

The Deadly 72

Chapter 72 I Decided to Kill You

In Dragon Ridge Valley, the elegant courtyard was illuminated by flickering lights in the viewing hall. Liam huddled in a corner of the hall, his eyes fixed on the terrifying sight unfolding in front of him. The four guardians suddenly spat out blood and copped lifelessly.

The ck Beautyy on the ground, weakly writhing in agony.

Meanwhile, the controlling parasite, nurtured in the sealed ss container, transformed into a pool of ck liquid.

After coughing up several mouthfuls of dark blood, the ck Beauty shrieked frantically, "D*mn it, I'll make you pay!

"I dedicated two decades to perfecting the parasites, and now you've ruined everything!

"Hmph! This isn't over! My controlling parasite can keep regenerating forever!"

In an instant, the alluring form of the ck Beauty morphed into a mass of tiny ck parasites clumped together.

Liam lost consciousness upon witnessing the scene.

The ck Beauty bellowed, gathering all her strength into her hands.

With both hands, she raised the sealed parasite altar, channeling her vital energy to concentrate at its base infusing it with the dark power drawn from her primordial spirit.

In a sh, a dark mist surrounded the parasite altar.

One minute passed, then another, and then a third...

Seconds ticked by slowly.

The ck liquid inside the parasite altar gradually formed into thousands of tinyrvae.

Everyrva glowed with an unusual light on top of its head.

Suddenly, a piano > note shot through the parasite altar at lightning speed.

Like a powerful sniper bullet fired from a thousand miles away, stabbing into the altar with blinding

swiftness.

The piercing sound of the piano erupted in the middle of the parasite altar, causing the altar to break apart in an instant.

The thick mist on the altar surged wildly, dispersing in every direction.

Suddenly, a booming melody ripped through the air, shattering the heavy walls of the viewing room and striking the thick Beauty in the chest.

With a seethe copped to the ground, her dark eyes lilled with hopelessness.

"How can this be? How can this be possible?!"

After a short moment of feeling smothered, the thick Beauty regained consciousness, mashing her fists on the marble floor in frustration and letting out a furious scream. In an instant, the beautiful and opulent marble in the viewing room crumbled to dust!

Liam jolted awake from the chaos around him.

He stared in terror at the ck Beauty's fearsome visage before quickly fleeing the courtyard, speeding away from Dragon Ridge Valley:

The technique of parasites connects controlling and subordinate parasites.

Although the controlling parasite can manipulate the subordinate parasites to control those infected if a skilled master discovers the connection line....

The opponent could easily use this connection to pinpoint the one who cast the curse and, harnessing the controlling parasite's power, turn it against her. The elegant, scenic courtyard in utter disarray.

ck Beauty let out a furious scream, "Twenty years of my hard work, ruined by just one tune! You'll pay for this, you b*stard!"

Clenching her fists, she summoned the best of her strength and charged forward.

In the pitch-black night, a chilling wind swept through Dragon Ridge Valley.

The eerie remnants of snow swirled up at her angry shout.

"You coward! Do you think you can hide and use underhanded tricks against me? Who do you think you're fooling?"

"I am the chief mage of the Poison King Sect. Do you think you can kill me? The entire Poison King Sect will turn against you!"

At the Dunn's villa on Mount Geneva, the silence in Timothy's room was shattered by the horrific screams of the Black Beauty,

The apparition of her poison curse loomed by the mansion's large window, her ghostly face twisted in agony.

Everyone was taken aback by this terrifying sight.

What they witnessed today was beyond what an average person could comprehend.

Robin scoffed, "Seems like, what if I decide to kill you?"

As he spoke, his delicate fingers struck a key with a firm touch.

The moment the note echoed, miles away in Dragon Ridge Valley, the Black Beauty became completely

still.

Her entire form resembled a massive ck boulder, standing rigidly in the valley.

The chilly valley wind swept over the snow-covered boulder, making it seem as if the air itself was wailing like a lost spirit.

