

An Understated Dominance Chapter 1002

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“What’s going on? Where did the black fog come from?”

“Does anyone have Curax? I’d be willing to pay a high price for it!”

“Oh, no! Are we going to be poisoned to death?”

Everyone was terrified as they watched the black fog closing in on them from all sides. Their legs

had turned **to** jelly.

They had come here in search of treasure. But instead of finding any, they had thrown themselves

into danger.

“This is bad. The Black Forest has Song of Hell!”

Michael

scanned his surroundings with a grim expression. At this time, he could no longer care about Theodore, Graham, and Orson.

“Dad, what’s Song of Hell?” Abigail couldn’t help but feel nervous when she saw how anxious the

others were.

“An extremely terrifying miasma. It’s known as one of the ten deadliest poisons in the world.

While it might not be the most toxic, its lethality is unmatched. It destroys and devours everything in its path,” Michael explained.

Hearing that, Abigail swallowed nervously. "Then what should we do now?"

"Miracle doctor, **you** have exceptional medical skills and are well-versed in poisons. Do you have **any** idea how to deal with it?" Azalea suddenly asked.

"**No.**" Dustin frowned.

"Song of Hell is approaching relentlessly. The martial artists below the grandmaster level will have a hard time resisting it. Even Curax won't be of much help."

The surrounding black **fog** seemed sentient. It had its target **fixed** on humans, which was somewhat peculiar.

"Mr. Rhys, let's **try to** use **our** internal **energy**," Michael suggested.

Dustin nodded. "**Okay.**"

They took a **deep breath** at the same time and thrust **their palms at the** black fog **nearby**. Then, **fierce** gusts of **wind surged forward**. It pushed **the fog** several **meters to the back** at once.

"**It's working!**" **Abigail's eyes brightened.**

However, the next second, her smile **froze**.

The space that had been cleared was instantly engulfed by the black fog again.

"One more time!"

Michael and Dustin exchanged a glance. They continued to unleash their palm strikes.

They managed to push the fog far behind. But it soon returned as soon as they stopped using their internal energy.

Rather than forcing the fog away, they only slowed its speed.

“Why can’t the black fog be blown away?” Abigail was both shocked and confused.

“Song of Hell is something else.” Dustin frowned.

“Mr. Rhys!”

At this time, Vanessa led Azure Mist and walked up to them. She handed Dustin a bottle of medicine and said, “This is Curax. Hurry up and eat it. You’d be able to withstand the fog.”

Dustin shook his head. “It’s useless. This is Song of Hell.”

“Song of Hell?”

Hearing that, the members of Azure Mist changed their expressions drastically. Although they had never encountered the miasma before, they had heard of how powerful it was.

It was a deadly poison that could destroy everything with a single touch.

As

the black **fog** continued its advance, an increasing number of martial artists fell victim to it. The scene was starting to be filled with panicked screams and agonized cries.

“Ah! I don’t want to die!”

“Save me, please!”

“Why am I still poisoned? **I’ve** taken Curax!”

“This is a disaster!”