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“Whoosh!” Troy felt a strong gust of wind hit his face, causing his features to contort in pain as he could feel

his bone becoming dislocated.

His eyes were fixed on Dustin’s fist, which stopped right in front of his chest. Although it was still a few inches

away, the intimidating force still caused him to tremble in fear.

“Blargh!” Blood spurted from his mouth.

With just the sheer force of his Fist Energy, Dustin had the power to dislocate the bones in Troy’s body. The

thought of what would have happened if his fists had actually landed on him was almost too terrifying to contemplate.

He was lucky that he had kneeled in time. Otherwise, he would’ve been out **cold!**

“Spare me! Please!” Troy was now on his knees, his face drained of color as he begged frantically. All the

confidence he **had** earlier was gone, replaced by fear and desperation.

Rather than shock, Troy **was** feeling terrified at the moment.

That **was** because when their fists collided, his power shattered like glass in a split second, leaving him

defenseless against the sheer force of his opponent.

He could feel the excruciating pain in every single bone in his body. This situation would only happen when there was a significant disparity in skill level.

That is why, when Dustin was about to make another move, Troy chose to beg for mercy. Begging for forgiveness on his knees was a small price to pay in exchange for his life.

“Don’t appear in front of me again!” Dustin said coldly.

“**Yes**, right away!” Troy immediately fled the room without an ounce of hesitation. He didn’t even care about

his dignity.

“Um.” Everyone was dumbfounded as they watched Troy flee the scene.

The top-

notch warrior, an elite disciple from Boulderthorn known as Lightning Fist, had actually fled from

battle?

Everyone’s **jaws** dropped in disbelief. No one could have predicted this outcome.

Originally, they believed that Troy’s appearance would resolve the situation, but now the tables had turned

completely.

If they had not witnessed it first-

hand, they wouldn’t even be able to believe it. A legendary warrior who had

never been defeated in battle fled the scene in terror!

“How-How is this possible?!”

Oliver’s eyes widened in disbelief.

That was his incredible senior, Troy **Chapman!**

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As a disciple of Boulderthorn, Troy was a master at honing inner energy, with unmatched skills and extreme

talents. Oliver couldn't wrap **his** head around how this had happened.

He didn't **even** hesitate to kneel down and beg for mercy!

"What the hell is going on?!" Oliver wondered.

"T—

There's no way! It's impossible!" Tina couldn't stop shaking her head in shock.

That was the top disciple from Boulderthorn. How could he be defeated by a nobody?

In fact, she wasn't the only one thinking about it. Everyone in the room had the same idea.

However, the truth was right in front of them, and no matter how much they wanted to deny it, it wouldn't

change the outcome.

"Did you say that you would stand up for her too?" Dustin's gaze landed on Oliver.

"Punk! You're lucky that my senior's injury recurred today, otherwise, you wouldn't have been able to escape

so easily! Next time, you wouldn't be so lucky!" After finishing his sentence, Oliver fled the scene.

If Troy was no match for Dustin, then wasn't he just an easy target?

"Mr. Williams! Mr. Williams! Tina yelled at the top of her lungs. Yet, Oliver picked up the pace and ran even

faster, disappearing without a trace.

At that moment, she **was** frozen on the spot.

"As I've said, I'll pay you back tenfold for the damage you did!" A cold voice rang beside her ears.

Tina turned around and realized that Dustin **was** already standing behind her.

“I’m warning you! Don’t mess with me! I’m Edwin Hummer’s daughter! If you dare to lay a finger on me, you and your entire family, even your relatives, will suffer the consequences of crossing the Hummers!” Tina

shouted desperately.

“Sure, I’ll play this game with the Hummers. But before that, I will need to get my revenge first!” Dustin’s hand

shot out and grasped Tina.

A horrific, ear-piercing scream echoed through the entire hotel. The screams continued every few seconds.

When Julie arrived at the hotel all drenched, she saw Tina being tortured. She **was** completely frozen as she

stared in shock.

Earlier, when Dustin left the hospital, she felt that something **was** off. So, she immediately followed him. She

never thought that he could be so brave to go against Ms. Hummer in front of such a crowd.

At that **moment**, Tina **was** not **just** unrecognizable, all four of her limbs were detached from her body.

The gory scene filled with blood was extremely unsettling.

