

The Understated Dragon Lord

Chapter 51

Chapter 1 Anthony's ban

Chapter 51 Anthony's Plan

Anthony had heard from others that Joshua thought quite highly of Daniel. The way Joshua saw Daniel suggested that the kid might just become his protégé. If that happened, Daniel would be Joshua's new pet, and Anthony's days would be numbered.

To nip this problem in the bud, Anthony decided that Daniel needed to vanish—permanently.

“Get that bonehead Justin to off Daniel? What's your angle?” Andrew asked.

“Well, isn't Daniel working as an assistant at TMO? You could send him over to tell Justin to move the Black Panther Club. Justin's not gonna budge, and when a **fight** breaks out, can you guarantee Justin won't lose it and finish Daniel off?

If Justin kills Daniel, I can tell Joshua it was TMO's fault. Joshua will hit the roof! The deal between TMO and Healthy Land would go belly-up, and ArmCorp would swoop in to take their place!”

“That's brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!”

“I've set the stage for you; it's in your court now. With your skills, this should be a piece of cake.”

“Trust me, Anthony, I've got this. I know a few guys at Black Panther Club. I'll have them stir some trouble. The moment Daniel steps foot in there, I'll have Justin take him down on the spot.”

“I'll be waiting, then.”

Andrew revved up his red Ferrari and pulled out of Healthy Land, headed to TMO headquarters. To keep a low profile, he parked his flashy car in the furthest corner of the lot.

Brittany, upon receiving Andrew's message, quickly dropped her work and trotted down to meet him.

"Andrew, what's up?"

Andrew handed her a bouquet of roses, and Brittany was floored.

"Andrew, what's this all about?"

"Don't get the wrong idea; they're for **Jessica**. Please pass them on to **her**."

"If you're giving flowers to Jessica, shouldn't you deliver them yourself?"

"She's been giving me the cold shoulder since that incident. Won't take my calls or return my texts.

"And **don't** get me started; Jessica's barely speaking to me now."

Brittany's words piqued Andrew's curiosity.

"Why's that?" he inquired.

"All because of that nobody."

"Nobody? Who?"

Andrew already knew she meant Daniel—he was playing dumb on purpose.

Chapte Li Anthony's Plan

"Who else but Daniel? I can't stand that guy. I wish Jessica would fire him on the spot!"

"And why's that? I thought he had a hand in the TMO–HL partnership?"

"Partnership, my foot. He just got lucky. I can't **figure** out why Jessica values him so much."

"You won't believe **what** happened this morning. Jessica drank coffee from the same cup as him. Isn't that like, indirectly kissing?"

"What did you say? Jessica drank after that loser?"

“You bet she did.”

Brittany was twisting the truth.

The truth was, the coffee that morning had been Jessica's. After tasting it and not liking the flavor, she passed it on to Daniel. But that lousy Daniel had not only accepted it but drank from it—using the same

straw as Jessica.

Just thinking about it sent Brittany into a rage.

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Chapter 52

Chapter 52 Black Panther Club

Brittany's intention was clear—she wanted to make Andrew green with envy. She felt utterly helpless against Daniel and knew that only with Andrew's help could she drive that loser away from Jessica for

good.

Andrew's face turned **as** dark as thunderclouds. Clenching his teeth, he fumed, “What gives that nobody the right to **share** a coffee with Jessica or have her drink from his straw? I've got to get rid of him—make

him vanish from her **sight!**”

He turned to Brittany with a glint in his eyes. “You want him **gone** too, **don't** you, Brittany?”

“Of course! I'd love to see him bounce right out the **door, never** to show his face to **Jessica** again. Better yet, to disappear forever!”

I've got a plan that could make **Jessica** fire that waste of space.”

“Really? What's the plan?”

“Three years ago, TMO acquired the land on Windows Street, but thanks to the Black Panther Club, you’ve never been able to develop it. Get that nobody to talk to Justin and insist the Black Panther Club move

out immediately as per the earlier agreement.

“I’ll arrange for some people to push Justin’s buttons so he’ll want to take it out on Daniel. Justin will claim he’s willing to move the club, but only if TMO fires that nobody.”

“Just firing him sounds too easy on him, What if you had Justin rough him up a bit too?”

“Don’t you worry; he’ll definitely get the beating of his life!”

“Great, I’ll go set it up.”

