

# **The Understated Dragon Lord**

## **Read Chapter 701 - 714**

### **Chapter 701 Facing the Consequences**

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Fury blazed in Beauty's eyes as she pointed a sharp finger at a wild hen perched high in the branches and commanded Daniel, "Country bumpkin, scurry up that tree and snatch that bird down! That darn hen is way too cheeky; it had the nerve to poop on my head. I'm gonna roast it and not leave a single scrap of bone behind!"

Daniel glared at the hen at the top of the tree and shouted, "Hey you fat chicken, have you no shame? Dropping your mess right on Beauty's head? Do you want to live or not? Roll on down here so I can roast you up and end this. Otherwise, I'll spank your behind until it's swollen!"

"Smack!"

Before Daniel could even lay a hand on the hen, he felt a stinging slap on his own behind.

The searing pain made him wince. "Beauty, why'd you hit me?" he asked, a look of utter confusion on his face.

"I told you to bring that hen down, and here you are, yakking away. If you keep this up, the hen will fly off, and how will you catch it then?" she retorted.

"If it dares to fly, I'll knock its wings out with pebbles!" Daniel boasted, picking up a small stone patting it in his hand to show to Beauty.

Then, with a sly grin, he teased, "Beauty, wanna bet that with this tiny stone, I can knock that wild hen right out of the tree?"

"I don't believe you!" Beauty snapped back.

"Don't believe me? Let's make a gamble! If I can knock that hen down with this pebble, you lose. And then you gotta face a punishment," Daniel said, the playfulness sparkling in his eyes.

"Punishment? What kind of punishment do you have in mind?" she asked warily.

With a mischievous look, Daniel replied, "You go over there and bend over; I'll flick a pebble at your behind."

"I'll kill you! You hillbilly, you scoundrel, what are you thinking? I should be the one smacking your behind!" And with that, Beauty's hand flew and another slap landed.

"Smack!"

Daniel took another one. "What gives you the right to hit me again?" he grumbled, feeling wronged.

"Just because I'm Beauty, do you have a problem with that?" she challenged, arms crossed and looking fierce - a wildcat dare, impossible to disobey.

"Of course not! Alive or dead, I

belong to you, Beauty. I wouldn't dare complain. Whatever punishment you give, I'll take it... wouldn't say a word against it! Daniel assured her, trying to keep peace.

"That's right, you better not. If you even think about it, I'll punish you so hard, you'll regret ever being born, you country bumpkin!" she

Oi

threatened.

Up in the tree, the wild hen stirred, strutting with a brazen swagger right over Daniel's head. It started to raise its rear end, getting ready to take revenge with another dropping.

But Daniel wasn't about to let it succeed; with a deft flick of his wrist, he sent the pebble flying.

Whoosh!

The stone arced gracefully through the air, smacking the hen right on its feathery bottom.

Squawk!

The hen let out a shriek and feathers fluttered down like a feathered snowfall.

As for the hen, it was knocked out of the tree, thudding onto the ground.

Daniel picked up the hen and was impressed to find it was quite hefty, weighing at least four or five pounds.

## Chapter 702 An Eye for an Eye

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"Beauty, now that I've caught this wild hen, let's pick some mushrooms on our way back. Half for roasting, half for a soup. It's chilly in the mountains, and a warm bowl of soup will keep us cozy tonight," Daniel proposed earnestly.

Beauty eyed him suspiciously and asked, "Country boy, you're not plotting something twisted, are you?"

"What kind of plot could I have?"

"You're talking about picking mushrooms, but aren't those poisonous? Tell me, are you planning to poison me and Victoria, so we hallucinate, and then you can do your weirdo stuff?"

"Dear Beauty! Would I do such a thing?"

"Yes, you would!" Beauty shot back.

Daniel was left speechless.

The trio picked some mushrooms and wild greens, carrying the wild hen back to the lakeside.

By now, Smart and Easton had already chopped quite a lot of wood.

Daniel sketched out a blueprint and handed it to Smart.

"Genius, follow this blueprint and get that cabin built," he instructed.

"Why does it always have to be me? I chopped all this wood, shouldn't you be the one building the cabin?"

"I've got to help the lovely ladies with the cooking, so you and Easton will have to take care of the cabin." "Country boy, don't push me too far!"

"You're not willing?"

With that, Daniel put his fingers to his lips and gave a soft whistle.

"Ssst!"

Snake King, from its perch in a nearby tree, lazily slithered down. It coiled its tail around a branch and dangled its head down.

Then, it started flicking its fiery red tongue at Smart.

The sight of the tongue sweeping across his face sent chills down Smart's spine!

