Mark in his heart. He even wanted to cheer out loud but just as he got up from his seat, he saw Mark take out a familiar-looking destructive weapon from his storage ring. "What the..."

"It's the same thing that Meng Tao used, right?" Zi Ling shook his shoulder with a look of surprise on her face.

Neither of them had ever heard of the name Lu Zhen or the firearms for that matter. All they know is that he had powerful connections and powerful subordinates. Hence, he cannot be offended.

It was only now they realized something was wrong. Seeing the weapon in their hands and remembering that Meng Tao also belonged to Phoenix Empire, they made a connection.

And before they got out of that shock, Mark's actions shocked them once again.

"Get ready..."

As soon as the proctor blew the whistle, Mark's opponent backed away instantly, trying to be careful to not get hit with that. He saw what it could do and wouldn't want to risk his life.

Looking at the guy who was moving around in circles, Mark calmly inserted the warhead and then took out another item from his storage ring.

He pulled the pin with his teeth and threw it on the ground.

A thick amount of smoke was released into the surroundings, blocking the vision of the opponent and the spectators.

Meanwhile, Mark closed his eyes and thought, "What in his exact position, Lan Ju?"

In the next second, he opened his eyes with a smile and clicked on the trigger, aiming in his 2 o'clock direction. "Happy death day."

\*Boom\*

Chapter 366 Dragon Warrior Tournament (Part-3)

The same type of explosion was seen once again. However, this time, it wasn't just the platform that was destroyed. The opponent who blasted away and crashed onto the ground had severe third-degree burns, and by the time the proctor reached him, Hao Shuren lost his life.

Unlike Meng Tao, Mark struck him directly with the intention to kill. The 5-circle realm Spirit Warrior at the elementary stage didn't think of using an energy barrier to protect himself and only thought of trying to locate his opponent.

As a result, when he was struck by the warhead, his body couldn't defend itself against the damage inflicted upon him and ended up dying.

"No..." "No..."

Two screams echoed simultaneously from the participants' section and an old man entered the field to pick up the dead body.

"The winner is Lu Zhen of the Kunlun sect."

The Proctor announced the winner after sensing that Mark was still on the battle platform.

After it was announced, Mark calmly walked to the edge and jumped down onto the ground before returning to his seat to watch the rest of the matches. He wanted to see if there were any other potential Spirit Warriors who can be recruited.

Not many winners of round 128 had left the arena like Meng Tao. After finishing their matches, they returned to their seats to observe their future opponents in order to formulate a strategy for the win.

So, there was quite a crowd in the participants' section as Mark returned and every one of them paid attention to him because he was the only one who killed his opponent so far in the current round. And that too, with the same weapon Meng Tao used in his match.

If one person used it, then, it can be considered a strange type of artifact. But, if another person also used an identical-looking artifact, then, it can be considered a mass-produced product.

Hence, they were curious about the weapon.

Because Mark was sitting alone now as Zi Ling and Dai Qiu were accompanying Dong Fang at the normal audience section, someone gathered courage and approached him while the proctor was dispersing the smoke and repairing the platform.

"Excuse me. Are you Owner Lu from Phoenix Empire?" A rough voice was heard from the side, gaining the attention of nearby participants.

A couple of participants started whispering among themselves.

"Phoenix Empire? Wasn't he from the Kunlun sect?"

"Earlier, that guy named Meng Tao is from Phoenix Empire. That's why this fellow probably misunderstood it?"

"Why did he address him as Owner Lu, then? Only the store owners, restaurant owners, and landlords were addressed that way."

"Who knows..."

Meanwhile, some participants who belonged to the sects of the Phoenix Empire fell into thoughts, realizing something they should have done long ago. They couldn't help but stare in the direction of Mark.

As for Mark, he calmly turned his head to look to the left to find a tall and thin young man with a ponytail.

After inspecting his details, Mark nodded and replied with a comment, "I didn't expect my name will reach even the Heavens sect. But then again, your sect is an ally to the imperial family. I guess it shouldn't be a surprise."

The guy didn't know how to respond to Mark's unusual comment as he wasn't sure whether the latter was commenting in a sarcastic way or speaking casually.

In the end, he ignored Mark's comment and said in a polite tone, "Indeed, it is Owner Lu. I'm sorry but I was just surprised to see you here. I heard that you are already at the peak stage of Exalt realm."

"Exalt realm?" "Exalt realm?" "Hmm?" "What is he saying?" "Did this fellow break the rules somehow and enter the competition?" "How did he evade the senses of a legendary realm expert?" "Did he use some mystical artifact?"

The whispers circulated all over the place as soon as Ye Kang blurted out those words.

