

An Understated Dominance Chapter 811 - 820

Chapter 811

“Hah! What a bold statement! I’d like to see what you’re capable of!”

Alan couldn’t hold back any longer. He took a step forward, raising his broadsword high. Then, he brought it down at full force, slashing mercilessly at Dustin.

It was a powerful strike, almost possessing a force capable of splitting the earth. As the broadsword slashed toward Dustin, the lake surrounding the platform rippled from the force.

“Impressive swordplay!”

The onlookers were surprised. The Heavenly Immortals lived up to their name. It was amazing how just a casual move had such terrifying power.

Dustin shook his head. Instead of backing off, he pressed forward. While dodging the strike, he threw a heavy punch at Alan.

“That was quick!”

Alan’s eyes narrowed as he reflexively blocked the punch with the back of his broadsword. Dustin’s fist landed heavily on the sword, making a dull thud.

Instantly, Alan was sent flying several feet away, his sword still in hand. When he landed, he needed a few moments to steady himself.

“How is that possible?” Alan paled.

He felt numb along the length of his arm, and his blood boiled. The back of his broadsword, made of darksteel, had bent from the force of Dustin’s punch.

He no longer dared to underestimate his opponent and took the fight seriously.

The punch had taught him a lesson. He might have been seriously injured on the spot if he had not deflected the blow with the back of his sword.

His opponent’s strength was truly terrifying!

“My gosh! That bastard has actually gained the upper hand?”

“No wonder he can afford to act so arrogantly. He does indeed have several tricks up his sleeves!”

The crowd was astonished to see Alan pushed backward by Dustin.

“Damn it! Who would expect the bastard to actually have some real skills?” Devon was astounded.

“Hah! What’s so great about him? He got lucky because his opponent underestimated him!” Jared wasn’t happy to see Dustin gaining the upper hand over his opponent.

The better Dustin performed, the more it made Jared look bad. As someone regarded as a genius, he refused to accept that.

“He’s holding up well with one opponent. But if all three of them came at him, he still wouldn’t stand a chance.” Ronald looked at the arena regretfully.

He had to admit that Dustin was good and had excellent skills. He was good enough to be among the top ten Heavenly Immortals.

But he had been too arrogant and had acted irrationally. And that would ultimately cause him

to lose.

“Lexi, Torres, that person is powerful. It seems like we really need to join forces.” Alan flexed his numb arm, eyes darting around alertly.

“It might seem a little unfair to go up on him together. But since he was the one who requested it, we haven’t got anything to feel sorry for.” Lexi eyed Alan’s bent darksteel broadsword and flinched involuntarily.

Alan had always had ungodly strength and defeated his opponents with brute strength. But he had lost in the battle of strength just a while ago.

That showed just how strong the person they were going up against was.

“Both of you go on ahead. I’ll cover the rear.” Torres took two steps back, a cold glint flashing in his eyes.

As an assassin, he had always disliked hand-to-hand combat.

“Alright. We’ll have some fun first, then!” Alan and Lexi exchanged a glance and nodded at each other.

“Come on, then.” Dustin beckoned for them to come forward with a curl of his finger.

“Charge!” Without another word, two of them charged towa

Chapter 812

Alan attacked straight on while Lexi supported him from the side. They worked in perfect unison, each move aiming to kill.

In a match between experts, the outcome was never certain. Hence, they needed to gain the upper hand.

Dustin remained impassive and focused on dodging the oncoming attacks from both sides.

His focus was on Torres. The cold and murderous intent radiating from him was impossible to ignore.

For an assassin to be ranked among the top ten Heavenly Immortals proved that he was far from normal.

Though he appeared weak and sickly, that was a front to deceive his enemies. He would strike mercilessly once there was an opportunity, making even grandmasters wary.

Alan’s broadsword slashed wildly in the arena, making loud whooshing sounds.

Attacks came relentlessly at Dustin from both sides. Their movements disturbed the water around them so much that the fishes leaped up in alarm.

Dustin moved swiftly, dodging left and right to escape their attacks. But in the eyes of the crowd, it looked like he was being chased around.

