

"Jared, the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower does not belong to anyone. It belongs to whoever takes it. Why are you claiming ownership and threatening us to leave before you take it? Aren't you being too unreasonable?" Marcelo walked up to Jared and said coldly. "Leave or die. Make your choice!"

A frightening aura instantly emanated from Jared's body as he spoke, fervently spreading in all directions. Jared knew if these people could not be restrained now, there would be endless troubles for him in the near future.

As the crowd sensed the terrifying aura Jared was emitting, there was a change in expression on their faces. Soon, some of them wavered. They knew only one person could obtain the ten-thousand-year herb, so it was pointless to stay here any longer.

"This guy, Jared, must be capable since he dares to go against Warriors Alliance." "He founded Deragon Sect at such a young age. Even Mr. Sanders has his back. I think we'd better leave!"

"Let's leave. It doesn't matter who gets the ten- thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower. Anyhow, it won't be us."

The people were discussing among themselves and started to leave. Although they were reluctant to leave the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower behind, they had no choice.

Marcelo declared as he saw the crowd starting to leave, "Everyone, if you would stand with me and help me to obtain the ten-thousand-year- old tuber fleecflower, I, Marcelo Garcia, promise that everyone who helps will get a thousand-year herb. I believe many of you have heard of the Garcia family's influence. The Garcia family has secretly developed ourselves for hundreds of years. Due to our massive resources, we stand out among other martial arts families. Anyone who helps me here will be a friend of the Garcia family."

Marcelo's words stopped the hopeless crowd. who wanted to slip away..

A thousand-year herb was not rare, but it was better than nothing. Moreover, they could take this opportunity to form a connection with the Garcia family.

In an instant, the crowd walked to Marcelo's side and stood behind him. The people brought by Marcelo were not weak, to begin with, but now with these people, he got stronger.

"Jared, if you surrender voluntarily, I can give this ginseng to you. That way, no one will get hurt! But if you insist on fighting me over the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower, I'm afraid you won't be able to handle the consequences."

Marcelo had Top Level Greater Martial Arts Marquis by his side and a sacred martial arts relic on him. Therefore, he was not afraid of Jared at all.

However, Marcelo wasn't aware that Jared had killed a few Black Silver Robes of Warriors Alliance even though they had two sacred martial arts relics. Jared's Dragonslayer Sword was more powerful than any sacred martial arts relic.

"Hmph, I was the one who ordered to have the ginseng buried there. It belongs to me, anyway. It's ridiculous how you say you want to give it to me as a gift," Jared scoffed.

When Marcelo heard that, his face was full of anger. He was positive he got fooled by Jared now, Fortunately, the strange occurrence of the ten- thousand-year-old tuber fleecflower was

powerful. Otherwise, Jared would have run away with it by now, and Marcelo would be overwhelmingly regretful.

“Jared, how dare you use dirty tricks to fool us? It seems the rumors the martial arts world has of you are fake. You’re just another loser relying on deceitful schemes! We’re far from Jadeborough now. Let’s see if you can do anything without Mr. Sanders’ support.”

Marcelo glared at Jared as his competitive spirit was ignited. “This is bad, Jared.”

Flaxseed leaned in and said, “That guy, Jose, is acting strange too. He’s being too quiet. If we suffer heavy losses, I’m afraid he will get to reap the benefits without effort.”

Flaxseed didn’t want Jose to be the last man standing in the fight between Jared and Marcelo.