

# Harvey York's Rise to Power Chapter 3551

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Chapter 3551

There was an elderly person sitting on a chair in the middle of the hall.

His eyes were bulging out; he wasn't breathing at all, nor was he moving a single inch. It was as if he was already dead.

"Pay us what's been owed, you b\*stard! How do you not understand this?!"

A hunk with a chiseled body was screaming viciously at Dillon.

"My father loves martial arts, but my family didn't allow him to train because of his old age!"

"And then you people showed up!"

"You were giving out flyers on the streets! My father got one of them!"

"He came here to train after seeing that he can have three days here for free!"

"What happened after that? He couldn't even get a move down before dying!"

"Is this a Budokan or a goddamn mortuary?!"

"You're killing people!"

The other members of the family were completely infuriated after hearing the man's words.

"That's right! Stop trying to lead your students astray if you can't even teach them properly!"

"You'll pay for my grandfather's life!"

"Enough talk! Just kill him already!"

"Murderer! Murderer!"

The family members screamed in anger, sounding as if they were ready to kill off Dillon.

"It isn't like that! I didn't even get this man in here! He came in on his own!" Dillon exclaimed, horrified.

"As soon as he came in, he said he wanted a big sword to practice. Right after that, he suddenly fell down!"

The old man's family members started to question Dillon's words as they waved the flyers around.

They wanted to beat Dillon up without bothering to hear his explanation.

"Stop!" Harvey yelled. He rushed forward.

He sent a few people in front flying with a slap. Screams of pain could be heard soon after.

"Huh?! You're hitting people now? How dare you!"

"Are you lawless?!"

"This is just insane!" the hunk exclaimed angrily.

"How dare you hit us, you murderer! We'll beat you up!"

A group of people then charged forward.

Slap, slap, slap!

Harvey couldn't be bothered to speak; he waved his hand, and a gust of wind blew over, causing the charging people to stumble back.

They were completely shocked; they didn't think that Harvey was able to fight back with just a wave of his hand.

The crowd was in utter disbelief.

"I'm the owner of the place."

Harvey glanced at the people. When he spoke, his voice traveled across the hall.

"If the Martial Hall is at fault, I'll make sure to take full responsibility for the situation!"

"But... How dare you beat someone up before you clarified anything!"

"I will not allow this to happen!"

Harvey looked at Dillon.

"What happened?"

Harvey didn't have time to understand the situation over the phone.

"We prepared some promotional material ahead of time to recruit more students..."

Dillon looked guilty.

"But we gave up when nobody came."

"This old man barged in after dusk."

"He said he wanted to train here..."

Chapter 3552

"I didn't let him enroll, since he looked pretty weak..."

"But he insisted on coming, saying that he wants to get healthier."

"He grabbed a prop sword on his own before passing out."

"He stopped breathing after a short while."

"The family members showed up out of nowhere after that."

"They said we were the ones who killed him."

"I tried to explain the situation, but they just beat me up without even listening to me."

"If I wasn't good at fighting, I would've been dead by now!"

"I didn't even fight back after so long."

Dillon briefly explained the situation to Harvey, sounding unspeakably helpless.

As the top disciple of Flutwell's Longmen branch, Dillon had always been the one showing off, doing whatever he pleased wherever he went.

But not only was he taking the blame for something he didn't do, he was also beaten up to the point where his face was completely swollen.

While Dillon was explaining the situation, the hunk exclaimed loudly, "You killed my father!"

"Everyone here is a witness!"

"My father goes dancing at the public square every single day. He has quite a few dance partners too."

"A bunch of people in the district would complain about him, since he does this at four o'clock every morning!"

"This should be enough to prove just how healthy he is!"

"But now what?"

"My father died before even coming here for two minutes!"

"If you didn't kill him, then who did?!"

"Oh, Father!" the hunk wailed in sorrow.

"What a horrible way for you to go!"

"What will Auntie Jackson, Auntie Lee, and Auntie Foster do?!"

"It's all my fault!"

"I couldn't keep you safe!"

"I can't believe I just let you wander in this heinous Budokan!"

The crowd nodded in unison; the elderly man did seem quite healthy when he came to the Budokan.

The problem was already quite apparent when he waved the prop sword around.

He was lying on the ground like a dead person. In such a situation, blaming the Martial Hall was the only logical explanation.

After seeing the crowd on his side, the hunk took the opportunity to fan the flames even more.

"You better compensate for this! I want fifteen million dollars right now!"

"If not, I'll call the cops and report to them that you were disregarding human life and were doing whatever you please!"

"Not only are you going to compensate..."

"But you'll also be sitting behind bars for the rest of your life!"

The crowd all stood, ready to beat up Dillon once again.

But after recalling Harvey's ferocious slap, they gave up instantly. They wouldn't dare take a single step forward, so all they did was glare furiously at him.

If looks could kill, Harvey would've been dead a thousand times over.

"Enough. I understand now."

Harvey glanced calmly at the hunk.

"You won't get a chance to blackmail me here."

He crouched down to check on the elderly man.

The man was five foot six and relatively skinny; he seemed no different than normal people.

However, an odd aura could be felt from him.

It was as if the man suppressed his breathing to put himself in a state of playing dead.

The Turtle Breath!

This was a martial art lost to history, one that gave anyone the power to play dead without spending too much strength.

If Harvey wasn't an experienced man, he would've been easily fooled.