The next morning, Brittany received a message from Andrew that everything was in place on Justin’s

side. She hurried to Daniel’s office.

Daniel was just an assistant, yet he had his own spacious office—bigger **even** than Brittany’s, and she **was** the head secretary. As she walked in, Daniel was leaning back in his chair, feet on the desk, happily munching on fried chicken.

“What are you up to, you good—for—nothing?”

“Can’t you see? I’m eating, obviously!”

“Eating fried chicken during work hours? And putting your feet up on the desk?”

“Yeah, so what? You gonna rat me out to Jessica? Go ahead! Her office is just around the corner to your left. She should be in right now.”

“You...”

Brittany was so mad she could stomp her feet. From day one, Daniel never cared about the rules. **He’d** spend his work hours snacking or gaming or pestering Jessica in her office. And yet, despite all this,

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Jessica never punished him—it was like the company’s rules didn’t apply to him!

“Stop, follow me!”

“Follow you where?”

“Think you’re so capable? I’m taking you to Windows Street. See if you can handle Justin. Pull it off, and I

won’t care what you do in your office after this.”

“Fine!”

Daniel agreed. He knew Brittany was trying to set him up by sending him to Windows Street to face Justin. What he didn’t know was that Andrew was the mastermind behind this plan. But even if **he** did, it wouldn’t stop him. Daniel felt anything to do with Windows Street was his wife’s business, which meant

his **as** well.

Brittany led Daniel down to Windows Street. All other shops and residents had moved out after receiving compensation from TMO. The whole street was desolate, with only the flashing neon sign of the Black

Panther Club still stubbornly lit.

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Chapter 53

Chapter **53** A Billion–Dollar Compensation

Over the **past** three years, the Black Panther Club had expanded rapidly, taking on quite a few.

apprentices. Therefore, Justin decided to occupy all the vacant buildings on Windows Street—now the whole street was Black Panther Club territory.

Brittany walked into the club with Daniel in tow. No sooner had they entered than they were surrounded by a dozen disciples in black practice uniforms, led by their senior brother, Albert Mills, Justin’s only son.

Daniel glanced around; there wasn’t a friendly face in sight. Yet he kept his smile and asked politely, ‘Is

Justin around?”

“Who the hell are you? Who gave you the right to speak my dad’s name?” Albert threw the cup of hot

water he **was** holding at Daniel’s face.

Daniel didn’t **dodge**. Instead, with quick reflexes, he grabbed a scar-faced man standing to his **right** and hauled him in front of him. All the boiling water splashed onto the man’s face.

“Ah! Aaah!” Scar-Face’s skin turned beet red, with the skin peeling off, as he covered his face with both hands and let out a piercing scream.

Albert was shocked. He pointed accusatorily at **Daniel**, “You jerk, you got some nerve! How dare you

splash hot water on his face?”

“Was it me who threw that water?”

“If it wasn’t you, then who was it?”

“I don’t know, maybe some dumb ass motherfucker did it.”

Daniel’s reply left Albert red with fury.

“Everyone saw what happened. You threw the water that burned **his** face. If there’s a dumb ass motherfucker here, it’s you! You moron, you owe him for his medical bills and mental anguish. I’ll make it easy for you—a billion dollars should suffice!”

“A billion? What if I don’t have that kind of money?”

“That’s simple.”

Albert gestured, and a squat man approached, carrying a kettle of boiling water. “See this kettle? They were going to make coffee with it, but if you’re not paying up, I’m afraid we’ll have to give you a face wash.

first.”

Albert commanded, “Hold him down, wash his face with this kettle, make him snap out of it. This idiot

dare make trouble in the Black Panther Club?”

Two members approached Daniel, one from the left and the other from the right. They tried to grab his arms simultaneously—one going for the right, the other for the left. As they grasped his wrists, Daniel

spun them into a twist.

Crack! Crack!

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With two crisp snaps, he twisted their arms a full three hundred and sixty degrees.

“Ah!” “Aaaah!”

The men howled in agony.

Albert was stunned, looking at Daniel with disbelief. “You dare to strike them?”

“It’s self–defense. If you all wanna keep your arms, I suggest you stay away from me.”

Daniel swept his gaze over the crowd and introduced himself matter–of–factly. “I’m Daniel, the assistant from TMO. I’m here to notify the Black Panther Club you need to move out **as** per our agreement. We can talk this out if you want to be reasonable. But if you prefer to communicate with fists, I’m fine with that

too.”