“Stop! **Stop** this instant! Dustin! Are you **out** of your mind? Hurry up and let go of Ms. Hummer!” Julie came running as she yelled.

Dustin ignored Julie completely. He just **looked** down at Tina, who was lying on the ground, with a final flicker

of life.

“I won’t kill you tonight, but that doesn’t mean I forgive you. In three days, kneel down and apologize to Dahlia! Otherwise, you will suffer the consequences!”

After finishing his words, he raised two fingers and thrust them into Tina's pressure points **all** over her body.

It was a technique he had developed himself, and it **was** deadly. The victim would slowly **die** in three days.

Moreover, he was the only one who could break the curse.

"Crazy bastard! You're a maniac! Now that you've hurt Ms. Hummer, you're not the only one who will suffer! We're all doomed because of you!" Julie saw Dustin, who **was** about to **leave**, and yelled at him once again.

Yet, Dustin did not even spare her a glance and kept walking towards the exit. The crowd made way for his

exit, not daring to stop him.

"Hurry! Secure the premise!" Suddenly, a shout was heard from outside.

A horde of towering fighters stormed into the room. Instantly, the men surrounded the entire room.

"Who dared to cause trouble at my place?!" A man with dark sunglasses and a smoldering cigar strolled into

the room, emanating a menacing and dangerous aura.

"This is great! Sir Zims is finally here! We can finally have the scene under control

"Sir Zims is the trusty right-hand man of the Hummer family. He definitely wouldn't let him off for beating Ms. Hummer into a pulp!

"Although he's quite skilled, he only has two fists! He wouldn't be able to take on hundreds of men no matter

how skilled he is!"

The crowd went wild once again **as** help arrived at the scene.

*Sir Zims! You're just in time! Dustin not only caused trouble, but he also beat up Ms. Hummer!" Julie quickly reported the incident to him.

"What? He dared to hit Ms. Hummer? Which bastard did this? If you have the guts, come forward! Let's see if I can tear you apart myself!" Mason's gaze narrowed, his blood boiling with anger.

"It was me." Dustin approached him slowly.

"You—!"

Before Mason could strike, his expression changed completely when he saw him. "M—Mr. Rhys? It's you?!"

Dustin simply uttered a single word, "Scram!"

"Yes Sir!" Mason nodded and stepped aside. **Once** again, the entire room **was dead** silent.

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The rain **was** falling even harder.

Edwin was in the middle of a conversation with Fletcher at the Hummer Villa.

"Mr. Hummer, the first batch of Eternumax has been sold out. On top of **that**, we received a lot of positive feedback. A lot of people are interested in partnering with us in the long term. Now, we'll be able to mass produce this product!" Fletcher reported excitedly.

"That's the secret recipe for you, alright. Who would've thought it would have such great feedback right after its debut?" Edwin laughed joyfully.

He originally thought that it would take a while for people to warm up to the product. He didn't expect the opportunity to present itself so quickly.

At that point, he must strike the iron while it's hot.

“Speaking of which, **we** should be grateful to the Harmon family. Without their painstaking research all these years, we wouldn’t have this baby in our hands right now.” Fletcher grinned.

“Natasha was foolish to **dare** to fight against me! I’ll defeat her once and for all with Eternumax!” Edwin said

happily.

“Then I shall congratulate Sir Hummer in advance for your success!” Fletcher clapped.

“Alright, it’s getting **late**. Time to join Tina’s party. If I’m too late, she’ll certainly have some complaints.”

Just as Edwin stood up with a grin on his face—

An old butler ran into the room frantically and exclaimed, “Sir! Bad news! Ms. Hummer has been beaten up!”

“What? Beaten up? What on earth happened?!” Edwin frowned.

Who was brave enough to dare touch Edwin’s daughter?

“There was a kid who stirred things up at the party. He even beat Ms. Hummer half to death in front of everyone! Ms. Hummer **has** already been sent to Hummers Hospital. The butler reported in a hurry.

Hummers Hospital was under the Hummers’ supervision. It **was** also one of the top hospitals in Swinton. The doctors are all global elites in the medical field who pledged to serve the Hummer family.

“Go! To the hospital!” Edwin didn’t spare another second and immediately rushed to the hospital along with a

group of people.

However, as he cautiously stepped into the hospital ward, his **eyes** widened in disbelief at the Jarring scene that greeted him.

On the bed **laid** his own **daughter**, Tina, who was nearly lifeless.

