

## An Understated Dominance Chapter 947

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“Sir Reeds, the letter could have been fabricated.”

Spring said calmly, “All he needed to do was to get someone to imitate my penmanship.

“He could easily make a fake letter. **It** doesn’t prove anything.”

“Precisely! Who knows if he made it up?” The Hills took Spring’s side readily.

“Oh, Spring, it seems like I’ve underestimated you. How can you still be denying what you’ve done?”

“Alright, since you insist you’re innocent, I’ll give you evidence you can’t deny.”

Dustin clapped. Then, the disciples of the Kirin Gang parted to make way.

Then, an old man with white hair and beard strode out with his head held high.

Everyone stood frozen in place as if they’d been struck by lightning.

The old man was none other than the late Sir Paul!

“H—how is this possible? Isn’t Sir Paul dead?”

“Oh my god! I can’t possibly be looking at a ghost now, right?”

“What on Earth is going on? Has the dead come back to life?”

The crowd was shocked, and they all staggered back. They looked like they’d seen a ghost.

Everyone knew that Paul had died seven days ago. Many of them even watched as his body was buried.

So, how was he standing before them now? Could he have come back from the dead?

“S–Sir?” Ronald stared with his eyes wide as saucers. He could not believe what he was seeing

“No way! Is the old man not dead yet?” Conrad swallowed dryly. He instantly lost his composure.

“The dead have come back to life! What’s going on!”

Everyone descended into chaos, including those from the Balerno and Glenstead martial arts alliance and all the sects. Everyone was shocked.

“H–he’s not dead?”

Spring stared in disbelief as his eyes widened. His calm composure was gone.

He trembled and sweated all over, gripped by fear. Never in his darkest dreams had he imagined such a strange thing would happen.

“Sir Paul, it’s time you deal with your family affairs.” Dustin bowed and backed off.

“You terrible son! What have you got to say now?” Paul shouted at Spring, his face dark.

“**Yo-you**... Weren’t you dead? Why are **you** still alive?”

Spring was so frightened he stumbled backward with terror on his face.

**Take my cue, now could I call all of you, you vile ? Faul yelled at 1.**

**equi,**

“Faked your death? How could that be?”

“I checked that **you** were dead.” Spring shook his head, unable to accept what he heard.

He had waited for so long. He was just one step away from taking over Paul’s position.

But it had all come to waste now. It was a big blow to his plans.

“Hmph! I am a grandmaster, and I have mastered the invisible breath technique.

“I’d have wasted decades mastering the technique if I can’t **even** fool you!” Paul stated impassively.

“Why? Why? Why won’t you just die, old man

Spring seemed to lose it because his chance of taking Paul’s position was now destroyed.

It was like he had lost his sanity. He even screamed continuously to vent his aggravation and resentment.

“I put so much effort into making the perfect plan to kill you. I worked so hard to get everything right,

“But you still didn’t die. Why? Why didn’t you die?”

“You’ve had decades worth of glory, old man! It should have been enough!

“Why didn’t you willingly give up your position? Why couldn’t you have put me in charge?”

“I do not wish to be controlled by you for life! I do not want to live in your shadows constantly!”

“**You** should die! You should have died much earlier on!

“I’d never get a taste of success **if you** don’t die!”