“Get him! Kill him!”

Devon clenched his fists, fixing his gaze on Dustin. The more danger Dustin was in, the more excited he was.

“Hah! He can’t even handle two of them. How dare he challenge the three of them to attack together? He doesn’t know where he stands!” Jared laughed mirthlessly.

There were few people who were yet grandmasters and could hold up against the joint attack of two Heavenly Immortals.

To the crowd, it looked like Dustin was already cowering and fleeing in panic when the match had just started.

“Azalea, Dustin wouldn’t lose, would he?” Abigail watched the match, looking anxious.

“Don’t worry. It’s too early to know who’ll end up the last man standing.” Azalea twirled her hair with her finger, smiling.

“He has pretty impressive footwork. I wonder how long he’ll last.” Ronald watched on keenly, his expression grave.

Facing two opponents was already the limit. But an expert ranked seventh among the

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The highly anticipated showdown finally started.

Chapter 813

“I-” Joel started but stopped himself. In the end, he just sighed.

If he had not experienced it, he would have found it hard to believe that Balerno had such a fearful talent too.

Over in the arena, the match got heated.

Alan and Lexi gave everything they had. They initially started out attacking full-on, pursuing Dustin relentlessly.

But as time went on, they began to feel something was amiss. They couldn’t reach Dustin, no matter how they attacked or surrounded him.

He moved around like a ghost, and they could not touch him. He would evade their fatal strikes whenever they thought they would hit him..

They could pin it on luck if it happened only once or twice. But it was different when it happened multiple times.

It was as if the two of them were not attacking but rather being led on. It felt terrible, and the two began to panic.

They knew that if that went on, they would exhaust their true energy. And when that happened, they would be entirely at Dustin's mercy.

"Torres! We can't hold on any longer! You better help us out!" Seeing how things weren't going great for them, Lexi turned to shout at Torres.

Before she could react, a black, spherical object fell from above. Then, with a loud bang, it exploded at their feet.

As the sphere exploded, thick black smoke surged out, engulfing them instantly. The smoke did not stop pouring out, eventually spreading out to cover the whole platform.

The audience could not see what was happening in the arena for a moment.

And then, the most terrifying thing happened.

When the smoke came into contact with the lake's water, hundreds of fishes within a 100-yard

radius floated to the surface with their bellies up. The smoke was highly poisonous!

Engulfed by the smoke, Alan and Lexi began coughing, their expressions filled with agony. Their skin also started turning black quickly, as if they were being burned.

They instinctively channeled their energy from within to force the toxic out of their body. But the moment they did that, they spat out black blood and collapsed.

"Torres! You poisoned us? Have you gone out of your fucking mind?" Lexi asked weakly.

Heavenly Immortals was observing from the side.

In such an unfair match, there could only be one outcome.

"Rhys, you've put yourself on the spot this time." Paul frowned.

He had expected Dustin to turn the tables and save the day. But from how things were going now, that no longer seemed possible.

"Joel, look at him. He doesn't look like he's all that great. Why are you so terrified of him?"

At the Glenstead martial arts alliance's side, Joel had changed into clean clothes. Then, accompanied by Daniel, they reentered the gazebo to watch the match.

"No! You don't understand!" Joel shook his head, fear written on his face.

"He hasn't unleashed his full powers yet. He's just toying with them!"

This was not the full extent of the powers of someone who had wounded him badly with his bare hands.

"Say, Mr. Grint, has your disciple been scared, silly? How could he spout such nonsense?" Conrad was displeased.

It was one thing to be scared and run away from the match. But worse, he was spreading foolish lies and ruining their spirits. That was an act that deserved to be punished.

"I'm speaking the truth, Sir Melling! That person's strength is immeasurable; I wouldn't be surprised if he has already reached the level of a grandmaster! We shouldn't underestimate him!" Joel said seriously.

"The level of a grandmaster? Haha!" Conrad chuckled.

"Young man, you're sounding more and more outrageous with each passing second! There are only a few who have reached the level of grandmaster in the whole of Balerno! And I've never heard of a grandmaster as young as him!"