Her face **was** utterly unrecognizable, a mangled and gory **mess**.

Her limbs were even worse, appearing as if they had been brutally torn apart from her body, her bones shattered and beyond repair.

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“Who?! Who did this?” Edwin roared like a crazed lion.

For all his **years**, no one dared **lay a finger** on his daughter.

“Sir Hummer, from what we’ve found, it seemed to be done by a guy named **Dustin**.”

At that moment, an injured bodyguard explained the earlier events to Edwin. After hearing his explanation, his expression immediately turned dark.

“That son of a b*tch again! He keeps ruining my day! I’ll cut him into pieces! Guards! Get me the best trackers and track him down, I want him captured alive!” Edwin clenched his fists and said between gritted teeth.

“Also, kill the entire Nicholson family! I want them all dead!”

“Yes, Sir!” After receiving orders, the group of people immediately scattered.

“Sir Hummer, that guy’s skill is quite unmatched. Not **anyone** could go against him.” Fletcher said. He’d been slapped by Dustin once. Until now, **he’s** still a bit traumatized.

“What are you trying to say?” **Edwin** turned around.

“From what I know, it would be best to summon the White Dragon guild. The members are all top-notch fighters. It shouldn’t be a problem for them to take on that **guy**.” Fletcher suggested.

“White Dragon guild? Don’t you think **it’s** overkill to use them against a nobody?” Edwin narrowed his eyes.

The White Dragon guild was Edwin’s secret weapon, and he wouldn’t use it lightly.

“Sir Hummer, this guy is not just a normal fighter. He has the Harmon family supporting him. To be safe, we must summon the White Dragon guild. It would be the best choice.” Fletcher advised seriously.

After pondering for a few seconds, Edwin finally made the decision. “Alright! Contact the White Dragon Guild immediately. Get me the best fighters!”

Whoever dared to lay a finger on his daughter would have to pay the ultimate price!

On the other hand, in Java Joys.

“What? Dustin stirred up trouble at the Hummer’s party? And he beat Tina into a pulp?” Natasha was

completely shocked at her sister’s words.

“Yeah! Oustin is insane! He beat her up in front of so many people! He even tore her limbs apart. He’s really on

another level!” Ruth said excitedly.

“He doesn’t seem like someone who’d do something irrationally. How could he do something like that?” Natasha was puzzled,

“Probably because of that girl! How could he hold back after that Nicholson was publicly shamed? That’s why he went to get revenge.” Ruth did not hide anything from her sister. After hearing the news, she shared every

single detail with her.

“No wonder.” Natasha nodded.

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“Sis, aren’t you mad at all?” Ruth was a little surprised.

“Why should I be?” Natasha asked.

“Dustin made such a grand move for that woman. It’s obvious there are **still** some lingering feelings between them. Are you not bothered by it?” Ruth was straight to the point.

“Dummy, they just got a divorce. Of course, there would be some lingering feelings. That’s inevitable. Also, if Dustin had not acted on it, he would **ve lost** my respect.” Natasha was unconcerned.

“Sis, I really don’t get what you’re thinking sometimes. I wouldn’t be able to let it go if a man I like **had** lingering feelings for other women.” Ruth scratched her head.

“After all, the ball is in their court. I believe that Dustin wouldn’t let me down.” Natasha smiled.

Dustin’s pride wouldn’t allow him to make the same mistake twice.

“I hope so. Rather than Tyler, I would much prefer **Dustin** to be my brother-in-law,” Ruth muttered.

“Alright, that’s enough. Nothing is set in stone yet. Tell the others to keep an eye on Dustin. If he’s **in** danger, make **sure** to help him immediately!” Natasha rolled her eyes and ordered.

“Okay!” Ruth nodded and immediately left.

They were both well aware that Edwin would not let this go easily.

It was inevitable for a war to happen...

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After that big incident at the party, Dustin finally returned to East Swinton Hospital. When he entered the ward, he noticed that Florence and James had already arrived.

“Which evil bastard beat up my daughter to such a state? How could they be so cruel?!”

“Exactly! If I find out which bastard did this. I’ll tear them into pieces!”

Seeing the injured Dahlia, the Nicholsons couldn’t help but curse, feeling pity for her.

“Why are you here? **We** didn’t even contact you.” Suddenly, one of them noticed Dustin, who **was** standing at the door.