"Country... country boy, don't mess around!" Smart pleaded, clearly scared.

A python thicker than his thigh and over thirty feet long was flicking its tongue at him - who wouldn't be?

With its gaping mouth as wide as his waist, the serpent could swallow him whole.

"I'm not doing anything!"

Daniel chuckled mischievously, "But

think about it, Genius. If you don't obey, I surely won't do a thing. However, I can't vouch for the snake. It's been days without food, and it's hungry! Even if devouring you won't fully satisfy it, it'll still live longer."

"I'll do it, I'll build the cabin, okay? Country boy, send that giant python away, please!"

Terrified, Smart was in a panic, barely able to hold it in, nearly wetting himself.

Daniel turned to the snake and calmly said, "Leave."

Upon his command, the snake withdrew, slowly writhing its way back onto the trunk, coiling into a ball. [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Country boy, you remember this!

Don't get cocky with me here! I've taken note of everything you've done today! Once we're out of Purple Gold Hill, I'll see how I deal with you. You unleash a python on me; I'll let a dog at you, one that'll chew you up so bad, you'll never be a man again!" Smart bellowed fiercely.

He wasn't joking; he meant every word.

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

The humiliation Daniel had inflicted upon him today, he'd repay

Smart was determined to tenfold

country boy pay a painful price!

this

## Chapter 703 Work and Bluffs

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Carrying a grudge, Smart started to work on the cabin.

"Easton, are you dumb? What's with the way you're placing those logs?" Smart scolded.

"Easton, is your head screwed on right? How can you be so slow?"

"Easton, you lazy bum, what are you doing over there?"

Without any recourse against Daniel, Smart took out all his anger on Easton, venting his whole bellyful of fury onto him.

As for Easton, facing his boss, he naturally didn't dare object!

Smart didn't want to work, so he commanded Easton to work, exhausting him to the point of sweating bullets while he himself sat on a log nearby, legs crossed, taking it easy.

Although Daniel was busy flirting with the two beauties, he still kept an eye on Smart's work. The cabin had to be completed before nightfall. With Smart slacking off and leaving all the work to Easton, they were never going to finish in time.

"Genius, I asked you to build the cabin, what are you sitting around for? Get moving and work!" Daniel called out.

"I am working!" Smart quickly justified himself. "I'm supervising, keeping an eye on Easton. Plus, I'm the foreman of this whole cabin project. I need to direct Easton! If I don't, he won't know what to do or where to start."

"You, Snake, keep an eye on him. If Genius here dares to slack off again, give him a whack with your big tail!"

At Daniel's command, the python slid from the tree straight to Smart's side. The moment the giant python appeared, Smart dared not slack off and started to work with all his might.

Meanwhile, Beauty gave Daniel a

playful

keep pick Country boy, just

keep picking on Smart! Just remember, he's an heir of The Evans, and he'll remember all bullying once we leave Purple Gold Hill As soon as he's out, he be out for revenge!"

"An heir of The Evans? What's that? I'm not afraid of him! Besides, I'm the heir of The Perkins," Daniel said with a chuckle.

"Bullshit!" Beauty didn't believe a

word he said Rolling her eyes disdainfully, she replied, "You think just because your last name is Perkins, re an heir of The

Let me tell you, even though you also bear the name

Perkins, it's not the sam name

as The

Perkins!"

"We're all Perkins, how come it's not the same?" asked Daniel.

"The Perkins from Washington DC, they're unparalleled, representing power and prestige. Your Perkins - that's the country bumkin's Perkins. And let me warn you, stop saying you're an heir of The Perkins. I might not mind, but if the actual Perkins family heard, they'd assume you were impersonating a member of their family. They'd think you were posing as an heir to swindle people! If it came to that, The Perkins would be furious. Messing with them could cost you your life!"

"What are you talking about? Me, impersonating an heir of The Perkins? In others' eyes, The Perkins might be powerful, but in my eyes, The Perkins is nothing but a fart!"

## **Chapter 704 Not Worth Mentioning**

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Daniel wore a look of disdain.

What was The Perkins to him, after all? Just the firstling family of the USA?

If he, Daniel, wished it, he could wipe The Perkins off the map at any moment. After all, he was the Son of the Seven Dragons, destined to become The Lord of the Seven Dragons, ruler over the nine realms. To him, The Lord of the Seven Dragons, The Perkins was nothing but an insignificant ant, not worth mentioning.

Just then, a wonderful aroma wafted from the campfire. It was the scent of the roasting chicken. The smell alone was enough to make Beauty, already starving, start salivating.

"Country boy, is the chicken ready yet? Take it out; I'm famished!" implored Beauty, eager as if she feared missing out on the feast.

