

Chapter 950 Who Holds The Reins In Salem Now

Carsen's assault unfolded with a ferocious and unexpected intensity, taking Dotson off guard.

Dotson hadn't expected Carsen was also a formidable Primogem Warrior. Carsen delivered a punch that forced Dotson to stagger backward.

Regaining his composure, Dotson sneered at Carsen, "That's impressive! Nevertheless, facing a Primogem Warrior, sheer strength alone doesn't dictate the final result!"

Having uttered those words, Dotson retaliated with a swift counterattack.

Carsen engaged in the skirmish with a combination of punches and kicks, showcasing a versatile combat style.

Their clash stirred up such a potent gust that it even shattered nearby wine bottles, underscoring the sheer force of their confrontation.

Witnessing this spectacle, the onlookers' expressions shifted noticeably. Hastily, they withdrew, wary of venturing too close, afraid of getting hurt.

Except for Liam, the onlookers struggled to discern

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the fleeting afterimages of Carsen and Dotson's
assaults, accompanied by the echoing sounds of fists
and feet colliding in a rapid, near-invisible dance.

To the astonishment of everyone, Carsen proved to be
a formidable match for Dotson.

Minutes later, they both stepped back from each
other, both displaying exertion, indicating that neither
had gained a distinct advantage over the other in their
intense exchange.

Dotson was perturbed, for he hadn't anticipated the
formidable challenge that Carsen posed.

Despite the unexpected difficulty, Dotson, unwilling to
admit defeat after the recent admiration he had
received, spoke with ruthless determination. "I never
anticipated encountering someone like you in Salem!
Regrettably, I'm still going to kill you. Once you're
gone, Liam will lose his backing!"

Upon concluding his statement, Dotson unleashed the
full extent of his formidable strength, sending a
powerful strike towards Carsen.

Reacting with agility, Carsen swiftly dodged the
oncoming strike.

Though the punch missed its intended target, its
impact on the granite stone table was substantial,
shattering the remarkably sturdy table.

The sheer force of the punch left the witnesses in awe,

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emphasizing the immense power at play.

Remaining composed, Liam slowly settled in his seat and observed the unfolding confrontation, narrowing his eyes to analyze the ongoing battle.

Liam discerned that Dotson, much like Carsen, belonged to the second level of Primogem Warriors. Having attained the second level for a long time, Dotson's experience was evident, showcasing a superior understanding of the strength associated with this level compared to Carsen.

In the current trajectory, it became evident that if the confrontation persisted, Dotson would inevitably overpower Carsen, securing victory soon.

As the minutes ticked by, the skirmish neared its conclusion, with Dotson gaining the upper hand in the escalating conflict.

Witnessing Dotson's apparent victory, a sigh of relief swept through the onlookers. They seized the opportunity to mock Liam openly, their laughter echoing in a taunting chorus.

"Liam, we thought you could stand against the Hoffman family. Little did we anticipate you'd resort to depending on a subordinate! It's unfortunate that your subordinate is on the verge of defeat at the hands of Dotson!"

Liam sneered, choosing to dismiss their taunts and mockery with indifference.

Subsequently, Dotson and Carsen clashed once more, their blows connecting, and then they separated, creating some distance between them.

Retracting his attack and standing firm, Dotson fixed a cold gaze on Carsen and remarked, "You're not from the military! Who the hell are you?"

Maintaining a stoic expression, Carsen responded in a deep, resonant voice, "Do you think I'm unaware that you're a member of the Saint Society? You've interfered in countless affairs. Do you genuinely believe no one can impose restrictions on you?"

Dotson's demeanor shifted subtly. He hadn't anticipated that Carsen would be privy to his true identity. In a reciprocal revelation, Dotson deduced Carsen's identity: a member of the Salvation Society.

Suspecting that Carsen had targeted him, Dotson sneered, "You've gone to great lengths to deal with me, haven't you? You view this general as nothing more than a pawn in your game, right? It's unfortunate for you that your elaborate scheme has no power over me!"

Upon hearing this, Carsen couldn't suppress a chuckle. He then snorted, "You really excel at daydreaming. Who do you think you are? Do we need to devise plans just to eliminate you?"

Carsen took a few steps backward, maintaining a measured distance from Dotson.

Dotson didn't understand why Carsen has retreated. The next moment, to his surprise, he saw Liam rising to his feet.

Observing the unfolding scenario, Dotson sneered, "This ordinary man is no match for me."

Having spoken those words, Dotson swiftly moved forward, a peculiar smile adorning his face. He lunged toward Liam with relentless force, fully exerting his strength.

Dotson's palm carried an ominous power, potent enough to shatter even a car into pieces if it stood in his path.

Yet, when his palm landed on Liam, a sudden shift in his expression betrayed surprise and bewilderment.

His fright became palpable as he realized his formidable strike had no effect on Liam. Not only did it fail to inflict harm, but it couldn't even budge Liam an inch.

Maintaining an impassive demeanor, Liam raised his hand, casually brushing off the dust from his body. He then gazed at Dotson with indifference and spoke in an unruffled tone. "Is that all you got?"

The vast gulf between a level five Primogem Warrior and a level two Primogem Warrior became glaringly evident at that moment.

Dotson's formidable strike proved futile against Liam,

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failing to inflict any harm on him.

Benedict and Gallagher were both spectators to this unfolding scene.

Their expressions underwent a dramatic transformation. They hadn't anticipated the extent of Liam's strength.

Lenny was overwhelmed by fear, the unexpected display of Liam's power instilling a deep sense of unease.

Frustration palpable in his eyes at the realization that he couldn't harm Liam, Dotson channeled all his strength once more, launching another relentless assault.

Yet, the outcome remained unchanged.

Liam, unfazed, didn't even bother to look up.

The realization of Liam's terrifying might finally dawned upon Dotson.

It became glaringly apparent that the strength Dotson had always prided himself on was nothing but a joke in the face of Liam.

Confronted with this reality, Dotson's face paled, and a wave of fear washed over him. Trembling, he seemed on the verge of begging for mercy.

Yet, Liam afforded Dotson no opportunity to speak. Swiftly and decisively, he retaliated with a speed that

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In a single, powerful strike, Dotson was sent sprawling to the floor.

Had Liam chosen not to show mercy, this palm strike would have possessed the potential to shatter all of Dotson's internal organs, resulting in instant death.

Having triumphed over Dotson, Liam cast a cold gaze upon all the attendees at Earth Star. Maintaining an indifferent expression, he questioned in a condescending manner, "Who holds the reins in Salem now?"



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