Mark furrowed his brows and responded sharply this time, "Just because I can kill the Cerberus doesn't mean that I'm in Exalt realm, Mr. Ye. Don't speak of bullshit if you weren't aware of actual facts. "

Ye Kang was startled at first but then as he realized what his words signify, he quickly apologized for his mistake and ran away from there, leaving the listeners filled with curiousness.

And no one knows who started to spread the rumors, probably the participants from the Phoenix Empire or some elder from the Xianshu sect; Mark's deeds mixed with a few lies spread around like wildfire.

"Killing a 7-circle realm beast king?" "Killing legendary realm experts on his wedding (engagement) day?" "Earning tens of millions of gold coins in an auction?" "Forcefully snatching the daughter of his enemy?" "Obtaining the fire seed?" "The one behind the deaths of the Ironpalm sect's elders?" "Destroying the major noble clans over a simple feud?" "Best friend of the second prince?" "Abducting a noble clan's heir for money?" "Was in cahoots with a mysterious organization from another world that tries to take over this world using firearms?"

An ample of rumors spread among the disciples of the sect and participants alike by the end of the day.

No one knows the authenticity of the news and everyone is afraid of asking him because of Lan Ju and the manticore.

However, most of the participants did have one question in their minds.

Did they have the ability to defeat him in battle?

The five-circle and four-circle realm warriors weren't confident. Only the 6-circle realm experts wanted to battle him. Of them, there were a few who were even dying to face him, although mostly because of the rumors.

Evening at around 8 o'clock, Scarlet Peak;

Outside of the lodging area, several sect disciples and participants gathered around a bonfire, separated into small groups, and were having discussions, majorly about the tournament, beauties, their respective kingdom affairs, etc...

Sui Weisheng was one of the people who was discussing the tournament. And the people in his group couldn't stop talking about Mark of all the people, making the former quite uncomfortable.

"Senior, I can't believe you fought him and escaped alive. I mean he is someone who had killed a legendary realm expert, right?" A young man exclaimed in surprise after listening to Sui Weisheng's exaggerated story of how he valiantly fought against Mark and his attack helicopter.

Not intending to listen to any praise for Mark, Sui Weisheng replied, "It's just a rumor, junior brother Qi. Lu Zhen wasn't strong as the rumors suggested. He only knows to depend on those weird puppets and weapons. Even in today's match, he depended on that weapon. Take them away from him and he is nothing worth discussing."

"But, still, that weapon is scary. In one move, it killed a 5-circle realm Spirit Warrior." The 4-circle mage shuddered, imagining himself in such a scenario.

In response, Sui Weisheng let out a snort, "it's not a big deal. I have already gauged its power. It cannot harm an opponent who is in 6-circle and Lu Zhen himself isn't immune to its damage if the explosion occurs around him. So, as long as we keep a close distance, the weapon is useless."

"Yeah, senior is almost at the Exalt realm. If he meets Lu Zhen in battle, that guy will not have a good ending..." Another young man commented, supporting Sui Weisheng.

Sui Weisheng pleasantly smiled on the surface. However, he had different thoughts in his mind. He was actually praying that he won't meet the guy in the field. The Sui clan is not doing great right now.

So, if they meet in the arena and he fails to control his temper and kills him, then, the Sui clan will face repercussions. After all, in his opinion, Mark was no longer the same weapon seller they met, months ago.

Now, Mark had the backing of the second prince, the fifth princess, to some extent, even the Emperor. Adding on top of that, a Supreme Being was serving him.

So, now, it is really not the best time to take his revenge. And as the next clan head, Sui Weisheng wanted to help his clan and not send it to its doom.

"Man... who could have expected that Lu Zhen would crash into this tournament of all the places..." He inwardly sighed and stared at the stars.

Meanwhile, at White Peak;

While the rest of the participants indulged themselves in some form of entertainment, the fifteen-year-old Xie Mei was practicing her archery in darkness.

A target in the form of a human was more than 200 meters away and there were only fire lamps placed around it for visibility.

And yet, every arrow struck the target in whatever places she aimed.

After striking it with the 30th arrow in a row, the image of a person came to her mind and she mumbled under her breath, "There's something off about that fellow named Lu Zhen. For some reason, I couldn't just keep him away from my head."

Chapter 367 Dragon Warrior Tournament (Part-4)

The next day;

"The winner is Dai Qiu of the Kunlun sect"

"The winner is Xie Mei of Xianshu Sect"

"The winner is Sui Weisheng of Mt. Hua sect"

"The winner is Lu Wan of Star sect"

"The winner is Meng Tao of the Five Lakes sect"

"The winner is Zi Ling of the Kunlun sect"

"The winner is Yu Hao of the Iron Palm sect"

"The winner is Xian Li of Blue lotus sect"

"The winner is Wang Teng of the Wuji sect"

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"The winner is Ai Qing of the Wuji sect"

After more than 26 matches, Mark finally got his turn around noon and he went onto the stage.

