

Chapter 775

"Y-You... How dare you humiliate me?" Joel erupted in fury. "I might not be stronger than her, but I'm surely stronger than you!"

He shouted, "I'm going to show you the Heavenly Immortals' terrifying power! Die!"

Joel aimed his palm at Dustin's back.

"No!"

The three women's expressions shifted, but they couldn't stop Joel in time. They could only watch helplessly as the forceful strike hit Dustin's back.

A resounding explosion echoed through the room. However, Dustin remained seated, completely unaffected.

Instead, Joel was sent flying backward like a rocket. He crashed through the windows and plummeted from the second floor, landing right by Daniel's feet.

"Joel?" The group was shocked to see him fall and quickly helped him to his feet.

Didn't he say he was going to hold them off? Why did he end up sprawled at their feet?

"Are you okay?" Daniel asked.

Joel spat out a mouthful of blood on Daniel's face, as if mocking him for even asking.

He then pointed a trembling finger at the window above, looking horrified.

“Run! There’s a monster up there!” He fainted as soon as he said that.

“A monster?” The group looked up at the second floor and met Dustin’s demonic gaze. It sent chills down their spine.

“Run!” Daniel didn’t hesitate. He ordered Joel to be lifted into the car before stepping on the accelerator.

Under Daniel’s urging, the car sped away, never slowing down.

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of a Victorian–style mansion. It was enclosed by high walls made of sturdy bricks.

The mansion occupied a vast area and had four courtyards, giving off an ancient vibe.

“Dad!”

“Mr. Grint!”

A group of people carried Joel inside the house in a rush. Their actions were accompanied by loud cries, creating quite a scene.

“What happened?” A strong, middle–aged man who looked weary walked out of the living room.

He was none other than Brutus Grint, the guildmaster of the Zen Order.

“Dan, what happened to you?” Brutus frowned, noticing Daniel’s injury.

“Dad, I’m in much better shape than Joel. Look at him. He’s dying.” Daniel looked concerned.

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"What?" Brutus took a closer look, and his expression hardened.

"Who did this? Who injured my disciple like this?" he asked in anger.

"Dad, it's a long story. Let's treat his injuries first." Daniel felt guilty.

Brutus stopped pursuing the matter and took out a healing tablet, feeding it to Joel. He then channeled internal energy into him to help with his injuries.

After around 30 minutes, Joel coughed and finally opened his eyes. However, the fear in his eyes

never subsided. That attack had traumatized him.

He couldn't believe that his full-on attack didn't hurt Dustin. Instead, it ended up hurting him

badly.

Joel's dignity as a martial artist ranked on the Heavenly Immortals had been trampled on.

"Joel, who did this to you?" Brutus asked darkly. Joel was his most talented student and his future

successor.

"Mr. Grint ..." Joel looked up at Brutus and started crying.

"Mr. Grint ... let's go back to Glenstead tonight. I don't want to take part in any Knighthood Society

tournament anymore," he said between sobs.

"Why are you crying like this? You're a grown man. What exactly happened?" Brutus asked,

frowning.

Joel continued sobbing. "Mr. Grint, I'm scared. I forfeit. Let's go back. It's scary here ..."