

The Understated Dragon Lord

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Chapter 715 Seizing the Soul

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Continuing his discourse, Black turned to White and carried on, "My brother here, he's a Junior Shaman Warlock. But his Soul Take compared to mine, as a seasoned Shaman Warlock, is vastly different! You're just a country bumpkin, and you dare to claim you know Soul Take—it's laughable!" "Sure, I know Soul Take. You don't believe me?" Daniel still held his jovial demeanor as he responded.

"You know Soul Take? Then tell me, who did you learn it from? Soul Take is mastered by grand warlocks; which one of them would take a bumpkin like you as an apprentice?" Black pressed.

"Who said only grand warlocks can know Soul Take? I learned my Soul Take from Big Yellow in our village."

"Big Yellow?" Black racked his brain for a moment, then it clicked. He remembered the name; Daniel had mentioned it before.

"So, this Big Yellow you mentioned—is that the village lord you spoke of earlier?"

"Big Yellow is not a lord, he's a cutie. He's the most popular dog in our village! Whenever someone has meat, he's there, and everyone welcomes him!"

After Daniel finished speaking, Black immediately felt as if he'd been insulted, a tremendous insult.

"You say what? Big Yellow is a dog?"

"Yes, Big Yellow is indeed a dog. Can't you guess from the name?!"

"Country bumpkin, are you mocking me? Do you have the gall to liken us warlocks to dogs?"

Black's face reddened with outrage; he could almost emit smoke from his nostrils in fury.

"I'm not trying to insult you! And I didn't compare you to a dog! Mind you, Big Yellow is beyond your

comparison. Honestly, if I have to et

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compare, I'd say Big Yellow is far superior. He's the bright star in the sky radiant and sparkling! And you, you're just a piece of dog poop on the ground!"

"Country bumpkin, you're a dead man! The evil spirits have already entered your body. Soon, they will extract your soul! Once your soul is taken, you'll be nothing but adiving corpse, a soulless husk!"

"Is that so? Yet, I feel my soul is intact, my thoughts clear. Could it be the Soul Take you recited was a fake? Or maybe, you, 'The Shaman Warlock,' are a fraud? You're not capable! That's why your Soul Take is ineffective!"

"My Soul Take ineffective?" Black sneered coldly. "You really think so? Well, I'll extract your soul right now!"

With that, Black started chanting the Soul Take again.

This time around, he wasn't just chanting; he bounced around as if possessed by demons.

Black's performance was dramatic, and his exaggerated expressions jolted the visual senses. Whether it would be enough to extract Daniel's soul, though, remained to be seen.

Chapter 716 Humiliation

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Black's motley display was ludicrous, laughable.

Daniel burst out laughing, bending at the waist from the sheer hilarity of it all. Here was Black, immersed deeply in extracting the soul of a 'country bumpkin,' and his target was in the throes of uncontrollable laughter.

Black felt ignored, insulted, and humiliated again. He stopped his antics and pointed at Daniel, demanding, "Country bumpkin, what exactly is so funny?"

"What am I laughing at? Why, I'm laughing at you, of course! Just look at yourself - your performance is so entertaining! The way you twist and shout, you're more seductive than many a burlesque dancer I've seen. Are you sure you prefer women? I mean,

perhaps, just maybe, you actually favor men, yearning for a strong man to take you from behind, which must be why your performance is so sensual."

"Country bumpkin, are you mocking me? Are you implying I'm womanlike?" Black clenched his fists, his nostrils flaring with rage as his eyes blazed with fury. He looked as if he wished his glares could incinerate Daniel right where he stood.

"Aren't you trying to take my soul?" Daniel casually observed the scene unfolding before him.

"Don't get cocky, bumpkin! Hmph!" Black snorted dismissively, but then he seemed to come to a sudden realization.

"Country bumpkin, I've got it!"

Daniel was taken aback, staring at the old fellow with a puzzled expression. "You got it? Got what?"

"You, country bumpkin! You've been

exaggerating your laughter on purpose to distract me! To prevent me from properly casting Soul Take! You thought your laughter would disrupt my spell, so I couldn't take your soul!"

Daniel, hands still in his pockets and still beaming with amusement, quipped, "Black, didn't you boast about being a shaman warlock? The most powerful shaman warlock You

claimed that only You

cast by a

warlock like yourself could Soul Take reveal its utmost power.

And now, my laughing disrupted it? Isn't that a little weak for a shaman warlock? With your skill level, I think you should reconsider using your witchcraft—it's downright embarrassing!"

"Don't be insolent here, bumpkin!

Today I will use Soul Take to capture

your soul for sure. I'll turn you into a soulless being, a thoughtless zombie! Then, I'll transform your body into an undead. Then, you won't enter hell, nor ever get into heaven. You'll have no afterlife!

You'll be a zombie forever!"

Resolute, Black started again. This time, he was determined to showcase his real abilities.

He took a scroll from his bag, bit his finger, and began painting on the scroll with his blood. Black was harnessing the power of the scroll!

Soul Take was already immensely potent, but combined with a scroll, its power could increase ten-thousandfold.

Quickly, Black unfurled the scroll and theatrically rose to his feet, flinging the blood-painted scroll into the sky.

Chapter 717 Blood Light

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The scroll stood suspended in mid-air, as if a sword, radiating an ominous glow.

Boom!

Suddenly, a small flame sparked upon the scroll, igniting it. Crackling fiercely, it produced a blood-red smoke that drifted towards the lake and mingled with the water.

As the smoke merged, bubbles emerged fiercely from the tranquil lake as if the water boiled.

Shrill cries echoed as shadowy black figures emerged from the lake's depths. These figures, resembling human shadows, were all incomplete and distorted.

They were the evil spirits, souls of those who had died without proper burial or anyone to mourn them, left exposed to the natural elements. Their spirits, forced to remain in the mortal realm, had withered under the assault of sun and rain, wind and storm, transforming into vengeful, incomplete entities.

Though not demons, these evil spirits were even more ferocious. Summoned by Black using the scroll, they floated towards Daniel, intending to feast upon his soul as ants would a worm, leaving nothing behind.

"Heh!" Daniel chuckled coldly, watching the evil spirits converge towards him. At the sound of his laughter, the spirits froze, as if terrified, suddenly too scared to press on.

"Black, did you really think slicing your finger and drawing on a scroft was going to summon these evil spirits to feast on my soul?" Daniel queried, still grinning.

The paralysis of the evil spirits turned Black's face dark with vexation. Staring at Daniel as if he were a freak, Black demanded, "What have you done to them?"

"What have I done? I haven't done anything! Look at them, each one more broken than the last. What could I do to them? Even if I were to do something, my actions would extend only to beautiful women!"

As he spoke, Daniel's gaze inadvertently shifted towards Beauty, but her intense glare forced him to look quickly away towards Victoria instead.

Black seemed to have an epiphany. He glared at Daniel and asked sternly, "Country bumpkin, do you know witchcraft?"

"Witchcraft? Look at how innocent and pure I am, I'm practically a virgin. How could I possibly know witchcraft? These evil spirits don't dare come close because I'm too pure. My heart is even purer than that of a newborn. So, they're afraid to stand beside me, fearing their filth will stand out even more against my purity!"

Although Daniel spoke as if it were the truth, Black didn't believe a word of it.

"Stop your bullshit, country bumpkin! You, pure and flawless? In your dreams!"

Black's disbelief hung heavy in the air as the standoff between him and Daniel continued.

Chapter 718 Provocation

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After showing his obvious disdain for Daniel, Black added, "Just by the way you were ogling those two women, are you really free from blemish and pure? From what I see, you're just a filthy rogue!"

Daniel pointed at Black, commanding the evil spirits, "This old fart calls me a dirty rogue. Go on, swarm him, let him know what respect is!"

"Country bumpkin, who do you think you are? You believe these evil spirits will listen to you? That they'll come at my single command? How could they possibly..."

Before Black could finish his thought, the black, shadowy spirits rushed towards him en masse.

"Ah! Don't come near me!" Black cried out, petrified by the advancing spectral figures and instinctively began to back away.

However, just as he took a step back, an evil spirit with an eerily halved foot appeared behind Black.

Thump! Black lost his footing and toppled to the ground, with the evil spirits then descending upon him, unceremoniously piling on top of him.

"Get off me!"

"Stop biting me!"

Black screamed and flailed, trying to push away the spirits. But these dark entities were just souls, illusions - they couldn't be touched or pushed by mere hands.

Soon enough, Black steadied himself. He began chanting a protective spell, forming symbols with his hands and jabbing fiercely at the shades before him.

"Thou shall leave!" he ordered.

With each command, spirits dissipated, revealing Black's dexterity with banishments. Yet, despite their lack of strength, the sheer number of spirits wore him down.

By the time Black had dispersed all

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the surrounding spirits, he was exhausted, sinking to the ground, huffing and puffing. Daniel sauntered over, still beaming, and teased, "How are you holding up, Black?"

"What are you on about?"

"Well, I can't say much, except about those vile spirits you summoned with that scroll. Were you aiming to have some fun with them? Did you enjoy it? Was it exciting enough for you?"

If you're still feeling unfulfilled, go ahead, bite open your finger again and summon some more spirits. After all, there's no shortage of evil spirits here in Moon landing. You can have as many as you want!"

Country bumpkin... You...

Angered to the point of eruption, Black spat a mouthful of blood. Yet, his outburst wasn't triggered by Daniel's words but by the exertion of fending off those evil spirits, which

had taken a significant toll on his body.

Seeing Black coughing up blood, White became deeply concerned.

"Brother, are you alright?" White asked attentively.

After all these years of establishing renown, they had made innumerable enemies and faced many formidable opponents. If something happened to Black, White knew surviving on his own would be challenging.

Chapter 719 To Buly the Few with Numbers

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The Black and White Knights knew if one of them faced an issue, the other would struggle. They could only confront their formidable enemies by combining their strength—a strategy of overwhelming their adversaries with superior numbers.

Spitting another mouthful of blood, Black looked at White with an expression that mingled exhaustion and incredulity. "Do I look alright to you?" "I figure you're probably fine," White suggested optimistically.

Another mouthful of blood shot forth from Black. "I've been spitting up blood, I'm nearly dying, and you say I'm alright?"

"Brother, it's not like it's your first time bleeding out of nowhere. Remember how at the strip club, you bled from the nose every time those sexy girls gyrated? Isn't that so?"

"You... I'm going to kick your teeth in!" In a fit of rage, Black sent his foot flying toward his brother, but White, ever the agile one, ducked away just in time.

Empty-footed, Black lost his balance and crashed to the ground, legs split wide. The sudden landing made him feel as though he'd heard the dreaded sound of eggs cracking. Though nothing had actually broken, the pain was excruciating.