"Done? Probably needs a bit longer. Right now, it's about 99% cooked, just 1% shy of perfection."

"Stop the nonsense; the chicken is ready to eat."

"Sure it's edible, but missing that final 1% makes a huge difference. So, Beauty, don't rush. Impatience won't get you a super delicious roast chicken. Hold your horses, now. If you're really hungry, I could offer you something else to nibble on."

With that rather suggestive comment, Daniel gave a meaningful glance downward. Beauty, being sharp, knew all too well that this rascal would never stop hitting on women. She caught on immediately to his indecent hint.

"Country boy, keep up these dirty jokes, and believe me, I'll snip off your bits," Beauty threatened, making a scissor motion with her hand towards Daniel's lower regions.

It was both a warning and a threat-but, of course, all talk. After all, even if Beauty had a pair of shears, she wouldn't have the heart to actually go through with it.

Seeing Victoria at a distance, and with Smart and Easton busy and not paying attention, Beauty suddenly lashed out with a claw towards Daniel. The woman was a force of nature!

She was pure, undiluted violence!

"Get the chicken out, now. I'm starved," she commanded gruffly.

"Well, since you've already grabbed hold of my business, why don't you reach down and help yourself! No one's looking this way-take a secret nibble, and no one will know."

"I'll thump you, you ass!"

Enraged, Beauty gave him a fierce pinch.

The pain made Daniel immediately relent.

"Alright, alright, I'll do it, I'll do it!"

Only when Daniel began poking around the fire with a stick to retrieve the roasted chicken did Beauty reluctantly let go.

She didn't know why, but whenever they were alone, she felt this urge to reach for Daniel's... well, for novelty's sake, of course! Yes, for the fun of it!

She certainly didn't like it, oh no!

How could she? She was a proper girl; why would she fancy such a thing?

It was yucky!

Utterly revolting!

She would never, ever go for Daniel's... never!

Lost in her musings, Beauty's imagination took off running, growing more vivid by the second. The more she thought, the more she blushed, and soon her cheeks were

painted with a delicate shade of pink.

Daniel, with his sharp eyes, continued to tap away at the crust of mud of the chicken while secretly

admiring the pretty flush on the

beauty by his side.

## **Chapter 705 Appetite**

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Why is her face all red? Daniel wondered with a hint of curiosity.

Teasingly, he asked, "Beauty, why're you blushing? You thinking about something... interesting?"

"Get lost! No, I'm not!" Beauty immediately denied, of course. How could she admit to such a thing?



As the chunks of clay were knocked off and the leaves wrapping the chicken were revealed, the steamy aroma of the roast mingled with the fresh scent of leaves, escaping into the air. The smell was so enticing that Beauty, who was already drooling, now had an intense craving-the strongest appetite she'd ever experienced in her life!

Daniel couldn't help but laugh at her eagerness. "Beauty, are you that hungry?"

"Quit chattering and open up those leaves, get the chicken out. I'm starving, and if you don't feed me soon, I'll thump you!" Beauty pounded lightly on Daniel's shoulder several times, conveying her urgency.

As the leaves were peeled back, Beauty couldn't wait and reached out for the chicken, but she jerked her hand back the moment she touched the scorching hot leg.

"Ow!" she yelped, then grumbled, "Country boy, it's burning hot, help me break it apart!"

"I already told you, if you're too hasty, you won't get to enjoy a delicious roast chicken, but you didn't believe me. Got burnt now, huh? You happy?" "Stop blaming me, will you?" Beauty scratched Daniel lightly with her singed hand.

"Hurry up, I want the big chicken leg!"

"Yes, yes, my lady, here's your chicken leg!"

Daniel broke off a leg, wrapped it in a leaf, and handed it to Beauty.

"Smart of you to wrap it! Thanks!"

"Just a casual thanks, that's not enough," Daniel said, grinning.

"If thanks isn't enough, then what do you want?"

"At least a sweet kiss!"

"Beat it!" Beauty rolled her eyes, threatening fiercely, "Keep blabbering nonsense, and once I'm finished with this leg, I'll stuff chicken bones in your mouth and jab you to death!"

After her threat, Beauty began to devour the chicken leg with relish.

Daniel then broke off another leg and handed it to Victoria nearby.

"Victoria, here, chicken leg."

"Thanks!"

Returning from Victoria's side, Beauty looked cross and

interrogated, "Country boy, do you really know how to charm a lady? Tell me honestly, are you into Victoria?"

"Yeah, I like her! Beauty, since you and Victoria are so close-besties-why don't you play matchmaker for us?"