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Chapter 54

Chapter 54 Serve Me

“Damn! How dare this idiot say such things in the Black Panther Club?”

“Coming here asking for a fight with his fists? Is this Idiot the first one ever?”

“He’s the first alive, but he’ll be dead soon.”

The club’s crowd mocked and taunted Daniel, laughing among themselves. After the ridicule subsided, Albert stepped forward again and pointed right at Daniel’s nose.

“You better get down on your knees right now and let me wash your face with this boiling water. That way, maybe I’ll let you live, spare your dog–life! Otherwise, not only will you lose your life today, but TMO become an enemy of the Black Panther Club and all of Martial Club United!”

He turned to Brittany with a meaningful glance. “Brittany, this country bumpkin doesn’t understand what I’m saying. You should know what it means if TMO becomes an enemy of Martial Club United, right?”

It means TMO will disappear overnight! It means The Matthews will vanish from New York in the blink of

an eye!”

Brittany, aware that this was all arranged by Andrew, became ecstatic at the thought of Daniel’s irritating face being scalded beyond recognition. So with a dark expression, she screamed at Daniel, “You’ve caused a huge mess! You’re going to be the death of TMO! Kneel down and apologize to Mr. Albert! Apologize to the Black Panther Club members you’ve hurt!

Then stick your dumb face out and enjoy that kettle of boiling water. Consider it a lesson! You don’t have the skills, so how dare you talk big in the Black Panther Club? You clearly don’t know who you are!

If all you get today is doused with boiling water, you’re lucky. You better pray that’s all that happens **and** that you somehow keep your life.”

“Do you represent TMO or the Black Panther Club?” Daniel asked.

“Obviously, I represent TMO! You’re about to destroy it, and I’m trying to save everything Jessica has been so good to you, and you’re going to ruin her. Don’t you see that this is your fault?”

, and beg

The only thing you can do now is kneel down immediately, let Mr. Albert do whatever he wishes, a

for his forgiveness!”

Turning her gaze to Albert, Brittany sought to distance TMO from Daniel. “Mr. Albert, I just **want** to make it clear! This loser can only represent himself, he does not represent TMO. His actions are his own, and

TMO is not involved!”

“Brittany, you say he’s not with TMO, you expect me to believe you just like that? If this idiot wasn’t sent by TMO, and it was his own idea, why did you come along with him? Could it be, Brittany, that you want to use your body to serve me?” Albert’s eyes roved greedily over Brittany.

Brittany was naturally beautiful, a real stunner, Dressed in her professional attire, she perfectly outlined

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her voluptuous **figure**. Any normal man wouldn’t be able to help but have certain thoughts after just one. **glance** at her.

Sex was what Albert was most fond of. The first time he laid eyes on the beautiful Brittany, he had taken a liking to her but never had his chance. When she seemingly presented herself to him on a silver platter today, how could he let the opportunity slip away?

Chapter 55 How Many Can You Fight?

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Chapter 55

Chapter 55 How Many Can You Fight?

Albert’s words sent a shock through Brittany, and she instinctively hid behind Daniel, tugging at his shirt and whispering urgently. “Loser, just how good can you fight? Can

you get me out of here? If you can take me safely away from Windows Street, I won't tell Jessica what you've done."

"Just a while ago, you wanted me to kneel and apologize to Mr. Albert. Now **that** Mr. Albert wants you, why do you want to run?"

"It's all your fault! If you hadn't insisted on coming to Windows Street, we wouldn't be in this mess."

Brittany was genuinely terrified and started to cry. She knew what kind of man Albert was. If she ended up in his hands today, she thought she might as well die now. She had never even had a boyfriend, and she was still a virgin. Who knew what Albert would do to her?

"Why are you crying now? Do you think Albert will let us go? Not to mention we represent TMO; we can't let the group be disgraced. It's just a Black Panther Club, **right**? So they want to speak with their fists? Are my fists somehow softer than theirs?"

"Damn, how can such an idiot be so arrogant?" Albert waved his hand furiously, commanding his men. Kill this fool! And remember, don't hurt **Brittany**. I intend to give her the honor of my company once I'm done with her. After that, I'm heading over to TMO to take care of that Jessica. She's known as the beauty

of New York, and I must savor her delicious flavor!"