"Ah... It hurts so badly!"

With pained groans, Black clutched at himself, his wails resounding across the field. White quickly approached, his grin failing to mask his concern. "Brother, I'm sorry! Let's not fight each other. Let's focus our efforts on schooling this country bumpkin!"

"But I'm seriously hurt! You deal with the bumpkin! If you can't even handle a country bumpkin, don't call me brother anymore; I don't have siblings that incompetent!"

Black was playing mind games,

putting his brother in the line of fire first. His earlier skirmish with Daniel revealed that the bumpkin was no easy target, so he thought it best to let White tire Daniel out before stepping in to finish the job with ease.

"Alright, brother! Don't worry. Just leave it to me. I can easily take care of this bumpkin. In less than three minutes, I'll have him lying flat on the ground!"

White couldn't believe that he, a Level Six Martial Arts Master, would struggle against a mere bumpkin. This time he wouldn't give Daniel any openings. He'd employ his secret weapon.

With a swift flourish of his sleeve, White produced a gleaming white ax, his weapon- White Axe!

Forged from a white metal far superior to conventional steel, an ancient metal a thousand times harder, White Axe wasn't solely for chopping iron like mud. It could slice diamonds in two with a single strike.

Daniel glanced at the White Axe, recognizing instantly the exceptional quality of its material and its

razor-sharp edge. Moreover, the weapon was entwined with many sinister spirits, indicating its blood-drenched history.

Chapter 720 Kill Him

Chapter 720 Kill Him

Perhaps there weren't tens of thousands, but certainly thousands.

Daniel teased with a grin, "Oh, White, what's this? Planning to chop me with that ax? That White Axe of yours looks mighty lethal. One swing and it would surely split me in half, right? That would be cruel beyond words. We have no grievances; do you really need to use such a barbaric method against me?"

White's only response to Daniel's ramblings was a cold sneer; he flicked his White Axe, exuding a sense of satisfaction. "Scared of my White Axe now, are you bumpkin? Afraid

that I'll chop you into two? Where's all that cockiness from before? You fancied yourself brave enough to challenge my brother and me alone. Feeling fear now, huh?

If you're scared, show some sincerity and grovel before me on the ground! Beg for mercy! If you do, I promise to spare your life. At most, I'll just chop off one of your arms."

As soon as White finished speaking, Smart jumped in eagerly, "Merely chopping off one arm of this loudmouth isn't enough. He's so pompous, not even sparing a thought for me, Smart. At the very least, you should chop off one of his legs too! Which leg? Well..."

Scratching his head, Smart added, "Leave the two longer ones alone, but that third leg, he definitely won't be needing that. After all, what's a country bumpkin gonna do with it? Better off chopping off that third leg!"

Down, as the heir of The Perkins, heartily agreed with Smart's proposal. Despite his status, neither Beauty, Victoria, nor even Jessica paid him any attention, but all three women were drawn to Daniel, which irked him greatly.

"Nodding in agreement, Down added, "Smart's right; follow his instructions, White. Give this bumpkin a good lesson! Show him his place and that he belongs where all bumpkins belong. The daughters of the eight major families are not for the likes of him to pursue."

Daniel, hearing all this, couldn't help but find their conversation amusing. Being the clever man he was, he knew exactly what Down was thinking.

With a chuckle, Daniel asked, "So Down, you want White to chop off my third leg. That's quite a long one, akin to a horse's. Are you so envious of me that you resort to ruining me, since despite being who you are, neither Beauty nor Victoria gives you the time of day, yet they're willing to hang out with me?"

Do you understand why they prefer my company? It's because I'm pure and faultless; I harbor no ill intentions towards them. Even if we're together all day, I wouldn't dream of doing anything wrong."

Daniel's clever retort spotlighted Down's jealousy and malicious intent, all while maintaining an air of innocuousness that made him even harder to attack.

Chapter 721 For What?

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As soon as Daniel finished talking, Down responded with a cold snicker. "Heh!" After sneering, he said with a mocking tone, "Country bumpkin, are you admitting you're a nobody?"

"Yes, I am a nobody!" replied Daniel confidently, then he added with his usual joviality, "Even as a nobody, I have the company of two beauties. What about you? No matter what you do, no matter how you try to charm them, these women don't give you a second glance. Doesn't that suggest you're even less than a nobody like me?"

Daniel's words left Down furious, nearly choking on his own rage. After regaining his composure, Down let out a derisive laugh, "Heh!" Then, with a sneer, he said, "Country bumpkin, you don't actually believe these beautiful ladies are genuinely interested in you, do you? Beauty and the others are just using you! Once they're done with you, they'll kick you to the curb without a second thought."

Instead of answering Down directly, Daniel turned to Beauty with a smile and asked, "Beauty, are you using me?"

Caught off guard by the question, Beauty paused before responding, her smile unfaltering. "Of course! You think I could actually like a bumpkin like you? I'm definitely using you, and once I'm done, I'll kick you aside so hard you'll fly all the way to the Milky Way!"

"Beauty, since you're using me, shouldn't there be some sort of reward? Or maybe, something sweet?" Daniel teased.

"Something sweet? What do you want, a slap? I'll gladly give you one and send you flying beyond the Milky Way!"

"I don't want a slap. I want a sweet kiss from you, Beauty."

"Get lost!" Beauty snapped.

But Daniel didn't hesitate; he leaned in and aimed for her lips.

Beauty froze as if struck by lightning, her body going numb. Strangely, she didn't immediately push Daniel

away, she didn't mind the bumpkin's kiss.

Eventually, Daniel pulled back first.

"Jerk! Rascal! You took my first kiss just like that? I will kill you!"

Beauty started hitting Daniel with her tiny fists, but her punches were feeble and didn't hurt at all. Instead, they almost felt like a soothing massage, which Daniel found oddly comfortable.

Down, who was watching from the side, was seething with rage, his face reddening. He had designs on Beauty a fiery, stunning beauty. He had been yearning for her for years, and yet, he had never even managed to touch her hand. What gave this bumpkin the right to kiss Beauty? And he actually did it; he Rissed her lips!

As for Smart, he was also fuming with anger.

Chapter 722 Jealousy and Hate

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What gave this country bumpkin the right? He was just a bumpkin, what made him think he could kiss Beauty, the heir of The Matthews family? To Down, Beauty was a revered and untouchable goddess. How could a simple bumpkin dare lay a finger on his deity? What right did he have? What gave him the gall to do such a thing?

Smart, boiling with rage to the point of smoke billowing from his nose, was not only angry about Daniel's audacious kiss but also infuriated by Beauty's reaction to it. Despite her pretend anger and the weak punches she dealt the country bumpkin, it was apparent to any onlooker - She wasn't truly angry at all. It was nothing but light-hearted flirting.

Overwhelmed by rage, Smart ordered White, "White, that damned country bumpkin had the audacity to forcefully kiss Beauty; you cannot let him off easily! Use your White Axe to slice his mouth piece by piece! After cutting, I want to feed his flesh to the dogs! Once his mouth is mutilated, let's see if he dares to pull such a stunt again!"

"Of course, Smart!" White naturally agreed, as there was no reason for him to refuse.

"Genius, are you jealous of me, do you hate me?" Daniel asked with a smirk.

"Jealous? Hate? You're just a rogue, a country bumpkin, what could I possibly be jealous of? I hate you? All I see is a detestable man indulging in perverted behavior," Smart retorted with disdain.

"Just you wait, bumpkin. There is no reason for me to be jealous of you!"

He then answered his own question: "No! You, a country bumpkin, will never be worthy! You don't deserve my envy, jealousy, or hate. You don't even merit my respect even once!"

With this nonsensical speech, Smart tried to regain some semblance of his shattered confidence. After all, despite Daniel being a simple country bumpkin, he had

successfully kissed Smart's

goddess. Daniel's kiss not only

humiliated Down but also managed to disgrace Smart and The Evans family.

"Kiss you twice? I'd rather kick you twice!" Beauty retorted, visibly irritated, and kicked Daniel hard on the buttocks, nearly toppling him over. "Beauty, you really kicked me? Aren't you worried you might damage something important, something you'll need later tonight?" Daniel quickly retorted.

"Country bumpkin, keep spouting nonsense, and I'll stuff your mouth shut!"

Beauty landed another kick firmly on Daniel's rear. The infuriating bumpkin seemed incapable of uttering a single proper word, and she wanted nothing more than to gag him permanently, silencing his outrageous comments once and for all.

Chapter 723 The Call of the Reaper

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But then, on second thought, Beauty seemed somewhat reluctant to follow through.

Because if the country bumpkin stopped spewing his nonsense, if every word from his mouth was serious, it wouldn't be any fun at all.

White spotted an opportunity - Daniel had his back turned, presenting the perfect moment for a sneak attack. Such a chance, if missed, would be unworthy of a martial arts master. There was no room for hesitation; White had to act immediately, so he hoisted his White Axe.

With a swish, the sharp blade of the White Axe cut through the air, emitting a deadly sound. This sound was the call of death, the summoning of the Reaper. Those who had heard it before were no longer among the living, for the White Axe was destined to taste blood with every swing.

Even though Daniel's eyes were planted firmly upfront - fixated on Beauty's alluring figure - he was acutely aware of White's movements behind him. He heard the sound

and sensed the approaching White Axe aimed at his head, poised to cleave his skull in two.

Daniel's head might be as hard as iron, but he wasn't foolish; he had no intention of letting the White Axe strike him. After all, even those slow of wit wouldn't willingly offer their head to an executioner's axe.

And so, as the White Axe streaked down, Daniel simply moved a small step away, and with a slight turn of his body, effortlessly dodged the blow.

As for White, he had put all his might

into a strike that met only air. His

White Axe slammed into the ground, 16

cleaving a large rock in two with a crash. The resulting pebbles

scattered, many pelting Smart's rear as he spectated from not too far away.

"Ah! Aaaaah!" Smart let out a blood-curdling scream. It was a genuinely unsettling sound, for it wasn't Beauty's soft palm that had struck him but a stone, rigid and unyielding.

Unexpectedly ambushed by the barrage, Smart endured a miserable plight.

White, too, felt the sting of flying pebbles, not on his behind, but a far more delicate area - between his legs.

"Aaah! Aaaaaah!" White's cries were equally piercing. He wasn't merely screaming, though; he clutched at his groin, reeling in agony. The sharp pain of a stone hitting there was intense, something no man could shrug off easily.

After several grimaces and sharp intakes of breath, White pointed his White Axe at Daniel, accusing him irrationally, "Country bumpkin, you've got some nerve dodging my attack!"

"White, have you taken one too

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many blows to the head with that axe of yours? How could you say something so shameless? You came at me with that White Axe, trying to split my head in two- and you expect me not to dodge?".