"You hillbilly, you scoundrel, how dare you be such a Casanova. How could you betray Jessica? I'll wallop you today!"

Beauty launched into a flurry of hits against Daniel. Once done, she demanded, pointing at a chicken wing, "Break off the wing, I want to eat that!" "At your command, Beauty!"

Daniel broke off a wing and offered it to Beauty, but she unexpectedly stuffed it into his mouth.

"Beauty, what's that about?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"That's for you, freak!"

Meanwhile, Smart and Easton, who had been working on the other side, caught the scent of the roast chicken and hurried over. Smart didn't speak, but he nudged Easton with his finger.

## **Chapter 706 Heir of The Perkins**

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Smart had already made up his mind with Easton, so Easton directly made his request known. "Daniel, we're hungry too."

Daniel chuckled to himself, immediately understanding the situation. Clearly, Smart was too proud to ask for food, so he sent Easton as his proxy.

True to the principle of giving food to the one who asks, Daniel took a piece of chicken breast and handed it to Easton. "This piece is for you, only you can eat it. If you give it to anyone else, say goodbye to any food from me, ever!"

Once the terms were clear, Daniel handed over the chicken breast to Easton, who, although starving and salivating, hesitated to indulge.

He turned to look at Smart, as if waiting for an order.

"Don't eat it!" Smart commanded, then reached out his hand toward the succulent meat. "Give it to me!"

Easton froze. Daniel had just

stipulated that the chicken breast was only for him, and now Smart was ordering him to hand it over. Despite his growling stomach,

Smart was his employer, the

man

who provided for him. Without Smart, Easton would have struggled to find a job after college, let alone a position that paid millions annually.

Considering the money and his handsome salary, Easton made a decision and passed the chicken breast to Smart. Smart relished his subordinate's obedience, enjoying the satisfaction of control.

Biting into the chicken breast with gusto, Smart then turned to Daniel, cocksure and gloating. "Country boy, you think everyone listens to you? You know Easton is my assistant; on my payroll. He does what I tell him to. Did you really think he'd listen to you over me? You're such a naive hillbilly!"

It was then that a group approached. Daniel focused and saw it was none other than The Perkins' heir, Down, accompanied by Black and White. When they'd left Purple Gold, Down had a small team with him. Now only two remained - Black and White. Judging by their disheveled appearance, they had just lost a fight and retreated here in disarray.

The injuries on all three suggested they had been attacked by some kind of feline. Surely, it must be The Spirit Cat - only it had the prowess to inflict such damage.

The trio headed toward the cabin. Reaching it, Down adopted an imperious air and commanded

Daniel, "Country boy, this cabin is

ours for tonight. And I'm famished, hand over that roast chicken of yours right now!"

# Chapter 707 The Martial Arts Master

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True to form as The Perkins' heir, Down spoke with such authority it was as if he believed everyone in the world should obey him.

Daniel, of course, had no inclination to comply with Down. He picked a chicken wing, popped it in his mouth, and took a succulent bite. His defiant gesture infuriated Down.

Down could hardly contain his anger. How could a mere country boy dare to disregard his command? This lack of respect for him was also a direct insult to The Perkins family!

He bellowed, "Country bumpkin, are you deaf? Didn't you hear what I said?"

"You were talking just now? I thought you were just blowing hot air!"

Daniel's retort made Down so furious he looked about ready to breathe fire.

"Country boy, you dare say I'm spouting nonsense?"

"Yep! Isn't that what you're doing? You're not just spouting nonsense; it's coming right out of your mouth! The mouth is supposed to be for eating, but you're using it to spout nonsense! You're polluting the fresh air with your foul words!"

"You have no idea whom you're talking to!"

Done with talking, Down ordered his muscle, Black, "Teach this bumpkin a lesson. Show him how he should speak to me!"

"Yes, sir!"

Commanded by Down, Black's eyes sharpened like a hawk's as he glared at Daniel. With unassailable arrogance, he ordered, "Country boy, get down on your knees this instant. Beg for Mr. Down's forgiveness, and perhaps I might spare your life."

"Spare me?" Daniel gave Black a once-over with an amused smile. "Did you run into The Spirit Cat and get mauled, so now you're scurrying over here?"

"That was no household kitty; it was

a beast faster than a phantom! Speedier than lightning, and more

ferocious than an adult tiger-a

thousand times over! I am a Level 6

Six Martial Arts Master-do you understand what that means? couldn't land a single blow against The Spirit Cat. The moment I saw its shadow, it clawed right at my heart. Though it didn't kill me with one swipe, that strike has left my chest aching even now!"

Suddenly, Black realized his slip-up.