Just like in the first round, his opponent was once again a 5-circle realm Spirit Warrior. But, Gu Li wasn't considered a good matchup, well, according to others.

Yanmen sect is one of the major sects in the Kun Empire which is also known as the breeding ground of assassins. The sect only takes in those who have the talent to be an assassin.

Mark's opponent is an assassin who mastered the art of stealth. As soon as the battle began, Gu Li activated his skill and disappeared from everyone's vision. Not even tournament favorites like Sui Weisheng or Xie Mei could sense his presence. For one moment, it looked as if he teleported away.

People thought Mark ran into some trouble but little did they know that he never had any plans of fighting fairly.

As soon as his opponent went into stealth mode, he contacted Lan Ju using their telepathic connection and directly asked for Gu Li's position.

After getting what he needed, Mark once again used the same tactic he used in the earlier round.

The smoke grenade released thick smoke into the surroundings and blocked the vision of the assassin, forcing him to move away from his current spot.

However, as Mark already knows his position, he blindly charged forward in that direction and shot the warhead from his rocket launcher upon getting into 30-meter range.

**\*Boom\***

The explosion returned for the second time with the first one used by Meng Tao against his opponent.

Since the opponent isn't an enemy, he wasn't hit directly. And due to his fast reflexes, despite getting caught in the blast radius, Gu Li wasn't as heavily injured as one would expect it to be. There are second-degree burns here and there over his body.

However, that doesn't mean he is in the game. According to the tournament rules, the moment his feet touch the ground, he loses.

When the warhead detonated, he was already near the edge of the battle platform. The blast threw him away out of the ring.

"The winner is Lu Zhen of the Kunlun sect"

The smoke cleared and the proctor declared the end of the battle with Mark winning the battle without putting much effort once again.

Upon coolly finishing the match, Mark turned around to walk toward the participants' stands but it appeared that Assassin Gu Li doesn't intend to leave the arena, just yet.

Raising his head and looking toward the VIP section, he spoke loudly, "I ask the judges if you were willing to allow such heretic methods. What's the point of a tournament if there are cultivation techniques that aren't even involved in the first place?"

Mark halted his footsteps and turned around to spare a look at his defeated opponent. He furrowed his brows.

The others also looked at the assassin and then at Xie Zhong with the majority agreeing with his argument. The others (mostly belonged to 6-circle) felt like it is just a loser's babble.

Meanwhile, Gu Li continued, "Every participant here belonged to sects and came here from all over the continent. It's already unfair to allow a person from the material world into this competition specifically made for the cultivators belonging to the sects.

And on top of that, heretic unknown type of weapon was permitted to use in this competition. I refuse to accept this result."

"Hmpf, ignorant fool." Mark let out a snort in response to his opponent's outburst before Xie Zhong or his grand elders replied to him.

Feeling that an opportunity to promote his firearms knocked on his door, Mark took this chance and bothered himself to speak to his insignificant opponent.

"My firearms are officially treated as a new type of weapon in Phoenix Empire, Western Moon kingdom, and also Eastern Sun kingdom. Even your Kun Empire's royal family purchased five hundred units of my battle tanks.

That means, apart from Leon Empire, almost this whole continent acknowledges the so-called heretic unknown weapons. I said this many times to a lot of people and I will say the same to you. The future belongs to firearms.

Whether one wants to take the risky new path and rule the future world or stay on the same old path for a stable but mediocre future depends on one decision.

Don't try to paint it as evil just because your path is different and weak. If it is stronger than my path, then, you wouldn't have ended up as a loser."

After thoroughly scolding his opponent, Mark didn't bother to hear his reply and started returning to his seat.

Meanwhile, silence filled the whole arena for a moment before murmurings spread around. The reactions were quite mixed. Or one should say, he made several enemies with his earlier comments.

"The future belongs to firearms? Our path is weak? What bullshit is he spouting?"

"That guy is challenging everyone"

"Hmpf, let's see how long he will stay arrogant"

"Firearms were recognized in so many places? Ugh, I feel like I have lived like a frog in well"

"I wonder what those so-called battle tanks purchased by the imperial family"

"What a braggart. He will stop boasting after facing the stronger ones."

"I wonder whether I should try these firearms. They appeared quite strong from so far."

"Damn, he makes me angry but I can't do anything."

"A completely new path, huh! I feel like the world is about to change in the near future."

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Once all the 32 battles were over, a 30-minute break was announced by the proctor before round 32 started.

Perhaps, Mark's statement displeased even the elders of the sect too. Or maybe, it increased their curiosity. By great coincidence, he was matched up against Meng Tao, who also used the same type of weapon.

So, the round-32 battle between Mark and Meng Tao is like the showdown between firearms.