Chapter 724 The Third Attack

Chapter 724 The Third Attack

With a sly smile, Daniel continued, "White, do you really think I'm stupid? You come swinging an axe at me, and I'm just supposed to stand here like a target, letting you split my head in half? Even the dumbest fool wouldn't do that!"

"Country bumpkin, don't get ahead of yourself. You think just because you dodged my first strike that you can dodge the second?" White retorted, gripping his White Axe and launching another swift attack toward Daniel.

The axe moved with blistering speed, challenging the velocity of lightning itself. Yet, no matter how fast White's strike, it seemed sluggish as a snail in Daniel's eyes. As the second axe strike came rushing in, Daniel made no attempt to retreat—doing so would send him plunging backward into Moon landing's lake. Getting wet could lead to revealing situations, especially with the women nearby—wetness often sparks interest, in both men and

women.

Being a decent man, Daniel wasn't about to give the ladies such a chance. So, with the axe descending upon him, he chose to leap agilely to the side. Right beside him stood a large tree, and with a jump, he landed nimbly up in the branches, five or six meters above the ground.

White couldn't help but sneer upon seeing this. "So, country bumpkin, you know some martial arts, jumping that high! What's the use, though? I'll just chop down this tree; then we'll see where you can hide!"

With that, he swung his White Axe at the tree's thick trunk. The sound of cracking wood echoed as the towering tree started to give way under the force of White's powerful blows.

And then, the tree came crashing down, hitting the water with a massive splash, sending waves across the otherwise placid lake surface.

"White, so your White Axe is for

chopping trees now? You try to hit me and fail, so you resort to felling trees? Isn't that a bit impolite, a bit disrespectful toward nature? Do you realize the tree you've just cut down was a century-old giant? It took a hundred years to grow that thick and sturdy, and you've brought it down with a single strike. That's cruel, White, you're harming the

environment!" Daniel chattered away like a scolding grandmother.

White wasn't a fool; he knew Daniel's words were meant to mock him. But he wasn't about to let mockery rile him up. White held his White Axe ready and swung it backward in a sweeping strike aimed straight for Daniel's waist.

Considering the force and velocity of his axe, he was convinced he could cut Daniel right in half. However, this was already his fourth attempt with the axe, and Daniel had no plans to dodge. It was time for a

counter-attack.

As the White Axe neared Daniel's waist, Daniel responded swiftly with a leg raised and a beautiful roundhouse kick aimed right at White's face, a stylish and imposing move.

Chapter 725 The Secret Attack

Chapter 725 The Secret Attack

Daniel's shoe connected perfectly with White's face with a resounding smack. White's face twisted with the impact, and his body went flying. The White Axe in his grasp clattered to the ground.

Nonchalantly walking over, Daniel picked up the White Axe and weighed it in his hand. "This White Axe is quite heavy! It doesn't look very big, but it must weigh over a hundred pounds. As expected of ancient white iron, it feels great in my hand!"

Holding the White Axe, Daniel approached White, who was still on the ground. With a grin, he said, "You've swung at me four times. Despite your attacks, you didn't manage to hurt me. But you did attack me, and every strike was meant to kill."

Seeing Daniel loom over him with the axe, White panicked. "Country bumpkin, what... what are you planning to do?"

"If a beautiful woman asked me that, my answer would definitely be 'fuck you.' But since you're an old man, I'm not interested. You've attacked me four times with the White Axe, shouldn't I return the favor?"

With those words, Daniel raised the axe.

"No... country bumpkin, don't chop me! I'm too old; you can't do this!"

As White pleaded for mercy, Black suddenly shot an arrow toward Daniel's back. The arrow was swift, faster than lightning, and seemingly impossible to dodge.

Just as Black thought Daniel would definitely be hit by the poisonous arrow and fall unconscious, Daniel dodged with ghostly speed.

Whoosh! The toxic arrow missed Daniel by mere inches.

Its intended target was none other than White unaware of his brother's assault, he made no move to evade.

The arrow pierced White's arm with a dull thud.

"Ah! Aaaaaah!" White screamed in

agony as

the poison rapidly turned

his arm black as charred wood, the dark his flesh. hue creeping along

Seeing the horror unfold, Black rushed over to White. "Brother, are you alright?"

"Brother, couldn't you have aimed

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before attacking? You could have killed me with that arrow! It's poisoned; give me the antidote quickly, or my arm will be ruined!"

"Antidote? Oh right! I need to find it fast to neutralize the poison. Hang in there, brother! I'll just pull out this arrow, then it's antidote time it'll barely hurt, so try not to scream."

Chapter 726 Administering the Antidote

Chapter 726 Administering the Antidote

Black grabbed the arrow and with a harsh jerk, pulled it out. "Ah! Aaaaaah!" White screamed in sheer agony. At least it wasn't for nothing. The removal of the arrow, while painful, was necessary.

Once the arrow was out, due to the large size of the wound, White's blood spurted out like a fountain. "Ah! Brother, quick, help me stop the bleeding! I don't have much blood to begin with, and at this rate, I'll die from blood loss!"

"Don't worry, brother. To kill the country bumpkin, I coated the arrow with an extra dose of poison, so it's more potent than before - a compound toxin. Consequently, it's better if

more blood flows out, preferably all the poisoned blood. That way, when I administer the antidote, it will be more effective."

White was speechless, almost rolling his eyes in exasperation. "Brother, are you trying to kill me? Don't you remember how weak I've been since our last trip to the strip club? And now you want to bleed me dry; you basically want me dead?"

"Come on, brother, you're tough. We've battled through countless nights at the strip club together. You're a real man, aren't you? It's just a little blood. What's with all the screaming? Stop acting like a woman!"

After berating White, Black took out a sharp little knife - it was a tiny but lethal blade.

White panicked at the sight. "Bro, what are you planning?"

"Time to let the blood out," Black replied nonchalantly.

It wasn't his blood being spilled, after all, but White's, so Black wasn't bothered. He was immune to the pain of bloodletting.

Hearing Black mention bloodletting,

White's eyes rolled back in dread.

"Brother, you already shot a huge hole in my hand, making me bleed like a fountain. And now you want to bleed me further? If you keep this up, how am I supposed to live?"

"Brother, you're a Level Six Martial Arts Master, a Junior Shaman Warlock. Your body is special. Even if all your blood were drained, you would still survive."

And with that, Black moved the little knife towards a spot near White's thigh.

"Bro, what's that for? Where are you cutting?" White became visibly nervous.

His manhood was his treasure, his sole source of joy. If Black cut that off, his life's happiness would be over.

"Relax, brother, I've got it under

control. Don't tense up like that! If you keep yelling and squirming, I might slip with the knife. But if I accidentally sever your manhood because of your movements, I won't be held responsible!"

Black's words sent a chilling breeze through White's loins, making him shiver to his core. Instinctively, he clenched his legs tight and covered his groin with his hands.

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Seeing his brother's reaction, Black couldn't help but chuckle. "What are you doing there, brother?"

Chapter 727 The Red Blade

Chapter 727 The Red Blade

"I... I can't let you do this! I'd rather die from the poison than have you save me like that! If you really cut off my... my manhood, I'd rather not live! Dead or alive, I want to remain a proper man!" White urgently expressed his thoughts, making his stance crystal clear with a strong conviction.

Black was speechless at the misunderstanding: "Man, I'm just gonna make a small cut on your thigh, not chop off your... you know. What's going on in that head of yours? If I did that, who would join me for a night out at the strip club?"

As Black spoke, trying to divert White's attention, he swiftly plunged the blade into White's thigh. The blade went in white and came out stained red. "Argh! Oh man, that hurts!"

"So much blood! I'm losing so much blood!"

"Bro, weren't you supposed to be getting the poison out? What are you doing? With this one cut, it feels like I'm bleeding out! I'm going to die at this rate!"

White wailed as if haunted by spirits.

"Why are you screaming? It's just a little blood," Black retorted.

He then rummaged through his bag.

"Bro, where's the antidote? Hurry up and use it, and stop the bleeding! It's like a faucet in here. At this rate, I'm not going to last long!"

"Zip it! The louder you scream, the

slower I'll go. You're not gonna die. Worst comes to worst, I'll just transfer some blood from this country boy to you. Although he's a bit rough around the edges, he's young and strong. His blood might just help you last longer than two minutes at the strip club next time-maybe push it to a solid five or six minutes."

Black's words didn't sit well with Daniel; he felt insulted.

"Black, what's that supposed to mean? Stealing my blood to perform some voodoo transfusion on your buddy? You accuse me of having five-minute stamina? You do realize that with my blood, I could last for hours in a battle!"

Black exhaled incredulously,

"Country boy, you talk big for your age! Hours, really? Even in my prime, which was leaps and bounds stronger than your scrawny self could go for maybe an hour and a half, tops. And you're telling me you can go for hours?"

White, panicking as Black bantered with Daniel instead of searching for the antidote, urgently interjected, "Can you please find the antidote e

first? Your poison is burning me up, I feel like I'm dying! As for who'

tougher between you and the country boy, we can settle ta

you cure me. We can hit up a strip club, have a face-off with a few ladies, and find out once and for all!"

White wasn't having any of it; he was tired of always coming up short in their strip club competitions with Black.

Chapter 728 No!

Chapter 728 No!

"No!" Black suddenly exclaimed.

Startled, White's heart skipped a beat and he asked, "What happened?"

"When The Spirit Cat was chasing us earlier, I lost the antidotes. They're not in my bag," Black confessed, looking a tad sheepish.

Hearing that, White's face turned as green as a sour apple. Anger flashing in his eyes, he almost couldn't believe what he was hearing. "What do you mean, 'no antidote'? You're saying it's gone? It's not in your bag?"

Black turned his gold-trimmed bag inside out, pointed to the empty interior, and confirmed, "Yeah. Lost it. They're all gone. Not a single one left." "No antidote, what am I supposed to do now?" White panicked.

"Don't worry, bro. You might be poisoned, but I let out so much blood, you won't die just yet. If we keep draining your blood, you can live for at least three more days," Black explained earnestly.

"I can live for three more days?" White rolled his eyes dramatically and asked with a heavy dose of sarcasm, "And then what? You gonna whip up an antidote in three days to save me?"

"Creating an antidote here in Purple Gold Hill isn't easy. It's almost impossible within three days. However, as long as the poison hasn't reached your bones, I can keep you alive beyond that," Black stated matter-of-factly.

Unsatisfied with the response, White asked with a grim expression, "And what if the poison gets into my bones? What then?"

"Even if the poison seeps into your bones, it's not the end of the world. If that happens, it means your bones are poisoned and will need to be removed."

"What do you mean?" White inquired.

"What else could I mean? I'm talking literally! I'll use my knife to scrape out the poisoned bones, one by one."

