

Black Falcon was stunned momentarily and said, "Nope! Once we're dispatched to a location, it won't change until we're dead."

Kayson fell silent for a moment before saying, "Sir, I can help you become a master-level fighter, but you need to promise me that you will do your best to protect the Tinsleys."

Black Falcon's pupils constricted, and he was taken aback. He had been a peak-level energy fighter for a long time. There were several times he had tried to make a breakthrough and become a master but to no avail. He couldn't unleash his inner energy no matter how hard he tried.

He had already lost his hope after so many years. Toward the end, he already started to accept that he did not have enough talent and would never have a chance to become a master.

However, after he heard what Kayson said today, it was as if a rock had fallen into a calm pool, and he thought his ears or his mind was playing a trick on him.

"Y-You aren't messing with me, right, young man? It has been a long time since I couldn't become a master."

Kayson had scanned him so he knew what was going on with his body.

"It seems to me that you're a combat specialist who specializes in hand-to-hand combat. Maybe you've been on a lot of missions in the past, so there are a lot of wounds and scars on the inner thighs and the back of the upper arms, right?"

