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"Silva, how about you go first?" Clinton asked. "Sure," Silva replied. It did not take long for Taylor to speak again, "Are both parties ready?" "Ready!"

Clinton and Stan answered at the same time. "Well then, let's welcome the first sets of fighters from the two sides to the stage." Silva and a man in his thirties walked to the center at the same time.

This was naturally to prevent targeted exclusion from both sides.

After all, both of them were members of top secular families. Thus, even if they did not know each other in detail, they were somewhat aware of each other's strengths. By requiring both parties to send someone out at the same time, it eliminated the risk of the other party targeting a weakness. "Silva Fender from Springfield!" Silva said loudly.

Everyone present could hear him clearly.

They would gain much respect from the forces in Somerland if they won, so of course, they would need to report their identities loudly. As for losing? No one who stepped out would think that they would lose. "Brandon Morales from Seaman Province!" The other party also said loudly. Silva took out a metal glove and put it on his hand before saying, "Show your weapon! Otherwise, you won't get a chance later." "As you wish!" Brandon drew a sword from his waist. When he pointed the tip of the sword, a cold light overflowed from it.

Boom!

The two exploded at the same time. They were at the beginning stages of Dragon Rank. However, judging from the energy exerted, Silva was much stronger than Brandon. Silva should already be at the peak of the beginner stage of Dragon Rank and could become a mid-Dragon Ranker at any time. Brandon, on the other hand, had only just entered the beginner stage of Dragon Rank.

However, in this case, this difference was basically negligible.

Victory and defeat on the battlefield was based on too many factors. Combat experience, on-the-spot adaptability, understanding and application of martial arts, the fighters' mentality at critical moments, and their restraint in weapons were all things that had to be considered.

One could not defeat their opponent just because they were in a slightly higher realm. This was unless the gap was very large, at which point all the above conditions could be ignored.

For example, if David was there, he just needed to show some of his energy and these people would be powerless to resist no matter what method they used. The two disappeared from their locations instantly. Clang! The sound of the sword colliding with the metal glove. The sound was followed by countless collisions. Clang clang clang! Clang clang clang! Dust was kicked up where the two fought, and their figures were a blur. Using this chance, Brandon stabbed his sword into Silva's chest.

When the sword was about to contact him, Silva lifted his right hand to his chest.

Clang! The tip of the sword collided with the metal glove, creating an ear-piercing sound. Brandon used the tip of his sword to force Silva to back up. After backing a few meters away, Silva put his foot down on the ground and stopped his body from moving any further back. Then, he used his right hand to grab the tip of Brandon's sword.

Then, Silva used a strong grip and managed to grab Brandon's sword. After that, he pulled with all his might. Brandon did not think that Silva would be able to grab the sword, so he was caught off guard. Afterward, his body flew half a meter forward along with the sword in his hand. By the time he came back to his senses and let go, it was too late. Silva was holding the sword with his right hand.

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A left fist swung at him.

Brandon hurriedly clenched his right hand that had just released the sword to counter the punch.

At this time, it was impossible to worry about whether the other party was wearing a metal glove or not.

Once he was hit in the chest by this punch, the consequences would be serious.

Boom!

Crack!

Two voices sounded one after another.

Both sides took a few steps back. Silva stood up, picked up his right hand, looked at the sword he had pulled back, and threw it to the ground. On the opposite side, Brandon was hunched over while holding his right hand with his left hand, his expression a little pained.

When the two fists collided just now, he did not expect the strength of Silva's left hand to be so great that it would immediately break his right hand. Plus, since the opponent was wearing metal gloves, the back of his hand was dripping with blood.

"Do you want to continue?" Silva asked.

Normally, the right hand would be stronger than the left hand, unless the person was left handed.

However, Silva was different. Although he was not left-handed, his left hand was much stronger than his right. In order to catch his opponent off guard, he had been training his left hand just to achieve the effect of a one-shot victory in battle. So far, the results were pretty good. If this failed, the protracted battle would be taxing, even if he did eventually win. Brandon wanted to say that he wanted to continue the fight, but Taylor was one step ahead of him, "Silva wins the first round."

Silva turned and walked back.

Clinton hurried to meet him.

"Thank you, Silva!" Clinton said with a smile. "Zimmerman, I have done what I promised you, and I hope you will do so too," Silva said. "Don't worry, Silva. I am a man of my word," Clinton promised.