"Can I even survive after you 'scrape' out my bones?" White questioned.

"I'll make sure you survive! And don't worry, after removing your bones, I'll find you a suitable dog's bone

ito!

replace them. That way, you can still move about as normal."

At the mention of dog bones, White immediately got mad.

"I don't want dog bones! I'm not a dog; why would I need dog bones?"

"If you don't want dog bones, then whose bones do you want?"

At this, Black quickly glanced at Daniel and then turning to White, he asked, "Bro, what if we use this country boy's bones instead? How about that?"

"His bones may be a bit tainted, but they're still human bones and a bit better than dog bones. Given our situation, it's not the worst option. I guess I'll have to make do with his bones!"

Their conversation amused Daniel.

"Hehe!"

First, Daniel let out a snort of laughter, then asked flatly, "Do you two even hear yourselves? Aren't you forgetting to ask if I agree to this madness?"

"What does it matter if you agree or

not? Do you think you, a country bumpkin, even have a choice? If I decide to take your bones, you'll just have to lie there and let me do it. You can't put up any

resistance-because you don't have the strength to resist."

Chapter 729 The Last Chance

Chapter 729 The Last Chance

Black was brimming with confidence because he was sure he had Daniel-the country bumpkin-completely beaten.

"Heh!" Daniel let out a piercing sneer and calmly challenged, "If you think you can take my bones, go ahead and try. Let's see if you've got what it takes to get them."

"Alright! Let's see how tough this country boy's bones really are. I refuse to believe I can't get your bones," Black declared.

He strode over, grabbed Daniel's wrist in a vice grip, and gave it a vicious twist, aiming to break it as a form of punishment.

But at that moment, Daniel's wrist might as well have been made of iron for all it budged. Black exerted all his strength, and still, Daniel showed no sign of pain or resistance.

Daniel, grinning, asked, "Black, what's this about? By your actions, you aiming to break my arm or something?"

"Kid, breaking your hand isn't enough. I'm here to take your bones!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Black put even more effort into the twist, intending to snap Daniel's arm right off. But even putting all his might into it, Daniel's arm remained unmoved, not even hinting at breaking.

"Black, I've already given you two chances, and you've attacked me twice without success. How about I give you one last shot? Go on, attack me one more time!" Daniel said cheerily, a smile plastered across his face.

"This third time's your final chance. If you don't break my arm with three goes, then it'll be my turn to strike back."

"You're so full of it, country boy! Watch me break that arm of yours right now!"

Having failed twice, Black was determined not to make the same mistake a third time. He summoned all the energy from his martial arts master's core into his palm, making sure to concentrate it for impact. FindNovel.Org

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His palms started to smoke as wisps of white vapor curled up, and Black felt powerful, stronger than a wild bull. Gripping Daniel's wrist like a pair of iron tongs, he vowed to tear his arm off.

"Country boy, I'm gonna rip that arm right out!"

Black rallied all his energy into his right hand and twisted fiercely, planning to dislocate Daniel's arm in one go. Yet, despite exerting all his force, Daniel's arm remained as if rooted, unaffected; it was as if Black's strength vanished the moment it met Daniel's body.

Black was stunned into silence!

He looked at Daniel with disbelief, asking incredulously, "How's this possible, country boy? How can you be so strong?"

"I'm not that strong! Beauty just has

to give a gentle twist at my waist,

and I'll scream in pain. As for why

you

couldn't break my arm despite such force, well, maybe it just means that a man like you is no match for a little lady!"

Chapter 730 Insult

Chapter 730 Insult

Daniel snickered and continued to tease Black. "Even a lady can twist me into screams, yet you can't make me flinch. Shows how weak you are!" "You dare call me weak?" Black was fuming, feeling the steam nearly bursting from his nostrils.

"Take this!" Black launched a palm strike at Daniel's chest.

His palm was incredibly tough, not an average palm. Black had hardened his hands by repeatedly thrusting them into scorching hot iron sand to train. His palms were now as hard as steel. Even a ten-centimeter-thick steel plate would dent under his blow, not break through, but certainly leave a deep pit.

Black was certain his palm strike could break all of Daniel's ribs and shatter his internal organs, leading to a bloody death. Then, he could painstakingly remove Daniel's bones piece by piece.

But dreams are lush, and reality is lean.

Black aimed to strike Daniel dead with his palm harder than steel. However, this thought was far too naive and overly optimistic. As he struck out, Daniel sidestepped, dodging the heavy and forceful palm.

Quickly, Daniel grabbed Black's arm and gave it a light pull. In that instant, he also stretched out his foot, slyly tripping Black up. Carried by inertia, Black fell flat on the ground in a textbook tumble, crashing his freshly bought \$50,000 false teeth against the rough stone, shattering them to bits.

The coarse rock, with its abrasive power, also ripped through Black's lips, leaving his mouth bloodied.

"Ptooeey!" "Ah, spit!"

After spitting out several mouthfuls of blood, Black cursed angrily, "Country boy, you've insulted me!"

"I insulted you?" Daniel smirked

again and lightly reminded him, "For

me to insult you, you'd first need to be a person. If you're not, then there's no insult."

Daniel looked at Black with a chuckle and asked, "So, Black, do you think you're a person?"

"Of course I am, what else would I be?" Black retorted.

"You're nothing but an old dog, a ruthless old dog at that!"

"Country boy, you have some nerve calling me an old dog? I'll beat you to death for that!"

With that, Black lunged forward with

both fists, hammering down at Daniel like twin

sledgehammers-one aimed at Daniel's chest and the other, O maliciously targeting Daniel's groin.

Why the groin? Because it's the most vulnerable part of a man, the most susceptible to pain. With simultaneous punches above and below, Daniel seemed to have no escape.

Chapter 731 What Will You Do Now?

Chapter 731 What Will You Do Now?

Black believed his twin-fisted attack was sure to be successful. Even if the country boy dodged the upper punch, there was no escaping the blow aimed lower. He was certain he'd be the end of Daniel.

"You're not getting out of this one!" he thought, ready to make Daniel regret ever crossing him.

As Black's fists barreled toward him, Daniel let out a derisive chuckle. "Heh!"

Swiftly sidestepping, Daniel moved behind Black and gave a slight push against his back. This time, Black didn't fall; instead, he shot forward like a cannonball, directly toward a huge boulder.

"Boom!" The sound, loud enough to split mountains, reverberated as Black's fists buried themselves deep into the rock.

Black let out a ghastly scream, a mix of ghostly cries and wolf howls. While wailing miserably, he tried to extract his fists embedded in the massive stone. Yet, the boulder gripped his hands tightly, like an expansion bolt; no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't pull free.

Daniel walked up to him, patted Black on the shoulder, and asked with a grin, "Hey, Black, what's the deal here? You've punched both hands into this rock? What are you, doing a performance act or something? Nice work."

Black, his eyes bulging with rage, roared, "You sneak-attacked me, you country bumpkin?"

"Sneak attack? When did I? What did I do to you? I did nothing! You came at me with both fists swinging, one at my chest and another aiming for my groin. Did you think you'd burst it?"

"You did nothing? You ran behind me while I was attacking you. You slapped my back!"

"Was that a sneak attack? I was merely reminding you not to overexert. See, if you put too much force and lose focus for just a moment, you end up punching a boulder and getting stuck. Look at you now, what will you do

As he spoke, Daniel walked a few steps in the opposite direction from Black, stopping near a smaller stone.

Black looked at Daniel's movements suspiciously. His intuition told him the country boy was up to no good.

"What are you going to do, country boy?" he asked nervously.

"I noticed this little rock here is kind of in the way, so I thought I'd just kick it into the lake."

"You're kicking a rock into the lake?"

The Moon landing is right behind you; if you want to kick this rock into the lake, you're aiming in the wrong direction."

"Wrong direction? Not at all! I think this is the perfect direction."

With that, Daniel kicked the small stone. The rock shot through the air with a sound that sliced the silence. His aim was incredibly precise. After drawing an utterly straight line through the sky, the rock hit Black squarely on the butt.

Chapter 732 The Question

Chapter 732 The Question

"Smack!" The resonating attack was both loud and destructive.

"Ah!" Black screamed in agony.

The pain was intense - it was, after all, a rock! A rock as hard as they come, hitting him squarely on the behind. Naturally, it hurt.

The stone's impact made Black cry out excruciatingly in pain. Daniel picked up a thick wooden stick from the ground with a mischievous grin spreading across his face as he walked towards Black.

"Whack! Whack! Whack!" Daniel rhythmically tapped the stick in his hand while chuckling at Black, his gaze devilish, his aura almost criminal. "What... country boy, what are you planning to do?" Black stammered in fear.

"What am I going to do? Just need to ask you a few simple questions. Answer truthfully, and I might let you off easy. Lie to me, and I'll give you a lesson with this big stick in my hand," Daniel said as he swung the hefty stick onto Black's rear end.

Slap! "Ahh! Ouch!"

Black howled and shrieked as though he were being tormented in hell. "You... you jerk! What the heck!"

Daniel ignored Black's lamentations and asked with a smile, "How does that feel?"

"It feels awful! My butt hurts! It's so painful! You're a monster! Why do you enjoy hitting a man's butt? Especially an old man like me!"

"That's exactly why I'm using a stick instead of my hand! If you were a beautiful lady, I wouldn't dare to use this stick. But since you're not, I'd rather use my palm."

"You're disgusting! You're a pervert!"

"I'm going to ask you questions, and you'd better answer them honestly. If you dare lie, I have far more painful measures to deal with you. Believe me, you do not want to find out what they are."

"Country boy, you... don't go too far! Just ask your questions, and make it quick!"

Now, Black was genuinely terrified. He feared another strike from Daniel, seeing him as a true sadist.

He never imagined he'd be spanked

with a large wooden stick, while stuck with his fists jammed into a huge rock unable to free himself. The main reason he couldn't extract his fists was because he had

them when he punched the rock, causing them to swell almost to double their normal size.

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This meant that for the next two hours, if Daniel continued his assault, Black had no way to dodge.

"Did you really encounter The Spirit Cat?" Daniel asked.

"Yes, we did!" Black answered.

"How did you come across it?"

"We were walking through the dense forest when we heard a cat's meow, and then we saw The Spirit King Cat." Black's response was a clear lie. Daniel, ever so sharp, saw right through the old man's deceit.

He knew Black was lying.

Chapter 733 Found Its Weakness

Chapter 733 Found Its Weakness

Daniel was determined to expose Black's lies. Wanting to compel some honesty from Black, he chose the simplest method - raising the wooden stick high.

"Whack!" The stick came down hard onto Black's bottom.

"Ah! Ouch!"

"Country boy, you struck me again! Are you trying to kill me? My old bones can't take this kind of torture!"