Dozens of people closed in on Daniel. While the disciples of the Black Panther Club might not have had the fighting prowess of those from The Four Clubs, they were the cruelest when it came to brawling within all the clubs of Martial Club United. They didn't win in the ring, but they excelled in street fighting, lacking

any sense of chivalry.

Using the Black Panther Club as a base, Justin had opened many nightlife venues and could be said to control half of New York's nighttime economy: The Black Panther Club was the most profitable within Martial Club United, with a large portion of the union's fees **coming from** it. The club was practically the

union's treasure **trove**.

With Justin's financial contribution, he ranked just below the Top 4 of The Four Clubs in Martial Club United. The Top 4 knew about Justin's shady business, but with the union's hefty expenses, they relied on his support, therefore turning a blind eye to his actions.

When Justin needed the union's help, they would typically fulfill his requests, as long as they weren't too outrageous. In this day and age, chivalry was useless—money made

the man. They made more money from Justin's nightclubs in one night than from various competitions throughout the year.

During the day, the Black Panther Club's disciples would train and rest at the club. At night, they worked as security at Justin's various nightclubs. Anyone causing trouble there would be lucky to leave disabled- most ended up dead, their bodies discarded as casually as dead dogs.

Nearly all the senior disciples of the Black Panther Club had blood on their hands. Killing, for them, was

as easy as crushing an ant

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Chapter 56

Chapter 56 Can't Take a Hit

The mob crowding around Daniel, eager to fight, was armed to the teeth. Some had daggers, some had long knives, **and** others had stun batons... you name it, they were carrying it. Each wielded a weapon tailored to their combat style, all designed to maximize the lethality of their attacks.

The disciples of the Black Panther Club were primarily tasked with protecting their nightclubs; hence, Justin trained them in real-world combat techniques, devoid of any **flair** for showmanship. Their strikes were deadly, intended to finish fights with fatality, and they were well-practiced in delivering killer blows.

Whoosh! A blade flashed.

A towering figure lunged at Daniel from behind, a large knife cascading down at a 45-degree angle aimed at decapitating him with one clean swipe at the neck. Daniel raised his left arm to block—the sharp knife

struck his arm with a heavy thud.

The knife didn't cut through. Instead, the weapon intended—to sever his arm shattered into two pieces- the broken half fell clattering to the ground while the perpetrator stood dumbfounded. Was **this guy's** arm even harder than a metal-forged weapon?

Wasting no time, Daniel countered with a kick to the belly, sending the would-be assailant flying across

the room. As the others launched their attacks simultaneously, Daniel moved with a flurry of punches and kicks, felling dozens in under three minutes. None of their weapons remained intact, and even the least

injured among them had at least one twisted arm. That was Daniel's lesson for them.

Albert was dumbstruck. He knew the combat capabilities of these men, one was enough to keep an entire club in check, and collectively they could **take** on dozens of brawlers. Yet, this newcomer, this country bumpkin, singlehandedly beat them all?

Daniel approached Albert. "Did you say Justin is your dad?"

"What... what do you want?"

"Since Justin's your dad, he should know about our conversation. You've got three days to move out. If

the Black Panther Club still hasn't vacated Windows Street by then, things won't be as simple as today."

"Motherfucker, just because my dad ain't here, doesn't mean you can come here bullshitting! I'm telling

you, we won't move an inch! Before today, TMO just needed to give us another billion to move out, but

now, since you've injured so many of us, you're going to compensate for our losses. TMO better pay up another hundred billion! Otherwise, when my dad returns, we're going to lead tens of thousands to TMO

and flatten them, obliterate The Matthews!"

"Oh! You sure know how to talk crap, huh? Oh yeah, I remember now, you have a mouth foul as a public toilet. What was it you said earlier? After sleeping with Brittany, you want to go for my Jessica? My Jessica is a noble queen, high above the reach of trash like you. Since your dad isn't here to talk business, I'll take the liberty of educating his son on his behalf."

With a powerful kick, Daniel sent Albert tumbling to the ground and then picked up the kettle of boiling

water.

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Chapter 57

Chapter 57 An Eye for an Eye

“What... what are you going to do?” Albert quivered with fear.

“What am I going to do? Your mouth is dirty, foul-smelling. I’m going to clean it out with this boiling water,

Daniel said firmly, then grabbed Albert by the cheek and started pouring the scalding water into his

mouth.

