

An Understated Dominance by Marina Vittori Chapter 2172

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The strong man fell.

Because he exerted too much force and exceeded his own limit, his blood vessels burst, and he fainted after spitting out a large mouthful of blood.

His muscles had been torn, his eyes were red, and the meridians in his body were all severely damaged.

Let alone a battle of luck, in the next few days, whether I can get out of bed will be a problem.

“Look! I told you before that he can’t do it. He has to show off here. Now he’s out of luck!”

“Sure enough, not everyone can challenge the fifty thousand kilogram giant cauldron.”

“I had already passed the assessment, but now it’s better. I tried to show off my strength and made myself vomit blood. I really overestimated my capabilities!”

“...”

Looking at the strong man who fell to the ground, everyone started talking.

Some were gloating, and some were quite sympathetic.

Being able to easily lift a 10,000-jin cauldron is already considered excellent. As for a 50,000-jin cauldron, only those with extraordinary talents cannot touch it.

After all, lifting a big cauldron and lifting a big cauldron are completely different concepts.

The “lifting” action is relatively easy, while the “lifting” action requires greater effort.

For example, a large cauldron weighing 50,000 kilograms would be impossible to lift without the strength of 60,000 to 70,000 kilograms.

“Come here, take him down to heal his injuries.”

The examiner shook his head helplessly and ordered two staff members to quickly lift the strong man down.

He self-destructed his meridians and was seriously injured and vomited blood. Although he was not life-threatening, he was no longer able to participate in the martial arts tournament, and he had no chance to show his face in the ring.

This is the result of not listening to advice and being self-righteous.

The 50,000-jin cauldron must be at least in the advanced stage of Xiantian, or even Dzogchen, to be qualified to touch it.

“Next, contestant No. 845.”

The examiner shouted expressionlessly and continued with the next assessment.

He was used to seeing injuries like this.

At this moment, Dustin was lining up in an orderly manner among the crowd.

He has the number plate 850, and there are five players in front of him.

“This little brother, you look a little unfamiliar. I wonder which sect you are a disciple of?”

At this time, a woman in white standing in front of Dustin suddenly turned around and asked.

The woman is tall, has a pretty face, and has a cheerful and contagious smile.

“No sect, no sect, just a casual cultivator.” Dustin responded politely.

“It must be very difficult to be self-taught without any family or sect.”

The woman in white smiled, stretched out her hand, and introduced herself: "Hello, my name is Meng Yao, Meng from Mencius, Yao from Yaochi, from the Xuanwu Sect in the south of the Yangtze River."

"Hello, my name is Dustin." Dustin nodded and smiled.

"It turns out to be Mr. Dustin. I'm glad to meet you."

Meng Yao smiled even sweeter: "I wonder if Mr. Lu will have time after signing up to have a meal together and exchange martial arts experiences?"

"Um?"

Dustin was slightly startled.

He didn't expect that the other party would be so direct.