"Black, I don't want to torment you either! But you've been so dishonest. If you're not going to be straight with me, I need to persuade you to open up a little bit!" Daniel said, swinging the stick through the air for emphasis.

Whoosh! Whoosh! The stick cut through the air with a chilling whistle, sending shivers down Black's spine. The mere sound made his bottom ache in anticipation of another strike.

"Are you ready to tell the truth now?" asked Daniel with a smile.

"I'll talk! I'll tell the truth!" Black was ready to give in.

"Spill it, then! How did you find The Spirit Cat?" Daniel pressed.

"We discovered its weakness!"

Black's answer piqued Daniel's curiosity. "Found its weakness? What do you mean?"

"We stumbled upon a little cat in a cave. It was golden all over, its fur shimmering like gold. I knew immediately - The Spirit Cat has started breeding, and that kitty was its offspring!" Black explained.

"And then?"

"After verifying that the kitten was born from The Spirit Cat, I took it and set a trap. We used the kitten as bait, hoping to lure The Spirit Cat into our clutches."

"Did you succeed?"

"We didn't! The Spirit Cat is smarter than a fox. It leaped into the trap, pretending to be caught. But when we went to capture it, it slapped me away with a single paw. It then chased after us, and we had to run for our lives!"

"What about the kitten?"

"Of course, The Spirit Cat rescued it! It was only because it was in a hurry to save the kitten that we managed to escape. Otherwise, we would have been dead meat under The Spirit Cat's claws."

Black recounted the events with a shiver.

"Black! You say you're so old, yet you dared to steal The Spirit Cat's kitten. Do you even know what morality is?" Daniel scolded, then added his own

insight "If The Spirit Cat has an offspring, that means there's not just one but a pair of them! Because a single female couldn't reproduce on her own."

Daniel's words sparked an epiphany in Black. "You're right! It's a pair! That explains why I noticed The Spirit Cat looking different at times while it was chasing us. We were being hunted by two Spirit Cats, not just one!"

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Chapter 734 Are You Telling Me What to Do?

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With that revelation, Black turned to Daniel and asked, "Country boy, you seem to have some skills. Do you think you can deal with the pair of The Spirit Cats?"

Daniel saw right through the old man's intentions and retorted with a chuckle, "What's your angle? You want me to catch them and then you'll sneak them away from me?"

"Country boy," Black taunted, "didn't you come to Purple Gold Hill with Beauty to find The Spirit Cat? Now that you know how formidable The Spirit Cat is, you're scared, aren't you? You don't dare to go after them?"

He then turned to Beauty to sow discord, "Beauty, this country boy you're with is a coward! I thought by telling him where The Spirit Cats are and taking him to them, he could capture them for you. But he doesn't have the guts? What a chicken! He's got no guts at all! Having such a loser as an assistant, isn't that a humiliation for you? If I were you, I'd kick him to the curb and keep him out of sight forever!"

Beauty asked icily, "Black, are you trying to tell me what to do?"

"No! Of course not! I would never dare tell you what to do. I'm just suggesting that this is a golden opportunity. We've already inflicted heavy damage on The Spirit Cats. If you send this country boy now and he subjugates them, you could be the boss of the eight great families' younger generations. Even Mr. Down would have to follow your lead and take orders from you!"

Of course, Black was not so magnanimous; he did not intend for Beauty to become the boss. His words were meant to set a trap for her.

More accurately, he was planning to use Beauty to eliminate the country bumpkin, Daniel.

Before Beauty could reply, Daniel

cheerfully picked up the

conversation, "Beauty, this could be your shot at being the boss, and I'll help you achieve it."

Turning to Down, he asked with a grin, "Mr. Down, if I manage to subdue those two Spirit Cats, then you'll have to become Beauty's subordinate, agreed?"

"Country boy, if you really have what it takes, if you can truly subdue that pair of Spirit Cats, I am a man of my word, and I won't go back on it!"

Down knew first-hand how

formidable the pair of Spirit Cats were, having barely escaped them himself. He was sure that Daniel, the country boy, could never defeat them. Once Daniel faced The Spirit Cats, there could be only one

outcome: death. A death where not even his bones would remain.

"Since Mr. Down said as much, let's get a good night's rest. Tomorrow at dawn, we'll go after The Spirit Cat!" Daniel suggested.

He picked up the wooden stick and gave another whack to Black's behind.

"Smack!"

"Ah! Stop it, country boy! Why did you hit me again?"

"Why? You set a trap to take my life, giving you a strike with this stick is a mild punishment."

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Chapter 735 Are You Fooling Me?

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"How have I set you up?" Black protested.

"You tried to manipulate Beauty to force me to go after The Spirit Cats, leading me to my death. How could I not know your little scheme?" Daniel retorted.

"Knowing all that, why did you agree?"

"Didn't you just say that if I don't accept, I'm a loser? Well, I'm no loser. I'll show you what I'm capable of!"

"Show me what you're capable of? From where I stand, all you do is talk big. You'll wet your pants at the sight of The Spirit Cats!"

Black was using reverse psychology; he deliberately provoked Daniel, fearing he might back out of seeking out The Spirit Cats.

"Whether The Spirit Cats make me cry is for tomorrow to decide. But tonight, you're the one who's going to cry from the pain since you can't get your hands out of that rock," Daniel reflected, giving Black another whack with the stick.

"Whack!"

Daniel's stroke landed heavily on Black's rear again.

"Ah!"

Black screamed, realizing that the energy he'd painstakingly dissipated earlier had surged back into his fists upon being struck. His hands swelled even larger than before.

Seeing Black's contorted, uncomfortable expression, Daniel asked with a smile, "How do you feel, Black? Still doing alright?"

"Are you messing with me?" Black's patience was wearing thin.

However, all he could do at the moment was fume.

"You wanted to strip my bones, and I'm merely teaching you a little lesson. Forget about freeing vol.ne

hands tonight; you're going to spend the entire night with this boulder."

Having taken care of his own, Daniel walked over to White, who was barely clinging to life from the poison and the significant blood loss. Nonetheless, White was trying to heal himself with his energy.

"Smack!"

Daniel's hand slapped hard onto White's back.

"Whoa..."

White spat out a mouthful of blood. But it wasn't fresh blood; it was black blood.

All the healing energy he had summoned scattered throughout his blood vessels, causing them to swell.

"Whoa..."

After vomiting another mouthful of black blood, White pointed an accusatory finger at Daniel and demanded, "Are you trying to harm me, country boy?"

After circulating his energy, White realized that Daniel was telling the truth; he hadn't been deceived.

Confused, he asked, "What's your aim, country boy? Are you really trying to detoxify me out of kindness?" "I'm not that generous. I'm simply making sure you stay put tonight and keep out of trouble!"

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After vomiting another mouthful of black blood, White pointed an accusatory finger at Daniel and demanded, "Are you trying to harm me, country boy?"

After circulating his energy, White realized that Daniel was telling the truth; he hadn't been deceived.

Confused, he asked, "What's your aim, country boy? Are you really trying to detoxify me out of kindness?" "I'm not that generous. I'm simply making sure you stay put tonight and keep out of trouble!"

Chapter 736 What Are You Doing?

Chapter 736 What Are You Doing?

White sat in place, focusing all his energy on healing because every second counted. Any delay could mean death.

With Black and White taken care of, the rest of the group could not really do much. Daniel cast a glance at Smart and then looked at Down, issuing a stern warning: "You two, you'd better stay in line! If you dare cause any trouble when it's dark and quiet, see how I deal with you!"

He shook the thick wooden stick in his hand and added, "Be careful, or I'll turn your backsides into a blooming flower!"

After cautioning them, Daniel turned to the two ladies with a grin. "Ladies, let's go to sleep inside the little cabin. With me by your side, even in the deep woods and wilderness, you won't feel cold at night."

"Get lost! Who needs your company? Step inside and I'll kick you straight into the lake, let you get a taste of the frosty water!" Beauty said with an air of annoyance.

"So, Beauty, you like me all wet, huh?"

"Get lost!"

...

The two ladies entered the cabin, and of course, Daniel did not follow. He stood guard at the door because, after all, he was a decent man.

A decent man ought to have a bit of chivalry, especially in the presence of the ladies.

In the silent, moonless night, Daniel slept soundly at the cabin door, even starting to snore.

Smart, who had not gone to sleep, crept up to Daniel with the same thick wooden stick that Daniel had used to whack Black.

Reaching behind Daniel, and after

ensuring that Daniel was sound

asleep, he raised the upheld stick, aiming squarely at the back of

Daniel's head. He swung hard, like a golfer going for a drive, attempting to knock Daniel out cold.

If this blow connected, it could potentially kill Daniel or, at the very least, knock him unconscious with a concussion.

Just as the wooden stick was about

to connect with the back of Daniel's head, he suddenly rolled away, evading the attack. Smart, thrown off balance by the missed swing, toppted to the ground with a thud. The wooden stick flew out of his grasp, clattering onto the ground.

"Ow! Ouch!"

Smart's cries were not for show; the fall genuinely hurt.

Daniel got up, looking at Smart sprawled on the ground, and asked cheerfully, "Hey, Retard, what exactly are you up to?"

"I... I wasn't doing anything!"

"Not doing anything? Then what are you doing here?"

"The ground was too slippery, I just slipped," Smart hurriedly explained.

Though his excuse sounded perfect, it couldn't conceal the panic in his eyes.

Daniel walked over, picked up the wooden stick from the ground, and returned to Smart. "This big wooden stick was in your hands, right? What were you planning with it? Were you going to knock me on the head? Did you want to kill me with a single hit?"

Chapter 736 What Are You Doing?

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Chapter 737 I Didn't

Chapter 737 I Didn't

Smart's scheme lay exposed, and in his panic, he frantically denied the accusations. "No! I didn't!"

Then he quickly fabricated an excuse: "I didn't whack you with the stick! I was afraid it might fall and you wouldn't have it to deal with Black tomorrow, so I brought it over to help you store it properly!"

Daniel had other things on his agenda, like dealing with The Spirit Cats in the morning, and he didn't have time for Smart's nonsense.

With a fierce swing of the stick in his hand:

"Smack!"

The stick landed firmly on Smart's behind.

"Ah!" A chilling scream escaped from Smart as he was propelled like a golf ball, flying through the air.

Finally, with a splash, Smart landed in Moon Landing.

The Next Day, Early Morning.

Gentle morning light spilled into the cabin, waking Beauty up. She felt something heavy pressing on her and struggled to breathe. Opening her groggy eyes, she was shocked to find Daniel!

This despicable country boy was sprawled on her chest, sleeping like a pig. To add insult to injury, he had drooled all over, and it stank horribly. Beauty was not one to be trifled with, especially not by Daniel. Her slender fingers reached for his waist and she twisted hard without mercy. The searing pain yanked Daniel from his dreams, fully awake now.