“I came to check on Dahlia’s injury.” Dustin walked into the room slowly, his face not showing a hint of expression.

“Get out! You’re not welcome here!” James roared, letting out his pent-up anger.

“Dustin! Tell us the truth. Does my daughter’s injury have anything to do with you?!” Florence glared at him.

“I don’t have the details about how she **was** injured. Perhaps you should ask Julie this question instead.” Dustin replied.

*Julie? Speaking of which, where is she? Didn’t she attend the party with my sister? Why isn’t she here?” James frowned.

“Could it be **that** Julie is injured too? Dustin! What exactly is going on **here**? Who hurt my daughter? And where is Julie?” Florence’s expression immediately turned dark.

“I think it would be best if you didn’t find out.” Dustin shook his head.

“If you have something to say, then say it! No matter who hurt my sister, I will make them pay!” James said furiously.

“That’s right! We won’t let them off easily!” Florence exclaimed.

“The person who injured Dahlia is Tina Hummer,” Dustin answered truthfully.

“Tina Hummer? Who’s that?” James had no clue.

“The daughter of the richest man in **Swinton**, Edwin Hummer.” Dustin replied.

“What?! Sir Hurrmer’s daughter?!” Everyone was stunned by this piece of information.

They exchanged glances, not knowing how to reply. Especially Florence and James, whose anger immediately disappeared.

They would've been yelling for revenge if it had been an ordinary person. Yet, when they heard the name Hummer, they didn't even dare to get angry.

"We had no grudges against the Hummer family. How could Ms. Hummer be so cruel to us?" Florence gulped.

"That's right! My sister was invited to the party. How did she cross Ms. Hummer?" James frowned, deep in

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thought.

The others were uneasy as well. The Hummer **family was** someone they would never dare to provoke. Even if

they were wrongly accused, they couldn't do anything about it.

"You won't **have** to do anything. In three days, I'll let Tina Hummer apologize to you all in person." **Dustin**

assured **easily**.

"Hey! Do you even know what you're saying? Do you know who Ms. Hummer is? Do you think that's something you can handle? **You'll** let **her** apologize? Look at yourself!" James **said**, unimpressed.

"Exactly! Do you have no idea who you are? You just know how to **brag** all **day** long! If you really had that ability, why would you let them hurt my daughter in the first place?!" Florence exclaimed.

It was obvious that they **did** not take Dustin's words seriously..

After all it **was** Edwin's daughter. A true billionaire. Even they were afraid of provoking them, let alone a

nobody like Dustin.

“You all **must** be the patient’s relatives.” **At that** moment, a nurse walked into the room

“We just received a notice that the patient shall be transferred to a VIP **ward** and receive better treatment. All

of this will be free of charge. Will you **guys** accept this offer?”

“Free of charge? Of course, of course. We most definitely accept.” Florence’s eyes sparkled **as** she nodded

fervently.

“That’s great, please follow me.” After a signal from the doctor, a few others came into the ward to help Dahlia

into the new ward.

Dustin stood still as he watched the people leave the room. It was his **order** to switch to a VIP ward.

Although he was not afraid of Edwin, it **was** still inevitable that he would seek revenge. This was his safety

measure.

A few moments after Florence and the others left the room, Julie **sprinted** into the ward.

“Aunt Florence! I **have** big news! I **just** saw

Before she could finish her sentence, she was stunned. Her eyes widened as her gaze landed on Dustin. “You!

Why are you here?”

“You’re just in time. I **have** something to ask.” Dustin approached her slowly.

“D—

Don’t come any closer! What are you trying to do? **I’m** warning you, slay back!” Julie retreated two steps.

backward in **fear.**

She could still vividly picture the scene earlier where Tina was brutally beaten up.

In her eyes, Dustin was a maniac!

“Why are you so **afraid**? Could it be that you’re guilty of something?” Dustin **said** lightly.

“You’re the **one** who should be guilty! I don’t have anything to hide. What’s the reason for me to be afraid of?” Julie declared, putting up a front.

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“Good. Then let me ask you, were you the one who framed Dahlia for stealing at tonight’s party?” Dustin’s

demeanor turned cold.

“Nonsense! We’re cousins, how could I **harm** her? I’m warning you, don’t accuse someone innocent!” Julie’s expression contorted into a panic.

“Accuse someone innocent?” Dustin laughed coldly.

