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Chapter 686

“Draw your weapons and fight!” Hector bellowed, his determined gaze psyching the rest of the family up.

“Fuck, let’s do this!”

“Charge!”

The Harmon family yelled and drew their weapons. Their conflict with the Dark Lord had been going on for years, and there was no way he would let them go easily. So, they might as well give it their best shot if they were going to die.

“You pests dare challenge me? You will all die!” The Dark Lord’s expression hardened. “Hector, since you’re being so stubborn, I’ll turn this place into a bloodbath today!”

He slowly pulled his hand back before slapping the ground harshly. Instantly, the ground shook, and snow exploded everywhere. A huge shadow palm fell from the sky and onto the Harmon family members, making it hard for them to breathe or even move. They realized that when their opponent was a Grandmaster martial artist, they couldn’t even run if they wanted to.

“Hmm...” Dustin frowned. He was just about to make his move when a pebble shot toward the shadow palm. There was a bang as the dark cloud dispersed.

Freed from the attack, the Harmon family began panting.

“Who the hell did that?” The Dark Lord studied the people around him with a sharp glare. He might have only used less than a third of his powers, but it was still more than what regular martial artists could withstand.

“Why do you insist on killing everybody? Can’t you just forgive them?” With a sigh, Mr. Robinson emerged from the crowd.

“Mr. Robinson?” Everyone was shocked. They never expected a family servant to stand up for them when things got rough. Alas, it wasn’t enough. Everything was useless when faced with a Grandmaster.

“Who are you? How dare you stop me!” The Dark Lord glared at the older man.

“I owe the Harmon family a debt, so I hope you could be generous enough to let them go.” Mr. Robinson requested politely.

“Hmph, who are you to talk to me like that?” The Dark Lord shouted.

“Come on, you come from the same family, so why do you have to fight them like this? You should stop now.” Mr. Robinson’s tone was grave.

“And if I don’t?” The Dark Lord narrowed his eyes, which glinted murderously.

“I’ll have to try and stop you then,” Mr. Robinson replied seriously.

“You stubborn, old thing!” The Dark Lord snarled. He launched himself forward and thrust his

palm at Mr. Robinson’s chest. The devastating force was so strong that it ripped through the air, causing the snow around them to evaporate and the trees around them to explode.

“Watch out, Mr. Robinson!”

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“Dad, duck!”

People cried out from the crowd. However, Mr. Robinson seemed to have frozen up in fear.

“Shit, he’s a goner!”

“No one can stand the attack of a Grandmaster.”

Everyone shook their heads, sighing silently.

Mr. Robinson’s courage was commendable, but he was still far too weak to save them. With a loud bang, the Dark Lord’s palm landed on Mr. Robinson’s chest.

Just as everyone thought that Mr. Robinson would be injured and die on the spot, a miracle happened. The small figure withstood the attack perfectly and without moving.

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“How is that possible?” Everyone’s jaws dropped. Even Herman hadn’t been able to withstand a single strike from the Dark Lord, so how was the feeble old man still standing?

“I-is this really happening? Mr. Robinson blocked the attack with his body?” Jacob’s eyes were wide.

“Holy shit! When did he become so powerful?” Trent gulped, his face stunned in disbelief. Although Hector didn’t say anything, the shock was written all over his face.

“I didn’t know there was someone so strong in the Harmon family!” Herman and Leon were secretly in awe. Even if the Dark Lord hadn’t used all his might, his attack was still more than what most people could withstand.

“What?” The Dark Lord staggered backward, flabbergasted. He had used eighty percent of his strength just now, yet Mr. Robinson had blocked his attack like it was nothing.

“You should stop now.” Mr. Robinson shook his head, a clear warning in his eyes.

“Shut up! I’m going to kill you!” The Dark Lord’s gaze hardened. He took out a red ball and flung it at Mr. Robinson, which exploded midair.

“Watch out! That’s Demon Fire! It can burn anything and kill you instantly!” Hector paled and cried out a warning.

Demon Fire was an infamous weapon in the martial world. Anything it touched would immediately turn into ash, and its killing power was incredible.

Mr. Robinson was unfazed by the flame. With a gentle puff, a strong gust of wind raked by, putting the fire out instantly.