Out of nowhere, the ck Beauty's form was torn apart, as though seized by massive, invisible hands.

With a low rumble, her body shattered into a dark mist that quickly vanished, leaving no trace behind.

The ck Beauty, chief mage of the Poison King Sect, was utterly obliterated in that burst of destruction.

As her form disintegrated, she cried out in despair. "How dare you kill me?!"

"I... I'm from the Poison King Sect! The Poison King Sect won't overlook this!"

In a sh, this frantic shout resonated three times through Dragon Ridge Valley, then faded away into the dark, chilling depths of the valley alongside the cold night breeze. Meanwhile, inside the Dunn's vi on Mount Geneva, Robin gave a calm, detached smile.

I had fought side-by-side with Old Fred through numerous battles, encountering foes of every strength and skill.

How could a minor sect like the Poison King Sect even think of threatening the Divine Drakebane?

Haha, if you have the courage to show up, I'll wipe you out!

Drake, Shirley, and the others were utterly stunned by Robin's extraordinary powers.

Five years ago, Timothy was struck by a sudden illness.

By three years ago, he was confined to his bed, sinking into a coma and losing all awareness,

Throughout these years, the Dunns poured billions into finding esteemed doctors, yet no one could treat Timothy's baffling sickness.

Not even Wilder, the famed holistic medicine doctor from Draconia, could do anything to treat Timothy's puzzling condition. Amazingly, Robin had managed to heal him using only the sound of a piano melody!

Had they not witnessed it firsthand, no one would have believed such a miraculous method was possible.

By the time Wilder reached the Dunn's vi on Mount Geneva, Timothy could already stand and walk with his family's support. Wilder was speechless at the sight of Timothy awake and moving.

He was aware of Robin's medical skills, yet he never imagined Robin had reached such an unfathomable level.

As he gazed at Robin's poised expression, he was taken aback.

Wilder had been practicing medicine for five decades and was considered a master of holistic medicine in Draconia for almost 20 years.

Now, in his later years, he recognized that his lifetime of accomplishments seemed insignificant next to the young man in his 20s standing before him.

He couldn't help but feel deeply humbled!

If witnessing Robin use the Eighteen Spirit Needles at the Wright Mansion had once filled him with admiration, then today's events had raised Robin's medical abilities to a godlike status in his mind.

In that instant, he was filled with absolute admiration for Robin.

With deep respect, Wilder approached Robin and spoke humbly. "Mr. Ramsey, you are indeed the divine healer of our era! From this day forward, I shall no longer be called the "Master of Holistic Medicine." I will always consider Mr. Ramsey as my superior. Master, please ept this disciple"s bow." Saying this, Wilder bowed low,

Robin eyed Wilder"s respectful stance and gave a small dismissive snort.

"Who said I"m your master? Don"t speak nonsense. I"m not interested in epting an old disciple like you."

Wilder"s face reddened as he stood awkwardly in the hall, but any embarrassment was insignificant in the presence of a true master.

Timothy, unfamiliar with Robin, quickly understood after Drake and Shirley"s exnations. He shrugged off their support and approached Robin.

Thank you, Mr. Ramsey, for saving my life! If not for you, I would have been dead three years ago!"

"My life may not seem significant, but the truly frightening part is that I would have be a puppet under the control of malicious people.

"If that had happened, the repercussions would have been unimaginable!

"The Dunns owe you an immense debt! We will remember your kindness for generations!"

Robin gave a slight smirk and replied, "Alright, don't mention it! It was just a minor favor.

"Let's get going: I don't want to spend more time here."

The others observed Robin's movements and didn't dare intervene.

After all, someone like Robin isn't swayed by ttery or money.

After walking a short distance, Robin paused and turned back, stating. "At this moment, your body is quite fragile. Given your condition, you will need around a year to recover. After all, you have been bedridden for more than three years. "Your internal organs have sustained significant damage, and I will visit regrlly to assist with your

recovery.

"From now on, make sure to rest and recover at home.