

No ordinary human would dare take another step if they were passing through. Just as Jared was scouting their surroundings with his spiritual sense, other auras enveloped them. While Jared was investigating them, they, too, were checking him out.

Like circling anacondas, they jabbed and probed without making a move. Each knew it was a waste of energy to fight the other before the ten-thousand-year herb materialized, and only a fool would do so.

Having also sensed that a series of auras had come forth to investigate them, Flaxseed raised a charm with a grunt, traced the air with his finger, and a gentle aura melded with Jared's.

In that way, they concealed part of their true power. It would not do to let the enemy know their true strength, or they would lose their element of surprise..

Jared followed Flaxseed and Jessica to the birthplace of the ten-thousand-year herb and stopped at their destination. However, they were not the only ones there. It was evident that many others had also deduced the exact location.

Flanked by several men, Marcelo walked toward Jared and asked, "As the master of Deragon Sect, what are you doing in such a backcountry like this, Jared?"

Jared flashed him a faint smile. "Even you, the eldest son of the Garcia family of Southwest Region, are here. So why can't I come here as well?"

As he spoke, his spiritual sense enveloped the elderly man next to Marcelo. He made that move because he could tell that, among Marcelo's entourage, only the elderly man posed a threat.

When Jared sent out his spiritual sense to ascertain the elderly man's power, a terrifying aura suddenly poured forth from the latter, startling him.

"The strength of a Greater Martial Arts Marquis?" Jared's heart lurched. The color drained from Flaxseed's and Jessica's faces. Evidently, they had also sensed that aura.

Marcelo sneered at the sight of Jared's expression. "We're not in Jadeborough, Jared. You have backing in Jadeborough, but nobody can protect you here. If you've come for the ten-thousand-year herb, I'd advise you to beat it. With so many people setting their sights on the -ten-thousand-year herb, you'll never get to have your hands on it. Leave lest you die a gruesome death. Consider yourself warned."

Jared smiled in response. "I owe you my gratitude, then, Mr. Garcia. However, I like crowds, so I'll head to wherever the party happens to be."

Seeing as the other man could not be persuaded otherwise, Marcelo said, "Let me be honest with you, Jared. The Garcia family will be taking the ten-thousand-year herb. I hope you won't stand in our way, or else..."

A murderous aura radiated from Marcelo as he spoke. "The ten-thousand-year herb has no owner; anybody can take it. Is this a threat?" Jared thundered, his expression growing cold.

A wave of overwhelming oppression shook Marcelo. His expression shifted slightly. At that sight, the elderly man beside him shattered Jared's aura, allowing Marcelo to catch his breath. Jared glanced at the elderly man. Without saying a word, he turned to leave. The time is not yet ripe to start a fight with Marcelo.

“It does seem a little tricky for you to get your hands on the ten-thousand-year herb, Jared. I wonder if the many experts here will fall for it,” Flaxseed whispered to Jared.

“Fall for what?” Jessica asked curiously. Due to her absence during Jared’s and Flaxseed’s discussion of strategy, she was unaware of their plan to pull a switcheroo.

However, Flaxseed did not explain or spare a glance at Jessica, who was thoroughly uncomfortable by then. She could not comprehend the change that came over him. Could he have realized that I plan to harm them?

Her heart began to race nervously.