"FUCK! Why am I bothering to explain this to a bumpkin like you? Are you even worthy of speaking to me? I got attacked by The Spirit Cat, and now I'm raging. Since you're being so ignorant, I'll stop playing nice!"

Black clenched his fists.

Crack!

Crack-crack!

The bone-chilling sound of his knuckles echoed. A mosquito flying by was jolted by the sound of his flexing, its wings snapped mid-flight, plummeting to the ground.

That was the ability of a martial arts master-a Level Six Martial Arts Master. Merely tightening his fists could kill even a mosquito flying by, such was the ferocity of his aura.

A Level Six Martial Arts Master's body was infused with special, mighty energy. He had an energy shield that kept his clothes perpetually free of dust and repelled insects.

"Die!" Black bellowed, cocking his fist and hurtling it towards Daniel's face. His punch was as swift as lightning and as heavy as a freight train.

## **Chapter 708 Inferno**

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The force and solidity of that punch would have pulverized even the hardest granite into dust. A punch bearing such magnitude and sheer weight could do serious damage to Daniel's face if it connected. But to waste such a blow on thin air would have been a shame.

So, as Black's formidable punch came at him, Daniel nonchalantly snagged a hefty wooden branch from the ground and held it up in defense. "Boom!"

The stick shattered with a dull thud, scattering splinters everywhere.

"Black, not bad with that punch! I was saving this branch for firewood and hadn't gotten around to chopping it yet. It turns out your fist is quite handy, more effective than an axe!"

Daniel cheekily picked up another branch, placed it on the ground, and goaded, "Come on, Black! With your fist heavy as a sledgehammer, give it another go - smash this branch to bits too!"

After his punch had been deflected, Black was already seething with rage, and Daniel's taunts only stoked his anger to new heights. "Bumpkin, I swear I'll smash you into pulp!"

Then Black, with a roar, threw another lightning-fast punch at Daniel's face.

"Boom!"

But the result was the same as

before-the stick met its fate,

splintering into pieces on the ground. As hard as Black's fists were, the consecutive blows against the sturdy wood left his knuckles aching fiercely.

Wincing in pain, Black shook his sore hand and barked furiously at Daniel, "If you're brave enough, stop playing tricks and fight me one on one - man to man, fist to fist!"

"Why should I go fist to fist with you? And do I need to prove I'm a man to you? Why should I need to prove anything to you, huh?"

Daniel smirked and then taunted, "If you're so tough, come at me! There are plenty more wood branches here that need chopping, and since don't have an axe, let's use your fists to split this firewood!" [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

With that said, Daniel jabbed another branch straight at Black, who, unable to dodge in time, had no choice but to respond with another mighty punch.

The branch broke apart, wood chips raining to the ground, but Black's fist kept surging forward. This time, he was aiming directly for Daniel's

chest intent on leaving in I"

hole. He wanted to deliver a

deathblow to this insolent bumpkin.

He wanted to make Daniel suffer, to cast him down into an inferno. That was the fate Black, a Level Six Martial Arts Master, deemed suitable for anyone who dared to insult him.

## Chapter 709 He Deserved It

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As a formidable Level Six Martial Arts Master, Black could not bear the thought of being unable to deal with a mere bumpkin, let alone be defeated by one. It would be the end of his reputation, and he would no longer be able to pride himself on his martial arts prowess.

Black gathered all his strength for this punch, giving it about ninety percent of his total power. Such a thunderous blow aimed straight at one's chest was certainly not to be wasted.

So, when that iron fist came hurtling at him, Daniel nonchalantly reached out his hand and grabbed something—or rather, someone. It was not just anything; it was Smart.

Initially, Smart had kept his distance, fearing the battle might splash blood on him or that an errant blow could reach him. But Daniel cared for him—how could he let Smart stay far away? Thus, Daniel crafted an illusion to disorient Smart, causing him to lose his sense of direction and unwittingly draw closer.

As Smart was suddenly yanked to the forefront, Black's punch was barreling towards him. Seeing his fist about to land, Black realized with horror that Smart was now in its path. Daniel, the cunning country boy, had used Smart as a human shield?

Black couldn't dare let his punch land fatally on Smart. After all, this man was The Evans' heir. If Smart were to die by Black's hand, he could never bear the responsibility.

In a last-ditch effort to avoid harming Smart, Black strained to withdraw his punch. But halting a strike already in motion was incredibly challenging, even for him.

"Thud!"

Despite his efforts, Black's fist collided with Smart's face, knocking several teeth out and swelling it horribly. Although Black had tried to pull back, the punch still retained about ten percent of its force causing Smart to nearly black out from the impact.