“What...” Hector was taken aback. How did such a terrifying weapon get put out so quickly? Was this even humanely possible?

“How is this possible?” The Dark Lord paled. Demon Fire had been his trump card. It was so powerful that even Grandmasters would have a hard time defending themselves, yet Mr. Robinson had blown it out so easily. How terrifying!

“You’ve had your turn. Now, it’s mine.” Mr. Robinson slowly raised his hand and pointed.

Bang!

The Dark Lord’s body slammed backward with tremendous force, blasting through trees, a fake hill, and the gazebo before eventually crashing into the snow somewhere back, unconscious.

“Holy shit!” Everyone was stunned and tongue-tied into silence. The Dark Lord, who was a Grandmaster, someone countless martial artists yearned to become, had been defeated by a single attack from Mr. Robinson. That’s incredible!

“W-who are you?” The Dark Lord staggered to his feet. His hair was tousled, and blood trickled out of his nose and mouth. He looked as though he would collapse at any moment.

“Michael Robinson,” his opponent answered frankly

“M-Michael Robinson?” The Dark Lord paled and stammered, “Y-you’re Michael Robinson, one of

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the five ultimate grandmasters in Balerno?”

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Chapter 688

“Michael Robinson?”

As soon as everyone heard the name, their jaws dropped in shock. Michael Robinson, one of the five ultimate grandmasters in Balerno, was just as renowned as Paul Hill and was a legendary figure with an amazing reputation

Ten years ago, he single-handedly defended Westward Fortress by himself. He defeated three foreign ultimate grandmasters and repelled tens of thousands of enemies from breaking in. With him alone as defense, his opponents hadn't been able to step a single foot in, and this battle had made him famous. In a short year, word of his achievements spread far and wide, making him known as one of the strongest people in Balerno.

No one expected the same person, who had gone missing for years, to suddenly appear here as an ordinary family servant. It showed that one should never judge a book by its cover.

"Mr. Robinson is the Grandmaster Michael Robinson? How is that possible?" Hector was dismayed. Michael Robinson was their family's ultimate trump card. His father had once told Hector that a distress signal could only be sent when the entire family was on the brink of destruction. However, never in his dreams did he expect such a legendary figure to be hiding right under his nose, blending in well with everyone else.

"No wonder Mr. Robinson was so strong." Natasha was astonished. Being able to kill Marlon by pointing at him and defeating the Dark Lord with a single strike was more than enough to prove Michael's identity.

"How unexpected!"

"With his capability, no wonder he's such a legendary figure."

"I can't wait to brag about being served by a Grandmaster before!"

The Harmon family was excited after finding out the truth, their views of Michael turned respectful. No one expected the timid servant, who was full of smiles, to be one of the five ultimate grandmasters in Balerno.

"Dad..." Abigail was at a loss for words, her head blank. She still couldn't wrap her head around the fact that her father was such an important figure.

"It must have taken you a long time to reach such a level. I don't want to kill you, so stop now," Michael stated calmly. No one dared to look down on him after what had just transpired.

“As a Grandmaster myself, I doubt you can kill me!” The Dark Lord gritted his teeth in displeasure.

“You should know that there are strong Grandmasters, and there are weak ones. You’re still a fresh Grandmaster, so it wouldn’t be difficult to get rid of you.” Michael shook his head.

“Cut the crap! I’ll kill you today!” The Dark Lord bellowed, black fog bursting forth from his body.

“Watch out, sir. He’s going to go all out!” Herman warned.

Almost immediately, the Dark Lord made his move. With a powerful stomp, he shot in the opposite direction like a rocket. He had run away!

the five ultimate grandmasters in Balerno?

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The Dark Lord snuck away giddily, praising himself for his quick thinking that saved him from his death. There was no way he could have won against a monster like Michael. Only an idiot would have challenged that man.

After getting over the scare, the Dark Lord thought of something and smiled. “So what if my opponent is the legendary Michael Robinson? I still got away. He’s just a piece of trash!”

Suddenly, his grin froze as he sensed danger coming from behind. He instinctively turned around to see a beam of light shooting toward him at lightning speed.

“Aargh!” The Dark Lord shrieked in terror. He immediately used all his energy to form a shield. However, the barrier shattered as soon as it touched the light, which pierced his body. He howled in pain as he fell out of the sky and into the bushes.