"Ah! Beauty, what on earth? That really hurts!"

"What did you do last night, country boy?" Beauty demanded fiercely.

"I didn't do anything!"

"Didn't do anything?" Beauty pointed at the drool on her chest. "Then what's this?"

"Uh... haha..."

"Why are you laughing?"

"I got hungry in the middle of the night? It smelled nice, so I couldn't help but drool! But I swear I only drooled, I definitely didn't... touch your chest." "I... You... I'm going to kill you!"

Enraged, Beauty swung her fists at Daniel, who couldn't recall what precisely had happened that night.

Did he actually touch her chest? Exhausted, Beauty had slept deeply, having no idea what this wretched country boy might have done to her.

As for Daniel, he took off running immediately! Even though he was a decent man and hadn't done much the night before, he couldn't deny that her chest had been too soft, too comfortable as a pillow, and he'd involuntarily rubbed against it a few times.

Though it was no big deal, he felt somewhat guilty and fled from Beauty's wrath. She chased after him with a small stick in hand, like a mother running down her mischievous son.

Eventually, Beauty caught Daniel and gave him a good thrashing.

Once the ordeal was over, Daniel approached Black, who had spent the entire night trying to extract his hands from the rock. Despite his strenuous effort, there had been no success. His hands were as stuck as ever.

Chapter 738 Magic Stone

Chapter 738 Magic Stone

With all of his energy continuously flowing towards his fists, trapped and accumulating within, Black's hands were wedged tightly into the rock. "Black, need some help?" Daniel offered with an amiable grin.

As a doctor, Daniel believed a lesson was sufficient, even if Black had tried to take his life. After all, a doctor shouldn't kill people carelessly. Besides, he had ambitions of becoming The Lord of Seven Dragons, and wanton killing could jeopardize his aspirations. Reckless slaughter was not the way of a Lord — a Lord must first save others, even if they were villains like Black and White.

"Help?" Black looked at Daniel suspiciously with suspicion and asked warily, "What kind of help are you offering? Are you planning to harm me?"

"What are you going on about? Just tell me straight do you want my help or not? Yes or no?"

Black pondered Daniel's offer. Yes or no? What a quandary it was. Finally, he made his decision. Having tried all night without success to free his fists, he conceded that further efforts would be futile. Reluctantly, he gave Daniel the nod to try and extricate his fists from the stone.

Daniel flexed his fists, which made Black anxious. "What are you doing? Are you going to punch me?"

"Would punching you free your fists from this rock? I'm going to break the stone, of course! One solid punch to crack this boulder open, and your hands will be free, won't they?"

His response left Black dumbfounded. "You think you can split this rock with a single punch?" Black asked incredulously. "Do you even know what this stone is?"

"What else could it be? This is a Magic Stone Magic Stone that's been around for a million years - incredibly hard. If it's absorbed your hands, it will start to petrify them. Without quick action, within just three days and nights, your hands will begin to turn to stone and become part of this Magic Stone forever."

This stunned Black. "You know this is a Magic Stone?" he asked, flabbergasted. "If you're aware it's a Magic Stone, then you should know you can't possibly break it with just one punch. Even as a Level 6 Martial Arts Master, I couldn't. Instead, it absorbed my fists."

"A Level 6 Martial Arts Master? Really? It seems to me you might have gained that title using your sorcery and some underhanded tricks. Can you honestly claim you haven't used sorcery in your fights with other martial artists?" Daniel challenged him.

Chapter 739 To Avoid Torment

Chapter 739 To Avoid Torment

Black chuckled awkwardly at Daniel's assertion. "Heh," he laughed, then sheepishly admitted, "You caught me."

"But you said you could split this Magic Stone with one punch, didn't you? Well, go on, do it! I want to see if you have the ability to crack this Magic Stone open," Black challenged.

"Alright!"

Instead of using his fist, Daniel gently patted the Magic Stone with his palm twice, then addressed it casually, "Magic Stone, oh Magic Stone, would you rather crack open by yourself, or would you prefer I do it with a punch?"

Daniel's words were met with scoffing from Black. "Heh," Black sneered, his face full of disdain. "Country boy, I thought you might actually have some skill. I was beginning to believe you could really split this Magic Stone with a punch! Turns out you're just full of hot air, huh? Do you really think this Magic Stone will listen to you? What kind of joke is this?"

"And how do you know that this Magic Stone won't listen to me? It might seem silent and inanimate, but this Magic Stone is quite sentient. It understands everything I say. More importantly, it's also quite clever and knows what's right. So, to avoid torment, it'll definitely crack open obediently," Daniel replied confidently.

Black responded with another derisive laugh. "Country boy, what did you say earlier? You talked about sparing the Magic Stone from torment? This Magic Stone is the one to be spared? If you punch it, aren't you the one who's going to experience the agony? Your fists are flesh and bone; do you really think they're harder than this Magic Stone? Remember, the hardness of this Magic Stone exceeds that of a diamond - by at least ten thousand times."

Ignoring Black's mockery, Daniel continued to gaze at the Magic Stone with a grin. "Come on, Magic Stone! I've given you plenty of time to think. Have you decided yet? If you're ready, split open now! I'll count to three. If you haven't cracked by then, don't blame me for throwing a punch."

After issuing his final notice, Daniel began to count. "One! Two!"

Before he could even reach "three,"

the

beginning Magic Stone suddenly

emit white smoke, wispy

lik

That's when the cracking sounds started. The unmistakable sounds of stone splitting apart.

The Magic Stone was cracking, right before their eyes - it really was splitting.

Black was dumbfounded. He

couldn't believe his eyes; the Magic Stone was actually splitting open.

"How... How is this possible?" he muttered in disbelief. "This

real! It's impossible!"

"How could this happen? How could a Magic Stone listen to some country bumpkin?"

Muttering to himself, Black was a picture of disbelief.

Chapter 740 The Enemy

Chapter 740 The Enemy

Daniel lightly patted Black's shoulder and reminded him cheerfully, "This Magic Stone can close just as easily as it opened, so you better decide whether you want to keep your hands or not. Do you want them petrified, becoming part of the Magic Stone forever?"

This jolted Black back to his senses, and he immediately withdrew his hands from the crevice of the Magic Stone. Still unable to believe what had happened, he scrutinized Daniel suspiciously and asked, "Country boy, how did you do that?"

"Because I'm handsome! The Magic Stone saw me and was utterly charmed. Whatever I say, it listens; it's particularly obedient to me!"

As Daniel continued to spout nonsense, Beauty quietly sidled up to him and pinched his waist viciously. The sudden, excruciating pain made Daniel yelp.

"Ah! Beauty, what's with the pinching?"

"You deserve it for spouting nonsense!" Beauty retorted, pinching Daniel simply because she found it amusing-any excuse would do.

"I wasn't boasting!"

"Oh, weren't you? Claiming you're so handsome that even a Magic Stone is dazzled by you? Is that how handsome you think you are, that you can stun a stone?"

Beauty rolled her eyes at him and asked with sarcasm, "Are you criminally handsome, or what?"

"Yes! My good looks are practically a crime. But it's not me committing the crimes; it's the beautiful ladies who can't help themselves around me!"

"Get lost!" Annoyed, Beauty punched

the presumptuous country boy, "With your looks, which beauty would want to commit a crime for you? Even being around you without throwing up is a sign of great mental fortitude!"

As the two bickered, Smart grew jealous and approached saying, "Country boy, you boasted that you'd go after the Spirit Cats at dawn today ready to subdue them. Well, the sun's up. When are you setting out?"

Smart was convinced that Daniel had zero chance against The Spirit Cats and was destined to die at their paws. His prodding was meant to push Daniel towards his doom sooner, eliminating this enemy for good.

Smart's petty thoughts were transparent to the astute Daniel, "Retard, why are you so eager to send me off to The Spirit Cats? Do you think I can't handle them?"

Daniel's question was met with a

scoff from Smart, who replied with disdain after his cold laughter, "Country boy, you think you can subdue The Spirit Cats? I think they'll devour you! Even if you encounter just one, not the pair, a single Spirit Cat could rip your throat open with one bite, ending you. It would then feast on your corpse, leaving nothing, not even bones, behind!"

Chapter 741 Waiting

Chapter 741 Waiting

"If I get eaten by The Spirit Cat, Retard, do you think you could survive? Or would it eat you too?" Daniel asked with a chuckle.

Caught off guard, Smart hadn't considered the idea that he might fall victim to The Spirit Cat as well. Although he was internally frightened, he tried to appear tough.

"Heh," he scoffed, covering his inner panic with a laugh. Smart then added, "If The Spirit Cat has fed on you, it won't need to eat me. And besides, Black and White will protect me!"

"Those two old geezers? They've been chased around by The Spirit Cats themselves; they can't even protect their own hides, let alone yours. Retard, do you really think the heirs of prestigious families have a clue?"

White then stepped in. "Country boy, stop the chatter. Let's set off to find The Spirit Cats."

White had his own reasons. Knowing that Daniel had true strength, he imagined a scenario where Daniel would duel The Spirit Cats. All he had to do was to wait for Daniel to get injured, and then he'd take the chance to kill both Daniel and The Spirit Cats.

"Alright, let's go!" Daniel readily agreed.

Black and White were quite cunning. Despite being previously chased by The Spirit Cats, they marked the way during their flight, leading the group straight to The Spirit Cats' lair without any detours.

"Meow! Meow meow..."

A kitten, just learning to walk, crawled out of the den. Curious about the outside world, it ventured forth.

Black immediately pointed out the kitten to Daniel, saying, "You catch that kitten, and The Spirit Cats will soon be lured here."

Of course, Black wasn't driven by

compassion; he knew very well that whoever caught the kitten would become The Spirit Cats' target upon discovery.

Daniel knew Black had ulterior motives and was laying a trap, but he approached the kitten anyway.

Victoria immediately became anxious and warned, "Handsome, don't touch that kitten. If The Spirit Cats find out, they will attack you."

"Victoria, don't worry," Daniel

reassured. "The Spirit Cats have lived for thousands of years; they know who's good and who's bad. Km just going to play with the kitten a bit, I'm not going to hurt it. Even if its mother sees me, she won't do anything. After all, with my good looks, even The Spirit Cats would fall for me!"

While chatting nonsense, Daniel picked a blade of grass from the bushes and started to play with the kitten. Despite its unsteadiness, the playful little creature attempted a pounce, missed, and comically tumbled backward.

Chapter 742 Malicious Glance

Chapter 742 Malicious Glance

"Meow..." The little kitten let out a milky cry and then struggled to get up, attempting to pounce on the grass once again. It failed just as before, tumbling backwards onto the ground.