Of course, that doesn't mean that spectators were curious about the result. Mark was clearly the favorite here. After all, Meng Tao is only at the peak stage of the 4-circle realm. The moment he gets caught up in the explosion, he would die for sure unless he had a defensive treasure.

Upon their names being called, both of them stepped onto the battle platform.

Each of them was given 1 minute of preparation and Meng Tao readily took out the rocket launcher, which was already loaded with the warhead in its barrel.

But, surprisingly, Mark didn't take out the same weapon and instead, takes out a different one, surprising everyone including his opponent.

Before the proctor announced the start of the battle, he waved his hand with a smile, "it's been a while, Pan Tao. Or should I call you Meng Tao, instead?"

Meng Tao was startled for a second before he politely replied, "I'm honored that you remembered someone insignificant like me, Lord Lu."

Mark stared directly at his face for a few seconds and shook his head, "forget it. Nothing good comes out of it if I reveal your secret here. I won't even question how you acquire the weapon and its ammunition. However, I expect you to meet me in private later in the evening. I need some answers from that chimera of yours..."

Meng Tao was once again startled and took a step back with his secret being found out by his opponent. He then heard the voice of Qilin in his head, "It is not surprising, considering the fact that he is a heaven-defying being. I don't sense any hostility from him either. So, just calm down your nerves and focus on the battle."

Taking a deep breath, Meng Tao threw away all of those unnecessary thoughts and concentrated on Mark.

As for the weapon seller, he went on taking out a 4-foot stand and mounting the M134 minigun.

Pointing the gold-grade ether weapon at him, Mark spoke, "Alright, let's make a deal, Meng Tao. If I win, you will just have to honestly answer three questions of mine. If you managed to stay on the field for more than a minute, I will accept my loss and withdraw from the tournament. What do you say?"

Chapter 368 Dragon Warrior Tournament (Part-5)

For a while, Meng Tao didn't speak anything and consulted the Qilin's spirit for advice.

The Qilin slightly hesitated at first but then, it thought that there isn't much to lose in answering some questions and agreed to the deal, which was heavily leaning on its host's side.

After the wager was finalized between the two of them, they waited for the signal.

Soon, the waiting time is over and the proctor blew the whistle.

Meng Tao clicked the trigger to shoot the warhead at his opponent and leaped in a backward direction to increase the distance as soon as the match started.

Mark quickly raised the elevated angle of the machine gun and shot 100 rounds of ether bullets in just a fraction of a second.

As soon as a bunch of bullets simultaneously struck the incoming warhead, it triggered detonation. A large explosion occurred in mid-air, taking Meng Tao by surprise and throwing him off his balance. He crashed onto the floor.

"Boy, I'm taking over you..." A voice was then heard in Meng Tao's head and he lost consciousness with Qilin possessing him.

A translucent aura erupted from the young adult as he made a quick backflip and stared at Mark, who quietly watched him. Meanwhile, the silhouette of a chimera appeared behind his back.

"What the..."

The grand elders rose to their feet in surprise as they witnessed the possession. Xie Zhong spoke out with widened eyes, "An aura warrior."

"Aura Warrior?" Song Yue and her father looked at the old man for an answer.

Noticing their stares, Xie Zhong explained, "Aura Warriors are those who were born with the aura of a spirit beast emperor when they were born. Usually, the chance of this occurrence in Spirit Warriors is as low as 1 out of 10000."

One of the grand elders then commented, "Fortunately, Mr. Lu is in the 6-circle realm. He will be okay, I guess."

"Oh" "is that so?" Lan Ju and Yang Bingwen reacted at the same time, using a sarcastic tone.

"Eh?" As the remaining two grand elders slightly frowned at their reaction, especially from their own comrade, Song Yue let out a beautiful smile as she pointed at the field, "my husband is a lot stronger than you possibly imagine."

Xie Zhong glanced at her from the corner of his eyes, wondering whether she is being confident or just trying to boast in the heat of the moment.

But, in the next second, his facial expression changed. Even Qilin in Meng Tao's body sweated involuntarily as its eyes fell on the lightning clone that appeared beside Mark.

"Throw him out." Mark passed the order.

And in just a fraction of a second, Meng Tao's collar was grabbed by the clone and he crashed onto the ground with just a casual throw.

The lightning clone disappeared quickly after its job is done but Meng Tao didn't get up and left for a while. Continuing to lie on the ground, the Qilin stared into the sky with a dazed expression and thought, "What in the hell was that? It's fu\*king faster than I would ever be in my prime. That Lu Zhen could only be a friend, not a foe. Forget about 3, I will answer 30 if I have to..."

Meanwhile, the murmurings once again flew around.

"What was that skill? One second, it was there beside Lu Zhen, and in the next second, the match is over?"

"That's a fu\*king attribute clone skill." "The long lost ancient technique?"