"Sir Melling="

"That's enough!"

Joel wanted to continue speaking, but Brutus cut him off curtly. "Joel, you should rest up if you're feeling unwell. Stop embarrassing us!"

"Joel, that rascal is almost losing it. Why are you still praising the enemy and putting our side down? What's the point?" Daniel frowned.

Chapter 814

Lexi was shocked when she saw Alan beheaded.

Torres' ruthlessness was beyond her expectations. Who would have thought that he'd kill someone on a whim?

They didn't even have any serious conflicts beforehand. The only conflict of interest they shared was who would compete in the match first.

They had no grudge between them and were on the same side. Lexi could not comprehend why Torres would do such a thing.

"It's your turn now." Torres smirked, sticking his tongue out to lick the blood off his knife.

He looked like a psychopath!

"Why are you doing this? We haven't got any grudges between us. Why can't you show us some mercy?" Lexi was terrified.

She struggled with all her might, but as she was paralyzed by the poison, she could not escape.

"I do not need a reason to wipe out you Dragonmarshians, especially talents like you! The more of the likes of you that die, the better! Now, go to hell!" With that, he aimed the knife at Lexi.

Suddenly, a silver needle flew toward Torres from amidst the smoke and accurately hit the blade. The impact sent the knife flying from Torres' hand and clattering to the ground.

He frowned and looked in the direction where the needle came from. Before him, amidst the smoke, emerged a figure.

It was Dustin!

"Hey, brat! You're not dead yet?" Torres' eyes widened, surprised.

After all, the poison he had carefully concocted was one that few could withstand, apart from grandmasters. It was strange to see the man before him unaffected by the poison.

"To be honest, I am immune to all poisons. Your poison does not affect me at all," Dustin said

casually.

“No wonder. It seems like I’ve met a fellow practitioner.”

Torres reached behind his back and pulled out two daggers.

“Buddy! Save me... Quick!” Lexi wailed in agony as black blood flowed out from her nose continuously.

Dustin sent an antidote pill flying straight into her mouth with a flick.

Lexi swallowed the pill. Soon, she was no longer in pain. Her skin, which had previously turned black from the poison, gradually returned to normal.

“Thank you! Thank you!” Lexi wept in relief and gratitude at being saved.

“Impressive! You do have some tricks up your sleeves, I see!”

Torres frowned slightly. No regular person could have the antidote to the poison he came up with.

“From what you just said, it sounded like you’re not Dragonmarshian, are you? Tell me, exactly are you?” Dustin suddenly asked.

who

Judging from how he could easily kill his companions, he clearly wasn’t a good person.

“Hah! You’re going to die soon. Why do you need to know so much?” Torres’ expression darkened.

“You better come clean, or you will die a miserable death.” Dustin looked at him indifferently.

“You’re just a nobody! How dare you speak to me so arrogantly? Die!”

Without another word, Torres vanished from sight. When he reappeared again, he was already behind Dustin. He aimed a dagger toward Dustin’s throat, which emitted a dark glint.

Without even turning around, Dustin reached a hand out and blocked the side of his neck. The dagger slashed across his palm, making a metallic clang. But he wasn’t injured at all.

Torres' expression darkened. Then his dagger changed course, and instead of slashing, he stabbed it straight at Dustin's back.

Again, another metallic clang rang.

To Torres' astonishment, his strike failed to harm Dustin, and his dagger broke. "How is this possible?" Torres was alarmed.

Chapter 815

Torres' dagger was made of darksteel, which was virtually indestructible.

Stabbing someone with the dagger should have been like a knife cutting through butter. Then, why had he not been able to harm Dustin? Who exactly was he?

"Are you still going to put up a fight?" Dustin slowly turned around to face him, his gaze sharp.

"Go to hell!"

Torres took a step back, creating distance between them. At the same time, he threw a volley of poisoned darts at Dustin. They rained down on him instantly.

With a cold expression, Dustin simply brushed them away with a wave of his hand.

With a whoosh, Dustin reflected all the darts at Torres.