Suddenly, the air thickened, and everyone held their breath. The golden Spirit Cat had appeared atop the tree above Daniel. Indeed, The Spirit Cat was a pair-one gold, one silver-the golden cat being the mother, and the silver one the father.

The golden cat fixed its gaze on Daniel, particularly on the nape of his neck. It seemed poised to pounce and snap his neck with its razor-sharp teeth. "Country boy, you've been caught playing with its kitten. Now its mother is watching you, and she's pondering how exactly to kill you," Smart warned gleefully, not out of kindness, but out of a desire to see the show unfold. He hoped to witness Daniel being devoured by the golden cat, preying on Daniel's sense of impending doom.

"Retard, are you sure that's a predatory look? Not a look of affection?" Daniel asked, still in good spirits.

"A look of affection? Hahaha..." Smart burst into laughter, mocking, "Country boy, surely you haven't gone mad from fear? You think that the golden cat could feel any affection for you while you're toying with its baby? Its desire to kill you is unmistakable."

"Toying? Didn't you see how much fun the kitten is having? It's so happy it's rolling on the ground, it's rolled around several times already."

"It's rolling out of happiness? I bet the golden cat will come down and make you, the country boy, roll on the ground in terror!"

As soon as Smart finished his sentence, the golden cat on the tree branch leaped gracefully, aiming straight for Daniel. The feline's claws were incredibly sharp, sharper than any knife.

As the golden-cat aimed for Daniel's face, a scratch would have definitely made him uglier. If the cat marred his face, he would lose his looks. Therefore, as the cat pounced and its claws neared his face, Daniel quickly stepped back, avoiding the attack.

The golden cat's assault missed its mark.

"Meow!" It let out a fierce cry, indignant at the evasion.

"You really are an animal! I'm here taking care of your kid, making it so happy, and you attack me?" Daniel chastised the golden cat.

Seeing Daniel getting attacked by the golden cat delighted Smart to no end.

Read Chapter 743 Wild Nature

Chapter 743 Wild Nature

Chapter 743 Wild Nature

"Absolutely! It loves me!" Daniel responded jovially to the taunts.

"Loves you? Her way of loving you is to scratch up your face with her claws? To pierce your throat with her sharp teeth, leading to your end?" Smart's words oozed with sarcasm.

Immediately after he spoke, the golden cat leaped into action once again, pouncing toward Daniel. This time, instead of dodging, Daniel also jumped up, and naturally, he soared higher than the golden cat. He landed atop the cat's back, straddling it as comfortably as one would ride a fully-grown leopard.

"Go!" Daniel shouted playfully, nudging the golden cat with his legs and smacking its behind with an open palm.

"Meow!" The cat yowled from the slap.

Feeling humiliated after the resounding slap, the golden cat twisted around and opened its mouth wide, revealing teeth sharper than daggers, attempting to bite Daniel in retaliation.

Not one to take grief from a cat, Daniel responded with an alpha slap right on the feline's forehead.

"Whack!"

The angry yowl revealed the golden cat's wild nature, abundant from a millennium of wandering the wilds. Daniel reckoned it needed discipline before it could be trained.

"Meow!" the golden cat cried out again, striving to bite Daniel, only to receive another slap for its troubles.

Frustrated by repeated slaps across the head, the cat found its regal spirit dismissed by this brazen human who dared ride and slap it. No one had ever bested it in its thousand-year reign over the Purple Gold Hill.

Resolute to kill this audacious intruder, the golden cat launched a relentless assault. After its head-on attack failed, it resorted to a different tactic: suddenly collapsing to the ground, it rolled furiously, trying to dislodge Daniel from its back.

But Daniel was not about to engage in a tumble with the outraged cat. He smoothly dismounted and stepped back, avoiding going down with the feline.

As the cat bounded up from its

incomplete roll with claws outstretched toward Daniel's handsome countenance, Daniel had no intention of offering a gentle response. With a swift motion, he delivered another decisive slap.

"Whack!"

A solid slap landed on the golden cat's cheek, flipping it onto the ground once more.

"Meow!" the golden cat yowled loudly, and at that very instant, a streak of silver lightning appeared behind Daniel.

The silver cat had arrived, seeing its honey maltreated, it was duty-bound to exact vengeance.

Not wasting any time with

pleasantries, it opened wide and lunged from behind, targeting Daniel's neck with poetic ferocity. The silver cat, twice the size of the golden or

Pone, had a maw large

enough to rival any tiger; a single bite could decapitate Daniel with ease.

Though the silver cat's velocity exceeds that of lightning, Daniel was a million times faster.

Chapter 744 Taming the Beasts

Chapter 744 Taming the Beasts

With the silver cat launching a stealthy attack from behind, Daniel used his ghostly agile steps to dodge swiftly, evading the cat's pounce. The silver cat hadn't expected Daniel to sidestep so quickly, so it couldn't retract its assault in time. This sent the golden cat, previously before Daniel, tumbling as the silver cat inadvertently struck its mate instead.

Reeling from the collateral blow, the golden cat expressed its indignation with a fierce swipe at the silver cat's face, toppling it to the ground. It then let out a demanding "Meow!" as if to scold: "You blind fool, I sent you to attack that boy, and you've knocked me over instead?"

"Meow!" the silver cat replied, seemingly making excuses as though saying: "Oh, honey, I didn't mean to knock you over. I was aiming for him, but that boy's just too fast; I couldn't catch him."

"Meow! Meow!" the back and forth went on between the two Spirit Cats. Their calls interwove affectionate banter with planned strategies. After their exchange, the golden and silver cats positioned themselves in a pincer formation and lunged at Daniel simultaneously.

Daniel extended his left hand and with a swift slap, "Whack!" he sent the golden cat flying. His right hand followed suit, another slap, "Whack!" taking care of the silver assailant.

Daniel effortlessly neutralized the first wave of their coordinated attack, sending the two Spirit Cats sprawling with a slap each to the respective cheeks.

"Meow! Meow meow!" After numerous confrontations, both cats sported swollen muzzles and eventually ceased their assault. Enduring multiple slaps, even their limited cat intellects grasped that they were no match for Daniel.

Looking at the subdued feline pair, Daniel asked with a smile, "How about submitting to me?"

"Meow! Meow!" Each cat yowled in turn, signifying their submission.

"You really will obey me?" Daniel inquired further.

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"Meow! Meow! They yowled once more, and to display their genuine surrender, both cats lay on their backs, exposing their bellies. The Spirit Cats were still cats after all; by showing their stomachs, they truly acknowledged subjugation.

Victoria, thrilled at Daniel's accomplishment in taming the Beast Spirit Cats, jumped and cheered, "Handsome, you're incredible!"

"Victoria, you'll find I'm even more impressive at night!" Daniel quipped. However, his joke lit a fire under Beauty, who kicked him square in the rear, sending him sprawling to the ground.

"Beauty, why did you kick me now?"

Beauty glared at Daniel furiously and demanded, "Why did I kick you?"

What do you think? More ressure ? What are you insi

at

Chapter 745 Admitting Defeat

Chapter 745 Admitting Defeat

"Beauty, how can you judge my dick if you haven't tried it?" Daniel cheekily retorted.

"I'm going to kick you to death!" Beauty lashed out with another kick aimed at Daniel's butt.

"Beauty, I tamed The Spirit Cats for you, and this is how you thank me?" Daniel asked, a hint of exasperation in his voice.

"Isn't that what you're supposed to do? If you couldn't even tame The Spirit Cats, then you'd be useless!" Beauty snapped back.

"Whether I'm useful or not is something you don't know, and neither do I. Beauty, you need to 'use' me to find out. Only then can you have the right to speak and know if I'm truly impressive, right?" Daniel teased.

"Get lost!" Beauty scoffed. "Country boy, if you continue to spew such nonsense, I'll use this big wooden stick to smash your mouth!"

Gesturing aggressively with her hand, Beauty picked up a thick wooden stick from the ground and mimed jabbing it toward Daniel's mouth.

Daniel was unfazed by her threats. Instead, he smirked and asked, "Beauty, do you like to play like that?"

"Country boy, are you thinking disgusting thoughts again?"

"Beauty, isn't this what you like about me? The more I act this way, the happier you are. If I were to become too normal, you'd be bored," Daniel quipped.

"You... I'll beat you to death!" Frustrated, Beauty swung the wooden stick at Daniel's butt, eliciting several yelps from him.

After the playful scuffle, Daniel approached Down with a grin. "Mr. Down, tye subdued The Spirit Cats for Beauty. So, from now on, Beauty is your boss. Shouldn't you kneel now to show Beauty your respect?"

"Country boy, what gives you the right to speak to me? Kneel to Beauty? She doesn't deserve to be the boss," Down blustered, intending to leave.

Seeing Down's reluctance, Daniel simply said to the feline pair, "Do you two want to show yourselves now?"

Upon Daniel's command, the golden and silver cats blocked Down's path. Recognizing the combat prowess of the large felines, Down grew anxious. "Country boy, what are you planning to do?" he asked.

"Honor your bets! If Mr. Down refuses to accept his loss, these large cats will eat you, flesh and bones included!" Daniel declared.

"Country boy, if you dare, The Perkins family will have you killed!" Fearing Daniel might follow through, Down could only resort to threatening him with The Perkins family's name.

"Mr. Down, be clear that this is not my doing; it's these animals acting of their own accord. Whatever animals do, it has nothing to do with people!" Daniel reasoned.

"If these animals kill me, it will be

under your orders, so how can it not involve you? You're responsible for

ins and must pay with your

life for your crimes!" Down argued.

"I can't control what animals do. Besides, they might not just bite you, Mr. Down. If they kill others too, no one will know these events ever happened," Daniel posited, then turned to glance at Smart.

Chapter 746 Helpless Excuses

Chapter 746 Helpless Excuses

Smart felt a shiver run down his spine under Daniel's piercing gaze. "Country boy, why are you looking at me like that?" he inquired.

Daniel, still wearing a grin, teased, "Smart, have you admitted defeat? Will you kneel? Do you acknowledge that Beauty is your boss? If you too refuse to admit it, these two animals might just decide you're their next meal."

Hearing Daniel's words and seeing the watchful Spirit Cats, Smart was petrified. His legs gave way, and he fell to his knees in front of Beauty. "Beauty, from now on, you are my boss. If you tell me to go east, I absolutely won't go west! Whatever you command, I will not refuse!" Smart's declaration, though decisive, was a lie; his submission stemmed from desperation to save his own skin. Once out of Purple Gold Hill, he had no intention of keeping his word, and there was the added intention of killing that country bumpkin, Daniel, and turning him into mince.