“Ah... aaaaah!” Albert’s screams of agony stunned everyone in the room.

Brittany was i in shock. “Are you crazy? Do you realize what you have done? Do you know who he is—the

son of Justin?”

“So what if he’s Justin’s son? I’m simply returning the favor,” Daniel replied with a cold indifference.

Following Daniel’s response, a furious roar came from the door. “How dare you!”

A hulking man nearly two meters tall burst into the room. His skin was dark, his face was a mass of

muscles, and a thick beard covered his face, giving him a certain resemblance to a black panther. It was

none other than **the** owner of the Black Panther Club—Justin!

Surveying the carnage of his beaten men, Justin's veins bulged with rage as **he** pointed at Daniel and

demanded, "Did you do all this?"

"Are you Justin?"

"Yes, I'm Justin! Who the hell are you?"

"I'm the assistant from TMO. I came here hoping to have a peaceful talk, to let you know you need to move the Black Panther Club out quickly. However, your son demonstrated a **lack** of education and politeness and even dared to throw boiling water on my face. So I **just** taught him a lesson for need to thank me; just hurry up and move your Black Panther Club."

you. No

"You're from TMO? TMO dared to send someone to attack my disciples at the Black Panther Club and even poured boiling water down my son's throat? Was it Jessica's idea or Joseph's? No matter whose idea it was, they dare to pull this stunt—I'll make sure TMO and The Matthews pay the price!"

Justin's words terrorized Brittany, draining her of color. She quickly jumped in to clarify, "Mr. Justin, you misunderstand. This man is not from TMO; his actions have nothing to do with us! He'll take full responsibility, so you can do whatever you want to him, but please don't blame TMO for this fool's actions!"

"Misunderstanding? Brittany, do you **think** I'm an idiot? You brought this fool here, and now you're telling

me he's not from TMO?"

"Who said I'm not from TMO? I'm a personal assistant hired by Jessica, and I came here on her behalf."

Daniel stepped forward, confronting Justin face to face. "I'm giving you three days to move Black Panther Club off Windows Street. Additionally, since you've squatted here for three years and wasted TMO's time, you'll compensate TMO with a billion dollars. If you haven't moved out after three days, there will be consequences. Better watch out that I don't lay you out flat too! As for the billion-dollar compensation,

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there's no need to wait; give it to me now, and I'll be on my way. If you refuse, well, I guess I'll have to teach you a lesson as well."

With his hands in his pockets and a smile on his face, Daniel's tone remained serious, not playful in the

slightest.

Justin couldn't help but burst into uproarious laughter, looking up to the sky.

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Chapter 58

Chapter 58 Are You an Idiot?

After finishing his laugh, Justin looked at Daniel as if he was staring at an Idiot. "What did you just say?! didn't catch that. You want me to move out within three days and pay you a billion dollars? Unless when you walked through the door, you hit your head—otherwise, you must be born an idiot or else why would you dare make such a demand to me?"

Clenching his fist, Justin commanded Daniel, 'Get on your knees right now, and I might let you die without too much pain. I want to see what fills the skull of a fool like you."

Boom!

Justin threw a ferocious punch at Daniel's forehead—the punch roared with extreme power passing fly was knocked out of the air by the intimidating punch.

power. Even

Even a

But as his iron fist came crashing down, Daniel dodged it with a step back

Thud!

Justin's punch crashed into a concrete pillar behind Daniel, smashing a large chunk of it to pieces and

causing the debris to fall to the floor. Even the steel bars within the pillar were bent out of shape from the

impact.

Justin, renowned for his strength as a top ten fighter in Martial Club United, had just used 30 percent of his power in that punch. If he struck with his full strength, even a steel plate five centimeters thick would

dent under his blow.

Although Justin didn't believe he could knock out Daniel with one punch, the fact that Daniel so effortlessly dodged was a surprise to him.

"So, you can dodge, huh? Quick reflexes for a piece of trash, but can you dodge a second time?"

Boom!

Justin launched another punch, faster and more powerful than the first, and he was even closer to Daniel this time. Daniel barely managed to avoid the first punch, but it seemed impossible to dodge the second.

Justin pictured in his mind that this punch would be enough to make Daniel's brains burst.

Thud!

Once more, his punch hit the same concrete pillar, breaking several steel bars and bending it at about a thirty-degree angle. Missing his target again, Justin was furious.

