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Chapter 538

The voice came from outside.

However, Nash was already standing in the middle of the living room.

His black tuxedo was not even wrinkled.

A shocked look appeared on Fred's face. "Nash Calcraft... how dare you trespass onto private property?!"

Nash did not even spare Fred a glance, choosing to give Grant a nonchalant glance instead.

Grant could not help but shudder.

How had he gotten in?

Had Dylan not said he would not be able to get in?

"You're Nash Calcraft?"

Dylan narrowed his eyes.

He looked calm on the outside, but waves of emotion were crashing through him at that very moment!

Half-step to the Mystique Loyalty Realm!

The aura of half-step to the Mystique Loyalty Realm was emanating

from his body.

However, he seemed to only be in his early twenties!

How was that possible?

More importantly, eight of Dylan's men had been stationed outside the mansion.

Six of them were stage nine great-grandmasters while the remaining two had achieved the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

If they had exchanged blows, he should have detected what was

going on.

Yet, he had not even sensed any change in the energy although Nash was standing inside the mansion.

There were only two possible explanations.

The first was that Nash had managed to sneak into the mansion

without being detected by any of the eight men.

The second was that he had managed to subdue all eight men.

That second option was unlikely!

Even he could not subdue six stage nine great-grandmasters and two martial artists who had achieved the Mystique Loyalty Realm in less

than a minute.

Hence, it was the first reason.

The man had snuck in.

“Greetings, Mr. Murphy... I’m Nash Calcraft!”

Nash lowered his stature slightly while speaking in a voice that sounded neither servile nor overbearing.

He had made some inquiries to Tristan while on his way to the Zell

Dylan Murphy was a high-ranking official in the National Martial

Bureau.

The National Martial Bureau was a special department in charge of maintaining law and order within Draconia’s martial arts world.

His master had also mentioned the National Martial Bureau to him in

the past.

Apparently, that department was staffed by martial artists who had achieved the Profound Oriental Realm.

Those who had achieved the Profound Oriental Realm could no longer be described as martial artists.

Instead, they were cultivators.

Their very existence transcended the bounds of life and death.

Dylan sneered, "As expected of Johnathan's disciple. I must adm you've got skills, given how you managed to dodge past my eight me and sneak onto the premises!"

Nash sat down next to Sydney, where he grabbed a disposable cup and poured himself some tea. He smiled as he answered, "Couldn't I

have battled them and won?"

Before receiving the Divine Cauldron, his abilities would not be

sufficient for him to fight six stage nine great-grandmasters and two.

Profound Reality Realm experts at once.

His abilities had improved massively after he got his hands on the Divine Cauldron. He had not only achieved the peak of the Profound

Reality Realm, but he was also almost about to break through into the Mystique Loyalty Realm.

His current status was what most people referred to as the 'half-step to Mystique Loyalty Realm'.

With the help of the Longevity and Creation Technique, he would be able to fight against even late-stage Mystique Loyalty Realm experts.

"How dare you boast so shamelessly?!"

Dylan huffed.

He put his teacup on the coffee table.

A crack appeared on the tempered glass, and it extended toward

where Nash was seated.

Nash filled his cup with tea before putting the teapot down.

His true energy stopped the crack from making its way to where his

teacup was placed.

Dylan's hand, which was gripping his teacup, began trembling slightly.

Meanwhile, Nash did not release his grip on the teapot.

It was evident who had the upper hand in the current situation.

Shock coursed through Dylan as he gritted his teeth and exerted more

force.

Nash took a sip of tea from his teacup.

With a loud boom, the tempered glass exploded into a million tiny

pieces.

Countless pieces of glass flew toward Nash.

Nash fixed his gaze on the shards, which froze mid-air.

As Nash swallowed his tea, the shards landed on the ground as well.

Dylan felt his blood pressure rising.

He felt like he was about to spit out blood.