“Then tell me, how did this end up in Dahlia’s bag? Who else would have access to her bag other than you?” He tossed a box in front of her with a pair of ruby earrings inside.

“H—

How would I know? It’s not me!” Julie’s eyes flashed with panic as she desperately clung to her lie.

“You better think clearly before you answer. Otherwise, you’d lose your chance.” Dustin said expressionlessly.

“What do you mean? Are you saying that you’ll lay a finger on me?” Julie shouted sternly.

“**You** have one minute left.” Dustin lifted a finger.

“What on earth are you trying to do? I’m not afraid of you!” Julie said as she backed away slowly.

“Ten seconds left.”

“Dustin! I’m warning you.” Before Julie could finish her threat, footsteps could be heard outside the room.

“Boss. I already got the information that Danlia is in this ward!”

“Good! You, keep a lookout. The others. follow me!”

After an exchange of words, a few assassins dressed in black immediately swarmed the room.

“Who is Dahlia Nicholson?” The leader scanned the room with a piercing gaze .

“She is.” Dustin pointed his finger at Julie.

The next second, with a sharp “Clang“, two swords were pressed against Julie’s neck.

“Bring her!”

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“What?” Julie’s mind went blank when a pair of swords were held at her neck. She was unable to process what was happening.

From the assassins’ forced entry to Dustin framing her, everything happened too quickly. When she finally

regained her composure, she was already in danger.

“Rhys! How could you do this to me!”

Seeing as she **was** about to be held hostage, Julie panicked. “Wait, it’s a mistake! I’m not Dahlia, you’ve got

the wrong person!”

“Do you think we are stupid? This man told us you are Dahlia Nicholson!” The assassins’ leader retorted.

“He’s spouting nonsense! Don’t believe him!” Julie said, cold sweat running down her forehead.

She never expected Dustin to exact his revenge on her in such a despicable manner!

“According to our intel, Dahlia is in this hospital room. If you aren’t Dahlia; why would you be here?” The leader

demanded fiercely.

“I—I was just passing by-!” Julie stammered.

“Fuck! How dare you lie to me? You must be tired of living!” Julie was violently slapped on the cheek by the

leader, making her ears ring.

“What are all of you doing? Take her away!” He ordered.

Some of his men immediately dragged Julie towards the door.

“It’s not me! It’s really not me! Rhys, **you** asshole, you framed me! Are you even human?” Julie burst into tears

and wailed loudly.

She knew that if she were to be taken away, she would definitely suffer inhuman abuse.

“Dustin! I’m sorry! Please save me, I’m begging you! I’ve learned my **lesson!** On account of Dahlia and Old Mr. Nicholson, you can’t sit back and do nothing! You have to save me!” Julie broke down and apologized

profusely.

At this moment, only Dustin could save her.

“Shut the hell up, you b*tch!”

Julie's cries for help got on the nerves of the assassin **leader**. He gave her a few more slaps on the face. Julie staggered and fell to the ground, **blood** flowing from her lips.

When Dustin felt that Julie had been punished enough, he spoke up, saying, "Guys, I'm sorry for the confusion. I've made a mistake, she is not Dahlia."

"What **did you say**?" When they heard this, the **assassins** froze.

*Punk! How **dare** you trick me?" The leader narrowed his eyes threateningly.

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"I guess you could **say** that." Dustin nodded.

"You bastard!" The leader **was** furious. He rushed towards Dustin **with his** heavy **blade** and swung it using his

full **strength**.

By the agility **and** power of his movements, the leader was obviously a martial artist. His skills were far superior to those of a normal person.

However, Dustin did not dodge. He blocked the attack with his bare hands and landed a kick on his opponent's abdomen.

The leader screamed in agony as he flew out the door.

"How dare you hurt our leader? You are dead meat!"

The other three assassins threw Julie aside as they turned to attack Dustin simultaneously.

However, before they could get close enough, Dustin **gave** all three of them a flying kick and knocked their

heads together.

Without another **word**, they fainted on impact.

“Fuck, who is this monster?”

The last assassin, who was guarding the door, saw what happened to his teammates. Fearful for his life, he ran away as fast as his legs could take him.

Four of his friends were dead. He wasn't sticking around to find out what **was** going to happen to him.

“Dustin, you...” Julie's eyes were as wide as saucers.