"Ah! Aaaaah!" Smart, clutching his swollen face, howled in agony, cursing as he did, "Black, are you a damn fool? If you're going to hit the bumpkin, hit him. Why hit me?"

"Smart, it's not my fault! My punch was meant for the bumpkin's chest, to burst right through it. But he, with his sneaky tricks, dragged you over to take the blow for him!"

"Black, what are you saying?! You

just punched me, knocked my teeth out, and r now my face is all swollen.

Now you're telling me it's my fault? As if I asked for it? FUCK YOU!"

Enraged, Smart kicked Black in the stomach, venting his frustration. He didn't dare strike Daniel, knowing well that Daniel would retaliate, and he would be the one to suffer.

Black was a different case—he was

just an employee hired by Down. Such subordinates knew their place and would never dare raise their hand to someone of Smart's standing—a scion of a great house.

So, even after being kicked by Smart, Black said nothing. He endured the attack, knowing he could not afford to do otherwise.

## **Chapter 710 Two Against One**

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Considering Smart's strength, his kick had about as much impact on Black as if a little lady had struck him—it hardly made an inch of difference. "Smart, my punch was indeed unintended! Please step aside a little, stay away from the bumpkin, so you don't interfere with me dealing with him!"

"Fine! If you knock that country boy down today, you better rattle his teeth out. Then I'll forget about that punch you landed on me. But if you fail, if this bumpkin beats you instead, I'll knock every last tooth out of your mouth with a hammer!"

After dropping a heavy threat, Smart stepped back. He understood that Black's hit was an accident and chose not to hold a grudge for now. What he did want, however, was to make Daniel, the pesky bumpkin, bite the dust through Black's fist.



Ever since their first encounter, Smart had been on the losing end. Whether in New York or Washington DC, Smart never had the upper hand-it was always him who came up short, every time.

Although Black hadn't suffered any big losses in the recent scuffle, he hadn't gained any advantage either, and he was sorely displeased. For a Level Six Martial Arts Master to exchange so many moves with a mere country boy and still be at a disadvantage, let alone suffer several setbacks, was humiliating. Such a rumor getting out would disgrace him.

The incident had shown Black that although Daniel's abilities appeared mediocre, he was extremely crafty, agile, and had a reaction time that was incredibly swift-a combination that allowed the country boy to dodge each of Black's strikes.

Pointing assertively at Daniel, Black

declared loudly, "If you've got any guts, country boy-if you're truly a man-stop dodging and weaving et

Face me head-on! Let's see whose fists are harder, whose body can take more punishment. If you're man enough, fight me straight-on-no more tricks or hiding!"

"You sure you want to go head-to-head with me?"

Daniel, done with playing games, gestured first at Black and then at White. "Let's not waste time. Why don't the two of you come at me together?"

His words were a slap across the faces of Black and White-a profound insult.

White, who had been silent up until now, glared icily at Daniel. "You're awfully arrogant for a piece of trash! You think you can take us on, one against two, fighting both of us Level Six Martial Arts Masters alone?"

"Is being a Level Six Martial Arts Master that impressive? It doesn't matter if you're Level Six, Seven, Eight, or even Nine-once you've come across Big Yellow from our village, you'll be running for the hills!"

Daniel had a habit of referring to Big Yellow. After all, since he started his training, not even his own master could catch him. Yet, only Big Yellow, that darn dog, could chase him all over the place. And the key point was he couldn't outrun the blasted animal.

# Chapter 711 One Tap

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Though his days with Big Yellow were a nightmare, Daniel had his share of happy times.

White, all seriousness, demanded, "Who's Big Yellow?"

Daniel, ever the jester, replied, "Big Yellow is our village lord. Nobody dares to cross him except the pretty women in the village. He's the real deal!"

"The village lord? In my guess, he's probably just a good-for-nothing. Maybe he's a bit rough and has some brute strength, but does he even compare to a martial arts master?" White scoffed with disdain.

While bantering with Daniel, White stealthily slid a dart from his sleeve into his hand. Suddenly, he flicked his wrist.

Whoosh!

The sharp dart hurtled towards Daniel's throat.

White intended a one-tap kill on Daniel!

The dart flew extraordinarily fast, like a flash of lightning, seemingly arriving in an instant. Such a projectile, if launched by a Level Six Martial Arts Master, could certainly be described as swift as light.

An average person wouldn't stand a chance against it. Even someone just below a martial arts master might not understand what had hit them before it was too late.

But Daniel wasn't an average fighter; he was the Son of the Seven Dragons—a demigod among men. As the dart approached, Daniel simply sidestepped with a slight shift, dodging the attack with ease and good cheer.

