

An Understated Dominance Chapter 1003

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Everyone was running around in panic. However, the black fog had blocked all their paths. There was nowhere for them to go.

“The Venerable Crane, aren’t you powerful? Please save us!”

“Sir Thorne, you are a grandmaster martial artist. You must be able to help us, right?”

“Orson, aren’t you supposed to care about us? Saving lives is going to benefit an abbot like you

tremendously!”

A group of flustered martial artists hurried over to Theodore and his group. They cried and begged

to be saved.

“What a bunch of trash! Fuck off!” Theodore waved his hand, giving off a force that sent them

flying.

“Well, greed kills a person. **You** can only consider this your misfortune,” Graham said coldly, remaining unfazed.

“This is a natural catastrophe. There is nothing much I can do either.” Orson shook his head.

In the face of the poisonous fog, the grandmasters could only protect themselves.

“Sir Robinson! Please save us!”

Right then, a large group of martial artists approached Michael and kneeled in front of him. They all prostrated before him.

“Since you’re so powerful, you must have a way to save us!”

“Neptune, we see you as our idol. You can’t leave us in the lurch!”

They wept bitterly, well aware that Michael was the only one who could save them.

“Dad, what should we do? We can’t just sit by and wait for death, can we?” Abigail asked.

Michael had tried unleashing his inner energy earlier. However, it was of no help at all.

“Actually, I have another way.” He let **out** a soft sigh. “But **it’s** pretty **risky**.”

“**Mr. Robinson**. Don’t do anything reckless!” Dustin immediately warned, his brow **furrowing**.

He could tell **what was** on Michael’s mind.

“**Mr. Rhys**, **we’re** talking about human lives here. These people will be the backbone of the martial world in the **future**. How can I **just** stand by and watch **them die**?” Michael shook his head.

“With **your cultivation**, **you** can easily leave with Abigail safely. **Why bother** getting involved?”

“If I don’t help them, **they** are going to die. Their deaths would greatly affect the martial world,” Michael said with a complicated expression.

“**Do** you think it’s worth sacrificing yourself for the sake of these people who have nothing to do with you?” Dustin was slightly wound up.

“Don’t worry. I’m not going to die. It’s just Song of Hell. Just watch me get rid of it!”

Michael took a step forward and suddenly rose into the air. He held his palm up and created a massive energy vortex around his body. Then, he fiercely took a deep breath.

As the vortex swirled wildly, an immense force erupted in an instant. The force forcibly pulled the

black fog over.

In the blink of an eye, Michael had been engulfed by the poisonous miasma. Right then, there was only a huge vortex swirling in the air, sucking in the overwhelming black fog.

“Mr. Robinson!” Dustin’s face fell.

He had guessed it right. Michael was going to use his body as the medium to take in all of the

black fog.

He was risking his life for the sake of the people!