

An understated Dominance – Dahlia and Dustin Chapter 1131

Chapter 1131 Stepping forward

“Got it!”

Immediately, a group of thugs pulled out their weapons and menacingly approached.

The Murray family members were in a state of panic and quickly huddled together.

They had been pampered since childhood, always protected by soldiers wherever they went. Now, facing this situation, they were somewhat at a loss.

“Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh...”

At this critical moment, a row of silver needles suddenly shot out.

The dozen or so thugs who charged forward were frozen in place, unable to move. Their weapons remained suspended in the air.

“Who did that? Who’s playing tricks in the dark?”

Harrison’s face darkened as he scanned the area with sharp eyes.

“It’s me.”

Dustin slowly stood up, instantly drawing everyone’s attention.

The general’s residence was in a declined morale, and in this situation, the guests on the scene were all in danger and dared not interfere.

No one had expected that someone would dare to step forward.

“Who are you?”

Harrison scrutinized him from top to bottom, looking somewhat suspicious.

“I’m a guest of the general’s residence,” Dustin said casually.

"I have debts to collect, and this matter has nothing to do with you. Mind your own business," warned Harrison.

"I owe the old general a favor, and today, I can't just stand by and watch," Dustin said with a slight shake of his head.

"Young man, it's good to know how to repay a debt, but it's equally crucial to speak within the bounds of one's abilities. If you're powerless and still want to be brave, you'll only have one path: death!" Harrison said with a cold expression.

"I've heard of the names of the Darkfang and Dreadclaw from the Valoria. Today, I want to give it a try," Dustin said, clasping his hands together, looking ready for a showdown.

Seeing this scene, everyone was stunned.

"Oh my God! Is this guy insane? He's actually challenging a martial arts master. Doesn't he care about his life?" Vivian widened her eyes, finding it hard to believe.

"Humph! What a fool! Thinks he's tough just because he knows a bit of martial arts? Daring to challenge a master-level expert? He's simply seeking his own death!" Chase sneered.

"A nail that sticks out gets hammered down (is a saying that emphasizes conformity and the potential consequences of standing out or challenging the norm). This kid is just looking for trouble!"

People whispered among themselves, amazed.

No one had expected Dustin to be so audacious. Not only did he ignore warnings, but he also openly provoked a martial arts master.

He's like a mantis trying to stop a car, utterly clueless!

"Humph! Since you enjoy seeking death, I'll grant your wish!" Harrison signaled, "Darkfang, take care of him!"

"No problem!"

Darkfang grinned, mocking as he walked forward, crossing his arms and looking down on Dustin. "Kid, don't say I bullied you. I'll let you throw three punches first, and if you..."

"Alright."

Before Darkfang could finish, Dustin's fists shot out like lightning, landing squarely on Darkfang's abdomen.

"Boom!"

A loud explosion.

Darkfang instantly curled up like a shrimp, his whole body soaring ten meters away, crashing heavily onto the ground, leaving a deep pit where he knelt.

Darkfang's face twisted in pain, trembling as he pointed a finger at Dustin.

"You... You're not playing fair!"

With those words, he spat out a mouthful of blood and passed out on the spot.

Chapter 1132 Dragon-Binding Rope

Silence.

The entire banquet hall suddenly fell silent.

As they watched Darkfang being sent flying by a single punch, everyone was dumbfounded.

Who was Darkfang?

A renowned powerhouse from the Valoria, a true martial arts master.

And yet, he had just been knocked down by a single punch from Dustin?

How was that even possible?!

"Oh my God! This kid is actually so formidable? Is it real?"

“Even though he looks kinda slim, his strength is seriously off the charts!.”

“You can’t judge a book by its cover!”

After a brief silence, the entire scene erupted into a commotion.

They had initially thought Dustin was looking for trouble, but now they realized that he had been hiding his true strength.

“Could it be? Is this kid a martial arts master?” Caden’s face was filled with shock.

He had just witnessed how powerful Darkfang was. In just one move, he had been defeated without any resistance.

And now, Dustin had managed to defeat Darkfang. In other words, he was at least at the master level!

Because only a martial arts master could defeat another martial arts master.

Although this was the case, the result was still incredibly shocking.

A martial arts master in his early twenties was an extraordinary phenomenon!

He was a cut above the rest in the entire Balermo region!