"Was he of lightning attribute?"

"Hey, did it teleport?"

"Kya... Master Lu is just too strong and too handsome" "Hmpf, he is nothing compared to the fourth prince"  
"Nah, Master Lu is more handsome" "he is already married. On the other hand, the fourth prince is still single. Not to mention, he has a stronger background"

"Say, senior brother, can we recruit that Meng Tao? He appeared to be talented." "Of course, he is an aura warrior, junior sister. Do you think his sect would allow him to leave? Only top-tier sects might have the chance to snatch him."

"I wonder what that weapon used by Lu Zhen. It appeared to be some sort of ether weapon in contrast to Meng Tao's."

"Its firing speed was awesome. I didn't know that owner Lu possessed this type of ether weapon." "Yeah, in the auction, he only sold a copper-grade ether weapon. This one appeared to be at least in silver grade."

"Forget about the handsome guy for a second. The other fellow, earlier, there was some strange power erupted from him, right?" "Hmm, yeah, I too saw it."

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The round-32 battles ended around 3:40 in the afternoon and Patriarch Xie called for the day.

Holding up the end of his deal, Meng Tao quietly followed Mark as the latter climbed down the mountain while the rest of his companions apart from the manticore returned to the residence allotted to Mark and everyone on the White peak.

For nearly 30 minutes, neither of them spoke anything. Maybe, it is because he is too nervous or maybe, it is because of the presence of a legendary-realm beast king, Meng Tao showed a great deal of patience as he waited for Mark to open up on the matter.

Once Mark found a remote location on the mountain, he stopped walking and asked without looking at the 19-year-old, "Earlier, you were possessed by Qilin. Can you talk to its spirit?"

"Yes..." Meng Tao admitted it.

"Then, ask the Qilin whether it is the same creature that caused the destruction of Lan Sect." Mark put forth his first question.

Meng Tao went into silence for a while before he slowly opened his mouth, "Yes."

"I see..." Mark calmly nodded and then asked his second question. "Ask who trapped it in the dungeon, which led to a dungeon break."

Taking a deep breath and controlling his emotions, Meng Tao answered after half a minute, "He said that the one behind its capture and the dungeon break is someone named Lan Xu, an immortal realm dungeon creator (11-circle)."

"Lan Xu?" Mark furrowed his brows. He didn't know who it was, but seeing his surname, he almost could confirm that it should be some grand elder from the Ancient Lan Sect and is related to his late grandfather, Lan Gengxin. "Well, it will become clear once I talk to Lan Jing later."

Mark emptied his mind once again to clear off unnecessary thoughts as he finally turned around to look at the nineteen-year-old, "My final question is for you, Meng Tao. If I offer you the needed backing, and an endless supply of free ammunition along with different types of firearms and vehicles, will you become my subordinate and swear your loyalty to me?"

"Eh?" Meng Tao took a step back in shock. "Why?"

"That's not an answer, Mr. Meng," replied Mark, expecting a direct answer.

For the next few seconds, Meng Tao's head hurt like hell as the Qilin was screaming at him. "What are you hesitating, kid? Accept his offer. Pledge your loyalty to him. You won't get such another opportunity to achieve greatness in a shortcut. Do it. Don't think and follow my advice..."

"Argh... alright... don't yell."

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The next day, after round 16, the battles for the 9th and 10th rankings were held among the losers of round 16.

Mark continued his winning streak and made it quarterfinals.

He was termed to be lucky, according to the majority of the spectators, for not facing a 6-circle realm Spirit Warrior as an opponent so far. Of course, it goes without saying that the popularity of Mark and his firearms began increasing exponentially.

And not everyone is happy with that.

Some people were dissatisfied with the matchups and complained that the Xianshu sect is not being impartial. However, as the grand elders firmly said that the matchups were completely random from round

32, the haters couldn't do anything but hope that he will face humiliation in the quarterfinals where all of the participants were in the 6-circle realm.

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It was the final day of the tournament and VIP guests started arriving one after another.

Earlier, the VIP section was only filled with the elders, the grand elders, the Patriarch of the Xianshu sect, and Mark's companions.

But, right now, it was filled with more than thirty VIP guests.

There were respective grand elders of the sects that made it to the final day, including the Patriarch of the Wuji sect.

There were wealthy individuals.

There were some powerful nobles from the empire along with their Emperor and three princes (eldest, fourth, and seventh).

Then, there were a couple of representatives from the organizers, the ever-powerful Void Temple.

And lastly, one cannot forget Lan Ju and others who were sitting there for the past couple of days.

Because of Lan Ju's strength as a supreme being and the fact that he has defeated Xie Zhong with ease, he and the others naturally received a warm reception from the other guests too, well, except for one.