Unable to dodge in time, most of the poisoned darts hit Torres. He fell to the ground on the spot.

As he tried to get up, Dustin placed his foot on Torres' chest, pinning him. Torres could not

move.

"Spill! Who on earth are you?" Dustin looked down at him, an impassive look in his eyes.

"I'm someone you cannot afford to cross. So get the hell off me and let me go, or you'll regret the day you were born!" Torres threatened fiercely, despite the disadvantageous position he

was in.

“Oh? Is that so?”

Dustin put force on his foot, cracking Torres’ ribs one by one. Torres bled from his nose and mouth. A deathly fear gripped him.

“Alright! I’ll speak!” Seeing how his chest was about to collapse from the pressure, Torres lost

his cool.

“I’m a Shadowslayer assassin from Kimboku. I’ve been hiding in Dragonmarsh all this time, collecting information on all of you.”

“Kimboku? Shadowslayer?” Dustin widened his eyes in surprise.

Kimboku was Dragonmarsh’s nemesis. Both countries had always had ongoing friction and disagreements.

As for Shadowslayer, it was one of the top three sects in Kimboku. It produced many assassins who specialized in collecting intelligence and carrying out secret operations.

Shadowslayer assassins were a mystery. They rarely ever made an appearance and were always in hiding.

Dustin never expected to meet one of them here.

And most importantly, one who had managed to make his way among the Heavenly Immortals, becoming an expert martial artist respected by all.

“I believe you’ve heard of Shadowslayer. If you do not wish to get into trouble, let me go right this instant. Or you’ll regret it!” Torres threatened once again.

“You Shadowslayers have been wreaking havoc in Dragonmarsh. Do you think you can make it out alive today?” Dustin asked frostily.

“I’m warning you, you better not act recklessly. If you dare harm me, you will undoubtedly face the relentless pursuit of the Shadowslayers. You-!”

Before he could finish his sentence, Dustin shifted his full weight on his foot. A dull cracking sound was heard, and Torres' chest exploded. His eyes popped out of their sockets, and he died on the spot.

At the same time, the crowd was in confusion.

“What’s going on? Which side has won?”

“Do you need to ask? Of course, the Glenstead martial arts alliance won! They fought three to

one! It would have been a breeze for them!”

“Damn it! We missed out on the best part of the show because of the smoke! I can’t see shit!”

The thick, black smoke enveloped the arena. The crowd couldn’t help but complain.

“Jared, the smoke looks like it’s extremely poisonous. Do you think the bastard died from the poison yet?” Devon asked warily.

“Hah! He went up against three of them, and there was poison in the smoke. No matter how great he is, he’s bound to die today!” Jared smiled coldly.

“Jared, look! The smoke is clearing up!” a Boulderthorn disciple exclaimed.

As everyone focused on the arena, they saw the smoke gradually clearing up after a gust of wind blew it away.

At the same time, a figure stood with hands behind his back, gradually revealing himself before their eyes.

But everyone was shocked once they got a clear view of the person on the platform.

The smile on Jared and the Boulderthorn disciples froze completely. They gaped, tongue-tied,

with an expression of disbelief.

Chapter 816

“No way! The experts from the Glenstead martial arts alliance lost? What is going on?”

“Who on earth is this person? He went up against three of them alone and still emerged victorious?”

“No! That’s impossible! How can a nobody defeat three Heavenly Immortals?”

Chaos broke out among the crowd when they saw the result of the match.

Everyone was shocked and in disbelief. Nobody could accept that an unknown martial artist defeated three of the top ten Heavenly Immortals.

“How did this happen? How could we have lost?” Conrad stared, wide-eyed in disbelief.

Over the years, he had experienced many things. But when faced with such an unbelievable outcome, he still found it hard to remain calm.

It had seemed sure that they would win, so how did things turn out this way?

“What on earth happened just now?” Brutus frowned, still in disbelief.

Over in the arena, one was poisoned, one had their head severed, and another’s chest exploded. The three Heavenly Immortals were dead and wounded.

It was hard to accept, but the result was obvious for all to see.