Thinking back to their previous contempt and disdain, Caden felt his scalp tingle.

If they could get through this crisis today, he would have to reevaluate their relationship.

“Pff, what’s the big deal? It’s all just sneaky tricks! Without Dustin’s surprise attack, there’s no way he could’ve taken down Darkfang!”

Chase quickly regained his composure after a momentary daze and wore a look of disbelief.

“Totally! He wasn’t ready, and this dude blindsided him with no honor whatsoever. It’s downright disgraceful!” Vivian also raised doubts.

In their view, Dustin had only managed to defeat Darkfang because of the sneak attack, catching him off guard.

Such behavior was utterly deplorable and lacked the dignity of a martial arts master.

Chase and Vivian's words stirred up suspicion among the crowd.

Regardless, it was true that Dustin had launched the sneak attack first, and even if he won, it was not a honorable victory.

"I gotta admit, I didn't see this coming from the General's Residence. My bad for underestimating you" Harrison sized Dustin up and his expression grew more solemn.

Ordinary people might not understand, but he was well aware.

Dustin's earlier punch had clearly demonstrated the strength of a martial arts master.

Because ordinary martial artists couldn't break through Darkfang's defense at all.

So even if it was a sneak attack, it still wouldn't have harmed Darkfang in the slightest.

Dustin's ability to defeat Darkfang with a single punch indicated his formidable strength.

"Hah, if you're in the mood for a death wish, I'm happy to oblige!" Harrison said calmly, "Hey there, don't think too highly of yourself, young man. I've been scheming for five whole years. How do you reckon you can dismantle my plans all on your own?"

"What? Do you have any more cards to play?" Dustin asked in return.

"You wanna see my ultimate move? Well, buckle up, 'cause I'm about to show you!"

Harrison said as he suddenly raised his hand.

A fist-sized black sphere shot out from his sleeve, heading straight for Dustin's face.

Dustin narrowed his eyes and threw a punch.

“Boom!”

A loud explosion as the black sphere was instantly shattered.

However, in the moment of its explosion, a golden net burst forth from within.

The golden net swiftly and silently ensnared Dustin, then spun to lock him in place, rendering him completely immobilized.

“Hmm?” Dustin furrowed his brows and attempted to struggle, but he was surprised to find that he couldn’t break free from the golden net’s grip.

“This... is the Dragon-Binding Rope?!”

Chapter 1133 Trapped

Dustin quickly realized the gravity of the situation, his face showing deep concern.

Something capable of restraining a martial arts master was exceedingly rare, and the Dragon-Binding Rope was one such example.

Rumors had it that the Dragon-Binding Rope was incredibly tough, resistant to blades and swords, impervious to water and fire. Even a martial arts master bound by it would be helpless, only able to await their fate.

However, this item was under the control of the Martial Law Bureau and was unattainable for ordinary people.

“That’s right, this large net is woven with the Dragon-Binding Rope, specifically designed to deal with martial arts experts like you,” Harrison admitted openly, “Originally, I had it as a precaution, but it looks like it has come in handy now. So, who do you think will win?”

Below the Grandmaster level, no matter who it was, once they were bound by the Dragon-Binding Rope, even if they had extraordinary abilities, it would be of no use.

“Oh no! Dustin is trapped by the Dragon-Binding Rope, and now there’s no one to stop Dreadclaw!” Caden’s face turned pale.

Dustin's sudden burst of strength had given him a glimmer of hope, but he hadn't expected that Harrison still had an ace up his sleeve.

"Damn, it's truly beyond redemption now," sighed the Murray family members. The faint glimmer of hope that had just arisen had quickly turned into despair.

"General Murray, no one can help you now," Harrison's gaze shifted to his own father, and he said coldly, "I'll give you two options. Either apologize to my deceased wife, or I'm gonna tear down the whole General's Residence!"

"You fool! You're toying with your own destruction!" General Murray bellowed, "Even if I'm mistaken, I'll never say sorry to a spy like her!"

"Don't force me!" Harrison's voice was filled with anger, gritting his teeth.

"You're the one pushing me to this!" General Murray's face showed unwavering resolve. "To defend a woman like her, you're willing to defy the entire family. You've truly gone insane!"

"Shut up! I won't allow you to insult her!"

Harrison roared and rushed forward with his sword.