Chapter 369 Dragon Warrior Tournament (Quarterfinals)

The Patriarch of the Wuji sect is an advanced-stage Supreme realm expert and his strength was no less than a supreme being, well, atleast in his opinion.

He neither fears the Xianshu sect nor did he care about the authority of Emperor Qin Mo.

This was why he didn't bother to hide his animosity against Lan Ju and his companions. As for the reason, well, it can be guessed by anyone who watched Mark's battles.

In his very first match itself, Mark killed a talented individual from the Wuji sect while representing the Kunlun sect. Throughout the tournament, he also showed his overbearing attitude with everyone from participants to the elders of the sect.

Obviously, he would want to take revenge. But, he cannot act on his own as Mark also had a supreme being as backing. And it's not worth offending such a figure over a disciple who didn't have any personal relationship with him.

Hence, he can only hope for Mark's death within the competition itself.

Unfortunately for him, such a day never comes forth.

As the 8 participants were waiting in their allotted section, the Proctor greeted the Emperor and went on to announce the start of the quarterfinals.

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"Ai Qing from the Wuji sect wins the battle and proceeds to the semifinals."

"Sui Weisheng from Mt. Hua sect wins the battle and proceeds to the semifinals."

"Xie Mei from the Xianshu sect wins the battle and proceeds to the semifinals."

"Now, for the fourth and final quarterfinal. Lu Zhen from Kunlun sect vs Ya Ya from Xianshu sect."

The cheers erupted in the arena with most of the spectators rooting for Mark's opponent. In fact, it was quite overwhelming.

"Ya Ya" "Ya Ya" "Ya Ya" "Lu Zhen" "Ya Ya" "Ya Ya"

Of course, it is not because they hate Mark or something.

It's just that more than two-thirds of the spectators belonged to the Xianshu sect and being a beauty in her 20s only made her more popular among the male disciples. The result could be seen from the wild cheers.

However, for Mark, she's nothing more than a walking piece of flesh whose only use is to contribute to the promotion of firearms.

As both of them got onto the battle platform and Mark took out the rocket launcher, Ya Ya took the initiative to converse with Mark.

"You do know that thing is useless against me, right?" She pointed her finger at the rocket launcher.  
"Forgetting the fact that the explosion's power won't be enough, I'm also a water/light attribute user."

Mark replied with a smile, "Then, I guess it will be quite humiliating for you to lose this battle if I use nothing but this weapon."

"You..." Ya Ya was irked by his provocative words. She was motivated to wipe off the smile from her opponent.

Hence, the moment the whistle was blown, she unleashed a powerful skill, starting the battle with a big move.

As the water dragon was slowly being formed above her head, Mark didn't wait until it was finished and attacked her right away.

However, Ya Ya didn't move from the spot and just let out a smirk as the warhead detonated at her feet and exploded.

Due to the barrier placed by the proctor to protect the battle platform, no damage was done to the flooring.

As for Ya Ya, a couple of bruises appeared on a few places like her hands, cheeks, and legs, but neither there was heavy damage inflicted on her nor did her legs move from their spot.

"Told you..." Ya Ya's smile widened and she then put her entire focus on the skill now that her theory became true.

The haters of Mark and the fans of Ya Ya gloated at the first setback faced by Mark. So far, he never reloaded the rocket launcher with a second warhead.

Just when the spectators were about to feel like Mark's winning streak is over, he surprised everyone by raising his free left arm and pointing his index finger at her.

He wasn't exactly pointing at her but was clicking on the skill displayed on the invisible holographic screen.

"I wonder if it works... let's try and see for myself."

With the system being offline, no notification was received by Mark but he could sense all of his ether energy vanished in an instant before the entire battle platform froze in ice, including the opponent and her water dragon.

"Yep, it worked." Mark let out a pleasant smile. In the past, he experienced situations where he used the skills with fewer ether points than required. The result was the skill being unleashed with less power.

Back then, the system was online. But now, it isn't.

That is why Mark wasn't sure until he tested it directly in the battle. Luckily for him, it worked perfectly and didn't force him to opt for a different route.

"An ice attribute? I thought he was a lightning attribute user." "A dual attribute user?"

"Look at that. His skill could even freeze the water dragon. Wow..."

"It looks like we have underestimated him a lot"

"Fu\*k. That's a bloodline skill..." "A bloodline skill?" "Only people born with a bloodline like me could sense it. I'm sure that it is a bloodline skill"

"Ugh... this guy more trouble than I thought"

"Kyaa... Master Lu is amazing as always."

"That bast\*rd... How dare he freeze our goddess?"

"Will he now start firing those exploding objects from that weapon?"

"Poor Ya Ya"

"Hey, what he is doing?"

Amid the gazes of the spectators, Mark put away the rocket launcher and started walking toward the opponent.