“I told you. This person isn’t as simple as he seems. But none of you believed me,” Joel said with a sigh.

Besides the lingering fear, he also felt a sense of relief. He felt lucky that he hadn’t fought in the match, or he would have been beaten to a pulp on the ground.

“Wha-How is this possible? That bastard... He’s not dead yet?”

Jared and the rest of the Boulderthorn disciples gaped in surprise. It took them a long time to comprehend what they saw. From the way they saw it, there was no way Dustin could have

made it out alive.

But it turns out that he had survived and even defeated all his opponents. It was mind-

blowing!

“Haha! We won! He won! Dustin won!”

After a brief moment to let the fact sink in, Abigail jumped for joy. Pride was written all over her face. After all, that was her teacher!

“As expected, he was hiding his true abilities all this while!” Azalea licked her lips. The desire in her eyes grew even stronger.

“Great job! Well done!” Ronald laughed heartily, emitting a cheerful glow.

They had all expected Dustin to lose, but a miracle happened. With his own strength, Dustin turned the tide and led the Balerno martial arts alliance to victory.

“I knew I didn’t misjudge him.” Paul chuckled, stroking his beard. He looked pleased.

In truth, he hadn’t expected Dustin to win, but he had been pleasantly surprised.

“Today’s match will surely go down in history.” Patrick was both amazed and in awe.

The outcome was beyond anyone’s expectations.

Because of Dustin’s victory, the Glenstead martial arts alliance’s morale went downhill. They all began cursing and insulting.

Whereas the Balerno martial arts alliance was cheering and clapping.

Regardless of Dustin’s previous reputation, he had proven himself today.

Just as everyone was in a celebratory mood, Lexi, who was still in the arena, suddenly bolted up. With a murderous glint in her eyes, she brought a knife down toward Dustin’s throat.

“Watch out!” someone exclaimed.

Dustin didn’t turn around. He simply reached out two fingers and easily held the blade between his fingers. Then, with a light twist of his fingers, the blade snapped.

Lexi was shocked. She didn’t expect such a quick reaction from him to block her sneak attack.

“I saved your life, and this is how you repay me?” Dustin turned around slowly, an icy look in

his eyes.

If he had not given her the antidote, she would have been dead by now. But instead of thanking him, she intended to kill him? How ungrateful!

“This-this is a misunderstanding! I-I was just joking.”

Lexi immediately threw her broken knife away, forcing a smile on her face. She pretended to look pitiful.

Dustin wasted no words on her and punched her chest. She threw up blood and was sent flying into the lake. No one could tell if she was still

alive.

“Trash! What a bunch of trash!”

Chapter 817

Conrad was so furious that he walked away without a word.

“Glenstead martial arts alliance got off to a good start. But in the end, the tables turned, and they lost. How embarrassing!”

The crowd that supported the Glenstead martial arts alliance left in a huff. Glenstead martial arts alliance had lost in a three-to-one match. It was too shameful for them to stay on any longer.

This year’s tournament had twists and turns. In the end, Dustin emerged as the dark horse. He, alone, brought the Balerno martial arts alliance to victory.

From that moment, he became the most sought-after talent who was respected and welcomed by all.

Ronald set up a huge feast at the alliance headquarters to celebrate their victory. Many guests were invited to the event, and Dustin was inevitably the star of the night.

Countless martial arts experts and seniors in the field turned up to congratulate him. Dustin was pushed into the spotlight.

The grand celebratory party was held in the lounge of the alliance headquarters that night.

“Haha! Rhys! You gave me a huge surprise today! Here’s a toast to you!” During the feast, Ronald raised a glass to Dustin.

“A toast to Rhys!” The rest of them stood up and raised their glasses to Dustin too.

“Thank you, everyone!” Dustin smiled and raised his glass, downing it in one go.

“Alright! The Balerno martial arts alliance has had its moment of glory today! Drink
“Ronald chortled happily.

“Cheers!” Everyone raised their glasses in response.

up, folks!

The party soon got lively, and many prominent figures in the martial world came forward to

raise Dustin a toast.