Silva did not say anything. Instead, he went to find a place to sit down. He had expended a lot of his energy in the battle just now. After all, both of them were pretty strong. He could only win by luck after catching his opponent off guard. Brandon went back to Stan's team. Stan walked to him with a blank face, patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Don't take it to heart. Rest well and leave the rest to us." The two's battle was very interesting, and it also set off the discussion of a lot of people present.

However, it was not very shocking.

To be honest, a master who was at the beginner stage of the Dragon Rank in his thirties was not very impressive in front of so many hidden families and sects.

However, a lot of people remembered Silva's name now.

"Let's welcome the second pair onto the stage!"

Clinton sent Stu, the heir of the hidden Pitt family.

Meanwhile, Stan sent a tall and buff man.

Clinton looked at Stu and felt a little excited.

He knew Stu's strength and was aware that he was also at the peak of the beginner of the Dragon Rank. If he won this round, then Clinton would have a huge advantage in the battle today. Among the five, he was only unsure of David's strength, and that was why he arranged for David to be the last.

If he could win three of the opening four rounds, then the last round would not matter. Right now, David felt depressed.

He did not want to be the climax.

He only wanted to get this over with and repay Clinton's favor. After that, he wanted to sneak away and go home to sleep. To him, a battle between masters of Dragon Rank was equivalent to children playing house. It was utterly meaningless.

However, since Clinton wanted him to be the last, he had no choice. After all, Clinton was the host, and he had his plans. He could not just ruin Clinton's arrangement just because he wanted to. If they lost, he would not be able to bear the responsibility.

Even if he was very strong, he would only go for one round. Both sides would send five people to battle. No matter the result, everyone would eventually need to take a step back.

The same person could not fight for three consecutive rounds.

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After the two people on the stage reported their names, they immediately let out a burst of energy and started fighting. Both of them were at the peak of the beginner stage of Dragon Rank. However, the opponent's combat experience was obviously better than Stu's. Although he was much bigger than Stu, he was no less flexible, and was also more explosive than the latter.

Moreover, he adopted a completely defenseless, injury-for-injury style of fighting. Stu would often hit him two or three times before he would hit Stu once. However, that one hit would hurt Stu a lot.

The two or three blows from Stu did not affect his opponent at all. This was the advantage of having a strong physique. After a few rounds, Stu also sensed that something was not right. He no longer confronted the opponent head-on, instead, he would dodge with all his strength. Fortunately, his family had mastered body movement and he could just about maintain his position. Occasionally, he could sneak up on the opponent and give him a few blows.

The other party had been chasing after Stu for the entire battle.

The ones at the scene who were on the same level as them or even slightly lower were fearful.

They were all scared for Stu.

Every time the opponent rubbed against him slightly, it would reduce the sensitivity of his movement. It seemed that his defeat was just a matter of time.

The best way to deal with this kind of person with a strong body was to use a sharp weapon.

Even if one was physically strong, one could not be invulnerable. Once they were hit, sharp weapons such as swords could also easily cut through their skin and pierce their muscles. Bullets were also capable of penetrating skin and muscle. It was a pity that the Pitt family's martial arts were mainly based on body movements and supplemented by fists. They did not have the habit of using weapons. This caused Stu to be almost completely restrained by the opponent. Moreover, these hidden families hardly used modern firearms. Generally, those who used firearms were secular families and certain mercenary groups.

Clinton could probably see it too, and his expression looked a little unpleasant.

Originally, he wanted to push their advantage, but it seemed to be impossible. While he had been busy preparing during all these years, Stan had also not been idle. All the people at the scene watched the fight with gusto. It was not every day they could watch the fight between Dragon Rankers. The hidden families would train internally, but the difference between practice and real battle was huge.

There were few masters of the Dragon Rank among the secular families, and they were all controlled by Somerland. Hence, they were not allowed to reveal their strength in front of ordinary people. Since the martial artists were all in hiding, there were even fewer of them around.

Therefore, this kind of full-scale battle of Dragon Rank masters was worth watching.

Only David did not find it interesting, and he kept yawning as he watched.

This felt like an adult watching a bunch of kids playing in the mud. They even wanted him to play along with them. After the two sides went back and forth for dozens of rounds, Stu accidentally displayed his weakness to the opponent and was punched in the chest, causing him to retreat more than ten meters in an instant. After he stopped, a mouthful of blood spurted out from his mouth.