Ya Ya could see him but she cannot move. Adding on top of that, she was experiencing extreme cold at the moment. She felt like she was going to freeze to death.

She tried her best to deploy the ether energy to create a barrier around her skin and protect herself from the cold. At the same time, she was also looking for a way to break from this paralysis state.

Meanwhile, Mark reached her and then took out a piece of a white-colored box from his storage ring.

He placed it at her feet. He took out the second one and put it on the side. Then, he took out two more explosives and made sure that she was surrounded by them.

After placing them, Mark didn't even spare a glance at her and walked back to the original position.

Taking his time to attack, he turned his head toward the VIP box. His eyes were fixed on the person who was sitting beside Xie Zhong. Emperor Qin Mo furrowed his brows as he stared at him, almost guessing what the weapon seller is going to do next.

\*Ahem\*

"Ladies and Gentleman, My name is Lu Zhen, and I'm from the Phoenix Empire." Mark started introducing himself to the potential clients around him before publicizing the firearms.

"I'm sure most of you might not have heard of firearms. So, let me introduce a model that we are selling at the moment."

Pointing at Ya Ya, he continued, "The boxes you see are called C4. This is an advanced version of the explosive and each one costs over 700 gold coins. As for the blast's strength, you can say they were in the 5-circle realm. Our Ya Ya is a 6-circle realm expert and is even a water and light attribute user. Let's see how these explosives fare against her."

"What are you doing?" A dignified yet loud voice escaped from the Emperor before the Xianshu sect's Patriarch reacted to it.

Continuing to look in Qin Mo's direction, Mark replied, "Everyone has their own battle strategy, Emperor Qin. I have my own way to defeat my opponent. As the chief judge, please be neutral and don't interrupt our battle just because you found my methods strange."

He then glanced at the displeased old man sitting beside Qin Mo and added a statement, "And don't worry, she won't die."

The spectators were taken aback by how Mark dared to speak in such a tone with the ruler of the Kun Empire in public. The haters increased in number.

Mark could care less about others and just do his own thing. Taking out the pocket watch, he spoke, "The explosives will be active in about 235 seconds. Let's wait and see whether she can escape it."

For the next four minutes, the entire arena was silent. As Mark continued to stare at the pocket watch, the spectators were watching in anticipation.

Will Ya Ya escape before the time?

Were the explosives really strong enough to defeat her if they blast at the same time?

Why is Patriarch Xie not doing anything?

Why did it feel like they were sitting on execution grounds?

The spectators went through several thoughts as they watched Ya Ya in silence. Many of their heartbeats were also spiked in tension.

And then, finally, Mark opened his mouth again.

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2..."

When he was on 2, all the ice on the platform disappeared, unfreezing Ya Ya. She lost her strength and immediately collapsed on the floor while shivering in fear.

But, Mark wasn't in the mood to pity her as the time is almost up.

"1..."

He spoke the number 1 and then, in the next second, all four C4 explosives detonated at the same time.

\*Boom\* Boom\* Boom\* Boom\*

The sounds of the explosions caused tremors in the hearts of spectators while Ya Ya blasted away with second and third-degree burns on her body.

She fell to the ground and the prepared healers quickly rushed forward to heal her before covering her with a cloth to protect her dignity.

Hundreds of eyes were fixed on Mark and many of their faces were filled with bewilderment. They truly felt like they underestimated Mark and his firearms.

Letting out a smile, Mark then spoke in a loud tone, "well, the result is here..."

"A psycho..." Several of them got the same thought in their head as he calmly walked away with a smile.

Chapter 370 Bettings Between The VIP Guests

By noon, rankings from 5th to 8th were decided while the semifinalists took a rest.

When the sun is at its peak position, the semifinal battles were announced.

The first battle is between the respective winners of Quarterfinals 1 and 2, i.e. Sui Weisheng and Ai Qing.

It was an intense battle between close combat and ranged combat that lasted for a whole hour, keeping the audience standing on their toes until it was over.

In the end, Sui Weisheng managed to acquire the win with a bloodied body while an equally injured Ai Qing went unconscious.

Both of them received grand applause from the VIP guests. Some of them were praising Sui Weisheng while some of them were praising Ai Qing for showing a tough spirit and never giving up attitude even while losing.

But then again, not everyone would shower their praises on the participants. Some criticized that they dragged the battle for a very long time while some commented that Sui Weisheng purposely went easy on Ai Qing, further criticizing him for being a fool to chase after skirts.

All of this has no importance for a few people, like for example Lan Ju and his companions. Their attention was only on the guy they were supporting. There were also some who were waiting to see the skills of the so-called heavenly child (Xie Mei).

Soon, the proctor announced the start of the next battle.

"Next up, Lu Zhen of the Kunlun sect vs Xie Mei of the Xianshu sect"

As Mark and his opponent proceed to the battle platform, someone decided to make things interesting at the VIP section.

