

"Marcelo, you shouldn't look down on others. The Zagorski family aren't pushovers," Austin declared confidently as he brandished the halberd,

"Austin, you must be tired of living..." Narrowing his eyes, Marcelo pulled out a hand fan from his sleeve. Golden light shone as he unfurled the fan made out of gold. The aura emitted by the hand fan was utterly terrifying.

Austin's expression clouded over when he saw that the hand fan was also a sacred martial arts relic. In addition to that, the elderly man who stood beside Marcelo also emanated a strong aura. He was a Top Level Greater Martial Arts Marquis, an existence that was the closest to the Martial Arts Saint. The person Marcelo brought with him was clearly head and shoulders above Greater Martial Arts Marquis from the Zagorski family.

The Greater Martial Arts Marquises from the Zagorski family were mostly First to Second Levels. Even Austin, who was the strongest among them, was only Fourth Level.

On the other hand, the lowest level of Greater Martial Arts Marquis from the Garcia family was Fourth Level. It was not an even match at all.

As the situation made Austin fall into silence, Jared's expression turned cold. He sucked in a deep breath and began to shift the Power of Dragons within his body. Even Dragonslayer Sword was also ready to be unleashed.

"Mr. Garcia, isn't it bad form to make such a big fuss over the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleeceflower? You even brought a huge entourage with you. More importantly, how are you going to report back if you suffer a huge loss here? Out of consideration toward me, why don't you give Mr. Chance the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleeceflower? You can consider a favor to the Gingerich family."

When Verner saw the tension rising between the two sides, he stepped forward in an attempt to smooth things over. Glancing at Verner, Marcelo replied icily, "Verner, what's the meaning of this? Do you also intend to help Jared?"

"Mr. Garcia, if you continue to insist on fighting Mr. Chance for the ten-thousand-year-old tuber fleeceflower, I'm afraid I have no choice but to help him. Do you think you can take on the Gingerich family as well? Why not take the loss and have me owe you a favor instead?"

Although Verner's tone was calm, underneath it lay a hidden threat.

Marcelo's face flushed red when he heard the other man's words. With a frown, he asked, "Verner, are you willing to become the Garcia family's enemy for Jared's sake?"

"Marcelo, are you truly not aware of the situation, or are you merely playing dumb? Even if this matter had not come between us, our families were never going to become friends. Sooner or later, we would've become enemies," Verner sneered.

Verner's words left Marcelo speechless. What the former said was true. Sooner or later, they would have become enemies as long as they competed for profits. As long as that profit existed, they were bound to become enemies.

Marcelo's expression turned ugly as he fell silent. If Verner aids Jared, then I will have no chance of winning.

Just as Marcelo was internally debating whether to back off or not, Jose, who had been enjoying the show, stepped forward. Smiling faintly, he said, "Verner, why are you involving yourself in the fight for the tuber fleecflower?"

It has nothing to do with you, yet you just had to stick your hand in. You're ruining my enjoyment of the show. If you stay out of it, I, too, will not get involved. However, if you choose to aid Jared, I will choose to help Marcelo. I'm sure the Garcia family would appreciate the assistance."

Jose was threatening Verner to stay on the sidelines and not involve himself! "Jose, you..." Verner glared at the other man angrily. Unexpectedly, Marcelo burst into laughter. "Jose, don't worry. The Garcia family will not forget your kindness. When the time comes-

"Shut up..."

Jose cut in before Marcelo could finish his sentence. He glared at Marcelo angrily, forcing the former to swallow his words.

Upon hearing this, Jared frowned. So, it seems like the families are headed toward a common goal, and they have chosen to keep it a secret. It only served to highlight how important this place was to them.