“Great job!” The crowd cheered. They thought that the Dark Lord would get away once more, but all it took was for Michael to throw his sword like a javelin to take the Dark Lord down.

Just as they were basking in the happiness of defeating the Dark Lord, there was a red flash of light as the injured Dark Lord sprung up and dashed away rapidly, disappearing in a flash.

“A Blood Shield?” Michael was taken aback.

Blood Shield was a type of rare black magic. It drew energy from the user’s life force and allowed the user to have sudden bursts of strength and speed, which was extremely effective for both fighting and running away. However, it came at a cost. Each time a person used this technique, ten years of their life would drain away. Using a Blood Shield when injured was even worse, so even if that person didn’t die afterward, their fighting skills would drop significantly, and there was no way they could remain a Grandmaster anymore.

“He didn’t die. What a pity.” Hector sighed.

“That lucky bastard!” Trent gritted his teeth angrily

“The Dark Lord has been injured. He won’t get far. Men, go after him immediately!” Jacob ordered, leading the Harmon family’s elite guards. Everyone was aware that if they let the Dark Lord slip away today, the man would retaliate tenfold in the future.

“Mr. Robinson-I mean, Sir Robinson, thank you so much for helping our family today!” Hector lowered his head respectfully.

“Thank you, Sir Robinson!” Natasha and the rest of the family followed suit.

Mr. Robinson was no longer the timid old man they all knew. Instead, he was the renowned -Grandmaster-Michael Robinson!

“Don’t mention it. Mr. Harmon Senior helped me before, so I’m just repaying the favor,” Michael answered kindly as usual. However, his gaze was conflicted as it swept over Abigail. He had tried to keep his daughter safe by hiding his identity. Unfortunately, the truth had still come to light. If he became Michael Robinson once more, things would only become more troublesome.

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Amidst the heavy snowfall, a figure in black dashed on frantically, ignoring the fierce winds. Blood trickled out of his wounds and dripped onto the fresh snow beneath him.

“That piece of shit. He nearly killed me! Thank God I used Blood Shield, or I’d be dead meat by now! * The Dark Lord gritted his teeth, only letting out a sigh of relief when he saw that no one was on this trail, his face still ashen.

Michael’s final attack had been so strong that it had pierced his protective barrier and even

managed to cut through his ametrine armor, leaving a deep gash on his back. If it weren’t for that armor, he’d be dead by now. No wonder so many people feared the five Grandmasters. Fortunately, he managed to survive, and he even got some shocking information.

The Dark Lord wheezed and coughed out blood as he dragged his battered body toward his hiding spot. After ten minutes, he finally reached a hidden area in the courtyard.

“Who are you?” Several masked women jumped out, firmly clutching swords.

“It’s me.” The Dark Lord unveiled himself.

“Master?” The women immediately lowered their heads.

“Where’s Azalea?” The Dark Lord croaked.

“She’s standing guard in the hall,” one of the ladies answered.

“Keep an eye out for danger,” the Dark Lord reminded before heading over to the hall.

Meanwhile, Azalea was intently observing a wooden jar. She watched, amused, as a poisonous scorpion and centipede fought furiously.

“Azalea!” Just then, the doors opened, and the Dark Lord tottered into the room.

“Yes?” When Azalea saw the man, she paled and rushed over. “Master! What happened? Who did this to you?”

“Michael Robinson was helping the Harmon family, so I lost.” The Dark Lord scowled.

“Michael Robinson, one of Balerno’s Grandmasters?” Azalea frowned. “Didn’t he disappear years ago? What’s he doing here?”

“He was hiding his identity, so no one knew who he was. Today’s just my unlucky day.” The Dark Lord sighed. He thought he’d finally be able to destroy the Harmon family after becoming a Grandmaster, yet Michael’s sudden appearance nearly cost him his life. He must have the most

rotten luck!

“As long as you’re alright, we’ll have many more chances to take revenge. Let me treat your injuries.” Azalea immediately got to work, swiftly applying medicine and patching the man up. However, his internal injuries would require constant medication before they could heal.

“I might have lost this time, but at least I’ve obtained a valuable bargaining chip,” the Dark Lord.

mused.