Chapter 3552

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Chapter 3553

Harvey stood up after getting a closer look.

"Your father's still alive."

"Not only that, he'll be full of energy once I'm done treating him. He'll be back to normal in no time."

"What? He's still alive?"

"You can save him?! How's that even possible?"

"That's bullsh\*t! He's already dead! Everyone saw him die! How can you possibly save him at this point?!"

"Did that guy say he could save the man?"

"Maybe he has the connections to save him! Help is probably on the way!"

"He's waiting for someone else to save the man!"

The crowd was gossiping up a storm after seeing Harvey's calm expression.

'This is a Budokan, not a hospital.'

'Does he think he can revive the dead? Who does he think he is?'

The hunk and the others glared coldly at Harvey; they didn't believe that Harvey could actually see through their tricks.

"I've already called the cops, Sir York. You don't have to..." Dillon said, his face awful.

"Get me the axe. I'll be treating this man with that."

Harvey immediately interrupted Dillon, telling the latter to grab the axe hanging on the wall.

After getting a whetstone, Harvey then started to sharpen the axe.

Creak!

Creak!

The horrible sound was utterly terrifying.

"What are you trying to do?!"

The hunk had a bad feeling about the situation. He glared at Harvey.

"Nothing much," Harvey replied with a smile.

"I'm going to save this man."

"Your father has a serious condition—  
he's playing dead. He'll come back to life when I chop his head off."

The elderly's eyes twitched after hearing Harvey's words, but nobody seemed to have noticed.

The hunk was boiling with anger.

"You're insane! This is nuts!"

"You're not saving him!"

"You're disrespecting the dead!"

"I won't let you do such a thing!"

Harvey poured a cup of tea onto the axe after he was done sharpening it.

"Don't worry!" he said, still smiling.

"If I can't save your father, not only will I pay the money, but I'll even chop my own head off for you!"

"You won't lose anything!"

Harvey waved the axe in his hand, and then swung it toward the elderly man's neck.

It was a vicious swing, as if Harvey wouldn't stop until he chopped the man's head off.

"Aaaah!"

The moment the axe was about to land, the elderly man's body shivered and he rolled to the side.

Bam!

A huge crack appeared on the marble floor. It was a terrifying sight.

The hunk and the others stared at the floor with frantically twitching eyes. They didn't expect Harvey to actually do something like this.

"Huh?"

"What's going on here?"

"What happened to the body?"

"The old man's actually alive?!"

"This guy actually saved him!"

"That's incredible! What did he do?"

The crowd was bewildered. They didn't think Harvey was actually able to save someone like that.

The elderly man had a horrible expression.

His plans were considered to be flawless, even if he couldn't deal with Harvey once and for all, Harvey would have to suffer because of it.

Who would've thought Harvey would use such a reckless tactic to break out of the crisis?

Chapter 3554

"I got your father back up."

Harvey let go of his axe and stepped forward calmly. Then, he kicked the hunk to the ground.

"Now, shouldn't you be giving me an explanation about this whole situation?"

"You're pretty bold to use the Turtle Breath here. Quite impressive..."

"The only problem is that this old man here is afraid of dying."

"If he'd just let me chop his head off, I would've been the dead one."

"What a shame..."

The hunk glared furiously at the old man.

"Who told you to wake up, you b\*stard?!"

The hunk had a gloomy look on his face.

He had basically admitted that he was trying to blackmail Harvey.

"Talk. Who sent you?" Harvey demanded coldly.

The hunk gritted his teeth.

"Nobody! This all happened to my father because you're not good at teaching! You led your students astray!"

"Stop spouting nonsense about Turtle Breath or whatever..."

The hunk felt completely powerless when he tried to refute Harvey. After all, what had happened had already proven that he was here either to blackmail Harvey or

cause trouble.

Harvey looked at the elderly man with a faint smile.

"Are you sure you're his father? Or are you just someone he hired for a high price?"

"I'm..."

The elderly man gritted his teeth.

"You don't have a say in this."

"We'll know soon enough when the cops come," Harvey said.

"You probably had some sort of transaction for this as well. We'll know everything when the cops check your bank account."

"You come here blackmailing me for fifteen million dollars and beat up one of my men..."

"According to my calculations, you'll be behind bars for at least ten years."

"You're done for, old man."

The old man trembled after hearing Harvey's words.

"T-This has nothing to do with me!"

"They gave me 1.5 million dollars to play dead!"

"My greed got ahead of me..."

The crowd fell into an uproar.

"So it was true!"

"These guys are heinous! How dare they try to blackmail someone in the Martial Hall! This is shameful!"

"If it wasn't for Sir York, the decade-old Martial Hall would've closed down!"

"They even got someone beat up because of this!"

The crowd was showing righteous fury after hearing the elderly man's confession; they realized that they had been used to fan the flames.

They wanted to beat up the hunk along with the others badly!

Harvey, however, looked at the hunk calmly.

"Talk. Who sent you?"

The hunk gritted his teeth, trying not to expose anything.

"I don't know what you're talking about..."

"You don't?"

Harvey waved his axe around and took a step forward.

"I'll make you remember soon enough!"

Before Harvey could even do anything, the hunk glanced at his companions and bit something.

Pfft!

A cloud of black blood spurted out of the people's mouths. They lay on the ground, paralyzed.

Poison!

They *had* poison *sacs hidden* in their mouths since the very beginning!