"Venerable Xie, I wonder whether you are interested to make a bet with me," said the Grand Elder of Poison Sect. Their sect's representative lost in the quarterfinals but he doesn't want to miss any opportunity to make things difficult for their rival sect.

Keeping his hope on Mark, he continued to speak with his wager, "How about 1000 high-quality ether crystals for starters? My money is on Lu Zhen. What do you say?"

Xie Zhong furrowed his brows in response. "What do you think you are doing, Brother Wan?"

Wan Shui then tried to provoke him, "Why? Are you scared that your granddaughter will lose?"

"Hmpf, who do you think you are, talking to our Patriarch like that?" Lian Chin, one of the grand elders of the Xianshu sect came in support of Xie Zhong.

Wan Shui then sharply stared at him, "if you aren't confident in your representative, then, say so... no need to spout nonsense, Lian Chin."

"I'll bet with you, Brother Wan," The third grand elder took this opportunity to impress Xianshu. "Isn't it just 1000 crystals? I'll pay you from my pocket. It is not appropriate for the hosting sect to be involved in gambling."

"Ho... now this looks interesting..." commented the grand elder of the Blue Lotus sect. As her representative lost against Mark, she had a light grudge against Lan Ju.

Taking a glance at him, she said while taking out a pendant from her storage ring, "I wonder whether anyone is interested in having a bet with me too. I would like to put a semi-divine artifact as a wager. I won this in last year's grand auction. It increases one's comprehension and makes it easier when mastering techniques."

Her words drew the attention of every guest in the VIP box, especially those from the sects. Based on the description, this artifact is extremely valuable for their disciples. Even Xie Zhong couldn't help but look at her in surprise.

However, it was the fourth prince who acted before anyone else. "Senior, if you don't mind, I would like to bet with you."

"Your highness?" Everyone's attention shifted to him including his father's. More than the fact that the imperial prince is willing to join the fun, they were surprised to see that he is supporting Mark.

"So, the Imperial family indeed has friendly relations with Lu Zhen?" A lot of people had this thought in their mind as Qin Zhi took out an exquisite-looking saber.

After taking permission from the emperor, the fourth prince put forth the saber in the bet, "Not sure whether you think this can be considered in the same level as the pendant but I want to say that this saber is a high-level Semi divine weapon, forged from the bones of a pure red dragon."

"Oh! Your Highness, you are quite generous indeed." The woman from the Blue Lotus sect let out a giggle as she praised the prince.

Meanwhile, the crown prince's expression turned worse. The last thing he wanted is for his brother to get into good books of the weapon seller. Mark promised him the throne but that promise might be broken if he develops a friendship with Qin Zhi.

As if the heavens are helping him, just when the deal between his brother and the lady from the Blue lotus sect is finished, the Emperor joined in the conversation too.

However, his attention was on the middle-aged looking fellow who defeated Xie Zhong in front of everyone. "Mr. Wu, what do you think of this battle?"

Naturally, his words would attract the attention of everyone nearby for he is the ruler of the Kun Empire.

As they looked at Lan Ju for his response, the latter glanced at the emperor from the corner of his eyes and replied in a firm tone, "I will say the same thing I said to Mr. Xie, a while ago. The outcome of his battle always depends on his wishes, not the opponent's. But, if you want me to speak directly, the little girl's strength is no match for my master."

If these words were spouted by someone else, the listeners wouldn't have taken them seriously. However, the one who spoke is a supreme being, probably the strongest guy in the VIP box. Hence, their curiosity toward Mark only increased further.

Of course, there ought to be someone who might get riled up by his words too. And it was the Patriarch of the Wuji sect.

His representative just lost the battle and if Xie Mei wins the battle, then, Mark will be facing Ai Qing. It would be the perfect timing for revenge. Or so, he thought as he spoke, "I would bet a 50,000-carat-sized ether ore of high quality that Lu Zhen will lose. If you are so confident in your master, do you dare bet with me?"

Lan Ju didn't even bother to take a glance at him and scolded him, "Are you dumb? Just watch the battle. You will understand what I meant."

"You..." Wuji sect's Patriarch clenched his fist in anger, almost losing control. He was, after all, an advanced-stage Supreme realm cultivator. How could he be brushed off like this?

But, since he also has the dignity to keep, he kept his composure and calmly commented that he'll see whether Lan Ju's words are just bragging without any weight behind them or not.

Lan Ju didn't bother to speak again and put his attention on the battle platform as both of the semifinals reached their spots.

"Phew... this was a bit nerve-wracking..." Xie Zhong felt at ease, seeing that the matter didn't erupt between these supreme realm experts. After all, both of them were respectable figures.

Unfortunately for the Patriarch of Xianshu sect, the trouble is far from over...