She never **knew** that Dustin was such a good fighter. In the **blink** of an eye, he single-handedly defeated four assassins. She breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, Dustin was **around** to save her.

On second thought, she remembered that it **was** because of Dustin that she **was** mistaken for Dahlia.

Julie's anger blazed to life again.

“Confess to Dahlia regarding today's incident. Remember, there is no next **time**,” Dustin said with a condescending glare.

“I'll let you off today, Rhys! However, don't be too proud! Edwin will come after you now that you have beaten up Ms. Hummer! You will be **hounded** out of Swinton!” Julie gritted her teeth in anger.

“You must be sorely mistaken. It's not the Hummers” who will be coming after me, but me going after them. The Hummers' must issue a public apology regarding the assault,” Dustin said breezily

“Public apology? You must **have** lost your mind! What right do you **have** to demand an apology from the Hummer family?” Julie scoffed.

“Whatever, it's up to you whether to believe it or not. Dustin shrugged.

“Let's see how long you can fake it! Hopefully, you won't be wetting your pants in front of Edwin Hummer!” Julie scoffed **again** and turned around to leave.

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Dustin

couldn't care less about her. He dragged the leader of the assassins into the hospital room.

"Did Edwin send you?"

"What's it to you?" Through gritted teeth, the leader answered rudely.

"How many of you are there?" Dustin **continued** calmly.

"The White Dragon guild is full of skilled lighters and martial artists. Five of **us** were sent to scout ahead. If you **desire** to live, it would be best to surrender immediately!" The leader threatened.

"I've never **heard** of the White Dragon guild." Dustin shook his head.

"That's because you're being ignorant! The **leader** smirked.

"Punk, if I were you, I would flee Swinton right now. Otherwise, you will be sitting ducks when our guild master

arrives personally!"

"Really? I'll be waiting for him, then." Dustin smiled.

With a loud crack, **he** twisted the **assassin's** leader's neck. He died on the spot.

At this moment, a group of menacing **bodyguards** appeared at the end of **the corridor**.

Stephan **was** leading the way!

"Greetings, Mr. Rhys!" Stephan walked up to Dustin and bowed slightly..

"Ms. Harmon ordered us to assist you. If you need our help, just ask for it."

"Thanks for the kind thought, Mr. Chapman." Dustin nodded in return. "There are a few uncon

scious assassins. here who have been defeated. Please dispose of their bodies.”

“No problem.” Stephan gestured to his men, and they quickly carried the bodies off.

“By the way, what do you know about the White Dragon guild? Custin questioned.

“The White Dragon guild is regarded **as one** of the top three guilds in Swinton. Their guild members are mainly ruffians and scoundrels from the underworld. They take orders from Edwin and conduct illegal operations.

Their infamous reputation precedes them,” Stephan explained.

“**Oh**, I see.” Dustin nodded.

“The White Dragon **guild** has many skilled lighters, especially the guild master . Dracor Millroy. He is one of the best martial artists in Swinton. It is said that his skin is impenetrable to a sword or blade as he has **attained** the highest tier of martial **artistry**. The wise thing to do would be to **escape** instead of challenging him.” Stephan warned.

*Thanks for your advice. I know what to do,” Dustin replied nonchalantly.

He was curious to see what it would be like to spar against the **best** martial artist in Swinton.

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The night grew dark as rain poured down. The **streets** were empty, as there was no one around.

Just then, a fleet of black Hummer vehicles drove in at high speed, splashing puddles of water. The vehicles

pulled up at the entrance of a hospital building.

As the car doors opened, a group of burly, muscular men got out.

One of them was smoking a cigar.

He was a large and muscular man with a beard, more than six feet tall at least a head above **normal** men. His arms and thighs were bulging with muscle.

“Guild master! That man is still inside, he never left.” The **last** assassin pointed to one of the floors of the

building.

He had been lying in wait for support to arrive as he spied on Dustin.

“I expected that you could handle this guy on your own. Why **do** I still have to be personally involved?” The bearded man narrowed his eyes with displeasure.

He was the guild master of the White Dragon guild!

“Guild master, don’t underestimate that guy. He took **us** down as easily as dominoes!” The assassin reported.

“Alright, surround the building. The earlier we get this settled, the earlier we can **rest**,” Dracor ordered

impatiently.

If it weren’t for Edwin’s orders, he wouldn’t have inconvenienced himself by coming down personally.