The dart missed and headed

straight for Down, who was standing

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aside. Black, upon realizing the impending accident, panicked. Without further thought, he charged like a bull towards Down, tackling him to the ground just in time.

The dart embedded itself in a big pine tree, vanishing into the trunk with only a small end visible.

Meanwhile, Down hit the ground with a thud, seeing stars from the impact.

"Ow! Oh my goodness!" Down groaned in pain before shoving Black off him, irate, and gave the dark-skinned man a few kicks.

"What's wrong with you, Black? Have you lost your mind? You trying to kill me or what?"

"Sir, I had no intention of hurting you. That bumpkin dodged the dart my brother shot. If I hadn't acted and knocked you down, the dart could've hurt you!"

Black hastily explained himself.

"Aren't you two supposed to be Level

Six Martial Arts Masters? Aren't you

both known as top ten warriors among USA's martial artists? And yet, you can't overcome The Spirit Cat or even beat a mere country boy?"

Down's scolding felt like a slap to Black and White's faces their names were renowned throughout the nation.

They could be forgiven for not besting The Spirit Cat; after all, its strength was immense, a challenge even for a Level Nine Martial Arts Master.

But Daniel was just a country

bumpkin. Both brothers had taken

their turns trying to take him down and didn't even land a blow, much less defeat him. This hit both men's pride hard, leaving Black and White feeling incredibly humiliated.

## **Chapter 712 True Identity**

### **Chapter 712 True Identity**

White quickly stepped forward, full of assurance. "Sir, rest assured, my error was due to underestimating him. He's just a bumpkin, and if I take him seriously, I'll make sure he begs for mercy on his knees!"

After Black's attack failed to reach its mark, the two brothers conferred and prepared to launch another attack. This time, for safety, Black and White decided to strike together.

White gave Black a signal, and Black immediately understood. After grasping White's plan, Black started moving quietly to position himself behind Daniel and began murmuring softly.

He was chanting a spell-Soul Take, one of the most ancient incantations in the USA, used by warlocks and part of witchcraft.

On the surface, Black and White might appear as Level Six Martial Arts Masters, but in reality, they were warlocks. Black was among the elite, a Shaman Warlock!

And White, though not as strong as his brother, was a powerful warlock in his own right, a Junior Shaman Warlock.

A Soul Take spell chanted by a Shaman Warlock could even snatch the souls of Ninth Grade Martial Arts Masters. Daniel was merely a humble country bumpkin, far from the power of a Ninth Grade Master.

Thus, Black was confident that a mere fragment of the Soul Take spell would be enough to seize Daniel's soul.

From the very first moment Daniel laid eyes on the brothers, he sensed something off about them; they didn't seem like genuine martial arts experts but more like warlocks. And now that Black was openly casting Soul Take, Daniel had his proof-these aged men were indeed warlocks, and adept ones at that.

Yet, no matter how fearsome the warlock, even a Shaman Warlock, they were only a step above common folk.

Daniel was the Son of the Seven Dragons, the future Lord of the Seven Dragons, the ruler of the realm of gods. Therefore, the Soul Take had no effect on him.

Black's chant had gone on for quite

some time, and if his target had

been just an average person, it would have been all over by now. Yet there Daniel stood, hands in his pockets, chuckling as if untouched by the spell.

"Black, so you're a warlock? A Shaman Warlock, no less! Before trying your Soul Take on me, did you by any chance use it on The Spirit Cat too?"

Daniel's question shocked Black to his core. He stood frozen, looking at Daniel with disbelief. "What are you?"

"What am I? I'm just a bumpkin. An unknown, insignificant speck of dust that everyone steps on without a second glance."

Traditionally modest Daniel suddenly embraced humility.

Being humble and keeping a low profile was a virtue. After all, being too high-profile only made one a target for adversity and, quite possibly, a lightning strike.

Humility and discretion were the keys to winning in the end.

That's why Daniel was fond of these blind fools who called him a bumpkin. Those who addressed him as such gave him no reason to show mercy when it was time to strike back.

## **Chapter 713 Soul Take**

### **Chapter 713 Soul Take**

Daniel was a man of principle, believing in an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Naturally, Black wouldn't accept Daniel's explanation and quickly questioned him. "How can a nameless country bumpkin like you possibly recognize Soul Take? How can you withstand the Soul Take chanted by me, a real shaman warlock?"

"Black, since you claim to be a shaman warlock, then you should know that Soul Take only works on the souls of ordinary humans."

Smart couldn't help but burst into roaring laughter at Daniel's response. "Hahaha..."