"You dodged my punch again?! If you're a man, stop dodging and fight me head-on."

"A man? What's your misunderstanding of a man? Because a real man's punch wouldn't be so soft. Your

punches are soft, like a sissy

"You think my punches are soft?"

"Of course! Your fist feels softer than a woman's chest; you want to face me in a fight? I don't even need

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to throw a punch, these concrete pillars are enough to lay you flat.”

Daniel stood there with his hands in his pockets, taunting Justin with a chuckling grin.

“You’re looking for death!”

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This time, Justin didn’t go for a straight punch, but leaped toward Daniel like a hunting black panther—this is **black** panther hunting style! Even if he **was** faced with a tiger, Justin could bring it to the ground.

His speed was lightning fast, like a black streak of lightning. In theory, Daniel had nowhere to dodge and should have been overwhelmingly tackled. But....

Thud!

There was a muffled sound as Justin’s head slammed into another concrete pillar. He had missed **his** target, and the impact caused the pillar to crack.

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Chapter 59

Chapter 59 Fist to Fist

Daniel grimaced and then mocked Justin with cheerful sarcasm, “Mr. Justin, your head’s indeed very hard. I didn’t know you could use it to ram concrete pillars. Poor pillar, if it could talk, it would be crying in pain right now.”

While Justin’s head was tough, the collision had left him dazed. It took some time for him to recover before he stood back up, pointing furiously at Daniel and bellowing, “You worthless piece of trash, you dare to make a fool of me? Today, I will beat you to death myself, you coward who only knows how to run!

“Yeah, sure you will. But if I remember correctly, you haven’t touched me yet—not even a hair. I’d love to see you beat me to death, but first, you need to hit me with your fist that’s softer than a woman’s!”

Daniel’s taunt turned Justin’s face a shade of deep red.

“If you’re a man, don’t dodge! You say my fists are like a woman’s, but you’re too **scared** to even fight

back. Doesn’t that make your fists even less than a woman’s?”

To force Daniel into a head–on confrontation, Justin began to mock him. Given the current situation, Daniel’s speed was impressive, making it hard for Justin to land a hit. Justin’s strength lay in his powerful

force!

While his technique was not bad compared to ordinary experts, he was a notch below the top fighters. If Daniel decided to evade non–stop without striking, Justin could exhaust himself without landing a single hit on his opponent. And if Daniel counterattacked once Justin was worn out, it would spell big trouble for Justin. Concerned by this possibility, Justin was determined to force Daniel into direct combat.

“So Mr. Justin is eager to see how hard my fists are. I **won’t** be polite then. Let me show you what a real man’s fist feels like,” Daniel rejoined, still with his hands in his pockets and a chuckle. “Mr. Justin, throw your punch! This time, I won’t dodge. I’ll break your fist with mine, turn that womanly fist of yours to mush, and break every one of your fingers without leaving a single one intact.”

“Arrogant!” Justin bellowed angrily, then with all his might, threw a punch straight at Daniel’s chest. He put everything into the blow, aiming for a fatal strike.

True to his word, Daniel didn’t dodge. He pulled out his fist from his pocket and countered with his punch. The collision was like a meteor striking Earth!

Boom!

An ear–splitting blast made everyone’s ears ring, and the powerful clash of energies set off a blinding white flash that temporarily blinded onlookers. People knew their fists had met, but the outcome remained unclear.

Before the white light faded, the members of the Black Panther Club assumed that Justin must have won, prompting smug laughter to break out among them.

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Chapter 60

Chapter 60 A Reasonable Man

“Hisss!” Daniel sucked in his breath, then taunted Justin, “Mr. Justin, your head really is quite hard. I had no idea you took to head-butting concrete pillars. This poor pillar, look, it’s cracked because it couldn’t handle your hard head. If it could speak, I’m sure it would be crying out in pain.”

Although Justin’s skull was tough, the fierce collision had left him a bit groggy. It took him a good while to gather his wits and get back to his feet. Enraged, he stood up and pointed at Daniel, roaring, “You scum! You dare make a fool of me? Today, I’m going to beat the life out of you, you coward who only knows how to flee!”

“Yeah, that’s what you say. But if I recall, you haven’t managed to hit me yet. Not even a hair. I’d love to see you try to beat me to death, but you’re going to have to land your **punch** first. And by the way, a **real** man’s fist is nowhere near as soft as yours.”