At this moment, he had completely lost his reason and swung his sword without mercy.

"Clang!"

Harrison's fierce strike landed heavily on General Murray's shoulder after tearing through his clothes, but it was blocked by General Murray's armor, unable to penetrate.

"You idiot! You're actually going to kill me!"

General Murray's expression darkened, his eyes filled with raging fury.

Harrison was about to pull back his sword but was stopped by General Murray, who held his hand firmly.

"Dreadclaw! Attack!"

Unable to withdraw his sword, Harrison shouted.

“Die!”

Dreadclaw leaped forward, pouncing on General Murray like a hungry tiger, his fingertips surrounded by a powerful aura capable of cutting through steel.

If he grabbed hold of someone, it would surely open them up and spill their guts.

“General, be careful!”

“Quick! Protect the General!”

Many people’s faces turned pale.

Although many warriors rushed forward, they couldn’t match Dreadclaw’s speed and could only watch as General Murray faced imminent danger.

“It’s over. The General is as good as dead!”

Many people closed their eyes unwillingly.

How could an elderly general withstand the attack of a martial arts master?

“Sky Sword!”

Suddenly, Dustin roared, and a black sword descended from the sky at an astonishing speed.

It pierced through the roof and slashed towards Dreadclaw like a bolt of lightning.

Despite its incredible speed, it was still too late, and everyone believed the situation was hopeless.

But just as everyone thought the battle was lost—

General Murray unexpectedly took action. With unbelievable speed, he grabbed Dreadclaw’s neck, lifting him into the air.

Then, in front of Dreadclaw’s terrified gaze, he suddenly squeezed.

“Snap!”

Dreadclaw's head tilted to the side, instantly dying.

Chapter 1134 True Strength Revelation

“Ah?”

Dustin was stunned.

Caden was stunned.

Harrison was stunned too.

The members of the Murray family, along with all the guests present, were all wide-eyed and wore expressions of disbelief.

When Dreadclaw launched his attack, they all thought that General Murray was in grave danger.

Because a martial arts master could easily kill an elderly man like General Murray, it would be as simple as cutting vegetables, requiring no effort at all.

However, none of them had expected that the final outcome would be the complete opposite.

Not only did Dreadclaw fail to harm General Murray, but he also lost his own life.

Moreover, General Murray didn't even spare a glance, simply grabbing Dreadclaw, suspending him in mid-air, and then crushing his neck with a single hand.

The ease with which he did it made it seem as if he had killed not a martial arts master, but a mere chick.

“I... I must be seeing things, right? Dreadclaw... actually died?”

“Oh my god! One move to instantly kill a martial arts master? Isn't that too powerful?”

“So, the old General is the one who's truly been hiding his strength. We were blind!”

After a brief silence, the scene erupted into an uproar.

Looking at the imposing General Murray, everyone's minds were in shock, and their expressions were filled with indescribable astonishment.

They had never imagined that an almost eighty-year-old General like General Murray would still possess such incredible power.

It was simply inconceivable.

"Hah! You think too highly of yourself!" General Murray scoffed, effortlessly holding Dreadclaw with one hand and nonchalantly tossing him aside, a look of disdain etched across his face. There was a loud "bang" as Dreadclaw's corpse crashed to the ground, splattering blood.

"How... how is this even possible? Are you really a martial arts expert?" Harrison stammered, his fear causing him to retreat a few paces, his face displaying sheer disbelief.

In his memory, he had never seen General Murray take action.

Even when he was ambushed and assassinated, he had never revealed his true strength.

He had always thought that his father's martial arts skills were not that high.

However, now he realized he was wrong, and very wrong at that.

The true ace of the Murray clan was not "the Ancestor", but his father, General Christopher Murray!

"Did you believe I rose to the rank of Grand Marshal by chance?" General Murray's countenance turned icy, his gaze piercing. "After decades of warfare on the battlefield, hundreds of battles fought, if I didn't possess a certain level of strength, would I even be alive today?"

"You... you've deceived us for decades!" Harrison gritted his teeth, feeling unwilling.

"I've been fighting against villains, not school kids," General Murray declared loudly. "For all these years, I've hidden my true strength to give all of you a chance, to let you shine, because I didn't want any of you to live in my shadow!"

The position of the Dragonmarsh's Protector General was extremely rare, from ancient times to the present. To reach the same level as the Protector General was like trying to climb to the heavens.

