

Seller 38

Chapter 38 Song Yun's Strongest Trump Card

"I will not leave you alive." Song Yun couldn't stop shiver in anger. His eyes turned red while ether energy was erupted and covered him like armor but what's interesting is that a few experts who were just enjoying the show have a look of surprise on their faces.

"Minister Song is in the 6-circle realm?" "He broke through?" "What was he doing until now, then?" "Is it a fake realm?" "An effect of a pill?"

Numerous thoughts were going through the minds of these intermediate realm experts (4-circle to 6-circle).

The Elite soldiers who were deployed by the Palace sighed in relief. What could they do against a metal puppet that's seemed indestructible from 5-circle attacks and could kill them within seconds? What's more, the controller seemed to be hiding against this turtle shell.

Their hope rests on Song Yun. If he destroys the thing, then, they can return peacefully. If Song Yun gets killed, then, they can report that they weren't a match that killed a 6-circle realm expert. Either way, they will be safe from getting punished for not doing their job.

Mark stared at Song Yun. Originally, he doesn't want to come out but for the mission to succeed, the minister needs to know his identity. He didn't expect that he was getting intimidated by the energy swirling around his enemy.

Since only his head and neck are out, so, the people couldn't see that his whole body below the neck is involuntarily shuddering.

Taking a deep breath, Mark continued to maintain his expression of coldness and said, "Be careful what you wish for, Minister Song. This is just a tiny retaliation for your warning to me. Now, whether..."

"You peasant still dare to speak in that tone after humiliating the name of my Song Clan? I'll roast you alive, today." Song Yun, overwhelmed in anger pushed his leg against the ground and dash towards the tank, all alone.

"Well, I guess it's your wish then." Mark then glanced at the mansion with more than twenty openings.

At the entrance door, apart from the guards and Song Yun, there was a beautiful woman in clothes made of silk. "It's his wife or sister, maybe? What about my golden goose? I hope she isn't hiding inside. I don't want to kill her by accident. But then, again, in this situation, anyone who stays in the building will only die sooner or later even if I leave them alive. There's no need to do business with such foolish people..."

He locked the door and went back to the seat.

"System, Open Creation Gallery"

He clicked on the 120mm ammunition.

"Create"

*Ding! 120mm ammunition has currently a 53.24% success rate. Proceed?

*Ding! You failed to create K3. 2 low-grade ether crystals have been added to the debt. Success rate increases by 5.32%.

"Again..."

*Ding! You successfully created K3. 2 low-grade ether crystals have been added to the debt. Please check your inventory.

"Thank goodness." Mark quickly sent it to the storage chamber and gave an order to Allen through the wired communication device.

Instead of firing, Mark decides to create again while waiting for his enemy to arrive.

By the time Song Yun arrived, Mark created a second one.

Suddenly, a powerful punch was landed on the tank from the front, making a huge dent and even pushing the tank for a whole foot. Mark felt tremors inside and he almost fell down from his seat. Thankfully, he managed to keep his balance while checking the new notification.

*Ding! The durability of Battle Tank-V reduced by 2%

"Woah, that's high." Mark was really surprised to see it fell from 86 to 84 with just one punch. "I guess he's 6-circle. Okay, I guess I didn't have enough time to play around."

Mark no longer hesitated about the price and attempts. He started to create one after another.

On the other hand, Song Yun was shocked to find that even his strongest punch was useless against this piece of metal puppet vehicle in front of him. Moreover, some of his own force was also rebounding back to him. So, like the previous ones, he too felt the pain in his wrist.

After throwing ten more consecutive punches, Song Yun's hand is red. He decided to use his strongest skill but before that, he jumped and somersaulted a few more times and increased the distance to around 60-70 meters.

Combining his attribute power along with his ether energy, he generated a hundred spears imbued in electricity. They are now floating above his head as if waiting for an order to strike down the enemy.

The spectators went into a daze. They never knew that this politician was this strong.

"What was that?" Mark paused for a second. He saw the skill was really flashy and powerful. "Let him try."

Being confident in the durability of the Battle Tank, Mark continued with his creation.

"Die." Song Yun roared as he motioned his arm. Hundred lightning spears bombarded the Battle Tank, making dents and scratches all over. The tank was also getting pushed by an inch for every spear that hit it. In the meantime, Mark started receiving notifications of a reduction of 0.1% durability, eventually taking over 10% in the end.

The Battle Tank no longer looked as new as it was before. It was now full of dozens of dents and scratches.

"No way..." Song Yun's eyes widened. His ultimate attack did nothing as he expected it to be. "Just what in the hell is this made of. Who is that b*****d that made it?"

He could only curse out to vent out his frustration.

On the other hand, Mark received another notification of success. "Hmm, four is not enough."

Song Yun then took out a sky blue pill with clouds on it. "I guess I have no choice. I need to bet everything on this high-quality Cloud pill."

He swallowed it without hesitation. Within seconds, natural energy in the surroundings started to gather into his body.

An aura of blue energy appeared over the usual red ether energy.

His wife who was standing outside the entrance door under the protection of the guards became worried.

But, she knew that she isn't in any position to stop the fight and his prideful husband isn't the type to back down when the opponent is especially from the commoner background. After hearing the entire matter from the guards, she could only hope for her daughter to arrive soon.

It isn't that difficult for Song Yue to not hear of this attack even if the Lin mansion is more than twenty miles away from Song Mansion. The only issue is whether she would arrive on time or not.

Song Yun raised his hand above his head. Clouds slowly gathered above the Song Mansion, blocking the sunlight.

Suddenly, a lightning bolt descended onto Song Yun, or more specifically, onto his right hand.

"Argh..." Song Yun screamed in pain with his hand slowly getting burnt despite being protected by his own ether energy and natural energy.

However, consumed in rage, he doesn't seem to care about the issue.

"Dear, No... Stop it..." His wife screamed but it didn't reach his ears.

His hands continued to draw the lightning and a sphere was about to take shape. It formed more than half and almost his entire lower arm is facing a third-degree burn.

"The Hell..." One of the spectators couldn't hold his astonishment. Thankfully, the crowd outside was quiet and no one paying attention to this Nie clan's spy.