The punch injured his internal organs, making him unable to continue fighting. The masters who were halfway to the God Rank on the high ground such as Taylor also saw

the outcome of the battle. Thus, she immediately announced that victory belongs to the other side.

Stu walked back in pain. Clinton quickly stepped forward to comfort him and asked him about his injury.

It was 1 vs 1 now.

At this moment, David walked to Clinton and said, "Clinton, let me go on to the next round."

He was going to fight anyway, so it would be better to fight earlier.

Now that it was 1 vs 1, he did not want to end this when Clinton and Stan were at 2 vs 2.

At that moment, he would surely attract everyone's attention. Others might rush to become the center of attention during this kind of event, but he did not want this.

It would be better to keep a low profile.

"David, you should wait. Don't worry, I have a plan," Clinton said.

Even though he knew that David was not simple, he had never seen David fight before, so he did not know which realm David was in.

He asked David that day and David only said that he was almost the same as everyone present.

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Now that it was 1 vs 1, if he let David go next and he lost, it would make the following fights very difficult. He should let Goldie go next! It had been two years since she broke through Dragon Rank, and she was also at the peak of the beginner stage of Dragon Rank. If it was a woman, then she would baffle the opponent. Moreover, Goldie was such a sexy and enchanting beauty. The chance of winning was still relatively high. David shrugged helplessly and stepped back. "Never mind!"

'I'll just wait! I shall go whenever Clinton asks me to. I'll just be the climax.'

'I'm the chosen one indeed. I am the focus wherever I go. They're just kids playing with mud, and he wants to make me the climax. I can't even keep a low profile even if I want to,' David thought to himself. However, he did not care.

Now, he could do whatever he wanted. He was eager to try out the strength of a peak God Ranker. He even wanted to duel with Mason to test his limits! However, he gave up that thought after thinking about it. He could not take action against Mason right now that carefreely. Mason would be wasting his lifespan whenever he took action.

At this time, the elder Taylor asked the third person from both sides to come onto the stage. The person on this side was of course Goldie, the eldest daughter of the Rogers family in Springfield.

On Stan's side was a feminine man who seemed to be drained by women and wine. He had a pale face caused by excessive indulgence.

"Goldie Rogers from Springfield," Goldie said. Goldie's appearance also made everyone's eyes twinkle. Finally, a beautiful master had appeared. At this moment, Goldie was wearing a bright red dress that showed off her enchanting figure.

'Aren't you afraid of exposing yourself when you're fighting in a dress? 'Is everyone going to have a feast for their eyes while watching the battle?' Many people were looking forward to this. "Anthony Dominic from the hidden Dominic family," the feminine guy looked at Goldie and introduced himself. What? Just after the feminine guy introduced himself, he immediately aroused the exclamations of many people present. He turned out to be a member of the Dominic family. This was a very powerful family with a long history. The fighting style of this family was different from other families and sects. They excelled at making and using hidden weapons. They would hide a weapon on every part of their body that could be triggered at any time during the battle, making it hard to guard against them. Moreover, the people of the Dominic family were ruthless and there would be poison laced on their hidden weapons. If someone were to be touched by the hidden weapons of the Dominic family, they would lose their combat effectiveness in an instant and the people from the Dominic family could do anything they wanted to them. If it was serious, then they would die instantly. Thus, everyone was terrified of this family.

No one wanted to fight the Dominic family because it was too dangerous. Plus, there was the possibility of being harmed if they were ever not careful. Even if one was a level higher than the Dominic family, they were still unwilling to fight against them. The Dominic family could be regarded as superb in terms of hidden weapons.

If there was ever a question of who the master of bypassing ranks and challenges in this world was, it would be the Dominic family.

According to the records of major families and sects, the Dominic family once even cultivated a first-class martial artist who used a unique hidden weapon to kill someone who was halfway to Dragon Rank. The Dominic family was thus an existence that countless people would talk about. Their cultivation methods were also different from others. They never pursue any realms. Instead, hidden weapons were their life. Since they first learned how to walk, they would be exposed to the production and use of

various hidden weapons. 'The feminine guy turned out to be a member of the Dominic family. 'Oh no! 'This beauty of the Rogers family is finished. 'I just hope that this guy from the Dominic family will not go too hard on her.'