“Rhys, I’ve got some matters to deal with, so I won’t drink with you tonight.” After having several drinks, Paul stood up and got ready to leave.

“Sir Paul, I’ve accomplished what I’ve promised. You haven’t forgotten your end of the deal, have you?” Dustin reminded.

He had only participated in the tournament to get information on the Cherusia.

“Rest assured. I never go back on my word. Enjoy your night and drink up. I’ll look for you tomorrow. I’ll tell you everything you want to know then.” Paul smiled at him.

“Sure thing. Thank you, Sir Paul.” Dustin bowed at him.

“Have fun!” Paul patted him on the back and left with Patrick and a few of their men.

The guests quickly dragged Dustin away to have a good time.

The night passed peacefully.

Early the following day, Dustin entered a car and went to Paul's house as agreed. When he got out of the car, the first thing he saw was Patrick's bright smile.

"You're here, Rhys? Grandfather's waiting for you in the study. Please follow me." Patrick gestured for Dustin to follow him.

Then, he led him across the lawn, through the gardens, and into the courtyard.

The Hill family residence was huge and built beside a mountain. It was almost like a maze, and people unfamiliar with the place could easily get lost there.

Dustin remembered that the last time he had been there was due to his conflict with Torben. Fortunately, Sir Hill had been reasonable and didn't let things escalate further.

"Rhys, we're here. Please head on in."

After taking several turns, they finally arrived in front of a house made of bamboo. It had a courtyard with an ancient charm and a unique atmosphere.

The faint smell of floral fragrance was pleasant and refreshing.

Dustin stepped into the courtyard and made his way to the bamboo house. He knocked lightly

on the door.

It swung open with a creak, revealing Paul seated on the floor inside with his legs crossed. He was meditating, and an incense burned on an incense burner before him.

"I'm here, Sir Paul. Can you please tell me about the Cherusia?" Dustin bowed respectfully.

However, Paul did not hear him and continued meditating with both palms pressed together.

"Sir Paul, the Cherusia means a lot to me. Please tell me what you know about it. Sir Paul? Sir

Paul!"

Dustin frowned as he stepped forward, gently patting Paul on the shoulders.

But the very next second, Paul fell backward and collapsed. His face was pale, and blood flowed from his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth.

He was dead!

Chapter 818

“H-he’s dead?” Dustin was shocked, looking at Paul lying there lifelessly. His eyes widened in disbelief.

The sudden turn of events caught him off guard, and he had trouble processing what he saw.

How could this be? Why did Paul die? Who did it?

Paul was a grandmaster martial artist, one of the five ultimate grandmasters of Balerno! Who was capable of killing him?

The killer carried out the deed so quietly without anyone finding out. Who could it be?

Dustin’s mind raced, trying hard to catch any trace of abnormality and make sense of the situation. However, he could not make heads or tails of the situation.

Everything had happened too suddenly, without even the slightest sign.

Dustin crouched down to check Paul’s body.

He noticed that his body still had a lingering trace of warmth to it. From that, he deduced that the time of death was less than an hour

ago.

And before he died, he had been intoxicated by a substance that had messed with his senses, which led to delayed reactions.

As for the fatal wound, Dustin noticed that it was a wound on his back. It must have been a short weapon like a knife or dagger.

The killer stabbed Paul in the back and into the heart, delivering a lethal blow. The blade was coated with a deadly poison to ensure nothing went wrong.

It would take an extremely skilled person, or someone the victim knew personally, to assassinate a grandmaster silently. Those were the only ways a person could sneak up on them or catch them unguarded.

“Grandfather, here’s your tea...”

Patrick walked in right then. But when he saw Paul’s dead body on the floor, he felt like lightning had struck him.

The pot of tea in his hands fell to the floor with a loud thud, shattering into a million pieces.

“Dustin! You-You killed my grandfather?” When he finally reacted, Patrick paled and stumbled back in shock

“It wasn’t me. When I entered, Sir Paul was already dead,” Dustin hurriedly explained.