In other words, as long as he held the position and wielded power, his three sons would never have a chance to rise.

Thus, he had voluntarily retreated into the background, choosing early retirement in the hope that his sons would climb onto his shoulders and reach greater heights.

In fact, his youngest son, Harrison, could have inherited the position of the General.

Sadly, he had strayed from the right path and squandered his once-promising life.

"That's it! Spare me your lofty rhetoric. If you genuinely cared about me, you wouldn't have pushed my wife to her death!" Harrison bellowed in fury

Chapter 1135 The Unleashing of Deadly Warriors

"Come on, are you seriously going to stand your ground on this?" General Murray snapped. "That woman has been deceiving you from the beginning; she's out to ruin you. Why put your faith in her instead of your own family?"

"Shut up! I severed all ties with you folks five years ago, and that's final!" Harrison's face contorted with menace.

"You... you're beyond stubborn!" General Murray seethed with anger.

He had explained everything he needed to, said his piece, and yet, he couldn't fathom why Harrison refused to listen.

"General Murray! I admit, I underestimated you and your household, but if you think you've got this all figured out, you're dead wrong!"

Harrison gave a sinister grin and pulled a whistle from his pocket, blowing it with force.

"Woo-oo!"

Following the sharp whistle, there was an immediate commotion outside.

A group of heavily armored, burly guards burst into the room, exuding an intimidating aura far greater than the previous goons.

Their presence was overwhelming and sent shivers down spines.

“This is a team of elite warriors I’ve spent five years molding. Each one of them has been handpicked and battle-hardened!”

“Especially their armor, forged from top-grade mystic iron. It’s impervious to blades and flames, capable of withstanding even the attacks of martial arts masters.”

“I know they can’t kill you, but as soon as I give the order, these warriors will unleash indiscriminate carnage!”

“At that moment, everyone in this banquet hall will meet their end!”

Harrison laughed wildly, looking somewhat unhinged.

At this point, he was prepared for a scenario of mutual destruction. Even if he couldn’t harm Christopher directly, he was determined to bring down the entire Murray family with him.

He yearned for General Murray to feel remorse, to taste the bitterness of losing his loved ones.

“What on earth! Is this guy out of his mind? Why is he pulling us into this? This is a family matter; they should handle it themselves!”

“Yeah! Whatever’s happening with the Murrays, we shouldn’t be dragged into it!”

“If we had known we’d get caught up in such a mess, we wouldn’t have come to celebrate today.”

Due to Harrison’s words, the guests at the scene trembled in fear, their faces paled.

They had initially come as spectators, mere onlookers.

Now, with the arrival of these warriors, the balance was shattered, and they were all inadvertently pulled into the chaos.

It was akin to gods locked in combat, while mortals bore the brunt of their strife.

“Are you attempting to intimidate me?” General Murray surveyed the room, his tone frigid. “Do you believe a group of warriors like these can wipe out the entire Murray lineage?”

“You can take as many lives as you please, but remember this: I’ll turn the entire Murray estate into a relentless nightmare!” Harrison’s determination was unwavering.

“You’re far too naive. The General’s household has endured for countless years; do you truly think its strength is merely skin-deep?”

General Murray shook his head, his expression clouded with disappointment. “Today, I’ll unveil the true power concealed within the Murrays!”

With that, he casually clapped his hands.

Clap, clap, clap...

As the clapping reverberated, the banquet hall quivered.

In unison, the roof was violently ripped apart.

Dozens of assassins dressed in black, their faces concealed by masks, suddenly descended from the heavens, landing in front of the warriors.

And then, before anyone could react, these enigmatic black-clad assassins transformed into swift streaks of shadows, seamlessly weaving through the ranks of the warriors.

Like a whisper of wind drifting by, utterly soundless.

When the black-clad assassins stood still again, each one was holding a bloody severed head.

Chapter 1136 The Explosive Showdown

These black-clad assassins appeared out of nowhere, taking everyone entirely by surprise.

From their sudden arrival to the lightning-fast assault and its abrupt resolution, it all unfolded in the blink of an eye.

People couldn't believe it; it was as if they had blinked, and Harrison's meticulously groomed warriors had already been beheaded.

The entire process was unbelievably fast, leaving everyone unable to react.