With Smart kneeling, Daniel turned to Down with a chuckle, "Mr. Down, you see Smart has set a fine example for you. Are you still going to reject my proposal? Are your knees so stiff that you can't kneel down?"

"Country boy, what right do you have to demand that I kneel? You think I fear these two cats? Even if they are formidable, they are just animals!" After his defiant remark, Down

looked to Black and White and ordered, "You two, capture those Spirit Cats! If this country boy subdued them with mere slaps, then you, as the Black and White Knights, top ten martial artists in the USA, can certainly tame a couple of beasts."

Down's command left Black and White exchanging looks of disbelief. Eventually, Black stepped forward.

"Mr. Down, it's not that we don't want to do it, but these Spirit Cats are too powerful for us to handle," Black confessed.

"You can't do it? You are both Level 6 Martial Arts Masters, and you can't tame animals subdued by a country bumpkin? Are you really lesser than him? Stop the damned excuses and do it!"

"Meow!" The silver cat pounced at them, swiping at each person with its paws and sending them flying.

Thud! Thud! The two landed heavily on the ground, groaning in pain.

"Ow! Damn it, those Spirit Cats have such strong claws! They almost shattered my bones!"

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Seeing Black and White lying on the

ground with no intention of getting up to fight again, Down became enraged. He glared at the two with fury.

"I gave you a billion, and you give up just like that? Stand up!"

Chapter 747 Lesson

Chapter 747 Lesson

"Mr. Down, please spare us! We truly cannot defeat these beasts. They're just too powerful!" pleaded Black.

"Yes, Mr. Down, it's not that we don't want to fight, but we simply can't tame these two wild creatures! In this situation, I suggest you'd better kneel quickly," White insisted, and immediately he knelt before Daniel.

"Daniel, I was wrong! Please ask The Spirit Cats to spare my brother and me! It's Mr. Down who opposes you, not us!" White and Black, seeing no other choice, quickly followed suit, kneeling down.

"Daniel, we truly bear no grudge against you. Please forgive us this once! We promise never to offend you again!"

The thought of the two mercenaries he'd paid a billion for kneeling before Daniel rubbed Down the wrong way. As his face turned crimson with rage, Daniel looked at him and chuckled.

"Mr. Down, the two men you hired have betrayed you. Or rather, they are too smart; they know who the stronger man is. Despite their age and proximity to death, these two old men can clearly see who is more powerful.

I wonder, Mr. Down, are you as wise? If I were you, I'd kneel before Beauty in an instant and acknowledge her as boss. After all, the most important thing for a man is to honor his promises and admit defeat."

"Are you giving me a lesson, country boy?" Down snapped vehemently.

"I may not be your father, Mr. Down, but since we both share the Perkins surname, I think it's necessary to teach you how to behave as a human being," Daniel responded genially.

Even though Daniel knew Down was his cousin, being the secondary heir to The Perkins, Down seemed unaware of his kinship to Daniel.

"Country boy, you wish to be my

father? What@ight do you have to preach to me? You're nothing but a bumpkin A primogenitor of The Perkins bowing down to a woman and acknowledging her as my boss is an insult to The Perkins name. Our family shall not be disgraced in this way!"

Down turned to Beauty, challenging, "Beauty, are you certain you want me to kneel? You should know, by making me kneel, you declare enmity against The Perkins family. With the strength of The Matthews, opposing The Perkins is a death wish!"

Beauty, ever calm and level-headed, understood that Down's submission wouldn't change anything beyond their departure from Purple Gold Hill. Down would surely deny all of it later Offending Down now wouldn't bode well for The Matthews, and With that in mind, she quickly made

a decision.

"It was just a joke, Mr. Down. No need to take it seriously."

Daniel felt slightly irritated by her response and quickly stepped in, "Beauty, it's noble for a woman to be gracious. But if today's victor were Mr. Down instead, could he merely shrug it off as a joke? You shouldn't indulge a sore loser; he must kneel!"

"Since you're the one who beat Mr. Down, not me, it's up to you to decide," Beauty said with a charming smile, a plan forming in her mind.

Chapter 748 Cheating

Chapter 748 Cheating

"Although I am a woman, I can handle losing. I partook in this bet, so I accept that you are my boss."

With those words, Beauty saluted Daniel.

"Boss Daniel Matthews, reporting for duty!"

This was Beauty's idea—she was the heir to the Matthews family, representing them, so she couldn't afford to offend Down. But she did want to see him humbled, so she directly acknowledged Daniel's status as Boss. The victor of today's bet was Daniel, and admitting that wasn't a big deal; she could handle the country boy. What difference would it make if she recognized him as Boss? She could do whatever she wanted with Daniel. That's the advantage of being a woman, the advantage of being beautiful!

Daniel was smart enough to understand why Beauty had made this move.

"Beauty, you're quite sensible! Since you acknowledge me as Boss, you must listen to me from now on and not beat me up without reason."

"Country boy, rest assured, I won't hit you for no reason. When I do, I'll always find an excuse—or rather, a reason," Beauty responded with a sly smile.

Daniel decided not to tease her any further, opting to switch his attention to another lady. He turned to Victoria with a mischievous grin: "Victoria, Beauty has already accepted me as Boss. You took part in the bet today as well, so shouldn't you also acknowledge my status as Boss?" Victoria followed Beauty's lead and saluted Daniel, then said with a grin: "I've lost, and of course, I admit it! Handsome Boss!"

There was something off about the way Victoria addressed him, like she was mocking him, but on second thought, it might have sounded like praise. Either way, the comment felt wrong to Daniel.

With both women recognizing Daniel as Boss, it was now official. He then turned back to Down.

"Mr. Down, both ladies have admitted defeat. You're also a man; surely you're at least their equal, right? They didn't cheat, so you should not either."

Daniel chuckled seriously, "Mr.

Down, those who cheat against me never end well. So it's best not to play that game with me. Otherwise, something really bad will happen to you!"

"Heh," Down snorted dismissively, "Country boy, who do you think you are? Just because of you, I'm supposed to be punished? Do you even understand your own status?"

"My status?" Daniel gestured toward the two Spirit Cats and asked with a smile, "What about their status?"

Chapter 749 A Real Man

Chapter 749 A Real Man

"Mr. Down, rest assured, I know what I'm doing. I'm not as foolish as you. I'll just teach you a lesson in how to be a real man. The most valuable quality of a real man is to admit defeat graciously!" Daniel said with an easy smile.

With a wave of his hand, he commanded the silver cat. "Give Mr. Down a slap first, help him come to his senses! Show him a little backbone in being a man!"

The silver cat, upon receiving the order, approached Down with feline grace. Watching the silver cat draw nearer with each step, Down panicked. "Don't come any closer!" he shouted, retreating.

But the silver cat was unswayed by his protests. With a quick move, it slapped Down's face without extending its claws, avoiding injury but leaving Down's face swollen nonetheless. The force sent him flying.

He traced a beautiful arc through the air and, with a heavy thud, crashed into a large pine tree, groaning from the pain that felt like his body was falling apart.

"You threw him, so go fetch Mr. Down back," Daniel ordered the silver cat once more.

With a meow, the silver cat darted off like a bolt of lightning, reaching the writhing and groaning Down in a flash.

"Get away! Get away from me!" Down screamed hysterically, shrinking back in fear.

The Spirit Cat didn't listen, picking

Down up just like a big cat would carry a mouse. No matter how much Down struggled, he couldn't escape the cat's grip.

The silver cat carried Down right over to Daniel and dropped him to the ground with a thud. "Ah!" Down cried out from the pain, sounding quite pitiful.

After being mauled by the silver cat Down might have had a thousand reason's not to submit in his heart, but he dared not show it. He couldn't bear the pain any longer.

And so, Down gave in. Today, on Purple Gold Hill, he had no choice but to concede defeat. Once he left the hill, he vowed to kill the country bumpkin.

No!

Killing him outright would be too easy for Daniel. Down wanted him to suffer, to be stuck between life and death, desperate for either but attaining neither.

"Country boy, I admit defeat; I acknowledge you as my Boss!" Down gritted through his teeth.

Chapter 750 Paying the Price

Chapter 750 Paying the Price

"Mr. Down, your attitude could use some improvement! You don't sound sincere at all! You need to show some genuine humility. So, come on, kneel before me and say it again!" Daniel, ever-jovial, made his demand. He was not a man to be appeased by gestures; he sought purpose.

"Country boy, that's too much!" Down gritted his teeth, fuming with anger.

"Silver cat, teach Mr. Down what 'too much' really means," Daniel instructed, and once again, the silver cat approached Down.

Witnessing the cat's approach, Down's legs turned to jelly, and he fell to his knees pleading, "Country boy, I admit you are my Boss! Please, don't have this beast slap me anymore! Its paws are powerfully strong; I can't take it any longer!"

Submission - truly unconditional surrender under the menace of the silver cat!

"Mr. Down, that's more like it! Admitting defeat honorably - now that's being a real man!" Daniel praised him, then nonchalantly slapped Down's face twice soft slaps that caused no pain, but Down still felt profound humiliation.

Even though Down knew he had been humiliated, there was nothing he could do in response. He glared at Daniel with seething rage, indicating his displeasure.

The bet was over, and everyone was ready to leave.

Upon exiting Purple Gold Hill and returning to Purple Gold, Down glared coldly at Daniel and threatened, "Country boy, I won't forget this! You will pay a painful, costly price for your actions!"

"Mr. Down, what price should I expect to pay?" Daniel inquired curiously.

"You'll find out when the time comes! I'll make sure your life is worse than death!" Down spat venomously.

"Worse than death? That must be quite a delightful feeling, right? I'm looking forward to it!" Daniel replied, entirely unbothered by Down's threats, which only infuriated Down further.

As they left Purple Gold, Beauty, sitting in the passenger seat, looked at Daniel with concern. "Country boy, you've seriously offended Mr. Down. Aren't you afraid?"

"Down? He's just a loser. Why should I be afraid of him? What does he have that I should fear? Does he have an extra arm? An extra head?"

"He is The Perkins' heir! The

successor to Washington DC's foremost family, The Perkins! Do you know what that means? They are a force not even The Matthews would dare to provoke! Provoking Mr Down like that he really could kill you!"

"He's just The Perkins' heir? Why should you be afraid? I am The Perkins' secondary heir!"

Beauty naturally didn't believe him. "Yeah," she shrugged and warned, "You better not pretend to be The Perkins' secondary heir anymore. If anyone found out, you could be killed. You should stop saying such things!"

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"I'm not pretending; I really am The Perkins' secondary heir, believe it or not," Daniel retorted indignantly.

"Right, right, sure you are," Beauty scoffed, then twisted her finger cruelly into his waist.

"Ah... ah!" Daniel yelped.

"Beauty, please spare me! You're going to torture me to death!"