“Stop! Who goes there!” A group of bodyguards dressed in suits streamed out of the building. They were the

Harmon family’s men.

“What, was there a group of men protecting him? Alright, you boys can use them for practice.” Dracor

motioned to his men.

“Yes, guild master!” His disciples behind him grinned evilly **and** rushed up to fight the bodyguards. They were out for blood like a pack of wolves.

“Stop them!” The bodyguards were not to be outdone. They pressed forward as one to block the guild

members.

The scene erupted into chaos.

Although the bodyguards were well-trained, their fighting skills weren't on the same level **as** those of the members of the White Dragon guild.

After a while, the bodyguards were forced to retreat, falling under the pressure.

“Who dares to go against the Harmon family? An aggressive roar interrupted the fight as Stephan emerged with a few of his comrades.

Making his way through the crowd, the guild members were repelled backward by Stephan's internal energy.

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creating a space around him.

“Oh, is he a martial artist with internal energy? How dare you show off your tricks in front of an expert? Get out of the way!” Dracor had a cold smile on his **lips**.

Stephan threw fist after fist without stopping, forcing the guild members to fall back. They were no match for

him.

“Reckless bastard!” Dracor took a deep breath and released a surge of energy in Stephan's direction.

The attack sliced through the raindrops and zeroed in on him.

Fortunately, Stephan had a keen sense of danger. He noticed the attack coming and went into a defensive.

stance.

“Boom!” An explosive sound was heard as Stephan’s defense was shattered.

He was blown backward about 30 feet away, leaving deep tracks on the ground. Stephan was **flung** onto a wall like a ragdoll as he spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Weakling.” Dracor scoffed.

Dracor thought that he had finally met a worthy challenger. Unexpectedly, he couldn’t even withstand a single

blow.

“Y–You, who are you?” Stephan furrowed his brows and stared at the towering figure in front of him.

Due to the darkness, he couldn’t identify who the man was.

“How dare you beat up my men if you don’t even know who I am?” Dracor approached him menacingly.

Stephan finally recognized him when his bearded face was illuminated by the streetlights.

“You– You are Dracor Milfroy?” Stephan fixed his eyes on the man as fear spread across his face.

The nightmare he dreaded really came true!

“Since you seem to know me, we can settle this easily, Kneel down and beg for your life. If I’m in a good mood,

I might let you go.” Dracor laughed mockingly as if he was entertained by Stephan’s fear.

“Both of you, go and tell Mr. Rhys to escape. I’ll hold them back!” Stephan gritted his teeth and prepared

himself for a fight to the death.

“**Yes**, Sir!” The bodyguards behind Stephan ran into the building without hesitation. Their **mission was to**

protect Dustin and they were prepared to do it at the expense of their lives.

“Heh, do **you** think you could hold me back?” **Dracor smirked.**

“I’ll do my best to buy him some time!” Stephan was determined.

“Don’t blame me for your death since you were the one who asked for it! Dracor scoffed again.

He flew at Stephan like **a** streak of lightning.

“I’m going all out!” Stephan took a deep breath and faced Dracor squarely.

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Both of them collided directly into each other as another loud explosion was heard.

Stephan **was** thrown back like he had been hit by a truck, His body flew into the air and landed heavily on the ground with a loud thud. Blood spurted out from his mouth and nose. He did not even have the strength to stand up.

“Don’t overestimate your abilities!” **Dracor** taunted.

Compared to Dracor strength, Stephan’s internal energy and skills **were** feeble.

“Mr. Rhys, I did my best. I hope I have bought enough time for you to escape, Stephan muttered as he laid in the rain, despair in his eyes.

Dracor was on another level as he had already attained the highest tier of martial arts. In addition, he had trained his body to be as impenetrable **as** steel.

No wonder he was deemed the best martial artist in Swinton!

Stephan knew that he was no match for Dracor. He couldn’t even put up a good fight.

“It is an honor for you to die at my **hands!**” Dracor came up to Stephan and **stared** at him condescendingly, like looking down on a bug.

He lifted his leg to stomp on Stephan’s chest and finish him off.

At that moment, all the **glass** windows of the hospital building shattered simultaneously.

A dark figure swooped down **and** landed heavily on the ground. The tough cement crumbled beneath his feet and large cracks propagated from the spot where he landed, like a spider’s web that extended for miles.

“Who is it?” Everyone had bewildered expressions on their faces.