Blood was on his hands as he had checked Paul’s wounds earlier. He knew how misleading it

looked.

“There was only the both of you here. Who else could it have been if not you?” Patrick was anguished. “My grandfather had been nothing but nice to you, Dustin. Why would you do such a thing?”

“Calm down. Things aren’t as they seem.” Dustin frowned.

“My grandfather’s dead! How do you expect me to stay calm? If you’re not the murderer, then immediately surrender without putting up a fight. I will investigate the matter and give you justice once I find out the truth!” Patrick demanded.

“Fine. My conscience is clear, and I have nothing to fear.” Dustin nodded.

After all, he was the only one in the room with Paul. Now that Paul was dead, he would inevitably be the main suspect.

It only made sense for him to cooperate with investigations.

“What’s the matter?” Hearing the commotion, Spring, Autumn, and several others rushed in.

Everyone was horrified when they saw Paul’s body lying on the ground in the bamboo house. And then, they saw the blood on Dustin’s hands. Rage took over them, and their eyes burned with fury.

“Dustin! Y-you! How dare you! How dare you murder my father?” Autumn glared at him murderously.

“I did not kill him. You got it wrong.” Dustin denied it immediately.

“I got it wrong? All of us here witness this, and you still intend to deny it?” Autumn asked through clenched jaws.

“That’s right! Look at the blood on your hands! I’m sure you were the one who murdered my grandfather! You monster!” Torben roared.

He had been utterly humiliated when Dustin beat him up in the past. However, he had gone too far by murdering his grandfather this time. He was too much!

“Dustin! Why did you do this? When has my father ever wronged you?” Spring demanded.

Chapter 819

“Spring! Don’t waste your breath on him! He must pay dearly for murdering Father!” Autumn roared. “Guards! Avenge my father and chop this rascal up into pieces!”

“Yes, sir!”

Everyone in the Hill household wielded their weapons and closed in on Dustin.

“Listen, this is all a trap. Someone deliberately planned all this to set me up!” Dustin explained as he dodged their attacks.

He finally realized that something was amiss. Paul had been assassinated right when he was supposed to meet him.

It was all too much of a coincidence. Someone was blatantly out to frame him.

“Charge! Kill him!”

None of the Hills were ready to hear him out. They charged at him relentlessly, every move intending to kill.

Paul was the backbone of the family. He represented the honor and glory of the Hills.

Now that he was murdered in their home, it was only natural that they would be furious. Their only wish right now was to kill Dustin and avenge Paul.

“Everyone, please give me some time! I will certainly find the real culprit!”

Seeing how his explanations weren't working, Dustin wasted no more time. With a light step, he jumped into the air and broke straight through the roof of the bamboo house.

He disappeared from everyone's sight.

"After him! Kill him no matter what it takes!" Autumn shouted, his eyes bloodshot.

For a moment, the entire Hill family was in a flurry of movements.

Hordes of their elite guards and subordinates raced out after Dustin. Even the hidden guards who rarely made an appearance were sent into action.

They had only one target in mind, and that was to kill Dustin Rhys!

At the same time, over in the martial arts alliance's headquarters,

Ronald was in a meeting with several of the alliance's elders. They were discussing their plans for the future.

After winning the Knighthood Society tournament, the Balerno martial arts alliance became more well-known. They would completely dominate the Glenstead martial arts alliance for the next three years.

They wouldn't just gain more resources, but they could also recruit more talents. Even Oakvale would shower them with generous rewards. They truly gained a lot from the win.

"Sir Reeds, it's all thanks to Dustin that we won this time. Remember to reward him handsomely

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for it."

"That's right. He's really talented and exceptionally skilled. We must focus on nurturing him to make the most of his potential!"

The elders all sang Dustin's praises. They have very high expectations for the dark horse.

"Haha! Rest assured. He's such an outstanding talent. I'll provide him with all the resources and help him become a grandmaster!" Ronald chuckled.

“That would be for the best.” They nodded cheerfully.

Once Dustin became a grandmaster, the Balerno martial arts alliance’s strength would greatly increase. By then, those from the Glenstead martial arts alliance would have something to worry

about.

