

Chapter 944 Becoming An Apprentice

The powerful Black Dragon, who was famous in the underground boxing arena, was unexpectedly knocked down by a punch.

Delgado turned his head to look at Trevor in disbelief. His jaw dropped, and his eyes widened.

Trevor noticed Delgado staring at him. He turned to other guy and gazed at him coldly.

Standing in the boxing ring, Trevor raised his eyebrow and asked in a condescending manner, "Delgado, do you want to challenge me as well?"

The expression on Delgado's face changed dramatically. With Trevor's unflinching gaze, Delgado took half a step back, wanting to put as much space between them as he could.

"Don't be so arrogant. I'm not in my best shape today. I don't want to fight with you."

He tried to hide his fear by crossing his arms over his chest, turning around, and shouting at his former disciples, "Hey! All of you! Come with me! Let's go to a different martial arts

All of you! Come with me! Let's go to a different martial arts school!"

Delgado's initial support of Black Dragon was met with disdain. In the end, only Arius chose to follow Delgado and leave Pearce Martial Arts School.

Delgado's irritation flared, and he gritted his teeth.

Putting all the blame on Trevor, he stared daggers at him, but he didn't dare raise his voice. Instead, he cursed in a low voice, "Damn it! This is not over!"

With his tail between his legs, Delgado left in a hurry.

Meanwhile, Gladys was in a daze. She looked at Trevor, wondering what just happened.

"Trevor! You just knocked down Black Dragon with one punch. That's how powerful you are!"

Trevor crossed the ring rope and smiled politely. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yeah, it's alright. It's something I needed to do. Black Dragon was too arrogant. I had to take him down a notch."

"Stop belittling yourself. That was huge. I have to thank you for saving the reputation of this school." Gladys turned serious. "I didn't expect that the despicable Delgado would go so low and use such a dirty trick!"

Trevor was about to speak when he saw Pearce's thin figure appear not far from them.

The old man was grinning broadly, and his wrinkles became more noticeable. His entire posture exuded delight. He waved at Trevor, indicating him to go over.

"Sorry. You have to excuse me. Mr. Martinez wants to talk to me," Trevor told Gladys in a low voice.

Gladys had to hide her shock. She darted her eyes from Trevor to Pearce.

She wondered if her grandfather would accept this newcomer as a disciple.

Gladys recalled the moment Trevor knocked Black Dragon down, and she had to acknowledge that Trevor was unlike anyone she had ever seen. Perhaps it was natural for her grandfather to accept Trevor so easily.

Trevor followed Pearce to the tea room again, adjusting his pace to the old man's.

"Have a seat." Pearce busied himself with making tea. "I saw what happened, and you did an excellent job."

Hearing Pearce's words, Trevor smiled. He already guessed what the old man was going to say next.

Pearce paused for a while, smoothed his beard, and continued, "It reminded me of the time when I was young. I traveled all over the world to challenge different martial arts experts. These experiences helped shape me into the fighter that I wanted to be. I went to North America, the Alps,

Himalayas, and some unknown places. I learned all kinds of fighting techniques, including wrestling, boxing, kung fu, and karate. In my opinion, the fighting tactics are changeable, but the entire process is the same—observation, dodging, defense, and attack."

Pearce then raised the teapot and used his other hand to pick up a toothpick.

Trevor raised his eyebrows. Although he was not proficient in the art of making tea, he had never heard of this particular technique with a toothpick. His forehead creased, and he continued to observe.

Pearce began to pour tea into the cup so slowly, as if he had all the time in the world.

Trevor saw that it was light green tea.

As Pearce's fingertips shook, the toothpick pierced through the tea repeatedly.

The cup was partly filled with tea, which was so clear and had no tea leaves.

Trevor shifted his attention from the teacup to Pearce's hand, and he was shocked when he looked up.

The tea leaves were all skewered on the toothpick.

Trevor was taken aback. This was not something a normal person could do. It took a lot of skills to accomplish something like that.

What he just witnessed confirmed that Pearce was far from being an ordinary old man!

Trevor shook his head. It was absolutely impossible for him to do something like that.

Seeing the shocked expression on Trevor's face, Pearce chuckled softly and said, "Young man, I like you very much. Since you've passed my test, I will take you in as my disciple."

Trevor's eyes lit up. He bowed down and said excitedly, "Thank you, sir!"

He suddenly felt thirsty and wanted to drink the tea to moisten his throat. Without thinking, he reached for the cup. However, the moment Trevor picked up the teacup, he felt a stabbing pain in his hand. Before he could figure out what just happened, the teacup disappeared from his hand, and Pearce was holding it.

The old man had the teacup, but he didn't spill one drop at all. He shook his head at Trevor.

"This is not for you! Listen to me, you brat. You are now officially a disciple of mine. This cup of tea is not for you to drink. It's for the ceremony where you will formally recognize me as your master. You will be offering this to me!"

Although Trevor didn't understand the rationale behind the ritual, he nodded enthusiastically. He was over the moon.

He took the cup back and offered it to Pearce.

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 +120 Points at most

"Master, please drink the tea!"



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