Clang, clang, clang...

Accompanied by the sound of metal clashing, all of Harrison's dead warriors fell to the ground, lifeless and in pieces.

They were no match whatsoever.

After dealing with the dead warriors, these black-clad assassins held severed heads and stood silently on both sides, awaiting further orders.

"What?!"

Watching all of his meticulously trained dead warriors fall, Harrison was struck dumbfounded, frozen on the spot.

No matter how he had calculated, he hadn't foreseen that within the General's household, such a terrifying force remained hidden.

In just an instant, they had decimated all his warriors, a feat almost beyond belief.

"Harrison, you've overestimated yourself and underestimated the might of the General's household."

General Murray advanced steadily, stating, "Do you truly believe that after plotting for five years, you can bring down the Murrays? Have you ever considered the decades of legacy behind our family?"

"All your tricks and schemes are mere child's play in my eyes. Do you think I'm unaware of your covert activities? Do you believe your planted agents can escape my scrutiny?"

“I’ve seen through all your actions; I simply chose not to expose them. I hope you can wake up in time, I hope you can find your way back and mend your ways.”

“Harrison, please, put an end to this. If you surrender now and truly repent, I can pretend that today never occurred. You’re still my son, the heir of the Murray family. Promise me, okay?”

At this juncture, General Murray extended his hand slowly, his face reflecting a mix of hope and reluctance.

Blood is thicker than water, and Harrison was still his son, no matter what. Even in the face of grave mistakes, as long as he was willing to reform, General Murray would wholeheartedly provide him with protection.

“Hehehe...”

Out of nowhere, Harrison chuckled, a blend of self-deprecation and sarcasm. “General Murray, don’t play games with me. Do you really believe that saying all of this now serves any purpose? It’s a matter of victory or defeat, and I don’t require your sympathy or pity!”

“Harrison, why subject yourself to this? It’s not too late; as long as you turn back now, everything can start anew,” General Murray implored sincerely.

“Start anew? How can I start anew? Can you bring my wife back from the dead? Don’t be absurd!”

Harrison sneered malevolently. “General Murray, I concede, but even in defeat, I’ll take a few down with me. I want you to live with regret for the rest of your days!”

With that, he abruptly opened his clothing, revealing the explosives strapped to his body.

“Harrison, don’t do anything reckless!”

At this moment, General Murray’s expression finally shifted.

The others in the hall were even more horrified, hastily retreating.

Who could have imagined that Harrison had so many explosives on him?

This was a scenario of mutual destruction unfolding!

“Hahaha... All of you can go to hell!”

Harrison laughed loudly and pressed the detonation button.

“No!”

General Murray rushed forward, but just as his fingers were about to touch Harrison, the explosives detonated with a deafening blast.

Boom!

A thunderous explosion.

Harrison was torn apart on the spot, and a powerful shockwave emanated from his body, rapidly spreading in all directions.

General Murray, who had rushed forward, was lifted off his feet by the shockwave and spit out a mouthful of blood.

Those guests who were closer to the explosion were torn apart by the energy, blood spraying everywhere.

Chapter 1137: The Echoes of Revenge

The explosion sent guests sprawling, with some suffering severe injuries and others meeting an instant demise.

In the horrifying aftermath of the blast, the entire banquet hall was transformed into a flattened wasteland.

The air resounded with cries of anguish, and bloodied remnants were strewn about.

“Son!”

General Murray, his face a portrait of anguish, paid no mind to his own injuries. He urgently rushed to the heart of the explosion amidst the wreckage, desperately searching.

Yet, his relentless quest only unveiled the shattered remnants of Harrison.

The explosion had obliterated Harrison into an unrecognizable mass.

The most intact part was a half-bloodied, blurred head.

” Harrison! My dear son!”

General Murray held the broken remains, tears streaming uncontrollably.
“Why? Why did you do this? Why did you act so recklessly? Why?”

He couldn’t fathom, nor could he accept, that Harrison had resorted to such an extreme measure.

For revenge, he had even forsaken his own life.

General Murray was overcome by anguish, regret, anger, but above all, despair.

His most cherished son was gone, and his most promising successor was lost.

The entire General’s residence lay in ruins.

And the cause of all this devastation traced back to a woman’s gambit five years ago, a scheme that had sown the seeds of this catastrophe.