“Sir! We’ve got bad news! Something terrible has happened!”

Just then, a member of the alliance rushed in. He was sweating.

“What is it that got you so flustered?” Ronald was obviously displeased.

“It’s Sir Paul... He’s... He’s dead!” the guild member reported.

“What? Sir Paul’s dead? How is that possible?” Ronald’s expression fell.

The rest of the elders were clearly in disbelief too.

“It’s true! I just received news from the Hill family that Sir Paul has been assassinated!” The member looked like he was about to break into tears.

“Who? Who did it?” Ronald was furious. He grabbed the person who broke the news to them and lifted him off his feet.

“It... It was Dustin Rhys! He killed Sir Paul!”

Everyone was dumbfounded and stood frozen in place with the news.

Chapter 820

“D-Dustin? How could it be him?” Ronald was taken aback. He was in total disbelief.

They had just been discussing how they were going to nurture him. And now, something like this happened.

“Could you be mistaken? Why would Dustin murder Sir Paul?” one of the elders asked.

“It’s true! I got the news firsthand from the Hills household. There were many eyewitnesses too! There’s no mistaking it!” the member said solemnly.

“How could that be? Has he gone crazy?”

“To think that we were just talking about helping him grow! Who would’ve thought that he’s such a merciless beast?”

“He’s a threat to the alliance!”

After hearing the news was true, the elders were all upset and furious.

Paul Hill had made tremendous contributions to the Balerno martial arts alliance. He was a figure of great importance.

Everyone who met him had to show him a certain level of respect.

For such a respectable person to be killed evoked a sense of anger and resentment in them. And even more so when the murderer was Dustin, who was currently at the center of attention. “Come on! Let’s go to the Hills to check things out!” Ronald ordered with a dark expression.

Then, with those from the alliance in tow, they went to the Hill family residence. They wanted to see for themselves if the claims were true.

Over at the Glenstead martial arts alliance.

Early in the morning, Conrad called for a meeting with the higher-ups. It was to discuss their defeat the previous day.

Halfway through the meeting, they received the news about Paul’s death.

“What? Paul Hill is dead?”

At first, Conrad was stunned. Then, he jumped up and began laughing heartily. “Hahaha! That’s great news! Absolutely great news!”

“That old man should have died long ago! Which hero should we be thanking for his death?”

“Sir, it was Dustin Rhys, the one who won in the tournament yesterday!” the person reported.

“Dustin Rhys? It was him?” Conrad was surprised.

“That rascal should be a hotshot with the Balerno martial arts alliance now. Why would he do something like that to put himself in trouble? What’s going on?”

“We still do not know what exactly happened. I suppose there was some sort of internal strife,”

Conrad’s subordinate replied.

“Sir, Paul’s death came on too suddenly. Will we be blamed for what happened?” Brutus asked.

The Glenstead and Balerno martial arts alliances didn’t get along. They also just had a disagreement recently.

With Paul’s sudden murder, the Glenstead martial arts alliance would inevitably be suspected.

After all, the death of a grandmaster was a huge matter. It might lead to a war between both alliances. If that happened, things could rapidly get out of hand.

“Why are you so flustered? Didn’t you hear? Dustin Rhys is the murderer. What’s anything got to do with us?” Conrad wasn’t worried.

“Besides, it’s Paul Hill we’re talking about. Even if I personally went for him, I can’t say for sure that I’d be able to defeat him.

“It is no easy feat trying to kill him. Only someone close to him could sneak an attack on him. Ronald’s no fool. He’d understand this.”

“So, there really has been internal strife in the Balerno martial arts alliance?” Brutus frowned. “We’ll know once we go there and see for ourselves. Come on, let’s go and join the excitement!”

With a wave, Conrad led them out the door.

At this point, be it the Balerno martial arts alliance, the Glenstead martial arts alliance, or even the Hill household, they all had their attention on Dustin.

He had gone from a hotshot genius to a murderer overnight.

The entire martial arts world was in chaos because of it. Countless martial artists were on the lookout for him, the murderer.

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