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Chapter 624

How were they going to win against a monster like Terry?

"What do you think of Terry's performance, Sir Paul?" Phil was beaming from ear to ear after witnessing his son's outstanding show.

"Not bad. He's a talented one indeed." Paul gave a small smile. "I have a feeling that he will become a Grandmaster martial artist in the next decade."

Paul's words shocked everyone. Grandmaster martial artists were extremely rare. Even in Balerno, where several hundred million people resided, there had only ever been five Grandmaster martial artists. And each of them had made a name for themselves with their strength.

Terry's talent must be truly incredible if Paul was willing to give such high praise.

"You flatter him, Sir Paul. My son might be talented, but he still needs work." Phil's words may

seem modest, but he failed to hide the grin on his face.

As long as his son became a Grandmaster martial artist within the next decade, the Doyle family would be invincible! In fact, they might very well become a part of the Tremendous Three-no, the

Tremendous Four.

"As they say, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Congratulations, Mr. Doyle." Hector, who was

sitting beside them, congratulated them.

Other influential figures clambered to sing their praises, well aware of how strong a Grandmaster martial artist was. After all, the Hill family was only so influential because of Paul, and that was what it meant to be a Grandmaster martial artist.

"Sis, if Terry is so strong, doesn't that guarantee that Dustin will lose?" Ruth asked worriedly. Terry's performance earlier had wiped away whatever hope she held.

"If I remember correctly, someone was going to challenge me to a duel today." Just then, Terry spoke. He surveyed the room, looking for his target.

"Challenge him? After seeing what happened to Verdant Phantom, there's no way that gang leader would show up."

"Pfft! Seeing how that guy hasn't appeared yet, I'm sure he's retreated with his tail between his legs."

"If he's already here, he might as well show his face, right? Rather than hiding like a coward."

The crowd smirked and began bad-mouthing Dustin, assuming that he hadn't appeared due to

fear.

"Dustin, didn't you say that you were the leader of the Flame Dragon Gang? Why haven't you gone up yet?" Gordon's eyes shot to Dustin, a smirk hanging off his lips.

"Hey, you were talking big earlier. Why are you keeping silent now?" Zoey crossed her arms, sneering.

"Hey, Rhys. Someone's calling you. You should get up there." Zeke taunted.

"That's none of your business!" Nelson shouted with a glare.

"What a bunch of losers! You guys are all bark and no bite. How disappointing." Zeke ridiculed.

"Where did you find the balls to pretend to be the leader of the Flame Dragon Gang?" Zoey sniggered,

"Don't tell me you're scared, Dustin. Where did your courage go? Don't you have dignity as a man?" Gordon taunted.

"Since you guys seem hell-bent on provoking me, I might as well do as you wish." Dustin nodded. and turned toward the ring.

"Is that guy really going to go up there?" Zoey was astonished.

Gordon scoffed. "He's just putting on a show. I bet he's going to walk into the crowd and then run away."

"Exactly. If he goes up there, I'll eat my own shit while doing a handstand!" Zeke smirked. Soon, their smiles dropped when they realized that Dustin had gotten into the ring.