This... was the embodiment of a heart driven by ruthless vengeance!

Just as General Murray sobbed, holding his son’s lifeless body, a ghostly figure suddenly crept near.

With astonishing speed, utterly silent, and drowned by the surrounding wails, the figure remained undetectable.

“General, watch out!”

Dustin, having just looked up, witnessed the scene and immediately shouted a warning.

“Boom!”

Before the words could leave his lips, the figure struck General Murray with a thunderous blow to his back.

“Splurt!”

General Murray spat out a mouthful of blood, hurtling over ten meters before crashing heavily to the ground.

The recent explosion, combined with the shock of his son’s death, had shattered his mental defenses, leaving him severely vulnerable. He had no chance to react to the sudden assault.

“Who... who are you?”

General Murray struggled to his feet, a whirlwind of shock and anger churning within him.

The assailant’s attack had been ruthless and overwhelmingly powerful, shattering the majority of his meridians and leaving him in a critically weakened state.

“Hehehe... Old friend, after all these years, we meet again,” a hoarse laugh accompanied the appearance of a short, elderly man in traditional Japanese attire, emerging from the lingering smoke and dust.

His wooden clogs resonated with a distinct “clang-clang-clang” as he advanced.

“Tatsuharu Yamamoto?”

Upon closer scrutiny, General Murray’s countenance grew even darker. “So, it’s you, you old dog!”

The newcomer was none other than Tatsuharu Yamamoto, the patriarch of the Tatsuharu Family and one of the ten Sword Saints of the Kingdom of the Golden Phoenix.

“Old friend, despite the years apart, it seems you still remember me,” Tatsuharu Yamamoto smiled, but his eyes betrayed a chilling coldness.

“Hmph! I’d recognize you even if I were reduced to ashes. Tell me, after I crippled your legs thirty years ago, do you dare to set foot on Dragonmarsh’s territory now?”

“When it comes to the events of thirty years ago, I remember them vividly. I couldn’t bear that humiliation, which is why I’ve come for revenge today,” Tatsuharu Yamamoto smirked. “Of course, I’m a generous person. I won’t let you leave this world alone. I’ll wipe out your entire family, and your loved ones will accompany you in death. How’s that for a surprise?”

Chapter 1138: The Revelations of Vengeance

“Yamamoto, you old schemer! Do you truly believe you can cause chaos here?” General Murray gradually straightened his posture, his gaze brimming with lethal intent. “Thirty years ago, I could knock you into the dirt, and I’m just as capable of it today.”

“Old friend, don’t overestimate yourself. You might deceive others, but you can’t deceive me,” Yamamoto sneered, shaking his head. “After years of warfare, your body is littered with scars, and with the recent explosion and my full-strength blow, you’re gravely wounded. I doubt you can even stand steadily now.”

“If you doubt me, go ahead and try,” General Murray challenged, assuming a defensive posture.

Tatsuharu Yamamoto assessed him from head to toe, refraining from an immediate attack. Instead, he persisted in taunting, “Old friend, how does it feel? Losing your son must be devastating, isn’t it? For the past five years, I’ve covertly invested significant effort in grooming him, but it appears it wasn’t sufficient.”

“So, it was you, you old schemer, who orchestrated all of this!” General Murray clenched his teeth, his breathing becoming rapid. “There are reasons for grievances, and you could have come after me. But why drag my son into this?”

“Hehehe... To confront you directly would be too difficult, so I had to exploit your weaknesses. Your youngest son, Harrison, was your biggest weakness.” Yamamoto grinned. “Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention something. Harrison’s wife, the woman who hung herself in the General’s residence five years ago, she—she was my daughter!”

“You... What did you say?” General Murray trembled, finding it hard to believe.

“How does it feel? Quite a surprise, isn’t it?” Tatsuharu Yamamoto laughed even more joyfully. “To get back at you, I deliberately had my daughter get close to your son, entangling him in a love affair. When the time was right, I ordered my daughter to hang herself, setting up the stage for your father and son to turn against each other. This plan was just too perfect!”

“You despicable wretch!” General Murray seethed. “For the sake of revenge, you didn’t spare even your own daughter. Have you no humanity left?”

“What does a daughter matter? In our Kingdom, women are treated as commodities, expendable at any moment. My daughter willingly sacrificed herself for my revenge scheme; it was a matter of honor. Besides, she succeeded and fulfilled her purpose.” Yamamoto remained callous and indifferent.