Provoked by Daniel’s words, Justin’s face turned a bright shade of red. “If you’re tough enough, stop dodging! You say my fist is like a woman’s, but you’re too scared to even take a hit. Does that mean your

fists are even worse than a woman’s?”

Justin ridiculed Daniel in an attempt to force him into a direct fight. Daniel was fast, and Justin was having a difficult time landing a hit. Justin’s strength was in his raw power!

He might not be far behind ordinary masters in technique, but compared to top-tier experts, he was slightly outclassed. If Daniel chose to simply dodge without attacking. Justin could exhaust himself without ever laying a finger on Daniel. And if Daniel unexpectedly counterattacked once Justin had depleted his stamina, Justin would suffer a significant loss. Realizing this, Justin felt compelled to

confront Daniel head-on.

“So, Mr. Justin, you’re desperate to test the hardness of my fists? Fine! I’ll stop being polite and let you

truly understand what a man’s punch feels like.”

Daniel, hands still in his pockets, continued smiling. “Mr. Justin, go ahead and **punch**. This time, I absolutely will not dodge. I’ll meet your fist directly with mine and mash that girly fist of yours to pulp. I’ll shatter all five fingers without leaving a single one intact.”

“Arrogant!” Justin bellowed, then, with all his strength, hurled a punch towards Daniel’s chest. He poured everything into this one punch, aiming for a lethal blow against Daniel.

Daniel, as he promised, didn’t dodge. He pulled his fist out of his pocket and met Justin’s punch head**—on**. The two fists collided, creating an impact like a meteor hitting Earth.

Boom!

An explosion of sound so loud it made everyone’s ears buzz, accompanied by a clash of airwaves that let out a blinding white light, causing a momentary blindness for everyone present. No one could see the outcome of the collision between the two combatants.

As the light dispersed, everyone assumed it must be Justin who had won and laughter began to bubble up among the club members.

Chapter 60 A Reasonable Man

But when the white light faded, they found two figures in the center of the venue: one stood **tall** like an iron tower, the other crouched on the ground, whimpering and clutching a broken arm. Standing was Daniel, and the one in agony was, of course, Justin.

Everyone was in utter disbelief. They couldn’t trust their eyes. Had Justin actually been defeated? Could it be that the man from the Martial Club United’s Top 10 was laid low by a bumpkin?

Daniel casually walked over to Justin, looking down on him with his hands still tucked comfortably in his pockets, “Mr. Justin, how do you feel?”

“You... you dared to hit me? You broke my arm, are you seeking death?!” Justin snarled through gritted

teeth.

“Mr. Justin, why are you so stubborn? Hasn’t anyone ever defeated you before?” Daniel turned to Brittany and asked cheerfully, “Do you still have that lighter we used last time in your bag?”

“What are you going to do?” Brittany retorted, anxious yet eager.

“Give it to me, I need it.”

Despite her words, Brittany was hoping to see Daniel punish Justin thoroughly. She quickly fetched the lighter from her bag and handed it to Daniel. If Daniel pushed Justin too far, he would be making an irreversible enemy out of Martial Club United and all its members.

Daniel took the lighter and placed it under Justin’s chin, flicking it on. The small blue–and–red flame danced dangerously close to Justin’s beard.

“What... what are you doing?” A panicked Justin stuttered. The punch Daniel landed had not only broken his arm but also dispersed his energy, leaving him unable to stand and at Daniel’s mercy. As for his disciples, they had all been dealt with by Daniel, and no one dared to step forward to help their master.

“Are you going to pay the billion? Will you move the Black Panther Club?” Daniel asked.

“I will not pay a penny, not even a cent! The Black Panther Club won’t move! You best kill me right here, because you’re not just messing with me, Justin–you’ve messed with the entire Martial Club United!”

Without another word, Daniel ignited the lighter and set Justin’s beard ablaze. When Justin’s beard had burned halfway, Daniel slapped him across the face, extinguishing the wild flame.

Half of Justin’s beard was burned away, leaving the rest singed but intact. “I’m leaving the other half for now. I’ll be back in three days to ask you again. If you have the same answer by then, I will burn off the remaining half before we continue our talk. You see, I’m a reasonable person, and I believe in reasoning with others. I will keep reasoning with you until you are willing to pay the compensation of a billion dollars and agree to move out willingly.”

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