After his laugh subsided, Smart mocked, "What do you mean by that, bumpkin? Are you implying you're not a mere mortal?"

"Indeed, I am not!"

Daniel's response triggered another round of loud laughter from Smart. "Hahaha..."

After he stopped chuckling, Smart asked bluntly, "You say you're not a mortal, then what are you? Don't tell me you're some kind of immortal?"

"I am a man of pure and flawless nature!"

"A pure and flawless person? Hahaha..."

Smart laughed heartily once more before resuming his condescending tone. "A country bumpkin like you, pure and flawless? You're nothing but a lecher, always around beautiful ladies! Pure and flawless, my foot! If you were, then the dancers at a strip club would all be saints by your standards!"

"Genius, if you don't understand, you shouldn't speak. You could ask Black whether his Soul Take has any effect on a newborn baby. Because babies are born without worldly desires-all they have is a pure heart. And I am like a baby, my heart is free of desires!"

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At these words, Beauty began recalling her first encounters with the so-called country bumpkin. She recognized he was unlike other men. Digging deeper, she found that he genuinely differed from other rascals.

She had noticed that Daniel's eyes were always clear and pure, just like those of a newborn baby.

Of course, while Daniel's claim of being pure and desireless was not entirely false, it wasn't altogether true either. As the Son of Seven Dragons, he harbored seven Dragon Spirits within him, thus embodying seven personalities.

One of those personalities was indeed as pure and flawless as a baby, especially when it came to beautiful women, always prevailing in their presence.

While Daniel was busy bantering with Smart, Black did not halt his chanting. Intent on amplifying the power of Soul Take, he not only increased in volume but also formed hand seals while chanting.

Suddenly, a breeze started blowing across the calm lake, carrying with it wisps of dark energy emerging from the water-the souls of the dead. Moon landing had been around for thousands of years, and untold souls of the deceased lurked within the lake.

Throughout its several-thousand-year history, riddled with countless battles, the area around Moon landing was dotted with mass graves filled with the fallen.

## **Chapter 714 Evil Spirits**

### **Chapter 714 Evil Spirits**

Moon landing not only housed innumerable evil spirits but even the foot soldiers of demons. Of course, although Black, the Shaman Warlock, could summon them, he

wouldn't go to such lengths to deal with a mere country bumpkin like Daniel. Summoning a demon's foot soldiers drained too much energy and even life span with far too hefty a price to pay.

The black tendrils bore towards Daniel, wrapping around him. These were the evil spirits attacking!

Indeed, Soul Take would not affect the spirit of a newborn, who is by nature sweet and innocent, and thus, the evil spirits' favorite. Knowing that Daniel claimed to be pure and flawless, Black immediately conceived a plan.

Black always aimed for results, unconcerned with the means. Any method that worked for him was fair game, regardless of the burden it placed on him.

The tendrils composed of evil spirits slowly submerged into Daniel's body. Black watched with glee, assuming his attack was effective. With the evil spirits now coursing through Daniel, he believed he could use Soul Take to extract Daniel's spirit.

A pure and flawless soul would be much superior to ordinary ones. Using such a soul to animate an object would allow for the summoning of powerful evil spirits.

"Black, what are you doing? Trying to extract my soul to offer as a sacrifice to evil spirits?" Daniel asked jovially.

His question caught Black by surprise. "Country boy, you realize I'm extracting your soul? And you even know that I intend to use it to summon evil spirits?"

"Of course."

"Ha ha ha ha..." Black erupted into laughter. Once he stopped, he spoke with absolute certainty, "So what if you know, bumpkin? Knowing I'm seizing your soul, what can you do about it? Even if you're aware of what I'm doing, you have no means to stop me!"

With that, Black quickened his chant of Soul Take in pitch and speed, aiming to seal the deal and claim Daniel's soul swiftly.

"Black, surely you don't think you're the only one who knows Soul Take?"

Daniel's query gave Black a moment's pause, prompting a retort, "You're not suggesting you know Soul Take, are you, bumpkin?" "Of course!" Daniel nodded earnestly, "I certainly know Soul Take."

Black broke into uproarious laughter, pointing his finger at Daniel as if he were the greatest fool he'd ever encountered. "You, a country

bumpkin, claim you know

Soule

Take? You dare to boast of such a thing? Ha ha ha ha..."

"Black, from what you're saying, you don't believe I know Soul Take?" asked Daniel.

"Of course, I don't believe you! Why

should I? Do you really think Soul Take is so simple that any common person could learn it? Don't you

know that Soul Take is the strongest spel amongst us warlocks? Only a Shaman Warlock of at least Junior

level could possibly master it!"