To achieve great things, one must be ruthless.

What did it matter if he lost a daughter?

“You despicable scum! I’ll kill you!” General Murray’s eyes bulged, and he lunged forward, delivering a palm strike towards Yamamoto.

Yamamoto’s eyes narrowed, and he retaliated with a palm strike of his own.

The iron palms of the two grandmasters clashed in mid-air.

“Boom!”

A thunderous explosion reverberated.

Fierce energy erupted, and a shockwave of internal energy (Qi) burst forth from the point of collision, violently knocking down those unfortunate souls nearby, causing them to crash heavily onto the ground and cough up blood.

“Creak!”

Yamamoto was pushed back by the collision, sliding more than ten meters away, leaving deep marks on the ground from his feet.

In contrast, General Murray, after retreating two steps, stabilized his stance.

The difference in strength was clear.

“Die!”

As General Murray prepared to strike again, his body suddenly shuddered. With a violent “wretch,” he spat out a large mouthful of blood.

His entire body wobbled, and he nearly fell to the ground.

Already severely injured, forcing his internal energy (Qi) had only worsened his condition.

“Hahahaha...”

Seeing this, Yamamoto couldn't help but burst into laughter. “Old friend, it seems you're no longer capable.”

Fortunately, the opponent had been injured earlier; otherwise, he might not have been able to withstand that last strike.

“You vile and shameless creature!” General Murray clenched his teeth, feeling his energy and blood churning, rendering him weak all over.

Chapter 1139: The Hostage Drama

Moments ago, Yamamoto had clearly provoked him intentionally, baiting him into launching an attack to gauge his actual power. Now, he didn't even have the opportunity to mount a counteroffensive.

“Old friend, in victory or defeat, you have already lost. Today is the day of your death,” Yamamoto grinned. “But before you die, I want you to watch your descendants be slaughtered!”

Saying this, he snapped his fingers.

“Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh...”

In the next moment, a large number of ninjas emerged from underground. These ninjas were meticulously trained assassins of the Tatsuharu Family, each of them highly skilled. Not only were they powerful, but they were also

masters of assassination techniques. They appeared like ghosts, making it difficult to defend against.

“Hold them off!” General Murray roared.

The black-clad assassins of the Murray family immediately drew their swords and rushed forward. Although they were outnumbered, they were much more skilled, and facing multiple opponents was not a problem for them.

However, the ninjas from the Kingdom of the Golden Phoenix kept coming, and as soon as one was killed, another would immediately emerge from underground. For a while, the two forces were deadlocked.

“Stop! Stop all of you! Otherwise, I’ll kill her!”

At this moment, a loud voice rang out. Tatsuharu Nakamura, who was among the crowd, suddenly walked out, grabbing Shiela and placing a knife against her throat.

“Shiela?!” General Murray’s face immediately changed.

The members of the Murray family were equally stunned and incensed. The previous explosion had reduced the entire banquet hall to rubble, and the ensuing mayhem had diverted everyone’s attention, preventing them from noticing Nakamura’s moves. It was inconceivable that this individual had concealed himself among the guests, covertly snatched Shiela, and was now using her as a hostage.

Now, even if they wanted to resist, they had to be careful not to provoke him further.

“Nakamura! You have some nerve to hold my daughter hostage! Release her immediately!” Caden was furious.

Just earlier, the two sides had reached an agreement to cooperate in dealing with Dustin. They had not expected Nakamura to turn on them so suddenly.

“Caden, don’t attempt to intimidate me. The Murray family is already on the brink, and it’s now the Tatsuharu Family that’s in control!” Nakamura sneered. “Now, swiftly command your people to disarm or I’ll kill her!”

As he spoke, he lightly lifted the blade, piercing Shiela’s skin.

A thin stream of blood flowed down her fair neck.

“Hahaha... My grandson truly doesn't disappoint! Excellent job!” Tatsuharu Yamamoto erupted in laughter once more.

In a direct confrontation, even if they emerged victorious, the painstakingly cultivated strength of his own family would incur substantial losses. However, with Tatsuharu Nakamura holding Shiela as a hostage, he could compel them to capitulate entirely without resorting to combat.

“Why? Aren't you supposed to be Garrett's friend? Why are you doing this?” Shiela found it hard to believe.

“Friend?” Tatsuharu Nakamura chuckled, his tone mocking. “Shiela, do you have a problem with your brain? I'm from the Kingdom of the Golden Phoenix, and you're from the Dragonmarsh. How could we ever be friends?”

“What about last night?” Shiela was puzzled.

“Hehehe... Shiela, can't you see it now?” Nakamura sneered. “Last night, I kidnapped you to use as leverage against Dustin.”

“I just didn't expect that when the truth came out, Garrett would actually speak up for me and deliberately slander Dustin. I can only say that you Dragonmarsh people never change. You always fight amongst yourselves. It's because of this that you gave me the opportunity.”

With these words, Shiela was thunderstruck, frozen in place.

Chapter 1140 Deceptions and Lies

“What... What did you say?”

Shiela was utterly bewildered, struggling to grasp the situation. “You... You kidnapped me? Is this some kind of sick joke?”

“That's correct, we all deceived you,” Nakamura admitted bluntly. “But you can attribute it to your own naivety. You lacked the discernment to separate truth from falsehood. A few casual remarks, and you took them to heart. Utterly gullible!”

“So... I misunderstood Dustin? I misjudged him?” Shiela quivered, tears brimming in her eyes, overwhelmed by profound regret.

She had never anticipated that the reality would be so different. She had believed that her cousin wouldn't deceive her, that her closest friends wouldn't betray her trust, and that Dustin was genuinely up to no good. Yet, Nakamura's recent revelations made her suddenly realize that everything she had believed was a fabrication.

Garrett had duped her, her closest friends had lied to her, and only Dustin had been sincerely attempting to rescue her, to assist her. But she not only failed to recognize it but had even attempted to expel him from her household.

What had she been thinking? How could she have been so misled, so foolish?

“Why? Why did you all deceive me?” Shiela turned her gaze toward Chase and Vivian, her expression marked by doubt and bewilderment.

She couldn't fathom why her closest friends would deceive her.

...

Under the weight of Shiela's accusatory stare, Chase, Vivian, and the others lowered their heads, their silence speaking volumes. They hadn't anticipated Nakamura's brazen challenge to the General's Residence, which had shattered their carefully constructed facade.

“Dustin, I'm so sorry... I never expected things to turn out like this,” Shiela said to Dustin amid the onlooking crowd, her cheeks continuously wet with tears. She felt ashamed, full of regret, burdened with pain, and deeply self-reproachful.

She had always despised those who repaid kindness with malice, yet she had become one of them.

“Madam Shiela, this isn't the time for such words. Our immediate concern is to ensure our survival,” Dustin replied, shaking his head gently.

He harbored no resentment toward Shiela, but their friendship could never be the same again. Some wounds were irreparable.

“Dustin, Brother...” Shiela attempted to explain but found herself at a loss for words. She could keenly perceive that his gaze had shifted, becoming unfamiliar and devoid of its former warmth.

“Enough! Stop chattering here. Call everyone to drop their weapons immediately, or I’ll kill her!” Nakamura impatiently threatened, pressing his blade against Shiela’s wound, causing blood to drip ominously.

“Hold it! I caution you not to make any rash moves! If my daughter is harmed in any way, I promise you’ll meet a horrific demise!” Caden thundered.

“Now, I have the hostage. I dictate the terms. I’ll begin counting to three, and if you don’t lower your weapons, I’ll sever her arm first!” Nakamura threatened once more.

“Old man Yamamoto, if your grandson dares to harm my granddaughter, even if I have to stake my life, I’ll kill him!” General Murray declared sternly.

“Old friend, your own life is hanging by a thread, and you’re still concerned about so much?” Yamamoto sneered.

General Murray, despite his grave injuries, maintained a watchful stance, apprehensive that Nakamura might make a rash move.

“Three...” Nakamura began counting.

“Wretch! You dare!” Caden shouted.

“Two...” Nakamura remained undaunted.

“Caden, release the Dragon-Binding Rope for me, and I can rescue your daughter,” Dustin suddenly interjected.

Previously restrained by the Dragon-Binding Rope, he couldn’t move freely unless he resorted to forcefully activating his secret technique, rendering escape nearly impossible.

“You? What makes you believe you can rescue her?” Caden furrowed his brow.